

Jill and Jack

by Mary Schnurd

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack came down
And broke his crown.
Jill came tumbling after.

Then up Jack got and off did trot
To old Dame Dob,
Who patched his nob
With vinegar and brown paper.

These same events kept happening over and over again. Jack would lead Jill up the hill. He would then stumble, pulling Jill down after him. Jill never even made it to the well at the top of the hill. She was getting fed up. Jill, not only saw the hill, but the mountains beyond it. Jack, however, couldn't even make it to the top of this small hill without tumbling down and breaking his crown.

Finally Jill pleaded: "Why don't you let me lead this time?"

Jack: "I'm the Man - spelled 'M' 'A' 'N'. I am bigger and stronger. I am supposed to lead. You're weaker and smaller. What could you do that I haven't already done?"

Jill: "I don't know. But I have a yearning to go to the mountains and peaks beyond this tiny hill."

Jack: "I don't see any mountains. You are just seeing things in the clouds, figments of your imagination."

Jill: "I don't know, Jack? They look pretty real to me."

Jack: "I swear, Jill. I've been higher up the mountain than you have and there is nothing beyond, only mists and clouds. This is the top. There is nothing more."

Jill: "Then why don't you let me lead next time and see for myself?"

Jack: "No way! What would the neighbors think?"

Jill: "You mean, your male friends. What would your male friends think? That's what you're worried about. Why, Mary leads Joe up the hill lots of times. They leave for days at a time."

Jack: "Joe, he's a wimp. Mary certainly wears the pants in that family."

Jill: "Jack, I see them on the mountains beyond our little hill."

Jack: "You're just imagining things. Besides our role is in the valley. Remember the shopping malls."

Jill: "Mary never goes to the Mall."

Jack: "She's too poor. She's missing out. The Mall is where real happiness lies."

Jill: "But I want the Water from the Well on Top of the Hill. Mary tells me it tastes so good."

Jack: "What does she know? I can buy the most expensive wines."

Jill: "But I'm thirsty for that Water."

Jack: "Look at all the Mall time I've bought for you. Joe, that pussy, can only afford to go window shopping."

Jill: "I've got enough dresses, shoes, things. I don't know, Jack. They look so happy when they come back from the Well."

Jack: "Hiking in the mountains, drinking from that dirty old well compared to shopping mall madness? Come on Jill! Where is your sense of priorities?"

Jill: "Why don't you let me lead just once? Or does that threaten your masculinity?"

Jack: "Give me a break! I tell you its no big thing. The water from the well is dirty; the top of the hill is dry and dusty. There is virtually nothing up there."

Jill: "Well, I'll go up by myself then."

Jack: "No. Totally unnecessary. Very Dangerous. I don't want you to fall down and break your crown. Why don't we just forget the whole thing?"

Jill: "You're just afraid to let me lead!"

Jack: "I think you've been talking to Mary too much."

Jill: "So now you want to choose my friends."

Jack: "Listen Baby. She's just jealous of all the Mall time that you have."

Jill: "But I'm thirsty and the Water of the Mall doesn't quench my Thirst."

Jack: "I tell you, Jill. The Shopping Mall is where it's at. I've bought you all the shopping mall time any woman could possibly need. Enlightenment through shopping. That's our religion. Can't you understand that?"

Jill: "I need something more."

Jack: "Why is it that you, women, always want more, More, MORE. Why can't you be satisfied with what you have?"

Jill: "I have a thirst that won't go away. I don't think it can be quenched at the Mall."

Jack: "This is just a phase you're going through. Babe, do think this might be PMS?"

Jill: "You're really afraid to let me lead, he-man!"

Jack: "No, I'm not!"

Jill: "Your masculinity is threatened. That's why you're raising your voice."

Jack yelled: "I am not threatened and I am not raising my voice!" as he stormed out the door.

Jill: "Remember the vinegar and brown paper for that nasty cut on your forehead, that nob on your crown."

"Now what?" she thought. "I'm all alone. I know! I'm going to explore that hill all by myself."

Jill goes Solo

In hiking up the small hill she reached the spot, where Jack had had so much trouble. She went up to the narrow gorge. The sign on the door read:

The Love Door
Couples* Only – Must be in Love
<No Solos>
<Women recommended First>
(They tend to be more in touch with their true feelings.)
Exceptions are Few
*Heterosexuality not necessary

There were obvious signs that Jack had tried to go over or around these doors. Equally obvious was his inability to do so. Jill finally understood why he had fallen down and broken his crown so many times.

She also understood why she kept tumbling after. He would lead her up this narrow ledge, while rock climbing. Then instead of going through this door together, he would try to go over or around it, inevitably losing his balance, falling down, and breaking his crown. He would pull her off the hill and she would then tumble down after him. This whole sequence of events would always be followed by the perennial vinegar and brown paper for Jack's nob at Dame Dob's house. Jill was beginning to wonder about Jack's relation to old Dame Dob.

Jill was somewhat blinded by the brilliance of the Door, but went up to it anyway. She grasped the doorknob. It gave her a little shock and was locked.

An electric sign on the door appeared saying: "Couples only. Must be in Love."

Beneath this in smaller print was the message: "Touch here to continue."

Two small buttons appeared. One said: "Cancel". The other said: "Continue if you dare".

Unafraid Jill pressed the Continue button. On the screen came the words: "Your love meter reading is high. That is why you were only given a mild shock. But you need a partner to pass through the Door."

Jill had another flash of illumination. Perhaps Jack had tried to open the door, had received a stronger jolt, which had thrown him backwards off the hill, with her following after him.

Jill had at last identified the problem, which led to more questions.

"Does Jack really love me? Is he fooling me? Or is he fooling himself?"

A Scary Discussion

Jack: "Where've you been?"

Jill: "I went up the hill by myself."

"You went up by yourself? I can't believe this. You don't seem to understand. You could have hurt yourself and no one would have known. Besides, they say that going up the Hill alone can cause blindness or mental infirmity?"

"Who are they?"

"Well ... I read it in the newspaper somewhere. I think my mother told me. Why everyone knows that."

"Boy, I've got you riled. What are you afraid of? What are you trying to hide?"

"Jill, I'm only thinking about your welfare."

"Yeah Right! Hey I didn't go all the way up the Hill. I never even made it to the Well."

"Got too steep for you, huh?" Jack said hopefully.

"No, I made it to The Door easily."

"The Door?"

"Yep. The Door."

"Don't you hear the phone ringing? Isn't that someone at the front door? How about making me some food? You know I'm getting a little tired. I think it might be time for my nap."

"Nap? You never take naps. Why Jack you are trembling. What are you afraid of?"

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing. I'm just a little cold."

"But we're inside."

"I think I might be coming down with something. I probably should go to bed."

"Maybe you're afraid to face our relationship."

"Come on Jill. You know how much I love you. You have more credit cards than anyone else in the Valley."

"You conquer the World to show your love? Or do you conquer the world to hide from our Love?"

"Well gotta go now. Big Business deal to wrap up. See how I serve you and the family?"

“It’s late afternoon. The business day is done. Pull it together, dear. You’re getting pale.”
 “See. I told you that I was sick. Well I have to meet an old friend at the bar. There are some great sports I want to watch on television. There are some fabulous specials on TV tonight. Isn’t it time to make dinner?”
 “Your pupils are narrowing. Your breath is very shallow and quick.”
 “Take my pulse. Maybe I’m having a heart attack. My limbs are getting numb.”
 “Your brain is undoubtedly numb. Your Heart is certainly under attack.”
 “Let’s go to the Mall. Let’s go shopping. Let’s go see a movie. I can get tickets to live theatre.”
 “You’re panicking. The flight response has taken hold. Is adrenaline coursing through your body?”
 “I can barely sit down. Let’s go jogging or go lift some weights. I’ll see you at the gym. See you later.”
 “Just a minute, He-man. With all this excess energy, let’s go up the Hill, together.”
 “Anything but that Jill. I’m not up for that right now. I have a headache. I’m not in the mood. It’s that time of the month.”
 “You’re flipping out. This has gone from the flight response to a state of shock.”
 “I’m having hot and cold flashes. I must have the flu. My back hurts. My muscles ache all over.”
 “How’s your Heart.”
 “Beating irregularly, I’m sure. I’m really sick.”
 “I thought you had this excess energy.”
 “Don’t taunt me Jill. I’m really very sick.”
 “Just like a man.”
 “Huh what?”
 “The threat of opening your Heart Chakra just a little bit, gives you a panic attack.”
 “This isn’t psychological. I’m really sick.”
 “Emotionally sick.”
 “How can you say this to me in my time of need.”
 “Let’s stop playing around. I went to the Love Door. It said, “Couples in Love Only.”
 “Aurghh! I’m having a heart attack.”
 “Don’t be a baby! You’re just afraid of facing your emotions.”
 “How can you taunt me when I am in pain. I thought you loved me. Nurse me.”
 “The best medicine is true love.”
 “Aurghh! My heart. Call the paramedics! Quick.”
 “Such histrionics. Why not just open your Heart Lotus a little. It’ll feel much better.”
 “Ouch! It hurts so much. I’d rather solve the problems of the world.”
 “Let’s begin with us.”
 “I’m sick and you stick in the knife and twist it. And you say that you love me. Prove it.”
 “Listen. I hear that the Waters of the Well cure any ailment.”
 “Sounds like an old wave’s tale to me.”
 “It’s worth a try. You sound so sick.” Jill rolls her eyes.
 “I don’t know that I can last through the night.”
 “I’ll stay by your side. We can talk about our relationship.”
 “Aowoo! Ooh! That was the worst yet. Call the paramedics! Call the ambulance. I’m having a stroke and heart attack simultaneously.”
 “Poor baby. The mere thought of facing your feelings sends your body into convulsions.”
 “This is not psychological! When you visit me in the morgue, you’ll regret this conversation.”

“Let’s talk about our Love. I think you’re trying to avoid the deeper levels of involvement.”

“Oho! The world is spinning before my eyes. Everything is losing color. I’m dying and you’re laughing at me.”

“Let that old Asnian male die. He’s not worth holding onto anyway. He can’t even make it to the top of the little old hill before he falls down and breaks his crown.”

“I thought you loved me. In my time of need, I find out you’re just interested in my Life Insurance policy and actually hope I die. How could you be so cruel?”

“You’re right. Die Little Man. Arise the True Man who is strong enough to love me without fear of friends. I want to Insure that my Life will see more than those sterile shopping malls you’ve shown me so far. I’m taking out my own Life Insurance policy.”

“Stab me again and again. I thought you loved the real me and now you are murdering me.”

“Shed your skin, Snake. Time to be reborn anew. Feel your pain. Time to be truly alive.”

“I’m so afraid. I’m a real Asnian male. It’s all my parents fault.” Jack was whimpering.

“Break your chains! Let me lead the way.”

“Exchange my chains for your chains? Forget it!”

“You don’t have anything to lose. Why not give it a try?”

“I’m happy with my chains. I know what to expect. My universe is well defined. Make lots of money; spend lots of money. This is the meaning of life. He who has the most money to spend is the happiest. Right!?”

“Not. Take your credit cards to bed with you. I need love and caring. All else is secondary.”

“I show my love through money.”

“Give it a rest. If you really love me let’s go up the Hill together tomorrow morning.”

“I had a whole bunch of things scheduled for tomorrow, starting with my Power breakfast.”

“Well when then?”

“I spend all my time providing for the family and what appreciation do I get.”

“Good grief, Jack. You’re as evasive as a politician. Just name the time. I thought tomorrow might be nice because it is Saturday morning. The work week is done.”

“Don’t be naive, Jill. Business does not take the weekends off. Besides I thought we were going to the Mall tomorrow.”

“I’ll forego. I’m dying of thirst for the Water of the Well. Besides I’m curious.”

“Remember Eve. Remember Pandora. Remember what killed the cat.”

“Open up. Relax. You’re holding on so tight to your chains that they are strangling your mind.”

“I’m so unappreciated.”

“I’d appreciate you going up the Hill with me, tomorrow morning.”

“Well I guess so, maybe. Only if I get to lead.”

“If it makes you feel better, you can lead until we get to the Door. I don’t think you can lead me through.”

“Don’t worry about me. After all I am the stronger sex.”

“Gag.”

Up the Hill together

The next morning begins overcast and gloomy.

“Well, I guess our excursion is off. This weather is miserable.”

“Don’t worry. It’ll clear off. Even if it doesn’t, we’ll have a fun time.”

“What? Those are storm clouds. The Mall is indoor and protected.”

“Yes protected from anything exceptional or exciting.”

“Remember I’m sick and don’t want to get any sicker.”

“You are emotionally sick, but your cure is on the Hill. Besides I thought you said yours was the stronger sex.”

“I am but I have a touch of the flu and don’t want to get worse.”

“We’ll go back if you’re really too weak.”

“You’re really serious? This weather makes the London fog look sunny in comparison.”

“I need to drink of that Well. Some people call it the Well of Love.”

“I think you’ve been reading too many romance novels. Besides - *cough, cough* - I don’t want to get any sicker.”

“Great acting Jack. You should go to Hollywood.”

“OK. Let’s go.”

“Just kidding.”

“Shucks.”

“Come on. You need the circulation.”

“If you really loved me, you wouldn’t make me go up this stupid hill.”

“No that is the reason I want you to go up this hill because I really love you.”

“*Cough, cough!!* OK. But if I get pneumonia, it’ll be on your conscience.”

“Thanks for going. I just feel that something truly exceptional is going to happen to us up on the Hill.”

Finally after a lot of grumbling Jill and Jack start up the hill.

“I can’t believe you’re making me do this.”

“You’re doing it to show you love me. I’m pressuring you because I love you and think it will be good for us as a couple.”

“Great! My lover has a mother complex. She wants me to take my medicine.”

“It’s called hard love, dear.”

After this initial sparring, Jack resigns himself to his fate. He is however leading Jill up the Hill as agreed. They get closer to the Door.

“These clouds are getting thicker. I think we should head back down.”

“These clouds are beautiful, spectacular. There is a cave near the Door if it starts raining. Besides it’s warm out. I don’t mind getting a little wet.”

“*Cough, cough.* Yeah I don’t mind getting a little pneumonia.”

“Always the comedian. It’s just a little further ‘till we reach the Door. Don’t try to go through without me. Remember what happened the other times.”

“Hey, I’ve been through many times. It’s just boring up there. The water from the well is old and polluted and the view is no big thing. Lots of bugs. I wanted to protect you from the nothingness of it.”

“Yeah right. Well then. Can we go through the Door together just to show that you care? It means something to me, even if it doesn’t to you. Accommodate me in this small matter.”

“How about me? Who’s accommodating me? I always accommodate everyone else. No one accommodates me.”

“Right! Hey I see the glowing up ahead.”

The Love Door

There was the Love Door, glowing magically, brightly enough that they had to shield their eyes.”

“Well we’ve seen the Door, together. Let’s go back down.” He turns to go.

“Not so fast, strong man.” as Jill grabs Jack by his straight-starched shirt collar

“We’re supposed to go through the Door together. It recommends women first, but if you want to lead, go right ahead.”

Jack remembering some major shocks he had gotten from the Door is hesitant about moving ahead.

“What’s the matter? Let’s go. Lead if you want.” Jill motions for Jack to lead.

“Let’s just stay here and picnic. It’s beautiful. Why go any further? Happiness is where the heart is and we are here together.”

“Jack! We didn’t bring a picnic.”

“We didn’t?”

“Get real. I really want to go through the Door. I’d do it myself but it says we must go through together.”

“Where’d this door come from anyway? I think it’s just some kind of cheap carnival trick. Some kind of women’s lib artistic statement. I’m not going to be manipulated. Let’s go back down.”

“No. Let’s go through together. Hold my hand.” Jill is determined.

Jack withdraws his hand. “Ugh! Mush!”

Jill: “Lighten up.”

Jack: “But the water is dirty, the view is obscured. There are lots of flies and mean mosquitoes, big welts.”

“Come on. Quit stalling. I can almost taste the Well water.”

As Jack hesitantly begins to approach the Door, its lights begin to flash rapidly and a Big Warning sign flashes on highlighting the message. “Women first they’re more in touch with their feelings.”

“Let’s go back.” He turns to go.

“We’ve made it this far. Let’s give it a try.”

“Well OK Honey. You lead if you want to, not that I’m afraid or anything. I just think you might enjoy leadership.”

So Jill grasps Jack’s hand and leads him up to the Door. He begins trembling.

“I’m having another of my hot and cold flashes. I definitely have the flu. Let’s go back down before I get any sicker.”

Jill grasps the handle, feels a warm electric current spread through her whole body.

“Oh! Oooh! Aahh!”

“Jill, are you all right? I told you we shouldn’t do this. This electrified door is some maniac’s idea of a prank.”

“I feel marvelous. It just startled me. That’s all.”

“Remember my heart condition. I think an electric shock might trigger an attack. I can’t breathe, I think my asthma is acting up.”

“Jack, I didn’t know that you had asthma.”

“I didn’t want to worry you honey. Women are so delicate.”

Jill was focused now. She grabbed the handle firmly, felt the tingle spread through her body, and opened the Door.

“Aurrgh! I think I’m having a Heart Attack. Are you trying to kill me?” The electric current had gone through Jill into Jack.

“Let it happen dear. It’ll do you no harm.”

The Well

Jill strode firmly through the Door, while holding Jack's hand, pulling him after her. Going through the Door, their down hairs stood on end. All of their consciousness has been transferred to their bodies. Nothing was left in their minds.

After going through the Door Jill in her excitement sprinted up the Hill to the Well. Jack hesitantly followed her. Although he was supremely sensitized, he was also vulnerable and afraid. His mind had stopped working and he didn't complain anymore, but he was emotionally and physically drained.

Jill rushed up to the Well and drew a long drink of the Water. After only a few seconds her head began spinning. She felt as if a spiral was spinning its way through her body, attempting to turn her inside out.

Overwhelmed Jill went with the flow and became the Well, watching herself drink.

The Well: "It has been a long time, Jill. What has taken you so long?"

"This maniac has kept me from coming. I'd been meaning to come for a long time."

"But never mind. You're here now. That's all that really matters."

"It's been difficult."

"Well I'm glad you've finally arrived. Have another drink of my deepest waters. Give your Lover a sip too. It looks like he is worn out."

"Jack, come on up and have a drink from my Well."

"From *your* well, Jill?"

"Yes Jack. I have the funniest feeling that I am the Well right now. Have a drink. Please. On me."

"Are you sure it doesn't need to be purified? I'm not sure the Water Quality Board has jurisdiction way up here."

"Take some of my deepest waters, Jack. It quenches like nothing you've ever had."

"Your water, Jill? I think you've flipped."

"Just stick your head right in and slurp me up. I'm safe." Jill gently pushes Jack with her hand on the crown of his head down into the Well Water.

"Don't I taste delicious?"

"You, Jill? Yeah." confused "No. I mean the Water is delicious."

"Don't I quench your thirst and give you energy?"

"Well OK. Here's to you and your Well."

"Thank you. And here's to you and your great sacrifices."

"Sacrifices?"

"You had to lose all your selves."

Jack was exhausted both physically and mentally because of their long emotional journey through the Love Door. He only staggered up to the Well, definitely limping, dying of thirst. However after taking a deep drink from the Water of the Well, Jack felt rejuvenated.

"Well when do we move on to the next peak?"

Jill, whose mind was still spinning, took a longer time than usual to respond. She couldn't decide if she was the Well or Jill. She continued slipping back and forth between the two.

Well: "Jill, have some more of my Waters."

She watched her body take a second long drink from the ladle. It tasted so good. She could barely get enough of it. Her long neck went out like a swan sipping it down ecstatically.

“Jill, are you alright?”

“I’ve never felt better in my whole life. I’m just observing myself as a body from the Well perspective and I’m really happy that you have loved each other enough to have reached me and my waters.”

“I think this Love thing has gone to your head. It just tastes like normal water to me, but I am ready to go on. I feel much rejuvenated and revived after that drink.”

“Please have some more of my waters to see you through the valley to the next peak.”

“My pleasure. Wow! This water is delicious. I hope it’s safe.”

“My waters are always safe.”

“Jill, you’re really weird. But I love you anyway. Let’s be on our way.”

“My pleasure,” she purred.

The Earth & Sky Make Love

As they sauntered into the unknown beyond Jill dreamily: “How do you like my valleys?”

“Your valleys?”

“I’ve slipped from the Well to ...”

“Thank God, Jill is back.”

“I’ve always been here, honey. Now I am also the hills and valleys. Don’t I look beautiful, dressed in wildflowers and shrubbery? It’s so arousing to have you stroll on my surface, little man.”

Jack began to get a little dizzy. He was beginning to come on to the Waters of Love. He slipped out of his body into the partnership. He was neither Jack nor Jill, but both.

“We love to cavort across your surfaces. You are so beautiful. We love your valleys and peaks. I want to explore your nooks and crannies. We want to caress your caves with our tiny feet.”

“Love me; take care of me,” sighed Mother Earth. “And I will give you everything you need.”

“We want to suckle at your Wells. Nourish us with your magic waters and we will love and protect you.”

By this time Jill had almost forgotten about her Person in her identification with the Earth. Jack looked up in the skies and saw dark thunderclouds. Under the influence of the Magic Waters, Jack focused on and then became the Clouds, looking down upon those two mortals walking on the surface of Mother Earth, tickling her highways and byways. Those clouds began to be attracted to Mother Earth in an electromagnetic way.

“I need to be grounded,” thought the Storm Cloud. “Look at that sweet little honey down there.”

“She’s worth settling down for,” said another cloud.

“I have this irresistible attraction for her. Why I feel downright electrified.”

“Go for it.”

Then Jack said to Jill, “I think I’m going to rain on you.”

“Rain away, honey. I’m thirsty and need a drink. Don’t worry these bodies will find it refreshing.”

“I can’t hold on any longer”, screamed Jack. Out came the longest lightning bolt, you’ve ever seen.

“Ahhh!” groaned Mother Earth.

“Here comes another and another and another and another,” thundered Jack Cloud from on high.

Coming Down

After what seemed like an interminable thundershower - the gods making love, Mother Earth became pregnant, had labor pains. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" Then she had some babies. They were Jill and Jack locked in embrace - asleep in her valley. Their consciousness slipped back down into their bodies.

Jack woke up with his head in Jill's lap.

Jack: "You can't believe..."

Jill: "I know."

They were quiet for quite some time and then headed back down.

Jack: "Things will never be the same."

Jill: "Let's hope so."

Jack: "This is not quite like the Mall."

Jill: "Duh."

Jill and Jack came slowly down - first down the mountainside, then to the Well. They were not even tempted by the waters of the Well. Nourished and satisfied - their thirst had been quenched.

They passed through the Love Door - no tingling now, their senses had been saturated - and then returned to their home in the Valley.

Jill and Jack were awed, bowed their head before creation, and said, "It is Good."

Jill saw Mary come over, as if she had been expecting them.

Jill said quietly, "Why didn't you tell us. It was wonderful."

Mary smiled demurely, but said nothing.

"Mary, why didn't you tell us?" insisted Jill.

"It is unexplainable. There are no words to describe it. It is everywhere and all around us. Yet many are blind to its existence."

"You could have tried."

"We humans can only See, Hear and Smell when we are ready, not before."

"I want to tell everyone."

"They will only laugh."

"My ebullience is full to overflowing. I need to communicate."

"Communicate with your body, not with your mouth."

"What about talking with Jack?"

"It only puts chains on the experience, ties it down, and makes it seem less than it is."

"Incredible!" sighs Jill; her body is still tingling all over. She still hasn't totally separated from the earth.

"Most people, especially men, can't even see the mountains behind the Hill. Jack wasn't lying when he said there were only mists behind the Hill. He couldn't really See.

You, Jill, could even see us walking on the Hills. Many never become thirsty. Many never see."

"Awesome! I feel so liberated, so at one with the Earth. I'm having a hard time becoming Jill again."

"There is no need. Why attach yourself to an inferior reality."

"I can't wait to tell my friends at the mall."

"A pretty dress doesn't get you through The Door."

"When can I go back up the hill to the Well?"

“When you and Jack are ready. Don’t dwell on it, but don’t forget it. The Maya Mall is an enchanting place, whose reality is captivating.”

“I am the Earth,” says Jill, still high from her experience.

“And I the Clouds,” says Jack dreamily. Shaking his head he continues, “Are we still in this game?”

“Jack will come down quicker into the Maya Mall reality. He will deny this his first experience. He needs to be brought back many times, before he believes it’s true.”

“I am nourished at last. My Thirst has been quenched. The Mall will never look the same again.”

“You will be tempted. Your troubles are not at an end, but at last you see the way.”

A Relapse & a Mysterious Solution

Next week, Jack put his arm around Jill: “Let’s go up the Hill again, honey.”

Jill: “I’m tired of being pawed all the time. You men only have one thing on your mind.”

Jack: “Well *excuse* me. Take your crummy Hill and shove it then!” Storming out.

Jill, in the middle of her period, had inadvertently offended Jack’s tender male sensibilities. It had taken a lot for him to open up to emotional intimacy. When he was shut off so harshly, so unreasonably, Jack erected an emotional wall to protect him from future rejection. Subconsciously: “See if I’m going to open up to her again and allow myself to be vulnerable for attack.”

When Jill was ready to go up the Hill again, after her monthly cycle, Jack had come down too far. He couldn’t be convinced to try again no matter what she said. He was too afraid of opening up.

Jack was adamant. He insisted that he wasn’t about to climb the Hill again. He even began to deny the existence of the Love Door, saying that it was all part of Jill’s imagination. He claimed that they had been drugged by the Well and had experienced one big hallucination. Jill was at her wit’s ends. She had seen her potentials, experienced them, and was now being denied access to those marvelous peaks beyond The Hill. At least when she was ignorant she only suspected but didn’t really know.

Frustrated at her inability to rouse Jack, Jill began meandering about the town. She wandered into a bookstore that she’d never seen before. As soon as she walked in, the man behind the counter seemed to recognize her.

“What took you so long to get here?”

“I’ve never been here before and just accidentally wandered in.”

“There are no accidents, my dear. But never mind my personal philosophies, what are you looking for?”

“Nothing in particular. I’m just browsing.”

“Good! I have the perfect book for you, my dear. It’s a very special one. There are not many in print anymore.” He hands her a very old book. It sent chills up her spine, when she touched it.

“Oooh! Hmmm! **Taming Your Beast**. What’s it about?”

“More than you think. It will help you understand what you’ve been through.”

“How do you know what I’ve been through?”

“I don’t. It just seemed like a good thing to say.”

“A good thing to say?”

“It seems perfectly suited for you. It’s a fairy tale called **Taming Your Beast**. You seem to have a beast that needs to be tamed. There is some very useful information contained therein.”

“I don’t know.”

“It’s very old. I’ll sell it to you cheap.”

“Who are you anyway? Where are you from? I’ve never seen you before.”

“I’m just passing through.”

“Where are you going?”

“Everywhere and Nowhere.”

“I don’t understand.”

“Neither do I.”

As he offers Jill the book: “What do you have to lose?”

“Well, alright.” Jill gave him the money.

“Mission accomplished, at last. Liberation at hand.”

“What do you mean, ‘at last’? How long have you been waiting?”

“It depends upon how you measure time, my dear. It’s all relative. I’ve been waiting only a few seconds or perhaps through a multitude of lifetimes. I can’t really tell. Can you?”

“I’m not sure I know what you mean.”

“I’m just an old man boring you with my babbles. Run along now and enjoy your book. It could have a great deal of significance, if you believe in that sort of thing. Enjoy.”

Her hands and body tingling Jill headed back. She couldn’t remember where she’d experienced that sensation before. Then in a flash, she remembered: “The Love Door!?”

She could scarcely wait until she got home to begin reading her new-old book. After she began she could scarcely put it down until she had finished. This then is the story of **Taming Your Beast**.