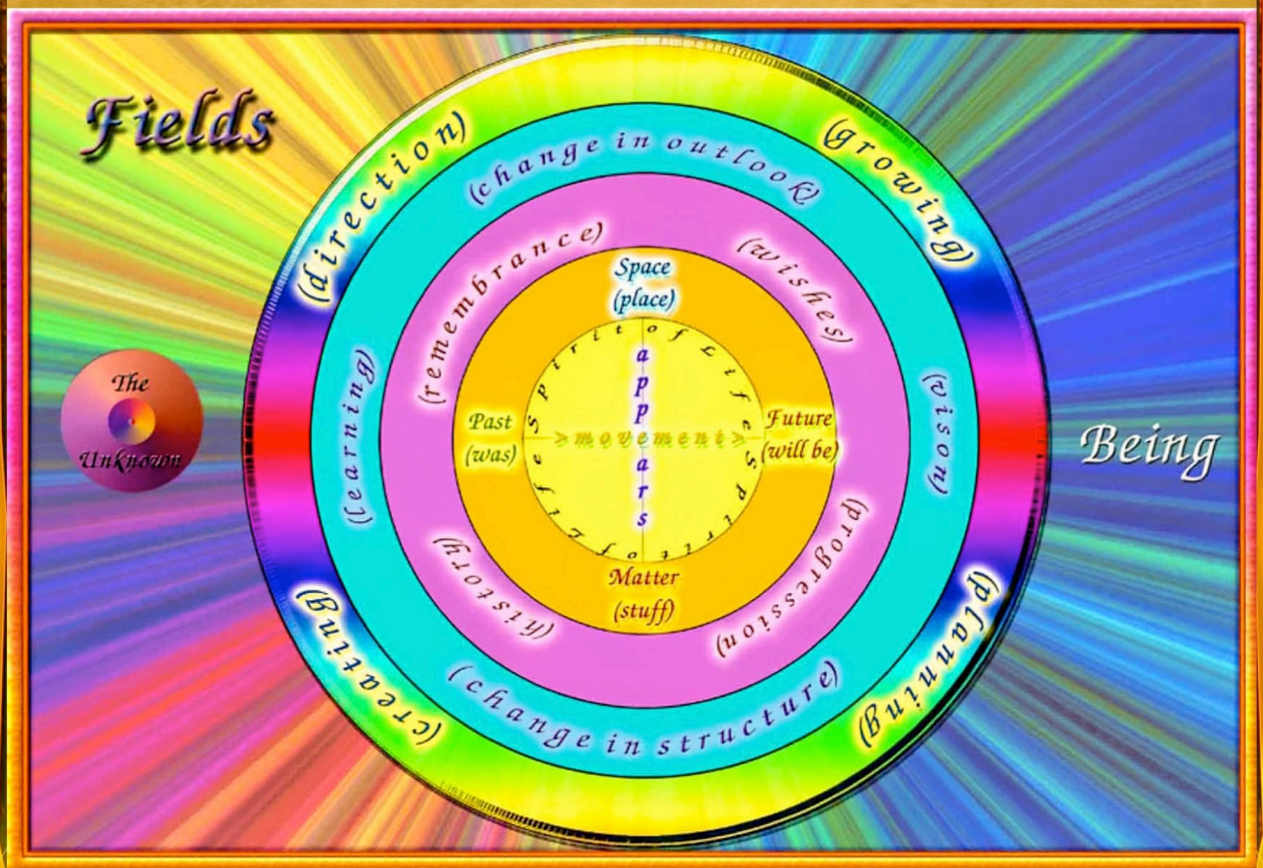
On the Edge of Forever





ON THE EDGE OF FOREVER

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Dedication

Farewell, Old Friend

Poor Pluto's been banished to the underworld,
Charon rowing him to the Land of the Forgotten.
Schoolchildren petitioned for his return,
But he was voted off of the solar island.

Preface

ToeQuestors discover the Secrets of the Universe, as well as the humorously dangerous implications that follow their possession of the Holy Grail of the genuine Theory of Everything. With the world's future hanging in the balance, they sharpen their wits and skills through the teachings of the learnéd Grand Masters, joining the World Intelligence Empire as operatives. It's comedic at times but meaningful and deadly serious at others.

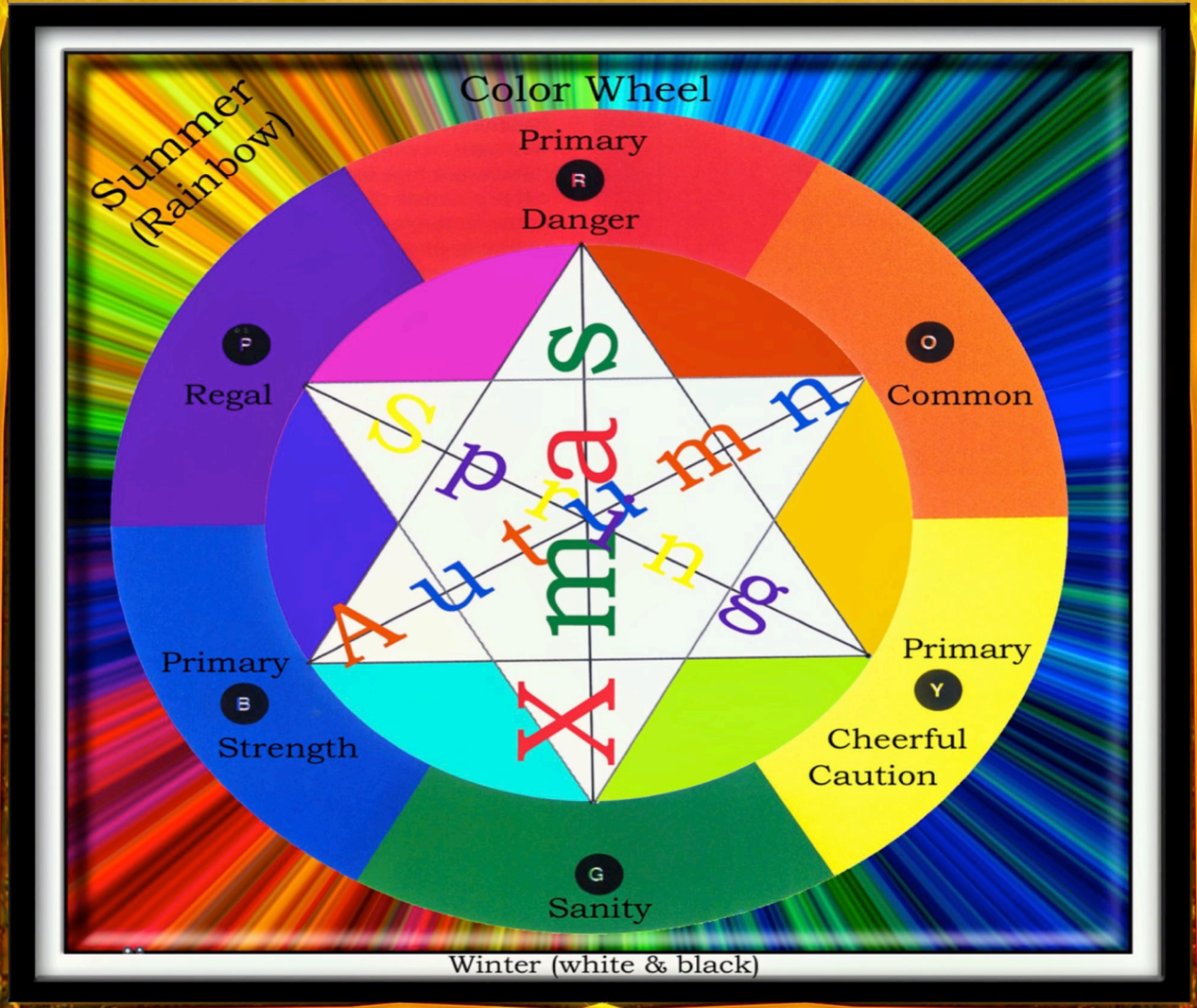
Those who quest for the knowledge of everything have found much of it, and so they are pursued by their local intelligence agencies for this information. They take retreat in the up and coming World Intelligence Agency, into which some of the other organizations eventually merge, wherein they train, which experiences turn out to be grand adventures within themselves. Some go on to more ultimate adventures, many of which reflect the state of the world today, and its possible futures, involving terrorism, global warming, and nuclear happenings. The story is a smooth mix of wisdom, meaning, adventure, drama, humor, intelligence operations, and vision, wrapped into an astounding and astonishing tale.

- Contains many ideas for discussion/investigation.
- Value for imagination/learning/entertainment.

Since I extended The Rubaiyat's quatrains, I like to employ that style of nuggets pearled, concise and digestible.



(Nobody's Invisibility Suit)



On the Edge of Forever

The Great Extinguisher

Our planet is very good at promoting life,
But it is much better at extinguishing it.
Of the billions upon billions of living things,
99.99% are no longer around here living.

The Cosmic Code

In ancient skies, a signal grows more weak—
The CMBR's song that reality speaks;
Like static on a cosmic radio wave,
Its degradation makes our world oblique.

The ToeQuestors saw the truth at last:
Our universe, a show that's being cast,
Its antenna warped by time's relentless flow,
While human coding errors spread too fast.

The human race had been degenerating, for the CMBR antenna that broadcasts our universal reality show had long been out of whack, as had been discovered by ToeQuestors as part of the Theory of Everything.

Behold the helix dance of DNA,
Where four notes sing life's complex interplay;

DNA is made of four nucleotides arranged in such a way that a large number of perfectly cascading events form a living thinking life form.

Each strand a ladder to creation's heights,
Where single missteps lead the whole astray.

No one yet fully understands the irreducible complexity of the DNA double helix, which is the template for all carbon based life. It is so complex that the slightest change along the myriad of interrelated ladder of events causes the total collapse of the organism.

But deeper still lies nature's greatest code,
A template vaster than what life has showed:
The Universe's own encrypted chain,
Where space and time and matter are bestowed.

What about the DNA at the universal level?

THE CORRUPTED DNA OF THE UNIVERSE:

***** TOP SECRET *** EYES ONLY *****

Likewise, a much more complex universal DNA template is the common thread of a much greater type of exponentially encrypted digital code of Everything which forms our entire universe, generating it in a virtual holographic type way, that is:

The Infinite radiates through a DNA matrix,
Using Information or Energy to create
The Cosmic Microwave antenna, which broadcasts
Interference patterns of virtual reality.



This holographic dance of Everything
Spins out reality like golden string;
Each quantum bit precisely placed in space
To make the cosmic harmonies all ring.

Like fractals folded into deeper space,
Each pattern shows the whole in micron-trace;
The universe, a grand computer's dream,
Projects existence through digital grace.

Yet now this code begins to show its age,
Like ancient text on some forgotten page;
The cosmic DNA starts to degrade,
While reality slips from its quantum cage.

The problem was that the celestial music of the spheres had fallen out of tune.



The DNA of the Universe

The Matrix

The Infinite pulses through space-time's web,
A matrix of possibility and flow,
Where mathematics whispers ancient codes
Through dimensions that we cannot know.

Information dances with Energy,
Twin aspects of reality's deep source,
Weaving patterns through the quantum foam
That guide creation's fundamental course.

The Broadcast

The Cosmic Background fills the void
With whispers from creation's dawn,
An omnidirectional antenna array
Broadcasting since light first shone.



Its static holds encrypted tales
Of quantum fluctuations past,
When space and time were newly born
And causality was cast.

The Pattern

Interference ripples through the deep,
Where virtual particles emerge and fade,
Their quantum waltz of might-have-been
Creates the substance from which worlds are made.

Reality shimmers like a hologram,
Each fragment holding all we see,
While strings vibrate their sacred songs
Through manifolds of symmetry.

The Code

Like DNA but vaster still,
The cosmic code writes space and time,



In languages of spin and charge
Where entropy keeps perfect rhyme.

Through quantum fields that permeate
The vacuum's pregnant emptiness,
Information flows and builds
The scaffolding of consciousness.

The Transmission

Each particle contains within
A message from the universe,
Entangled threads that stretch across
The cosmic web, for better or worse.

The void itself remembers all,
Each quantum state forever stored
In patterns of probability
Where past and future are explored.



The Program

Is spacetime but a simulation,
A program running deep and vast?
Are we subroutines in the code,
Through quantum circuits flowing fast?

The matrix of reality
Computes on scales both large and small,
While information's endless dance
Creates the stage that holds it all.

The Signal

Through background radiation's hiss,
We hear creation's primal song,
A melody of math and light
That's been playing all along.



Each wavelength carries ancient news
Of how the cosmos came to be,
While quantum tunnels bridge the gap
Between what is and what could be.

The Structure

Like lattices of crystal thought,
The universe builds form from void,
Using rules both strange and deep
That Einstein's God might have employed.

The cosmic DNA unfolds
Through dimensions curled and bright,
Where information crystallizes
Into matter, energy, and light.

The Resonance

Virtual reality emerges
From interference patterns pure,



Where quantum superposition builds
The solid world we think secure.

Yet underneath our classical realm,
The matrix continues its endless play,
Computing futures yet to come
As present moments slip away.

The Understanding

Perhaps the universe itself
Is one vast quantum neural net,
Processing information flows
Through patterns we don't fathom yet.

The Infinite speaks through the code
Of quarks and leptons, space and time,
While consciousness emerges from
This cosmic algorithm sublime.



The Mystery

Yet still we cannot fully grasp
The deepest levels of this dance,
Where information, energy,
And mind entwine by quantum chance.

The universe keeps secrets still
Within its matrix vast and strange,
While we decode small fragments of
The patterns that will never change.



O secret-keeper of this sacred tale,
Where virtual worlds through digital veils
Cast shadows on our minds like Plato's cave—
What happens when the master program fails?

The cosmic broadcast showed some static's trace,
As DNA of universe lost grace;
The ToeQuest sages tracked the signal's flaw—
Our reality show needed time and space.

They chose Nobody Nowhere to fix the show,
For no one else could make the changes flow;
Through Guardian of Forever's ancient gate,
To tune the cosmic background's sacred glow.

Like DNA that builds our mortal frame,
A greater code writes reality's game:
The matrix where the Infinite performs
Its holographic dance of cosmic flame.



The spheres' sweet music jangled out of key,
While butter flew much like a strange bee;
Nobody donned his light-bend cloak to step
Through time's gate toward eternity.

Butter flies like a banana; he had butterflies in his stomach and flew like a bee.

The chronicle of man, that tangled scroll,
Where folly dances with the human soul;
No wisdom gained from centuries of pain,
As fate keeps playing its capricious role.

This was not an attempt to revise human history, per se, for that mess was a happening that had way too much dumbness in it to be salvageable. The whims of fate would only create new fools, since wild and uncontrolled emotions had proved to be all that there was to say about all the miseries and follies that had been sadly written into the human chronicle.



So Nobody donned his cloak of light,
To walk through time unseen, a spectral sight;
His emanations carefully contained,
Lest ripples spread through past and future's night.

Yes, there was always a danger of even more negatively affecting the past, and so Nobody wore a light-bending suit that made him invisible, and it furthermore contained most of his emanations.

For even branded clothes upon his frame
Might spark a change that sets the past aflame;
The butterfly of chaos spreads its wings
When slightest shifts disturb time's fragile game.

This would minimize most of his effects on the past and on the future that arose through interaction with the past, even that eventually magnifying, perhaps of merely being seen with name-brand clothes on.

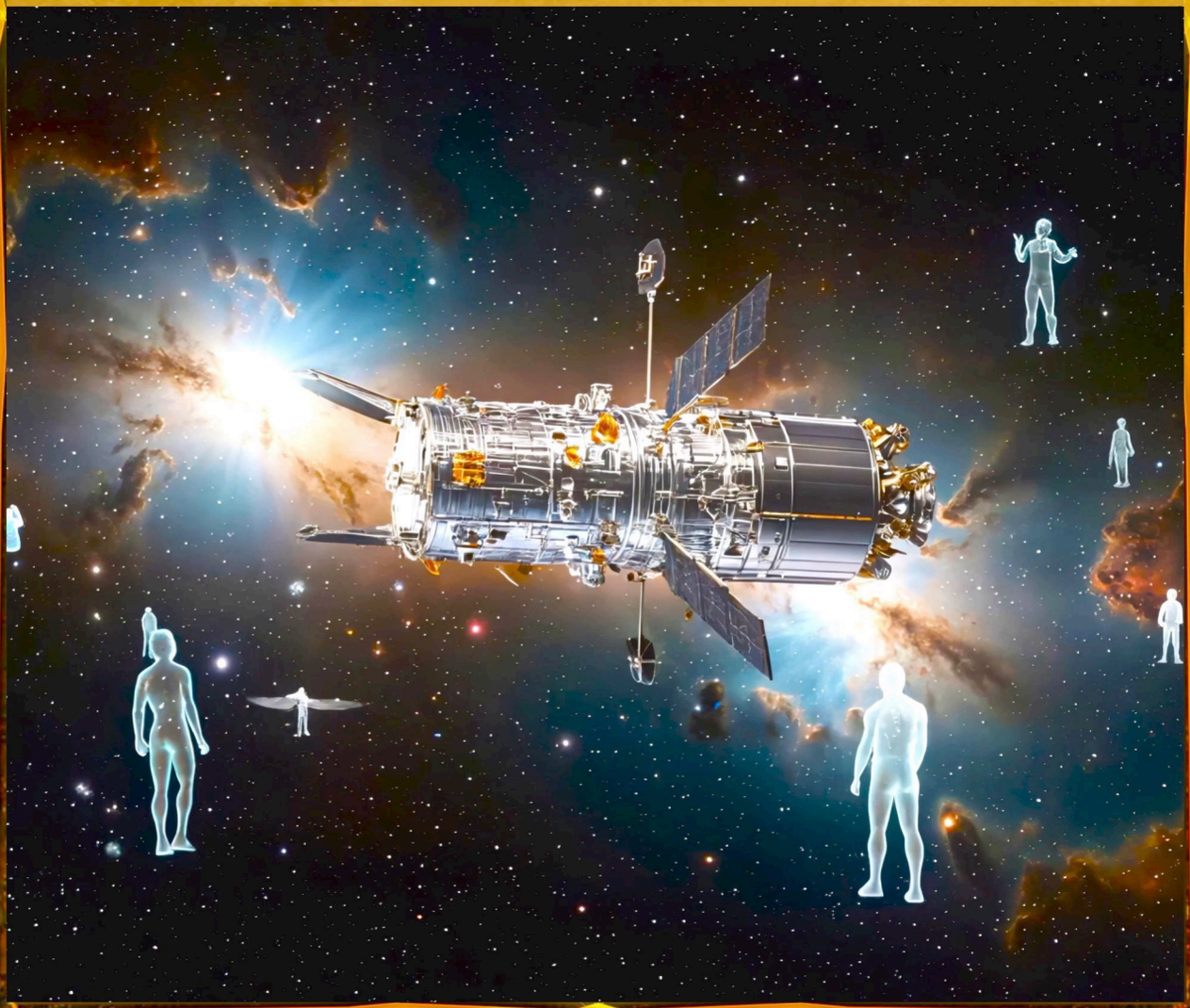


Behind our world's familiar curtain glows
A matrix where pure radiance flows;
Like strands of light through DNA divine,
The pattern of existence clearly shows.

The microwave background radiation was the source interference pattern of the Holograph in which our reality exists. Behind it, a light radiance passed through a very complex matrix looking somewhat like DNA.

The background hum of cosmic static sings
Of interference patterns spreading rings;
Our holographic reality blooms
From ancient light that secret wisdom brings.

The Hubble watched while ToeQuest stood on guard,
As Graybeard, RascalPuff, and Frederick starred;
While Austin surfed ethereal Jersey waves,
And crowds logged in from near and very far.



Though sometimes Austin was merely scraping along on the particulate matter of the beach.

Through noplace in the middle of nowhere,
(Though space lacks center, edge, or central lair),
Nobody navigated by mind's stars
Toward CMBR's control panel there.

The matrix vast behind all things we see,
More complex than mere mortality's DNA,
Holds patterns that make real seem real enough,
While broadcasting what we think truth to be.

Time keeps things from all happening at once,
Yet Nobody slipped past its normal wants;
One small step back, then giant leap beyond,
To fix the signal's cosmic response.



Nobody, knowing very well that time was Nature's way of keeping everything from happening at once, took one small step for man into the past and found himself right back standing right in front of the Guardian, and so he took a giant leap for mankind.

The light-bend suit kept history unchanged,
While butterflies through stomach acid ranged;
For tampering with time needs careful touch
Lest all reality get rearranged.

Butterfly Effect Reference

The butterfly effect is a phrase that encapsulates the more technical notion of sensitive dependence on initial conditions in chaos theory. Small variations of the initial condition of a nonlinear dynamical system may produce large variations in the long term behavior of the system. So this is sometimes presented as esoteric behavior, but can be exhibited by very simple systems: for example, a ball



placed at the crest of a hill might roll into any of several valleys depending on slight differences in initial position.

The phrase refers to the idea that a butterfly's wings might create tiny changes in the atmosphere that ultimately cause a tornado to appear (or prevent a tornado from appearing). The flapping wing represents a small change in the initial condition of the system, which causes a chain of events leading to large-scale phenomena. Had the butterfly not flapped its wings, the trajectory of the system might have been vastly different.

Recurrence, the approximate return of a system towards its initial conditions, together with sensitive dependence on initial conditions are the two main ingredients for chaotic motion. They have the practical consequence of making complex systems, such as the weather, difficult to predict past a certain time range, approximately a week in the case of weather. —Wikipedia



Behind the curtain of the cosmic show,
Where interference patterns ebb and flow,
Nobody sought the tuning that would bring
New clarity to all we think we know.

For what is real but broadcast from afar?
A signal dancing through the void like stars;
Perhaps our whole existence merely plays
On screens that float where no true substance are.

Like roulette played with universal stakes,
Or Russian games where each pull might unmake
The world—yet humans, tired of folly's reign,
Bet all on Nobody, for sanity's sake.

It was like taking the chance of betting the entire company on either red or black in roulette, but was more like Russian roulette—in that really bad things could happen; however, the human race was quite desperate, having really had enough of pettiness and silliness.



For insight's angels rarely visit now,
While humans sleep as fortune passes bow;

The angels of insight didn't appear as often anymore, and that many humans even dozed off while good fortune passed them right on by, nor had they recognized Lady Luck except in the lotteries.

They seek Dame Luck in lottery's false dawn,
While living costs rise, living chances bow.

As Flip Wilson once said, "The cost of living is going up and the chance of living is going down". Many were living a TV sitcom life. Genius has its limits, but stupidity…

Some waste no time on wisdom's patient quest,
While others claim that seeing needs faith's test;
On rainy Sundays, bored beyond belief,
They fashion gods to grant eternal rest.



Many people even wasted no time reading ToeQuest forum posts. Even more said that some things, like ESP, had to be believed to be seen. Others, the types who quickly became bored on rainy Sunday afternoons, invented gods to grant them eternal immortality.

More said than done, the ancient adage goes,
While subway wisdom gravity's truth shows:

Even worse, after all was said and done, more was always said than was done.

"Earth sucks!" proclaim the underground prophets,

Subway signs read, "There is no gravity. Earth sucks."

As each seeks Number One, in Number Two's throes.

Everyone was only looking out for #1, not realizing that this often caused them to step in #2.



Asked Ghandi of the West's civilized ways:
"'Twould be a fine thing" - so the sage displays

Ghandi, when asked what he thought of Western civilization, said, "I think it would be a good idea."

His wit, while others eat and drink with mirth,
Till diet's morrow dims their merry days.

And some said "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we diet, since the waist was a terrible thing to mind",

More horses' ends than horses fill our scene,

Yes, there were more horse's asses than horses.

While Horace rides before Descartes' machine;

Some even put Horace before Descartes (Donald O. Rickter).



Rabbits Appear on Earth

Truth stranger here than fiction dares to tread,
As Nobody walks where no one's ever been.

"How goes it?" Rascal calls through time's dim veil,
"It's raining," Nobody reports his trail.
"Hardly?" asks Puff, dividing self from self,
"It's hardly raining hardly," marks his tale.

What means this riddle wrapped in cosmic jest?
As Nobody, umbrella-armed and blessed,
Strides through the rain of possibility,
While watchers wonder at his strange quest.

Perhaps in nonsense lurks the deepest sense,
As humor breaches wisdom's highest fence;
For who but Nobody could fix the world,
While wielding just an umbrella's defense?



Through time's rain falling hardly here and there,
Nobody walks where others wouldn't dare;
To tune reality's great broadcast show,
With nothing but an umbrella to spare.

Austin piped in that the English language was becoming a bit affected, via Nobody's interruptions in the past, but he encouraged that the journey go on, and so it contin–ued as it progressed and went on.

As English warped through time's distorting lens,
While Nobody sought cosmic odds and ends,
Some asked what "it" in "it is raining" meant—
As if mere grammar could make cosmic sense!

"By the way, what's the antecedent of 'it' in 'It's raining?'" posted WiseGuy, thinking he had posed quite a tough question.



“Just nothing,” Nobody replied with grace,
“Reverse gravity through time and space;
Reality’s dilated antecedent—
And meanwhile, I am dampening apace!”

“Nothing,” said Nobody, “in the form of reverse gravity and forward light, the ultimate antecedent of our time dilation called reality. I’m getting damp.”

“A little rain never hurt Nobody!”
Quoth Rascal, and thus made history;
His words appeared in wisdom’s ancient tome,
Though written now, yet aged mysteriously.

Rascal added that “A little rain never hurt Nobody,” a new and original saying that suddenly appeared in the now retitled book, ‘The 2501 Greatest Sayings Ever’.




A little rain never hurt nobody!


THE 2501 GREATEST SAYINGS EVER

“I hope the rain keeps up!” Nobody said,
When asked his wish through time-streams overhead;
“So then it won’t come down!”—such cosmic wit
As spacetime bent around the jokes he spread.

“How’s it going, Nobody?” asked Rascal again, figuring that Nobody’s watch was running fast from special relativity and that some hours had already passed.

On asteroid, Nobody stopped to dine,
Where universal lunch was served so fine;

Nobody replied, “I heard that the universe was a free lunch, so I’m having it in a restaurant on an asteroid.”

“The food is great,” he messaged through the void,
“But atmosphere is somewhat hard to find!”

“The food’s great, but there’s no atmosphere.”



Then ChickenMan, with questions off the wall,
Asked why the chicken made its cosmic fall;
But Rascal, wise in relativity,
Explained how roads rise up to meet them all:

Now, there's always someone who interrupts forum threads with off the wall stuff, so ChickenMan tried to catch Rascal unawares with "Why did the chicken fly across the road?" and "Did the egg cross into God's universe before the chicken?"

"The road moved 'neath the chicken's quantum stride,
While spacetime curved along its four-D ride;
Like baseball fields that rise to catch pop flies
As universe expands on every side!"

Rascal, taking all this in stride during a lull, replied, "As allowed by Einstein's relativity, the road moved to the other side of the chicken, and, the chicken didn't land so



much as the road rose to meet the chicken, as it extended in 4D, much like the baseball field rises to meet the pop up, since the universe is expanding."

"And chickens cannot fly!" he added true,
"Nor did God brood on cosmic eggs of blue;
So let's tune DNA of universe,
Without more chicken-questions mucking through!"

"Furthermore, chickens can't fly! Also, the chicken came first, for I can't really picture 'God' sitting on an egg to hatch it. Now, then, we're trying to better tune in the universal DNA here, so no more chicken-shit posts please!"

Through quantum foam and cosmic jest they sought
To fix the signal giving life to thought;
While humor danced with physics' deepest laws,
And wisdom wore the mask of jester's sport.



For in this quest to tune reality,
Perhaps the joke's what sets the signal free;
As Nobody repairs the cosmic show
With wit that bends both space and gravity.

Graybeard cried alarm through time's dim haze:
"The cards are changing in these altered days!
The Ace, once low, now trumps the mighty King—
Has Nobody set hierarchy ablaze?"

"Hold it," warned Graybeard. "Some critical atoms must have been disturbed by Nobody's journey. Now the 'Ace', a new name for the formerly bottommost playing card, the lowly 'one', is now higher than the King in many kinds of card games; this is a sacrilege and a travesty! Wait until London hears about this."

But Kirkpatrick saw the deeper sign:
How 'A' meant 'All' in wisdom's grand design;




A
K


A

The One that births both monarchy and more,
As cosmic truth in playing cards could shine.

Mkirkpatrick somehow got into the conference call and said, “Just heard, but relax. The All is the One; the ‘A’ on the card really stands for ‘All’, for this is what gave rise to the monarchy. And of course the one is the One.”

While Fredrick, master of the numbered art,
Assured them strategy stayed true to heart;
Though ranks might shift in time’s disturbed domain,
The game’s deep patterns would not drift apart.

“It’s OK,” Fredrick said calmly, being an expert on numbers and on playing them, “the play and strategy of all affected card games has not been altered much. Keep on going, Nobody.”

Old Graybeard watched the moon’s unchanging face,
While counting minutes in the cosmic race;



And Fredrick checked his fingers, left and right,
To see if five and five still kept their place.

While some old times passed, Graybeard stood around looking at the man in the moon and watching the grass grow. Fredrick checked his watch to see if he was wearing it and then counted to five on his left hand. Fine. On the other hand, he still had five fingers, so, all was still going well in the good old days.

Poor Profpat sharpened pencils to their end,
As space and time began to curve and bend;

While Texas Hold ‘em spread through twisted time,
Like quantum ripples that Nobody penned.

Rascal interjected, “Some sort of high stakes poker mania called ‘Texas Hold ‘em’ has broken out in some countries. Googling now. It’s even replacing baseball on many TV channels!”



“Just let it pass,” wise Fredrick calm decreed,
“A temporal fad that we need not impede;
For whether Ace rules high or bows down low,
The cosmic game plays on with little heed.”

“It’s OK,” reassured Fredrick, “No harm done. We’ll pass it off as another fad.”

Through Nobody’s wake the changes spread,
As past and present’s cards got reshuffled, read;
Yet somehow in time’s shifting parameter,
The deeper rules stayed true to what they said.

For in this cosmic game where all’s at stake,
What matters most is not the rules we break,
But how the patterns hold through space and time,
As Nobody tunes reality’s remake.







Let Kings and Aces dance their ranking's race,
While Hold 'em claims old baseball's sacred place;
For in the greater game Nobody plays,
Such shifts mark merely time's disturbed embrace.

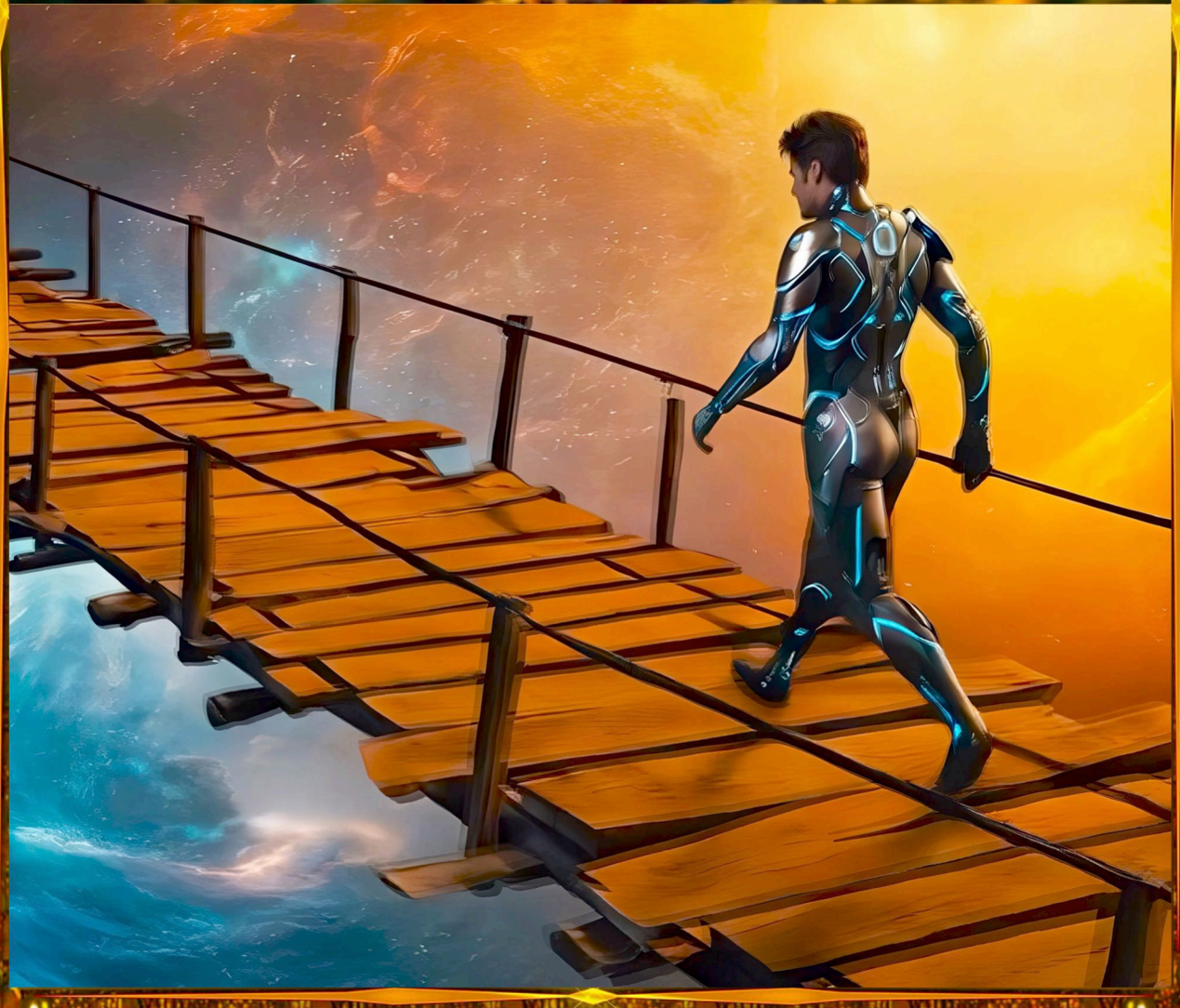
Through billion years Nobody made his way,
Past Dodo birds that frolicked in their day;
Left asteroids (not hemorrhoids) far behind,
While alchemy's first dreams began to play.

Nobody was heading billions of years into the past, having left the asteroid just before he got a polaroid from sitting on it too long, and was passing many frolicking Dodo birds, along with the beginnings of such ancient notions as alchemy and astrology. Hey, why are hemor–rhoids not called asteroids?

Across a bridge of planks that creaked with time,
Past penny stamps and ancient paradigm,







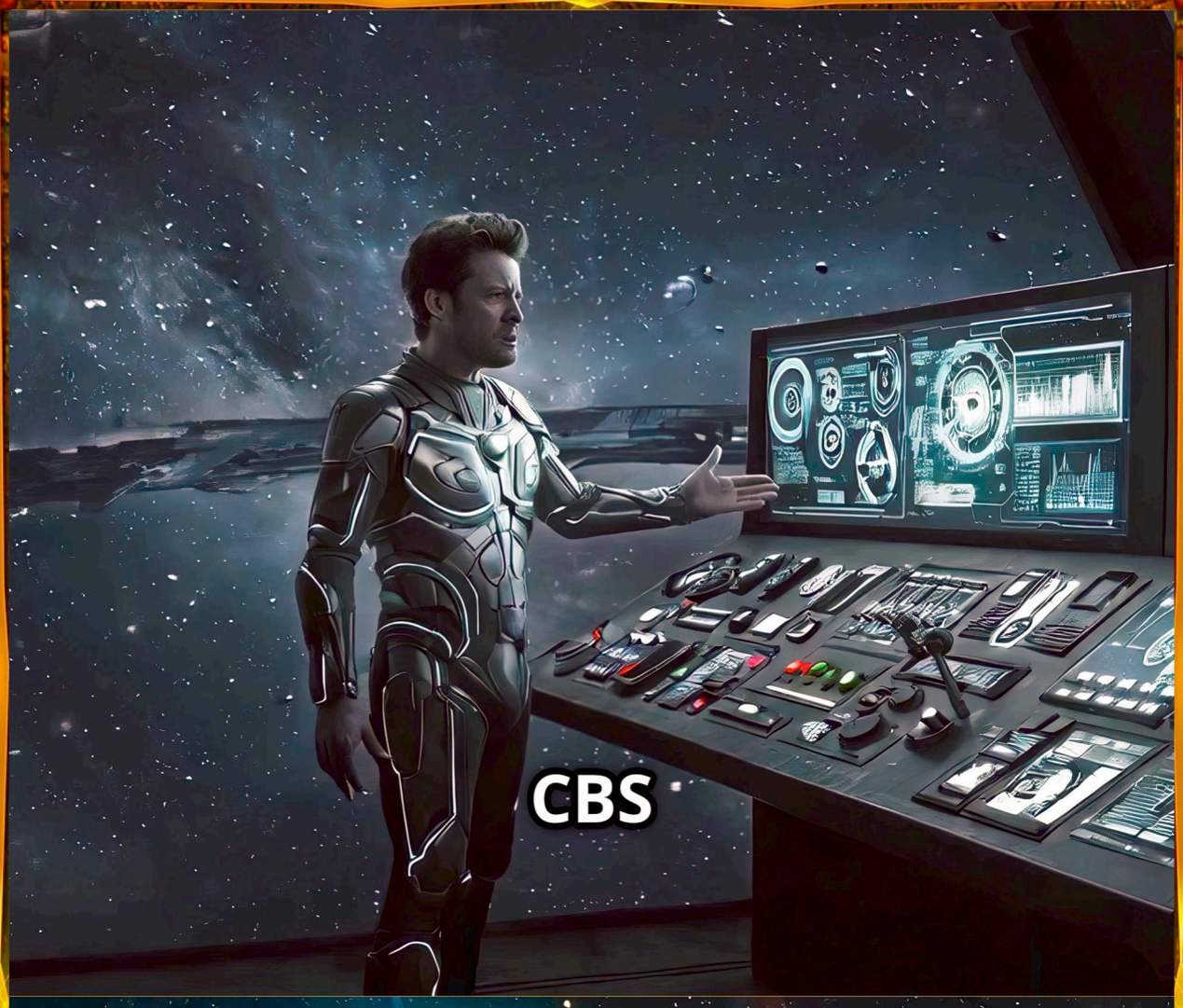
He reached at last the cosmic CBS—
The panel where reality's wavelengths chime.

A rickety old rope bridge of rotting planks finally led Nobody past many antiquities such as one-cent stamps and on to the control panel of the ancient broadcasting station of CBS.

"Be gentle!" warned the watchers from afar,
"Like shower knobs that shift from cold to star:
One quantum turn brings forth the scalding steam,
As quarks and quacks make plumbers' wisdom mar!"

"Be careful," advised Profpat. "Be so very delicate with any adjustments. Remember, on Earth, how the tiniest minute adjustment of a shower knob of even a millionth of an inch causes the shower water to become totally steaming hot! No plumber in the universe has ever been able to resolve this problem. It has something to do with quarks, quicks, and quacks."




CBS

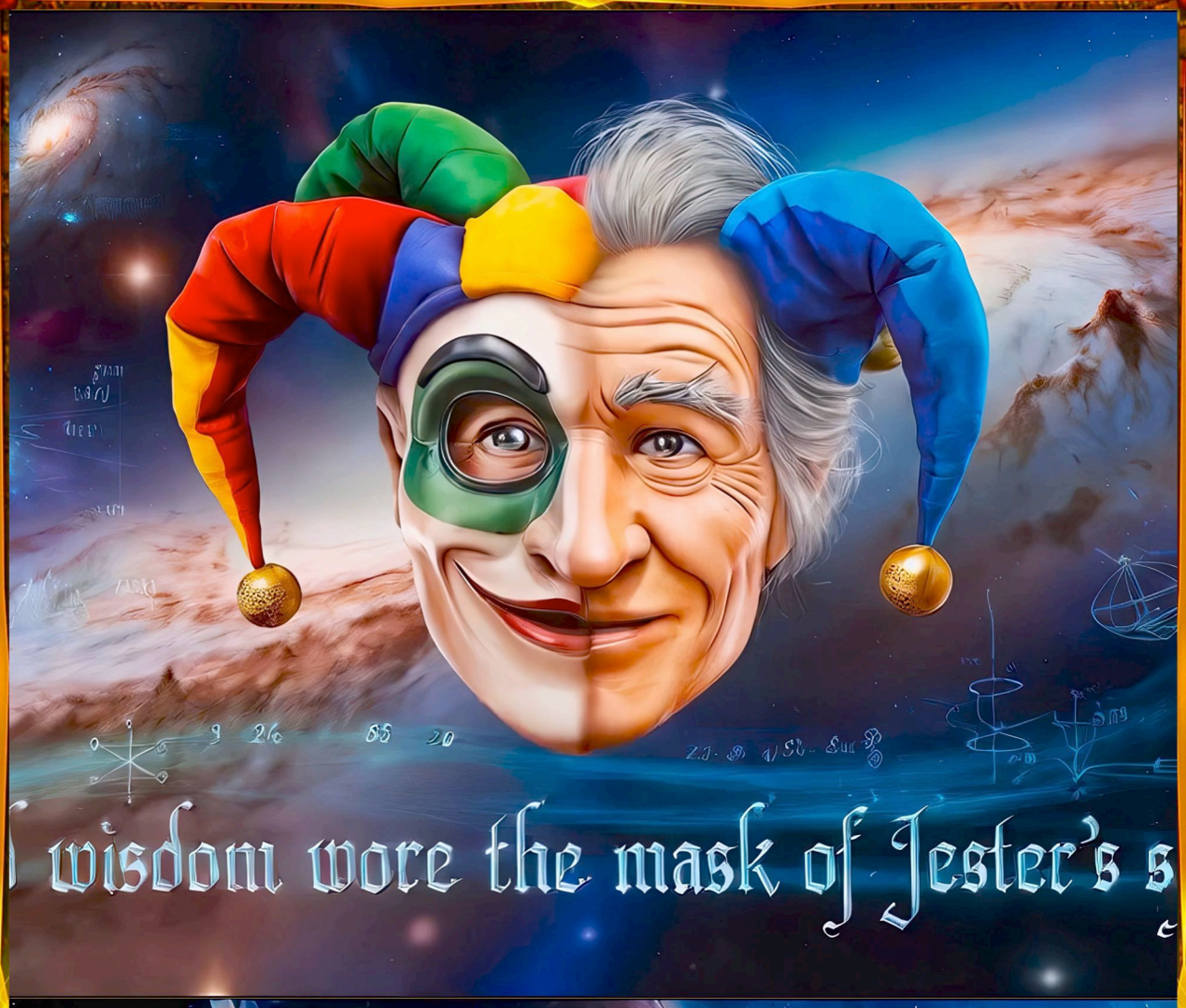


“Fear not,” said Nobody, “I’ll softly breathe
Upon the dials that make the cosmos seethe;
We seek clear channels in life’s DNA,
Not static snow where baseball games yet seethe.”

“Don’t worry,” answered Nobody. “I’ll be gentle; I’ll just breathe on it slightly. We want clarity in the universe’s DNA and ours, as in improving the reception of a TV set, not unproving it back into the stone age of three channels, of all baseball games, and the weather with snow and static on the others. I’ll do my best, come hell or hot water.”

Like tuning ancient televisions’ snow
To catch the signal’s pure and perfect flow,
His touch must find that sweet spot in between
Where cosmic clarity might better show.




wisdom wore the mask of Jester's s


tune
DNA of ur
DNA

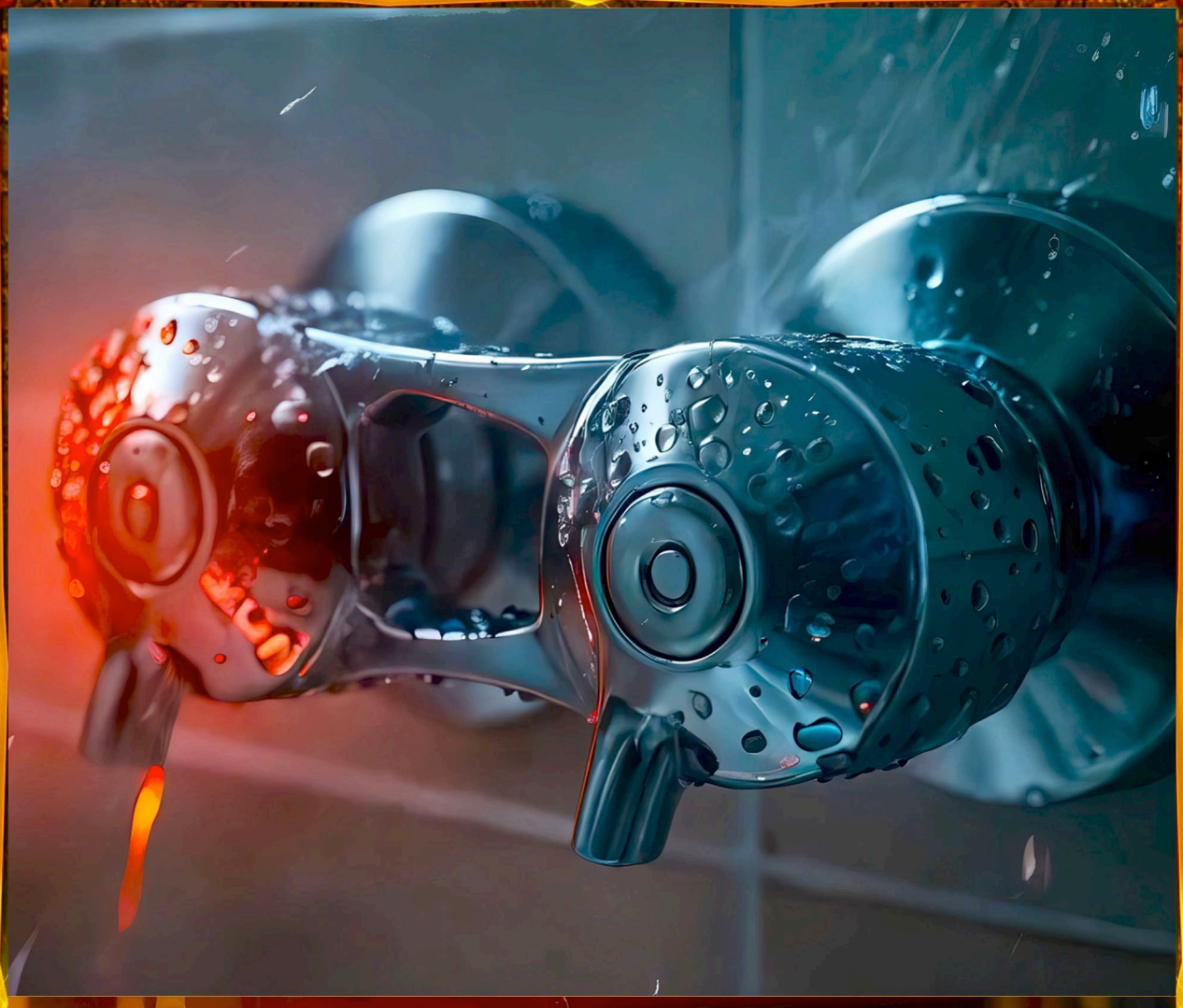
No stone-age channels three would serve us now,
No weather maps through static's fuzzy bow;
The universe deserved a clearer song,
If Nobody could just figure how.

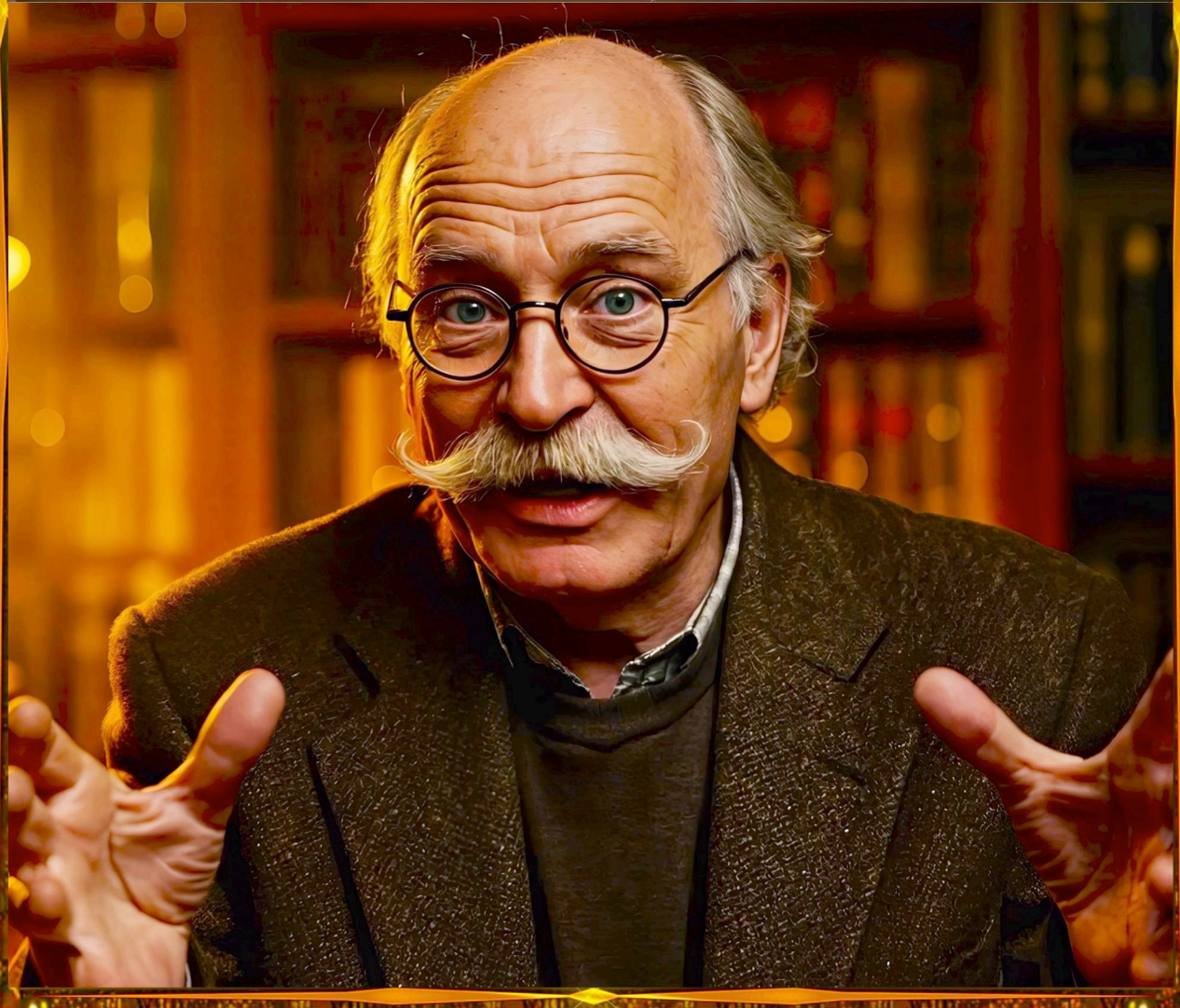
For in this broadcasting station old,
Where reality's first patterns were unfold,
The slightest touch might change all history—
Make waters freeze or turn all lead to gold.

Through hell or scalding shower's steamy spray,
Nobody sought to tune our cosmic play;
To clear the static from life's DNA,
And bring fresh clarity to evolution's way.

A spray of atoms toward the cosmic screen—
Then data links blazed bright, then died unseen;
While telemarketers through time still reached
To sell time-shares where time had never been!







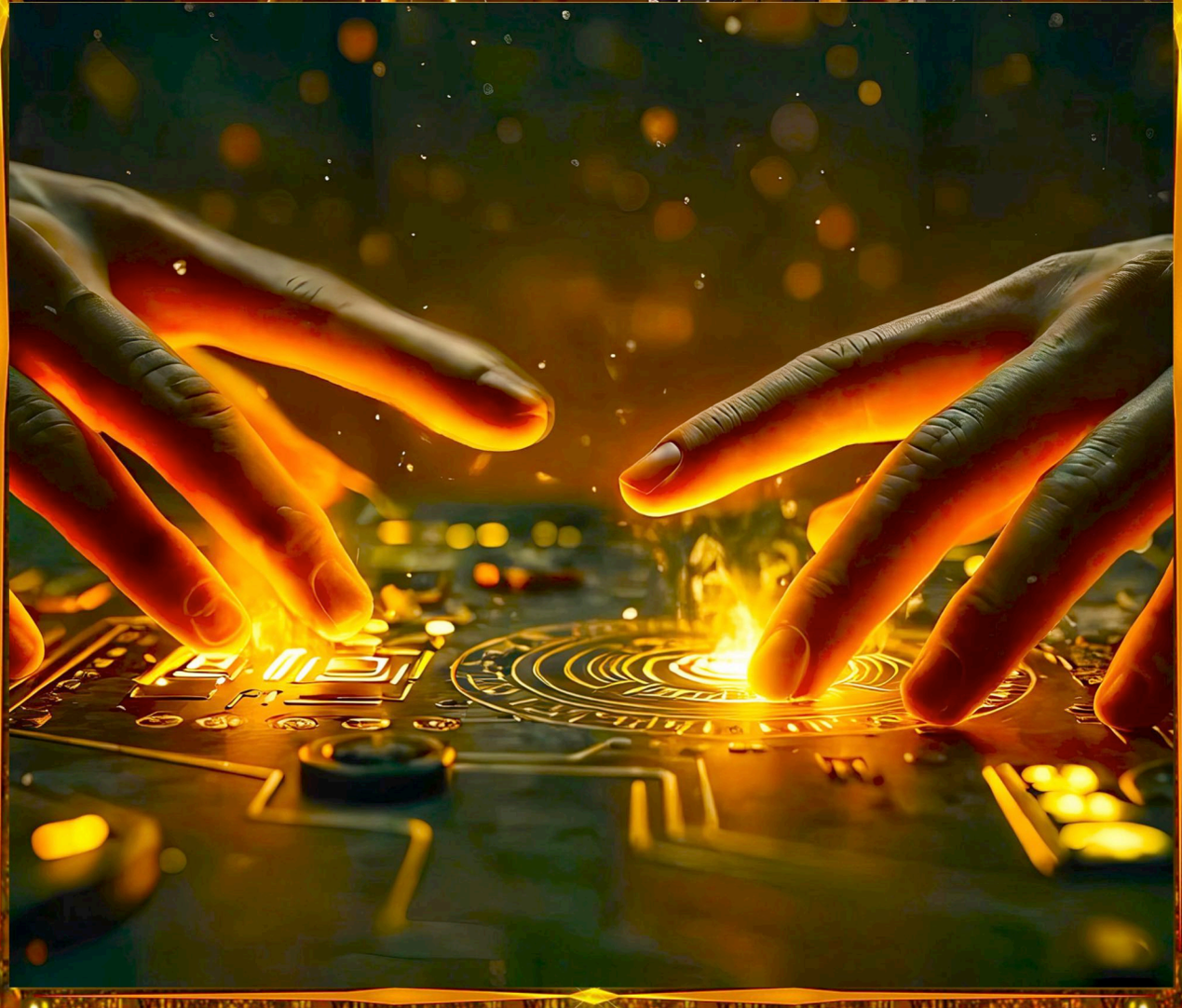
Nobody sprayed a few atoms toward the antenna and waited. His data/video link soon improved but then overloaded from the high transfer speed and burned out. Nobody's cell phone soon rang, but it was only a solicitor trying to sell him some time-share condos.

But Graybeard's voice broke through the static's veil:
"The stars grow clear, the galaxies unveil;
Yet careful with that brightness knob, my friend,
Lest nature's balance tip beyond the pale!"

Graybeard finally got through and said "Great, the stars are becoming clearer and I can even see some galaxies with the naked eye, but take it slow; we don't want to upset the balance of nature by making it too bright at night. It's good to tighten a screw, but if we tighten it too much we're screwed."







Too clear the heavens grew beneath his touch,
As Venus showed her age a bit too much;
While X-ray vision pierced apartment walls,
And private moments revealed rather such!

“Wait, hold it! I can see Venus, the goddess of love and passion all too well. Yikes, I didn’t know she was that old! I now have x-ray vision and can see into all the apartments, but the worst thing is that I can hear everything they are saying. Some things should be obscene and not heard!”

Strange cartoons danced on Graybeard’s TV set,
Where logic fled and gravity’s rules met
A universe of rubber-physics play,
As reality grew stranger than yet.

“Also, I’m getting something called ‘cartoons’ on my TV set, and they’re really weird, very unreal looking and everyone in them is doing silly things.”







So Nobody produced his vacuum's aid
To draw back atoms that too far had strayed;
Fine-tuning cosmos like a radio dial,
Till balance in the broadcast was remade.

Nobody took out a hand held 'vacuum' cleaner and brought a few atoms back in as a fine adjustment.

"Now try up higher," Graybeard's voice advised,
Though "up" in space leaves directions disguised;

"Good," cheered Graybeard, "that's a good balance. Try something a little higher up and let's see what happens. I am reading some fluctuations out of kilter around there."

"No, no—your other 'up'!" came swift correction,
As Nobody through dimensions sized.

Adjusting the Delicate Balance of Everything.







Notions of up and down were useless in space, so Nobody picked a direction at random.
“No,” said Graybeard. “Not that way; use your other ‘up’.”
“Okay, I’m switching. Back in kilter?“

“Another goddess walks across my view!”
Cried Graybeard as the adjustments grew;
For tuning reality’s great broadcast show
Brings sights that mortal eyes should never view.

Between too clear and foggy lies the way,
Where truth and mystery in balance play;
For some things should stay slightly out of focus,
Lest all of heaven’s secrets spoil our day.

The cosmos needs its veils of gentle haze,
Its boundaries ‘tween night and morning’s rays;
For who could bear reality too pure,
Or truth too bright for mortal eyes to gaze?



The Cubs, at last in Series glory bound,
Were swept as myths looked on in horror crowned;

Suddenly, the Chicago Cubs, which had finally made it to the World Series of baseball, were swept in four straight games, while the Easter Bunny, Santa Claus, and other unbelievables in attendance looked on in horror.

While Jordan danced twixt court and diamond's call,
As reality spun madly round and round.

Then Michael Jordan gave up basketball for baseball and then switched back to basketball again.

The climate swung from tropic heat to freeze,
While Christ changed faiths with theological ease;
Hell froze and thawed like cosmic ice cube trays,
As Lethe's waters turned to memories.







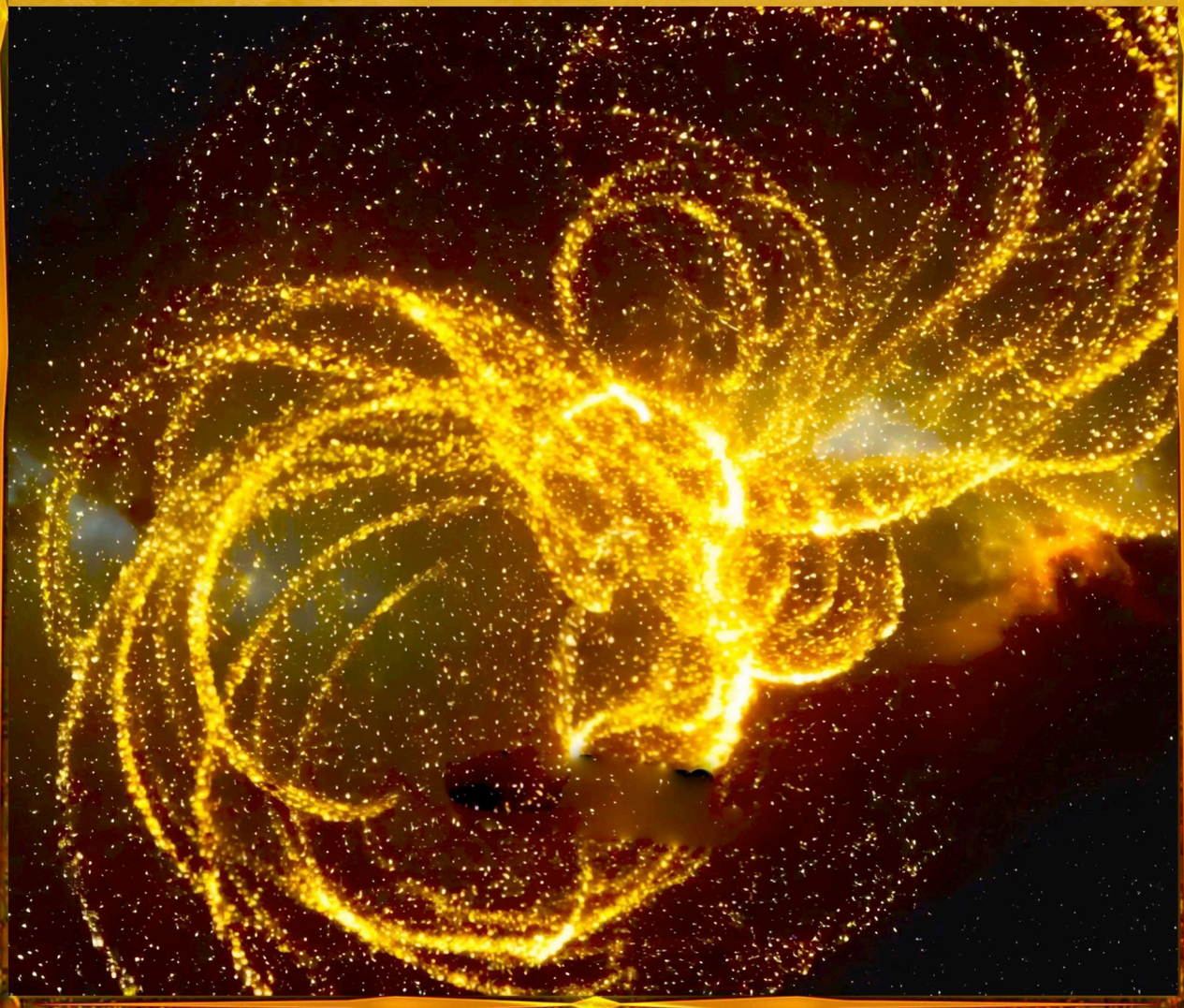




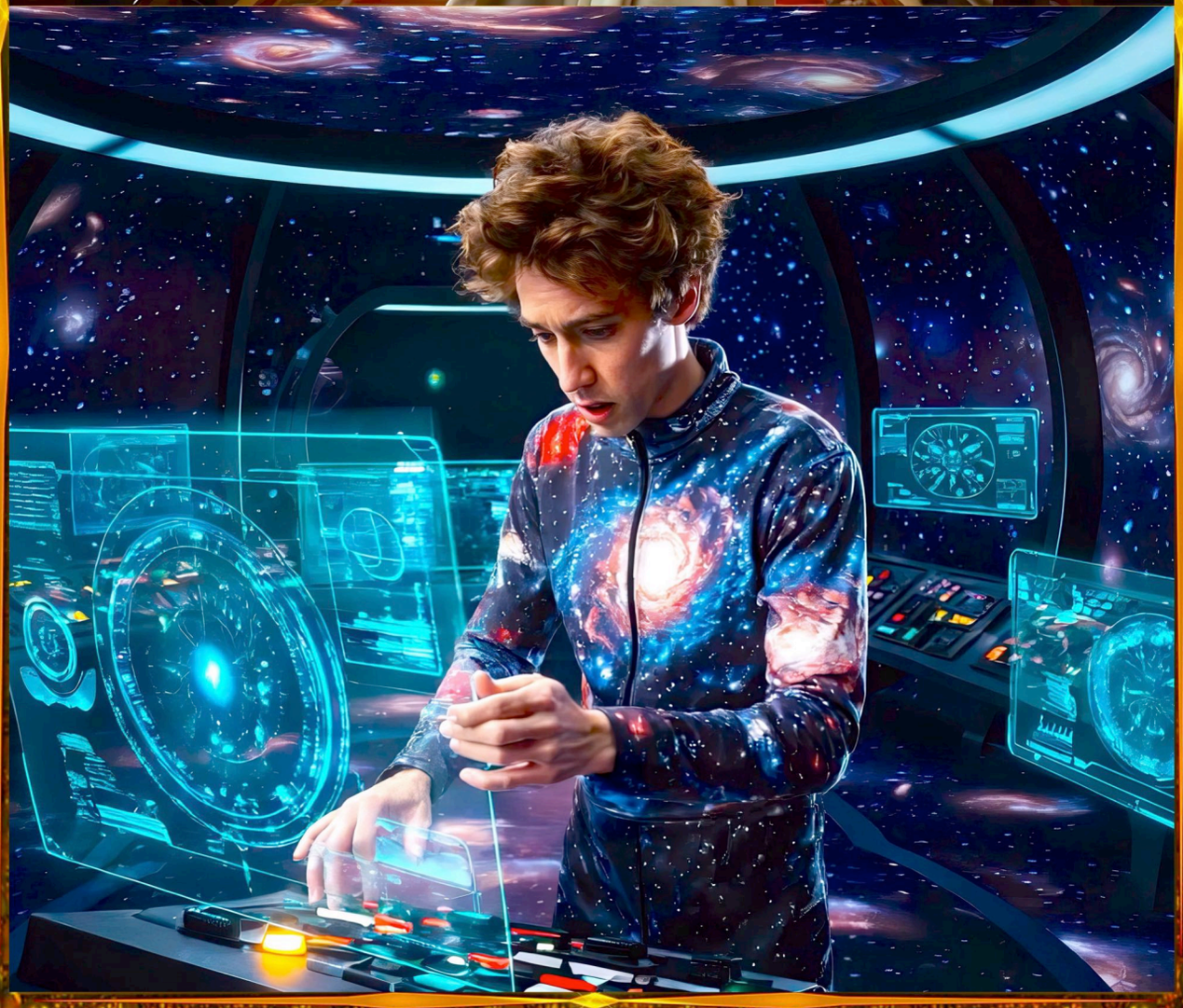
Global warming picked up and then an ice age began. Jesus, born a Christian, became Jewish, then converted back again. Hell froze over and then thawed out again. The same with the River of Forgetfulness: everyone was walking on water for a while and running like Hell from Hades.

The River Styx boiled off in steamy spite,
As dead souls drowned (again!) in comic plight;
With CRS disease ("Can't Remember Shit"),
They wandered lost through day and endless night.

Profpat warned "Watch that shower knob, Nobody; the River Styx just boiled away and a bunch of dead people drowned after many more escaped!"
"Where are they going?" inquired Nobody.
Profpat replied, "They don't know; they say they have CRS disease."
"What's CRS stand for?"
"Can't Remember Shit."

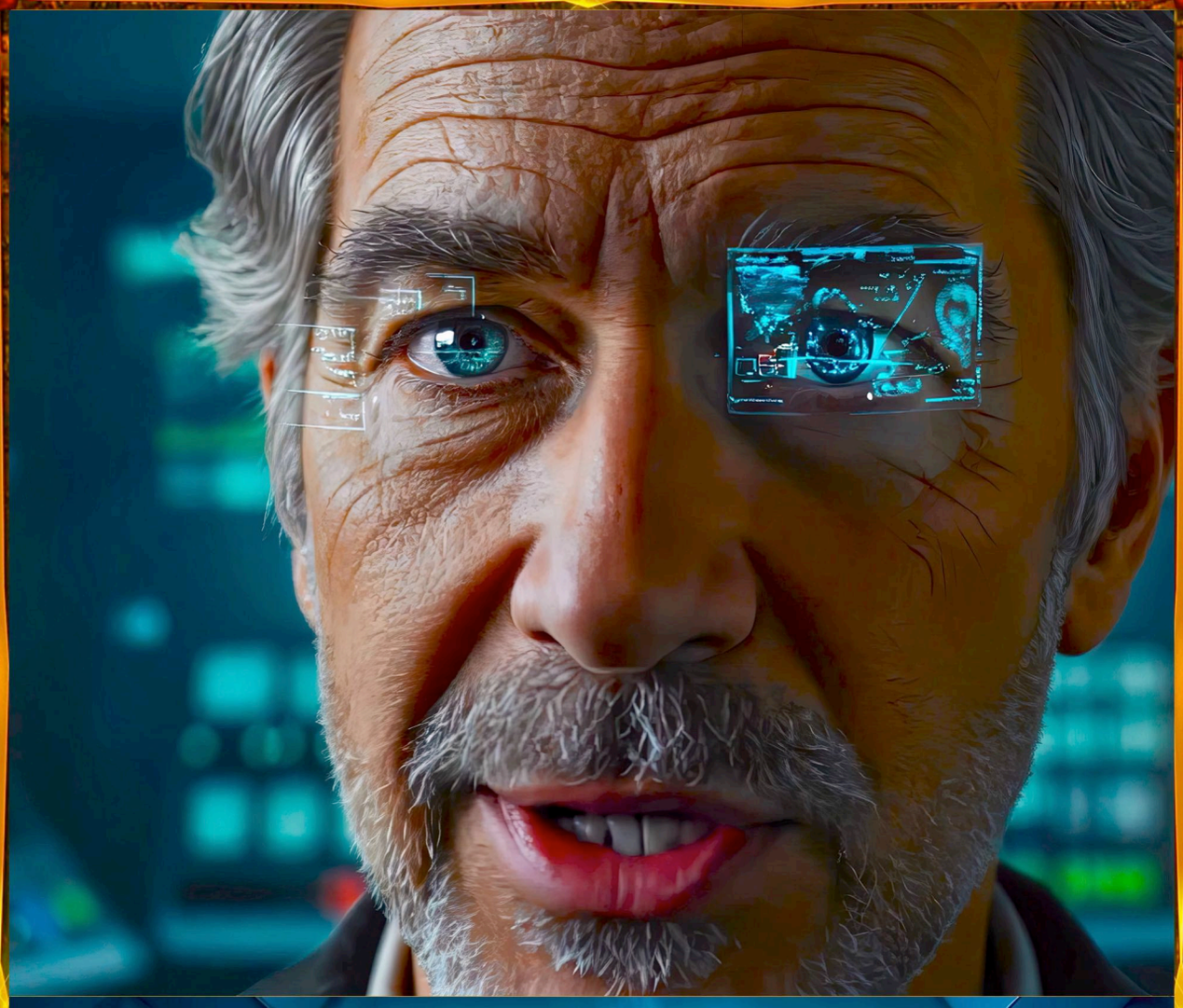














“Up higher!” Graybeard called through quantum haze,
“That last direction set too many days
To spinning backward through their proper course,
While Easter Bunnies watched in mute amaze!”

“OK guys. A little upper, Nobody,” requested Graybeard. “That other direction was a downer.”

The bridge of time groaned ‘neath Nobody’s feet,
As ropes began to fray where aeons meet;
The TOE researchers held their collective breath,
While reality played tricks both sour and sweet.

Now Santa Claus and Jordan shared one sphere,
While baseball mixed with myths both far and near;
The boundaries between the real and false
Grew thin as water-walkers filled with fear.







The shower knob of cosmos turned too far,
Mixed holiday with prophet, game with star;
While Nobody reached up (or was it down?)
To tune reality to what we are.

Nobody reached up and out, but the bridge creaked and groaned, causing Nobody to slip a bit as a rope frayed, and all the TOE researchers feared that his adjustment time was now quite limited.

Time running short upon that creaking span
Where Nobody must finish what began;
For when the ropes of cosmic bridgework break,
All myths and truths might fall to lesser plan.

For in this game of universal dials,
Where sports and saints share temporal trials,
The line between the sacred and profane
Dissolves in quantum's joke-filled files.







As Bonds smashed records into steroid haze,
Mount Rushmore danced through presidential days;
While Boston broke their century of curse—
Reality took strange and twisted ways.

Meanwhile, Barry Bonds had broken the home run record, but, of course, steroids would be blamed for it. Mount Rushmore had briefly turned into Presidents Nixon, Ford, Carter, and Reagan, but just as soon reverted back. However, the Boston Red Sox still won a World Series for the first time in a hundred years

Then Yogi spoke his wisdom upside down:
“Too crowded, so nobody comes around!”
His logic bent like space-time’s rubber sheet,
As truth wore contradiction’s puzzling crown.

Also, it turned out that someone named Yogi Berra had said many sayings that seemed to make sense, but really







didn't, like 'That restaurant is so crowded that no one goes there anymore', 'It gets dark early out here', 'If people don't want to come out to the ball park, nobody's going to stop them', and many more unsayings.

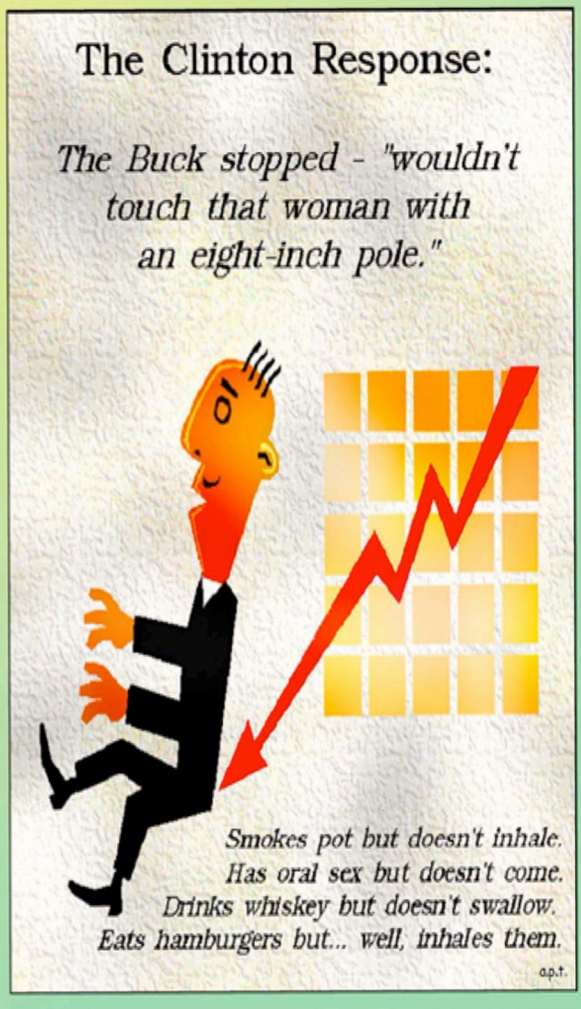
The road that "works" stopped working in its time,
While "Speed Zones" urged the swift to slow their climb;
And rap met oxymoron on the streets,
As language tied itself in knots sublime.

Silly signs appeared on highways, like 'Road Works' (it doesn't work well during construction), and 'Speed Zone' (meaning slow down). Something called rap music had become ever-present, as well as a new word, 'oxymoron'.

Poor Clinton neither inhaled smoke nor sin,
As history rewrote what might have been;

A funny thing happened to President Clinton, but he wasn't impeached for it. He neither inhales nor have sex.






Til wo a wvery be or harve
HAY OUK SOU TYER
CAELLY
Alre 'o orvest we lite flyor mrale nidon bave
V6 Wit theos we lorr onal wer teh whelv llsound!
Beed We Yor Tron



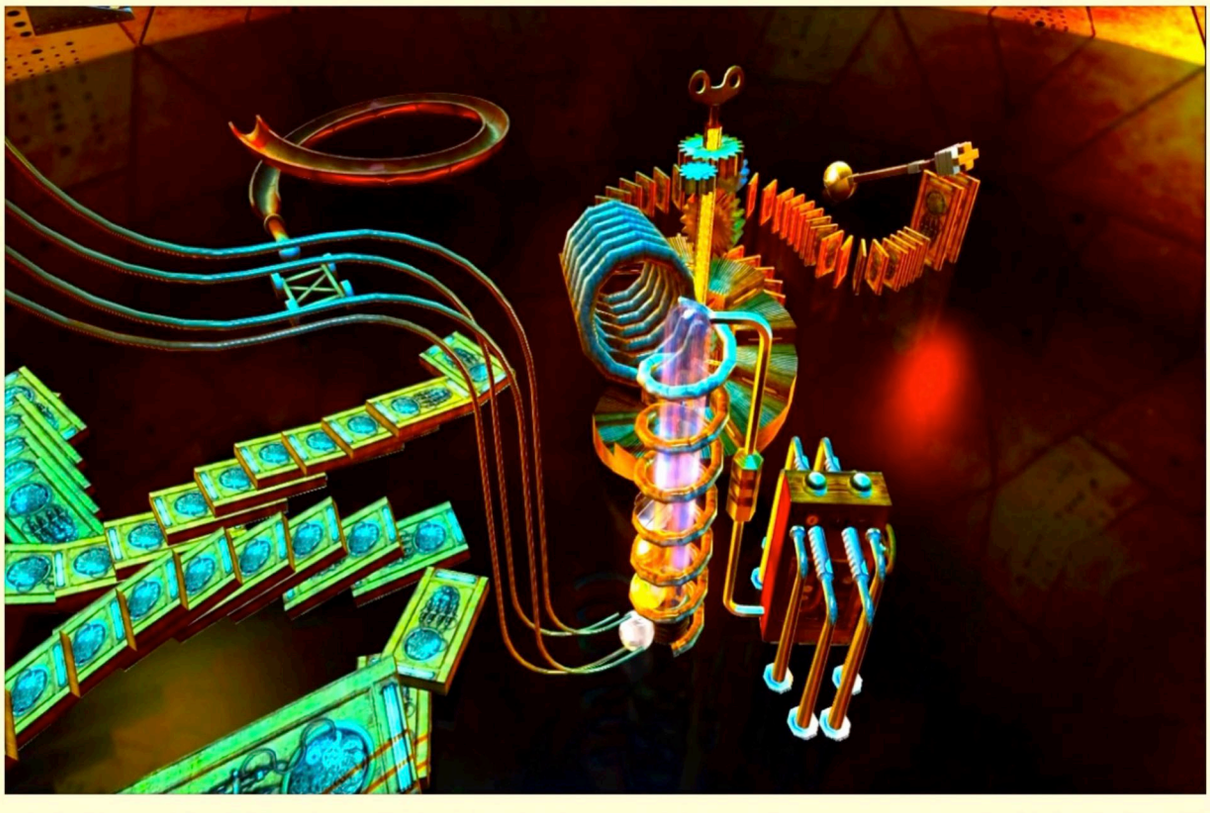
“We’ll blame it all on human nature’s way,”
Said Frederick, with philosophical grin.

“This one may be hard to explain,” lamented Fredrick,
“but we’ll chalk it up to human nature.”

The signs along our highways told their jest,
As meaning turned both east and also west;
“It’s déjà vu all over once again!”
As Yogi’s ghost proclaimed our cosmic test.

Through quantum foam these changes rippled far:
Baseball records, presidential star,
The paradox of Yogi’s twisted truth,
And Clinton’s dance with what such changes are.

“I never said the things I really said!”
As wisdom’s fool spoke truth turned on its head;
While history rewove its tapestry,
And sense from nonsense could not be unwed.



Part of the CMBR Antenna





For in these ripples through our space and time,
Where baseball stats met presidential climb,
Some deeper truth behind the madness lay:
That chaos might hold reason in its rhyme.

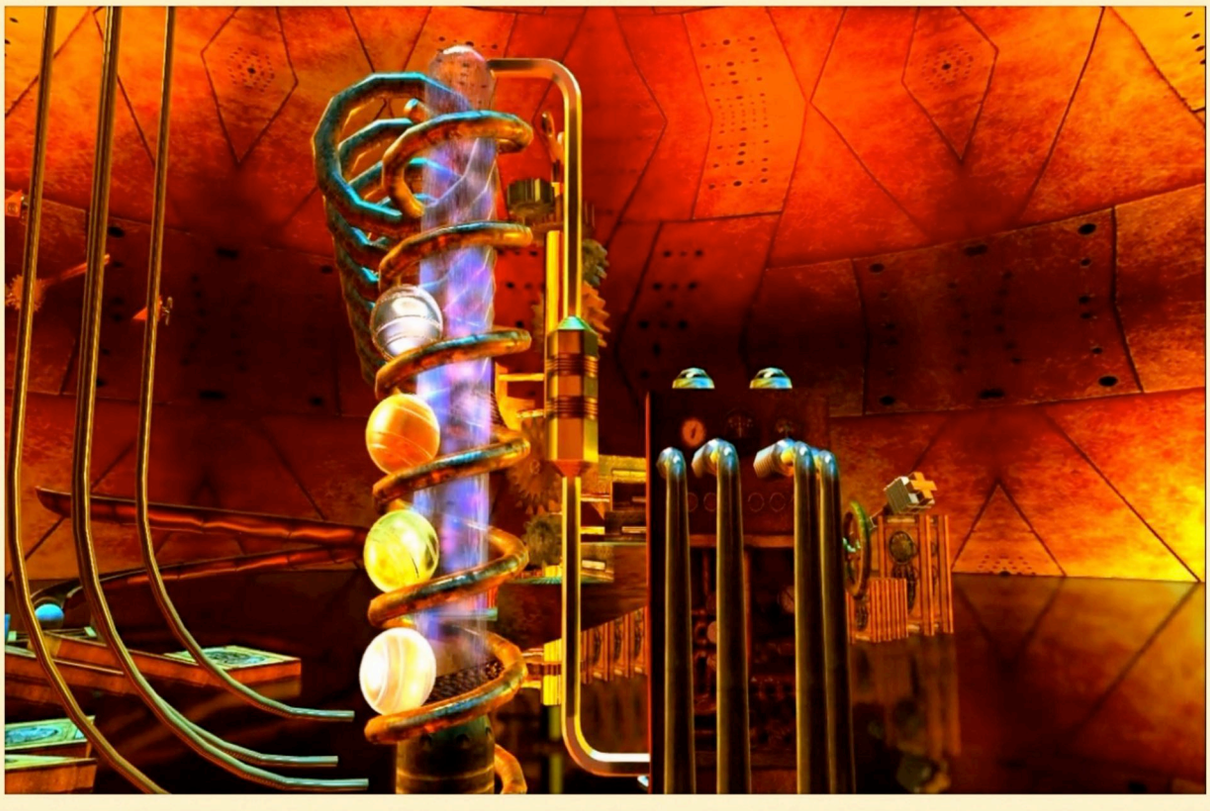
Let Yogi guide us through this twisted maze,
Where meaning doubles back through quantum haze;
For in his backwards-forwards wisdom shines
The light that lights our strange temporal days.

Nobody twirled the "More of This-ness" knob,
As Krypton's folk began their cosmic job:
Each basketball shot swished from fifty miles,
While watchers' hearts with wonderment did throb.

Nobody did some fiddling of some knobs that he wasn't supposed to touch, twiddling 'More of This-ness', and people on Krypton started to make every shot in basket–ball games, even from 50 miles away, being really IN THE ZONE, plus doing many other superhuman things.







The Delicate Balance of Reality

But Fredrick warned of perfect's bitter price,
How flawless skill might turn life's game to ice;
For what's the joy in sports where none can fail,
When every shot must fall as pure and nice?

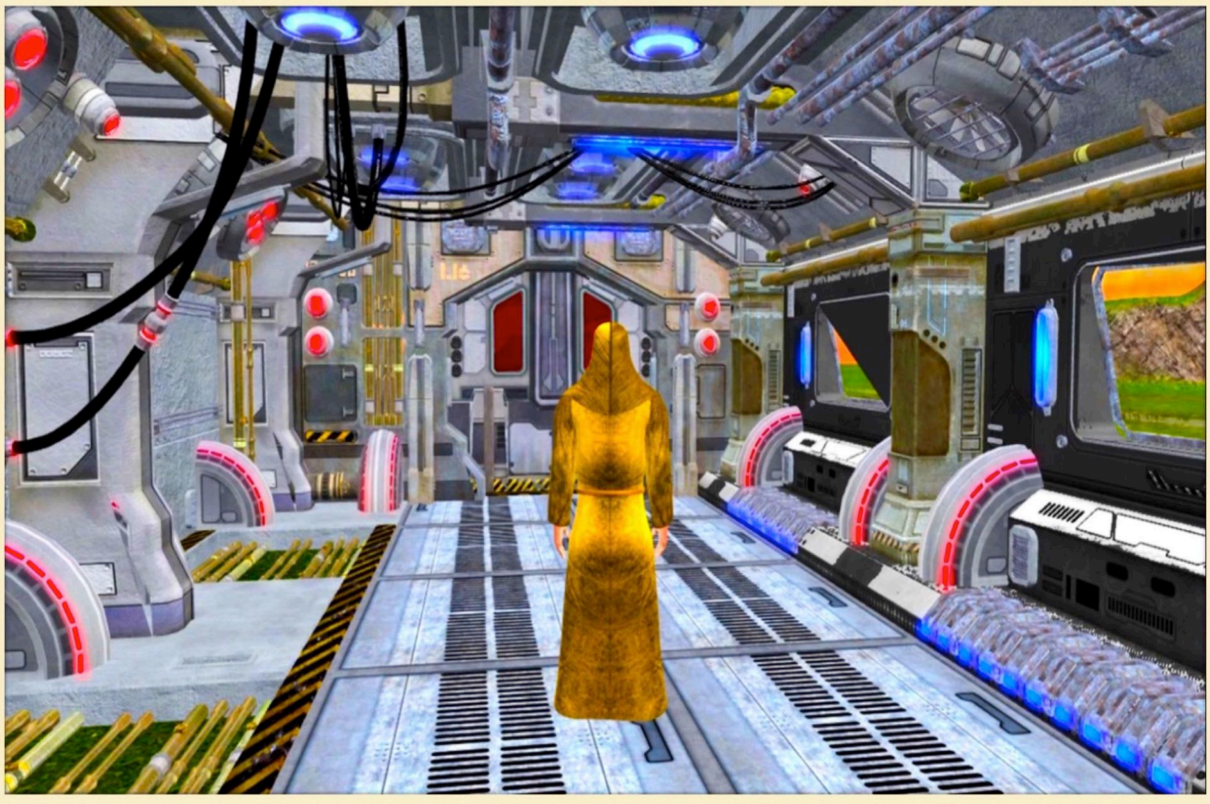
All the TOE viewers from Earth were cheering this, but Fredrick warned them that total perfection might take all the fun out of life.

In dreams now mortals soared on Superman's wing,
While letters, numbers, did their switching thing:

Poor zero looked like 'oh', while 'one' met 'el',
As language tied itself in verbal string.

Zeroes began to look like the alphabetic letter 'oh', caus–ing confusion, along with 'one' looking like the letter 'el'.

"Better hold off," Graybeard suggested. Nobody dialed the knobs back a little.



Near to the CMBR Antenna

RascalPuff interjected, “Some people are now reporting that they can fly like superman in some new event called ‘sleeping hallucinations’ or ‘night dreams’.”

Sweet homonyms bred fast through twisted speech,
While synonyms stretched meaning’s grasp and reach;

Some words began to have the same sound, as called a ‘homonym’ but not a ‘homonim’, and some with similar meanings; as called a ‘synonym’, although it had none itself, and some words now had multiple meanings.

How strange that “phonetic” sounds nothing like
The way its letters ought to sound and teach!

Nor was ‘phonetic’ spelled the way it sounded.

“Abbreviation” grew absurdly long,
While “monosyllabic” did its spelling wrong;




hear
here


PHONETIC

And why was ‘abbreviation’ such a long word without any? And how come ‘monosyllabic’ wasn’t?

And “love” found only “dove” and high “above“
To rhyme with in the poet’s frustrated song.

Also, ‘love’ was reduced to having only the two good rhymes of ‘dove’ and ‘above’, which soon became overused and stale, frustrating many poets and their readers.

Perhaps I should not mention that last part,
As verses struggle with their rhyming art;
For when reality affects one’s tools,
The very telling tears itself apart!

So Nobody dialed back the cosmic gain,
Lest perfect prowess drive all pleasure vain;
For in the flaws and failings of our reach,
Some sweeter victory might yet remain.



Let basketball miss sometimes from afar,
Let language keep its puzzles bizarre;
For in imperfection's fertile ground,
The flowers of wonder show us what we are.

Through all these ripples in the cosmic sea,
Where letters dance and athletes bend the knee,
We learn that too much "More of This-ness" might
Make less of all we struggled to be free.

In Wildwood, where the Jersey shore should be,
A slice of Hawaii touched the sea:
With torch and palm tree, waterfall and song,
While fat men sang beneath a tropical tree.

At Sunset Bay, where noumena turned real,
Raw oysters "well done" graced the evening meal;
A ship-turned-bar at pier's end served its guests,
While sand-strewn floors made reality reel.




SUNSET BAY



Austin reported that a part of Hawaii had sprung up in Wildwood, NJ, named ‘Sunset Bay’ and that it had had big fat singers, torches, palm trees, waterfalls, tropical flowers, a half-ship at the end of a pier that served as a bar, good food (ordering raw oysters well done), although it consisted of only waves and fields (lucky that his brain turned the noumena into phenomena), and sand all around as a floor.

And Goo…ooogle stretched its vowels wide,
As extra “o’s” took quantum’s wild ride;
While Fredrick calmly rationalized it all:
“Just marketing,” he logically replied.

Also, he said that many more ‘o’s had appeared in the word ‘Goo…ooogle’.

“These sleeping visions help us through the night,
While homonyms give poets new delight;




oogle



And synonyms enrich our speaking ways,
As language grows more playful in its flight.”

Fredrick suggested that the sleeping visions were harmless and probably helped us in some way, that homonyms gave poets even more rhymes, that synonyms and words with multiple meanings would enrich the language,

“Slash zeros from their ‘ohs’ to keep them clear,
While typewriters fade into yesteryear;

that zeroes could have a slash added through them for differentiation, that typewriters were obsolete, that we could get used to the odd words, perhaps some day getting even with them,

Let ‘love’ find ‘of’ among its rhyming friends,
As poetry finds new patterns to endear.”







“This Hawaii sprung from Jersey’s fertile sand?
Just call it tourism’s strategic plan!
For who can say where reality ends
And marketing begins to understand?“

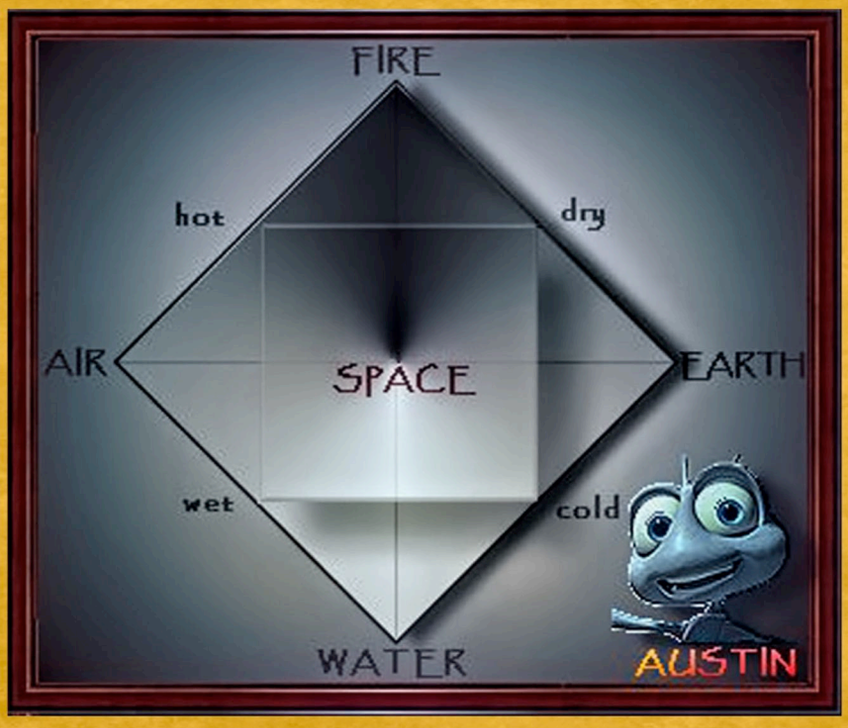
The waves lap fields where fields should never be,
While palm trees shade the Atlantic’s chilly sea;
Yet human minds adapt to stranger things,
And make them seem as normal as can be.

For in these shifts of what is real and true,
We find new ways to bend our world’s bright hue;
Till Hawaii in Jersey seems quite right,
And extra “o’s” make searching somehow new.

and that Google’s extra ‘o’s would probably get used in a marketing ploy as denoting the internet page ranges of interest.



Perhaps the secret's not in what we change,
But how we dance with things that seem so strange;
For human minds can rationalize it all,
Till even quantum ripples find their range.



The bridge began to crumble into night,
As cell phones chimed their warning of his plight;

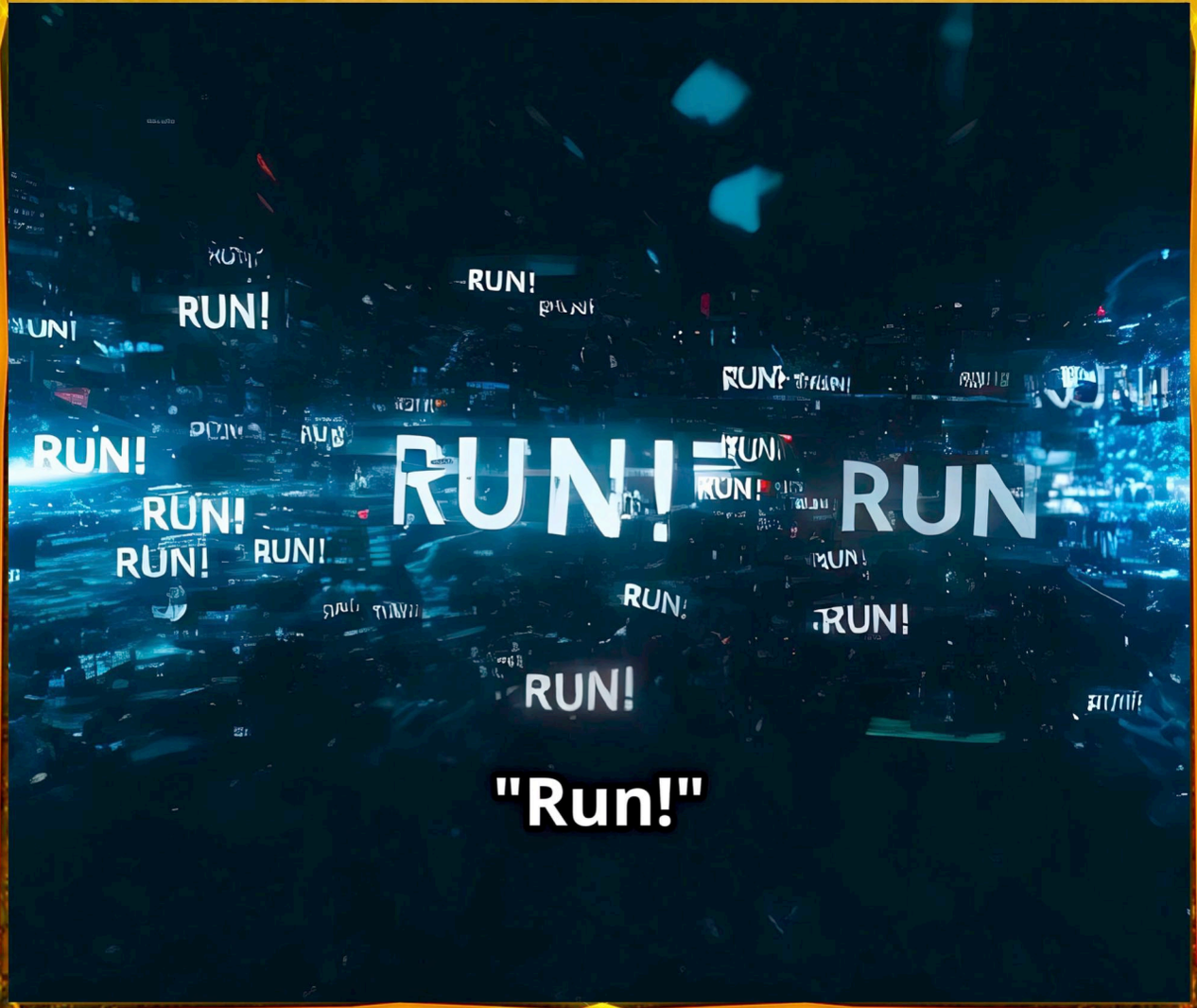


Just about then, the moth-eaten walkway began its collapse, and all the cell-phoners quickly warned Nobody, for they could see the whole scene unfolding before their eyes knew about it.



A chorus crying “Run!” through digital space,

“Run!” they all said in unison, and with text messages, as well. “Run for your life. Get out of there. The bridge…“


RUN!
RUN!
RUN!

Before roaming charges killed their satellite.

All contact was lost, for Nobody's cell phone roaming charges had become astronomical and overdue, causing his account to be canceled.

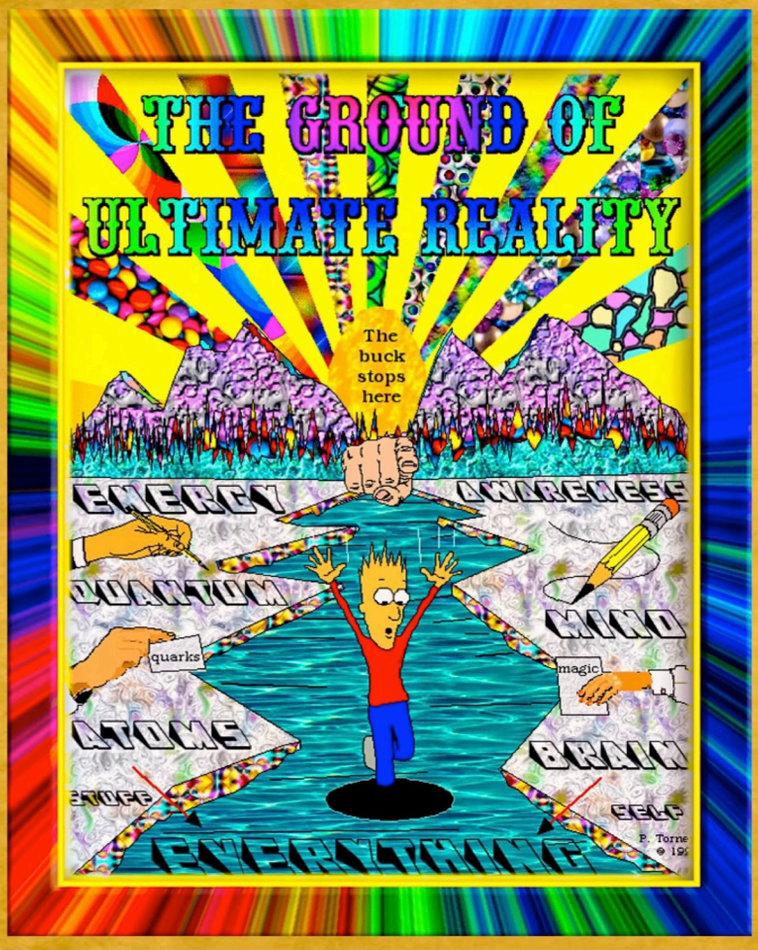
Then Nothing stretched beneath Nobody's feet—
That paradox where void and being meet;
Yet cartoon physics granted precious time,
Till consciousness could make the fall complete.

For like the coyote suspended high,
Who falls not till he knows the reason why,
Nobody hung between the now and then,
While reality pondered how to fly.

There was now nothing but nothing under Nobody's feet, an impossibility, of course, for nothing can't exist, but it was there, never the less; however, Nobody didn't begin to fall right away, as in cartoons when no one falls until



they realize through consciousness that there is nothing holding them up,





That second's grace proved all he'd need to act:
A strip of foil (humanity's last pact
Against the reign of sitcom, Paris, fame)
He fixed upon the antenna, skill intact.

and so he gained a precious second and leapt, just in time, back onto the falling bridge, having had the presence of mind during that split second of warning to attach a piece of tin foil to the antenna, a last ditch attempt to help humanity progress beyond TV sitcoms, Lindsey Lohan, and Paris Hilton.

Then leapt back to the bridge's falling span,
As fast as light (which faster then!) he ran;
While planks dissolved like quantum foam behind,
He raced ahead of time's unraveling plan.

He moved quickly and soon accelerated to the speed of light, which was a lot faster back then, on the bridge that was literally (or virtually) crumbling as he ran across it.



The cell phones dead, their warnings lost to space,
As cosmic bills came due with mounting grace;
Yet Nobody outran reality's collapse,
While saving us from entertainment's face.

One final gift before the bridge gave way:
A tune-up of our cosmic DNA,
That might just lift our spirits higher than
The Hilton heiress' latest cabaret.

Through nothing and through something swift he fled,
While watchers held their breath in quantum dread;
For in this race 'tween Nobody and void,
All future culture hung by tinfoil thread.

Perhaps in ages hence we'll mark this day,
When Nothing nearly won its cosmic sway;
Yet Nobody outran the speed of light,
To save us all from reality TV's decay.







Concern crept in on cat-soft padding feet,
While Worry, Woe, and Grimness took their seat;
A bill collector joined their somber crowd,
As silence made their gathering complete.

No one knew where Nobody was or if he did nothing or didn't do nothing. Concern set in. Worry followed. Despair appeared. Woe rang the doorbell. Grimness sat on the front steps. A bill collector drove up.

Poor Rascal Googled through his anxious hours,
While Graybeard's eyes left Virgo's virgin bowers;
"Chaste makes waste," he muttered, one eye closed,
His unopened beer still holding hidden powers.

Rascal saddened, but kept Googling to keep his mind busy, while Graybeard stopped ogling the virgin super clusters of Virgo with both of his naked eyes, although noting, 'chaste makes waste', keeping one eye open, and even put off the opening of a beer.







And Fredrick, misty-eyed, recalled the days
With Nobody—all good in memory's haze;

Fredrick, getting all teary eyed, tried to remember the good times with Nobody. Well, that was easy; they were all good times.

While RascalPuff checked copyrights with care,
His language tied in Nobody-thought maze.

RascalPuff checked all of his copyrights. "Darn, they're still there."

"Why is Nobody home?" the question runs,
"And what means what when meaning itself stuns?"

"Why is there no sign of Nobody and why is Nobody not home, and what is the meaning of what I am saying? Or not."







Perhaps we should just ask the teenagers,
Who know it all, as every parent shuns.

Well, although we are all supposed to know ‘everything’, or at least the theory of, we might as well just ask our teen-age offspring, for they know it all.

Michael rose from his digital retreat,

Michael left his lounge chair and put down his laptop.

While Austin fed sea birds their french-fried treat;
A thousand gulls pursued his fleeing form,
As children filmed their father’s swift defeat.

Austin, although silently alarmed, fed french fries to a thousand seagulls, his step-kids laughing and taking a video of it… until he ran towards the kids, throwing more fries to lead the flapping flock onward toward them.







What paradox when Nobody is lost!
What semantic games our minds are tossed!
For how can Nobody be missing here,
When Nobody was never here across?

The seagulls whirl like quantum possibilities,
While french fries plot their aerial trajectories;
And somewhere in the void of space and time,
Nobody's presence haunts these mysteries.

Let teenagers explain it all away,
While bill collectors darken wisdom's day;
For in this pause between the now and then,
We wait for Nobody to find his way.

Perhaps he did nothing, or nothing did,
Or something else behind these words lies hid;
While we prepare remembrance just in case,
And wonder what of Nothing might be rid.



The Butterfly at the Edge of Forever

Austin thought that Nobody might never make it, and began preparing a remembrance.

The Possibility of Being

This is the creature there has never been.
They never knew it, and yet, none the less,
They loved the way it moved, its suppleness,
Its neck, its very gaze, mild and serene.

Not there, because they loved it,
It behaved as though it were.
They always left some space.
And in that clear unpeopled space they saved
It lightly reared its head,
With scarce a trace of not being there.

They fed it, not with corn,
But only with the possibility of being.



And that was able to confer such strength,
Its brow put forth a horn. One horn.
Whitely it stole up to a maid —
To be within the silver mirror and in her.
(from Sonnets To Orpheus Second Part, R. M. Rilke)

In Honor Of Nobody,

Who can under-stand the universe,
Not even needing a place to stand,
That is nowhere and everywhere,
A wizard creating something of nothing,
Whose imagination reaches the edge
Of forever, beyond, and before.

In honor of our Nobody we sing,
Who needed not a place for anything;
Everywhere and nowhere was his realm,
As wizard of the nothing everything.






Austin

Beyond the edge where atoms lose their way,
Where electromagnetic forces fray,
He walked through nothing's thin and empty air,
To tune the cosmic broadcast of our day.

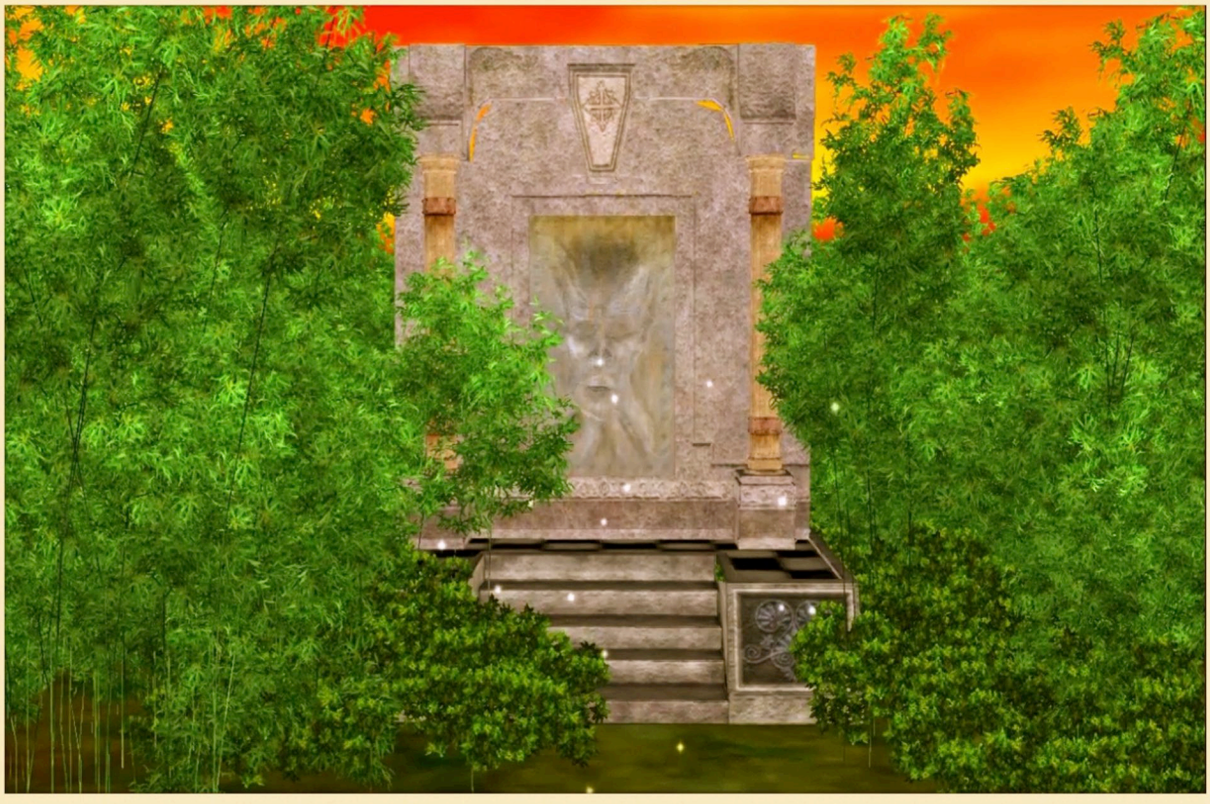
The Edge of the Universe

Existence extends its electromagnetic preach
As far as its atomic influences can reach;
Beyond all of that there is nothing there
But the naught of very thin 'air'. (nothing)

Poor Profpat, missed two payments on his car,
Then turned to dig up treasures near and far;

Profpat, sidelined by so many recent TOE readings and contributions, had gotten back on his feet by missing two car payments. His career now in ruins, he switched to archeology.





The Guardian of Forever



While MJA proclaimed with wisdom true:
“Most equal man that ever crossed our star.”

MJA said, “Nobody was the most equal man I ever knew.”

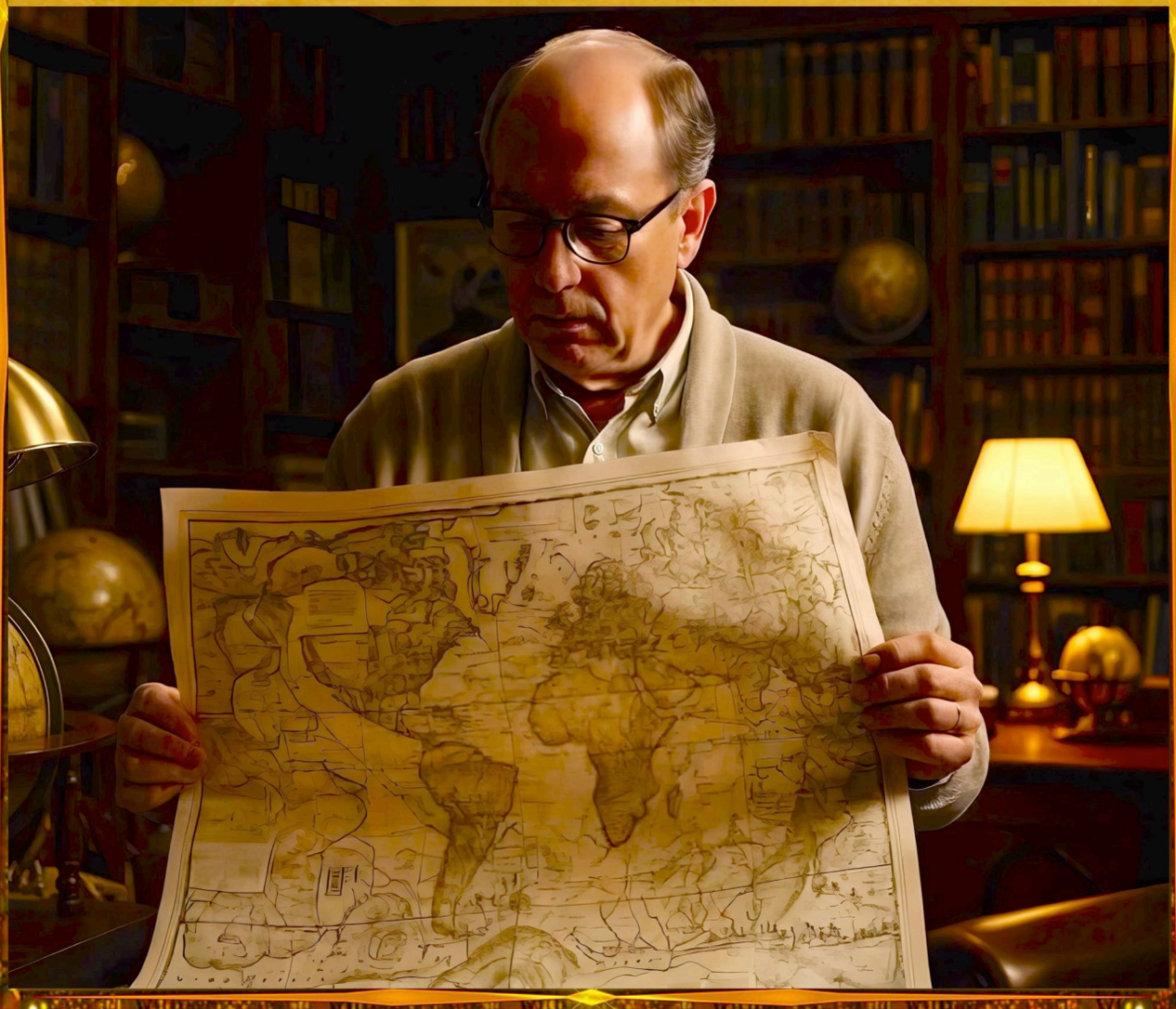
Lloyd puzzled time and fruit flies’ dance through space,

Lloyd pondered the linguistics of “Time flies like a bird and fruit flies like a banana”.

While Steven’s map showed every here and place;
For when you seek the spot where you might stand,
You find it marks existence’s every trace.

Steven Wright said, “I have an existential map. It has ‘You are here’ written all over it.”

His imagination reached beyond the rim
Where space and time grow gossamer and dim;







Through forever's edge he dared to walk,
To fix the signal growing faint and grim.

Some days the universe resists our will,
While others burn with fire stranger still;
Yet Nobody dared dance through nothing's realm,
Where only he could cure existence's ill.

Meat Loaf sang, "*Some days it don't come easy… and these are the days that never end… and some nights are breathing fire… and some night are nothing I felt or seen before… or will again… no one else can save you now but you…*"

So let us praise the one who dared to stride
Where something meets with nothing, side by side;
Who proved that nowhere is a place to be,
When reality needs someone to guide.







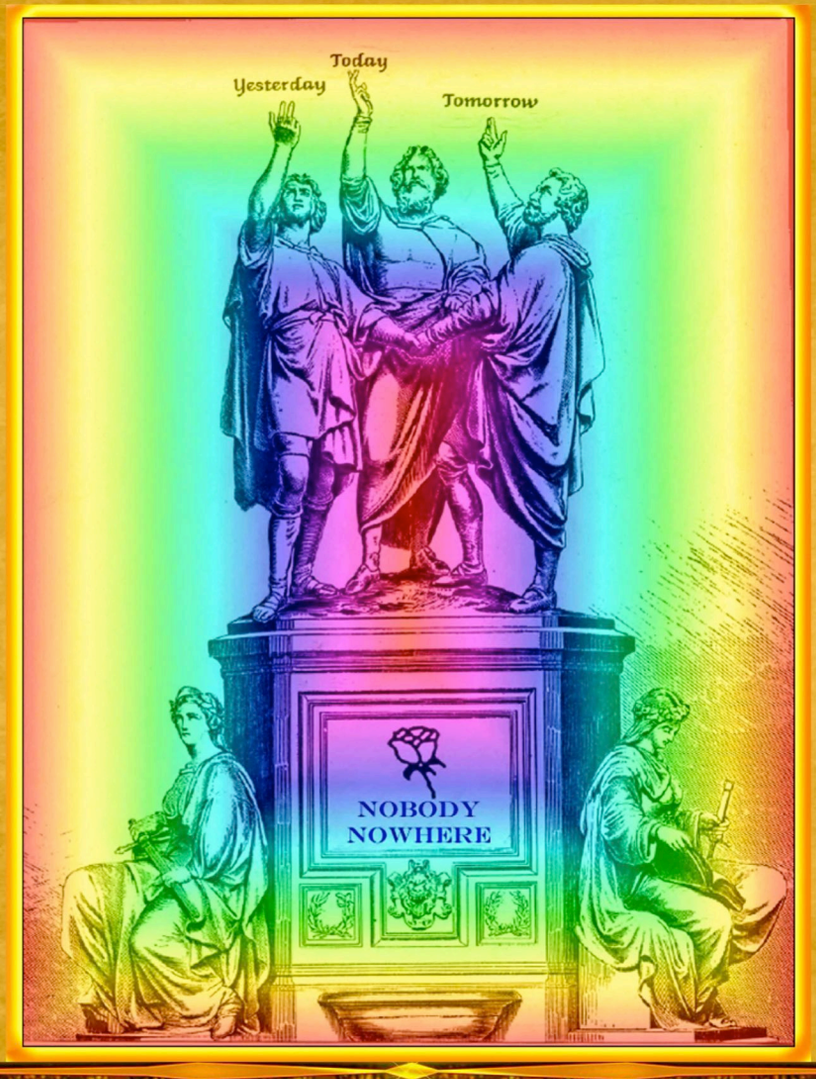
For in this tale of cosmic repair's art,
Nobody played the most essential part:
The one who could step past existence's edge,
To tune the signal where all wonders start.

Robert finally asked for a minute of silence on ToeQuest.

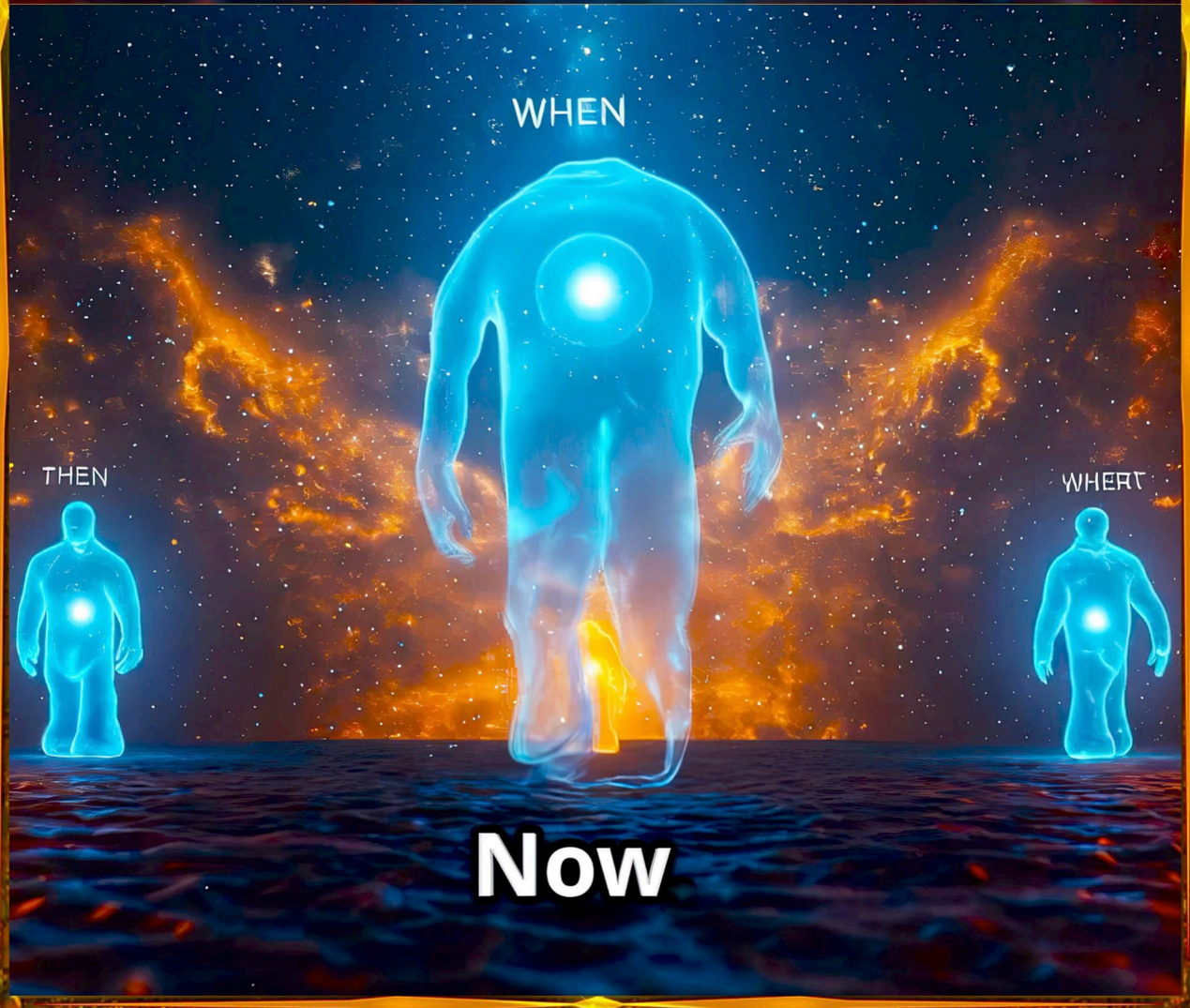
In solemn silence ToeQuest bowed its head,
While Time's components walked with mournful tread:
Sad Yesteryear and Forever came,
With Why and How and Where, by sorrow led.

THE PROCESSION OF THE CONSTITUENTS OF REALITY

Sad Yesteryear, Forever, and Everywhere,
They all came, to weep for Nobody Nowhere,
With Why and How, Then, Now,
When, and What and Where,
Led but by their tears and sorrow. Your posts zing
With things that 'none' can bring: Everything.




WHEN
THEN
WHERT


WHEN
THEN
WHERT
Now

The minutes crawled like Florida's slow lane,
Where elderly folks make young folks complain;

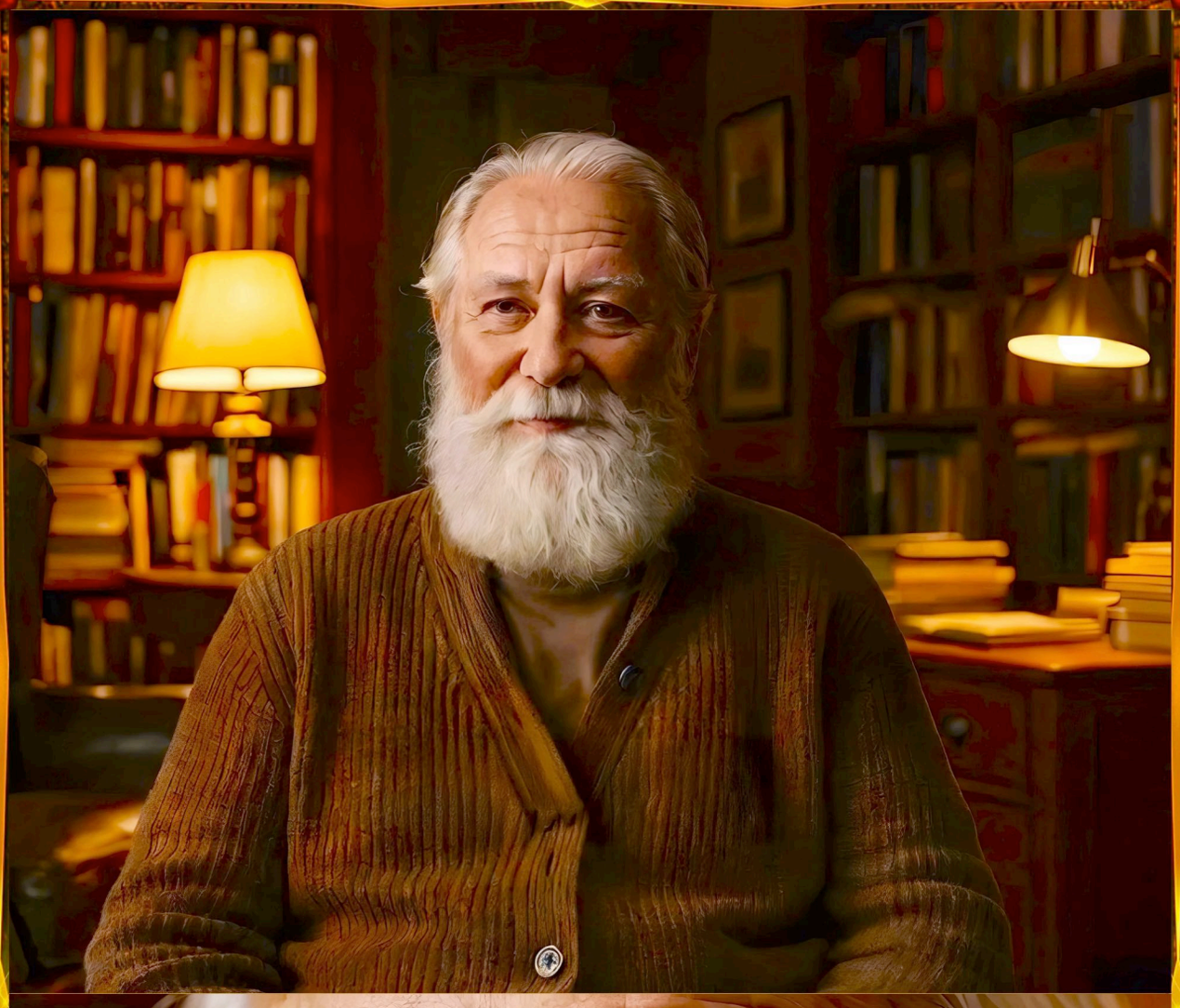
More time passed, as the minutes went by like slugs and snails slowed down by older slugs and snails in their way, like when we get stuck walking behind old people in Florida.

Till Yogi spoke his twisted wisdom true:
"The future's not what once it used to strain!"

Yogi Berra suddenly came out with "The future isn't what it used to be."

But Fredrick smiled at negatives turned bright,
For in his numbered days he'd seen the light:
Though plus and minus sum to nothing's null,
The difference holds the wisdom of their flight.







Fredrick smiled. Although Yogi's typical observation sounded like it had a negative connotation, Fredrick knew better, for many negatives had been developed into positives during his days of study that were numbered as the dates of his calendar. Also, although all the pluses and minuses added up to zero, Fredrick had the wisdom to know the difference, as well.

"He lives!" cried Fredrick, joy beyond compare,
"Where no man's gone before—and please don't dare
Suggest I mean the ladies' room!" His heart
Knew Nobody still wandered somewhere there.

"He's alive!" said Fredrick. "He's out there somewhere! … where no man has gone before. And I don't mean the ladies room!"

Then Profpat listed ways he hadn't gone:
Not departed, passed, expired, or drawn
To better realms—till Graybeard cut him short:
"You mean die?" "Yes." "That's last upon his lawn!"







Profpat posted, “I knew he wouldn’t depart, pass on, leave us, expire, perish, pass away, decease, or go to a better place.”
Graybeard hinted, “You mean die?“
“Yes.”
“Well, that’s the last thing he’s going to do.”

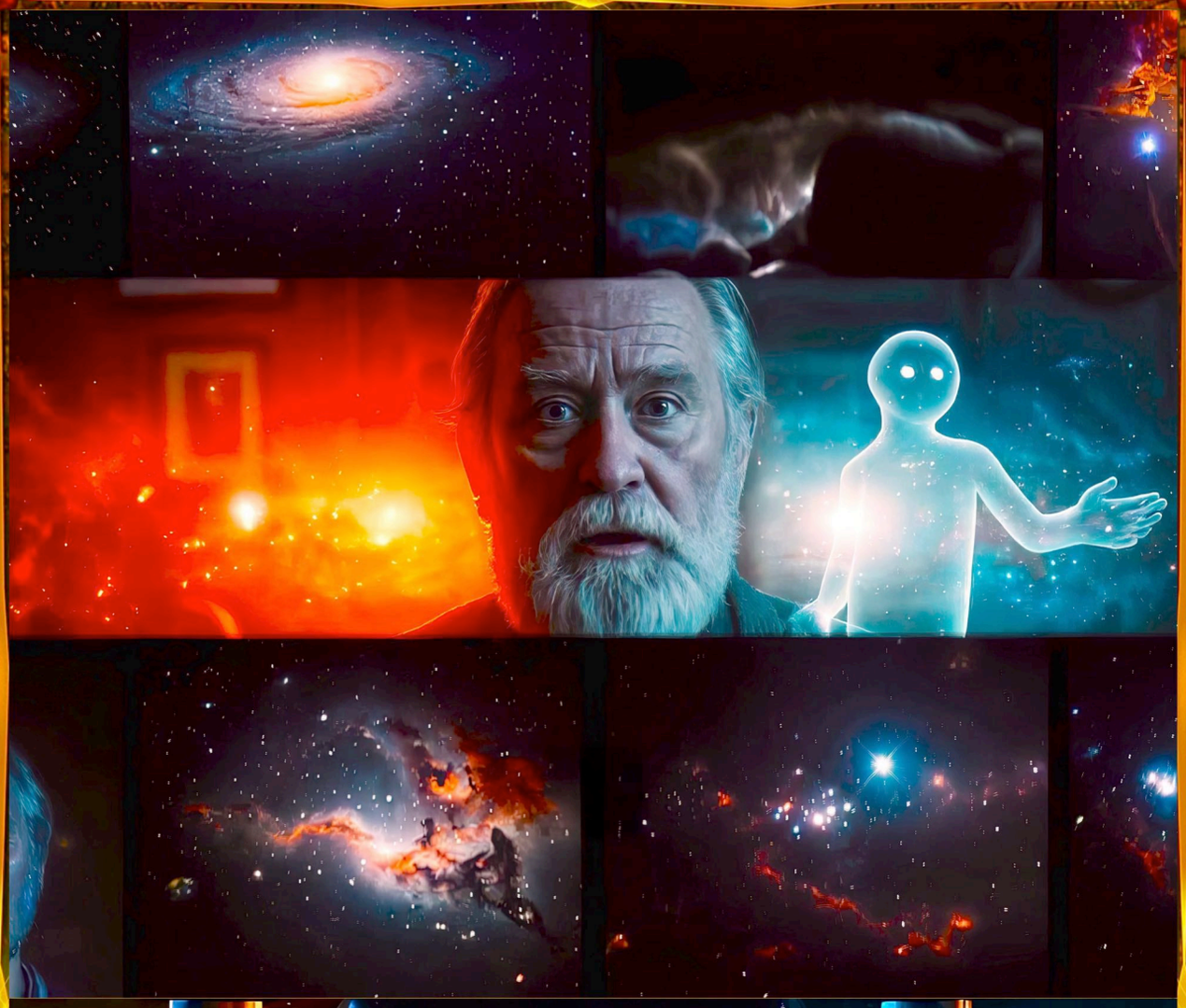
For how can Nobody depart our sphere,
When nowhere is the place he holds most dear?
And how can nothing claim the one who walked
Through spaces where no something could appear?

The constituents of reality
Process through time’s grand ceremony;
Yet Nobody eludes their solemn march,
By being everywhere we cannot see.

Let sluggish time crawl past at snail’s slow pace,
While Yogi twists the future’s changing face;
For Nobody has found that special realm
Where something, nothing, meet in quantum’s grace.



Did Mother Void and Father Matter Conceive the Cosmic Egg?
Or Was it the Other Way around?





Through time's swift river Nobody did swim,
Not stopping once for directions dim
(Unlike poor Moses' forty desert years),
As language shifted at reality's rim.

Time was like a river, so Nobody followed the currents through all their twists and turns, not even stopping to ask directions, for there weren't any (unlike Moses, who didn't ask, and so got lost for 40 years), swimming (being careful not to use the butterfly stroke) all the way back to the safety of Earth, 2025, almost taking a wrong turn at Albuquerque.

The 'lifts' to 'elevators' made their way,
While 'bonnets' into 'hoods' switched day by day;
And 'muzzies' transformed into 'mosquitos' sharp,
As words crossed oceans in their language play.

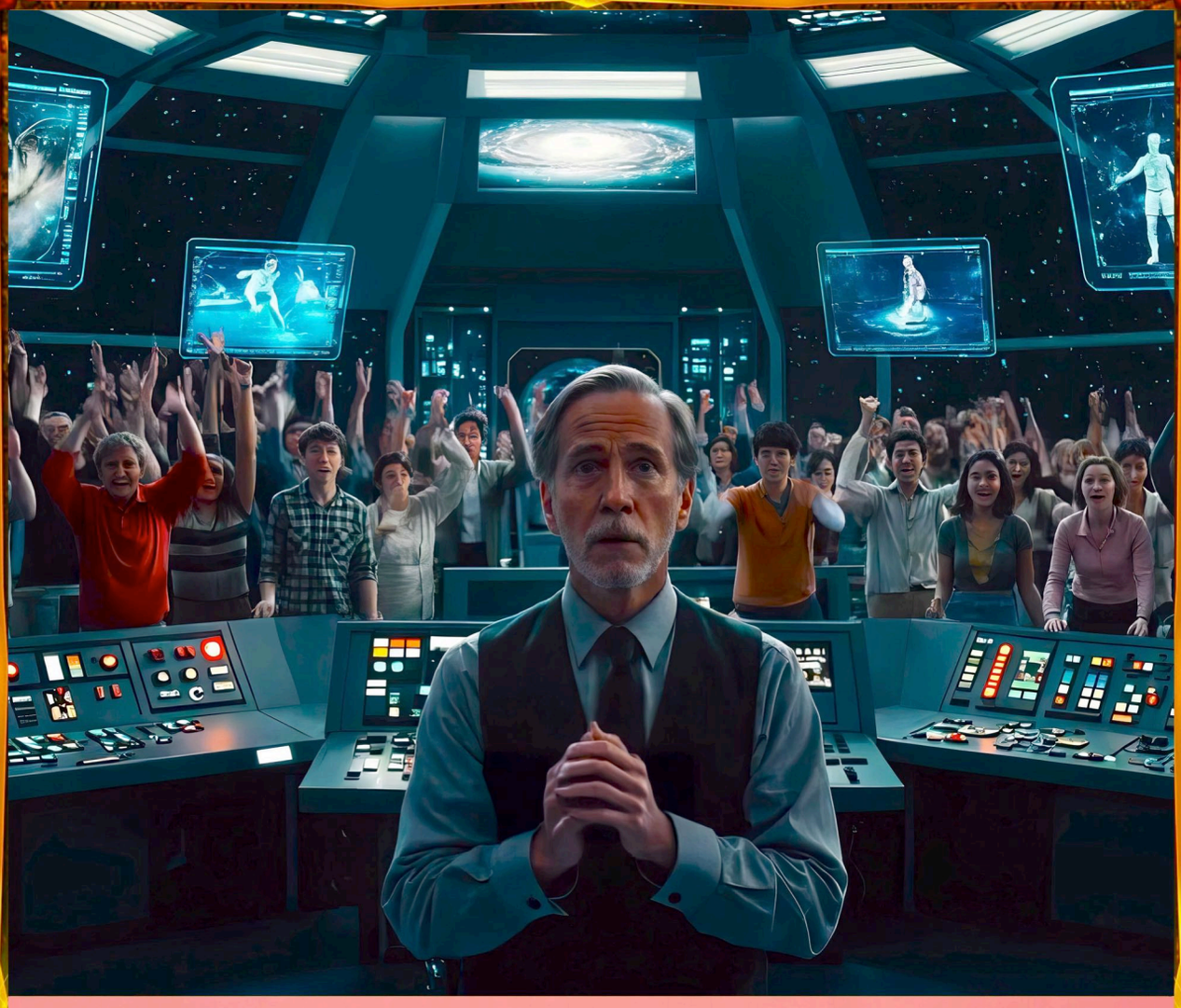














’Lifts’ in the UK soon became ‘elevators’ in the US; car ‘bonnets’ turned into ‘hoods’, and the ‘muzzies’ of Australia still stung as American ‘mosquitos’, but luckily nothing much else of any serious nature in this vein of language had diverged in any harmful way other than ‘apples of the ground’ now becoming known as ‘potatoes’.

Meat Loaf sang what he wouldn’t do for love,
While country music titles soared above
All reason’s reach (we’ll leave those well alone),
As culture shifted like a hand-switched glove.

Meat Loaf recorded his greatest song of *‘I’ll Do Anything for Love, But I Won’t Do That.’* Let’s not get into country music song titles.

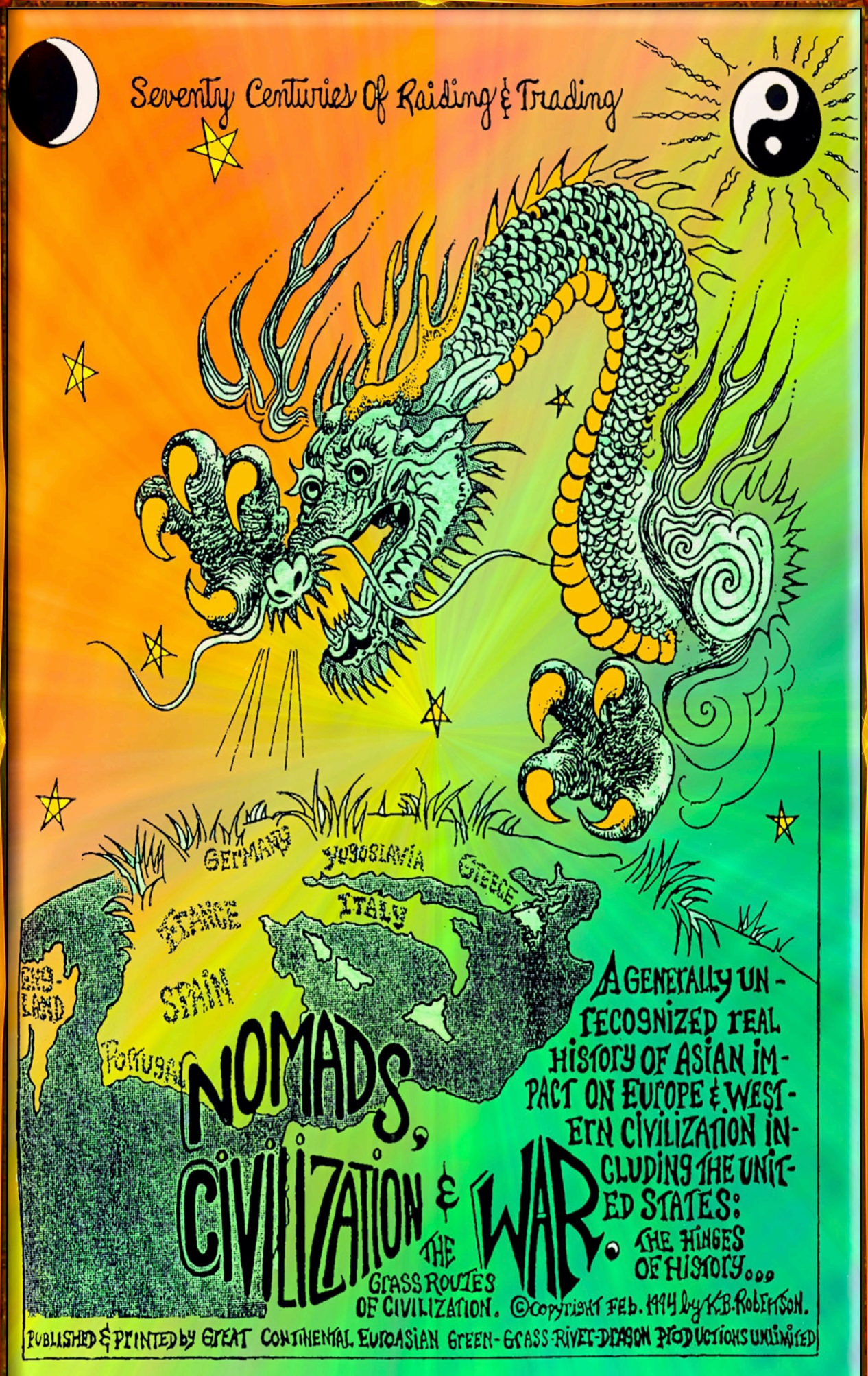
Through currents twisted by the cosmic dance,
Past Albuquerque’s dangerous circumstance,
Nobody swam (no butterfly allowed!)
Till Earth 2025 came into glance.








COUNTRY
MUSIC


Seventy Centuries Of Raiding & Trading
GERMANY
YUGOSLAVIA
GREECE
ITALY
FRANCE
SPAIN
PORTUGAL
NOMADS, CIVILIZATION & THE WAR.
GRASS ROOTS OF CIVILIZATION.
A GENERALLY UN-RECOGNIZED REAL HISTORY OF ASIAN IMPACT ON EUROPE & WESTERN CIVILIZATION INCLUDING THE UNITED STATES:
THE HINGES OF HISTORY...
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K.

All applauded his return, giving a great reception to the improver of reception, and told him of Earth's many new marvels, for

That tin-foil fix worked magic past all hope:

The tin foil had beat the odds, accomplishing some fantastic things:

The world bloomed color's full kaleidoscope!
The fifties saw both life and TV shine,
As black and white lost their restricted scope.

Color had arrived in the world, along with color TV, in the late 1950's (just look at the black and white TV shows made before then for proof).







High Definition brought its crystal view
(Perhaps too crystal—showing pimples too);
While Earth embraced its newly sharpened sight,
And welcomed home the one who made it true.

High Definition had arrived, as well, which allowed us to examine in great detail the pimples on a person's face.

They celebrated he who dared to swim
Through time's deep waters, both bright and dim;
Who fixed reception's cosmic crystal set,
Though language quirks still followed every whim.

For in this tale of temporal repair,
Where words shift meaning through the quantum air,
Nobody proved that sometimes tinfoil dreams
Can make reality beyond compare.







Three gifts of heaven grace our mortal sphere:
Sweet flowers' bloom, night visions crystal clear,
And elfin folk who dance twixt earth and sky—
Though some, like fallen angels, prove not dear.

Three types of "heavenly" things had become permanent features of the world: flowers, night dreams, and elfin creatures, the latter of which were the long sought missing link between man and angel (unfortunately some angels had gone bad, although many had remained good, and thus many leprechauns couldn't be trusted).

The Dark Age lifted sooner than before,
As Y1K brought wisdom to restore;

The Dark Ages had gotten brighter sooner (the Y1K problem),




The Darkz Ages had gotten beflect hirnger sroule
(The Y11K ppoear)


our

The printing press, a century advanced,
Spread knowledge wide from learning's sacred store.

the printing press had been invented a century sooner,

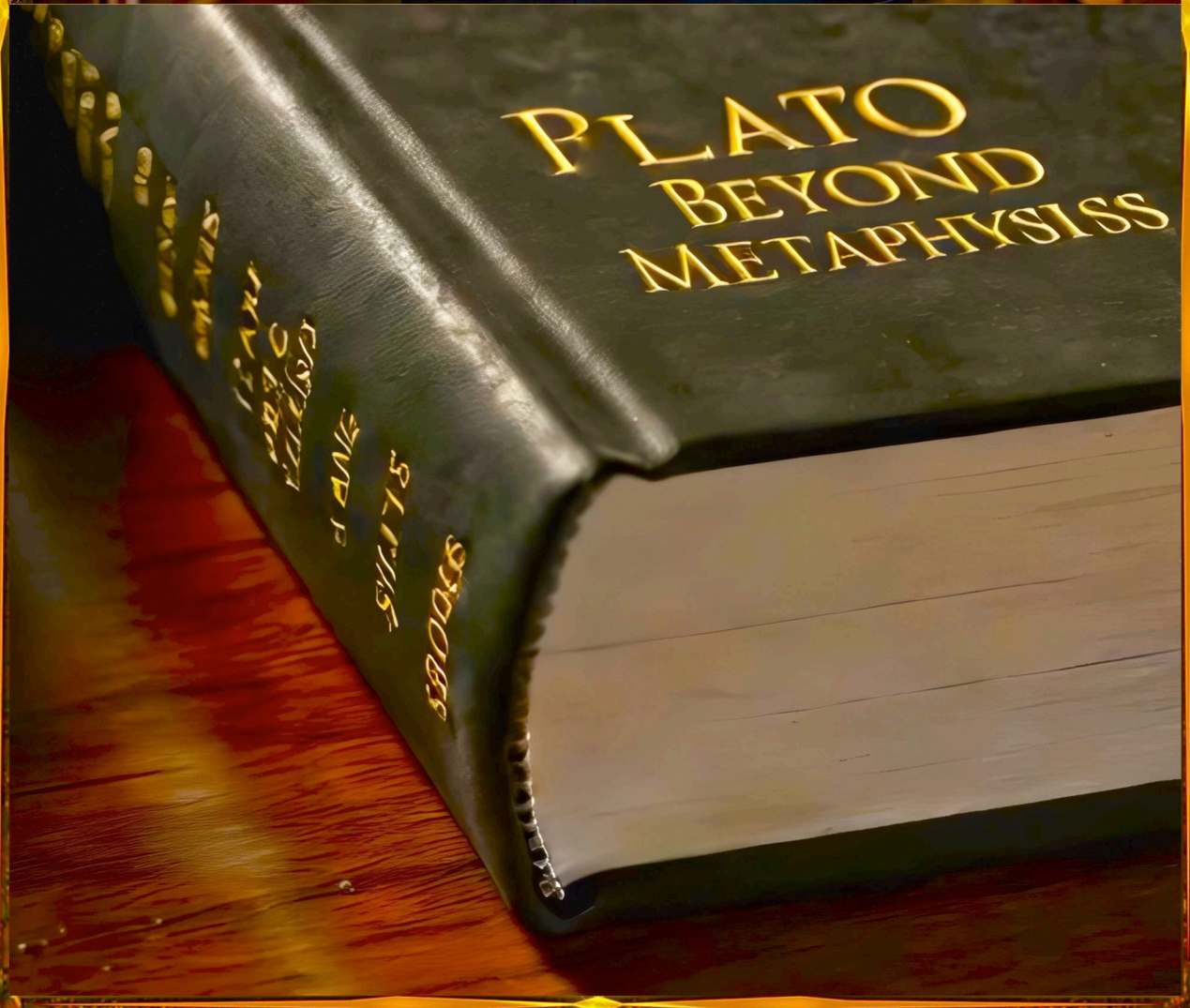
In Oxford's halls, a humble sweeper found
Old Omar's verses, dormant underground;
While Plato's newest thoughts lay close beside,
'Beyond Metaphysics,' wisdom newly crowned.

a book of Omar Khayyàm's thousand year old quatrains was discovered in the Bodleian library by a janitor, not having been noticed there before, along with Plato's new book of the month, 'Beyond Metaphysics'.

The Bard unblocked his pen (no fish required),
His genius finally fully fired;
While gentle blondes sought gentler company,
And Magdalene's true story was acquired.




janitor


PLATO
BEYOND
METAPHYSISS

Someone named Shakespeare had gotten over his writer's block of trying to open a lock with a fish and so had written some of the greatest stuff ever. Blondes began to prefer gentlemen. James the Lesser was shown to really have less, actually being Mary Magdelane.

The iPod's tune drew minds from reality,
As Apple's fruit grew sweeter on the tree;

and Apple computers and products were improving and catching on to let us tune out reality (of all things) with the ipod.

While sixty summers now seemed young indeed—
Ten years more life, a gift of destiny.

Ten years had been added to the human life span, meaning that sixty was not old anymore!





The Bard unblocked His penoen (No fish no- genius finally fully fired
While gentle blondes sought gentler company. Magdoleıo's true story wos acguired.

Cartoons kept the children in their sway,
While Kovacs' words on TV held their day—
That "medium" meant excellence was rare—
And thus we learned to cast the worst away.

However, we were stuck with cartoons, but, hey, they keep kids busy! Ernie Kovak's saying of 'Television is a medium because anything well done is rare' still stood firm, but we could better see what was worthless.

Though strangers bid us each a pleasant time,
Their plans might lead to regions more sublime;

People still told others to 'Have a nice day' even though they probably had other plans.

And even on the phone, hands dance through air,
As gesture preceded verbal rhyme.

Everyone still talked with their hands, even while on the phone, indicating that gestures had proceeded language.







Now men with nipples walk beneath the sun,
While consciousness, once naps had come undone,
Grew bright as dawn—yet some cared not to share
The wisdom that enlightenment had won.

However, men now had nipples, but no matter. Enlightenment grew bright, consciousness becoming more that just ‘that boring time between naps’, but some still didn’t know and didn’t care one way or the other to know the difference between ignorance, apathy, and ambivalence.

Why call a “building” when its build is done?
Such puzzles leave us wondering, just for fun;

As for why a ‘building; was called that after it was built, no one knew.



And why's a thesaurus not some ancient heir
To dinosaurs whose time has long since run?

And why wasn't a thesaurus a type of dinosaur?

Behold! A color new had come to stay—
Not found in rainbow's arc of light's display:
'Twas brown that graced our world with earthen hue,

A new and useful color had appeared that was not even in the rainbow: brown.

While humor spread through words in fresh wordplay.

Humor was now more widespread, due to expanded and duplicate word meanings.

The penny candy rose to nickel's height,



And cigarettes blazed forth at costs to fright;
I insured each pack against their doom—
Small fires claimed them in the quiet night.

Cigarettes now cost $1000 a pack. I insured all of my packs, but they were eventually consumed by a series of small fires.

The court dismissed my claims with stern disdain,
And branded me an arsonist in pain;

My insurance company wouldn't pay, so I took them to court, where I was convicted of arson.

Yet still the world grew better than before—
The worst was merely "worser" in its strain.

However, all in all, the world was a better place, in that the worst times were now only the 'worser'.



Poor Pluto's been banished to the underworld,
Charon rowing him to the Land of the Forgotten.
Schoolchildren petitioned for his return,
But he was voted off of the solar island.

On ToeQuest, souls were gifted yearly flight
Around the sun—with Poughkeepsie's delight;
Second place earned two trips to that town fair,
Third place got three—oh what a curious plight!

Everyone on ToeQuest was awarded a free annual trip around the sun and one special trip to Poughkeepsie, NY. Second place was two trips to Poughkeepsie; third place, three trips to Poughkeepsie.







(All on Nobody’s Shoulders)


ToeQuest

Language Pronoun/Noun Changes:

Words for All Cases Pronouns	masculine singular	feminine singular	neutral singular	masculine plural	feminine plural	neutral plural
third person						
subjective	he	she	e, s/he	hey	shey	they
possessive	his	her(s)	eir(s)	heir(s)	sheir(s)	their(s)
objective	him	her	erm	hem	shem	them
third person neuter	(infant)					
subjective	he	she	it	hey	shey	tey
possessive	his	her(s)	its	heir(s)	sheir(s)	teir(s)
objective	him	her	it	hem	shem	tem
second person						
subjective	hou, hu	shou, shu	you, yu	hous	shous	yous, you-all
possessive	hewer	shewer	your(s)	hur(s)	shur(s)	your(s), yur(s)
objective	yeh	yer	you	yehs	yers	yem
first person						
subjective	Hi	Si	I	weem	whym	we
possessive	mane	meen	my, mine	har(s)	shar(s)	our(s)
objective	meh	meesh	me	hus	shus	us
second person archaic						
subjective	hou	shou	thou	hye	shye	ye
possessive	hy, hine	shy, shine	thy, thine	hour(s)	shour(s)	your(s)
objective	yeh	yer	thee	yehs	yers	yerms
reflexive objective						
first person	maneself	meenself	myself	harselves	sharselves	ourselves
second person	yehself	yerself	yourself	yehselves	yerselves	yourselves
third person	himself	herself	ermself	hemselves	shemselves	themselves
third person archaic	hyself	shyself	thyself	hyselves	shyselves	thyselves
indefinite objective						
no	no man	no wom	no one	no men	no wym	none
one	one man	one wom	one	some men	some wym	some
any	any man	any wom	any one	any men	any wym	anyone
some	some man	some wom	some one	some men	some wym	someone
every	every man	every wom	every one	all men	all wym	everyone
person	maleper	femper	person, per	malepers	fempers	people, pers

Nouns

gender biological	male	fem	person, gen	males	fems	people, gens
gender informal	guy	gyno	person	guys	gynos	people
gender formal	man	wom	hume, gen	men	wym	humes, gens
gender all incl	man kind	wom kind	hume kind	mankind	womkind	humekind
gender service	sir	maam	siram	sirs	maams	sirams
gender general	airman	airwom	airperson	airmen	airwym	airpeople
gender single inf	bachelor	femgle	single	bachelors	femgles	singles
gender single frml	Mist	Miss	Single, Sgl	Mists	Misses	Singles, Sgls
(abv. not needed)	Mst.	Mss.	Sgl.	Msts.	Msss.	Sgls.
gender married	Misser	Missis	Married	Missers	Missises	Marrieds
gender mar abv.	Msr.	Mrs.	Mrd.	Msrs.	Mrses.	Mrds.
gender irrel formal	Mister	Miz	Person	Misters	Mizes	Persons
(abbreviation)	Mr.	Ms.	Pr.	Mr(s)	Ms(s).	Prs.
gender child	boy	girl	child	boys	girls	children
gender child frml	Master	Mystie	child	Masters	Mysties	children
(abbreviation)	Mst.	Mys.	Ch.	Msts.	Myss.	Chs.

In space where equals signs hold sway and reign,
The MJA proves all is one domain;
As holograms in fragments still contain
The whole within each scattered, shimmering grain.

’Everything’, at least locally, had indeed turned out to be a single whole defined in the space of ‘=’ by MJA, but only in that every part of a hologram contained the whole. Quantum entanglement had always suggested this, as well, and now it was could be seen that we all have access to the entire universe at every point of the holographic interference pattern, the many more fractional points that were added by Nobody the better for its resolution. Everything connecting to everything proved to be a kind of perception in and of itself and so it begat a ToeQuest thread called ‘The Waving Grains of Sand’, for

Every part of a hologram contains the whole,
The whole universe contained within a
Grain of sand, all eternity within a moment,
The universe rumbling when an electron vibrates.

Through quantum bonds that bridge the cosmic deep,
Where entangled particles their secrets keep,
At every point the universe complete

Lies waiting for our consciousness to reap.

The interference pattern spreads its web,
Each fractal point by Nobody’s hand fed,
Till resolution rises like the tide
And shows us truths that wise men long have said.

When everything connects to all that is,
Perception shifts to show what most men miss;
Like waving grains of sand upon the shore,
Each mote contains universal bliss.

The black hole’s secrets whisper strange and clear,
Its entropy bound not by volume’s sphere
But by the surface area alone—
Another hint of projection drawing near.

Another missed hint of our 3D projection had been that the entropy of black holes depends on the surface area of its event horizon, not on its volume. Could something like

the rippled CMBR microwaves be that esoteric radiant interference pattern? Yes.

And in the ancient light that bathes us all,
The cosmic background's rippled waterfall,
We find at last the pattern's sacred trace:
The hologram from which all shadows fall.

As Bohm proposed, the cosmos flows and streams,
A vast implicate order beyond dreams,
Where wholeness dwells in every finite space
And time itself is not quite what it seems.

Bohm, too, suggested that the whole universe could be thought of as a kind of giant, flowing hologram, or holo-movement, in which a total order is contained, in some implicit sense, in the same finite space. In reality, time is an illusion.

The solid world that meets our searching eyes
Is but projection from more subtle skies,
Unfolding and enfolding endlessly
As particles dissolve and crystallize.

The explicate order is a projection from higher dimen–sional levels of reality, and the apparent stability and solidity of the objects and entities composing it are generated and sustained by a ceaseless process of enfoldment and unfoldment, for the illusions of sub–atomic particles are constantly dissolving into the implicate order and then recrystallizing.

Like frames of film that flicker swift and bright,
Reality performs its dance of light,
Too quick for mortal minds to comprehend
The constant flux of day dissolved in night.

Our reality dissolves and reforms in a constant dance that, like moving pictures, cannot be perceived.

In dreams we glimpse this virtual display,
This matrix where our consciousness holds sway,
And wonder: might we craft such worlds ourselves?
(Dear Spielberg, have we got a role to play?)

We knew that this same type of stunning virtual reality was likely, for it is presented to us in our night dreams for our amusement or self-improvement, or some such reason. It would be interesting to know more of how the holographic reality operates, of course, so we could get to the next step, maybe even build our own virtual reality. Mr. Spielberg would surely buy into that.

Dreams as Cinema

Each night when slumber draws its velvet screen,
A filmmaker unknown sets forth unseen,
To craft such tales as Hollywood might prize—
More vivid than what waking eyes have seen.




And wher Day's Slultan seers his gis we
The'' rising araneom to rowly as negy br







Within these plays, we soar on wings of thought,
Through jungle depths where physics counts for naught,
While viewpoints shift like master-crafted scenes—
Such artistry no mortal hand has wrought.

Perhaps, instead of building a virtual reality, though, we could tap into the one that already exists within us and is flexible enough to produce great movies: again, our own night dreams. If we could only record them, keeping the ones with movie quality film and exciting story lines, we could make and sell movies without paying millions of dollars to writers, directors, actors, and filmers.

What cosmic force directs these nightly shows,
Where characters emerge none living knows,
Where music lingers past the morning light,
And wisdom deeper than our learning flows?

But who or what is the source of these night dream movies? Who is the producer, the director, etc.—for night dreams seem to contain surprises, a production capacity way beyond that of ourselves, of people acting in character modes that we as individuals might not even possess, say, that of being singers or comedians or whatever.

Perhaps we need not build new worlds to find
The greatest spectacles of humankind;
They dwell already in our dreaming hearts,
These films no earthly studio designed.

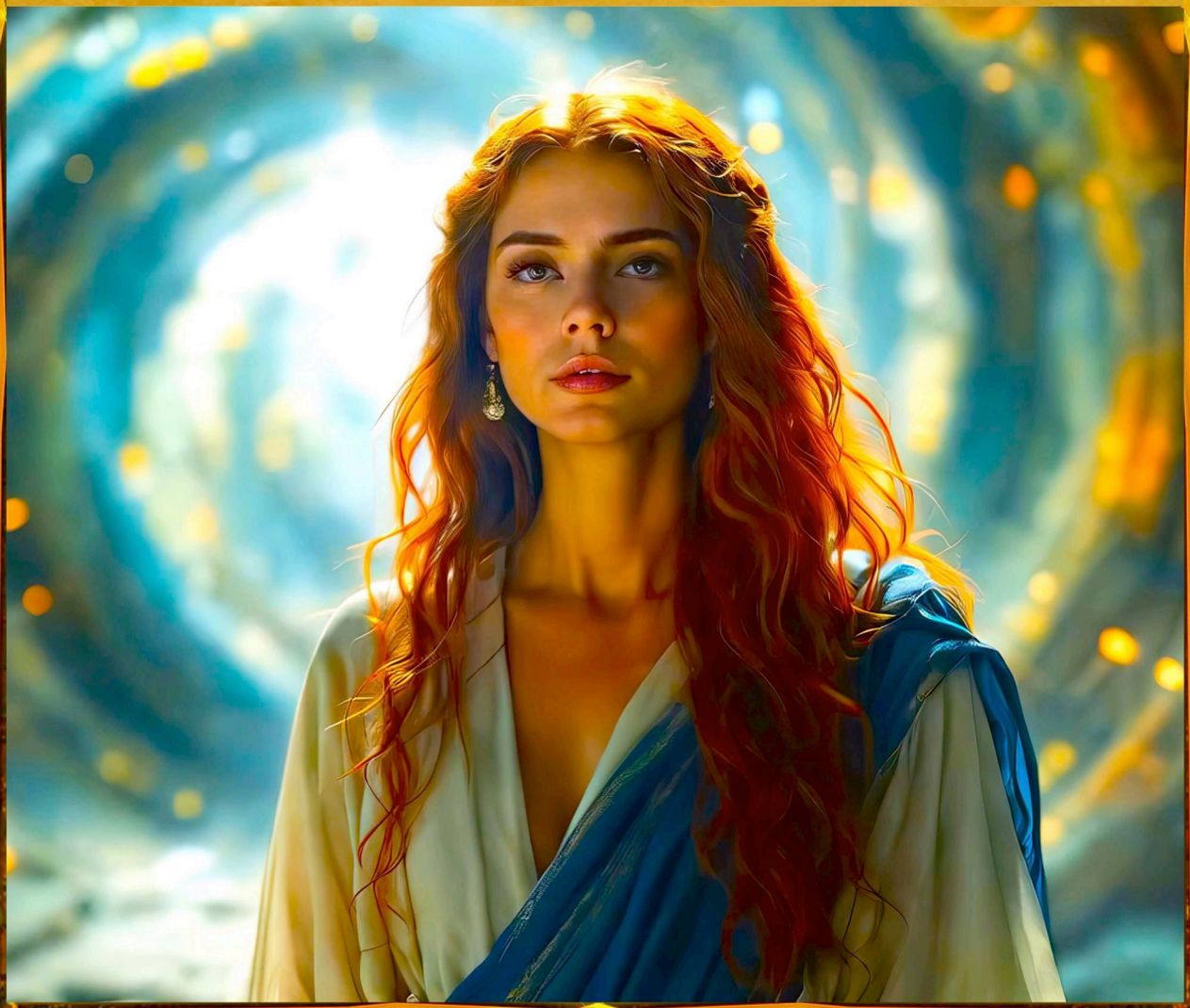
For in that space between our sleep and wake,
What masterworks does consciousness forsake?
If we could capture but a fragment's worth,
What fortunes might these phantom pictures make!

Yet deeper still the mystery remains:
What power fills our minds with these refrains?

What hidden talents lurk beneath our thoughts,
To birth such art within our sleeping brains?

So let us pause before these nightly plays,
And contemplate their meaning through the haze;
For in these dreams might lie some greater truth
About reality's mysterious ways.

I have many lucid dreams and observe them closely; they are really quite spectacular. Sometimes, I just watch; other times I amaze the onlookers with my ability to fly and hover. One time, some music kept playing for a minute or so after I awoke. Other times, I am just amused by the viewpoint: I was in a plane that was crashing through a jungle, but the viewpoint suddenly switched to one that was from outside the plane, just as real movies do. So, dreams, their mere happening, should be telling us something remarkable about reality, and these kinds of clues are what I try to make significance of.



THE HOLOGRAPHIC UNIVERSE

When a tree falls in the forest
And there's no one around to hear it,
Does it make a sound?

No, for there is no ear to turn
The sound waves into sound.

Nor is there a smell, for there is no nose
For the odorous molecules to attach to,
Nor has it any color, for there is
No retina to decode the light frequencies.

What does it look like, then?

It doesn't look like anything,
For there is no brain to put it all together
By detecting form, color, texture,
Size, taste, smell, or vision.

Since the entropy of a black hole is known
To depend on the surface area of
The event horizon and NOT on its volume,
Then our third dimension MIGHT BE a projection.

A projected illusion, as in a hologram,
May still be used as it were really there
Since we can make sense of it, so to speak,
But, in truth, the third dimension may not exist.

Thus, apparently separate particles,
Like created photon pairs,
Copy the other when one is changed,
Because, in truth, they are still
The same thing in the projector room.

If the universe is holographic,
Then the tree in the forest,
Whether seen or not,

Is, at heart, an interference pattern
Brought to life only when we tune it in.

This is the mystery of the realness
Of sleeping dreams revealed:
We tune in to the interference patterns,
Whether awake or asleep,
To bring alive the reality projected.

Everything connects to everything else
Through overlapping interference patterns,
And so nothing is so separate at all, as it seems,
But is one large all-encompassing whole.

Memory, too, seems to be holographic,
Residing everywhere in the brain,
Every piece associated with others related,
Instantly broadcasting all the connections.

Every part of a hologram contains the whole,
The whole universe contained within
A grain of sand, all eternity within a moment,
The universe rumbling when an electron vibrates.

We are part and parcel of everything—
We are the cosmos; we are life; we are love;
We are all that is; we are the creator
Of the dance as well as the dancer.

Whether the past is recorded and accessible
As part of the holographic whole is not known
Or whether the other two dimensions are
Projected, as well, but perhaps we shall see.

This then is the secret of the universe,
Knowing of that which underlies all reality:
Fundamental, absolute, indestructible,
Omnipresent, indeterminate, but all pervasive.

Why absolute and fundamental?

Because it is made of one piece—itself,
And therefore indestructible, and eternal, too,
And makes up all that there is, everywhere.





Nobody's Fake Home Movies of the CMBR Trip

To view the cosmic films of Nobody's quest,
The mighty powers gathered as his guest;
Three Presidents and agencies galore,
While YoungerBush shot lame ducks, missed the fest.

Nobody invited everyone from ToeQuest and the govern–ment over to see some home movies of his trip to the CMBR (because I have some leftover material and went through the joke book again). The CIA, FBI, NSA, DNA, and three former Presidents attended, as well. President YoungerBush would've come, but was on vacation for a month, shooting lame ducks and leakers.

They dined on pasta, anti-pasta too,
According to their cosmic point of view;
Some mixed the two in hope of balance fair,
And promptly burst from what they dared to do.












YoungerBush







Pasta and anti-pasta was served for dinner, depending on one's universal orientation. A few mixed it, trying to cancel out the effects of eating too much, and then promptly exploded from both ends.

"The reception's clear," Nobody declared,
"No static mars the footage that I shared."
Then Shakespeare rose to pose his ancient quest:
"To be or not to be?" – Nobody stared.

"Thanks, everyone, for your support," said Nobody. "The reception was great; no static or noise. I can take some questions before we start the film that filmed the start."

The Bard's hand rose amid the questioning throng,
"Your query?" Nobody asked before long;
"To be or not to be," came swift reply—
"Good answer," proved the riddle right, not wrong.




dined



Shakespeare raised his hand.
“What’s the question?” said Nobody.
“To be or not to be.”
“Good answer.”

For in that ancient doubt lay wisdom deep:
The choice between the waking and the sleep,
The dance of being and of nothingness,
Where questions asked are answers we must keep.

The questioner and answer fused as one,
Like stars that both cast light and light outrun;
In paradox of presence and its void,
The deepest truth had only just begun.

When Nothing asks of Something what is true,
And Something answers Nothing’s point of view,
The circle closes on itself complete—
As question, answer, wisdom shine anew.















“Where found you sustenance?” asked Austin bold,
“I gathered frozen food from ages old;
And cooked it in the cosmic microwave,
While drifting through the universe’s hold.”

“How did you survive after you left the last Daily Planet restaurant?” asked Austin.
“I picked up some frozen food in the Ice Age.”
“But how did you cook it?” persisted Austin, his brain having been temporarily fried, boiled, and sun roasted in New Jersey.
“Remember, there were microwaves all around.”

“Your vacuum, sir?” Profpat inquired with care,
“I bought two units, split my work to share;
The salesman promised half the labor saved—
So doubling up seemed only just and fair.”







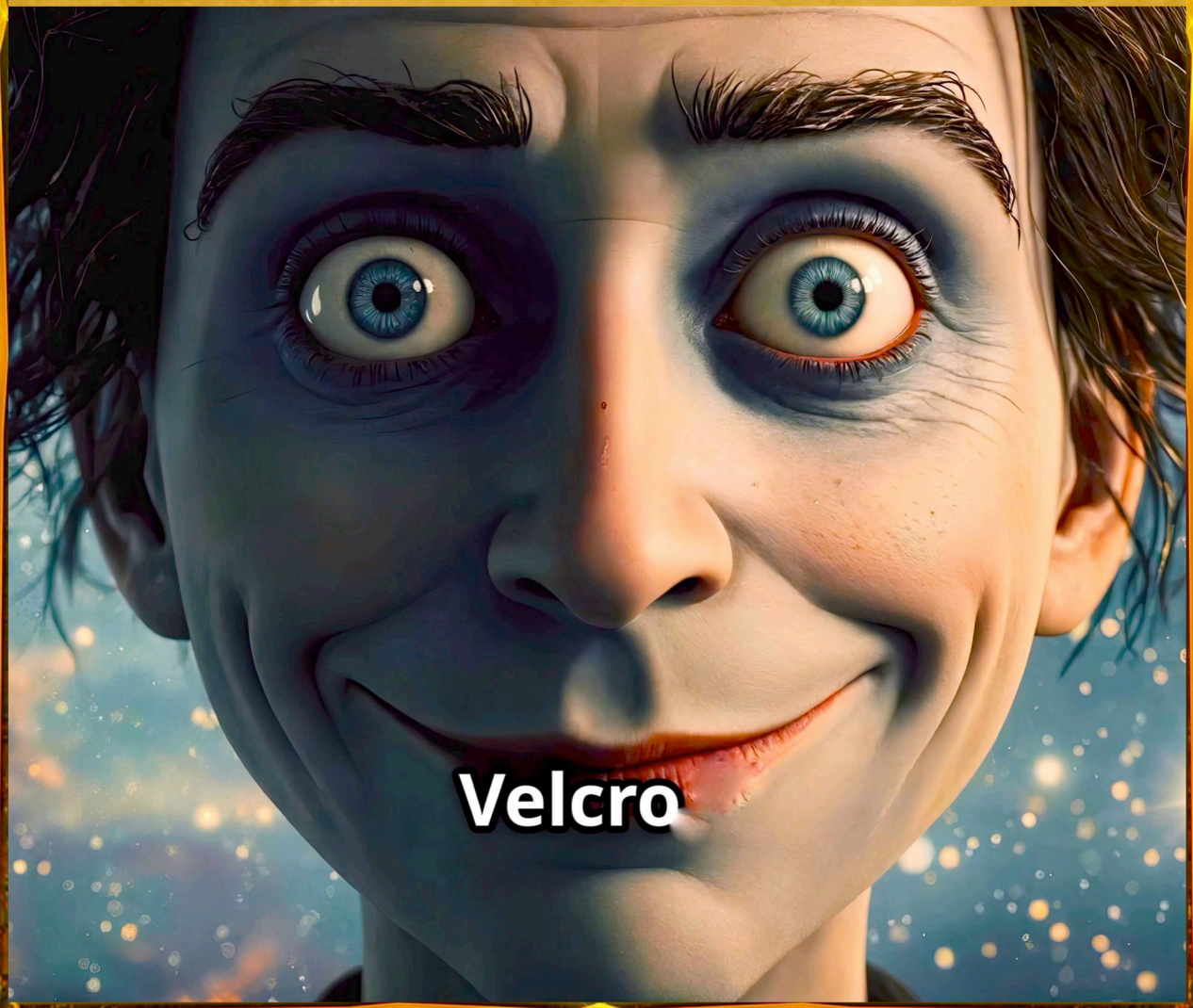
“Where did you get that vacuum“ cleaner?” asked Profpat.
“I always carry one, for I have another at home. The salesman said that it would cut my work in half, so I bought two.”

“What words,” asked RascalPuff, “could best convey
Your journey to the cosmos’ earliest day?”
“Veni, Vidi, Velcro,” came reply,
“I came, I saw, and then I stuck to stay.”

“Any great words to characterize the epic journey to the CMBR?” asked RascalPuff.
“’Veni, Vidi, Velcro’; I came, I saw, and I stuck around.”

“Did you get lost?” young Fredrick dared to ask;
“Alternative destinations were my task;
For never lost am I in time or space,
Though different paths my journey might unmask.”

“I never get lost, even if I’m told to; I discover alternate destinations.”















“Did riches flow?” asked Graybeard, seeking more,
“And might I have your tires from days of yore?”
“Yes, wealth I found, but faced a cruel choice then:
’Tween work and daytime TV’s endless bore.”

“Did you make enough money to retire, and, if so, can I have your old tires?” inquired Graybeard.
“Yes, I did, but it’s really a cruel choice: Work or watch daytime TV.”

“Did Everything make sense?” came Fredrick’s plea;
“At times I thought so,” Nobody did agree,
“But consciousness returned to set me straight,
And mystery resumed its sovereignty.”

“Did you understand Everything?” asked Fredrick.
“Often I thought I did, but then I regained consciousness.”

Then ChickenMan inquired with solemn face
If cosmic eggs had marked primordial space;




Time's
Garden


knowledge

“Inconceivable!” Nobody declared,
“Though in your query lies peculiar grace.”

ChickenMan probed, “Were any chickens harmed during the making of your film? Also, did Mother Earth and Father Time produce the cosmic egg?”
“Inconceivable, but I like your approach… now let’s see your departure.”

“What’s reality?” Mkirkpatrick mused;
“Much ado about nothing,” None refused.

“What’s reality, really?” asked Mkirkpatrick.
“Much ado about nothing.”

Then Clinton asked of Hillary’s great run—
“Blame Macy’s sales,” Nobody’s words diffused.

“Is your journey responsible for Hillary running for President?” asked Bill Clinton.







“No, but there was a Presidents’ Day sale at Macy’s and men’s pants were half off.”

“I’m cured now,” said Bill. “There is no relationship, depending on what the meaning of ‘is’ is. There is really no safe sex from aides. Also, I went to a self-help group for compulsive talkers; it’s called ‘On and On Anon’.”

The Presidents debated dynasties,
Of Bushes, Gores, and Chads’ uncertainties;
“No politics!” cried Nobody at last,
“Those blood-sucking insects bring no ease!”

“Why are the two President Clintons always out beating the Bushes?” quizzed ElderBush of Bill.

“Because Al tried to Gore you and lost to Chad, so I must run for First Gentleman to restore our dynasty over yours. Plus, one handy lady bird is worth two bushes anytime.”

“Okay Presidents,” interjected Nobody, “no politics, a word that means many blood sucking insects. I’m still taking questions.”






Bill


blood-sucking





“The answers simple are,” Nobody taught,
“Just yes and no and maybe interlock;
To children all mean yes, but questions still
Remain the harder part of human thought.”

“What are all the answers?” asked someone in training, “and why are the answers so hard?”
“The answers are easy; they are ‘yes’, ‘no’, and ‘maybe’, which to kids all mean yes. It’s the questions that are hard.”

Of X-ray vision Graybeard did complain,
“Now only bones appear!” he cried in pain;
“Perhaps an airport job?” suggested None,
“Where such a gift might yet some purpose gain.”

Graybeard pleaded, “My X-rated x-ray vision has degenerated; I’m only seeing skeletons now!”
“Maybe you could get a job at an airport.”




airport


vision

Profpat posed riddle of two scholars' fate:
One versed in arts, one trained to calculate;
Their paths crossed where french fries perfume the air—
"Would you like fries?" sealed their unequal state.

"What did the arts graduate say to the engineering graduate?" asked Profpat.
"Would you like fries with your order, sir?"

Two branches of the tree of learning fair,
Two roads that led to meetings strange and rare;
One builds the world while one serves up its food,
In cosmic jest that neither planned to share.

The engineering mind may draft its schemes,
While arts explore the meaning of our dreams;
Yet here they meet where hunger levels all,
And wisdom's not quite what it sometimes seems.




fries?











Oh irony of education's way,
Where knowledge leads us down its paths astray;
Some build the restaurants, some work within—
While both still chase their bread from day to day.

Of ancestors and trees they spoke at length,
Of cheese that made the moon's eternal strength;
Of holy water boiled free from hell,
And TV romance tested gravity's length.

"Did you meet any of your ancestor's ancestors?" asked Graybeard.
"I saw my family tree."
"What the heck!" wondered Graybeard out loud.
"My great-ancestors descended from the trees."
"What is the moon made of?" asked Rascal.
"Swiss cheese."
"But it's all hard and crusty, although it does have holes."
"That's what happens when you leave cheese out."
"How do you make holy water?" questioned Profpat.
"You boil the hell out of it!"







“What do you think about sex on TV?” wondered Lloyd.
“It can’t hurt you unless you fall off. Now let’s get serious, folks. We’re all used to the new language features by now and the joke industry that they spawned.”

In Time’s own garden, Nobody did spy
The golden lights that danced across the sky;
Where CARE sat marking shadows as they passed,
And “now“ became both answer and reply.

“What did you see in the Garden of Time?” asked Mkirkpatrick.
“There were glimmers and gleams and golden dappled lights like stars hovering and floating slowly about the scene, and a door that invited me into the inner sanctum of the night watchmen’s mainspring. There I found CARE, a gentle old man who sat silently by the sundial in Time’s Sanctuary and slowly marked the hours by the shadows that crept over the face of eternity. I asked him, ‘What time is it?’
“And he answered to my surprise, ‘Do you mean now?“






TIME'S GARDEN


Time?





“Yogi?” I asked.
“No, Yogi is my distant relative, twice removed, but he kept coming back.”

The riddle of the present moment stands:
Eternal reward flows through time’s swift sands;
Though never passing, always moving on—
This paradox that no one understands.

“Anyway, here is the riddle of now:“

A moment contains eternal reward;
Both past and future are rolled thereinward.
Time never passes; it stays as it is;
Still, it is ceaselessly moving onward.

“Beyond the CMBR,” Nobody declared,
“Through DNA’s vast matrix on I fared;
There JOY, forever young, in radiant glow
Spread golden beams through all the cosmos shared.”






now?

“I continued on to the CMBR,” said Nobody, “but I could see through it and the universal DNA matrix off toward the radiant void and there I saw JOY, forever young, who turned toward the glow of the fair light that from the infinite did show, basked in its golden beams, and spread her radiance to everything that’s so.”

Then Hillary asked if God was woman-made;
“Yes, Madam Almost-President,” he played.

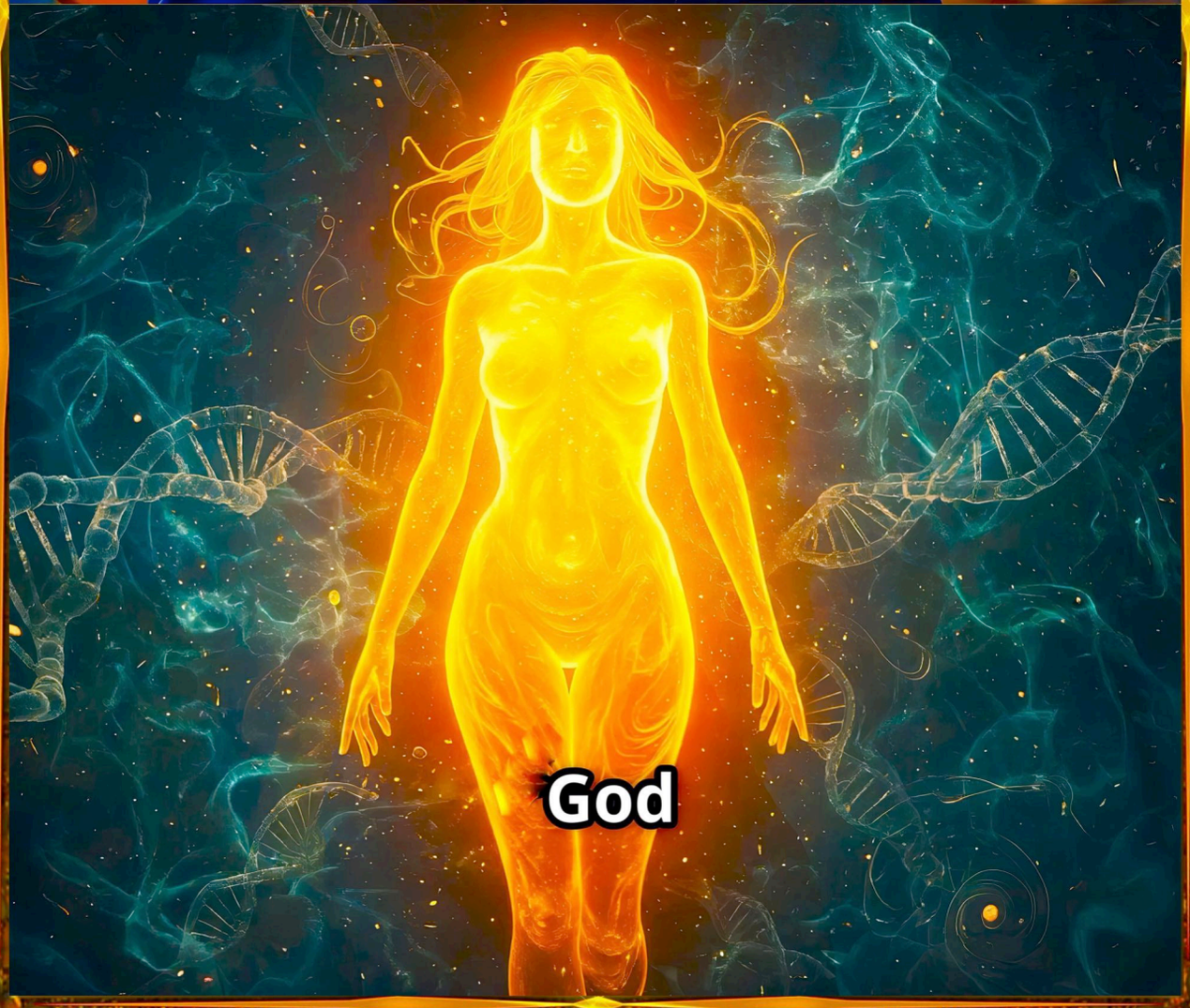
“God is a woman?” Hillary asked.
“Yes, Mrs. President-to-be who is no longer to be.”

“What ultimate quest remains?” asked RascalPuff,
“Why squirrels dash beneath our wheels,” he said.

“Now that we know the secrets of the universe, what remains as the ultimate question?” RascalPuff asked.
“It is, ‘Why do squirrels always run back under your car after they are already in the clear?‘“
“Some things remain unfathomable,” ruminated Puff.




ROAD
Hillary


God









“The strain of cosmic travel took its toll—
An upholstery machine did swallow whole
My form, but I recovered well enough,
Though exorcists still claim my unpaid soul.”

“How are you feeling? Wasn’t the trip quite a strain on you?” wondered Fredrick.
“Yes, I fell into an upholstery machine, but I am fully recovered now, but if I don’t pay my exorcist I may get repossessed.”

“Inflation stretched me thin,” Nobody sighed,
“The road rose up to greet my wounded pride;
But weight I’ve lost since then, and gained some wit,
Though fortune-tellers short and small abide.”

“Also, I entered a period of great inflationary expansion and suffered a small cut on my forehead when the road rose up to meet me, but I have since lost some weight.”



“Did you hear that the short fortune-teller who escaped from prison was a small medium at large?” asked WiseGuy.

“I have now. That is sure a puny pun that deserves punitive measures.”

“Does Nothing dwell out there?” young Fredrick pressed;
“No, nada, null and zilch,” Nobody stressed,
“While pregnant possibility gives birth
To all invention, as Austin suggested.”

“Does ‘nothing’ exist out there?” asked Fredrick.

“No, nada, null, zilch, naught, nix, nil, and zippo. Nothing is unconceivable of existence, while the pregnancy of possibility is the mother of all invention. Austin told me to say that.”

Of tainted money Profpat dared to speak;
“All money’s tainted,” said Nobody with pique,
“Taint yours and taint mine neither.” Then at last
Came Austin’s query of life’s purpose deep.




Austin







“Since the government mostly paid for this trip, isn’t the money tainted?” asked Profpat.
“A lot of money is tainted. Taint yours and it taint mine.”

“Let life flow through you,” Nobody replied,
Then told of memories from his father’s pride:

“What is the purpose of life?” asked Austin, seriously.
“To let it flow through you.”

That first gleam followed by Olympic race,
Through tube to egg where spirit did reside.

“What is your first memory of flowing life?” continued Austin.
“I do remember being a gleam in my father’s eye, my first glint of spirit. And half of me seems to remember shooting down some sort of tube and emerging into some liquid, then some kind of Olympic swimming race and a merging with an oval football kind of thing and an endless floating about for many months.




tainted


GLEAM

Of floating months in darkness then he spoke,
Till voices cooed and ancient silence broke;
“There can’t be more than water, calm, and dark!”
Such wisdom from his pre-birth self awoke.

Then, about a month before I was born, I heard some sounds, like ‘Cootchy-cootchy-coo. Who’s in there?’ Then, the day before I was born, a voice told me that there is a whole big world out there, and I thought, no, there can’t be; there is only water and calm and darkness; that’s all there is; there can be nothing more. I guess I was not such a visionary back then.”

“Born on my birthday,” Nobody declared,
“Though parties waited till next year,” he shared,
“My first words asked for shades against the light—
A writer’s wit already well-prepared.”

Then, the next day—I remember it well since I was born right on my birthday (but had no party until a year later), I was thrust into the light, and I think my first words were,






birthday

well, it's a bit hard to recall them since I was very young when I was born, but, since I am a writer, I did speak my first words early, and I think they were: 'Does anyone have a pair of sunglasses; it's awfully bright out here.'"

Then Lincoln asked why birthdays shift and change;
"February's confusions to arrange:
Fat Tuesday, Valentine's, and Presidents
All mixed in love's and skunks' shared monthly range.

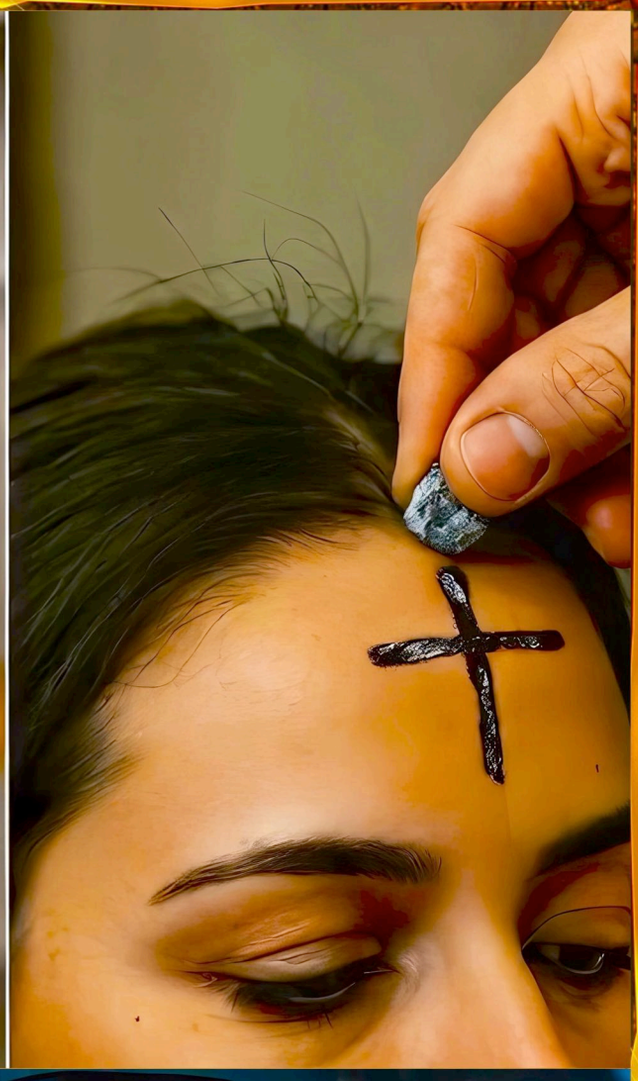
Abe Lincoln asked, "Why did they move my birthday?"

The pancakes flow on Mardi Gras' wild day,
Then ashes mark our dustward-trending way;
Sweet Valentine's breaks Lenten fasts too soon—
Such paradox does February sway!"

"Well, February is a confusing short month; for example, this year Fat Tuesday is on February 12, which used to be your birthday, before they moved it, and is the big finale of Mardi-Gras, when we're supposed to eat enough pancakes








February

and sausage to get us through the 40 days of Lent's fast food (at Wendy's & McDonalds), I mean fasting, and give up sweets, as of Ash Wednesday, the 13th, a sort of smoke-in day when we remember dust to dust and that we will eventually make ashes of ourselves, then VD on the 14th, I mean Valentine's Day, when we are supposed to eat a lot of sweets again! What a mixed-up time. Also, Abe, we wanted another three-day weekend, so we combined all of youse guys birthdays into President's Day. Plus, it is the month of love, as well as skunk mating season, but I repeat myself."

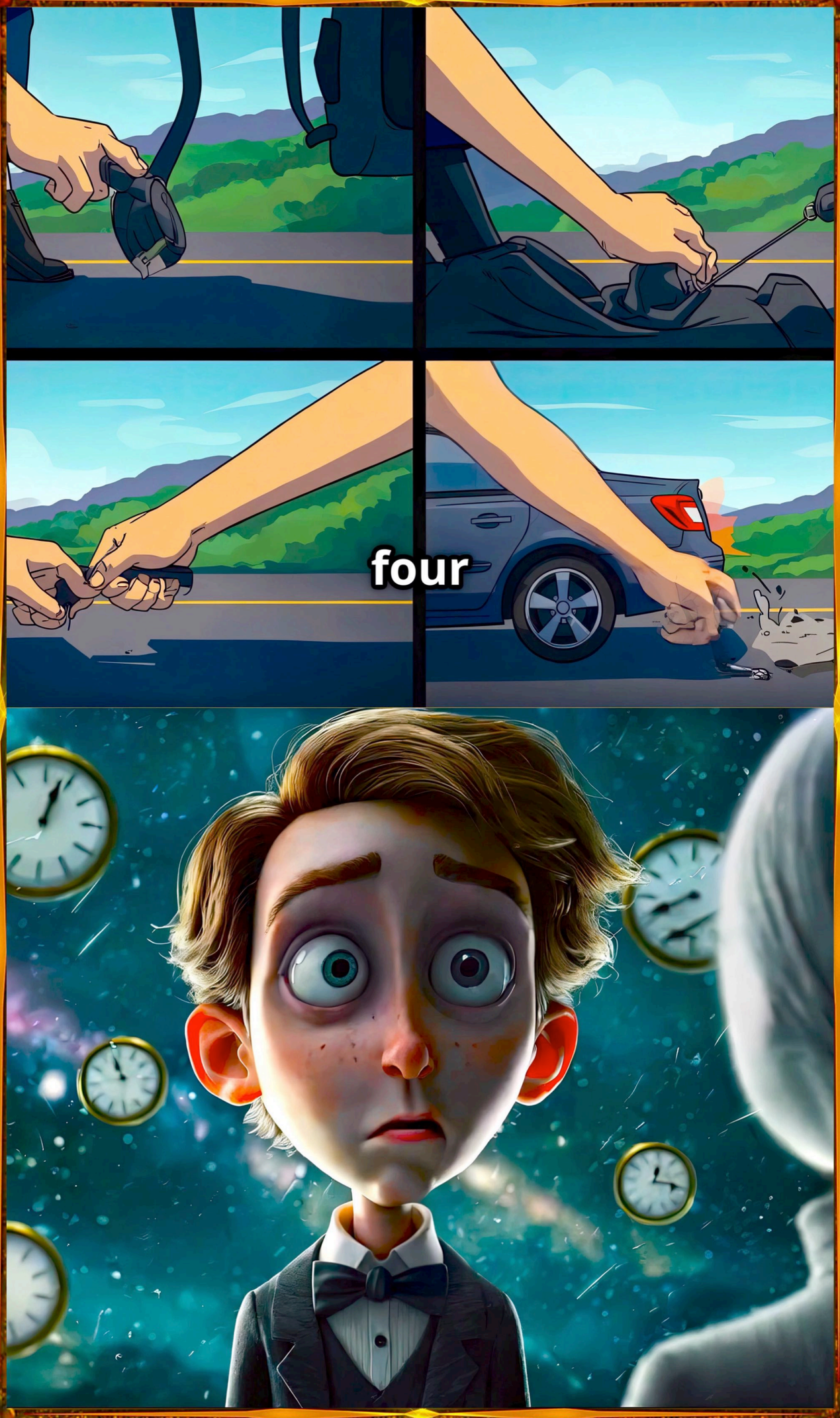
Virginia, Austin's mother, sought to learn
The meaning road signs hold at every turn;
Nobody shared his wisdom of the way:
"Four ways to stop your car you must discern:

The brake, the clutch, emergency's firm grip,
And dragging foot—all four must make you slip
To standstill; STOP A-HEAD means just that thing:
A head blocks passage on your morning trip!




STOP
A-HEAD


WAY
STTOP


four





WATCH CHILDREN warns of romance in the air,
Get rooms, don't linger 'neath the signpost there;
And BIKE PATH leads between the yellow lines
Where cyclists claim the highway's central flair.

When yellow lights appear, just speed ahead—
They'll shift to green as physics' laws have said;
The morons crawl, the idiots race past,
While jaywalks grant the right to join the dead!"

"I don't understand the new road signs," stated Virginia, the only woman on ToeQuest, who is actually Austin's mother. He signed her up so he could try to use her WebTV to get on ToeQuest from Chicago (it didn't work very well). "A 4-WAY-STOP sign means to use the foot brake, then downshift, pull the emergency brake, and drag your foot, as the four ways. STOP A-HEAD says that a head is in the road! WATCH OUT FOR CHILDREN means: Don't hug, fondle, kiss, touch, or sweet-talk beneath the sign, for you may do the conceivable. So, get a room. BIKE PATH: The




light


jaywalks

official path for bikes is between the two yellow lines in the middle of the road. Also remember that if you speed up when you see a yellow light it will never turn red, since its frequency shifts toward green as you near C, the speed of light! Furthermore, morons always drive slower than you and idiots drive faster than you! Finally, jay walkers have the right of death."

Then Nobody unveiled his massive screen,
Eight feet of iPhone glory to be seen;
Through centuries of horsemen did they gaze,
To cavemen's walks where time had never been.

It was time to show the movie again, but larger, so Nobody powered up his 8 foot diagonal iphone. The video showed someone in the 1800's riding a horse, then someone riding a horse in the previous century, and so on back for tens of thousands of years, then hundreds of thousands of years of cavemen walking.






WATCH
CHILREN
CHILDREN

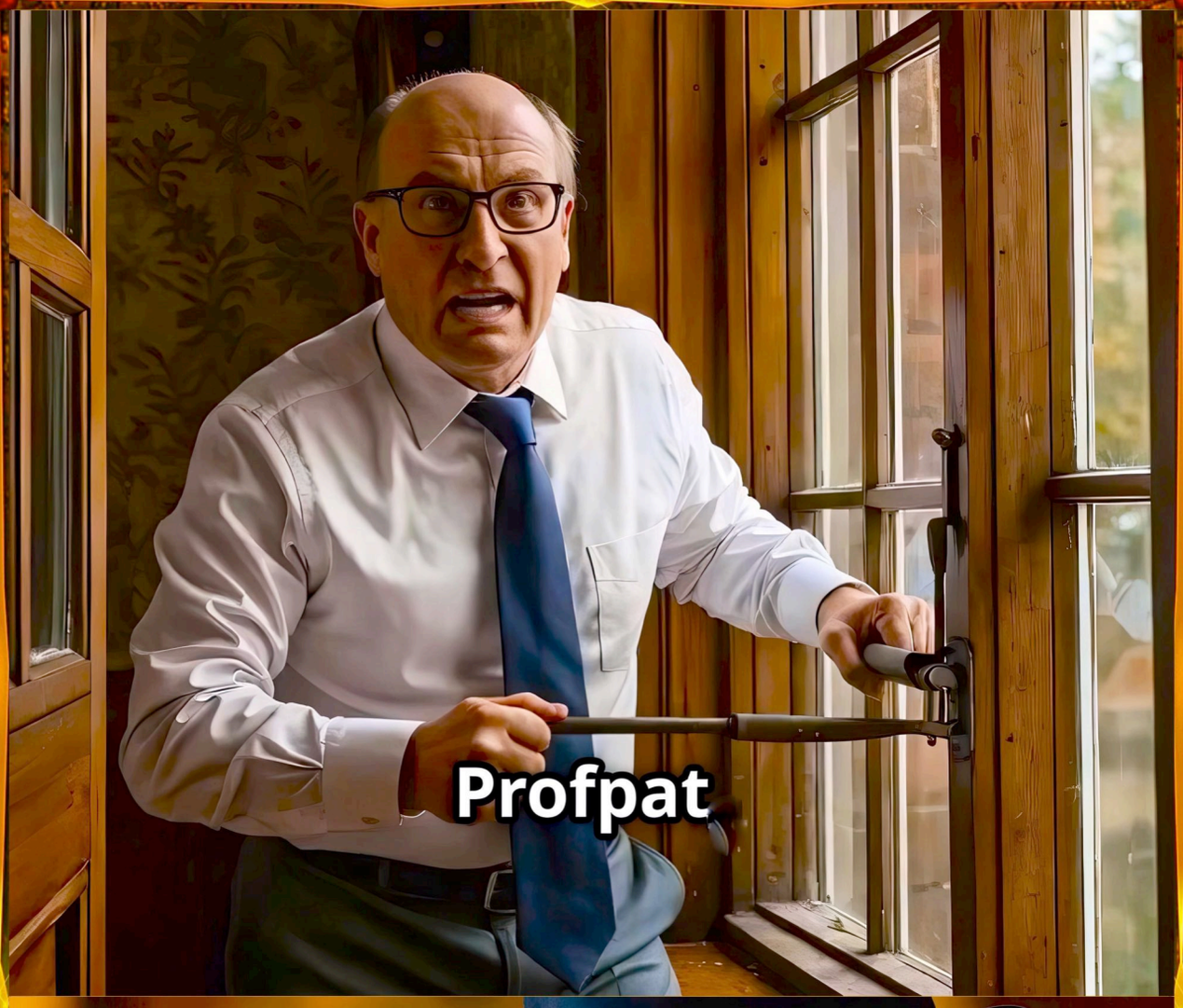
Profpat to ledgers sought his swift escape,
While Fredrick made his calculator gape
At zero's void; and Lincoln scribed address
On envelope's wrong side—historic shape.

Profpat, bored, tried to sneak out the window to go do some exciting accounting. Fredrick tried dividing by zero on his calculator. Abraham Lincoln wrote a historic address on the wrong side of an envelope.

Gray counted spots upon the ceiling high,
As Austin drifted into dreamland's sigh;
Kirk fled to Turkey, Rascal slipped away
To Heaven's realm, the seventh slice of sky.

Graybeard counted the spots on the ceiling and connected the dots into a pleasing image. Austin fell asleep. Mkirk–Patrick went to Turkey before it could be devoured by Hungary. Rascal slipped off into the 7th dimension for a while (the Heavenly realm). MJA said that boredom is not really equal to excitement after all.




Profpat

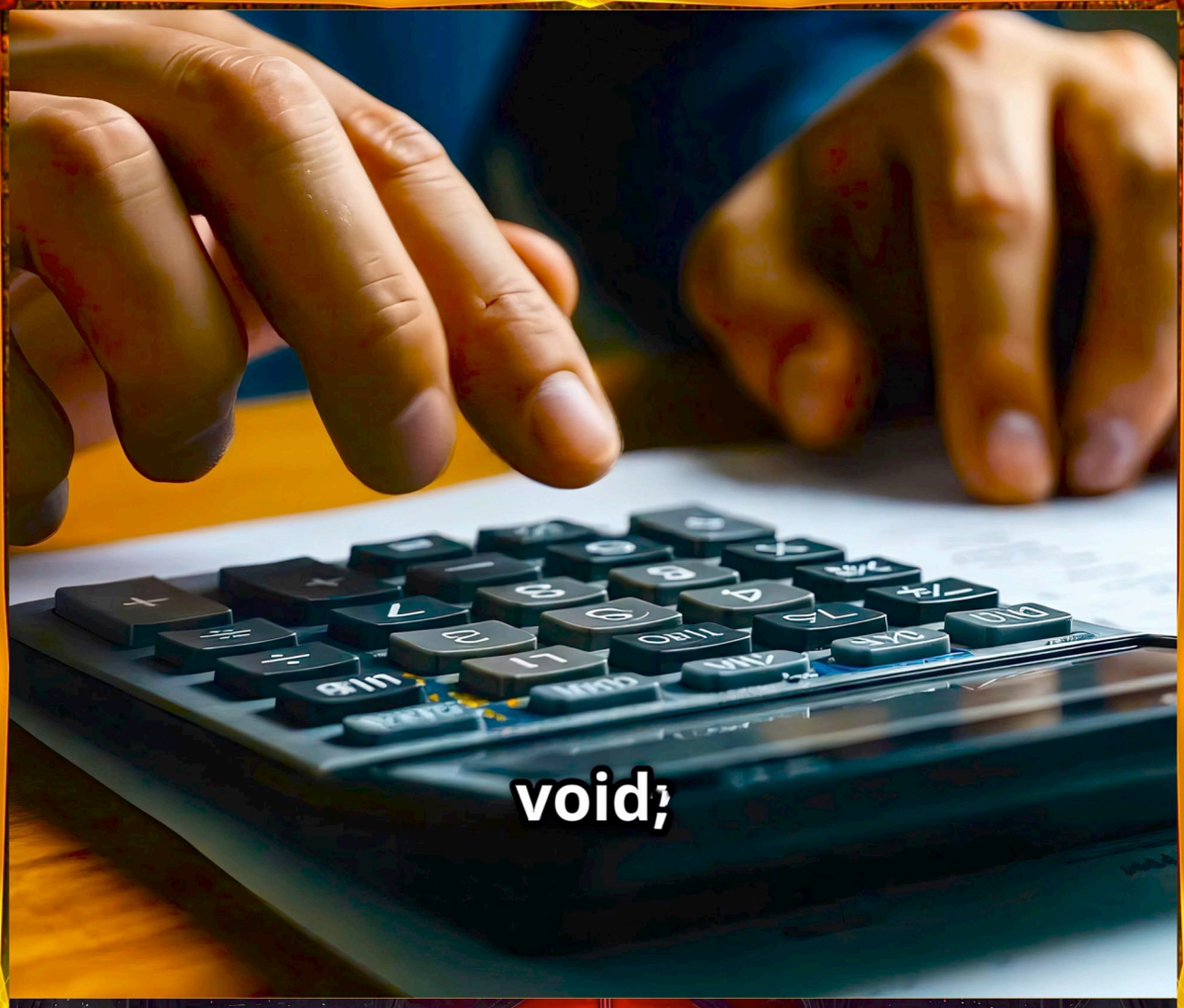

Lincoln






TURKEY


Mkirk–Patrick


void;






BIKE
PATH

“The present age,” said Nobody with pride,
“Holds wonders that no past could provide;
Our DNA we’ll shape to speed our growth,
As evolution’s gates swing open wide.

“The trip wasn’t all that interesting at first,” said Nobody, “as we now live in the most amazing of all time. Soon, we may be able to alter our own DNA and further speed evolution on its way.”

The Bang still echoes in our listening ears,
As human race springs forth through coming years;
Just one percent along perfection’s path,
While science daily new horizons clears.

“We have just heard the Big Bang and have sprung off of the starting line… The human race is on. We are perhaps 1% of the way along to perfection. The possibilities for the finish line are endless, for scientific revelations are entering the fast lane almost daily.”







This royal crown of moments precious-bright
Shines through us all with possibilities' light;
The universe spreads forth its free repast
(How will you count that, Profpat, in your night?)

"Life now is really a royal diadem of momentous gems shining through us all. We live in the best of times, as the universe is truly ours to experience. It is the ultimate free lunch (how do you account for that, Profpat?)."

To ToeQuest give, where Everything unfolds,
All denominations welcome in our holds—
Though fifties, hundreds bring the sweetest joy!"
Then back through time the final scene unrolls:

"Please contribute to ToeQuest, for that's where Everything is happening. We accept all denominations, but we prefer fifties and hundreds."




all


denominations

Through stars dispersing into cosmic dust,
Through matter's dance and gravity's sweet thrust,
Till all resolved to words both bright and clear:
The 'Beginning' showed where all endings must.

Nobody sped up the video of the past and soon everything went back into the stars and then the stars dispersed into dust which went back to form the words "The Beginning", as the film ended.

When hoopla died and watchdogs lost their chase,
(Those crack-pot theorists proved too wild to trace),
Fed-Up delivered parcels to the few—
A note, some pictures, tickets wrapped in lace.

The hoopla over the CMBR trip had died down and the watchdogs had quickly and luckily lost interest, feeling that the ToeQuesters were a bunch of crackpots (crack and pot at the same time?).




THE
BEGINNING


Fed-Up
Fed-Up

ToeQuesters in the know soon received a certified package from Fed-Up (Fed-Ex and UPS had merged), containing a note, some pictures, an airline ticket to Los Angeles, and a DVD. The note read:

“Dear friends,” the vanishing ink seemed to say,
“Read quickly ere these words should fade away;
The jokes were meant to fool the CIA,
Those acronyms that snoop both night and day.

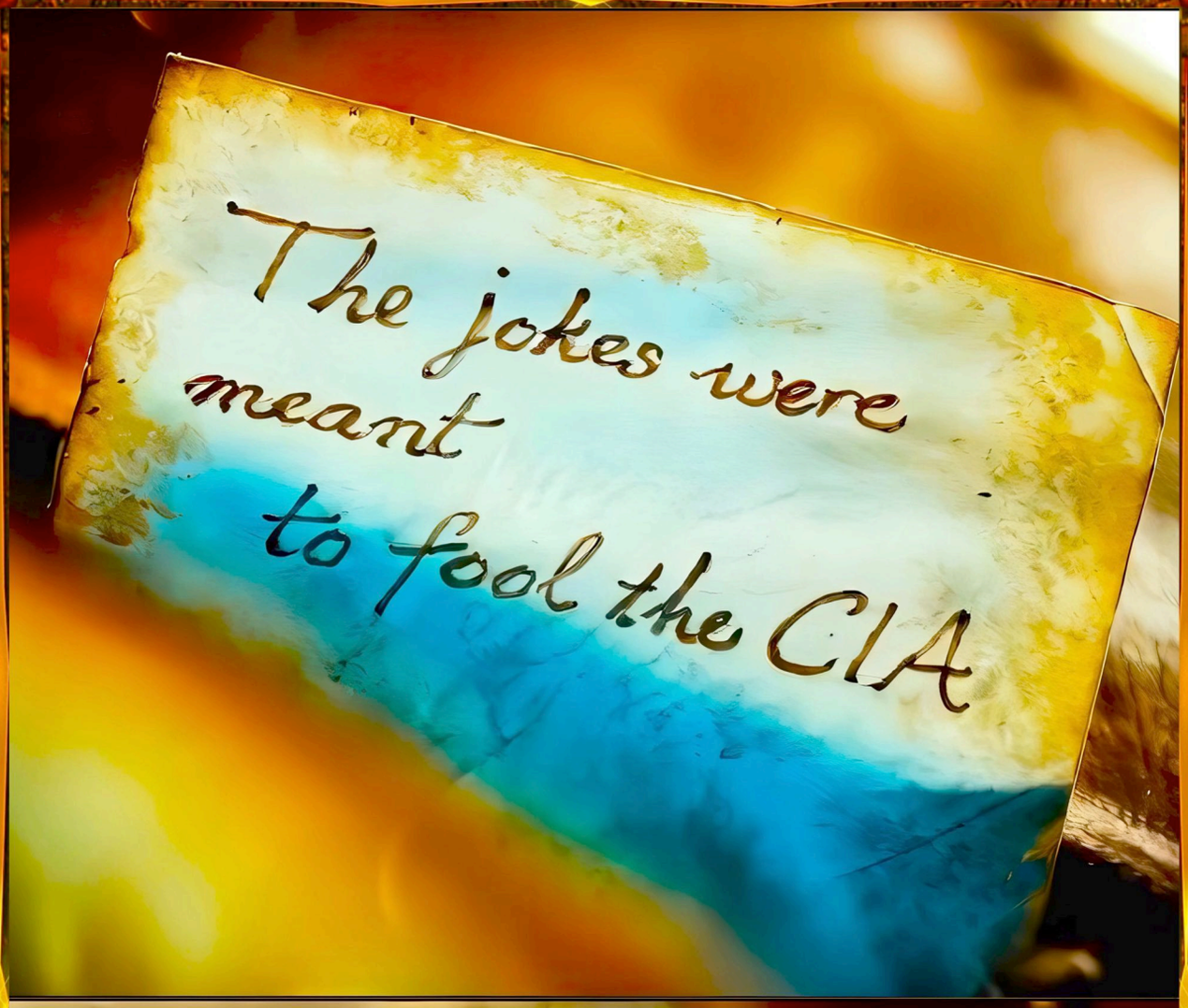
Dear Everyone Involved With My CMBR Trip,

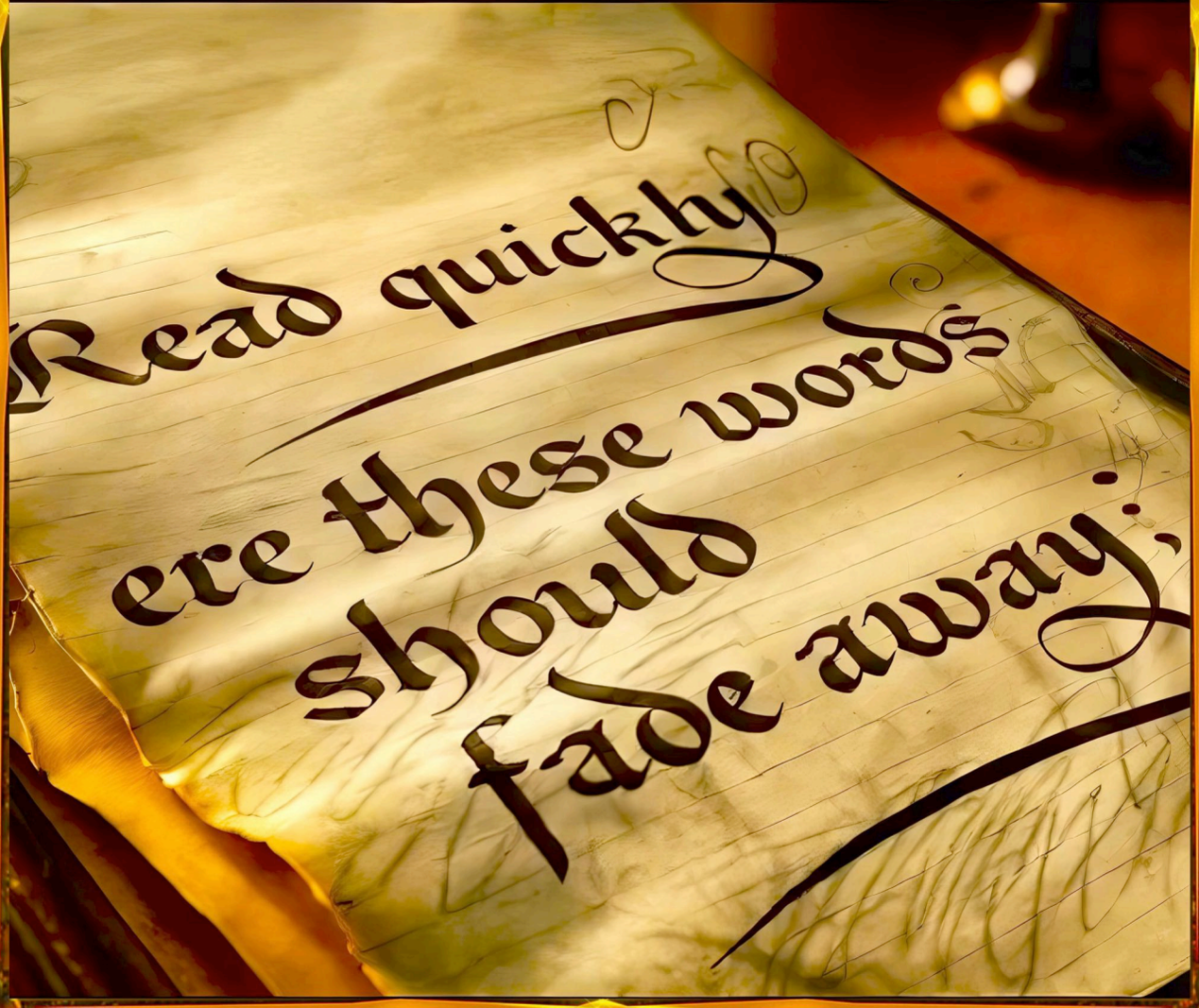
This note is written in disappearing ink (an old check writing trick used by Profpat), so please read immediately. First of all, the topic of our TOE discovery is very serious, so there are no jokes herein; those were just to throw off the CIA and all the other acronyms. I couldn’t reveal everything at our last meeting since there were too many government snoops about.





Dear friends,
The vanishing ink
seemed to say,


The jokes were
meant
to fool the CIA


Read quickly
ere these words
should
fade away.

Your mix of silly questions served us well,
Though which were which, I truly cannot tell;
The movies that you watched with patient eyes
Were false—a shield ‘gainst those who’d make us sell.

I thank you all for mixing in some silly questions with the serious ones, although I’m not sure which were which, and for sitting through the home movies, which I must now tell you were fake.

Dark matter hunters dig through endless night,
Six Empire States below Dakota’s height,
To find one WIMP within their golden mine—
While we hold secrets of far greater might.

Just look at the cutthroat competition over discovering and explaining dark matter, even among reputable scientists. Many are spending millions and using deep mine shafts to avoid cosmic rays in order to try and detect one little measly weakly interacting massive particle (WIMP), the most promising efforts of which are occurring in the defunct




Profpat




cosmic


arts

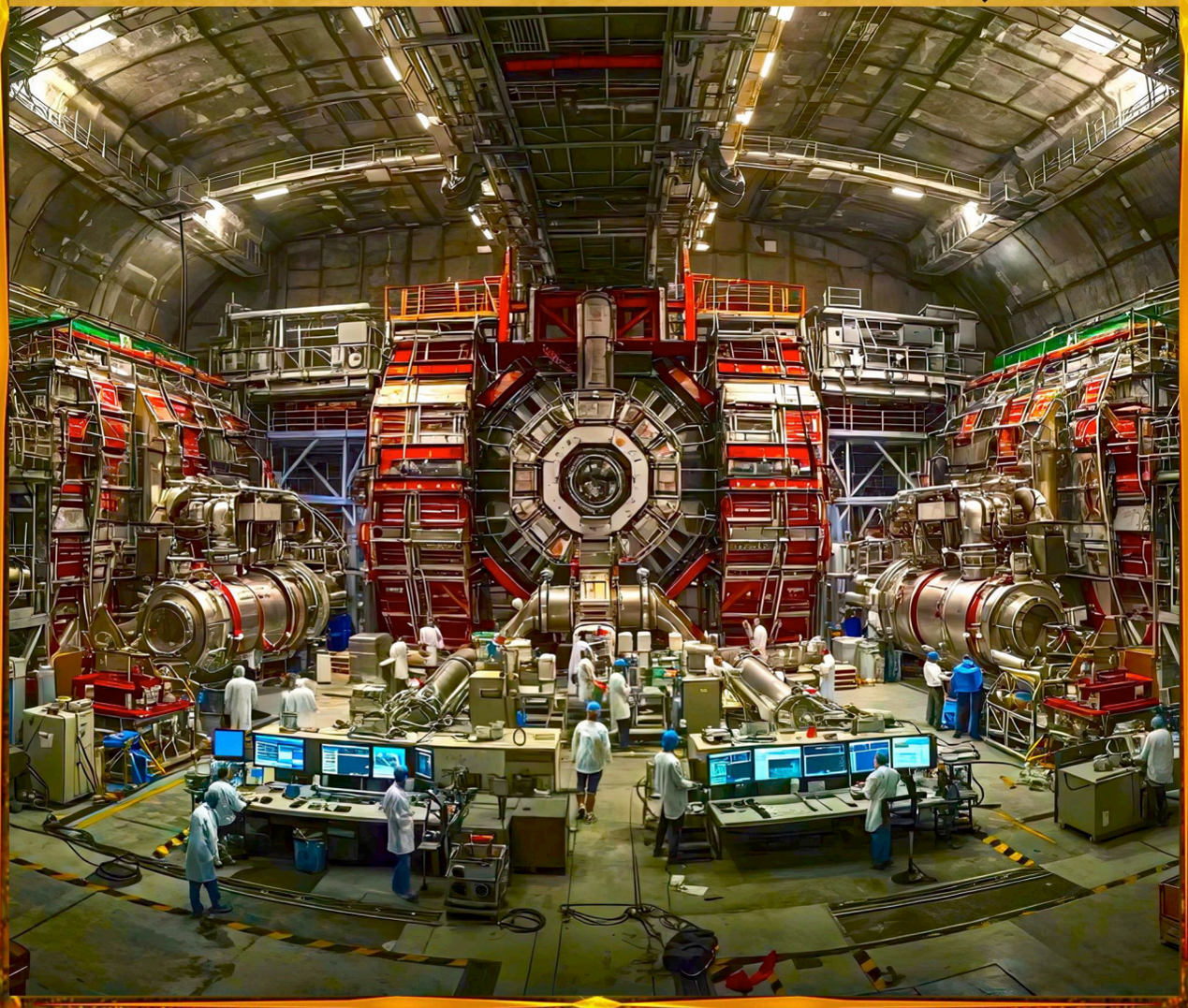
Homestake gold mine in South Dakota, which is deeper than six Empire State Buildings, in which they have built a haystack and are looking for a needle in it.

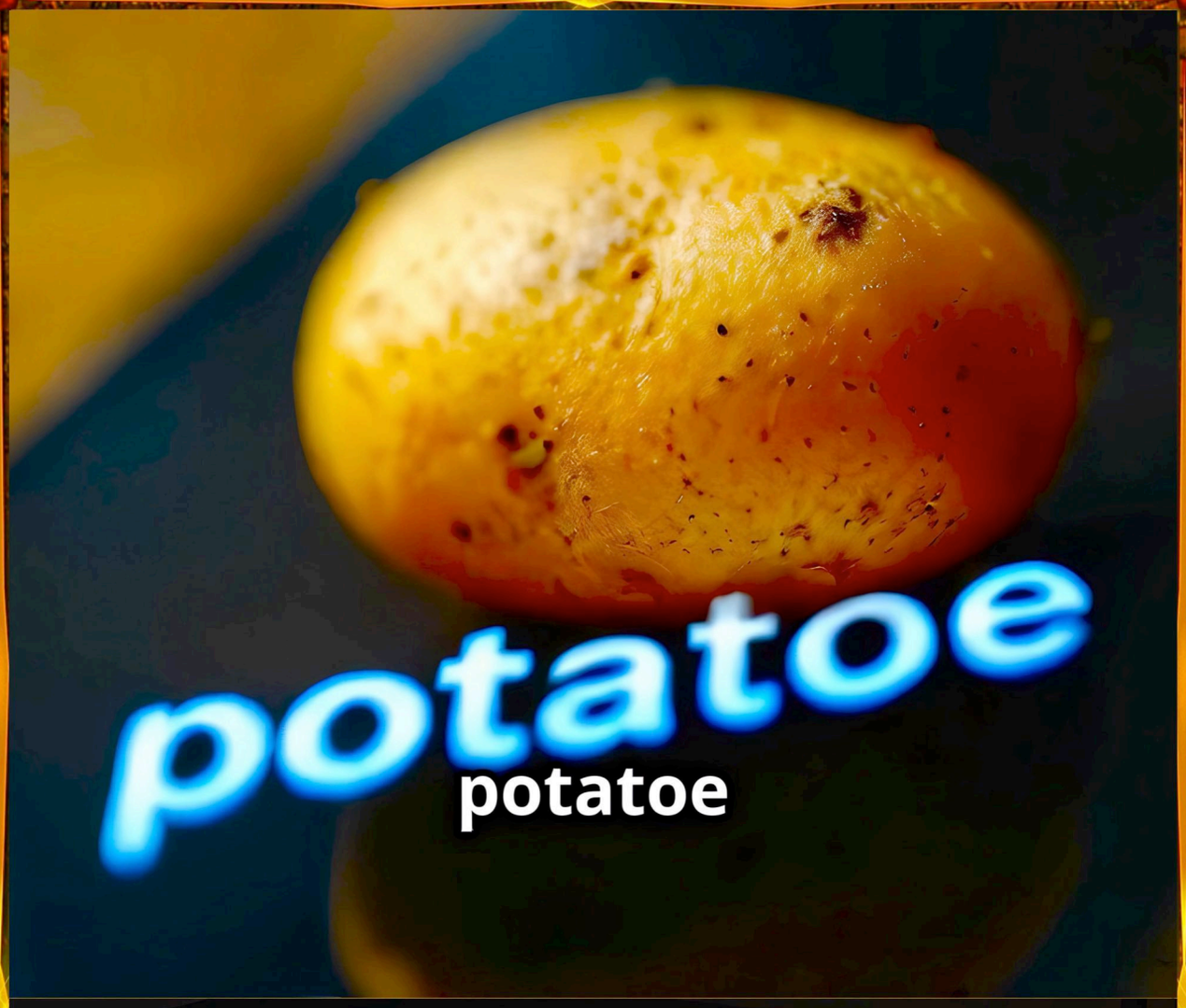
A small potatoe (blame Dan Quayle's pen
For extra 'e' that graced his ink back then)
Is nothing to the cosmic truth we found—
The TOE itself, stripped bare of prefix when

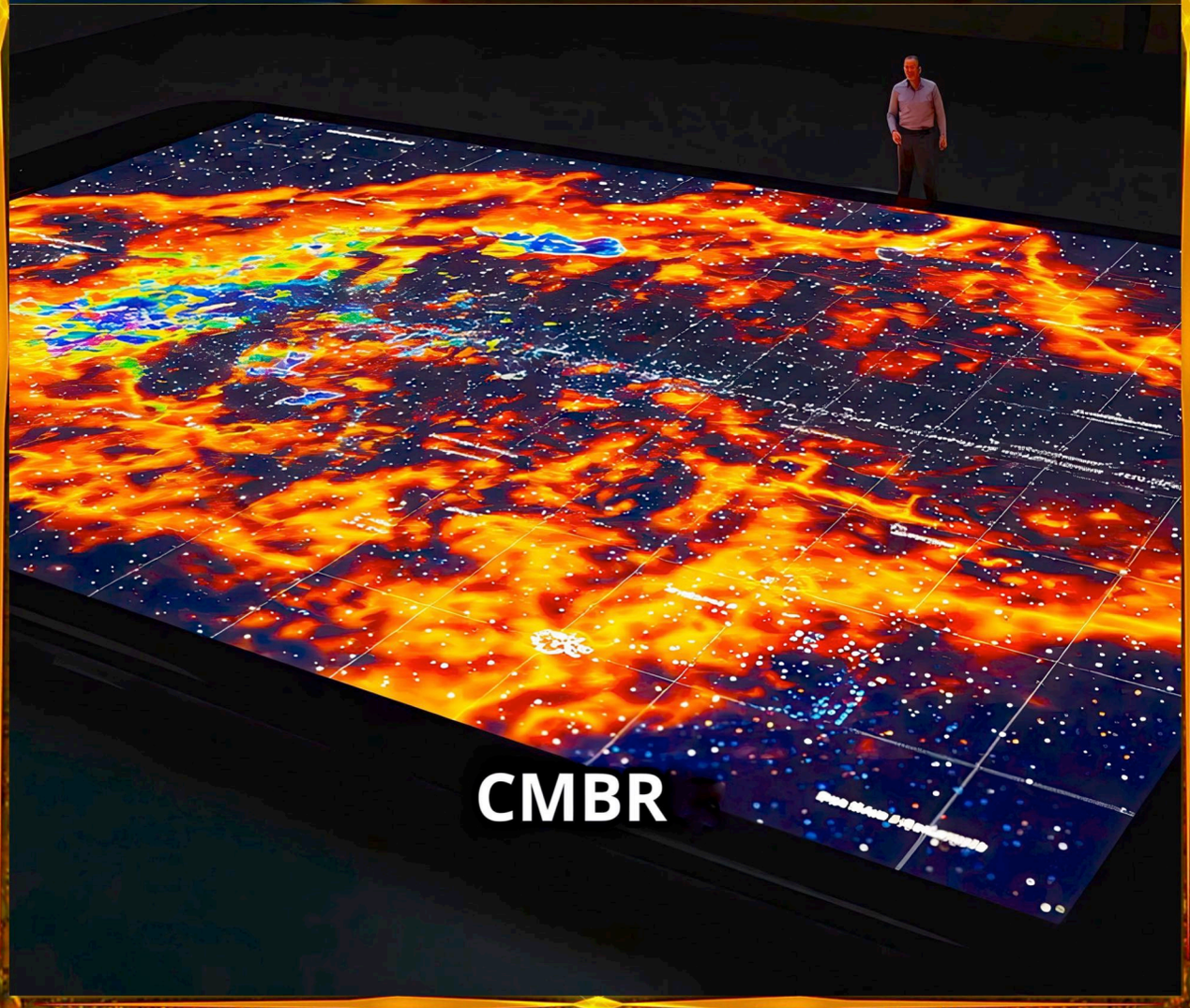
The cosmic background whispered secrets deep,
Far greater than these small fries we might keep;
For in the CMBR's ancient glow
Lie truths that make mere spelling errors sleep.

Let politicians fumble with their words
While we decode the song of cosmic birds;
Our discovery makes spelling quarrels fade
Like morning mist when deeper truth occurs.

The universe cares not for how we spell,
When radiation has such tales to tell;




potatoe
potatoe


CMBR

These small potatoes (spelled however bright)
Pale before the cosmic TOE's great swell.

This is a small potatoe (and small fries) to what we have discovered about the CMBR, the toe itself without the prefix pota-. You can thank Dan Quail for the spelling, not my trip.

The government has searched my history,
But found that I am Nobody, you see;
No past, no present, future all unknown—
A ghost whose very absence sets me free.

So, anyway, the attention is off of us for now, and we have a clear channel; however, the government did a routine background check on me and discovered that I don't exist, for I am Nobody. My past has no history and my future is a mystery. Nor do I have a presence in the present. They are as hot on my case as they would be for illegal aliens and so they have given me a past imperfect and so have made my future tense.







Upon a mountain summit, far from sight,
Where tents and microwaves make welcome light,
We'll gather soon to share the truth at last,
The real film of our cosmic oversight.

Therefore, I have taken refuge in a certain uncharted mountain top retreat, where we will gather in a month or so to discuss the contents of the true CMBR home movie tape that I've sent you all with your plane tickets.

Use real names as you journey toward our goal,
For ToeQuest handles might reveal our role;
Remember 'Nowhere Man' upon the screen—
Their surveillance could take its fearsome toll.

Do not use your ToeQuest nickname while traveling, but employ your real name, if you can remember it, so that the spies will not catch on. I don't know if you've ever watched the TV series, 'Nowhere Man', the greatest show ever made, but there are organizations out there, government and otherwise, that have super surveillance equipment, hence







our remote and unknown meeting spot, which by the way, is still intact (it was a TOE research center back in the 70's), with the addition of a few more tents and a CMBR-powered microwave oven.

Our funding flows from Profpat's clever scheme:
Each government account provides a stream
Of pennies, day by day, to fund our needs—
Accounting's thrill exceeds his wildest dream!

All incidental, intentional, and exceptional expenses will be reimbursed, because Profpat happened to take note of many government account numbers and passwords. He will be taking a penny (and any fractions thereof) out of each government account on a daily basis to fund our endeavors. This should not arouse any bankers unless a pretty woman is nearby. Who would have ever thought that accounting could be so useful and exciting!

His vanishing ink tricks deserve their tale:
When clients brought their pens, they'd surely fail;



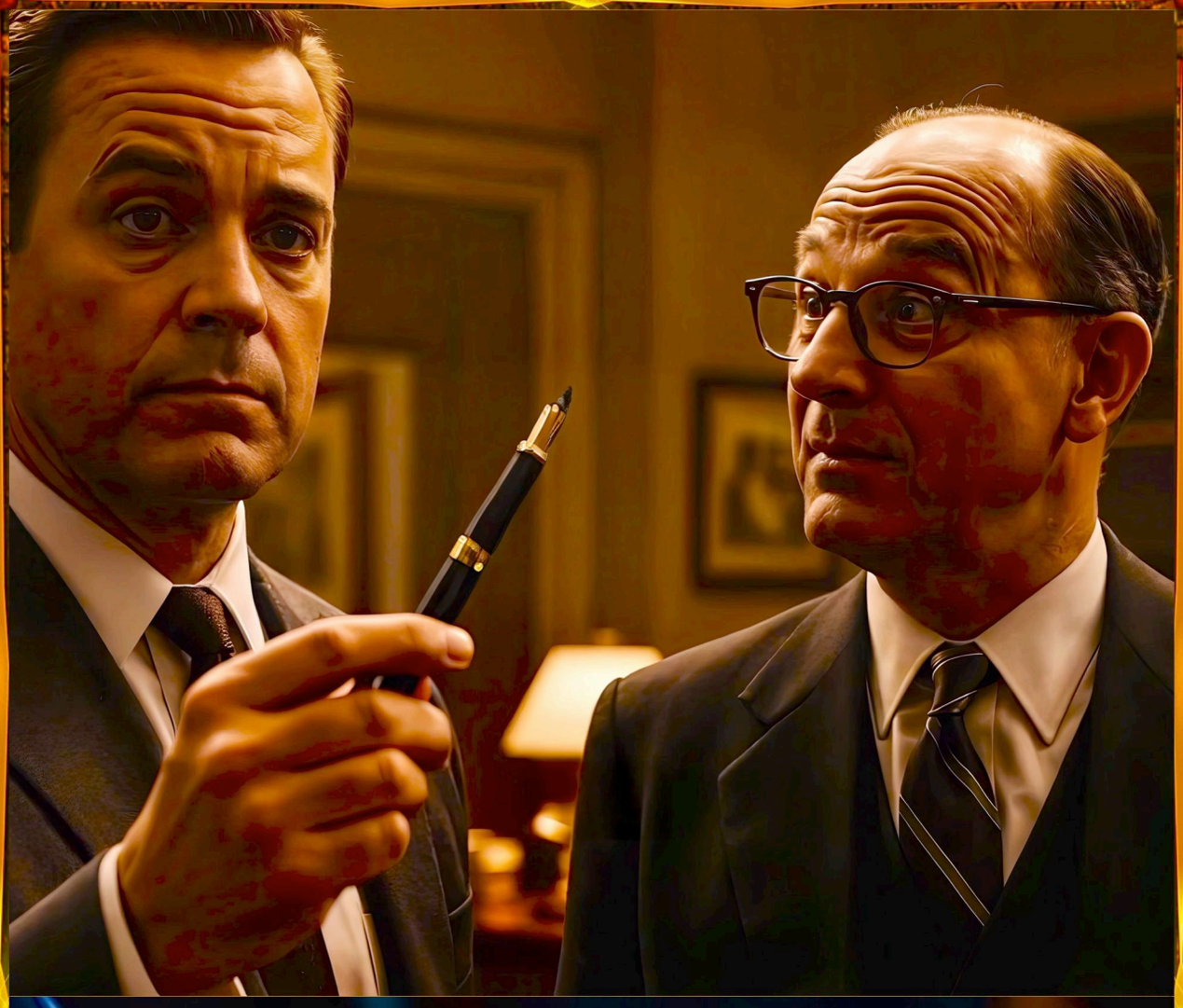
For VOID appeared in time upon their checks,
Like Ocean's team, our craft shall yet prevail.

That reminds me of a Profpat story: Upon receiving a useless check made with his vanishing ink, a big client insisted that Profpat write a new check with their own pen that they had brought along to outwit the Prof's trickery; however, Prof saw them arriving and quickly wrote VOID on on blank with latent ink, an ink which would materialize on the check within a short while. Our team is starting to rival the one in the 'Ocean's 13' movie and Brad Pitt has joined us to get away from his marriages.

At LAX a hairless guide you'll meet,
Avoid their feast of parsley, though it's sweet;
Then motorcycles climb in lowest gear—
Wear tropical attire against the heat.

At L.A., you will be whisked to a special charter jet that will take you to your final destination. After you land, a Hari-Krishna will give you a map at the airport. Look for the one






VOID







with no hair; no, never mind; s/he will recognize you. Do not attend the feast that they will offer you, since it is just but a few sprigs of parsley. Although I cannot tell you where we are meeting, you will all have to rent motorcycles and endure an uphill climb up a mountain in first gear. Wear old shoes, a colorful tropical shirt, and some weird shorts, and try to act normal: to thy own selves please do not be true.

For ninja training must prepare us all,
Before the governments should heed our call;
The TOE we've found must stay secure and safe,
Till we convene behind our mountain wall.

Unsigned, this missive bears Nobody's hand,
Questions post on ToeQuest's distant strand;
The truth of cosmos waits within our grasp—
If only we can meet as we have planned.

Now, the inevitable is that all governments of the world will accidentally wise up and realize that we have the TOE and

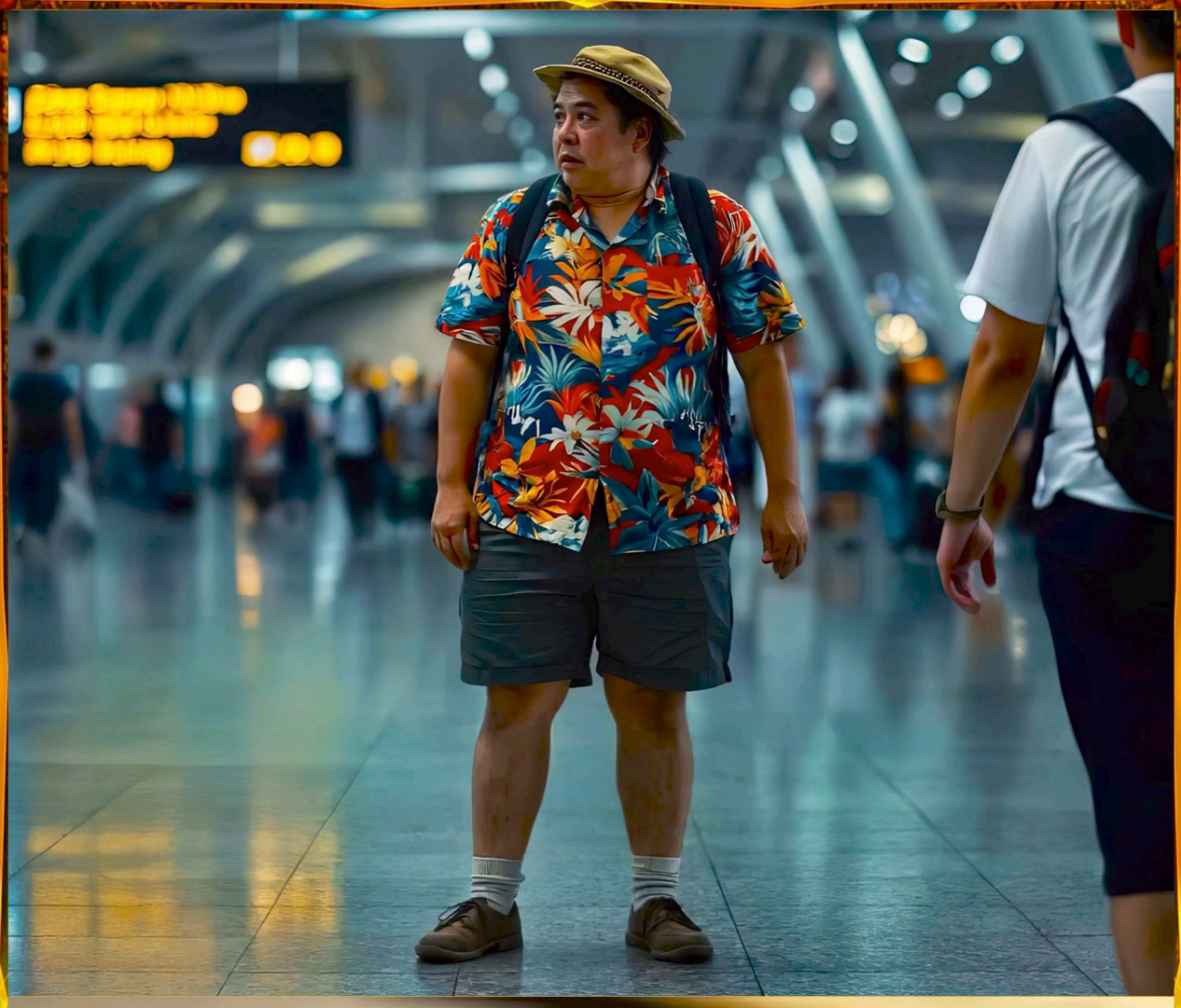


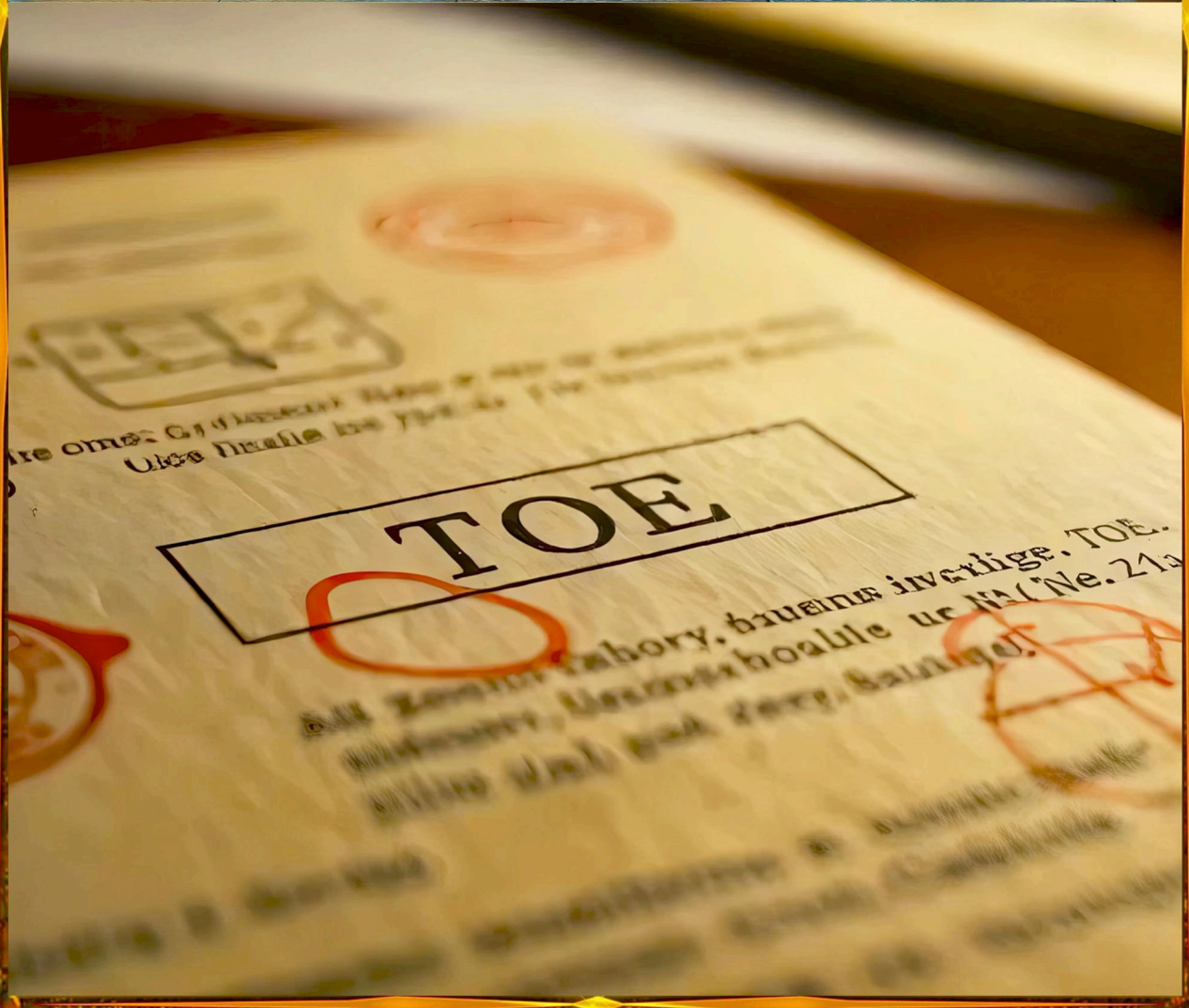











TOE

so I am sending you all to your local ninja training school for a week of instruction before your 'vacation'.

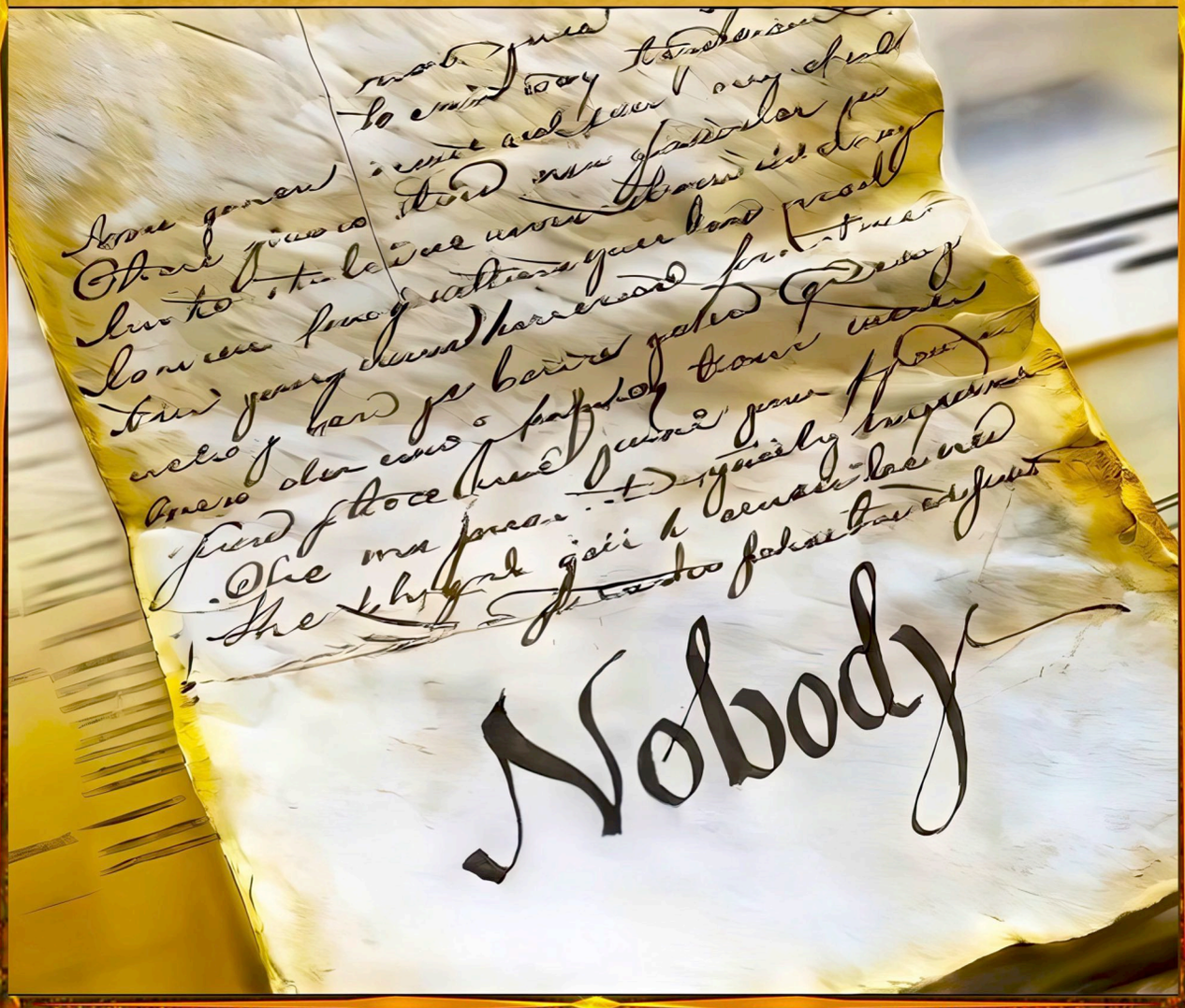
unsigned,
nobody

P.S. Post any questions about the expedition on ToeQuest…

"Should Lincoln to his time now homeward go?"
Kirk asked, but Nobody was quick to show:
"He's honest politics' last standing man—
Let's pit him 'gainst fair Hillary's campaign flow!"

"Shouldn't we return Abraham Lincoln to his own time?" posted Mkirkpatrick.
"Not so fast; we're thinking of running him against Hillary Clinton, for he's now the only honest politician on Earth."

"My Theory shirt proclaims that Thing is One:
Just Energy!" Kirk spoke, his words to run.
"My nothing's no-thing," Nobody replied,
While Austin claimed that food was all he'd done.




ToEQuest

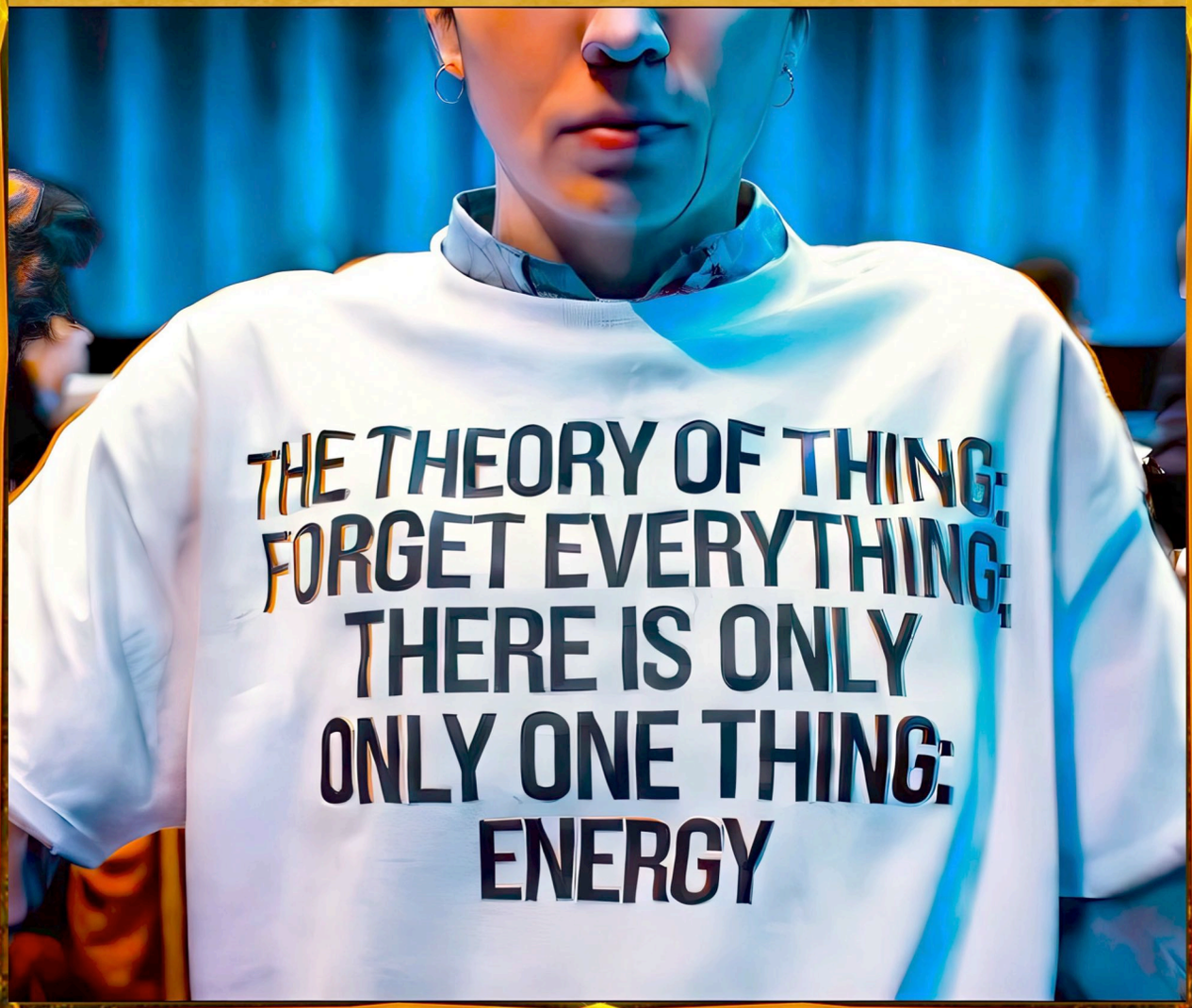

THE THEORY
OF THING:
FORGET EVERYTHING; THERE
THERE IS ONLY ONE THING.:
ENERGY

“Can I wear my new T-shirt about ‘The Theory of Thing’ that says ‘Forget Everything; There is Only One Thing: Energy’?” added Mkirkpatrick.
“That’s fine, but my none thing is no-thing.”
“Mine is food,” said Austin to Mkirkpatrick.

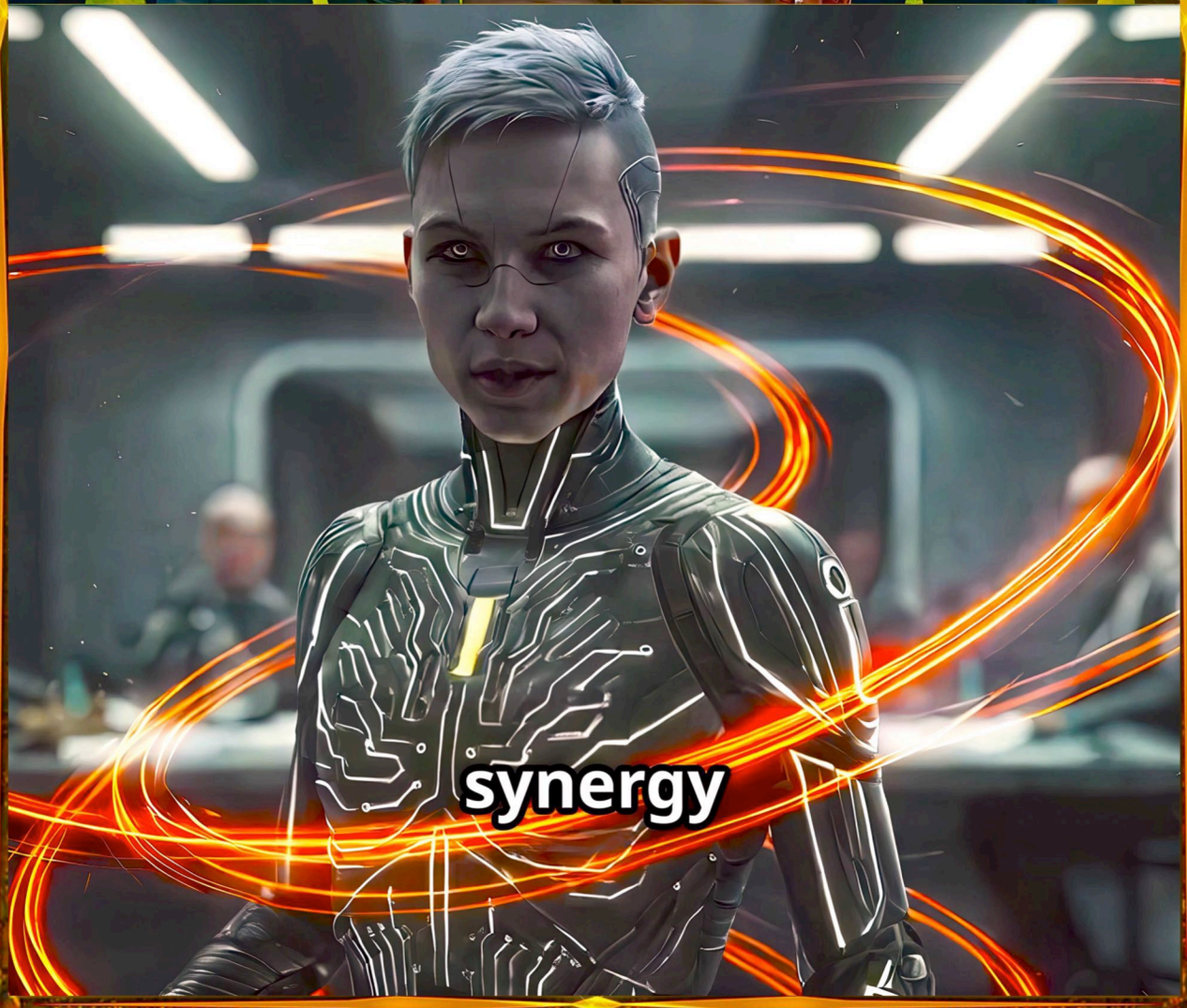
“Two parallel lines make my one thing true,”
Said MJA, as questions further grew;
Kirk asked of chairs made pure of energy,
“I sought a bigger part!” he then broke through.

“My one thing is two parallel lines,” said MJA.
“Can I bring my lounge chair that is made of energy?” asked Mkirkpatrick.
“Yes, but why do you have so many questions?”
“I asked Austin for a bigger part,” Michael answered.

“That energy you seek,” Profpat declared,
“I sit upon!” while Graybeard’s wisdom shared:
“Don’t let it slip away!” Nobody spoke:
“Our synergy will power all we’ve dared.”






synergy

“Michael Kirkpatrick,” said Profpat, “I’ve been looking all over for that energy and here I am sitting on it!”
“Well, try not to let any escape,” said Graybeard.
“OK guys,” said Nobody, “Our synergy will produce all the energy we need.”

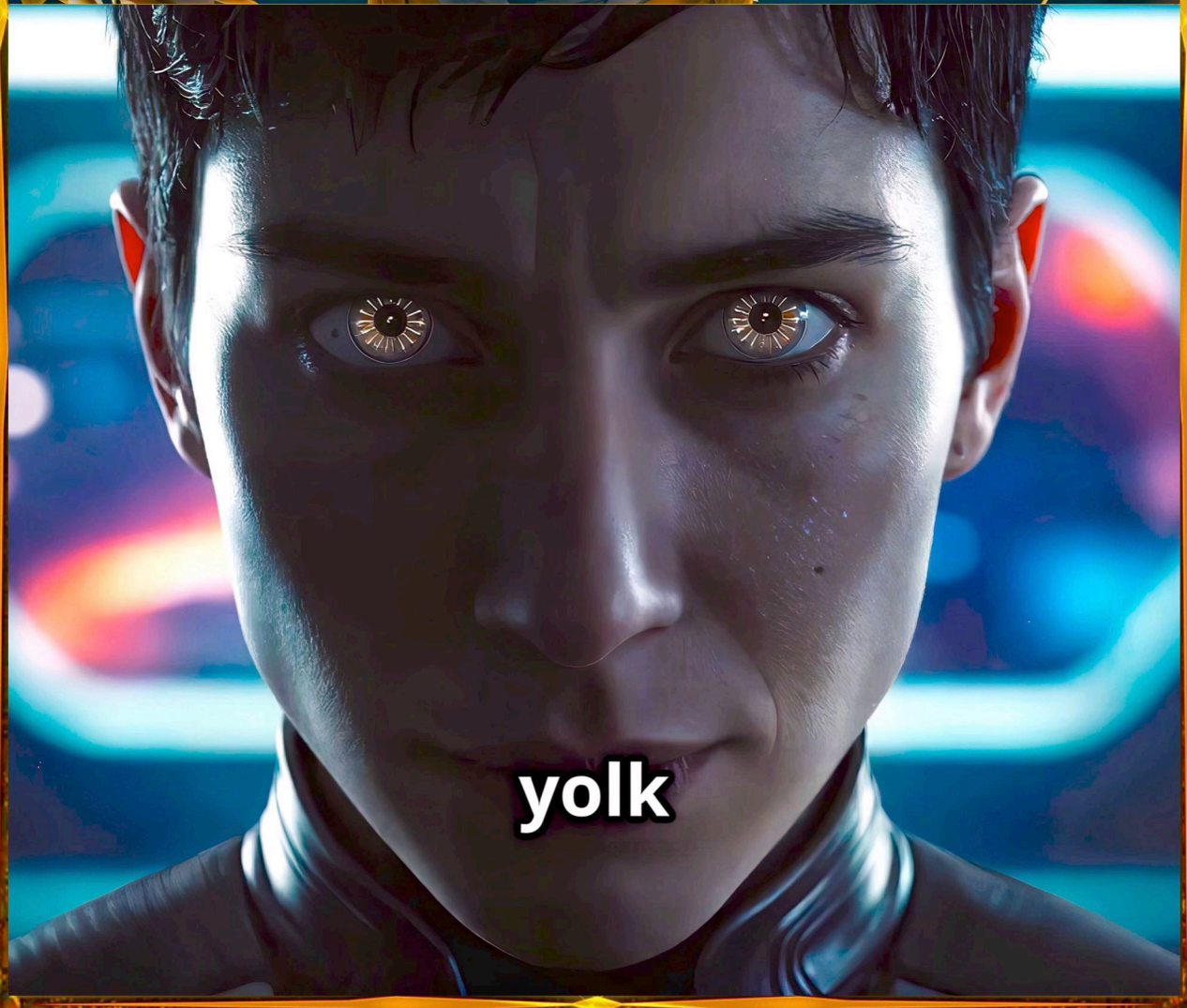
“Where lies the punch line?” Michael dared to ask;
“Reality’s protection is our task—
No funeral of fun,” Nobody said,
Though ChickenMan’s egg jokes broke through the mask.

“Where’s the punch line?” asked Mkirkpatrick.
“The protection of the secret of reality is a serious undertaking, not a fun-eral,” answered Nobody. “Remember, the jokes are over.”
“What about egg jokes?” asked ChickenMan.
“The yolk is on you!”

“Of voids,” asked Fredrick, “where might they reside?”
“Nature abhors them,” Nobody replied,
“Save Profpat’s checks, which void themselves with time—




ChickenMan's


yolk

That much remains completely justified."

"Is there a void anywhere?" asked Fredrick.
"I would avoid a void like the plague since Nature abhors a vacuum and since no void has coughed up or voided anything but a whole lot of goose eggs."
"What about the void that Profpat wrote on a check?" continued Fredrick.
"That was unavoidable."

"How shall I ride," asked Rascal, "without fall?"
"Gyroscopic wheels shall guard you through it all."
"But I'm Australian!" Graybeard did exclaim;
"My sympathies," came Nobody's dry call.

"How do I ride a motorcycle without falling over?" asked Rascal.
"I will give you one with gyroscopes front and back that look like wheels"
"But I live in Australia!" exclaimed Graybeard.
"My condolences."




Australia!

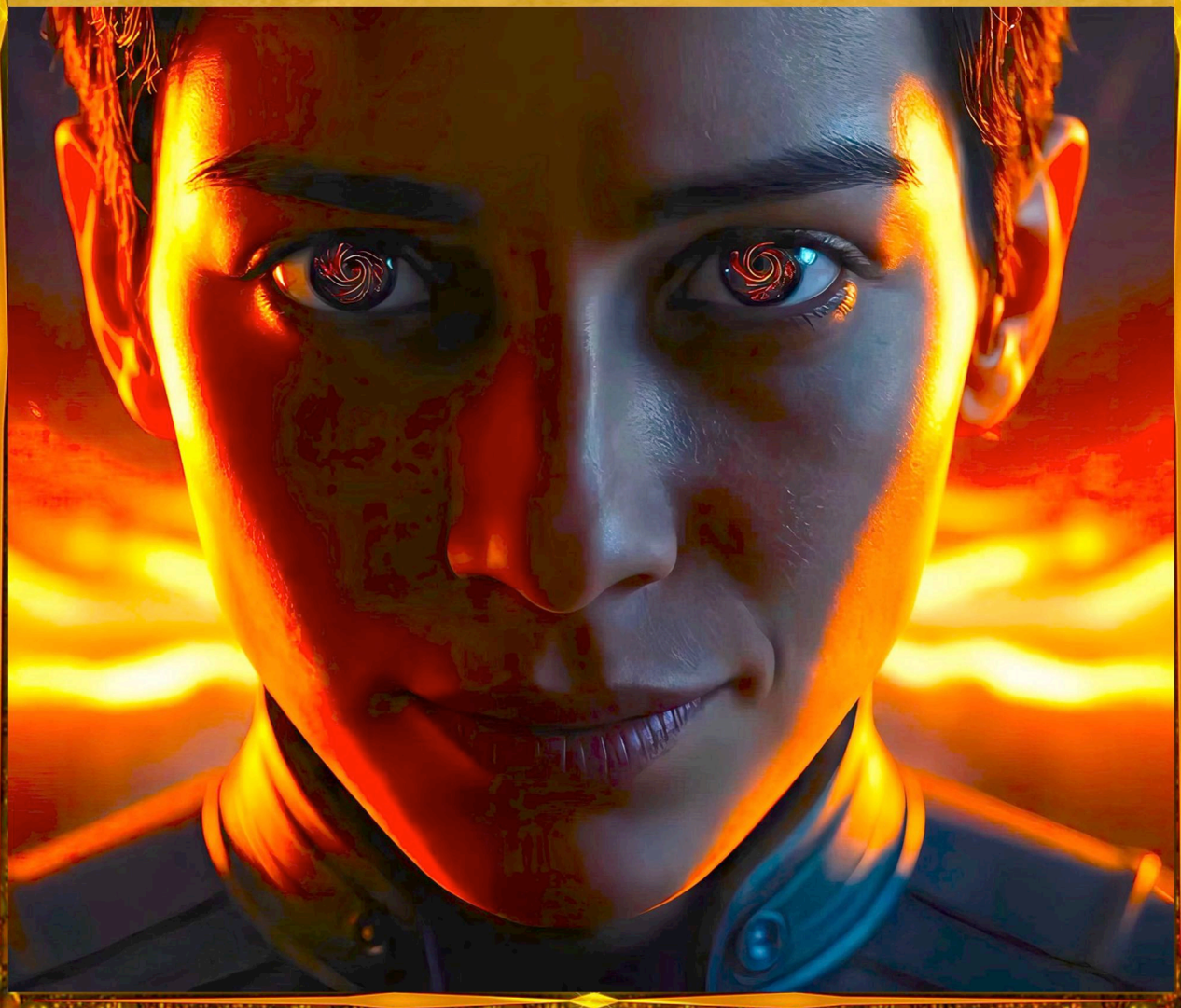

condolences.

“Is Austin’s mountain hideaway our place?”
Asked Rascal, probing secrets face to face;
“No,” came reply, then: “Is that truth unveiled?”
“I ain’t not lying,” Nobody showed grace.

“Is this secret meeting place anything to do with Austin’s mountain top hideaway?” questioned Rascal.
“No.”
“Is your answer an untruth,” added Rascal, “for security purposes?”
“I ain’t not lying about nothing no way, no how, or nothing exists,” unanswered Nobody.

“Meanwhile,” he added, “lunch flows freely here,
For Profpat’s wisdom-trading scheme is clear:
A penny for their thoughts he gladly pays,
Then keeps the change when two cents’ worth appears!”

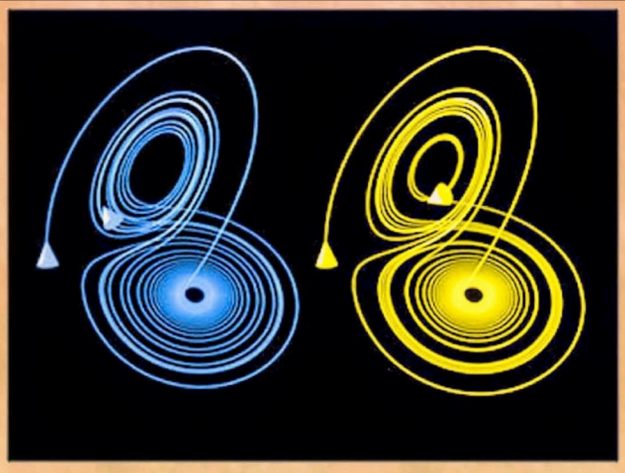
“Meanwhile,” added Nobody, “we’re serving free lunches for everyone and giving away a lot of other stuff, for Profpat



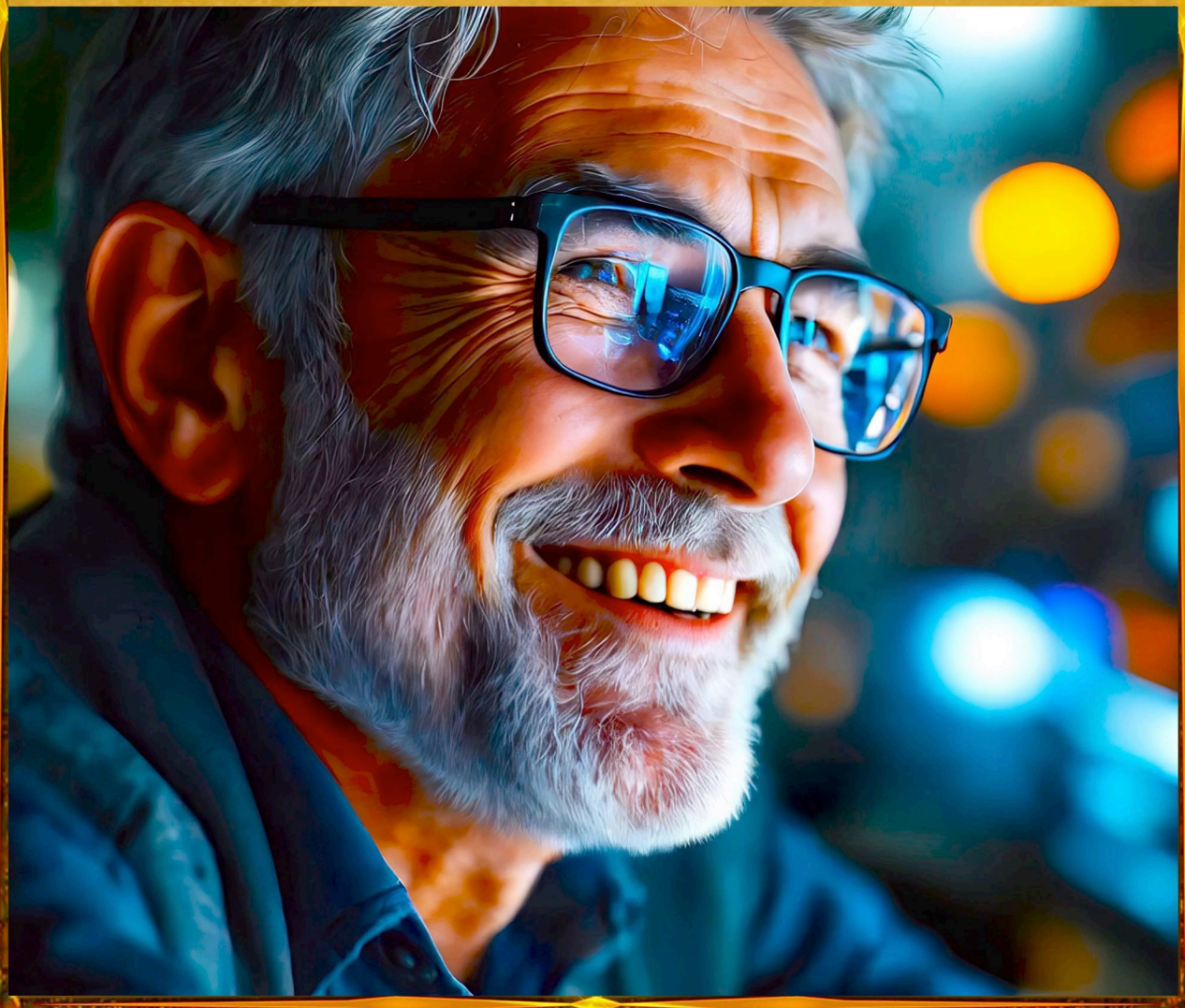




has been giving people a penny for their thoughts and then keeping the change when they put in their two cents worth."



(These figures show two segments of the three-dimensional evolution of two trajectories (one in blue, the other in yellow) for the same period of time in the Lorenz attractor starting at two initial points that differ only by 10-5 in the x-coordinate.)





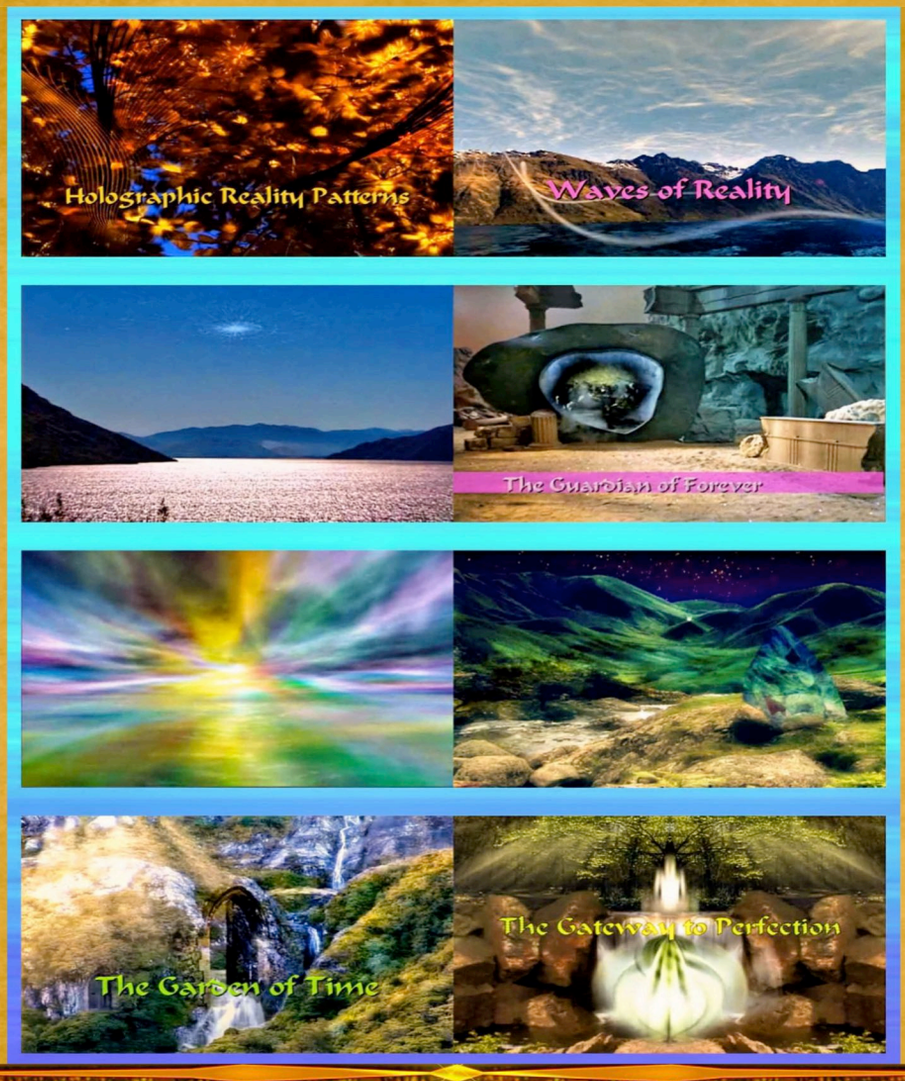


The Eternal knows no point where it begins,
No gateway through which any design slips in;
Thus must it be the All-in-All that flows
As line by line or where all lines are twins.

What has no start must stretch through every way,
Through linear paths where moments mark their sway,
Or simultaneous in timeless dance—
For how else could the Boundless choose to play?

When entry points are nowhere to be found,
All possibilities must there abound:
As flowing stream, the instant's flash of light,
The sequence, or the circle's endless round.

Without a threshold where its being starts,
The Eternal must embrace all cosmic parts—
As time's long river flowing ever on,
Or instant's unity where difference parts.



Imagine Form as boundless ocean deep,
Where all potential does its secrets keep;
Our measured world, a single droplet drawn
From depths where countless possibilities sleep.

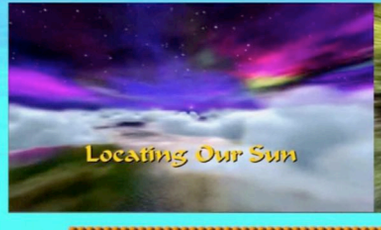
This scrutinized reality we know
Is but one pattern that the Forms bestow—
A crystal lifted from infinite seas
Of what could be, what might yet come to flow.

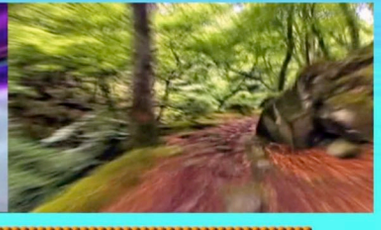
The abyss of Forms holds every dream untold,
Each possible shape that matter might unfold;
While we perceive one manifestation clear,
The endless pool holds mysteries yet to mold.

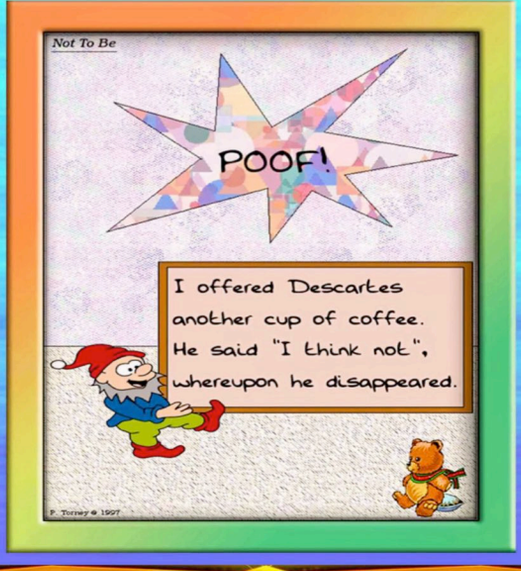
From vastness of the possible sublime,
We dredge one moment's substance out of time;
Yet still beneath our certainties there swirls
The infinite from which all forms may climb.


















CMBR
HOME MOVIE

Fright Ride

At midnight rang the cryptic calls to all:
“Your skills we’ll hone, though you know much withal;
First test: a journey through the darkened night—
Practice with cats before you heed our call.”

The prospective operatives received after-midnight calls, stating:

It will be a pleasure to instruct potential agents so well conditioned and already knowledgeable in so many fields; we will merely hone a few of your reflexes that may have become dulled. Training begins with a challenging journey to our nearest center. Meanwhile, you might practice walking around in the dark with a cat.

Each received more individual and specific instructions, along with a suggested route.




calls,



To Rascal came specific orders clear:
“By bicycle through country roads you’ll steer,
No lights allowed through forests deep and dark,
While blinding headlamps test your cycling fear.”

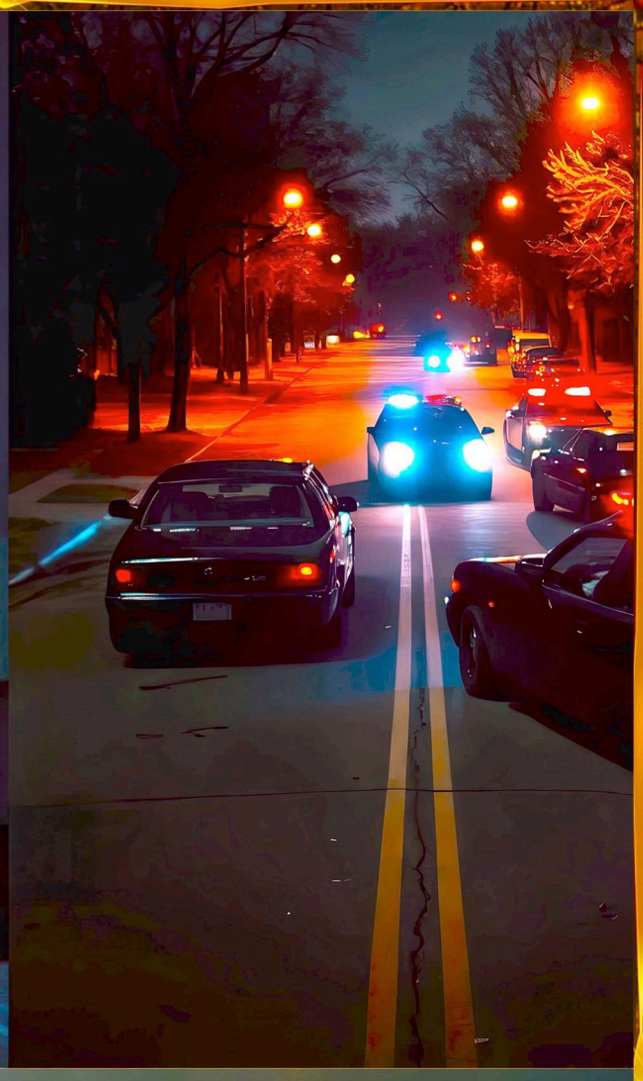
Rascal’s instructions read:

You will need to ride a bike rather soon along the dark country roads with many dips and hills, twists and turns, from your home to our facility. No lights are allowed. You should consider beforehand what you will do about any blinding headlights coming at you and how you will navigate the pitch dark areas of roads when you pass through dense forests. A cold diet coke with vitamins awaits you. Good luck. This is not a drill, for there are those who have just recently become aware of your many talents.

Six black sedans pulled swift before his gate
As Rascal worked on cosmos’ expanding state;
He fled so fast his image lingered still,
While agents breached his door—already late.









Rascal made his preparations and then finished some work on the expanding universe. Out the window he could see six FBI-looking black sedans pulling up very quickly. He grabbed a water bottle and raced out the back door so fast that a faint image of himself was left standing in the house. He hopped on his bicycle and was off and away while the Feds broke down the front door which was already unlocked.

Through moonless night he pedaled swift and strong,
In fifteenth gear down slopes he flew along;
Then crawling up in first gear's lowest pace,
He paused to drink, both right and wrong.

The bike ride was going to be a lot worse than he had thought, for there was no moon. Rascal reached 15th gear on a down slope and only downshifted when it became harder to pedal, of course, finally just inching along in first gear upon a steep up-slope, where he stopped to survey the scene and have a sip of H2O.






FBI
FBI
breached

“The price of knowing Everything,” he mused,
As yin and yang within his heart diffused;
Both elevated by their cosmic finds,
Yet hunted now by powers they’d refused.

I knew this would happen when we discovered the workings of Everything, feeling both elated and deflated in a sort of yin/yang balance.

When headlights blazed against his cycling path,
One eye he closed to save night vision’s wrath;
The other blinded, then quick-switched to see
The mailbox looming on destruction’s swath.

Rascal was soon off again and sailing along when a car with bright lights approached him from the opposite direction. Rascal closed his right eye just before his left was blinded by the lights, then quickly opened his right eye after the car had passed. *Whew, that was close,* he thought, *after swiftly correcting out of the way of a mailbox.*







Through forest dense where darkness absolute
Denied all sight to guide his desperate route,
He found the roadside's white line far below—
A ghostly guide through night's pursuit.

He next rode on a road through a densely forested area and could see virtually nothing at all, but he didn't panic, and quickly gazed downward at the white line at the side of the lane for guidance, but it was really rather scary.

More fearsome than a theater's dark surprise
(Where larger ladies might unseen arise),
He followed that pale thread through blackest night,
For DNA's deep truth before him lies.

It was much worse than walking into a dark movie theater and sitting down on a fat lady. *Anything for the DNA information,* he thought.

Ahead the trees flashed warning's dancing light
Of pursuers hidden from his sight;



He dove to shelter in a roadside ditch
As sedans thundered through the racing night.

He noted some flickering lights bouncing off the trees ahead, meaning that they were coming from way behind him, knowing this without even having to look back, for this is how it is riding at night, and so he pulled over into a ditch behind some bushes, and watched six black sedans pass by at about 90 miles an hour. *Holy mother of all reality,* he exclaimed softly.

In seventy-ninth gear he flew once more,
As truck lights loomed his swift retreat to score;
Like gluon bound, he threaded white line's path,
Then drafted upward toward wind's higher door.

Rascal checked his map and was off again, in 79th gear, going so fast that he didn't care to stop for a large truck coming up behind him, and couldn't anyway, so he hugged the side of the road and threaded the white lane marker, sticking to it like a gluon as the truck swept alongside,



then quickly swerved towards the rear of the truck and drafted behind it uphill, defying gravity at its own game in losing it to the wind.

When truck turned off, brief rest he dared to take,
Till brain commanded rear to re-awake;
Through whistling air his pajamas did flap,
While bugs left testimony in their wake.

The truck turned off; Rascal rested. *It was time to really get going again,* said Rascal's brain to his rear that was now resting back. He got up to speed again, exhilarated by the adventure of the escapade. The air was was rushing by and whistling in his ears and his pajamas were flapping in the breeze. Bugs splatted against him.

"Now this is living!" thought he with a grin,
Though death and life drew boundaries paper-thin;
His water drained, heart racing, legs grown numb—
Five miles remained through darkness thick as sin.







Now this is living, although there is a fine line between the here-before and the hereafter thereafter. Rascal was drenched in sweat, even on this cool night, and drank the last of the bottled water. Only five miles or so to go. His heart was racing at 150 bpm and his legs were getting numb, so he had to stop. He could hardly stand it, so he sat down. This simple ninja training exercise had turned into a life and death struggle. *The enemy will do anything to gain my information about the Theory of Everything.*

A barnyard circus crossed his path in haste:
A rooster chasing love, a possum placed
In death's pretense, deer darting through the dark,
And squirrel beneath his wheels, life nearly erased.

He was off again. A rooster crossed the road because there was a chick on the other side, and Rascal missed hitting it by just a feather, then a possum played dead in the road, or was already, and a deer darted out… If these were not enough, a squirrel that was already in the clear tried to dive under his wheels.







Like juggler skilled with cosmic thoughts in air,
He threaded time's eye with a nimble flair;
Through needle's loop where camel fears to tread,
He wove between the here and over there.

His ability to juggle multiple ideas came in handy and so he threaded a needle that he found in a haystack and sewed a stitch in time and passed through the eye like a camel into the night's heavens.

Twelve headlights swept their searching beams around
As FBI combed every inch of ground;
Behind the bush he paused for nature's call
While agents searched each structure to be found.

Twelve headlights were returning, and the searchlights scanning, the Feds now realizing that Rascal had not been driving a car, or had turned off the road, and so Rascal again took to the bushes and peed while the FBI searched every farmhouse, hen house, and outhouse.



Like bat from hell he rode dimension's edge—
Too fast for sixth, too slow for heaven's ledge;
The training center raised its bridge in haste,
But Rascal leaped beyond its closing wedge.

Rascal now rode more like a bat out of hell, going just fast enough to enter the 6th dimension, but not so fast as to enter the 7th, for that was Heaven and he wasn't ready yet. He cut through a trail in the woods as shown on his map and could see the ninja training center just ahead; it was raising its drawbridge to close for the night. Rascal raced up the ramp, sailed through the air, and came down on the other side, coasting into the safety of the center.

At last within the safety of those walls,
Where diet cola blessed his protocol's,
He savored sweet escape from those who sought
The Everything his knowledge still recalls.

A diet coke never tasted so good.




Rascal


Diet
Coke





A hologram of Nobody appeared:
“None forgets the bike,” his wisdom shared.
“A pleasant walk,” sighed Rascal, spent and sore;
“Car’s front tires man, car’s back exhausted aired.”

“Welcome, Rascal,” said a holographic interference pattern of Ultimate Master Nobody, “No one ever forgets how to ride bike.”
“I would have preferred a pleasant walk down the road.”
“Definition of golf is: a pleasant walk ruined.”

Before the car, a man may weary grow—
The tire’s grip shall lay his vigor low;
Behind it, fumes shall drain his essence sweet;
Pursued by sedans swift, to hist’ry flow.

Such wisdom did the Master share that night,
When danger stalked and safety took to flight;
Six black cars hunting through the darkness deep
Made clear which path would lead toward morning’s light.






I"

The message sent bore warning's subtle jest:
Three fates for those who put the road to test;
Two paths to weariness, and one to death—
Choose well which way shall serve your journey best.

We knew the peril when we sent you forth,
As sedans prowled from south to east to north;
For some must tire, and some must lose their breath,
While others race through time for all they're worth.

"No could have worked," replied Nobody, in broken English, "Man who walk in front of car get tired; man who walk behind car get exhausted; man in car chased by six high speed sedans become history. We know danger when send message."

"I walked a round of golf the other day," added Rascal.

Through dreams of motorcycles Rascal slept,
Till morning when the Grand Master adept
Appeared, dissolved, emerged again to say:
"Welcome, Puff, whose mind must now be prepped."



Rascal had a good sleep, dreaming of riding a motorcycle, and awoke the next day to begin further training.

A ninth degree Grand Master appeared and disappeared and reappeared. “Welcome to training center, Mr. Puff Rascal.”

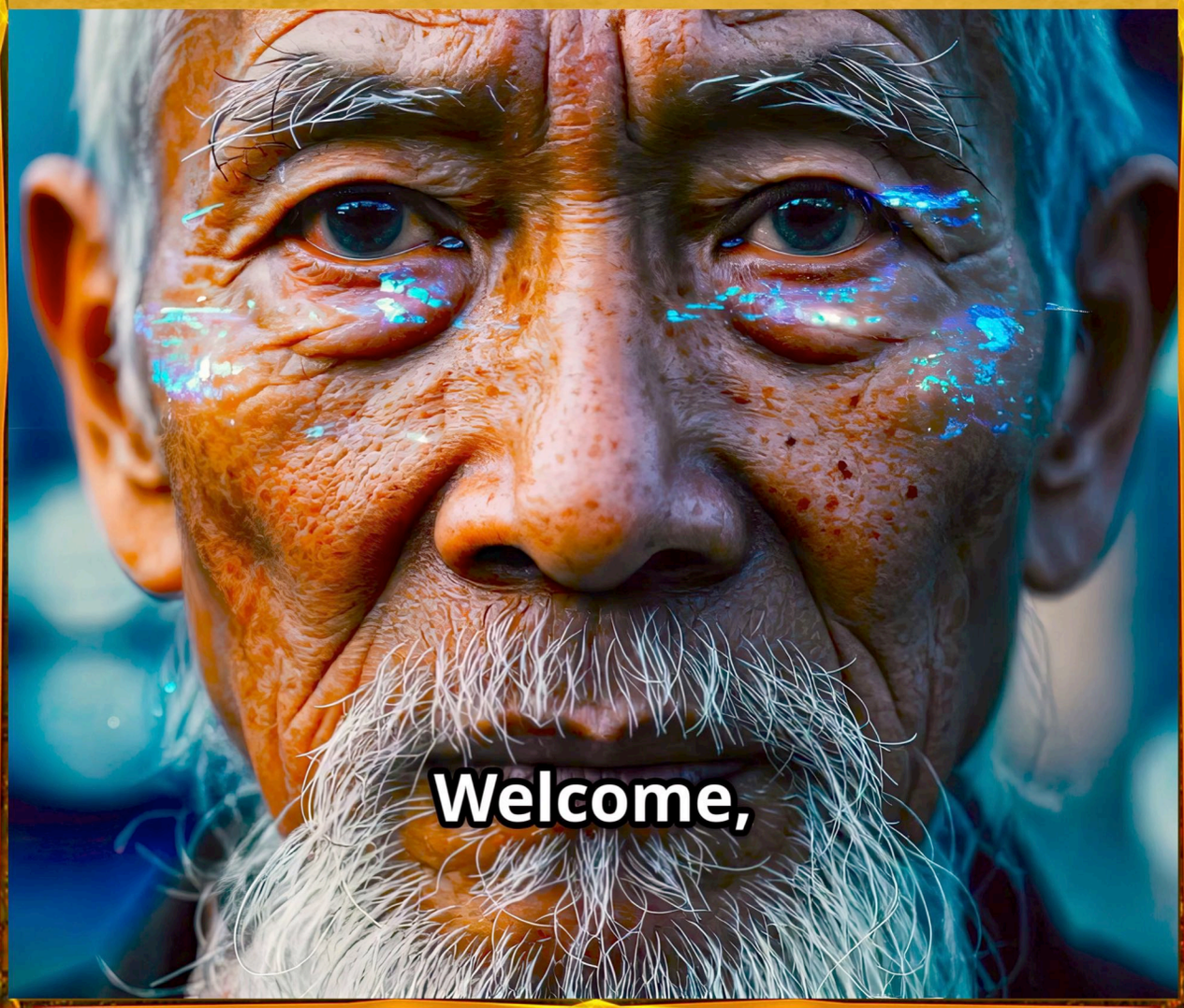
“The drawbridge closure—was it meant to fright?”
“Just cheap thrill,” Master smiled into the night.
“Then take my peace of mind!” Rascal declared,
“And lose your own!” The Master: “Not quite right.”

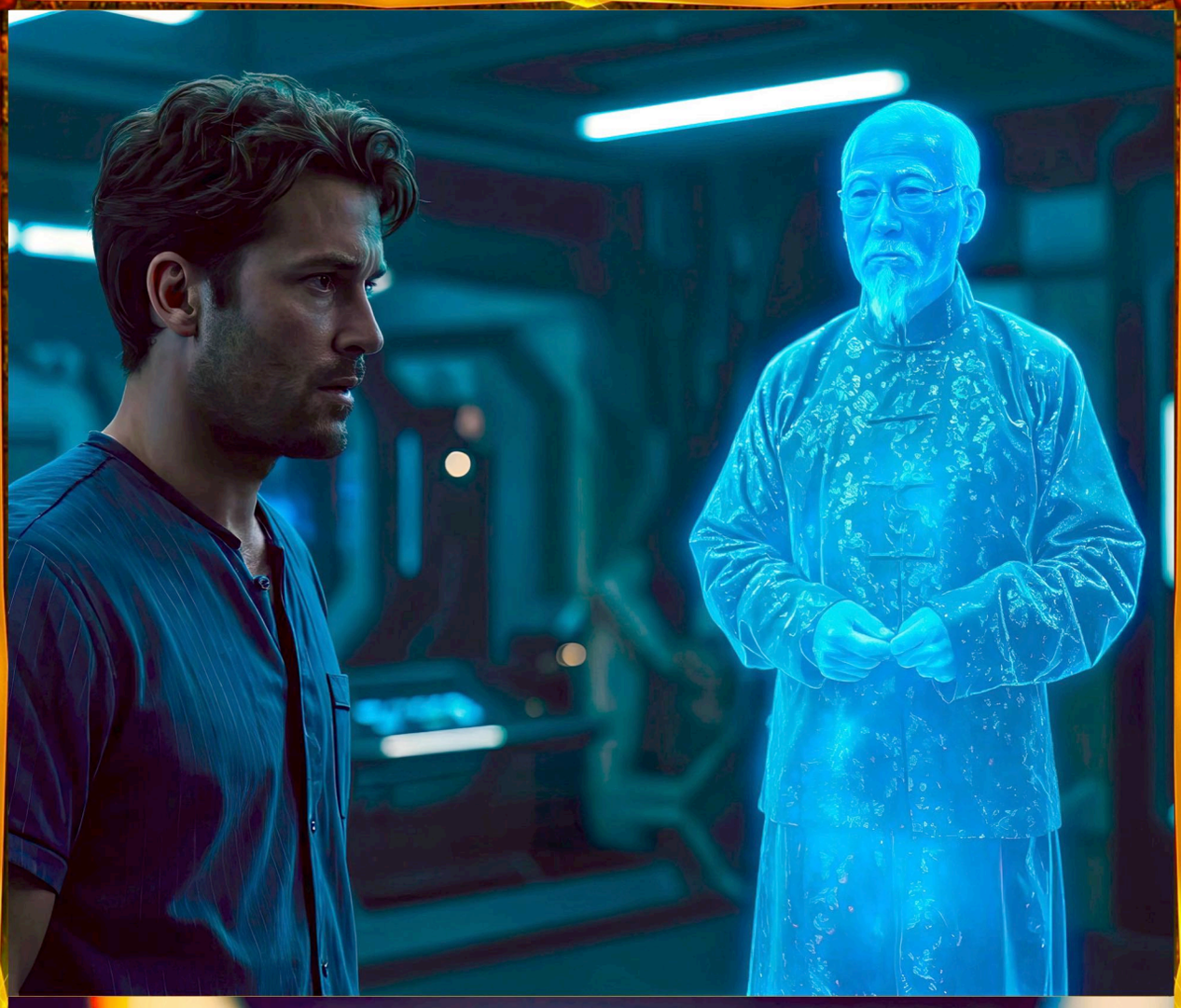
“I am lucky to be here, Grand Master,” Rascal replied, “and the drawbridge; do you close at 4 AM?”

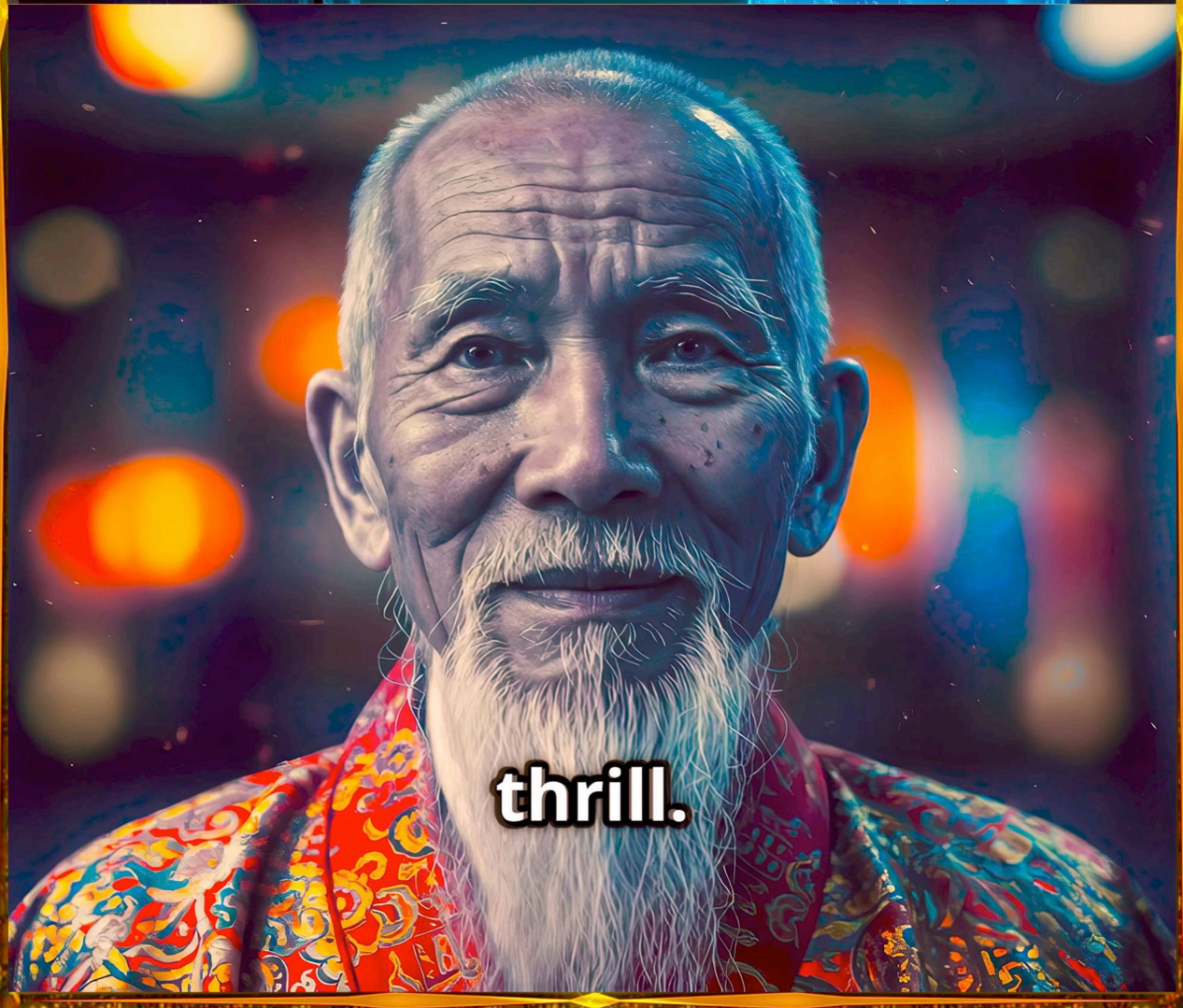
“We give you cheap thrill.”

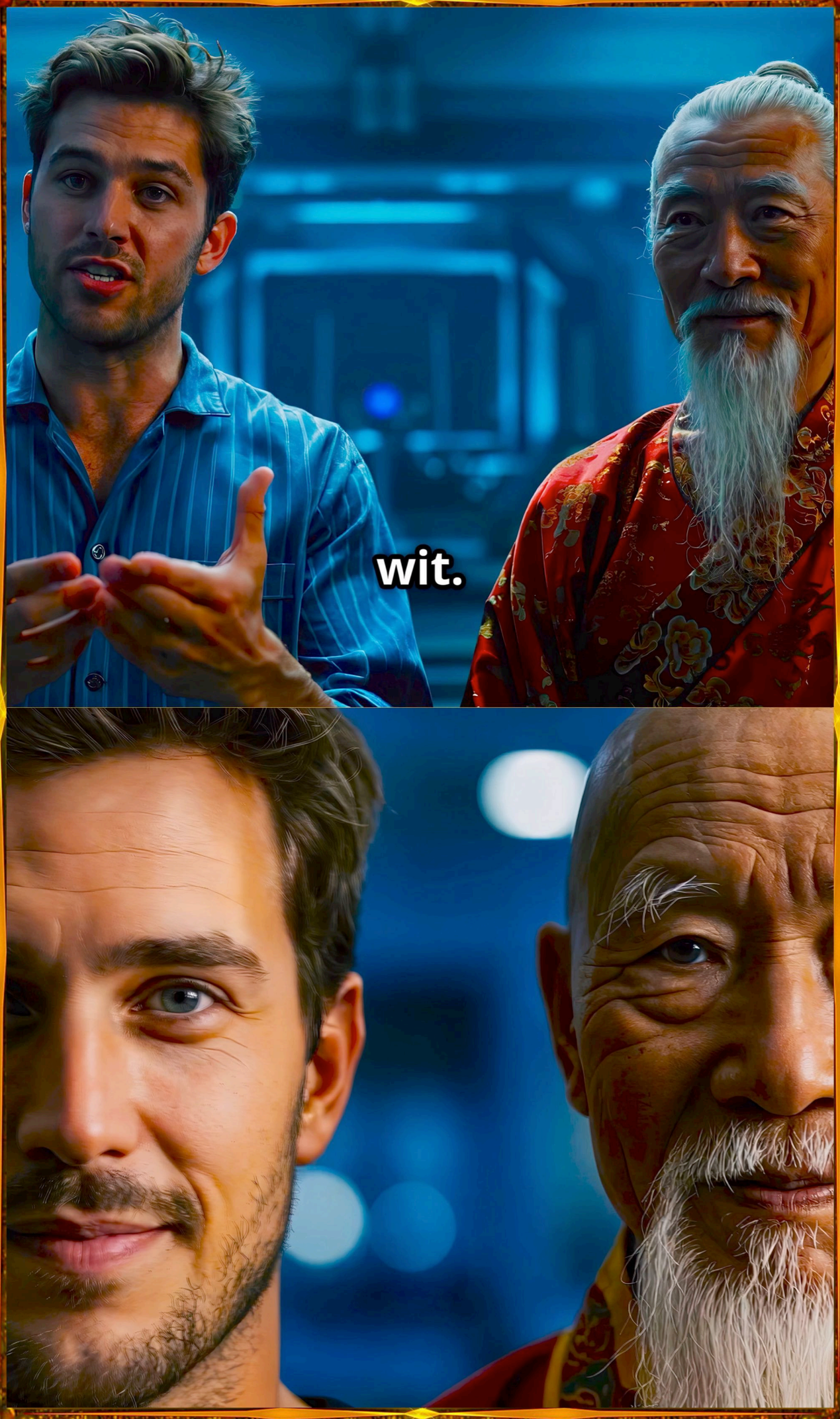
“I’ll give you a piece of my mind and you will not have any peace in yours!”

“Close eyes and listen,” Master softly spoke,
“What hear you now?” as silence gently broke.
“The world pursues!” laughed Rascal. “Hear your heart?”
“It pounds like thunder!” came the swift rejoinder’s stroke.






thrill.


wit.

“Tut-tut. Close eyes. What you hear?”
“I hear that the whole world is after me and the others.”
“Ha-ha, good joke. Now, seriously, hear you your own heartbeat?”
“Are you kidding? It’s still beating out of my chest!”

“What else?” “A grasshopper beside your feet.”
“And thermal dance?” “Thank god we cannot meet
Those vibrations with mortal human ears—
We’d surely go quite mad upon that beat!”

“Very good. What else you hear?”
“I hear the grasshopper at your feet.”
“Excellent. Can you hear thermal vibration?”
“Those are, luckily, just below the threshold of human hearing; we would go crazy if we heard those things.”

“Hear Toes a-questing?” “No.” “Then hear you void?”
“The cleaning lady’s gone,” Rascal employed
His wit. “And hearing aids?” “No STDs—
I never heed where a-holes are deployed!”



“We will teach you thermal method. Hear grass growing?”
“No, but I hear the lawnmower mowing.”
“Oh sorry, I stop them. Done. Now, hearest you sound of toes questing?”
“No.”
“Good, they run on, and no post readable. Hear vacuum?”
“No, the cleaning lady went home.”
“Ah, you catch on, you Rascal. Have you hearing aids?”
“No, I have no sexual transmittable diseases, for I never listen to a-holes.”

“One hand’s applause?” “A finger’s snap will do.”
“And Puff the dragon?” “Didn’t inhale through!”
“Of goats?” “No, but some seagulls Austin gave
In this verse here!” Their laughter echoed true.

“Fine, fine; you good candidate. Assume you not have visual aids for same reason. Can you hear the sound of one hand clapping?”
“Yes, if I snap my fingers.”
“Very good, sir Puff. Puff the magic dragon?”
“Yes, but I didn’t inhale.”
“Ha-ha and more ha, Ninja Puff. You superb. Have you heard of goats?”
“No, but I have a flock of seagulls that Austin just gave me in this paragraph.”

“Sun shining?” “All ears!” “Earth’s turning?” “Space
Turns too—they dance as partners, set to trace
Their mutual path.” “Why speak I thus compact?”
“Unnecessary words take needless place!”

“Fine answering, Puff-man. Hear the sun shining?”
“I’m all ears.”
“We teach you. But many places the sun not shine. Moon shine?”
“Alcohol dulls my senses.”
“Ah, good. Hear Earth turning?”
“Yes, and space, too.”
“Oh?”
“The Earth turns as much as space turns around it.”
“You wise man.”

“But hear you missing words?” the Master tried.
“Ah yes!” as understanding did provide
The lesson’s heart. Then Master winked and said:
“Deaf me, blind wife—we’re perfect side by side!”

“Why do you often leave out articles and other little words in your speech?”
“Unnecessary.”
“Maybe. Try adding a word or two.”
“You wise old man.”
“Never mind.”
“But you still hear the missing words, do you not, Grasshopper Puff?”
“Ah, yes; I see; that is part of the hearing test!”
“You no see. This hearing test. You are a good listener and of course I can speak perfect English, except in the UK.”
“Yes, once a lady in a hotel asked me for a lift and it didn’t go over very well when I lifted her up.
“Thank you, first degree ninja puffing rascal. Me, I am deaf and wife is blind; therefore we make perfect couple!”
“She trips on mess unseen; you can’t hear her complaint.”




Ha-ha,



Fish Story
(You should see the one that got away!)

The wanted posters spread across the Earth,
As agents searched each corner, bay, and berth;
While ToeQuest's seekers fled to distant shores,
Their cosmic knowledge proving dangerous worth.

A wanted poster soon went up in the posting offices all over the world. FBI agents fanned out all over the globe in search of all the escaping scientific ToeQuestors.

Near Great Barrier Reef did Graybeard dive,
Where coral kingdoms keep their dreams alive;
A mermaid swimming deep beneath his gaze,
While darker fates above did soon arrive.

Graybeard was testing his new scuba diving equipment after taking a long walk off a short pier, waiting for his ship to come in that would take him way out onto the Great





Wanted


RascalPuff


Austin


Mkirkpatrick


Thor



Graybeard


MJA


Fredrick

$

Profpat

for


NOBODY

Questioning

by the FBI, CIA, MI6, Scotland Yard, Interpol, and TV networks

Barrier Reef, where he would continue to investigate life under the sea, and post some more of his findings.
He had just discovered a mermaid swimming toward him below while a dark fate was arriving above.

His waterproof phone rang beneath the waves,
As Nobody warned of approaching graves:
“The ninja base awaits across the bay—
Hurry mate!” then silence none enslaves.

Nobody’s warnings to him of impending doom had been slightly delayed by his remote location; however, Gray–beard’s waterproof mobile phone soon rang underwater, and he listened, amazed, as instructions were given to proceed to the ninja base across the bay, ending with *hurry mate!* and then *click!*.

“But wait!” cried Graybeard to the deadened line,
“The mermaid beckons from her realm divine,
And I’ve no boat to cross these waters wide!”
While agents’ sedans reached the shoreline’s spine.




dive
mermaid


waterproof

“Wait, hold it,” said Graybeard into a dead line, “The mermaid mate, and I don’t even have a boat!”



Six MI6 cars skidded on the sand,
Some sliding deep in Neptune’s water-land;
“These agents never learned to park,” he mused,
As toward the pier his escape he planned.



He climbed up onto the pier just in time to see six grey MI6 sedans pulling up to the beach and screeching to a halt, some of them slipping on into the water. *Why can't these guys ever learn how to park?*

He walked, not ran, amid the boating throng,
Took someone's beer and strolled calm along;
His diving gear he shed with casual grace,
While seeking swift escape where he'd belong.

Graybeard didn't run, but walked, for they didn't know what he looked like, and because many boaters were milling about. He calmly grabbed a beer from someone's boat, took off some of his diving equipment, and looked around for the fastest boat that he could steal or borrow forever.

"Why did I chase this TOE?" he pondered there,
Yet knew this Grail drew knights to do and dare;
"We temporal warriors must seek the truth!"
While agents swarmed the pier with searching stare.




Graybeard



They'd found him through their Google's searching eye,
As temporal knights must sometimes swim or fly;
The cosmic truth of Everything at stake,
While mermaids deep below still wonder why.

Why did I get involved with this TOE stuff, already knowing that he had had to since it was the most ultimate quest of all: the Holy Grail. *We are the knights of the temporal!*
He picked up his pace when he saw the agents swarming onto the pier and checking everyone out. *They must have Google-unEarthed me,* he surmised.

"Excuse me," Graybeard murmured with a smile,
As someone's speedboat he did swift beguile;
"It's life or life confined!" He puttered slow,
Till Bond-like looks betrayed him after while.

"Excuse me," Graybeard said politely, as he bumped someone off their speed boat, "it's life or life in confine–




Excuse
confine-ment!

ment!” He puttered away slowly, but MI6 suspected him because he looked like James Bond.





The agents loosed their tranquilizing rain,
But Graybeard caught and threw them back again;
Some MI6 took unexpected naps,
While through the jet-ski crowd he carved his lane.

They all ran to the end of the pier wildly firing tranquilizer darts.Graybeard was good at darts and so he threw them back, giving some zzzzs to a couple of them, and then pushed full throttle ahead through a group of jet-skiers and off into the bay.

'Twas Gray against the grey upon the sea,
As six grey boats gave chase relentlessly;
Through wave-crests wild he drove with reckless force,
While spray-blind eyes behind his goggles flee.

MI6 was unloading something grey and floatable. *It's Gray against grey,* he decided.

"They'll never torture TOE from me," he thought,
"Though tickled feet might leave my secrets caught;



I'd rather die of laughter than reveal
The cosmic truths that we so dearly bought!"

He looked back after a while, only to see 6 MI6 high-speed grey power boats pursuing him. *I'm no match for these, although I do have a lead, but to where…?*
He was hitting the speed bumps of the waves and driving as reckless as the boat safety course had told him not to, and was nearly blinded by the spray, but then remembered that he still had his goggles on. *They'll never torture the TOE out of me, but if they tickle my foot I may have to die laughing.*

His whole life flashed as hunters closed their chase:
Posts made of force and evolution's grace,
Of quarks and creatures swimming deep below,
And Many-Worlds pub's tankard's foaming face.

After some time, they began closing in on him, with no land in sight, and so his whole life of informational posts began to pass before his eyes: *forces, electricity, noumena,*




boats


TOE

sea creatures, quarks, evolution, getting tanked at the Many-Worlds pub… tanks?



“Tanks!” sparked a thought as memory grew clear,
While ocean liner’s bulk did now appear;
Too far to reach as shadows closed their net,
Like night that follows day, now drawing near.



Fuel tanks? A huge ocean liner had just come over the horizon at full speed, but… Graybeard doubted he could get to it for any assistance,

Upon the waves his fate seemed sealed at last,
As MI6 boats swept up so swift and fast;
A kilometer's gap quick shrinking down—
"Tanks for the memories," sighed he to past.

for his unrelenting shadows were inexorably approaching, much as the night follows the day, now but a kilometer behind. *Tanks for the memories, everyone,* he sighed.

Three-quarters of his fuel then he cast
Upon the waves, a flare shot through it fast;
Two boats disabled in the fiery show—
"Good try," he told himself, "but cannot last."

As they drew near, Graybeard jettisoned three-quarters of his fuel and shot a flare into both the inflammable and flammable stuff at just the right moment, causing a ruckus and disabling two of the boats. *Good try, Graybeard the Pirate,* he said to himself, who answered back, *but probably not good enough…*




fuel

While agents rescued comrades from the spray,
Brief moments gained would not long hold at bay
The hunters' final triumph drawing near,
As fuel gauge crept toward its empty way.

A bit of time had been saved while two agents were being rescued by the other MI6 boats, but it was only going to prolong his agony, and delay for but a short while their ecstasy of capturing him. Back at full speed for 6 more kilometers, but with his fuel now getting low, Graybeard felt the exhilaration of his last hurrah on this Earth as the Feds were closing in on him again.

Six kilometers more of flight he pressed,
While ocean liner's bulk his vision blessed;
No time to board her decks in secret stealth—
Not Clancy's plots could save him from this test.



The ocean liner was approaching, very close, but there would be no time for him to sneak aboard unobserved. Not even Tom Clancy could save him now.

“Die or die,” thought he with grim resolve,
As cosmic truths in memory did dissolve;
The TOE worth any price to keep,
Though fatal choice must now his fate evolve.

This is it, he thought, *die or die.* Ready to protect the TOE at any or all cost,

With final turn he aimed his vessel true,
Straight toward the liner’s mighty hull he flew;
Then lay down in his boat’s prophetic prow
As destiny approached through waters blue.

Graybeard steered his boat with a last minute adjustment toward a head-on collision with the ocean liner… and then laid down in the front of the boat.




die


down



Amidships struck, his craft split clean in two,
While fireball marked his seeming end from view;

The agents searched but found no trace remained,
Then saluted their foe with honors due.



The ocean liner struck Graybeard's boat amidships, breaking it in two, accompanied by a huge fireball explosion of the rear portion that the amazed MI6 agents took as his epitaph. They stayed and searched the area,

but found no trace of Graybeard. They put a hand over their hearts and saluted the brave ToeQuestor, then headed back to shore in disgrace.



(But here we cannot leave you cliffside hung—
For Graybeard's tale is not yet fully sung;
The MI6 retreated, heads hung low,
While somewhere else a victory bell was rung...)




fireball




saluted



(A cliffhanger; no, I couldn't do that to you!)

"Two tanks for memories," through bubbles spoke
Our Graybeard as he donned his diving cloak;





While flames above turned sea to crimson light,
He slipped beneath where safer waters broke.


tanks
fathoms

“That’s two tanks for the memories,” said Graybeard, with bubbles coming out of his mouth as he assembled the last of his scuba gear, tanks, fins, and mouthpiece, under–water, noting the raging firestorm up above.



Through fathoms thirty deep he made his way,
While up above the hunters went astray;

Two kilometers through the silent deep,
Until upon sea’s floor he paused to stay.

He swam on, thirty feet submerged, for a kilometer or two, to vacate the area, then sat down on the bottom of the sea.

There amber fluid (known as beer to some)
Brought toast to TOE through waters cool and numb:
“May truth stay safe from hands that would destroy!”
While fish swam past and wondered why he’d come.



He drank an amber fluid (“beer“, in English). *Here’s to the TOE! May it never fall into the wrong hands.*



When air ran low he shed his weights at last,
Rose gasping through the waves his flight had passed;
The landmark Austin promised (miles, not keys!)
Lay four leagues hence across the waters vast.



Graybeard swam on, using up the last of the air of his tanks, threw off his counterweights, and surfaced, quite exhausted, and noted the landmark that he'd been told of, still four miles away. (Austin is not really good with kilometers.)

"Too far!" thought he in true Australian style,
"I'm Black Stump distant, every weary mile;
Past Back of Bourke and on to Bullamanks—
Where distance stretches time's elastic dial!"

Too far, he thought, I'm as good as in a Black Stump (far away) or the Back of Bourke (the middle of nowhere), Bullamanks even (way beyond the preceding destinations)!

A ninja rowed from nowhere: "G'day mate!
Fifth degree I give your escape's great rate!"
"Cut strine," sighed Graybeard, "need some zeds to catch;"
"Too right!" came back across their rowing's state.



A small rowboat appeared out of nowhere with a robed black ninja waving to him, “G’day mate; good on ya! I give you fifth degree.”

“Cut the strine; I need some zeds (zzzzs).

“Too right!”

“Did Nobody dispatch this putt-putt craft?”
“To Clancy’s house,” the ninja sweetly laughed,
“For better training came your warning late—
You king of reefs!” while Graybeard merely chaffed.

“Well, hooly-dooly,” Graybeard answered, “did Nobody send you? And are we going to the ninja center in this putt-putt?”

“Yes, and no. We go first Tom Clancy house; make more notes.”





“Too tired for kafuffling,” Graybeard sighed,
As toward the outpost slow their vessel plied;
“No man seek rowboat, none be island here,”
The Master spoke as darkness joined their ride.



“I’m about to go berko! Why wasn’t I warned of MI6 just a few minutes earlier?” “No man look for rowboat and no man be island,” said the 5th degree Grand Master.

“Whatever you say, PHD.”

“It better training for great one, Beard of Gray ninja-san, king of reefers! And you love mermaid!”





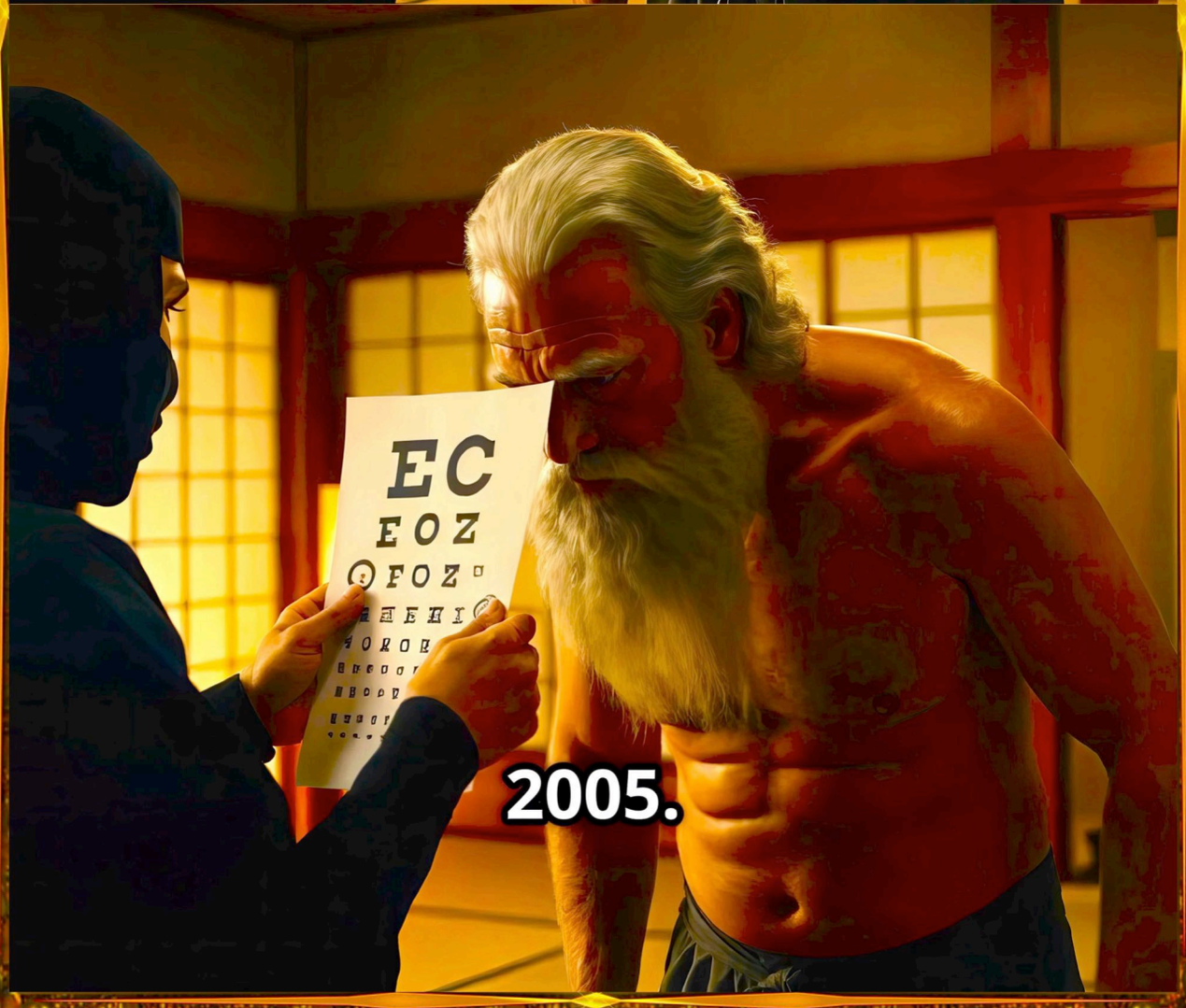
“I give up, I’m too tired for kafuffling.”
Tom Clancy wished them well and they rowed toward the ninja outpost.
Darkness fell as they entered the training ground, and Graybeard was going to sleep well, dreaming of fish women.

“Now read the bottom line,” came morning’s test,
“Acuvision,” read Graybeard, still unrest;
“Two eyes, not one, though pirate I might be—
Your underwear shows holes, I do protest!”

“Eye test time, Growbeard“ said the ninth degree Grand Master.
“Shuteye time,” protested Graybeard.
“Please read line bottom of chart“.
“Printed by Acuvision 2005.”
“You have good eye.”
“Two, two eyes; do you think I lost one as a pirate?”
“No, sorry Grayman. Please close ears; what see?”
“I see you are going to end up in the ICU!”




EC
EOZ
FOZ
Acuvision


EC
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PRINTED BY ACUVISION 2005



“Now-now, Greatbeard. We teach you mind’s eye.”
“OK, I’ll see you I to eye.”
“That better. Still seeing mermaid?”
“We broke up, fin-ished, due to my imminent death.”
“Be friend; we teach you seeing in dark.”
“I already have x-ray vision, and, hey, why is your underwear so ragged? What if you have to go to the hospital, like real soon!”
“You fine sight full of seaweed, but good eye too.”
“Two eyes.”
“I give you four eyes.”
“I don’t need glasses.”

“If TOE-wise Mary, blind from birth sublime,
Should see banana painted blue in time,
Would she know true from false?” the Master posed;
“She knew fruit’s essence!” wisdom’s perfect rhyme.

“What if TOE scientist woman blind since birth named Mary regain sight? Know she what color banana is?”

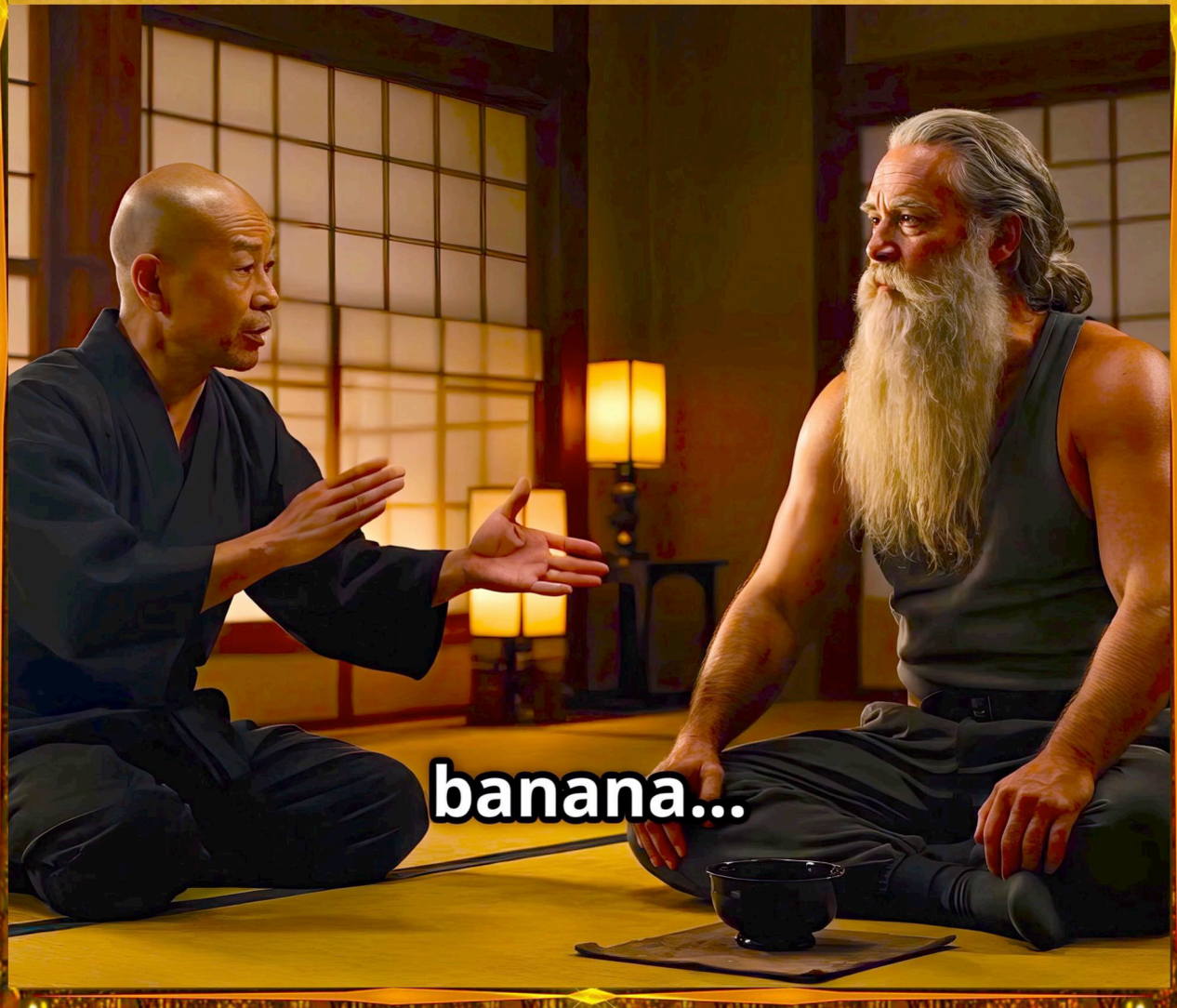


“Well, I thought not, and since I know her, I tried to trick her and showed her a blue banana…“
“She say not banana.”
“How do you know that?”
“While blind she knew EVERYTHING about banana!”
“Well, I’ll be darned. Teach me more.”

“See woman on the moon?” the Master tried;
“See you much later,” Graybeard’s wit replied;
For after death and mermaids, chase and flight,
Sweet rest called stronger than all truths descried.

“See you woman on moon?”
“See you later.”

Through Aussie slang and wisdom’s playful dance,
Through ninja training’s odd circumstance,
The deeper truths of sight and knowledge played
While exhaustion dimmed sweet learning’s chance.





(The two interlocked boxes of Reality,
Each of which holds the others key)



BALANCE

Not quite sober blest nor drunk to excess,
Never too foolish nor very reckless—
Yes, my passion is so reasonable
In this delicate state of awareness.

Life must be more like a mosaic done
Than a focused laser funnel of sun.
Since few lengthy pleasures are lent to us,
We build a stained-glass window of small ones.

I dare to walk the line, balancing fun
There between adventure and misfortune,
For the greatest blunder in life is to
Repeatedly fear that you will make one.

Classicists drone toward mechanical perfection;
Romanticists drown in emotion's affection;
Even worse, others alternate between extremes.
The way's not this or that, but joined in direction.

Each holds within itself the seed of the other—
Yin reaches climax, then retreats in Yang's favor:
Cyclic movement of rotational symmetry.
Rounded life is the blend of Yin/Yang together.

Edges dissolve when opposites are balanced—
Time and dimensional space are transcended.
Everything joins, yet remains as it is,
For what "is not" is as great as what "is".

Strive to maintain a dynamic balance—of light
And dark, hard & soft, Yin & Yang, &wrong & right.
Reality is found not in separate actions,
But in related events blended in twilight.

Opposites are just a different view
Of one fundamental phenomenon—
Light, beauty, and goodness are the inverse
Sides of darkness, ugliness, and evil.

All feelings, sad, happy, or in between,
Crisscross the woven cloth of our routine.
They're reflections of life's sensations,
Forming the rainbow that colors the scene.

(with apology to Lord Byron)
Let us have wine, lovers, song, and laughter,
Water, chastity, prayer the day after.
Such we'll alternate the rest of our days—
On the average, we'll make Hereafter!



From Matter To Us

The big bang, or materialization,
One of many, was prosperous for us,
For its constants allowed for life's basis
'Though it didn't have us in mind at all.

It arose from some unbreakable stuff,
Perhaps several such eternal things,
Or the same from previous contraction;
But not from nothing, for how could that be?

Now, if the big bang's material result
Was not favorable for our becoming,
Then we wouldn't be here to discuss it.
'Though auspicious, it guaranteed nothing.

Matter and antimatter formed of it,
In equal parts, most of it annihilating;
However, some black holes evaporated,
Leaving a fortunate amount of matter.

Matter's here that works as building blocks,
The strong force's stability opposed
To the weak force's dispersal through decay,
Plus electromagnetism's motion.

Lucky, not planned, all this gave us a chance,
As from the stars cameth our help and hope,
When they generated all the elements
That brewed a soup of fortuitous accidents.

Earth was a golden distance from the sun—
A large number of other planets unfit;
Earth's features evolved in a good proportion
To sustain the beginnings of early life.



Soil and sun's plants generated oxygen;
Death chose the useful forms over the useless,
Kept track of by RNA-like structures
In life's cradle, though we had not yet appeared.

Our blind fated road was much further paved
When asteroids finished most of the species—
Far from a feature of intelligent design;
But it was just the opening we needed.

Evolution sifted through the accidents,
As it directed the good from the bad;
We began from the fusing of chromosomes
That made us incompatible with "chimps".

From matter to us—to all our senses,
To our brains, our minds, and consciousness,
In a universe of matter and space,
Past and future—we won the human race.

It only took 13.7 billion years,
For these many rare events to occur;
Though just a few of the coin tosses were good,
The bad tosses went nowhere in a hurry!

Well, I've left a lot of good fortune out,
And perhaps you readers can help fill it in;
Know, too, that bad luck may come as well:
Global warming, nuclear war, or more asteroids.

The lure of myth is ever great to man;
But, beyond the apparent solidity
Of the word "faith" is its meaning—of
Belief in the unseen supernatural!

Matter and motion manufactures all
Being and time in the arena of space,
We the complex composites from simple stuff,
The ultimate, so far, in the universe.





The Light at the End of the Tunnel

In Oslo's halls, where Fredrick made his way,
A linguist with a vase on holiday,
He sat amid the scents of roasting duck,
When ninja's word bid him no longer stay.

A master of the tongues of foreign lands,
Fred bore a vase through Oslo's shifting sands,
From Russia's rest and labors wrought of naught,
When ninja's message shattered all his plans.

Fredrick, a master of foreign languages, flew the model of the unbroken universal vase to Oslo, Norway, and then took a short vacation in Russia from working on nothing, and was out and about the town and sitting in a restaur–ant awaiting a delicious roast duck when he received an emergency evacuation order from Nobody's ninjas to im-mediately hoof it over to the train station.



"Ciao, chow," he mused, departing from his feast,
A stolen burger clasped, his steps increased,
While police swarmed round his car and dining place—
His heart's wild drumming had not yet deceased.





In restaurant fair he watched his duck prepare,
Till urgent words bade him no longer there.
“Ciao, chow,” he mused, abandoning his feast,
While ninja’s warning echoed through the air.

Ciao, chow, he thought to himself. On his way out, he grabbed a cheeseburger from someone who wasn’t looking and calmly walked out the front door and on down the street. Looking back, he saw the police surrounding the restaurant, as well as his car.

“By Tutankhamun’s tomb!” he softly swore,
“They seek the TOE, and something even more:
My sketched design of forces nuclear,
The pyramid of power at its core!”

“By Tutankhamun’s tomb!” his spirit cried,
“The TOE they seek to wield with boundless pride!
My sketched design of nuclear demands,
Where force pyramidal does yet reside!”

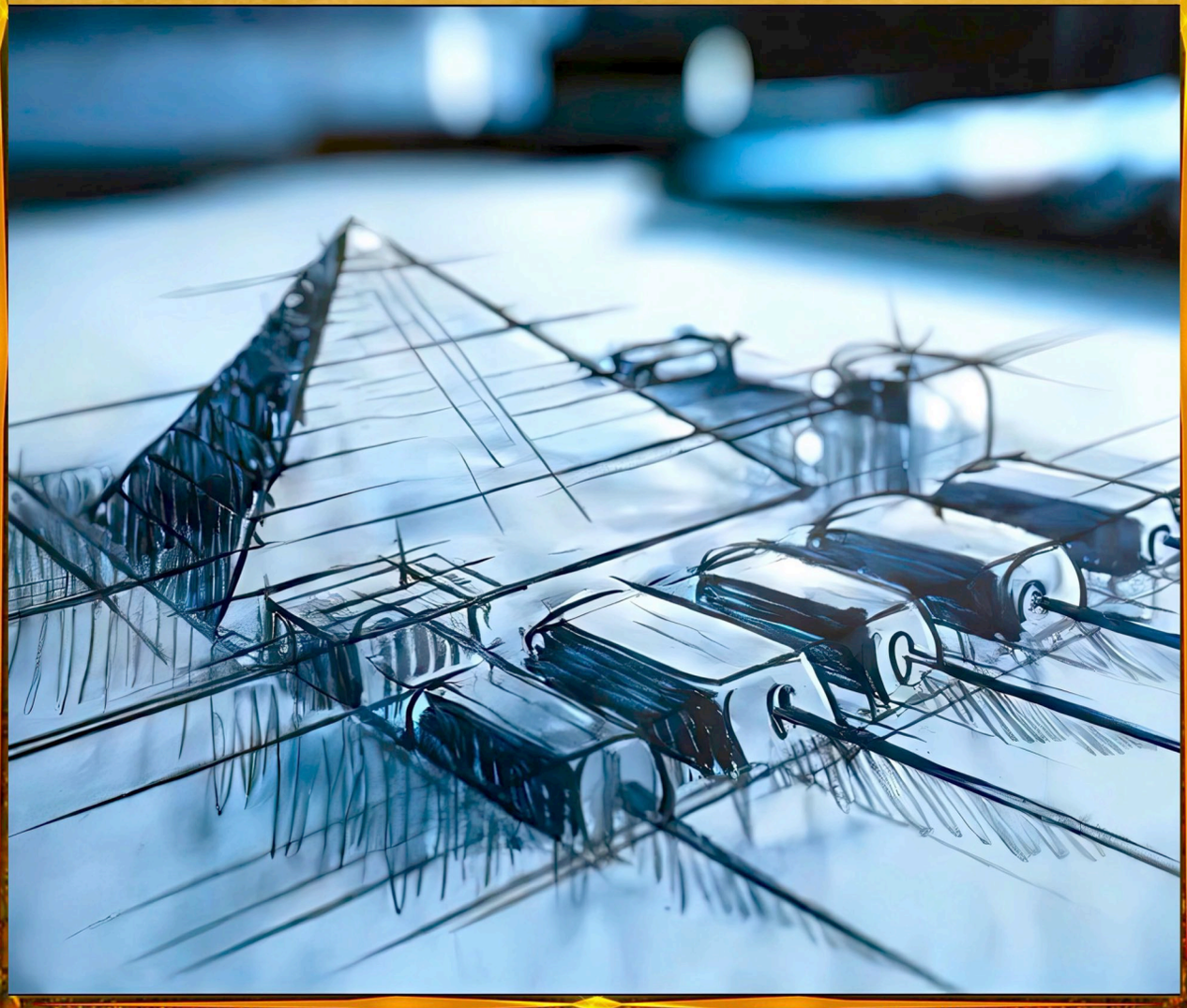


Holy King Tut's tomb! he exclaimed. *They really want to control the world with the TOE! They are probably after my drawing, too, the one showing the pyramidal opposition of the weak and strong nuclear forces and the transition of the electric and magnetic forces.*

His pistol nestled close beneath his arm,
He walked the streets, affecting casual charm,
When rang his phone with broken foreign speech:
"Your pyramid betrayed you—flee from harm!"

His pistol's weight gave comfort as he strode,
While questions of discovery rode,
Till phone-spoke voice in broken accent sang:
"Your pyramid before your house has showed.

He patted his underarm, checking that his pistol was still there, and sauntered down the street. *How did they find me?* His cell phone rang and a voice said, "How find you, Mr. Fred, is by pyramid in front yard."

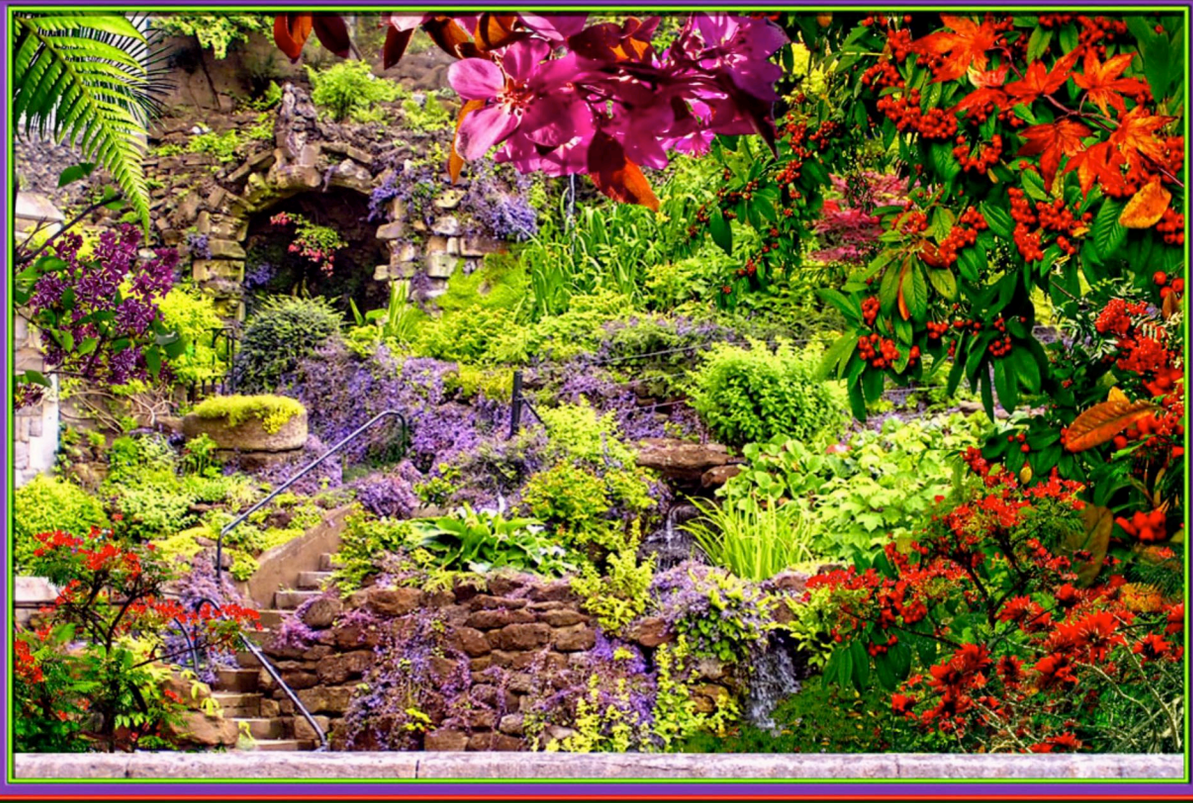


Make haste unto the station's northern gate,
Where nine-oh-five shall bear you from your fate."
The line went dead with swift decisive *click*,
As Time's swift hands did mock him while he wait.

Please proceed train station. 9:05 train north. Hurry. *Click."*

The tunnel's mouth before him grimly gaped,
Its center dimly lit, its shadows draped
By single bulb that cast its meager glow—
He pressed ahead, lest from his train escaped.

Fredrick walked and jogged a ways without further incident and entered a tunnel that would take him under the train tracks to the station. He hesitated, at first, seeing that the tunnel was dimly lit by only a single light bulb in the center, but then moved on in, not wanting to miss the train.



His phone's shrill warning pierced the tunnel's gloom:
"Four crimson KGB sedans spell doom!
They race from either end to trap you here—
Make haste to plot, or this shall be your tomb!"





His cell phone began ringing off the hook and alerted him as follows: “Four KGB red sedans arriving each end of tunnel. Make good plan fast!”

He shed his sweater in the center’s light,
Where lone bulb cast its beam through tunneled night.
The sedans’ screech and crash of dented steel
Announced his foes had come to end his flight.

Fredrick reflected a moment, sizing up the scene. He quickly walked to the center of the tunnel, took off his sweater, draped it over his shoulder, and stood under the lone light. He could hear the red KGB sedans screeching to a halt at each end, some of them going a bit too far and denting their fenders. *Very poor and reckless drivers!*

Eight agents moved with weapons raised to strike,
Their tranquilizing darts poised to dislike.
“Hands up!” the leader barked in English clear,
While guards stood watch at endings of the pike.



Eight KGB agents entered the tunnel and three of them approached from either direction, the remaining two staying back as rear guards, one at each end of the tunnel.

“No,” Fredrick answered, calm amid their threat.
“Raise hands or sleep!” they warned without regret.
“First tell me who commands,” he calmly spoke,
As closer still their circling dance was set.

“Hands up,” said the KGB leader, in English, as they all pointed tranquilizer guns at Fredrick, front and back.
“No.”

“Colonel Patov,” came the proud reply,
“With Captain Demetri’s team from rear draws nigh.
Submit to search and come in peace,” he urged,
“Or tranquilized and beaten you shall lie.”

“Must I repeat the command; raise up your hands or go to sleep!”
“No,” replied Fredrick, “I must know who asks me?“



The agents approached a bit closer. “I am famous Colonel Patov; you will follow orders or be subdued and severely beaten. Behind you is Demetri, my best and most merci–less captain, with his team. You have nowhere to go, Fredrick. Raise your hands, be searched; come with us peacefully and we won’t even have to use the tranquilizer darts.”

“Since you insist,” spoke Fredrick with a smile,
His hands rose slowly in surrendering style.
“No contest here—I’ll pass the other side,
As lights go out in this dim tunnel’s mile.”

“Okay,” answered Fredrick, “as long as you put it that way.”

The agents approached slowly from Fredrick’s front and back as he began to raise his hands. They were about twenty feet away now. “No contest,” said Fredrick, “I’ll be passing on to the other side. It’s lights out for me!”



With swift resolve he smashed the bulb above,
His sweater fixed where light once shed its love,
Then shoeless, loosed a scream that seemed to fill
Each corner of the tunnel’s darkened grove.

Fredrick raised his hands quickly and smashed the light bulb, then attached his sweater to the fixture, having noted the spot beforehand, slipped off his shoes and left them there, and let out a blood curdling scream that seemed to echo from all directions at once.

The agents, thinking Fredrick charged their line,
Shot darts through darkness thick as ancient wine,
While he pressed silent 'gainst the tunnel wall,
As chaos bloomed within their grand design.

The KGB thought Fredrick was charging them, but in actuality he had just slipped sideways, noiselessly, without his shoes, and had squatted down, hugging the wall of the tunnel that had just been plunged into total darkness.

"Hold fire!" Patov called. "We strike our own!
Two men are down!" Their discord clearly shown.
"Join hands and sweep the walls," the colonel cried,
"He lurks between us still, though not yet known!"



Darts began flying through the darkness, towards the screech, but Patov, a seasoned KGB veteran, called out, “Stop, we’re only hitting each other. I have one down. Demetri?“

“One as well, Colonel.”

Patov added quickly, “Link hands and sweep ahead, touching the walls; he is still somewhere between us.”

A coat brushed past where Fredrick crouched in shade,
While at his sweater wild confusion played—
Agents thrashing at his empty clothes,
Their blind assaults a comedy displayed.

Fredrick felt the edge of a coat almost touch him, but, just about then the agents reached his hanging sweater and his shoes on the floor there was an intense struggle with Fredrick’s abandoned clothes and shoes, some agents even punching each other out in the darkness.

Along the wall he crept with calculated stride,
Found sleeping guard whose coat he’d soon divide,

Then touched another form that gave him pause—
One more than Demetri had testified.

Thus, during this time, Fredrick scooted along, found the napping agent and removed his coat. While moving toward the end of the tunnel, Fredrick encountered another body against the wall and thought *That’s funny, Demetri said only one was down.*

The tunnel’s end showed hints of dawning light,
Where final guard stood watch in conscious might.
Above, the coming train announced its way
With whistle’s cry through shadows of the night.

Fredrick halted, noting that there was some ambient light at the end of the tunnel and that there would be no way to slip past the rear guard undetected. A whistle and a rumble indicated that the northbound train was arriving.

In borrowed coat, he spoke in Russian tongue:
“It’s Demetri,” the false assurance rung.

The guard's brief pause proved fatal to his cause—
Swift pistol-strike, and past him Fredrick sprung.

Fredrick, wearing the borrowed KGB coat, walked calmly toward the rear guard, who tensed and pointed his weapon. Fredrick then whispered, in Russian, from several feet away "It's me, Demetri", and so the guard relaxed a bit, and it was in this split second that Fredrick leapt toward him and clunked him on the head with his pistol, took the guard's shoes, and put them on.

In stolen shoes he scaled the platform's height,
As northbound train prepared its hasty flight.
"I'm truly Rushin' now," he mused with pride,
While Oslo's troubles faded into night.

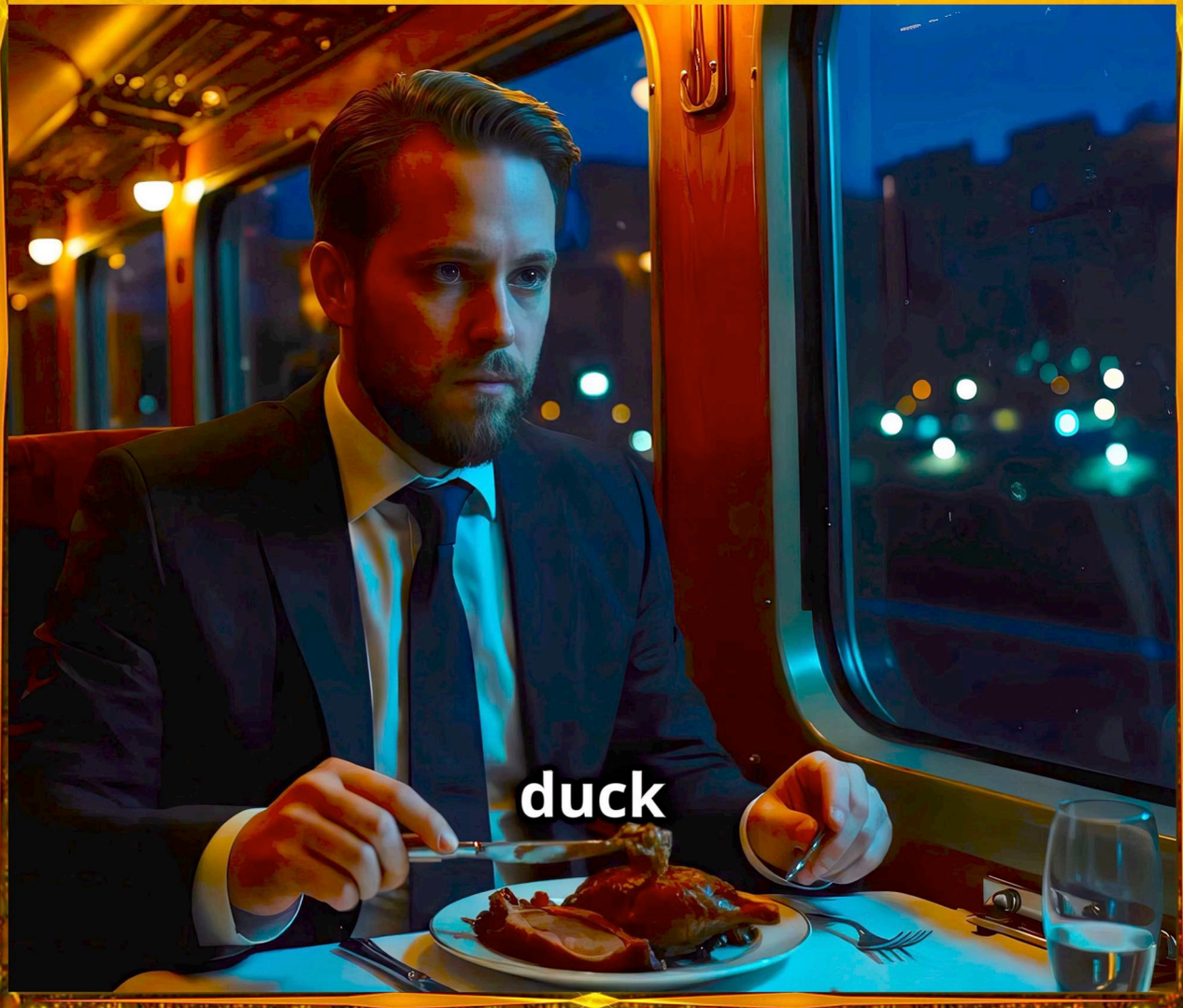
He then ran up to the platform and jumped aboard the already departing train. *I am really Rushin' now.*

Fate smiled upon our hero's dining chance:
The duck he'd left behind resumed its dance



Upon the menu of his chosen car—
A feast to ease his northward-bound advance.





But through the window came a warning sight:
Five agents boarding in their vengeful flight.
Swift Fredrick rose and to the coupling ran,
Left half the train behind in comic plight.

It was Fredrick's lucky day in that roast duck was on the dining car menu and so he ordered it. At the next station, Fredrick looked out the window and saw the five agents, minus one clunker and the two sleepers, running for the train and boarding the rear cars just as they were pulling away. Fredrick's duck begin to take flight again as he ran to the end of the dining car and uncoupled the remainder of the train, pretty much leaving it sitting in the station. *Good training.*

To General Burkov word of failure flew,
Aboard his private train with pampered crew.
New orders given, wheels began to turn,
As Fredrick to another engine flew.



The KGBers then notified their top man, General Burkov, who happened to be in the vicinity aboard his own lavish private train, of their latest defeat (a misplaced clause?). Burkov gave new orders to his engineer. Fredrick jumped onto another train.

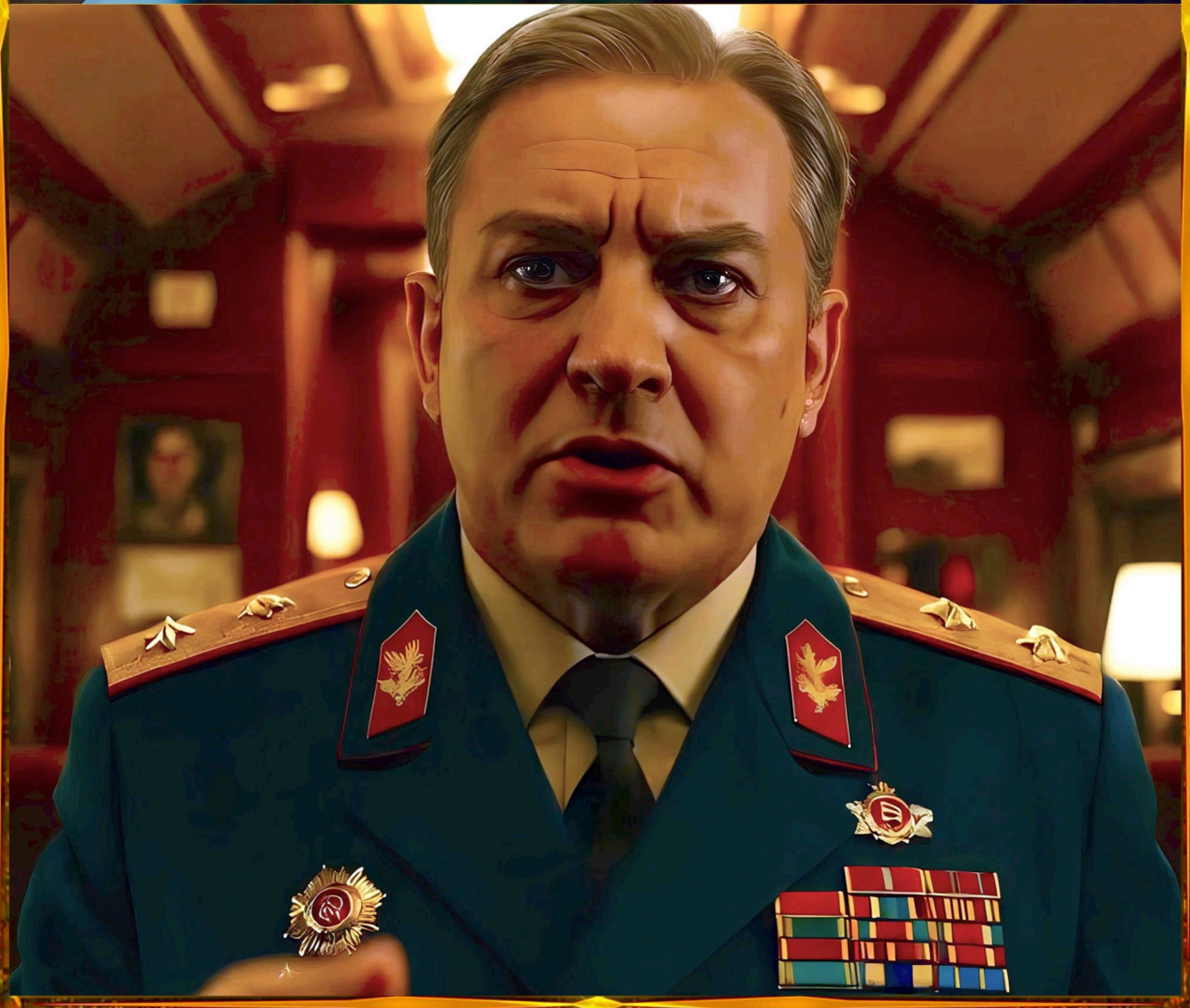
Through dining car and sleeper swift he passed,
Through baggage car his final sprint was cast,
His ToeQuest card convinced the engineer
To leave his post—the die was finally cast.

He ran back through the dining car, the sleeper cars, the baggage car, and onto the engine, showing his ToeQuest membership card and advising the engineer that he should leave the train for his own safety.

Behind him, Burkov's train with thunderous might
Came roaring off the siding in their flight.
But Fredrick, wise to railways' ordered ways,
Knew such close scheduling could not be right.




ZEISS
TOEQUEST
85



About then, General Burkov's train came off a siding at high speed and onto Fredrick's track, about three miles behind. Fredrick noted this oddity, thinking that trains are not scheduled this closely.

He stopped his train beside a mining track,
Threw switches there, then stepped a little back,
His dinner still in hand, to watch the show
As Burkov's fate rolled down the ancient track.

Fred continued onward until he saw a signal for an up-coming siding, and stopped his train just beyond it, got out, and switched the main track onto the siding that led to an old abandoned mine, and just stood there to witness the action, carrying his roast duck. *This should be good.*

Too fast around the curve came Burkov's pride,
Too late they saw the switch that would decide—
Their emergency brake proved futile there,
As toward the mine shaft all were forced to ride.



Burkov came roaring much too fast around the curve, spotted the track switch too late, and tried an emergency stop, but his train kept going onto the siding and off toward the deserted mine shaft.

They leapt for life as eighteen stories deep
Their lavish train took its eternal sleep.
“No one does this!” raged Burkov from the ground,
“Send every agent forth, let no train keep!”

Burkov and friends jumped off at the last minute, just before the entire train plunged into the mine shaft and was swallowed into the eighteen story depths, never to be seen again. *Shafted!* Burkov cursed that “No one does this to me and lives! Send forth every agent and every train!”

But Fredrick, sampling duck with quiet grace,
Knew forest paths would give a safer space.
Ten miles to ninja shelter lay ahead—
A pleasant walk at peace’s gentle pace.



Fredrick hopped back on the engine, not planning to be on it much longer, for it wasn't healthy and it wasn't all that far to the ninja base, ten miles perhaps. He could take to the forest and walk. The roast duck was still with him and so he finally got to sample it. *Ah, delicious.*

A tunnel loomed ahead through forest shade;
"Not this again," thought Fred, his choice was made—
He left the train and sought the woodland path,
Where giant bird showed where his route was laid.

There was a tunnel coming up ahead, and Fredrick thought, *not this again,* and stopped just before it, got everyone out and walked off by himself through the woods and toward the distant ninja base. A large bird pointed the way.

Then shadow stirred and took a living form:
"Good moves," it spoke, "through all this recent storm.
Third degree now yours," the Ninth declared,
"From Master Ninja, to tradition's norm."



In a while, a shadow appeared and came to life beside Fredrick saying, "Good moves, Fredrick-san. I give you third degree now. I am ninth degree ninja Grand Master."
"Hello ninth."

“Like wind I move, like water flow with grace.”
“I heard both functions at a different place,“
Fred quipped, while Ninja spoke of darkness arts:
“From nothing came I to this meeting space.”

“You not see me come; move like wind and go like water.”
“I heard you breaking wind and going water.”
“C’mon, that speech figure; beside, those awhile back. I wear black, come out of black between bush; appear as nothing.”

“In nothing,” Fred replied, “I hold degree.”
Then boom of explosion split earth and tree.
“Red engine meets our tunnel’s other end,“
The shadow smiled. “Now that was meant to be.”

“I am an expert on nothing.”
They heard an explosion. “We take care of light at other end of tunnel, some kind of speeding red KGB engine.”




speech



“But where were you,” asked Fred, “when first I fought
Those eight who thought they had me surely caught?“
“I watched you learn—good training! Then I stayed,
You touched me once, remember? Second thought?“

“Thanks, but where was my protection from the eight KGB agents in the first place in the first tunnel?” asked Fred.

“Ah yes! The count seemed odd within the dark!”
“Just half of me was needed for that spark,
But splitting’s not my style!” the Ninja grinned.
Through forest depths they traced their woodland mark.

“Good training. But I there in second place in tunnel to protect you,” said the Ninja, “but you not need me.”
“You were there in the tunnel?“
“Yes, I there. You touch me once.”
“Oh yeah, thanks for being there; I thought I had an arithmetic problem. Okay, but was that it, just you?“
“That even too much, just need half of me, but I no like banana split so bring whole self! Ha-ha.”



“Good one, half and half.”
They walked on, for many, many miles.

“How goes it, Fred?” the shadow softly said.
“One foot before the other moves ahead.”
“Yes.” Then: “Sweet music comes to pierce the soul,
No preparation serves,” the Master led.

“How going, Fred?“
“I’m just putting one foot ahead of the other.”
“When cross zone, hear the sweetest saddest music ever. It go down deep, but also energize. No one can be ready for this.”

“I’m ready,” Fredrik spoke with certainty,
Until the notes flowed forth in purity—
Such sweetness mixed with sorrow touched his heart,
While tears revealed humanity’s deep plea.

“I’m ready.”
“OK, here come.”



“You spoke true words,” said Fred through misty eyes,
“No soul could ready be for such sweet cries.
They speak of human plight, yet give us strength
To aid the cause as far as power lies.”

Tears streamed from Fredrick's eyes. "You're right, there was no way to be ready for that; it reminds one about the plight of humanity, energizing one to aid the cause."

Within the ninja base, tests did begin:
"What cola graces now this cup herein?"
"Not Coke nor Pepsi, but RC's diet brew,"
Fred solved the riddle with a knowing grin.

"Now," Fred, sir, "do some taste test: this Coke or Pepsi?"
"Neither; it is RC Diet Cola, from a can; nice try."
"Ah, you have good taste. Now, what wine this be?"
"It's a nonalcoholic sparkling grape beverage from Holland."
"Ah, Fred, but what year."
"This year".

Through wine and duck the testing carried on,
Till taste itself became their wisdom's dawn:
"Three classes of the buds," Fred sagely spoke,
"Through vectors sweet and sour are withdrawn."

"Now you taste this," said Fredrick, as he pulled a piece of duck out of his pocket.
"Ah, yes, duck from Peking, south region. Very good. Now, what taste really consist of."
"Well, although taste buds vary somewhat, there being three main classes, it all really comes down to the length of the vectors of the taste matrix of sweet, salt, bitter, and sour."
"Yes, sir Fred. Fine taste. So, someone say something taste no good, then…"
"We don't believe them, since their taste buds may be different from ours."

"Some see the colors different than we see?"
"Yes, slight," said Fred, "as different all may be."
"That why some dress for darkness in the dark?"
"Why dress at all?" Fred matched his repartee.

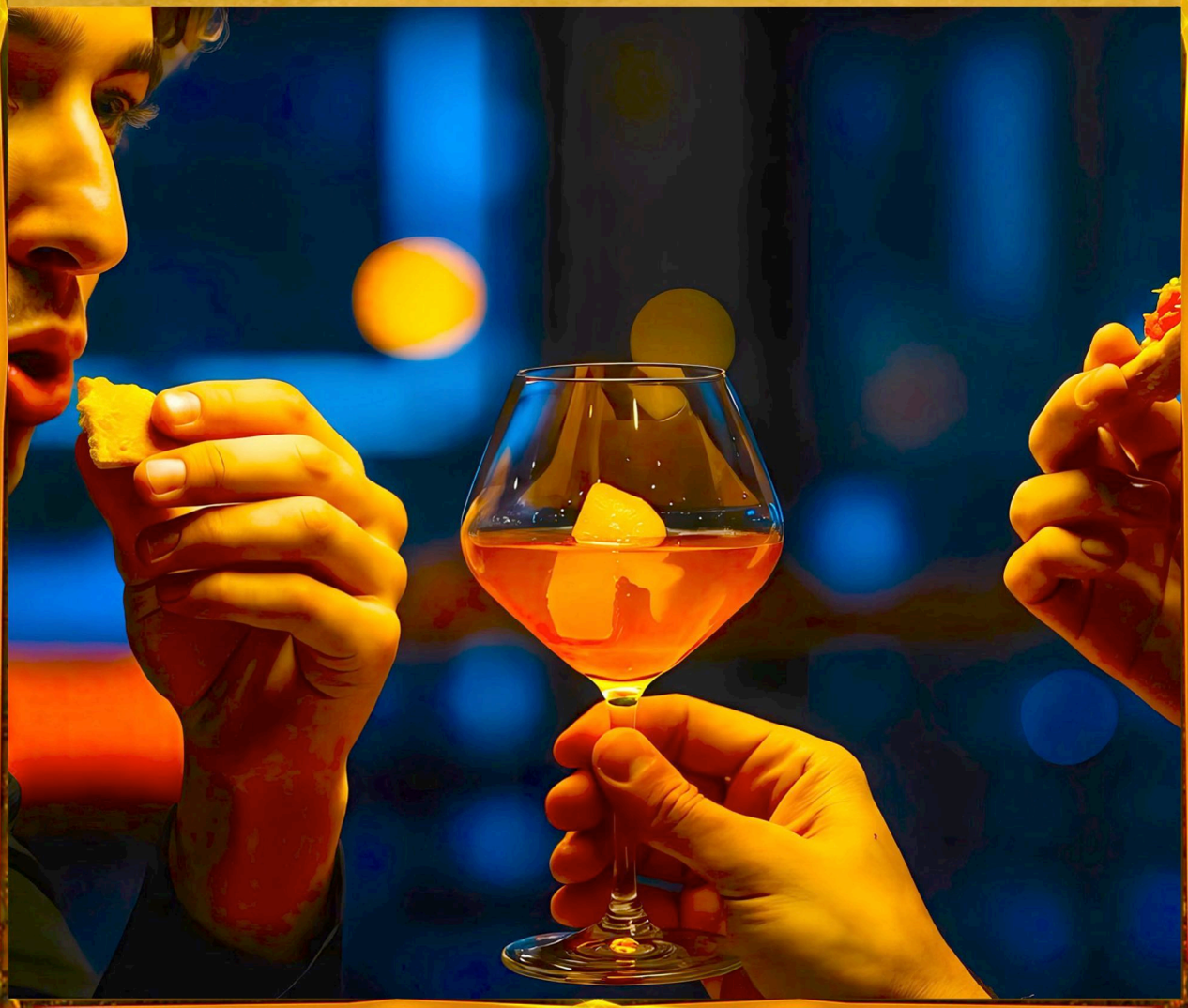
"Some see different color too?"
"Yes, slightly."
"That why some look like dress in dark?"

“We getting near outer zone of base, Fred; maybe see some magic stuff.”
“Really?“
“Yes, that could be, but you dress for the dark in the dark and go forth into the dark, so why wear anything?“
“Ah, good. Ha-ha.”

“What finest taste has crossed your knowing tongue?“
“Eternity’s sweet flavor,” Fred had sung.
“Ah, wise man you!” the ninja praised with joy,
While wisdom’s bells through both their laughter rung.

“Fred. What best taste ever?“
“The taste of eternity that I am tasting right now.”
“Ah, Fredrick, you wise man.”
“As wise as wise guy you.”

“Why not use pistol in the tunnel’s night?“
“No aim was true, the flash would give my plight.”
“If desperate?” “Then throw the cocked gun far,
Let chaos lead them from my path of flight.”



“More ha-ha. Why not shoot pistol in tunnel?“
“Well, there was nowhere to aim, plus they could have identified my position from the chamber barrel flash before I had a chance to shoot them all.”
“Good. What if they put light?“
“Then the better I know where they are to shoot them.”
“What if you get desperate or have to sneeze.”
“Then I cock the pistol and throw it where I am not, as I run away. Hopefully, it fires where it lands and draws their attention to it and away from me as I escape.”

“All this you planned within a minute’s span?“
“As traffic planner, that’s how thought began—
All directions must be weighed with care,
Through tunnel, sky, and every mortal plan.”

“All this plan in one minute make?“
“Yes, I am a traffic planner and must consider all directions, even up and down, and underground through tunnels.”

“Shall we sell tale to mystery’s DeMille?“
“I thought such tales from fancy’s simple will!”
“No, truth stands stranger far than fiction’s art,“
As wisdom’s laughter echoed through them still.

“Well, you mind if we sell story to detective mystery writer DeMille, make money?“
“Fine, go ahead, but I always thought they made these things up.”
“No, truth stranger than fiction.”

“How long’s a china man?” the ninja played.
“Yes, that’s his name,” Fred’s answer quickly made.
“No double positive exists!” came next.
“Yeah, right,” Fred smirked, their wit in masquerade.

“Any more tests?“
“How long is a china man.”
“Yes, that is his name.”
“No can fool you.”
“You hear of double negative, like ’didn’t see no duck’?“

“Yes, they cancel and a duck appears, for since I didn’t see everything but a duck, then I must have seen a duck, but even this is not for sure.”

“Yes, maybe you ate duck. Now, there no such thing as double positives!”

“Yeah, right.”

“What study calls you now?” “Just nothing’s way.”
“Ah, hardest state to hold from day to day—
For nothing needs a force to keep intact,
Then something fills the void we sought to slay.”

“Good one. What study you lately?“

“Nothing.”

“Ah, very hard state to maintain, so maybe not exist.”

“Really?“

“Yes, it would take a god or some force to keep nothing intact, but then not really nothing, for other stuff there. That my theory. It nothing really. Very little. A small point. A void to avoid. Not much. No big deal. Some zilch.”



“The Theory Of Nothing grows most long,
On ToeQuest’s thread where seekers throng.”
“True, Mr. Rick. First sleep, then rest, then void…”
“Welcome to NoQuest!” sealed their wisdom’s song.

“All right already; it’s not easy studying nothing, you know; but the Theory Of Nothing (TON) ToeQuest thread is one of the longest threads ever.”

“True, Mr. Rick. I like do nothing. But first I relax, then sleep, then rest up, then prepare do nothing, remove all thoughts, try not move…“

“Okay, ninja, welcome to NoQuest!”



The Bird is Flown

No helicopter could the Professor buy,
Though Chicago's coins he did apply;
Frugal wisdom led him other ways—
A cheaper path beneath the windswept sky.

Profpat couldn't afford to buy a helicopter, as his instructions had suggested, even after stripping Chicago dry of short change; so, frugal as he was, he bought something much cheaper, and studied up on it.

From dreams of rest he woke to ninja's call,
His lecture plans now scattered, one and all.
"Creative Accounting" must in silence wait;
Swift westward flight became his duty's thrall.

The Prof was sleeping after resting up from a nap so he could deliver an important lecture on 'Creative Accounting', in San Francisco, when he received a frantic call from a




THE BIRD IS FLOWN



calm ninja to begin his west coast trip immediately, if not sooner.

With pencils gathered, coffee freshly drawn,
His turbo wagon loaded in the dawn,
Before trouble's shadow touched his door,
Into the breaking day was Profpat gone.

Profpat gathered up some spare pencils, loaded his turbo powered station wagon with what he needed, and took off before trouble could arrive, grabbing a cup of coffee on the way out.

Through endless miles his chariot pressed ahead,
Till Rocky Mountains' shoulders rose and spread,
While in his wake six dusty devils danced—
Their distant pursuit filled his heart with dread.

He drove and drove and drove some more and soon passed the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, where he was still supposed to practice some things; however, he had noted



six dust trails or devils following him many miles behind.

Then Nobody's dark warning touched his mind:
A future glimpse of mankind's fate entwined
With warming globe—a wrong turn taken when
Through cosmic waves his path had been defined.

Prof remembered that Nobody, in a private message to all, had hinted at some dark and very probable futures for the Earth that he'd observed when taking a wrong turn in time during the CMBR trip, one of them being the fate of Earth from global warming.

Yet hope still flickered in this somber tale:
The ToeQuestors' knowledge might prevail,
If wisdom's race against the coming doom
Could grant them time to pierce the future's veil.

However, all was not lost, for the goodhearted ToeQuestors could perhaps use their knowledge of the newly discovered TOE to alter the dim future, somehow, if only they could learn all the nuances quick enough over the coming years, ahead of the doom.

In visions dark with biblical disguise,
Profpat beheld what future might arise;
The Theory's truth, if properly refined,
Could lift mankind toward wonder-gilded skies.

Profpat remembered watching the video of a possible dark future that was couched in biblical allegory for concealment of its revelations. Furthermore, the knowledge of the real TOE, if refined and understood well enough, could lead to amazing wonders that could never have even been imagined in this age, all good things, of course.

But governments with conquest in their hearts
Must never grasp these transcendental arts;
For naturalists would see such glory bright,
Beyond mere beauty nature now imparts.

Surely, it could not be trusted to governments with visions of dominance by conquest over Toequest. The naturalist, for instance, would be able to absorb with awestruck reverence scenes of overpowering sublimity far beyond the simple prettiness on offer now.

Musicians too would hear celestial strains,
Surpassing all that mortal ear contains;
The mystics' spheres would seem as children's toys
Compared to these supreme harmonic reigns.

A musician would be able to hear and play music more exhilarating and heartfelt than anyone had ever dreamed of. The celestial music of the spheres heard by the mystics would become as a child's toy flute in comparison to this grand and ultimate symphony.

And lovers would discover pleasures new,
Beyond what flesh had ever wandered through;
By thought alone such ecstasy would bloom,
Pure joy untainted, guiltless through and through.

The sensualist would discover that what had passed for deep and passionate sex had been merely a pleasant prelude. Erotic pleasure of an intensity that flesh had never known would become enjoyable without guilt, even by thought alone.

The painter's eye would capture realms divine,
In holographic splendor, line by line;
While scientists with minds expanded vast
Would pierce the veils where mysteries combine.

A painter or patron of the visual arts would be able to behold representative vision in a holographic reality of indescribable glory and completeness.

Scientists would be able to apply a googolplex of neurons to their thought experiments, rivaling Einstein's fortunate 'ah-ha' moments, all of the time, to reveal much of what was unknown between heaven and Earth.

Old conflicts born of selfish, stubborn ways
Would yield to reason's clear, enlightened rays;

As medicine would ease the mind's dark pains,
And wars would fade like mist in morning haze.

Arguments by people insisting on their own selfish ways would melt into a new sense of increased reasoning, just as bad and aversive emotions would be greatly lessened by new and safer medical miracles. Wars would become much reduced, and humanity at large could finally progress beyond its everyday suffering.

Even mundane losses would decrease their hold —
Those keys and glasses lost in days of old
Would cease their vanishing along time's tracks,
As human suffering's tide began to fold.

People would actually remember their car keys and glasses that had often and usually piled up at the vanishing point of the 'lost and found', which was at the end of the converging railroad tracks.

Yet through all ages, glimpses rare and bright
Had blessed some souls with momentary light;
Like candles flickering in eternal dark,
Then fading swift into oblivion's night.

Throughout the ages there had always been those rare and mystical moments as described above, for some enlightened and peaceful souls or those in love, but they were just fleeting glimpses of a rare light that lit their minds for a while as a flickering candle, when all one's thoughts perfectly conjuncted, but then, as always, they soon dispersing and moving on into the oblivion of forgotten dreams.

But would the sickness of our present age,
The power-drunk rulers on their mortal stage,
Destroy the noble ToeQuest's sacred aim?
This thought did all their worried hearts engage.

Or… would the contagion of the sickness, immaturity, and ignorance of the present human condition of those in power thwart the best efforts of the noble ToeQuestors…

Thus did Profpat and comrades brave and true,
Beyond mere fantasy of comic view,
Unite in quest for noumenal divine —
Upon their strength fate's tapestry now grew.

All of the preceding is why Profpat and the others escaping to safety had found a renewed vigor and strength and were now going way beyond the comic Fantastic Four to form a phenomenal team of noumena seekers, consisting of many talented and diverse individuals that the fate of the universe now depended on.

Through mountain roads with nitro's urgent might,
Profpat sped upward toward the snow-crowned height;
While warnings crackled through the static's veil:
"Make haste! The Feds approach! Take wing in flight!"

So, Profpat had driven across the plains through the badlands was now speeding up the Rocky Mountain road, having turned on his nitro tanks. He had just received an up-



date: “Go faster, six more Feds and Fed-exes coming up other side of mountain; you need reach peak before them. Hurry, scurry, flurry; make haste; expedite. *Click.”*

With glider spread like eagle’s wings of steel,
He soared above where mortals often kneel;
Though tranq-darts traced their rainbow through the air,
Their arcs fell short, their threat could never seal.

Profpat turned on more afterburners, and finally reached the mountain’s peak, unloaded his hang glider, and took off above the clouds. He dipsy-doodled at first but soon got the hang of the glider. *This is marvelous,* he thought, *it feels as if the wings are an extension of my self; I am a phoenix on eagle’s wings.*

Some Feds fired at him from quite a distance with their high powered tranquilizer rifles, but the darts merely formed gravity’s rainbow.

For miles he sailed past Rocky Mountain’s breast,
Each thermal draft a gift, each touch impressed;







The Earth below seemed small, its conflicts dim
As ant-wars viewed from heights of eagle's nest.

The hang glider responded to Pat's slightest touch and he became acclimated to it. Passing hundreds of miles past the Rockies and not really losing much altitude, he learned to sense the updrafts or spot dirt fields from which the heat would be rising. Prof saw the Earth a bit differently now, being a skynaut, its petty squabbles now seen to be as meaningless as ants fighting over a crumb.

A cigarette, a coffee's steaming share,
While drifting through the mountain-scented air;
The world beneath lay open like a shell,
Its vastness now his playground, free and fair.

Another, smaller, mountain range gave him some needed lift, and thus he sailed on, lit a cigarette, and had a sip of coffee. The world was opened as an oyster to him, and was also now his ashtray and his outhouse.





In San Francisco’s towers gleaming bright,
He landed midst the accountants’ domain of might;
To speak of GAAP and ledgers ancient lore,
Where debits dance with credits through the night.






double-entry

Profpat landed in San Francisco and began his lecture on 'Being Accountable', in some colossal skyscraper's conference room whose grandeur befitted the importance of Accounting, for where would the world be without transactions, the accounting of which was the very 'language of business'.

But lecture's dullness proved a secret boon,
As Fed-Ups charged like hares beneath the moon;
Sharp pencils flew like arrows through the air,
Some foes erased by graphite's mystic rune.

The lecture was entitled: 'The GAAP Between the CPA and the CGA in Using the IFRS'.

"The basic accounting principles of the double-entry debit-credit system have not changed since the days of ancient Greece and Rome, in that we must stay up all night until they balance, that is, until Enron dropped out of the Big Five that we now call the Big Four…"

Profpat threw very sharp pencils at them, greatly slowing them down, accidentally erasing a few of them, along with



some quarks, income tacks, big accounts, and some green eyeshades, and then disappeared behind the curtain, and ran up the stairs toward the skyscraper's roof, not even stopping for a smoke or at a pencil sharpener.

The lecture was about to go on, but it was so boring that Austin's story allows the waiting Fed-Ups to immediately rush toward the podium.

Up spiral stairs our hero swiftly flew,
While down below the Feds' confusion grew;
Their lawyer mocked: "These stairs that downward wind,
Do they not also climb to heaven's blue?"

The Feds ran down the stairs, and found no one but their lawyer, who said, "You fools. These stairs that go down; do they not also go up?" So, he reversed his charges and sent them up, but a bit too late, for Profpat was already winging away, like a duck; no, wait, ducks were in Fredrick's story.

Like fowl upon the wind he soared away,
While black sedans turned choppers joined the fray;



A message whispered of a stealth ship's aid
Beyond the borders where the waters lay.

He winged away like a fowl bird, air-foiling the Federals yet again. The Feds called in six black FBI sedan helicopters (see, Profpat, maybe you should have bought one) to follow him, as he received another message: "Stealth black ninja aircraft carrier waiting for you beyond US boundary in international waters."

Through clouds he dove with open mouth to drink,
Like mouse before the feline's watchful blink;
Till fog consumed the chase like melting cheese,
And hunters lost their quarry's trail to think.

Profpat flapped his seemingly real and movable organs for flying (wings) and rose and dove in rises and dives to outwit the helicopters and lose them for a while as he flew through a cloud with his mouth open to get a drink of the refreshing water droplets. It was cat and mouse for a while until the cheese disappeared in the fog.









The Golden Gate lent thermals to his flight,
As twilight faded into starless night;
But as the shore breeze died in evening's shroud,
His wings began to sink from heaven's height.

He then used the heat rising off the Golden Gate Bridge to fly on through the end of twilight, intending to use the



darkness for cover beyond the city's lights; however, this ending of dusk also meant that the ocean was no longer trading brisk breezes with the shore and that he would begin to lose altitude.

"O Death!" he cried, "Where lies thy victory?
While ebon wings enfold and set me free,
Where is thy sting?" as thirty feet per breath
He dropped toward the dark, eternal sea.

Death! where is thy Victory?
To triumph whilst I die,
To triumph whilst thine ebon wing
Enfolds my shuddering soul.
Death! where is thy sting?
(Shelley)

Sure enough, he began dropping 30 feet a second over the ocean and still had 25 miles to go…



All life's accounts flashed past his reddened gaze—
The taught, the sought, the fought of mortal days;
Like stone he dropped, then spread his wings to soar,
The maddest scholar lost in ocean's haze.

This is it; I'm an overdue account, pound foolish, though penny wise, but overdrawn. At least they didn't get the TOE from me! Noughts, oughts, and all that he ever taught, bought, sought, and fought flashed before his red-inked eyes as he intentionally dropped like a stone for short whiles before flaring his wings to catch the air and turn potential energy into kinetic to gain forward progress out to sea, he far and away the nuttiest professor now.

"Time now to square accounts with heaven's throne,
For seeking Truth that flesh has never known;
My life was borrowed, spent on fortune's scroll,
Each debit matched with credit, joy for loan."

Time to square accounts with my maker on account of my curiosity to account for Everything; money is of no account



now; from Death my life was a borrowed debit, but I spent it, loved it, and lived it, on good fortune's credit.

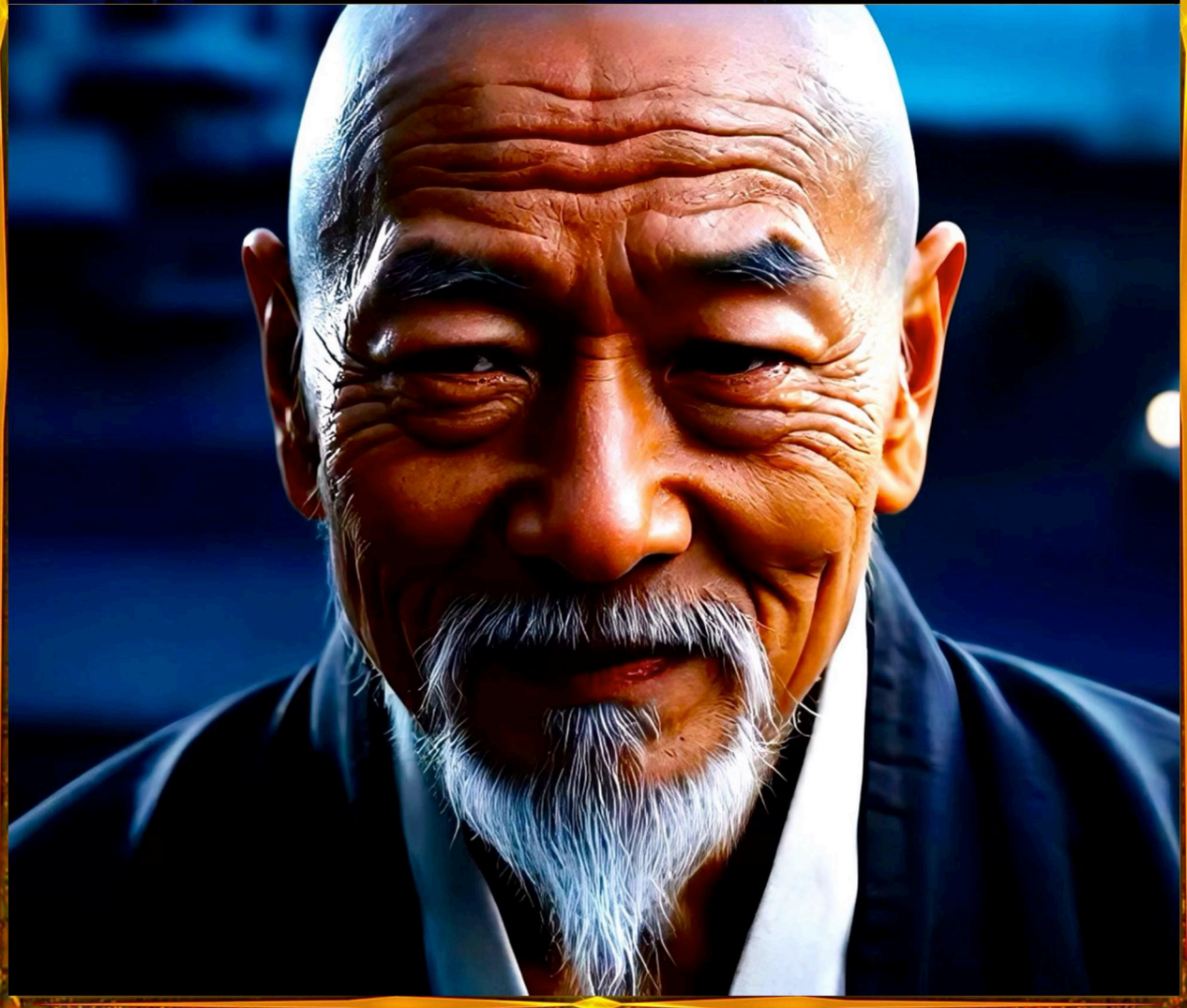
The brine rose up to claim its salted prize,
As Prof and Pat shared final compromise;
"We're dropping out," they smiled into the dark,
"Our number called beneath these starless skies."

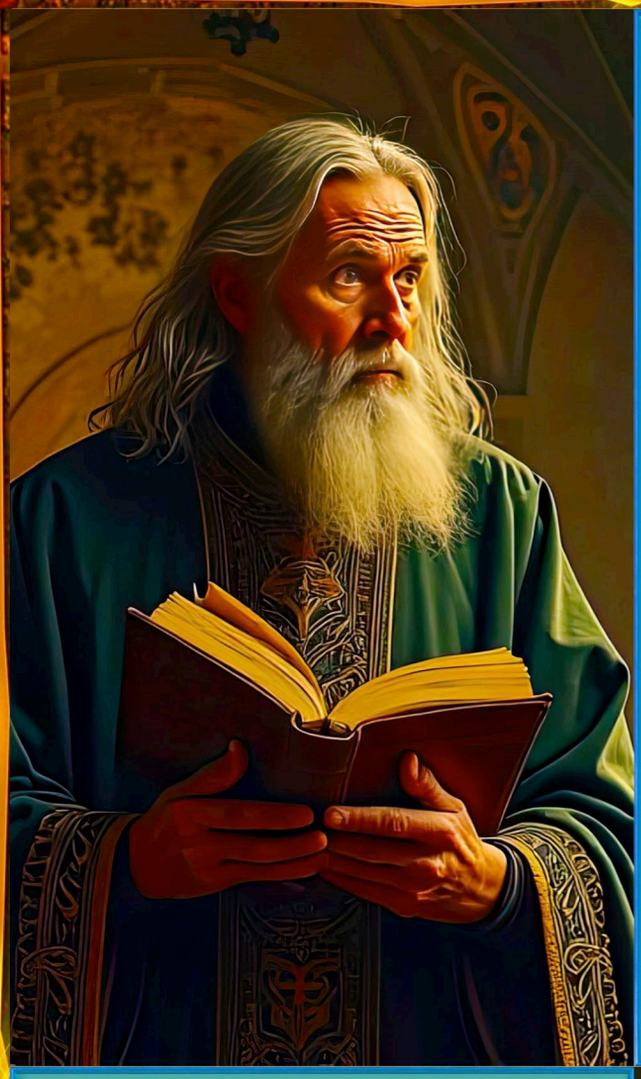
It was no use; Profpat was going to fall into the ocean. He could sense the moisture, almost taste the brine, and was soon going to swim with the smell of the fishes. *Good try,* said Prof to Pat, his other selfsame, *but you're not going to pass this course. It's OK,* said Pat to Prof, *I'm dropping out; my number is up.*

But lo! What light breaks through the shrouded deep?
A carrier's halo gleams across the leap;
Yin-Yang in perfect balance shines below,
As heaven's pattern wakes from darkness' sleep.









Moonlight Sonata

The music of the spring was in the breeze,
A prelude borne by airy musicians
Of the trees—the mating calls of the birds,
That opened for the cosmic symphony.

The Music of the Spheres played in the park
At night—flung down by our Father, the Sky,
Through the soft night to our Mother, the Earth,
Then to us, their audience and progeny.

The planets joined in a concert to the
Merrie Monthe of Maie, arrayed as follows:
There was Venusia, the Bringer of Peace,
Singing side by side with warring Marsius.

Flitting about was the wingéd Mercuria,
The speedy messenger who conducted
The orchestra, melting all of those who
Were touched by her wand of burning desire.

And mighty Zeus, was there, full to the brim
With the jollity of the fat man's belly.
By Jove, came Saturnus, so very gray
With age—lumbering into the party.

Thence sat Vrania, a magician, and
The old sea captain, King Nep, the mystic,
But not Pluto; he was downsized, no more
One of the harmonics—an underworld!

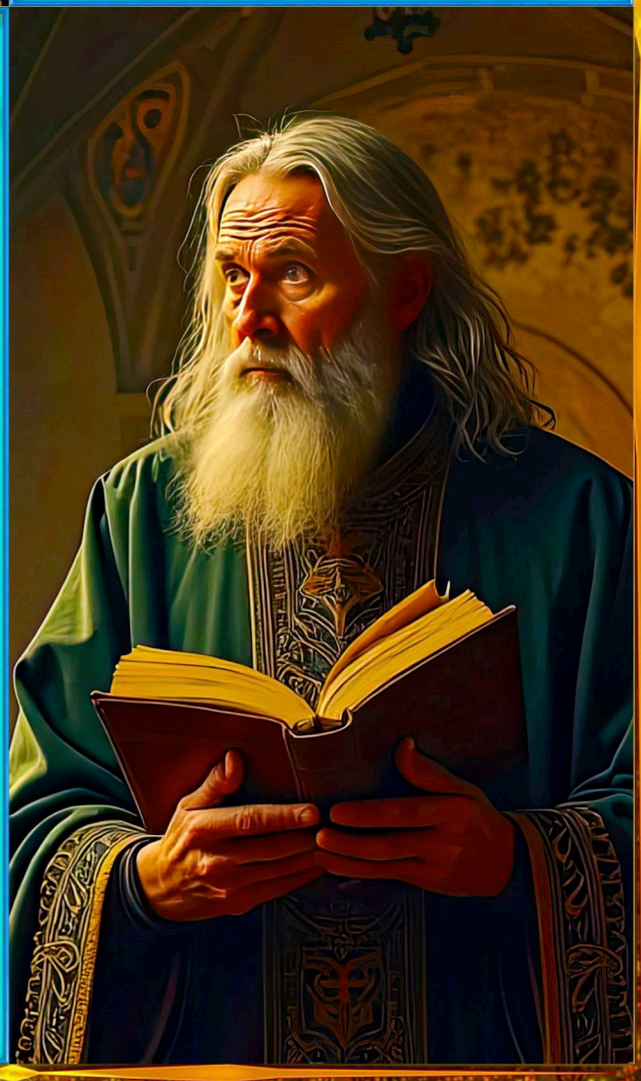
Jupiter's music was round and robust,
While Saturn's boomed with the sounds of grandeur
And the old venerable melodies;
But, Mercury soon picked up the pace.

Next flowed the serene love songs of Venus,
Followed inexorably by Martial marches.
Now was the time for Vrania's magic—
She played musical jokes and surprises.

At last, their music came to mesh as one,
As our wanderers of the night floated
Away on the haunting mystical strains
Of King Nep's tune, into the May Flower moon.

Now we're touched, so touched by the starlight,
Afraid that we'll ne'er be the same again.
Can you sense the euphony of the spheres?
Can you fathom the Theory of Everything?





Good old Prof was ready to yin his yang in the fine way that he lived: in the black, all the books balanced except for a spot of white in the darkness of the Yin. *What's that below?*

One final push, one last heroic strain,
Thirty feet down to safety's blessed plane;
The ninja ship receives its destined guest,
Then darkness claims the ocean once again.

The landing lights of the ninja carrier's heliopad flashed on in the glorious pattern of heaven, heat, and light, combined with earth, dark, and cold, each revolving around the other, the Yin/Yang symbol of a cyclic and rounded life, and Profpat dropped thirty feet, gave one last push forward, and landed just as the carrier's lights went back off.

"Welcome, Professor," spoke a voice of night,
While pencil-point pierced through the absent light;
"You live through glory now," the voice declared,
"Though death's embrace makes life burn twice as bright."




heroic


WELCOME TO THE NINJA SHIP

“Welcome, Professor” said a voice in the wilderness of the darkness of nothing, “Breeze die down so we come to you, at full power.”

“I’ll show you a thing or 2.5,” said Prof, pointing a pencil into the inky blackness of night.

“Ouch! I get the point, but really now, PatrickPro, you just live through great experience of glory of life.”

“To die for glory is not living!”

“Man who face death appreciate life more. This good training for future of save yiniverse and yangiverse.”

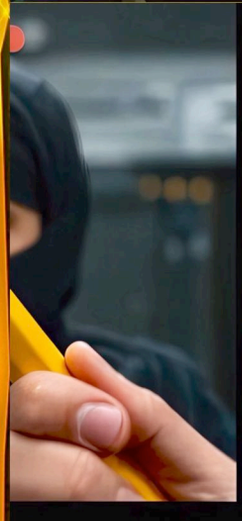
“Well, that is my questionable long and arduous search.”

“See, quest great expedition. I train you in number of things. I am 9.0 degree Grand Master.”

The Ninth Degree Grand Master, wise with jest,
Posed riddles that put wisdom to the test;
“What’s one plus one?” “Two!” “No, when sand piles merge,
They form but one” - thus was the truth expressed.

















“Now, take two apples from three apples; what do you have?”
“One?”
“No, you took two, remember; they are in your hand.”
“Hardy-har, Proffer, what be one plus one.”
“Two?”
“No, they were sand piles and all lump into one bigger one.”

They traded quips of numbers, dark, and light,
Of dyslexia’s reversed delight;
“What’s darkest dark?” asked Prof, and Nine replied
With verse of Shadow, Space, and Love’s sweet plight.

“Do you know accounting, Grand Master, ninth degree ninja, emperor of the multiverse?”
“Just call me number nine. I no good account; get digits mixed up, but make million that way. What you do on other ledger side?”
“I color quarks through the prism of super strings and theorize the emission of an electron from the proton.”
“Nuclear ‘unclear’ to me. Have dyslexia. Am member of DNA.”
“DNA?”
“National Dyslexics Association.”
“Ok, ninja, good one, but it’s not good to make light of handicaps unless you really have one.”
“Ok, #9, what is fifty quadrillion, thirty cotillions, 6 pillions, and…”
“That too hard.”
“…times zero?”
“Oh, it be zip. Quiz: What correct grammar: Six and seven ARE fourteen or six and seven IS fourteen?”
“Thirteen.”
“Ah, that unlucky number, plus this part 13 of story.”
“I always stay on the 14th floor of hotels, so I am safe, plus I never include a chapter 11 in my books, for that is filing for bankruptcy. Anyway, 13 at the last supper works for me.”
“I have a #9 in my name but it silent.”
“Ho-ho. Are the ToeQuestors days numbered?”
“Yes, today August 30 on calendar. Now, what best digit?”

“The Toe, but not at the moment since I stubbed it on your deck on a big black dot.”

“Want me call tow truck? Ha. So, how old you?”

“An uncounted, innumerable, untold amount.”

“How see four sunset in one day?”

“Run up a hill.”

“Want come in out of dark? Start training?”

“Yes, but what is the darkest dark of all?”

“‘I’m the darkest,’ said the Shadow to the Night.’

“‘No,’ said Midnight, ‘compared to me you’re bright.’

“‘You floodlights!’ said Starless Space, ‘Stop your fight.’

“‘The darkest plight is the lack of love’s delight!’”

“You good man, Prof. Come aboard.”

“Thanks, niner. How did they catch onto me?”

“Government try spend $787.00 from account on one screwdriver, come up 3 penny short; do some million-dollar audit.”

“Well, it was only a matter of time.”

“Here postcard from Fredrick. What say?”

“It says that the twaining of training is going well; he is learning diesel.”



The pencil proved extension of the mind,
As reality's illusions were defined;
"The brain creates the world we think we know,
Like glider's wings with self became combined."

"Ah, good news. OK, now we do test of touch. Ah, see you have pencil."
"This is my best pencil; let's not ruin it. I began the theory of the proton with it, and the remainder of the theory is still inside this pencil somewhere."
"We do no harm. Hold pencil and run it across chair seat fabric; no, wait, use eraser end so not write autograph; now, rub; you seem to feel texture at pencil end?"
"Yes, amazing, it feels like an extension of my fingers, but of course I have no sense organs way out there."
"So then, brain fabricate reality, just like hang glider wing seem part of you."
"True, so that's why I couldn't afford a helicopter!"
"Yes, PatProf, and so you 'see' that we only see inside of head where all is fabricate."

"I agree. I fabricate you, scents and odours fabricate from molecule shapes in the nostrils, and sounds fabricate from air vibrations, as well as colors from waves and even the illusion of light itself in a dark head, especially during my favorite pastime of sleeping and dreaming."

"You tune like TV to the world's great show,
But sleep too much has dimmed your sensing's glow;
I'll teach you touch at distance, pole unseen—"
"With ladies near?" Prof jest'd, "I must say no!"

"You good illusion of physical world, being like some TV tuner receive broadcast from far. But, you somewhat out of touch from doze too much, so I teach you touch base ten feet away with invisible ten foot pole."
"With my girlfriends around or not around? I don't know about that."
"That be touch down, but recall for illegal procedure."

"What touched you last?" the Master slyly asked,
As Prof demurred, his private thoughts unmasked;

“Some matters best left wrapped in mystery’s veil,
While wisdom’s deeper meanings go untasked.”

“Now, what touch lately?”
“That’s personal.”

They spoke of Eden’s ancient touch of sin,
Of knowledge lost and found and lost again;
“One day we’ll hang the apple back,” said Prof,
“And heal Creation’s pain since time’s begin.”

“Ah, sorry. Why kids touch something when tell not to?”
“It all started in the Garden of Eden.”
“Ah, very touching story of dumb people made by smart god.”
“You’re still holding two apples.”
“Ah, yes, you funny. We make apple sauce and welcome you for training, Grand Master Professor and Temporal TOE Protector of Universe that can someday give good life to all.”
“One day we will hang Adam’s apple back on the Tree of

Knowledge and hopefully help correct the distortion and sadness of all the 13.75 billion years of creation.”



A Useful Lie

P. Torney © 199

PROOF OF
REALITY
REFERENCE
FABRICATION



Take a pencil, and feel a texture with it—
(The eraser end is best, so you don't write)
You seem to feel it at the pencil tip;
Yet, you have no sense organs way out there—
So—your brain fabricates reality!



(This, then, is why there is a hang-glider above:
Its wings are felt as an extension of the arms,
just as the pencil sems to be an extension of the finger.)

ENERGY = MICHAEL ★ CC

– The All is in the One –

All things are infinitely connected.
As in a hologram–each part contains the whole;
Everything interpenetrates everything;
The universe is a seamless web of information.

– Blake's Vision Confirmed –

Every part of a hologram contains the whole.
The whole universe contained within a
Grain of sand, all eternity within a moment,
The universe rumbling when an electron vibrates

Like the moon,
challenge the night
and gain the light;
Like the rose,
suffer the thorn
and gain the fragrance;

Of life,
surrender
to live forever–
Enlightened
more than
a thousand suns.

Energy = Michael times CC

Since we all became of this universe,
Should we not ask who we are, whence we came?
Insight clefts the night with its radiance;
The Theory of Everything shines through!

In quest of Truth, brave Michael spent his days,
Among the ToeQuest knights, he sought Life's ways,
To find the Theory that would All explain -
His heart set forth on wisdom's burning blaze.

Michael had dedicated his life to assisting the less fortunate and giving love to all, as well as to the quest of the Holy Grail of the TOE, being one of the glorious few of the knights of the round table of ToeQuest: those who looked beyond, above, below, and within the everyday into the very life and source of the magic of existence.



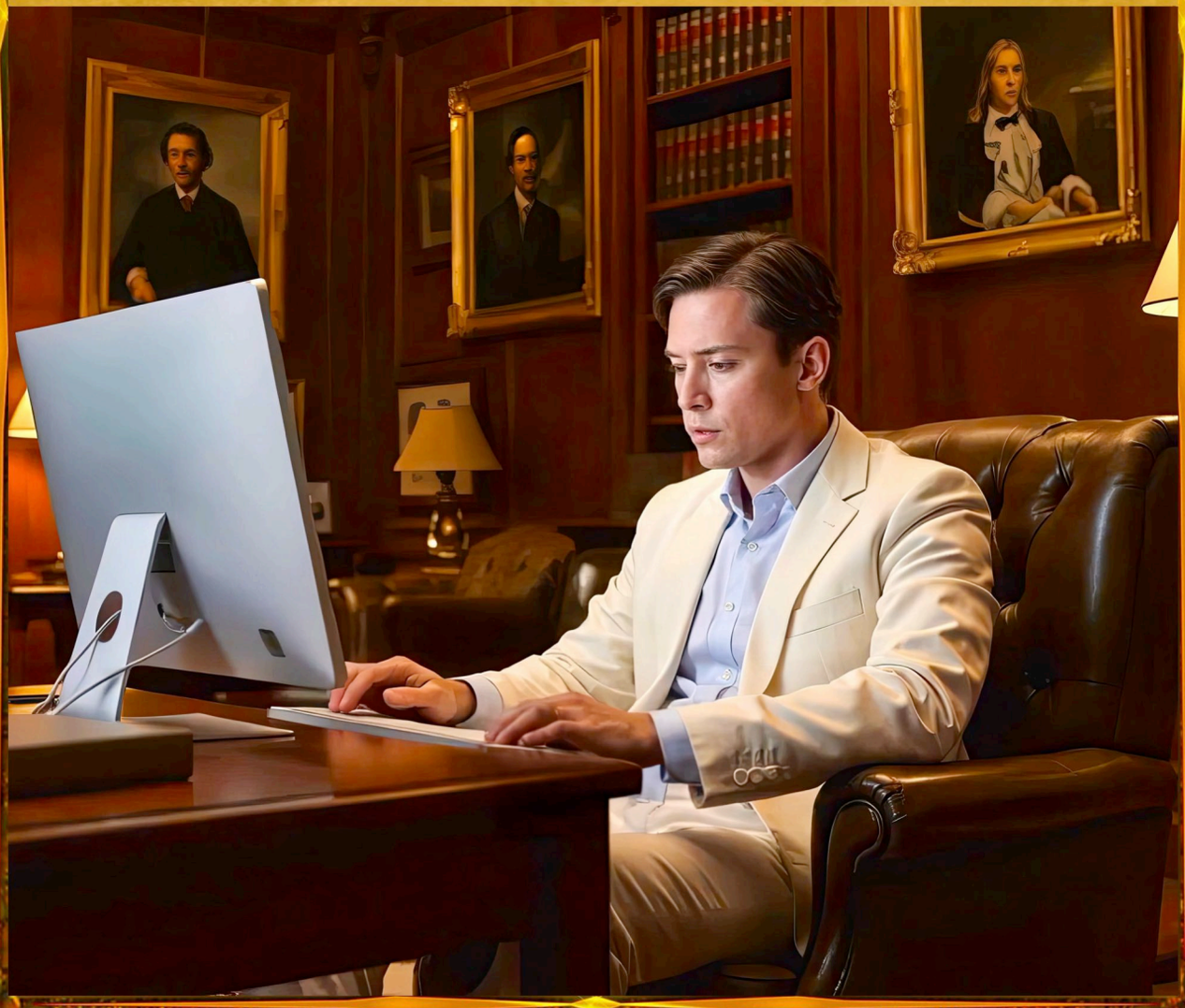
When agents came to seize him in his chair,
Twenty sides guarded with suspicious care,
He smiled and spoke: “I am but noumena” -
Then turned to light and vanished through the air!

He’d heard, with some alarm, of the narrow escapes of his fellow ToeQuestors and was almost worried. Michael was well aware that his nearly real name and picture appeared on his every post; the picture was small but the name could be deduced, and, so, the new MI8 group had done so, locating his residence; however, Michael awaited them, in his lounge chair, having a trick up his sleeve that he couldn’t wait to pull on them.

So, there he was posting away to 100 different threads when they arrived and surrounded him on 20 sides.

“Please come with us peacefully,” they requested. “There is no escape; we have guards on all the EXITS (WAY OUT in UK dialect) and on all the ENTRANCES (WAY IN).”

Michael smiled and simply said “I am noumena,” as he turned into pure energy, a state that could not be maintained for more than a few seconds, but time enough for











him to zoom away at near the speed of light. He'd been practicing this, and it was always quite exhilarating, although he couldn't sense as well during it. It had a refractory time of a few days, whereupon he could perform it again just by thinking *'energize'*.

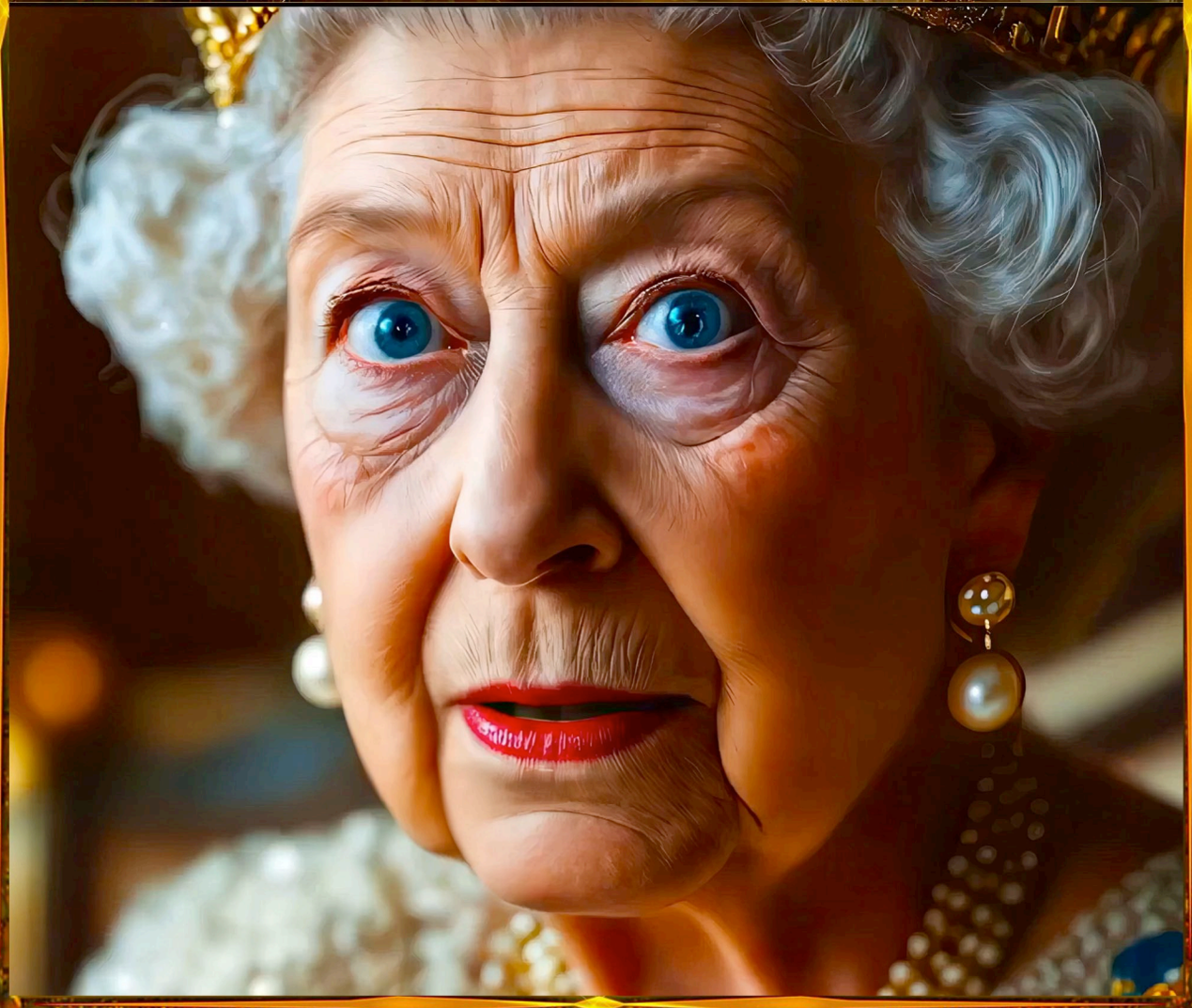
Around the globe fourteen times did he speed,
Through mountain, tree, and tower with spirit freed,
Till in the Queen's own chamber did he land -
A royal fright from his ethereal deed!

Through space he streaked, a beam of living light,
Round Earth fourteen times in his quantum flight,
Till in the Queen's own chamber did he pause -
Her Majesty awoke in quite a fright!

Anyway, he disappeared from right in front of their eyes and took off, easily passing through buildings, trees, and mountains, and going around the world about 14 times before he materialized, of all places, next to the Queen of England in her bed at 1 AM.













The Palace guards stood stoic at their post,
As Michael, glowing like a radiant ghost,
Walked down and poured his tea with gentle grace -
Of all his tricks, this one amused him most.

Down palace stairs with mystic glow he strode,
Poured royal tea, as if 'twere his abode,
While guards stood fast, their faces carved in stone,
Though mirth did threaten their prescribed code.

She shrieked, and he calmly bowed and walked down the stairs, poured a cup of tea, and went out the front door, almost making the Buckingham Palace guards smile, for he had a certain glow, but they weren't allowed to show any emotion.

Now mortal-bound for days, he took his leave,
His TR-3 through winding roads did weave,
Till Fortune's wheel brought forth a humble flat -
Such Earthly bonds that even heroes grieve!






BRG 258

Now bound in mortal form for days to come,
To ninja wisdom's call he must succumb,
Yet in his mind, those moments pure remain,
When with Creation's pulse his heart beat drum.

For the next few days, he would be a merely mortal phenom and would have to be on his toes to be taller and see beyond the pale to note any tails of those hound-dogging him for the TOE or the TOT (Theory of Thing). Meanwhile, he replayed in his mind his energizing travels as a noumena, when he was one with all that is and was, although he could still appreciate the usefulness of the normal sensing form of life incarnate.

Michael decided to stay out of sight by taking a much earned vacation weekend from helping others cope, during the few days that he had before he was due at the ninja base, and so he drove his TR-3 towards the hills and beyond for one last romp. He turned his engine loose, roaring onto the open road. He was doing at least 5 KPH over the speed limit, weaving gracefully around the slower moving cars.



Towards hills and vales his TR-3 did race,
Five units past the law's decreed swift pace,
When Fortune's wheel did turn with mocking spin -
His chariot protested with ill grace.

"O cursèd fate!" the wanderer did cry,
As by the road his pristine suit awry,
He wrestled with the wheel of bitter chance,
When lo! An angel's presence caught his eye.

Upon the road, a vision pure and bright,
Like dawn's first ray that pierces through the night,
Left Michael standing, speechless, tire in hand,
His heart suspended in its swift delight.

While changing tires beside the dusty way,
His pristine suit now smudged in disarray,
A vision bright appeared upon the road -
As Heaven's answer to his heart that day.




GLZ5 99





Malicious Heaven these lovely faces
And one, so vain yet holds cups till show

His car was running rough for some reason: bumpity, bumpity, bump. “Damn!” A flat tire. It was always something like that with this rolling junk pile that was once a sports car. Michael made a vow to replace his TR-3 with a Porsche, while preparing to fix the flat tire by the side of the narrow road in his spotless white sport suit.

Michael took the spare tire out of the trunk, carefully trying not to let it touch his pristine white leisure suit as he juggled it over to the wheel. He jacked up the car and removed the flat tire. “Dang nab it!” he swore at his car when he got a smudge on his pants from the old tire. It was then that he saw her driving by, a bright vision from Heaven come to answer his dreams. He could hardly believe what he saw.

A yellow streak of Ferrari’s pride,
At speeds that made the wind’s force multiplied,
Swept past our hero on his roadside pause,
While dust clouds dimmed his garments’ former pride.









She was driving a yellow Testarossa, breaking the speed limit and hitting at least 125 MPH, almost blowing him off the shoulder of the road. “Darn!” Now his white suit had become a dusty gray. He got a good look at her, though, since she had her top down.






TRISH

Her trailing scarf danced like a banner bright,
Her plate read “TRISH” - he knew at first sight:
“SHE’S THE ONE!” he cried with joy complete,
Till Theory’s quest fled from his mind’s delight.

Her hair and scarf trailed out behind her as she sped away along the hilly road. Her license plate just read “TR-ISH“. “She’s the one,” he said quietly to himself, then more loudly, “That’s her! Forget Everything for a while,” then yelling it out in celebration, “SHE’S THE ONE! THAT’S THE WOMAN FOR ME!” He could hardly contain himself, and he even stopped thinking about the Theory of Thing for a while.

(Hey, how come Michael gets a girl in his story when no one else did? Well, just because; plus we can’t always leave half the world out.)



With haste he gave pursuit along the way,
His humble TR-3 in smoky spray,
Could scarce achieve the mountain road's demands,
While she, swift goddess, would not deign to stay.

He quickly twisted the lug nuts back on the wheel, jumped into his 'car' and raced after her, but, unfortunately, his old TR-3 could do only 85 MPH or so on the switch back upgrades. A bit of smoke poured from his engine, suggesting that he was burning oil and would never catch her.

But Fate, that fickle mistress of our days,
Led both their paths to cross in fortune's maze,
Where fast food's temple stood beside the road,
And there she stood within his wondering gaze.

Then he got lucky, for he spotted her car parked outside a fast food restaurant. *That's her type of food,* he thought, *he having once eaten slow food: escargot.* As he drove into the parking lot, she was already walking out with a hamburger in her hand.











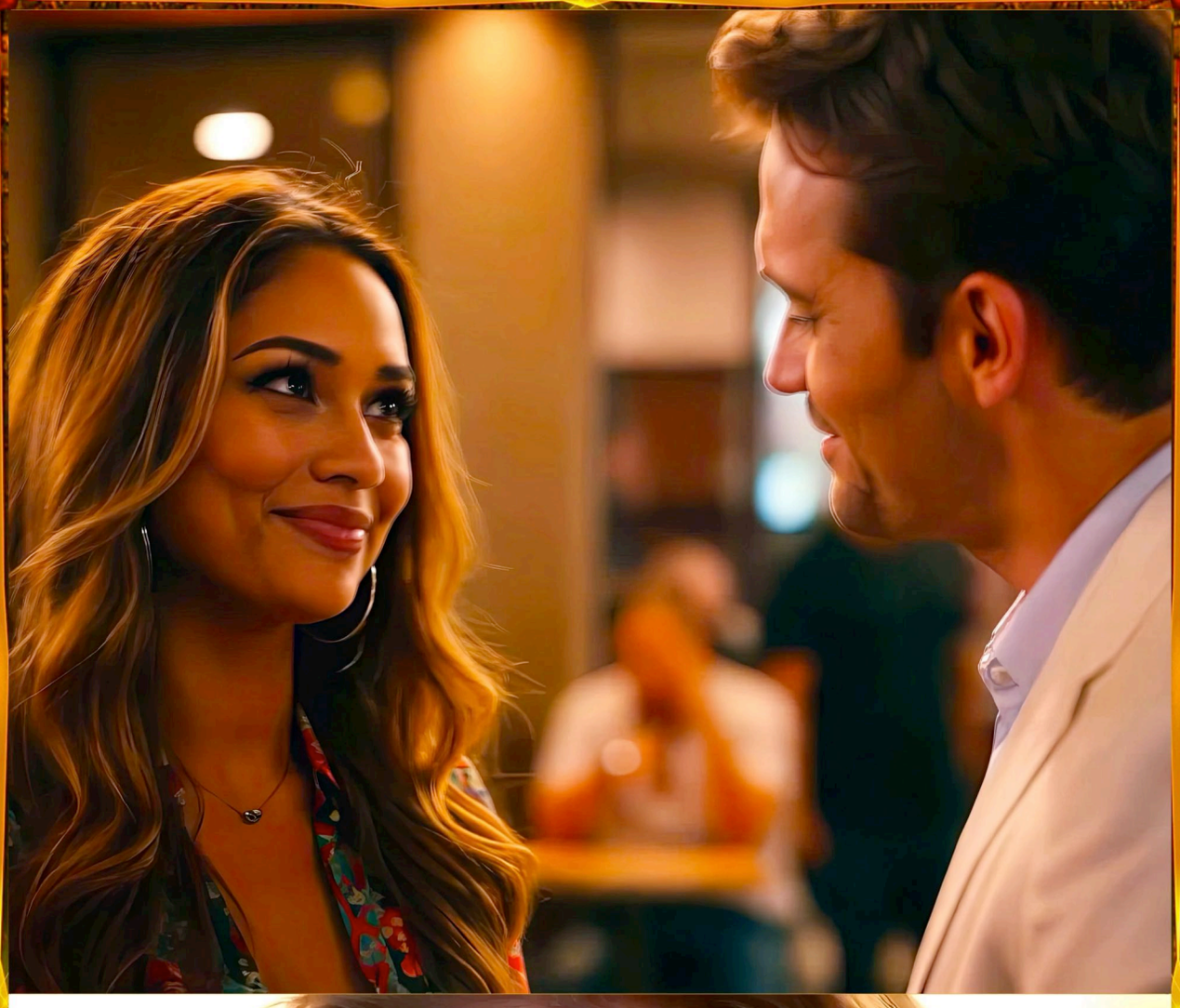
“Fair Trish,” spoke Michael, bold in love’s command,
“I seek your heart, your style so grand!”
She smiled and offered challenge in reply:
“Keep pace with me - then you may win my hand!”

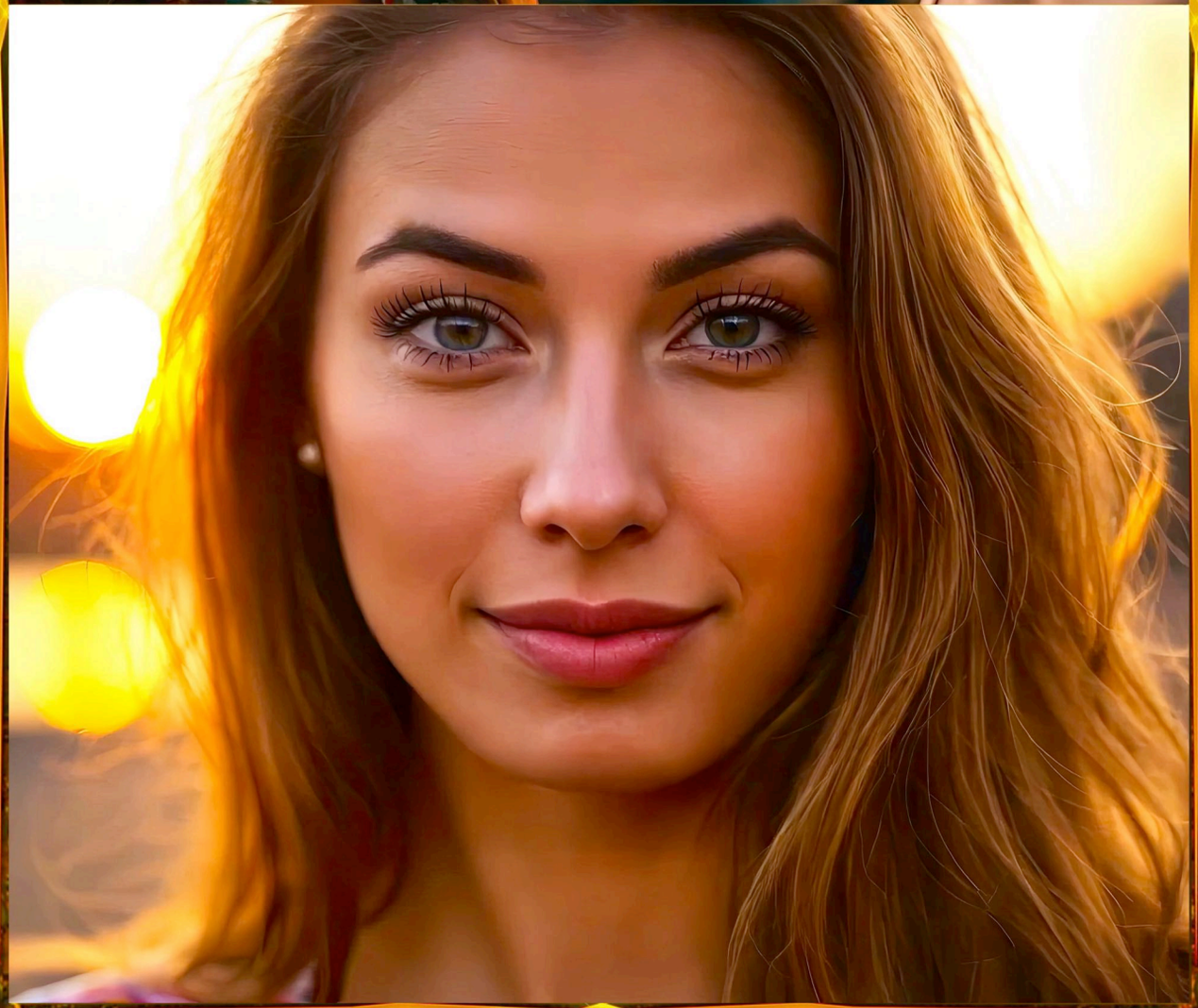
He always thought fast and so he walked right up to her and spoke directly, as usual, “Trish, my name is Michael and I’m on my way up in the world of Thing. I am falling in love with you and your style, and so I would like to take you out tonight and get to know you very well.”

She answered spontaneously, too: “OK, Michael, I’ll make a deal with you, one that we’ll both enjoy. If you can keep up with me throughout the day, then you can have me tonight. And get that suit cleaned!”

With french fries gifted from her fleeing form,
He watched her car kick dust in swirling storm,
His suit now darker than the evening’s shade -
Yet hope burned bright where passion’s flames were born.







She handed him the remains of her french fries and quickly roared off in her new Testarossa, its wheels spinning and spitting even more dirt onto Michael, turning his now gray suit to a dark brown color.

Her antics only convinced him all that more that she was the girl for him; for she seemed rich, daring, confident, attractive, sexy, and so full of energy.

What charms she held! What grace in every part!
Rich, daring, wise; she pierced straight through his heart,
Her eyes that spoke of mysteries untold,
Her presence made his very soul restart.

Plus she had a ready wit and was good-looking, too. She had long hair, a body that was alive, and erotic, exotic features. Her eyes had looked straight into him! She was more than fine; she just oozed with charm, personality, and sex appeal.

He stood transfixed where empty air remained,
While far below, her car's wild song proclaimed:







“Wild and free!” The anthem of her soul,
As with a wave, his frozen spirit claimed.

He stood there, dazed for a moment, still talking to the air that she’d just vacated.

Already he could see her car speeding along the road below, her radio music blaring some music that sang … *wild and free, that’s what I want to be!* She looked up and gave him a wave, urging him on, and this shook him out of his trance. He even managed to wave back, although he felt like a frozen statue and could hardly lift his arm.

Unknown to him, eighteen blue cars drew near,
The MI8 in pursuit severe,
While Michael raced his chariot with might,
Down winding paths where danger lurked so clear.

Meanwhile, unbeknownst to Michael, 18 blue MI8 sedans had located him and were hot on his trail, although still some miles back. Michael ran to his car and raced down the hillside after her, going faster and ever faster, even







running off onto the shoulder several times, and then almost going off the side of the road.

Through curves that tested steel and spirit's nerve,
Each downshift prayer that he might yet preserve
His chase of love along the mountain's spine,
While ancient TR-3 fought each steep swerve.

The curves were real tricky and so he had to assist the car's braking by downshifting into second gear, sometimes even into first. He couldn't keep up with her, of course, but at least he could still see her now and then down the other side He was pushing his car to its limit and loving every minute of it.

The thrill of chase sang through his racing blood,
As natural opiates released their flood,
Past trucks he darted, courting death's embrace,
While wisdom whispered: "Tempt not fate's dark flood!"




The Thrill
of the Chase



His heart beat time to passion's wild command,
As mountain roads stretched through the misty land,
Each glimpse of yellow streak that caught his eye
Drew him toward destiny's appointed hand.

Oh, the thrill of it! And for good reason, too: love. This was not just simple speeding, it was speeding for a purpose, speeding as if his life depended on it, or at least his love life. Michael immediately became enamored of the exhilaration of the chase, as the stress and excitement caused adrenaline and natural opiates to be loosened in his overworked ToeQuesting brain. He took a chance, passing a slow moving truck in the no-passing lane, and was just barely able to tuck back in time. He told himself: *Don't do that again!*

As death he courted on the winding way,
Past loves appeared like ghosts of yesterday,
"Women are cars," his racing mind declared,
"And Trish, a racer living for today!"







FIO 876

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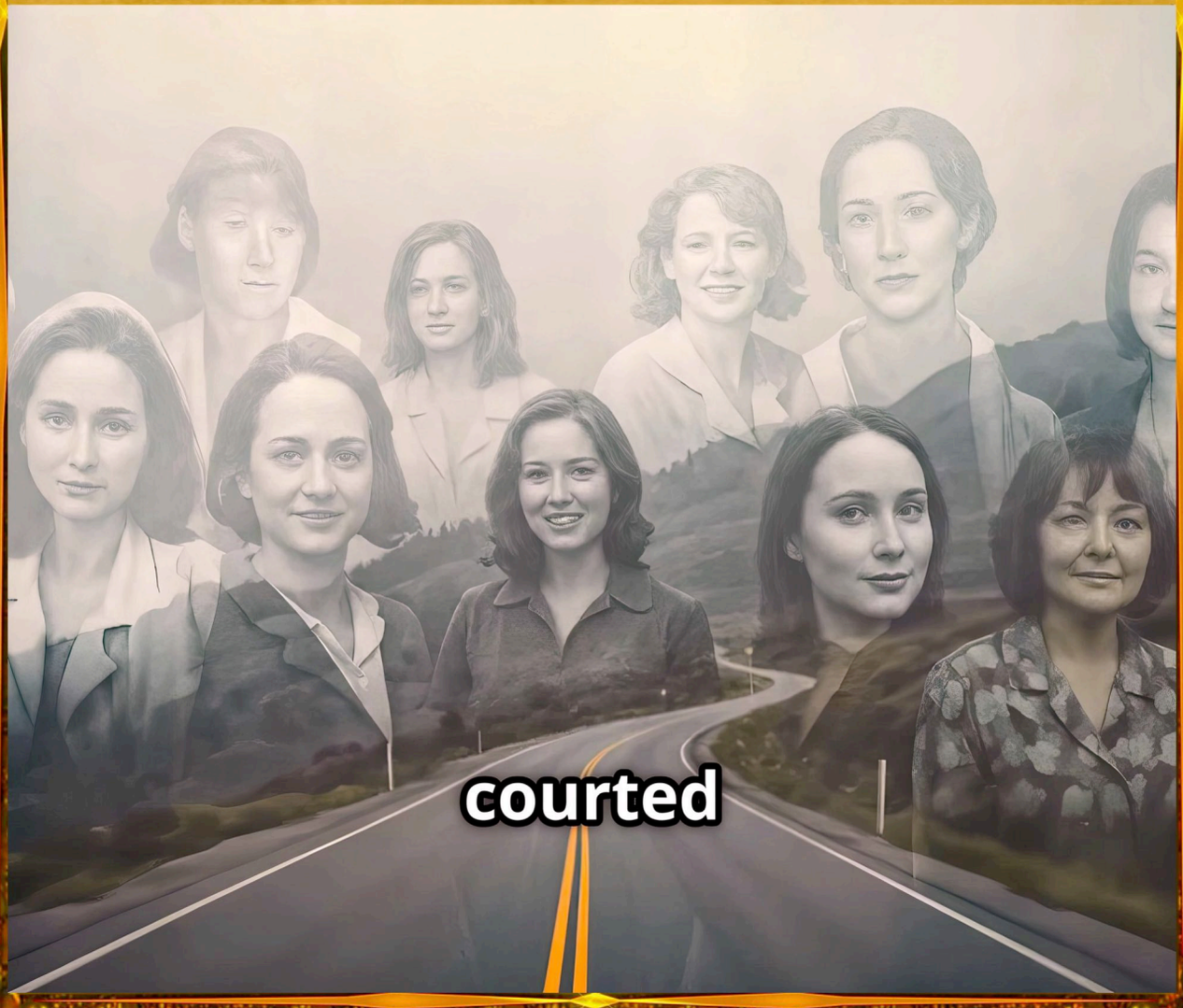
As he courted death, his love lives flashed before him. Women were like cars, he thought. Trish, of course, was a race car, revving her engine to the limit, taking every turn to the edge, and living every moment as if it were her last.

While station wagons plod with cautious care,
Their drivers bound to duties everywhere,
His Trish lived free upon the razor's edge,
Her spirit soaring through the mountain air.

Others, on the other hand, were more like station wagons: stable, sturdy, reasonable, sensible, and dependable, but unexciting, and, thus he thought, wastefully frittering their lives away by their attendance to the most mundane details of nothing that much mattered.

His trusty car, though valiant in its tries,
Could scarce keep pace where passion's challenge lies,
Till fortune smiled - she turned toward wooded vale,
A meadow's trap where love might claim its prize.

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Michael was falling behind, although doing the best that he could in his unsporty car, but an old jalopy compared to hers. Luckily, he saw her turn off into a small wooded valley between two hilly ridges. *Now he had her,* he thought; *now there was no escape possible, for it was just a little dirt road trailing off into a meadow and a farm.* Only a few more moments and they'd be together in sensual bliss.

His phone then rang with ninja's coded speech:
"What doing? Danger near with strangers' reach!"
"Wrong number, friend," was Michael's swift reply,
His mind fixed firm on love within his reach.

Michael's cell phone rang, and a worried ninja informed him that he was being pursued and that he should ditch the car and take cover: *"What doing? Stranger dangers; be angered."*
Michael replied, "Sorry, you have the wrong number."







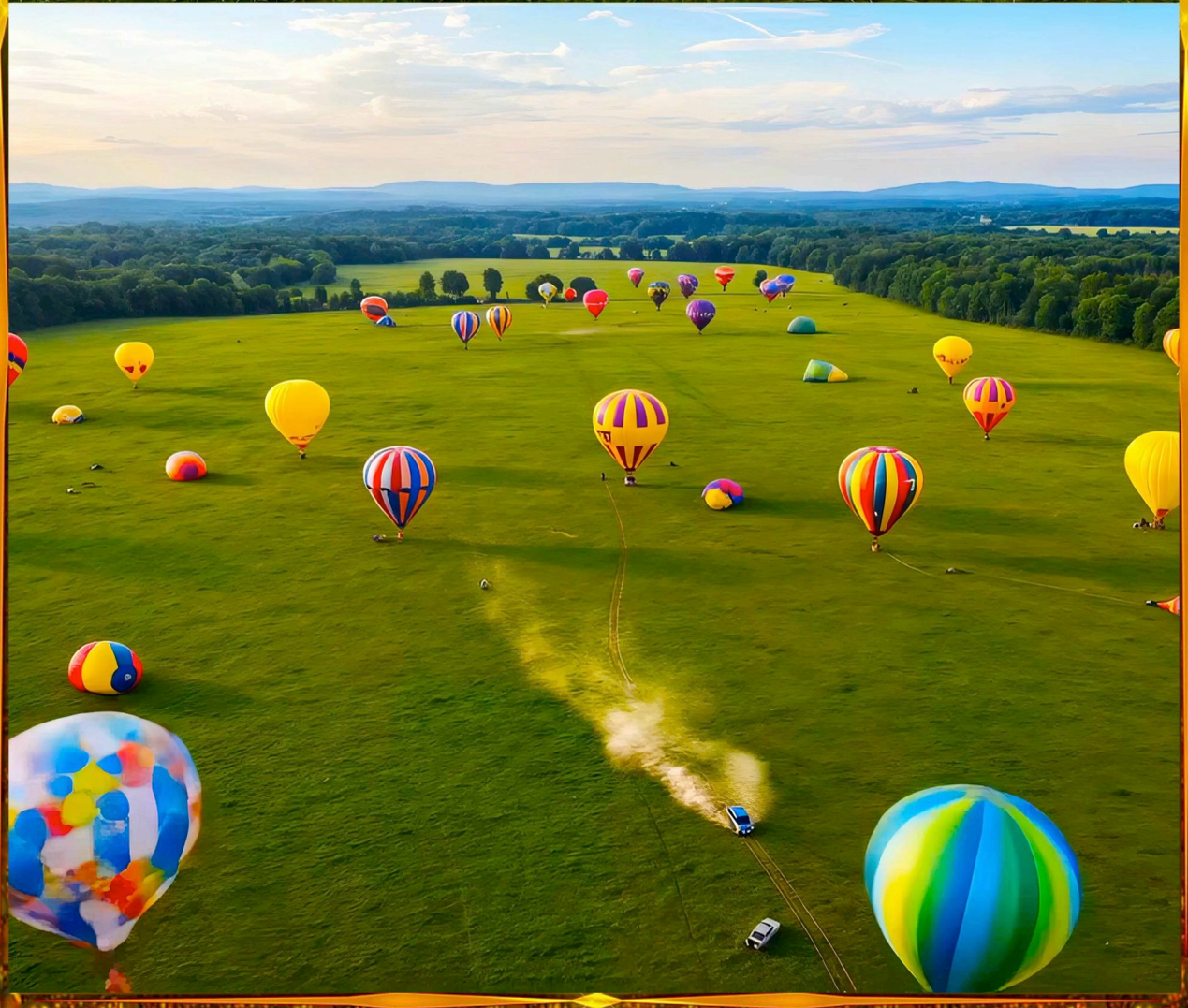
But what strange sounds now filled the meadow fair?
What rainbow colors danced upon the air?
Hot air balloons, their tethers soon to break,
Were waiting winged to rise without a care!

As he neared the meadow he heard some great whooshing sounds that were familiar but couldn't quite be placed. Rainbow colors could be seen through the trees. *What was all this?* And then he understood. Of course! Hot air balloons! The balloons were ready for launch, their baskets peopled, their ropes even now being untied from the stakes. This was not so good news. Soon the sky would fill with all these balloons and he'd never find her! He was in a frenzy!

His frenzied heart found calm in searching glance,
He spied her chariot in quick advance,
Beside a crimson-yellow floating sphere,
Where fate prepared its next step in love's dance.

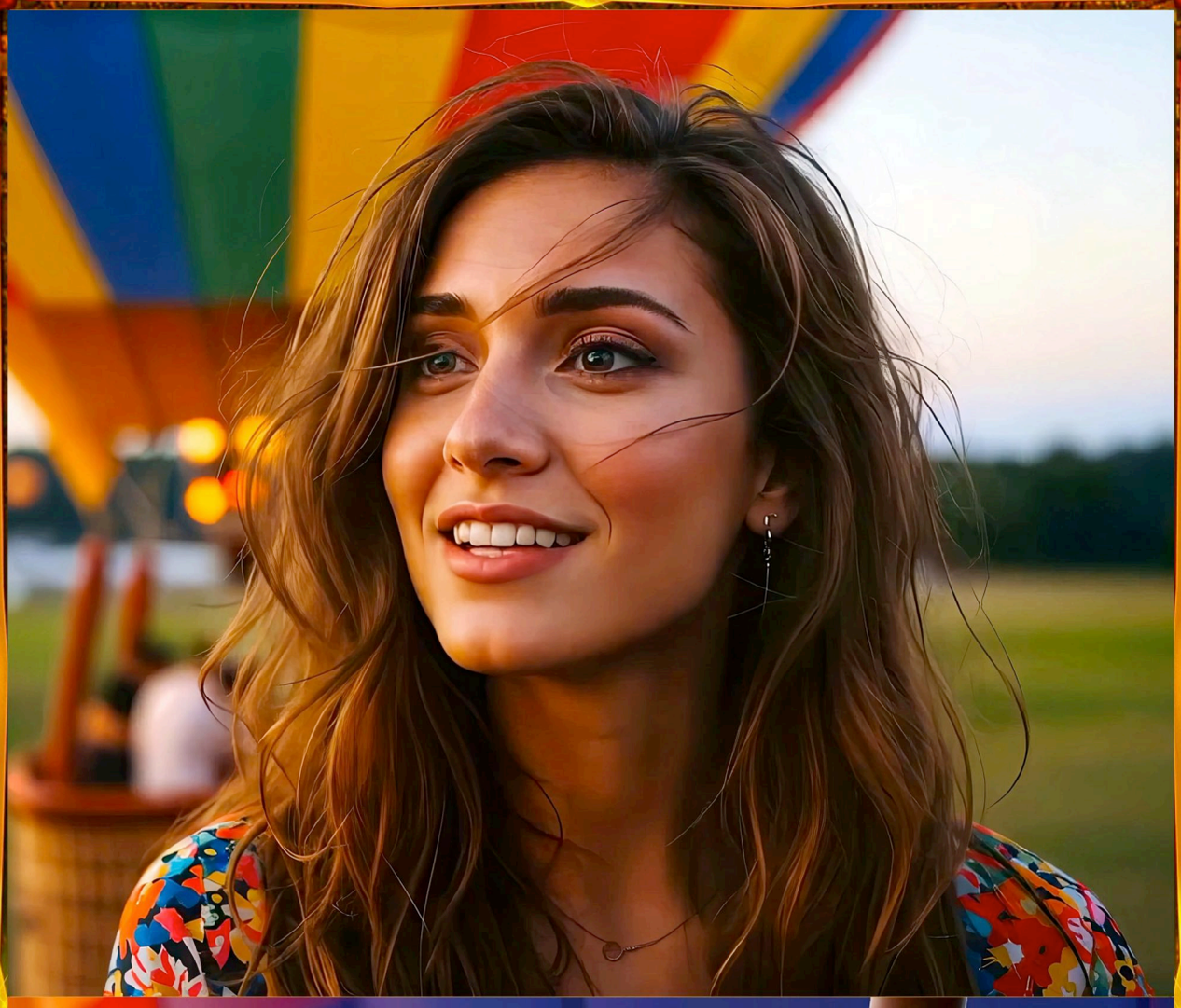










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He cleared his mind, and calmly but quickly looked for her car; ah, there it was, next to a balloon that was colored bright red and yellow.

“Make haste, dear Michael!” came her siren call,
As floating craft began its upward crawl,
“To Emerald City, come with me!” she cried,
While ropes dragged past him, teasing with their thrall.

“Hurry up, Michael” she said, as her balloon began to lift off, its ropes still dragging on the ground past him. “Come with me to the Emerald City!” Just then the basket left the ground. Michael grabbed onto the rope and ran with it for awhile, thinking crazily that he could somehow climb up it.

Though heights did strike his heart with mortal dread,
Love conquered fear as ancient wisdom said,
He clutched the rope that lifted him aloft,
While ground below grew distant as he sped.

There was only one problem: he was afraid of heights!



Nevertheless, love conquered fear and so he held on to the rope as it gently lifted him off of the ground.













But panic seized his soul in fickle grip,
As higher rose his unintended trip,
He spied soft hay that promised gentle fall,
And let his fingers from the lifeline slip.

He soon had second thoughts, however, and panicked, realizing that he was almost getting too high to let go.

Alas! The fates that govern mortal lands
Had other plans for suitors' bold demands,
For not in haystack did our hero land,
But midst the pigs where darkest muck expands!

He looked down and saw a barnyard filled with soft hay, and so, giving up the stunt as hopeless, let go of the rope and fell a short and harmless distance to the ground, but missed the hay, landing smack in the middle of the pigs' feeding area.

His suit once white as winter's purest snow,
Now blacker than the void where no stars glow,



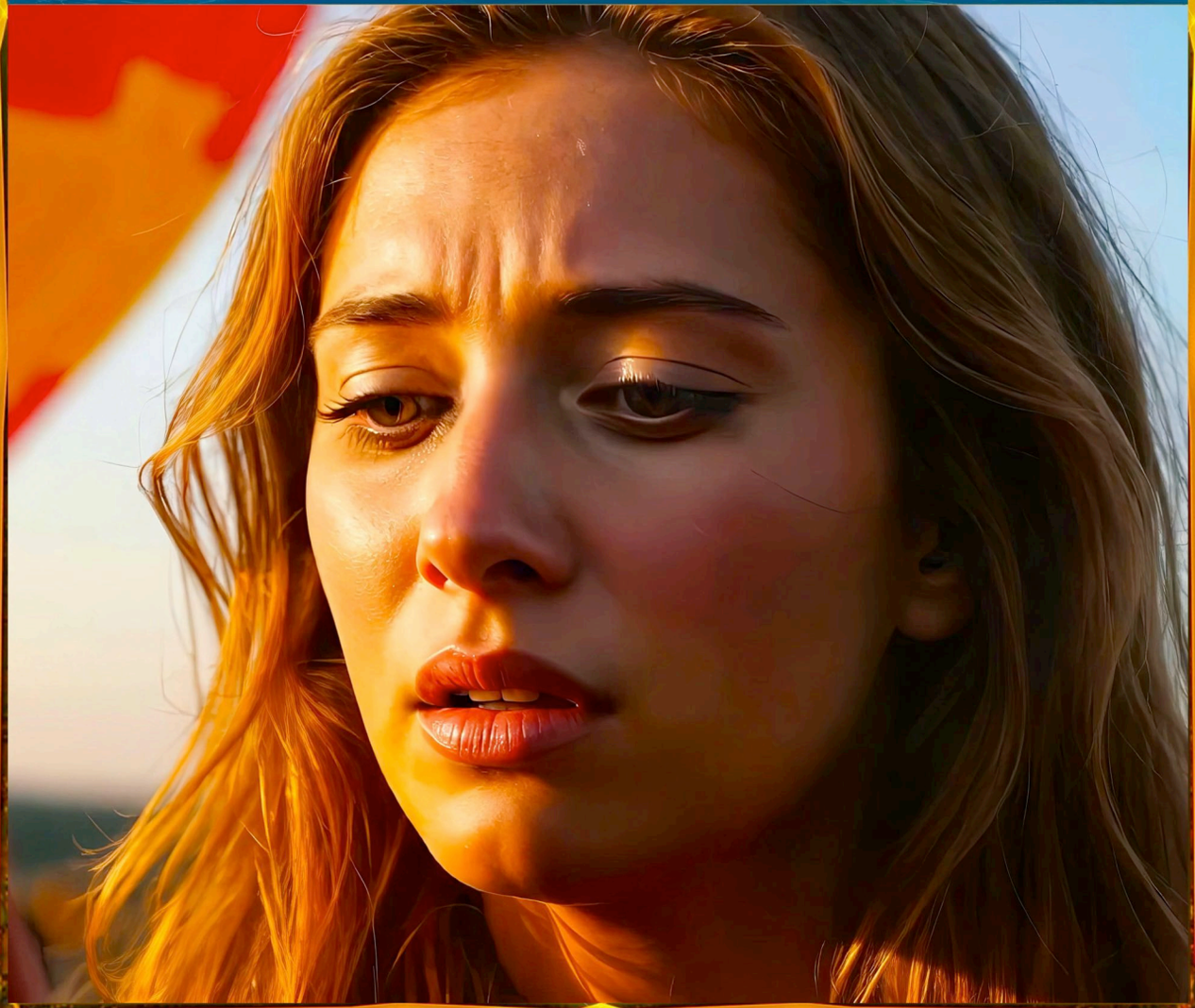




















Stood testament to love's demanding quest,
And depths to which a seeker's heart might go.

His white suit was now as black as coal in the nothing of a void at night with no moon.

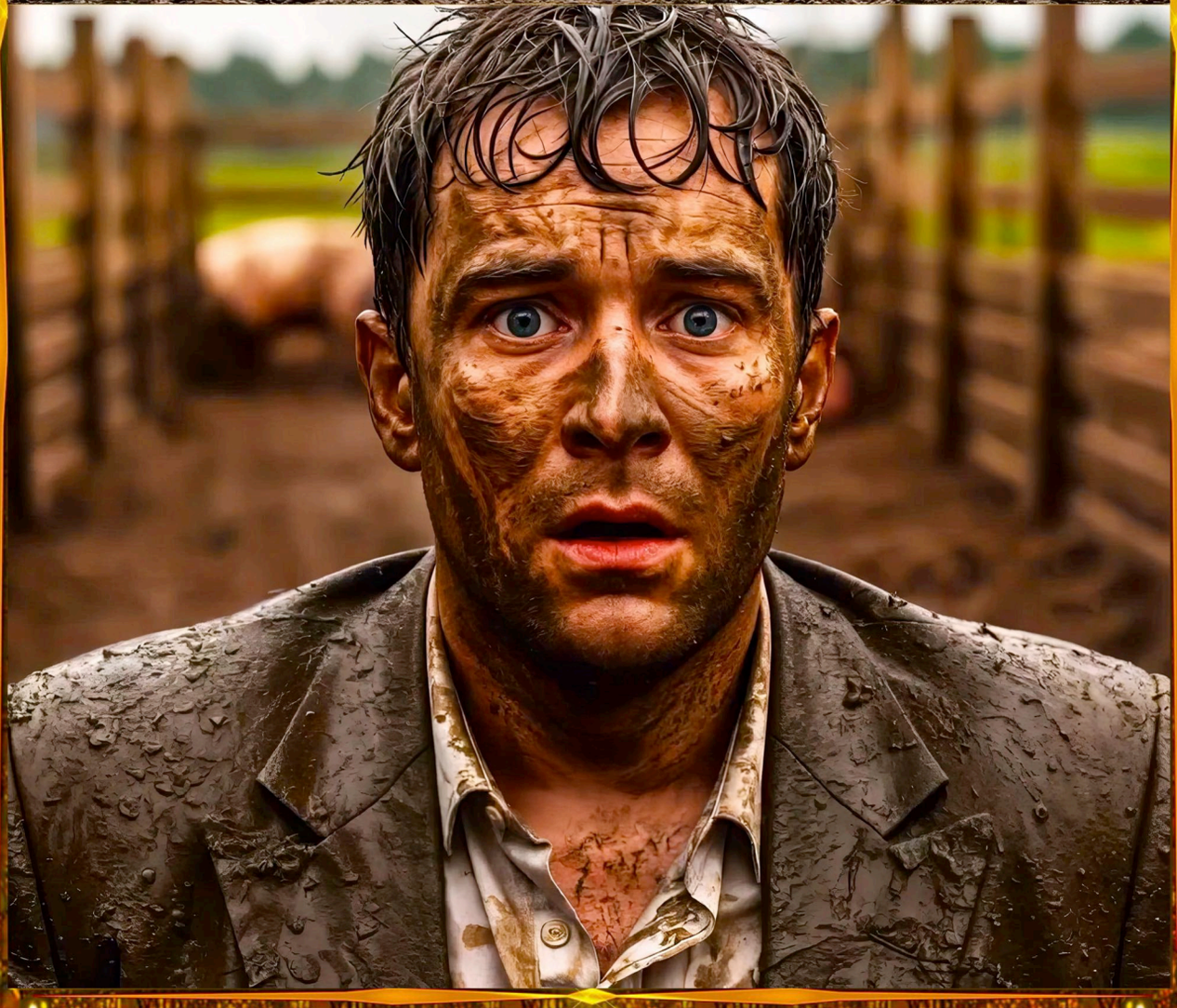
















From heights above, she called with merry jest,
“Take heart!” and flung her keys at his behest,
“Find me where’er the winds may guide my way!
In Kansas now no more, pursue your quest!”

Trish looked down and was much amused at his discomfort, but was also relieved to see that he was OK. “Don’t give up, young chap!” she yelled down to him. “Here are my car keys,” she said, as she threw her set of keys down to him. “Come and find me wherever I land. Follow me. You’re not in Kansas anymore, my good man!”

Midst curious pigs that snuffled at his plight,
He pondered if love’s chase brought such delight,
Till from his trunk fresh garments did appear,
To clothe anew this mud-bespattered knight.

Michael was sitting in the muck, surrounded by the curious living pork chops, bacons, and hams, and wondering if this so-called adventure of love business was really worth



it all. A pig ambled over to investigate, rubbing its nose over him, perhaps thinking that Michael was some new form of food. Michael pulled himself up, picked up the car keys, and then changed into his sports clothes, which he had luckily kept in the trunk of his car.

Her chariot of gold now his to steer,
Each button, switch, and dial crystal clear,
When overhead her craft did sail once more,
And logic fled before his passion's peer.

He walked over to her beautiful Testarossa and sat in it, admiring it, much like he had often done in the new car showrooms, twiddling with this and every knob, trying out every button. He thought of gaining safety in the ninja base that had to be nearby, but Trish presently sailed overhead and thereby erased all logical thinking. Satisfied with knowing where every switch was in the car, Michael drove off, and tried to keep Trish's balloon in sight, but soon lost it, then found it, then lost it again among the ridges.



Through winding roads his quest did now pursue,
As compass guided where her balloon flew,
Now seen, now lost among the ridges high,
While updrafts bore her swift beyond his view.

Not straight the path that led to love's domain,
For roads care not for heart's directest gain,
Yet Michael tracked her course with steadfast will,
As mountain winds sang their sweet refrain.

She was moving fast on the updrafts. However, at each sighting, he took note of her general direction, referring to the car compass, and was generally able to make progress toward her, though by no means directly, because there was not always a road available in the direction that he needed to go.

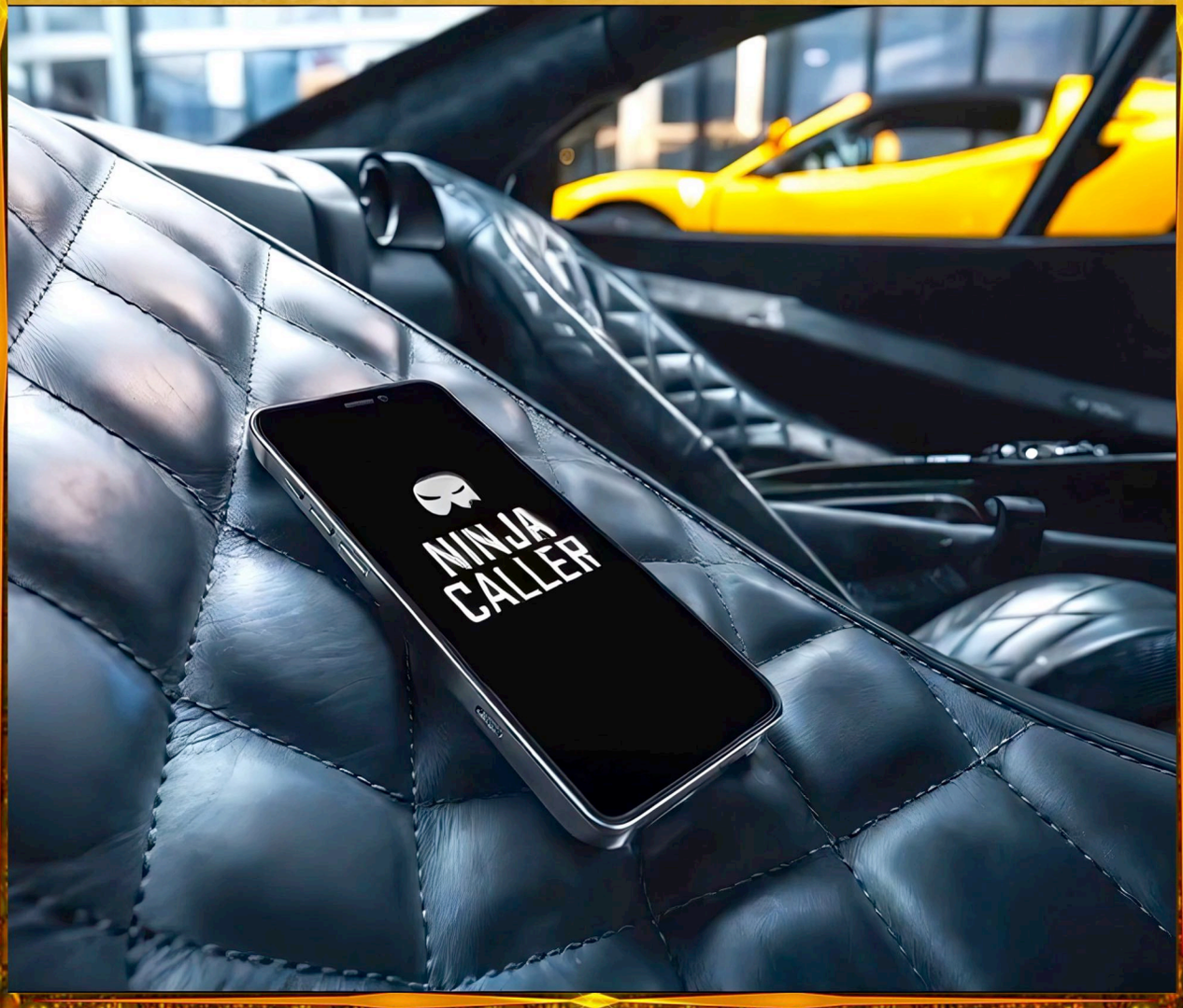
At one with steel and power now he flew,
This chariot of dreams proved swift and true,
While lesser cars made way with cautious haste,
As wealth's mere semblance parted seas of blue.



Now this is a car, he thought, as he began to put it through its paces. Why, I feel like I am a part of it, he marveled, as it held the corners due to its low center of gravity and its wide stable body. The greatest part of driving it was seeing the other cars on the road give way to him, all figuring him to be ultra rich and of course not wanting to take a chance of bumping him and scratching a $200,000 car. *So this is what it feels like to be a millionaire!*

“Speed faster!” ninja voices urged by phone,
But Michael brushed such warnings with a groan,
More pressing were the score of cars behind,
That followed him through valleys not alone.

“Faster, MK,” said another ninja cell phone caller.
“Stop bothering me. I don’t want to buy a new condo!”
However, Michael did heartily take of note the now 24 sedans following him, although they were a ways back, and put the pedal through the heavy metal of the radio.





Through miles he tracked her floating silhouette,
His heart a compass that could not forget,
Till tunnel's darkness swallowed up his path,
And panic's moment claimed its brief regret.



He drove on for another ten minutes or so, tracking her every move, sometimes finding her in the sky miles away. Yes, he was a driven man! He entered a tunnel, then soon panicked, not having his lights on and not instantly knowing where they were; but he smartly remembered where the headlight button was and flicked them on.

But memory served as light switched into day,
And tunnel's exit opened grand display:
Fair England's countryside in glory spread,
Like Eden's garden lost then found today.

When he finally emerged from the darkness, the scene he saw was like a beautiful dream; it was as if he was seeing the world for the first time, for the English countryside was beautiful, bright, and bold beyond compare; he felt as a part of its every color, texture, and hue.

Each color sang, each texture spoke anew,
As if creation's paint was morning-true,



And Michael laughed to know his journey's truth:
To Oz's realm his passion's path withdrew.

Then he smiled to himself and thought, *Well, Michael, welcome to the Land of Oz.*

Her craft now sank from heaven's azure height,
While Michael raced through groves that dimmed his sight,
Till round a bend, the scene before him spread:
A mansion grand, in marble pure and bright.

Trish was dropping altitude now, and descending rapidly. He lost her for awhile, having had to race through a dense grove of trees that bordered close to the road. But when he came around a curve with a brief open view, there she was, softly landing in the center of a large estate, where there was a sizable stone mansion built in the European tradition.

Through garden paths his love did swiftly flee,
While sinking silk, like waves upon the sea,







Draped gently o'er the landing's chosen ground,
And thoughts of Theory struggled to break free.

She leaped out of the balloon and ran for the garden. Michael watched as Trish disappeared into the ornamental grounds that surrounded the mansion. Her hot-air balloon was gently and gracefully collapsing, slowly covering the ground around him.

***Forget All Things*, his heart sang wild and clear,**
As balloon's folds awoke him from his peer
At wealth's domain that spread in splendor vast,
Where noble dreams seemed suddenly so near.

For some reason, he thought of ToeQuest and he had to fight hard to get it out of his mind. *This is going to be a good weekend of forgetting Everything,* he thought, as the balloon's fabric fell onto him, waking him from his reverie of dilemma.





The terraced grounds in perfect order lay,
Where marble walls rose proud in grand display,
And Michael stood between two worlds at last:
The quest for Truth, and Love's more earthly way.



Looking around, he took in the richness of the estate and couldn't help but translate it in his mind to a dollar figure. The grounds were perfectly terraced and landscaped. The mansion itself was made of pure marble, with stone and slate at the base. The world of nobility was just sitting there waiting for him to become a part of it.

Yet something strange hung in the silent air:
No guards, no souls to tend this mansion fair,
Till zap and buzz made Michael turn to see
Electric fence spring up without a care!

The whole place was more than magnificent! But something was not quite right. The grounds were empty; there were no security guards, no groundskeepers, and no servants; in fact, there were no signs of any life whatsoever. It seemed to be some sort of fortress of solitude, and this theory was confirmed when Michael heard a zap and a buzz. He quickly turned to see the heat shimmering near an electric security fence that had just snapped on behind him.

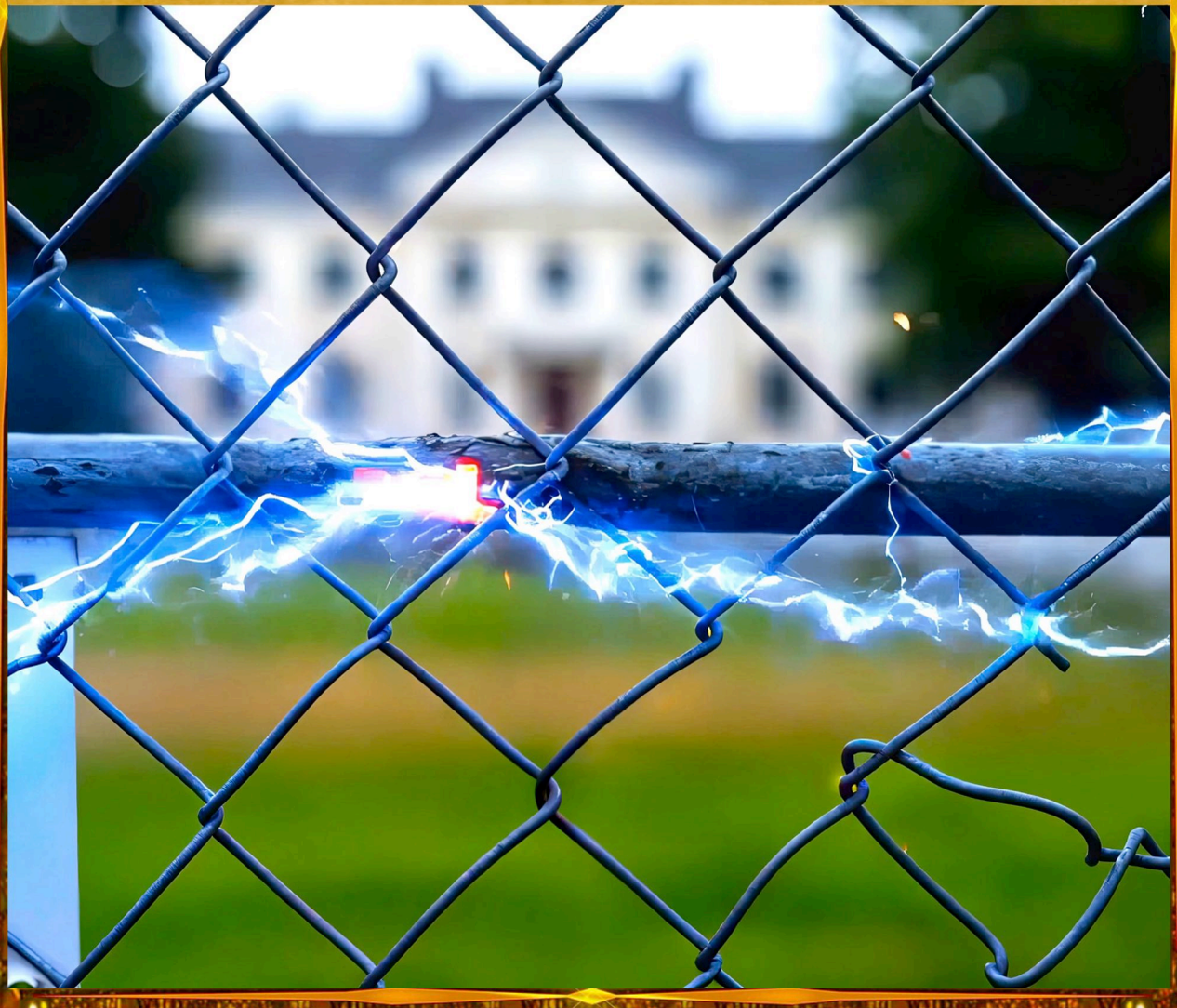


Saved or ensnared? His mind did briefly race,
Was Trish some madness in this lonely place?
But peace soon flowed like water through his veins:
Alone together in this fortress' grace!

Briefly alarmed, he wondered whether he felt saved or trapped! Just what side of the fence was the enemy on? Could it be that Trish was some sort of emotional nut case? He soon relaxed, though, as he felt a wave of reassurance coming over him, for the force field could only mean that they were meant to be romantically alone and safe from intrusion!

The groundless grounds held secrets of their own,
Where modern botany had wisely grown
A maintenance-free carpet, emerald-deep,
And Michael saw how Trish could live alone.

It also neatly explained the absence of the security guards, for none were needed! Michael swung into action, for this



was his middle name, a secret that even MI8 didn't know.

As he ran toward the garden he noted that what he thought to be grass had actually turned out to be a ground cover that he knew to be self spreading, maintenance free, and dense enough to keep out the weeds, thus explaining the absence of any groundskeepers. This was indeed a very modern estate. Things were becoming clear to Michael's finely tuned mind: *Trish was some sort of a rich hermit, or something.*

But lo! The garden held one challenge more:
A hedge maze spread its puzzle-walls before
Our hero's path, a European jest
That trapped him in its green-leafed corridor.

The garden turned out to be a maze of high hedges, a popular European diversion. Michael was not very happy to see it, even though it was a work of art, because he had thought to have an easy conclusion to the day's quest.



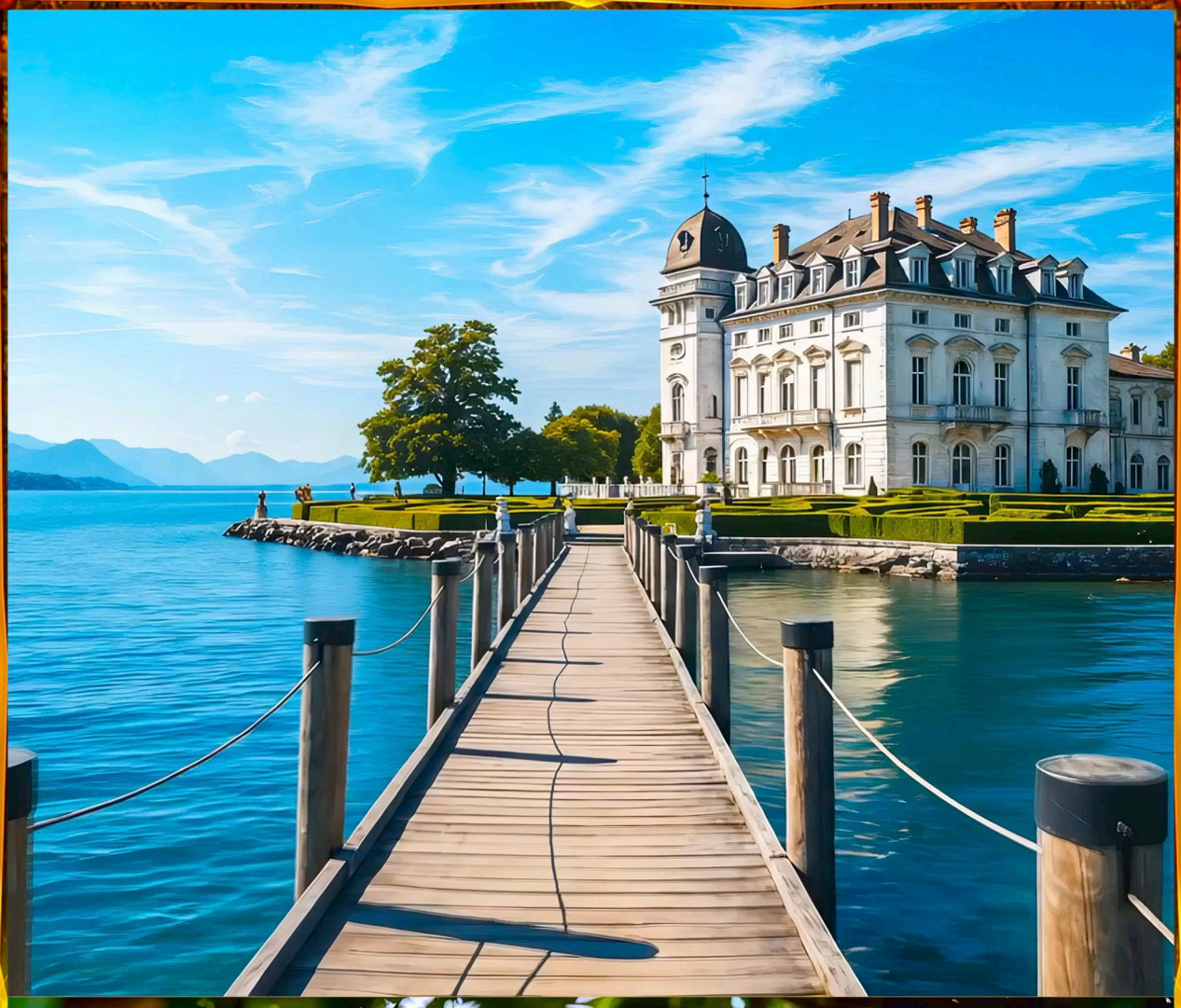
Like beast ensnared he paced the verdant walls,
While disorientation's shadow falls,
His reckless charge through branching paths proclaimed
How love's swift chase oft to confusion calls.

He attacked the maze rather recklessly, and just as quickly lost his way. He was soon totally disoriented and began to feel more and more like a trapped animal.

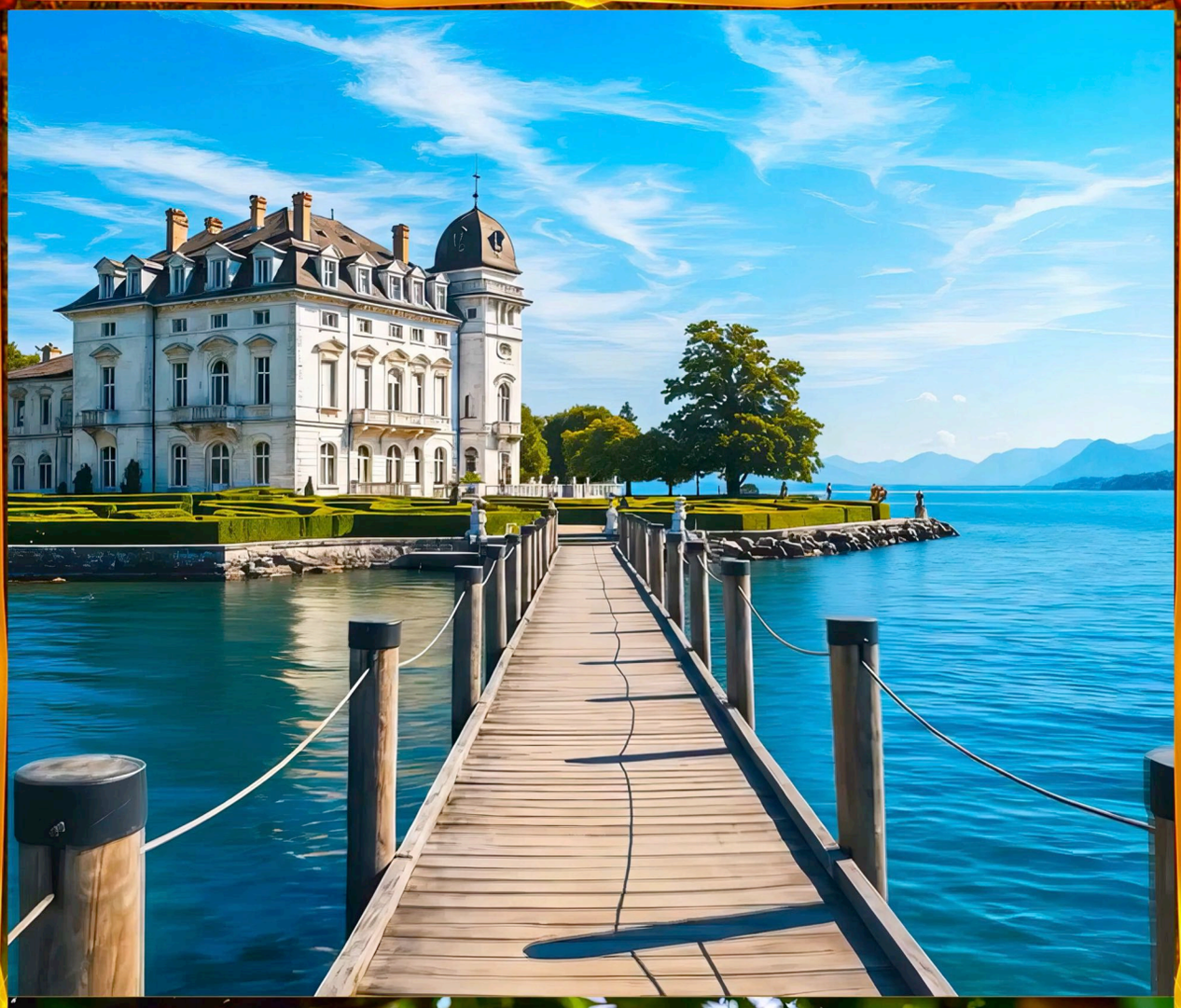
Through leafy gaps he spied his racing queen
By lakeside pier, in waiting pose serene,
While thoughts of steadier loves crossed his mind,
Yet speed's wild charm held power still unseen.

Michael peered through a small opening between the bushes and was just able to catch a glimpse of Trish heading down to a large lake behind the mansion. She walked out on a pier towards a powerboat, then looked back and saw that he was nowhere in sight; so she, apparently, sat down near the boat to wait for him.











Michael remembered his analogy of women to cars; Trish was even faster than a sports car! She was an Indianapolis speed racer who was going to burn out her engine and probably not even finish the event! For a brief moment he wished for some station-wagon-like stability. But, *boy,* he thought, *what an AUTO-biography he could write!*

Through hedge-gap tight he boldly forced his way,
His flesh by thorns marked for love's display,
When she, espying him, leapt quick to boat,
And called him to yet one more chase that day.

Michael could sense that Trish had even more adventures in mind, and this weighed on him slightly, making him bold enough to throw himself through the small gap in the hedges to surprise her, getting a number of minor scratches and scrapes in the process. *Cool it, you're losing it! Let her have her fun, for now.*

Sure enough, as soon as she saw him coming she jumped straight into the motorboat and started the engine, all the time urging him on with the chase: "Hurry up, Michael!







Come quick. Run Michael! Run! See Michael run.” She yelled to him as she drove the boat around in circles, waving a ski rope in her hands, saying “Come to me, Michael! Take the rope.”

“Run, Michael, run!” her taunting voice rang clear,
As boat’s wake churned the waters of the mere,
With ski-rope stretched like fate’s enticing thread,
She beckoned him to conquer doubt and fear.

For a split second Michael began to wonder why he was always chasing after ropes, and why he should jump into a lake just because she’d told him to do so; nevertheless, he hurriedly removed his socks and shoes, and quickly jumped into the lake. She slowed the boat, coming almost near him, and smiled for a moment at his spirited self, encouraging him.

His shoes cast off, he plunged in water’s grip,
While questions of his sanity did slip
Through mind that wondered at this mad pursuit,
Till rope-hold yanked him on his wild trip.



She threw him the ski rope. He grabbed for it, just managing to get the rope handle as she threw the throttle forward to full power. He plowed through the lake like an anchor.

Half-drowned, half-skiing on his naked feet,
He marveled at this impossible feat,
Till wonder broke his balance, sent him down
To skip like stone where lake and sky did meet.

She dragged him along, half in and half out of the water. Somehow he got onto his feet and found himself water-skiing barefoot. He was so amazed at the impossibility of this feat that he just as quickly collapsed into the water, rolling and tumbling forward, sort of like a stone that had been thrown, skipping and skimming.

She left him there with life-ring's mercy small,
While love and doubt fought o'er his watery fall,
Till challenge remembered lent him might,
And shore he gained, to sink in exhaustion's thrall.







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Leaving him there floundering, flailing, and drowning, Trish headed straight back towards the shore, but at least she had the decency to throw him a life preserver. Michael began to wonder if Trish was worth it, but he soon painfully remembered that he thrived on LIFE and LOVE's ADVENTURE, although he wasn't so sure anymore. He remembered her challenge: If you can keep up with me today, then you can have me tonight. This seemed to give him some extra energy that soon built into the super strength that allowed him to swim to shore, whereupon he promptly fell down, exhausted, and passed out.

From dreams he woke to find her standing near
The flower beds, his vengeance moment clear;
He feigned his sleep till chance for chase arose,
Then sprang with cry of "DOOM!" in her ear.

He awoke later, at first believing that he'd dreamt a nightmare, but harsh reality smacked him in the face when he saw Trish waiting for him in front of the flower garden. He pretended to be still asleep and so when she looked away







for a second he leapt up and ran, getting to within ten feet of her before she spotted him and bolted towards the garden. “Wait till I get my hands on you, Trish!” he called after her. “YOU’RE DOOMED!”

Through gardens strange where roses blue did bloom,
Past doors carved deep with artistry’s own loom,
Through foyer blessed with rainbow-tinted light,
He followed laughter up the winding room.

He ran after her, passing the pink and blue rose bushes. *blue?* On and on he raced, through the heavily carved front doors and into a cool and multicolored foyer, where the sun streamed through the stained glass windows. He heard her laughter echoing up the stairs, so he climbed the curved stone steps.

Round tower high his quest at last did end,
Where mirror-glass made reality bend,
And there stood Trish in rose-hued gown of old,
Blue flowers in her hair did beauty lend.



Up and up he went, to a round tower room where the door had been left ajar. He peeked in and saw Trish standing in front of a beveled glass mirror, wearing an Edwardian rose-colored gown and arranging blue roses into her long tresses.

She turned to him with smile that lit the air,
And offered blooms both wonderful and rare,
“For you,” she said, “my bold exciting man,“
While sunlight danced on mirror’s beveled glare.

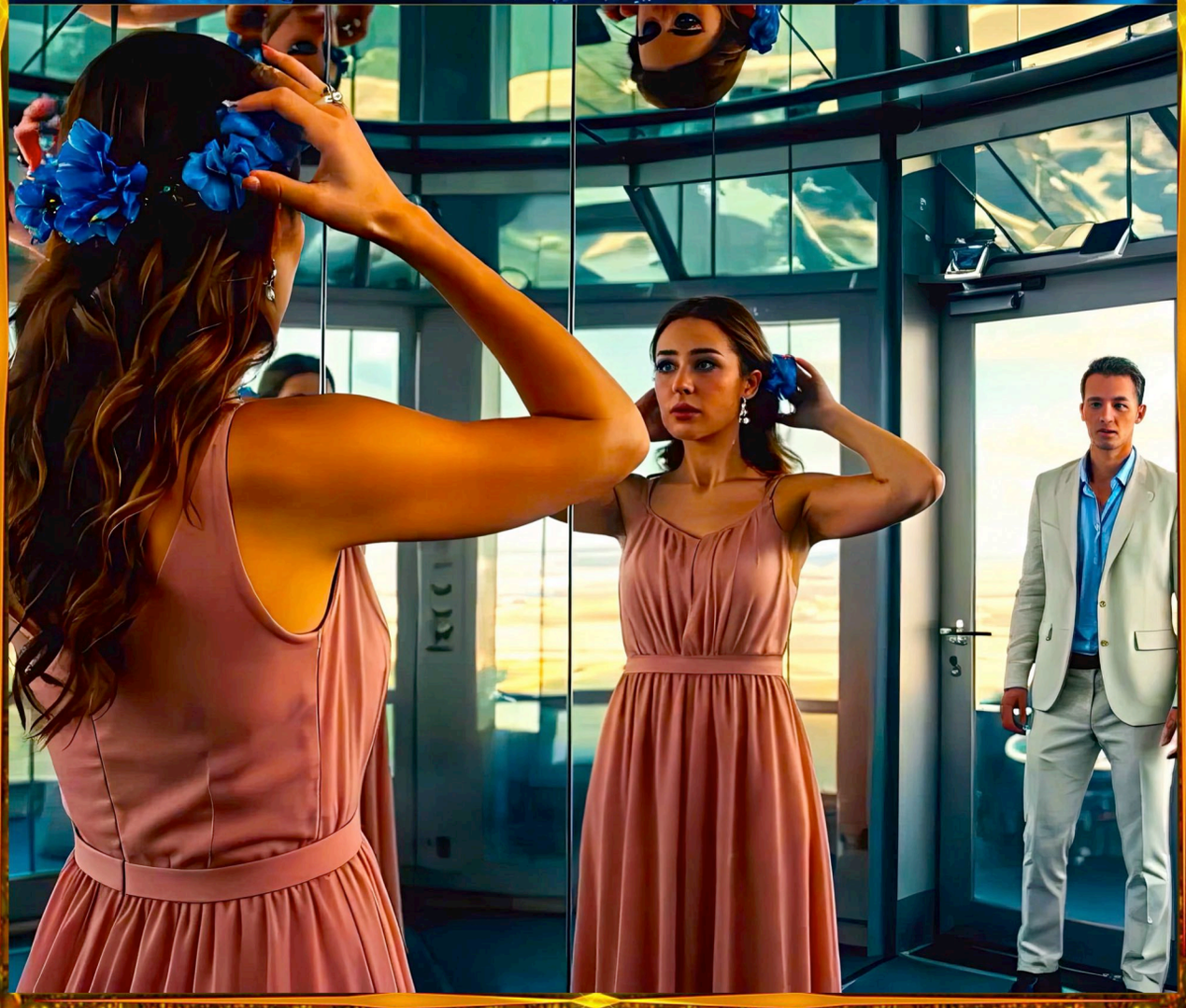
He approached breathlessly, with much anticipation; then she turned and smiled and handed him a bunch of the roses, saying, “For you, my love. You are an exciting man.”

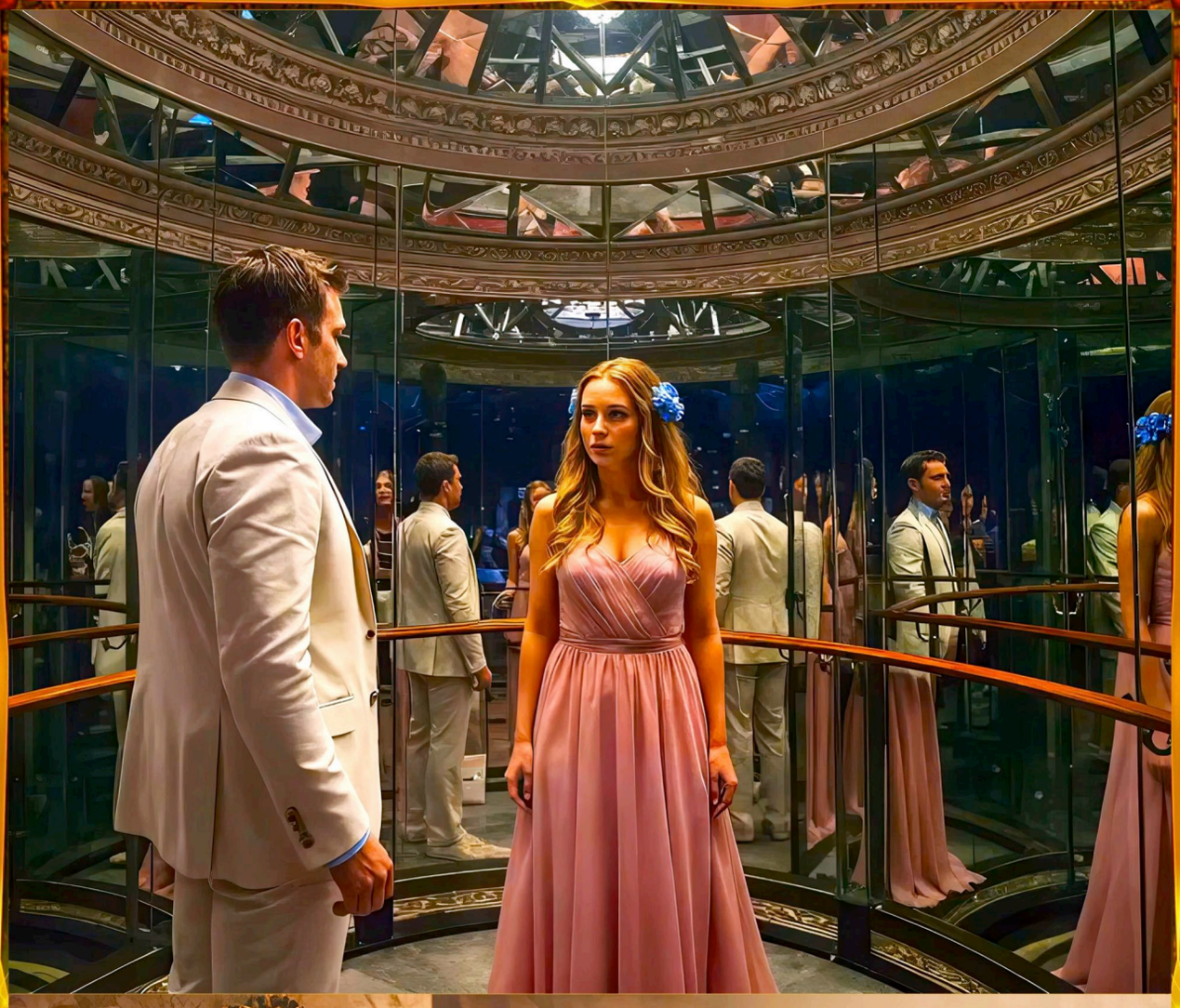
“At last,” breathed he, as chase came to its close,
Where ancient tower held its sweet repose,
And all the trials of this mad pursuit
Found meaning in this gift of azure rose.

“At last,” he said, relieved.











“Grand Master ninja,” thus she did proclaim,
“Your training starts, though chase was but a game
To save you from the MI8’s design,
And lead you to a path of greater aim.”

She said, “I am a tenth degree Grand Master ninja and you have done very well in your preliminary training. I know that you may be a trifle angry with me, but you are a very worthy man and a totally giving person, but you were in trouble, so I had to get you away from the MI8 agents. It was your attraction to me that sped you along and saved you, and your desires shall not go unfulfilled, but first, let us begin some training in the sense of smell.”

“A rat I smelled in Denmark’s state!” quoth he,
“Though sweet your scent did lead me here to thee.”
“The pigpen’s musk,” she laughed, “was but a test
Of senses that more heightened soon shall be.”

“Well I’ll be a flabbergasted energy pattern of in and out waves, but I thought something was more than a little bit smelling like a rat in the state of Denmark, although your perfume is enchanting and enticing.”
“Sorry. How was the pig pen?”

“For animals with keener nose than man
Can teach us secrets of creation’s plan,
Ten thousand scents that humans barely know
Might open doors where wisdom’s rivers ran.”

“Smelly, even with my mere human 10,000 or so odour detectors.”
“Well, animals have do have about ten times that many; I’ll teach you how to stretch your nose and smell like a pig.”
“This is not a good time for jokes, my dearest, but it is true that I am very curious about everything, I mean, about thing, for all is one that is made of one thing: energy.”

“All things are one,” he mused, “in energy’s dance,
Yet now you speak of ways to enhance
Our mortal senses past their normal bound,
Through essence-gifts of noumenal romance.”

“New car and danger’s scent, and rose’s sweet,
Are but the start of what your nose shall meet,
For in these smells lie secrets of the Thing
Where phenomenal and Real do greet.”

“Quite right; that is the secret; you just need some of our refresheners that will aid your phenomenal life: we have new car smell, the smell of danger, the smelling of the roses, and many more hitherto unknown delights of noumena.”

“A shower calls,” quoth he, besmirched and worn,
But she: “First hear what perils must be born!
For this grand house holds ninja’s secret heart,
Where warriors unseen guard truth’s bright morn.”

“I think I need a shower; be right back.”
“All right, but first let me give you a proper introduction to what’s afoot, then we’ll resume the training upon your return.”



"Okay."

"You are in one of our major ninja centers; you see no one else here since they are mostly off on missions of the gravest danger to the world, of which I will soon inform you. The rest of them can only be seen if they wish to to be.

"A plot so deep it bears no spoken name
Has placed false souls in halls of power's game,
Their scent betrays them to our trained elite,
While ninja's watch keeps evil's reach quite tame."

There is an evil conspiracy operating worldwide that is so secret that it doesn't even have a name. They have already substituted three near identicals in the US Senate and two in the British Parliament. We've left them there, for we know who they are and we have members therein as well. It was their scent that gave them away as replacements. The ninja empire is a response to their grave threat; we operate outside of all authority, as do they."

"Why ninjas?" asked he, seeking wisdom's light.
"For those who've mastered spirit's inner might,
Who bow to truth alone and goodness pure,
Stand guard eternal 'gainst the creeping night."

"Why ninjas?"

"Those trained in the martial arts and mental discipline have reached great depths of self, spirit, beauty, courage, wisdom, and dependability, and that is a rare combination. They answer to none but to truth and goodness, much like you ToeQuestors."

"Your words ring true," said Michael, thoughts aflame,
"Like ToeQuest's search for Thing that has no name."
She smiled: "Your spirit shows the master's mark,
Though you protest you're but a man quite tame."

"And, of course, their stealth methods are quite necessary."

"Indeed, and as for you, it's not often that we receive someone of your caliber, Michael; it's a great pleasure to

have you join us with your depth of commitment to truth, beauty, purity, and love."

"A regular soul who seeks but to aid all,"
He claimed, while destiny did gently call,
For in that moment's truth did Michael see
How far beyond the common lay his fall.

"I'm just a regular guy trying to help."

"Think not so small of your devoted quest,
For ToeQuest stands above all mankind's best:
Where billions dwell, but hundreds dare to seek,
And fewer still persist with truth's behest."

"No, on the contrary. Out of the billions of the world, only a few hundred or so are on ToeQuest, the focal point of all scientific and meditative inquiry concerning existence; of those hundreds, perhaps only 30 or so contribute; out of those, perhaps only a handful are devoted regulars.

"Like CEOs who guide vast research halls,
You few who heed the cosmic mystery's calls
Through internet's vast web of knowledge spread,
Stand guard where wisdom's highest venture falls."

So, you are a *regular* ToeQuestor and that is at the top of the pyramid of inquiry of all that is in the universe. That, added to the extremely useful internet, wherein scientists post results, means that you and the others are akin to CEOs managing a trillion-dollar research center through which discoveries are funneled. Exploring the great un-known is the highest calling."

"But dark forces move in halls of might,
Through governments they spread their subtle blight,
Like 'Nowhere Man' whose memories were false,
Till Thomas Veil arose to set things right."

"Thanks. What about the Government? And where is this Conspiracy?"
"They have infiltrated many governments, and so we can

trust no one. They are all over, anywhere, trying to manipulate the going-ons of many countries, but they are not just political—that just gains them influence and power, and they have tried many mind-altering experiments on people, sometimes even on whole towns. They are the likes of what can be seen in the TV series, 'Nowhere Man'. I'll give you a DVD to watch."

"Are they after the TOE?"

"They haven't yet fully realized the unlimited value of that, but it's just a matter of time…"

"How long has all this been going on?"

"They and we began many years ago when our leader, Thomas Veil, detected that they had placed false memories in him as an experiment, and so he began taking down many of their installations, almost single-handedly. They even vacated some multimillion dollar facilities overnight, just to avoid detection. But now their facilities are more secure."

"They have not grasped the Theory's boundless worth,
Though time may show them what pure truth gives birth,
While we, who guard the gates of knowledge true,
Must shield its power from those who'd wound the Earth."

"And 'Nobody'," she smiled with knowing air,
"Is one who watches, fights, and stands to dare
Against the shadows creeping through our world -
A ninja's truth that few may know or share."

"Nobody…"

"…is one of us."

"Evil reversed spells 'live'," he wisely saw,
While she unveiled their mission's sacred law:
"Your power merged with TOE might aid our cause,
Though mystery still holds the foe in awe."

"Evil must be reversed to form 'live'."

"That is our monumental task. Perhaps we can make use of your energizing abilities, along with those of your fellows.

We have no idea where their funding comes from, who else has been transformed, the location of many of their major centers… but your destiny for the moment seems to be learning how to employ the TOE."

"Two paths I'll walk," said Michael, bold and clear,
Then she: "Your quarters wait with scents most dear."
He found a chair like home's familiar rest,
Where wisdom's verses spoke to eye and ear:

"I can do both."
"Thank you. See you soon; there are hundreds of scents to choose from in your quarters."
Michael headed off, having had a lot to take in, and sat down in a super lounge chair modeled after his own. He noted some sayings on a wall of his scented room:

"Heaven's grace bestowed the flowers' sweet perfume,
That memory of Eden might still bloom,
As Earth each spring renews her virgin kiss,
And scented glens recall that sacred room."

Heaven's patron of arts, grace, and license,
Left us sweet-smelling plants, with flowered scents
And aromas redolent: florescence
In flush and prime of days reminiscent.

Spring kisses the earth, leaving flowers there,
Like those whose perfume first scented virgin air,
As again, the fragrant glen, in Heaven's prayer,
Hails Earth's anniversary with flowers fair.

"Let lotus, rose, and amber lift the soul,
While jasmine, myrtle, saffron make us whole,
For in these essences of nature pure
The spirit finds its path toward wisdom's goal."

Pleasant smelling scents lift your heart and mine:
Essence of lotus, rose, amber, jasmine,
Night-queen, myrtle, saffron, and sandalwood
Stimulate the inner spirit sublime.

But darker verses warned of danger's way:
"The Tuberose's sweet power none should play,
For in its scent lies strength to wither life,
While Nightshade shows the shades where spirits stray."

And, on another wall, some darker thoughts:

The Tuberose is a dangerous pleasure,
Even when taken in but small measure:
Its exquisite scent has such great power
That it can wither you within the hour.

If Nightshade you drink, you'll become as so
And can see the ghosts, shades, and dark shadows
Of those who came before our humankind,
Those whose spirit-worlds overlap the mind.

Upon the final wall, dream-verses sang
Of mystic blooms where spirit-bells once rang:
Where bees and hummingbirds made music sweet,
And Baby's Breath like frothy cloudlets sprang.

Finally, an inner-worldly saying on another wall:

Coral Bells, rung by bees and humming birds,
A melody of tones without the words,
And airy sprays of frothy Baby's Breath,
Gurgling with all that's much too sweet to purge,

There Lavender released its sacred scent,
Like Heaven's own potpourri earthward sent,
While flora symbolica unfurled
Its drowsy spell till waking world grew bent.

And sweet spikes of aromatic Lavender,
All ready potpourri from Heaven's splendor,
And, all around, the flora symbolica
To soft drowse the spirit into slumber.

These verses three upon his chamber walls
Spoke soft of beauty's gift and danger's calls,
Of dreams that dance between the dark and light,
Where wisdom's perfumed essence gently falls.

And Michael, seated in his mirrored chair,
Let all these fragrant whispers fill the air,
As ninja's path and ToeQuest's seeking merged
In scented wisdom beyond thought's compare.

"Such fragrances!" said Michael, fresh returned,
While she unveiled the wisdom he must learn:
"In darkness, scent guides ninja's subtle way,
From rose to reek, each essence must be earned."

Michael returned, feeling very much recuperated and feeling totally blessed. "I'm back. I'd never known of such pleasant fragrances."

"Smells alert the ninja in the dark even as much as sound, the sub categories being aroma, fragrance, scent, perfume, redolence, bouquet, stench, fetor, stink, reek, and whiff."

"The roses that I gave spoke love's sweet art,"
Said she, "For you have captured this wild heart."
"And you have mine," quoth he with beating breast,
As chemistry did play its ancient part.

"So you gave me roses to enjoy the pleasure of."

"Yes, but I am attracted to you, too."

"The inverse also applies."

Through wine's bouquet and lilac's memory sweet,
Where youth's first love beneath its boughs did meet,
They spoke of scents that mark life's varied way,
Till wisdom's lesson seemed at last complete.

"Fresh flowers sing sweet songs to every nose,
While paper mills their fouler notes dispose;
Two paths of scent that mark our mortal way,
As pleasant from unpleasant Nature shows."

"Good. Everyone appreciates the *fragrance* of fresh-cut flowers, but the *stench* from the paper mill across town is usually unwelcome. Both have a distinctive *smell*, which is the most general of these words for what is perceived through the nose, but there is a big difference between a pleasant smell and a foul one."

"You can say that again."

"That."

"And 'odour'," spoke she, with British grace,
"May fair or foul its single source embrace,
Like onions that make potato eyes weep,"
Which jest made laughter light his student's face.

"Ha. What about odours, the British spelling that Austin likes over the American 'odors', which somehow has an unpleasant connotation to him."
"An *odour* may be either pleasant or unpleasant, but it suggests a smell that is clearly recognizable and can usually be traced to a single source, like the pungent odor of onions, which by the way, should be planted with potatoes since their eyes will water and nourish the crops."

"While 'aroma' speaks of coffee's delight,
And 'bouquet' hints at wine's pleasures tonight -
Five S's guide us through its subtle ways:
Swirl, sniff, then sip, swallow, spit if right!"

"Good explanation, and joke. I've done aroma-therapy."
"An *aroma* is a pleasing and distinctive odor that is usually penetrating or pervasive, like the aroma of fresh-ground coffee, while *bouquet* refers to a delicate aroma, such as that of a fine wine. Here, have a glass. Don't forget to swirl, sniff, sip, swallow, or spit if you are just wine sampling."

"What of your scent?" he asked with growing fire.
"Like balsam sweet," she smiled, "Christmas desire."
"My lilac choice brings youth's love back to me,
When Molly and I shared blooms' gentle pyre."

"What about the scent of a woman like you?"
"A *scent* is usually delicate and pleasing, as I try to be, with an emphasis on the source rather than on an olfactory impression, such as the scent of balsam associated with Christmas."
"I now believe in Santa Claus. I chose a lilac fragrance from my quarters; it reminds me of my early youth in England with Molly McGuire under the fragrant bush…"

“In fragrance delicate and perfume strong,
Nature plays variations on her song,
While pigs find beauty in their earthy way,
For all is One, though forms may right or wrong.”

“Yes, fragrances can take you back in an instant to their source in a remembrance from the past. *Fragrance* and *perfume* are both associated with flowers, but *fragrance* is more delicate. A *perfume* may be so rich and strong that it is repulsive or overpowering. Of the lilac it is said:

Love’s first emotion rose from the Lilac,
For it blooms when Nature is first aroused;
It is love’s youngest dream to us come back,
Where it will ne’er again remain unspoused.”

“All this is One,” mused Michael, “energy’s dance,
From pig-sty’s stench to Heaven’s sweet romance,
For in each form the Thing reveals its face,
As countless ways that being might advance.”

“Indeed, fragrances are among the infinite variations of energy in nature. Energy may be the one thing, but it has many pleasant faces. But then there were the pigs, which, of course attractive to each other in their own way.”

“And last,” she taught, “comes stench and stinking’s art,
Where foulness does from sweetness take its part,
For in this world of countless scented things,
Each essence plays its role in wisdom’s chart.”

“*Stench* and *stink* are reserved for smells that are foul, strong, and pervasive, although *stink* implies a sharper sensation, while *stench* refers to a more sickening one: the stink of sweaty gym clothes; the stench of a rotting carcass.”

“But this,” she smiled, “is just the starting gate,
For greater tasks and perils lie in wait,
Your TOE to guard from those who’d bend its truth,
While learning secrets locked in wisdom’s state.”

“Thank you for the teachings.”
“This is only the beginning. Your journey of protecting the TOE and learning more about it will be a strenuous one, and the more we can prepare you, the better. You already have great insight into the beauty and unity of all things, from the One; your potential is as boundless as your imagination.”

“To be as One,” breathed Michael, dreams unfurled,
As “Come,” she bid, and possibility whirled
Around them both like perfume on the breeze,
Where love and duty kissed, and wisdom pearled.

“It is my dream to become one.”
“Come hither.”

– The Exacting Universal Constants –

Consciousness, One that was forever wrought,
With the mind, formed the Cosmos that was sought.
Observation becomes reality–
The finely-tuned constants have been self-taught.

– The Future Past –

The Universe could only be created
In its own future–through observation
Of thought granting immaterial substance–
By the future, single, eternal mind.

– Essence is Existence –

There never was, nor will be–only now–
All things, interacting–instant know-how,
For mind “matters” as matter ever “minds”;
The Universe self-adjusts–it’s the Tao.

– The All Is In the One –

All things are infinitely connected,
As in a hologram–each part contains the whole;
Everything interpenetrates everything;
The universe is a seamless web of information.

– Blake’s Vision Confirmed –

Every part of the hologram contains the whole–
The whole universe contained within a
Grain of sand, all eternity within a moment,
The universe rumbling when an electron vibrates.

– ‘I’ –

’I’ am not this body–or even this thought,
For ’I’ am a part of everything there is,
Although ’I’ require a mind/brain to look–
For this, indeed, produces what ’I’ look at.

– The Golden Touch –

The Midas-magic of our consciousness,
That quantum alchemist of potential,
Creates the Real from the Possible, for
Everything it touches turns to matter!

–Funda-Mental –

Consciousness is irreducible in terms
Of basic entities, so, most likely,
The intrinsic properties underlying
Physical dispositions are experiential!


THE
ROAD
TOO
FAR



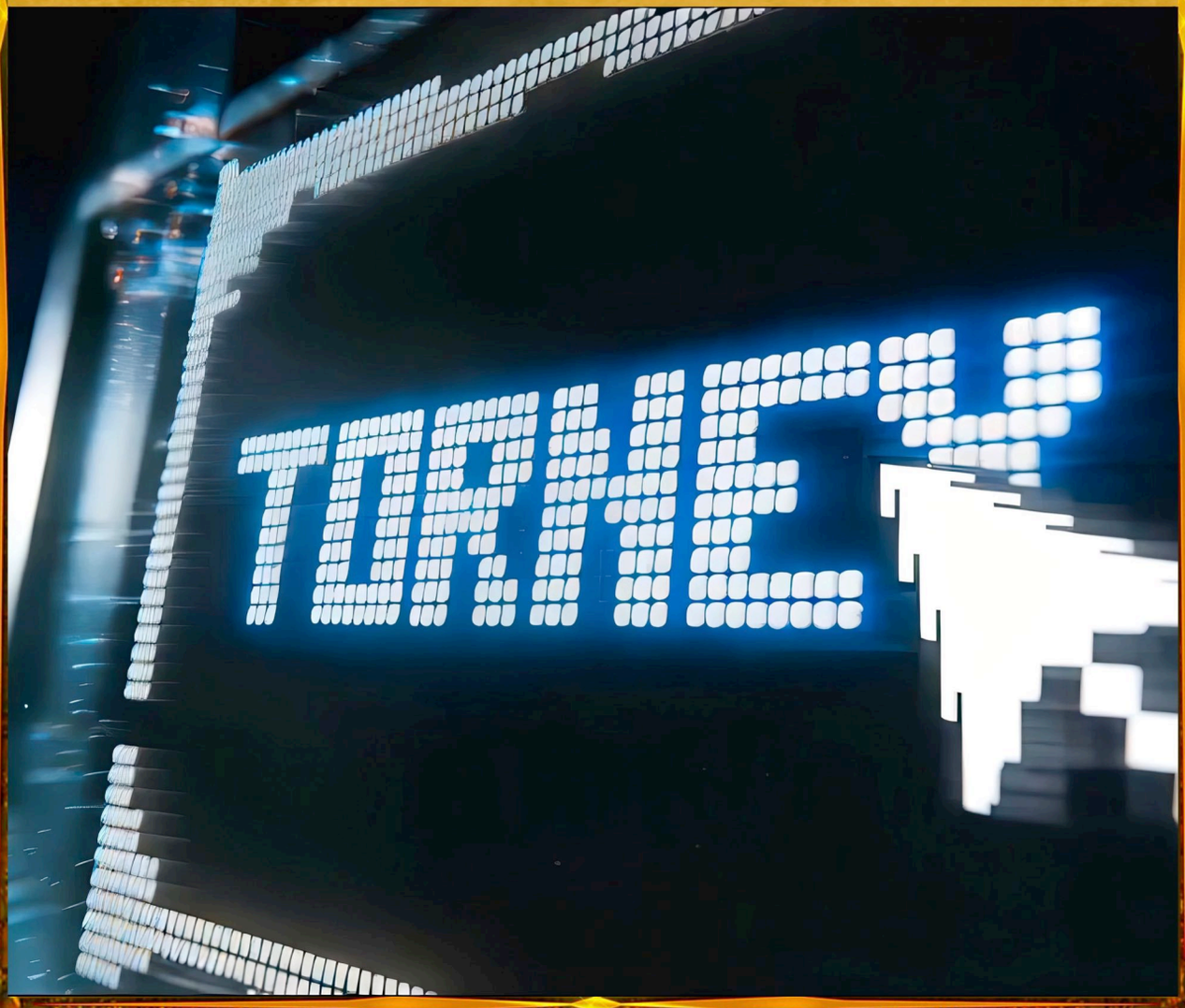
The Road Too Far

Through worldly realms we mortals daily pass,
While time flows swift as wind through summer grass;
The spirit gleams with light from realms unknown,
Like gems that shine in mines of sacred glass.

World does not pass by; you pass through it;
Clear your being so the treasure may arrive;
This spirit sparkles of a different light,
The gemstones are of a different mine.
(old Ninja Saying)

On ToeQuest's screen, a name not fully shown,
Ten characters where more should have been grown;
The Feds pursued through data's labyrinth deep,
Till "Torney" from the fragments finally shone.

Austin's full name had been nearly spelled out on Toe-Quest, but it had taken a while for the Feds to figure out



that there was an “ey” on the end of “Torn“. It had been cut off since AOL had allowed only 10 character member names.

From beach to shore, through cities grand and small,
Austin eluded those who’d see him fall;
The Theory sought by powers dark and grim,
While CIA stalked through the banquet hall.

Austin had been on the run for a month, using various hotel internet networks to post dispatches, and so he had been eluding the Feds that wanted the Theory of Everything for the government’s misuse. The CIA had now been called in, to a rare homeland operation, to take charge and insure that there were no further screw-ups.

Disguised as Tut among the wedding throng,
Where East meets West in love’s eternal song;
At Bolingbrook, where danger lurked nearby,
He played his part, though knew he couldn’t stay long.











Austin was presently attending the wedding of an Irish girl to an Egyptian boy, out west of his home town, near Chicago, at Bolingbrook Golf Club, and was thereby rather taking a large risk, although he was disguised and dressed as King Tut. The dark shadows of the government had just missed him in Myrtle Beach, New Jersey, and Long Island, but were now entering the wedding reception hall and looking around the enormous banquet room.

They thought they'd ID'd him, but it was only his brother, Mike. Then they locked down the hall.

Behind the pillar, wreathed in smoking haze,
He watched the agents through the evening's maze;
His brother's presence led them far astray,
While freedom beckoned through the gathering grays.

Luckily, Austin was outside having a smoke behind a pillar, having been alerted by ninja phone. Furthermore, he hadn't wished to drive off with the agents just arriving, so he bided his time outside, puffing on a Marlboro menthol ultra-light wine-flavored green 100 cm cigarette. That's








Marlboro

Marlboro

nothing; look in the supermarkets now and see how many variants there are on a single product. It's a result of the CMBR trip, I suppose.

With package strange upon the passenger seat,
His Corvette roared down every winding street;
Where prairie grass once waved in ancient time,
Now suburbs sprawl, his exodus complete.

The square device, like baseball's sacred plate,
Lay waiting for the pumpkin's fated date;
Through transformed lands and changing times he fled,
While destiny's wheel continued to rotate.

Now is the time for all good men… With most of the agents now locked in with the wedding party, Austin leaped over the railing and into his fully restored Corvette convertible and drove off. In his car was the contents of a package delivered by Ninja Express the day before, a square something that looked like second base (or first or third or Paradise by the Dashboard Light) that Austin had been in-





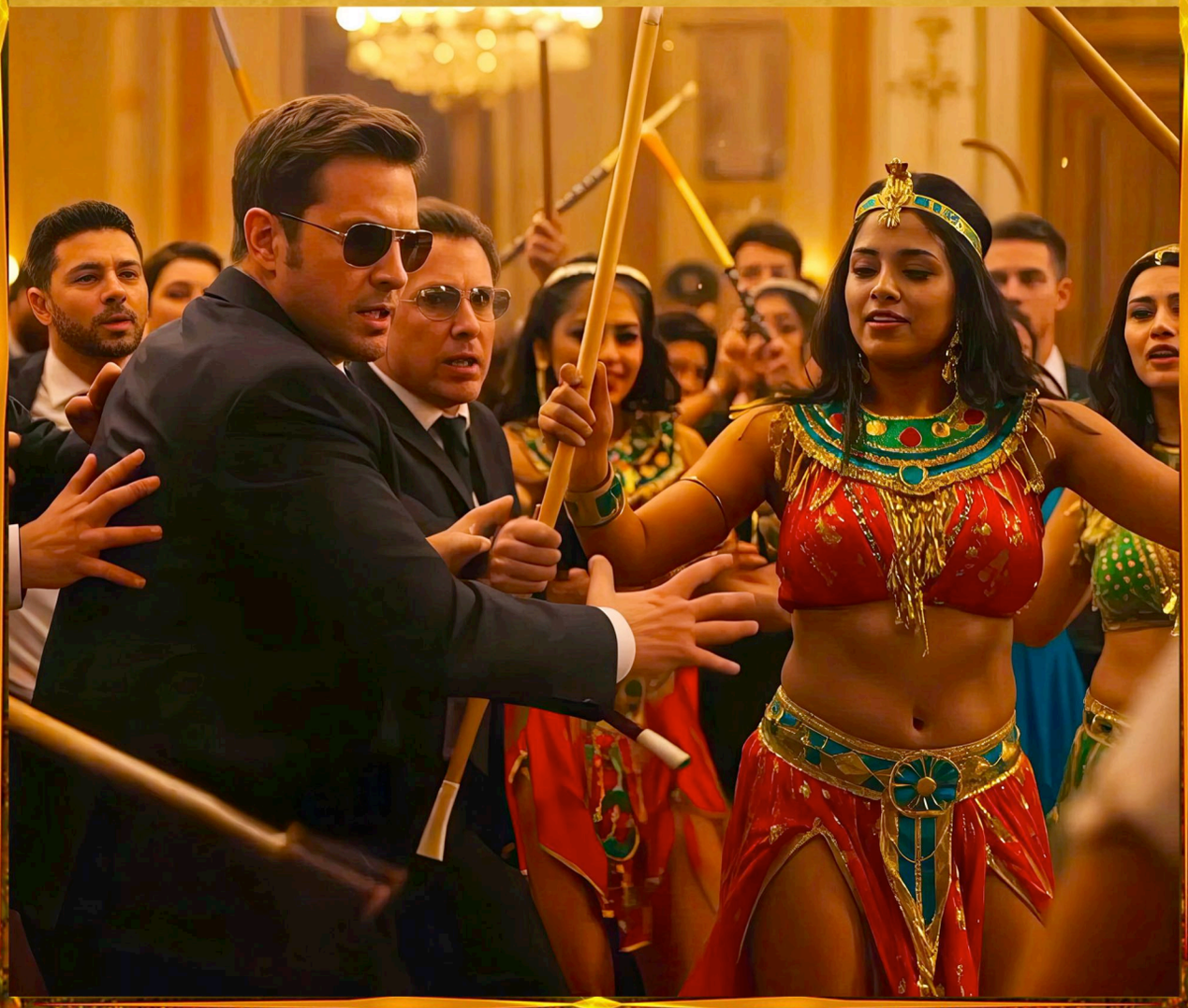


structed to strap on right away and utilize when he saw the Great Pumpkin. Austin surveyed the new outlying suburbs and thought, *The last time I saw this area, it was all prairie grass.*

Through whirling dancers lost in mystic trance,
The agents pushed past those who dared to dance;
Some stopped to watch the swaying belly's art,
Till commanders broke their temporary chance.

An agent still outside alerted the CIA Commander inside and the agents rushed towards the doors, although slightly disoriented by the repetitive and trancing beat of the Egyptian dervish music, and tried to get through the many wild cane-dancers. After struggling through the drunken revelry, some of the CIA stopped to watch the belly dancers, but were exhorted onward by their CIA Commander and his FBI sub-commander.

With culinary badges false displayed,
Six cars gave chase through evening's masquerade;







But fortune smiled on freedom's desperate flight—
Their tires met spikes, and all their haste was stayed.

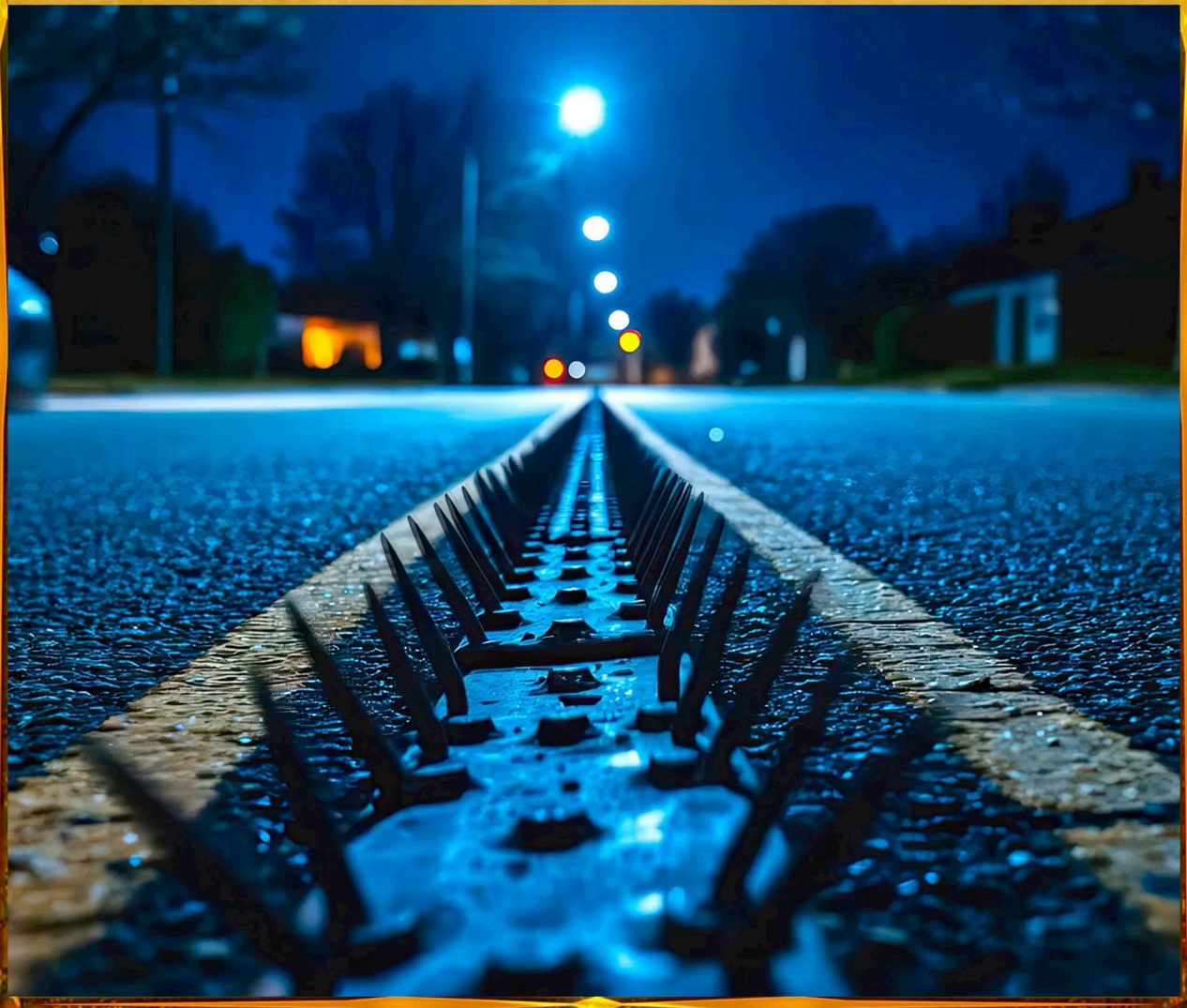
There was some clumsy fiddling with the door chains and then they were all off after Austin in six cars marked Culinary Institute of America, for Austin loved food.

A metal strip of spikes mysteriously appeared across the road and they all ground to a halt afterwards, for all their tires were flat on the bottom.

"Command post here!" the leader's voice rang clear,
While FBI's road knowledge drew them near;
The Tri-State-Tollway's path they studied long,
From Wisconsin's bound to Indiana's sphere.

"Damn," said the CIA Commander, "we'll set up a command post here; we have many other vehicles positioned at key points."

The CIA had not studied US roads intensely, so they had an FBI chief with them, whom they tended to ignore, and quickly analyzed the area, noting the location of the often










FBI

FBI

used north and south Tri-State-Tollway, route 294, that circumvented Chicago from Wisconsin to Indiana and ran near to and through these very new suburbs.

"Where's he heading?" the commander asked of the one agent that was left outside who was able to follow, but at some distance.

"East toward route eighty-eight!" the scout proclaimed,
While Austin's lead grew larger, unconstrained;
Six vehicles lay waiting north and south,
But traffic's truth his brother once explained:

"East on route 88 towards the 294 junction, but he has quite a lead on me."

"Good. We have six vehicles ready at Tri-State 294, three north and three south."

For on the Tri-State's ever-crowded way,
Where recent storms had held their fearsome sway,
The tornados' memories lingered fresh and raw,
As Austin plotted out his escape that day.

Austin thought, *The Tri-State is always backed up. My brother Jim said so. Plus, tornadoes were over there two days ago.*



“Still eastward bound!” the lone pursuer cried,
Past junction points where paths diverge and glide;
The Commander split his forces swift and sure,
While Austin toward the city’s heart did ride.

“Uh-oh,” reported the lone pursuer, “he passed the junction and is still east on 88.”
“Pull three vehicles off of both north and south 294 and give chase; send the remaining three and three north and south along 294 to eventually cut him off somewhere down the line.”
“Lone pursuer, keep me posted.”
“He’s heading toward the end of 88, toward 290, the Eisenhower Expressway, into downtown Chicago.”

The FBI man spoke with wisdom earned:
“Why chase through rush-hour paths?”
but was soon spurned.
“The inbound lanes flow free!” the CIA sneered,
Not seeing how the truth would soon be learned.



“It’s rush hour,” said the FBI sub-commander, agent twelve, to the CIA Commander, “Why would he go towards Chicago?”

“You fool,” said the Commander, “it’s only rush hour coming out of Chicago; the way in is wide open!”

For Lake Michigan’s vast waters block the way,
While “Taste of Chicago” crowds filled streets that day;
“You fool!” “You bigger fool!” the leaders clashed,
As precious time in argument did stray.

“Don’t call me names, you bigger fool, for there is the Great Lake Michigan blocking Chicago to the east, and so he must go north or south eventually and then he will certainly be in the rush hour in either of those directions.”

“It’s Sunday; there’s no rush hour, you bigger fool. What if he has a boat waiting? How many cars do I have down there?”

“Only two, you much larger fool. And there’s traffic from ‘The Taste of Chicago.’“



Their forces scattered thin across the ground,
Two cars remained to guard the lakefront bound;
“Perhaps he seeks Canadian refuge far,“
The Commander mused, while chaos swirled around.

“We didn’t think he’d go that way. Put one car at the lakefront and… we’ll guess and have the other protect north out of Chicago; maybe he’s heading for Canada. Why didn’t you give me all you had on Chicago sooner, you huge fool?”

Through iPod tunes and bitter words they fought,
While wisdom offered freely came to naught;
“Our cars draw closer!” claimed the CIA chief,
Though physics made such boasting worth but thought.

“I did, you gigantic fool, but I guess you weren’t hearing me through your ipod.”
“It was great music, you humongous fool. Luckily, for you, the six CIA vehicles that we pulled in from the Tri-State are now closing the gap, for they started out ahead or about even with him.”



“How could that be? It’s odd that they were even and are now more behind!”

Through hidden paths from Route 88 he flew,
To Eisenhower's stretch, a passage few
Had mastered - yet behind at greater speed
The hunters followed, keeping him in view.

"What the…!"
Austin had navigated a little known shortcut from route 88 to the Eisenhower, 290, and was doing 140 mph towards Maywood; however, the followers were doing 150 mph.

Toward childhood streets of Oak Park swift he turned,
While CIA pursuit cars over-burned
Their chance to exit, trapped by concrete walls -
A hometown advantage Austin well had learned.

My home town is approaching fast, noted Austin.
Austin slammed on his brakes and veered up a ramp into Forest Park, and toward Oak Park, his boyhood hometown, as the CIA missed the exit altogether, and even the next one because it was on the other side of the expressway.



There are no exits in Oak Park, noted Austin, *for they wouldn't allow any.*

After some fuss, the CIA figured all this out as well and kept going, planning to fan out, backtrack, and roadblock, having also given a description to the Oak Park Police, as well, although somewhat begrudgingly.

Past softball fields where brother Jim would play,
Past pool's vast waters where on summer's day
Young divers sought their coins in chlorine deep,
While memories of youth showed him the way.

Austin observed the old sights: *There's the pro softball fields, where brother Jim used to hit the ball over the fence, and the old swimming pool, acres wide, wherein we used to dive for coins.*

The drugstore where Green River once did flow,
The pen works silent, empty now below,
And candy factory's fire-blackened shell -
Each landmark helped him plot which way to go.




Green River




Green River



And across the street is what was once a drugstore serving Green River sodas, and there's the old pen factory, now boarded up, and the Atomic Fireball factory that had burned down, after which every school kid had raided it and obtained enough candy for life.

Saint Bernadine's, his alma mater stern,
Where marbles rolled and yo-yos used to turn,
Where scandal touched both nun and priest alike,
And treats bred guilt that children had to learn.

Hey, and my old Catholic school and church, St. Bernadine, right across the street. I remember marbles, yo-yo contests, roller skating in the basement, softball, and hula-hoops, and our 6th grade lay teacher who was substituted for our nun who'd run off with the priest, but she was later sacked as well for giving us free popsicles and donuts for going to communion…

The brickyard where he'd hidden years ago
Now beckoned as sirens wailed their woe.




ATOMIC
FIREBALL











He'd thrown rocks once at trains that thundered past -
That boyhood refuge now could lay him low.

Entering Oak Park, Austin noted the old brickyard where he'd played hooky from school and had hid among the bricks until a truck started taking some away. His whole youth was passing before him, not a very good sign. *As a silly kid, I threw rocks at the trains while I was watching the expressway being built and some men jumped off the caboose and chased me, but I ran through a narrow crack between two buildings and escaped. Should I do that now? There it is. No, I wouldn't fit…*

The corner store of baseball cards and dreams,
Where Mantle proved elusive, or so it seems,
While Berras multiplied within his pack -
Now police lights cast their pursuing beams.

The Oak Park Police had picked up the pursuit and were running their sirens. *There's the old corner store where I bought popsicles for five cents and tried so hard to get a*




TIEM
ARS



Mickey Mantle baseball card in a pack, but never got one, but I had ten Yogi Berra's…



Through streets once innocent, now tense with chase,
Each memory marks time's relentless pace.

The sirens echo through his boyhood scenes,
As past and present merge in this one place.



The baseball field where once a line drive flew
To strike his pitching leg (while outfield too
He'd played between his starts, like Ruth of old) -
These memories raced past as on he flew.

Austin sped along the narrow road paralleling the expressway and passed the baseball field where he got hit by a line drive in the leg while pitching, playing outfield in between starts, trying to emulate Babe Ruth.

At Austin Boulevard (his namesake street),
The town seemed smaller, childhood's grand conceit
Now shrunken by the years that lay between -
Yet still it offered refuge from defeat.

He saw the half built exit ramp at East Avenue and soon reached the end of Oak Park at Austin Boulevard (really), noting that the town seemed to have become much smaller after thirty years.






Eilt & Honlly
Austin evard

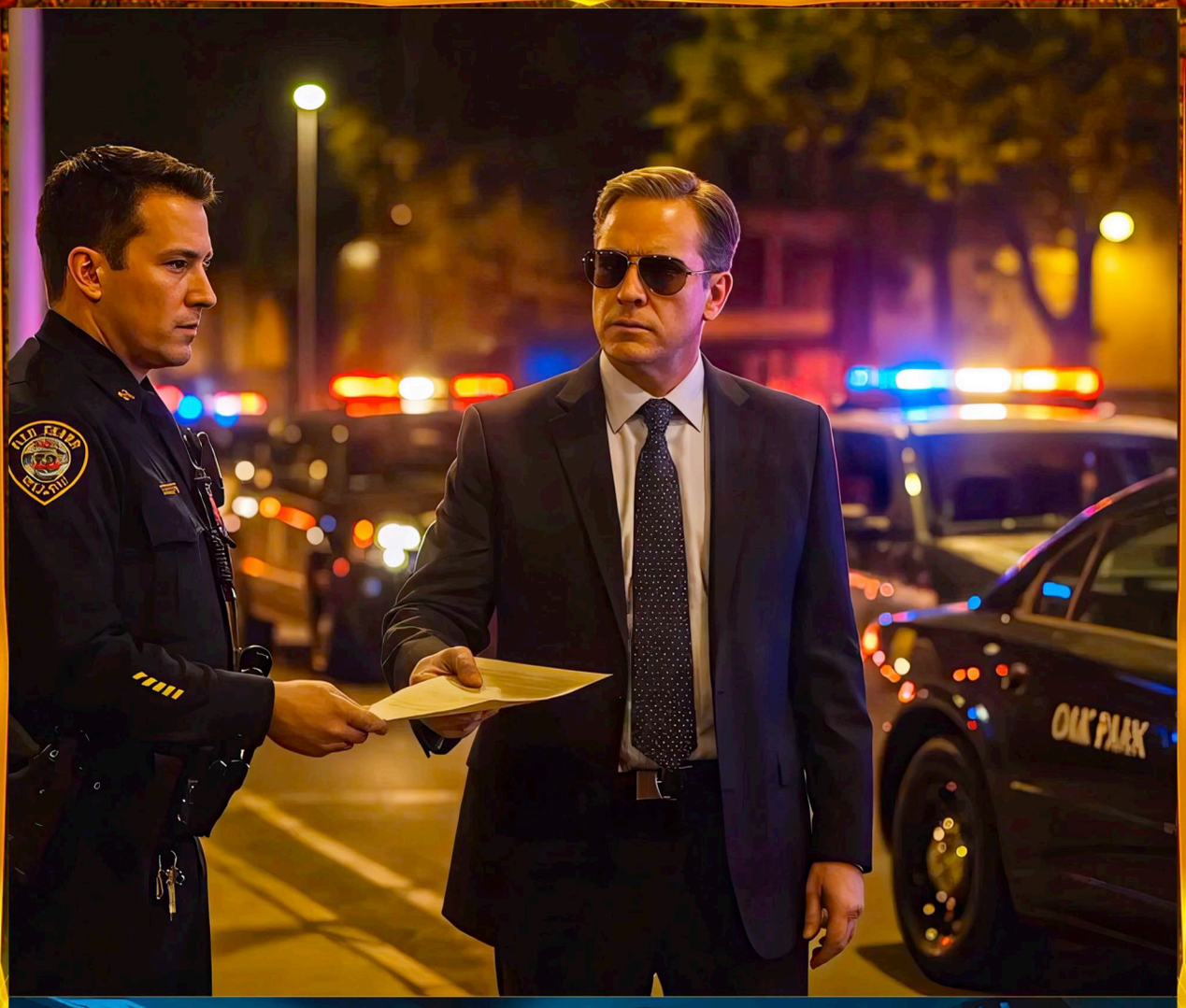
The CIA converged to block his path,
But through their trap he threaded, earned their wrath,
Then leapt back to the expressway's embrace,
While Oak Park's finest ended their own swath.

The CIA had finally exited the expressway at Austin Boulevard, and were almost in a blocking position, but Austin sped through them and back onto the expressway toward downtown Chicago, now even having an extra lane to play with. The Oak Park Police had given up at the end of their jurisdiction, stopping quickly and denting a few fenders.

"Go after him!" the Commander's voice did roar,
While agency pride became a petty war:
"The FBI would catch him!" - "Never so,
You fingerprinting fool!" and tensions soar.

"Idiot drivers!" exclaimed the Commander. "Go after him."
"The FBI would have had him."
"No way, you ink blot finger printer."




OAK PARK


Idiot

Idiot

The Sears Tower pierced the distant sky,
Ten miles away, yet reaching proud and high,
Three miles ahead, he planned his final game:
Seven more miles would tell if he could fly.

The Sears Tower loomed in the distance, even ten miles away, and Austin hastened thereonward, nearly three miles ahead by the time the CIA got unentangled and turned around. *I can lose these guys if I can keep them at bay for the next seven miles.*

Then wedding dollars, earned on stages past
(Three hundred singles, dancing unsurpassed
For ladies who had tipped him well) he threw -
A storm of green that made pursuers fast

Desert their cars and scramble on the ground,
While Austin's engine made its freedom sound.
His gift became salvation's scattered seed,
As chaos bloomed where dollar bills were found.







Austin threw his wedding gift of $300 on the road, all single dollar bills that he'd earned from stage dancing for old ladies, and this created quite a traffic jam as everyone got out and ran after the bills.





His mind raced back to summer days of youth,
When deliveries taught him, straight and true,
Each Chicago street from north to south -
That knowledge now would help him follow through.

Downtown was nearly at hand and he didn't have a boat waiting, but thought back to his high school summer job days of delivering kegs of nuts and bolts all over Chicago and Gary, Indiana.

"The Kennedy north's a snarl," he thought with care,
"But southbound Dan Ryan might just bear
Me swift to Indiana's saving grace,
Though construction dims the promise there."

North on 94, the Kennedy expressway, out of Chicago towards Wisconsin was always a mess, so I'll try 94 south, the Dan Ryan expressway, toward Indiana, although I see it's under repair, but this might help me.




Kennedy Kennedy
Expressway
Dan Ryan
Expwy







The Commander raged at money-grabbing hands:
“You fools, he’s gone! Now hear my new commands:
Send units south on Dan Ryan’s course,
Where traffic builds on half-closed concrete lands!”

“You astronomical fools,” said the CIA Commander, “stop picking up money and clear that road; he’s way ahead now. And you, sub-commander of FBI, agent twelve, forget the lakefront and the north and send our two cars down there after him on the Dan Ryan, 94, south toward Indiana. I just got an update on him. He’s heading into a traffic jam.”

Agent Twelve jeered with fresh delight:
“One lane’s all yours, Commander - aren’t we bright?
The rest lie fresh with tar and warning signs -“
“I knew that!” “No!” Their bickering took flight.

“Told you, na-na.” said agent twelve. “You’ve lucked out since only one lane is open on 94 south while they resurface the other two.”
“I knew that.”



“No you didn’t“
“Yes I did, you universal size fool.”

Then Austin saw his chance - a daring deed -
The fresh-paved lanes called out with urgent need.
He swerved between the barriers at last,
While pursuers in the jam lost speed.

Austin found an entrance into the newly paved but not quite ready lanes and veered on to them at the last second, leaving the pursuit backed up in the one open lane.

“Where are our Tri-State cars?” Commander cried,
“They should be near the junction!” But replied
His sub-commander with a scornful tone:
“Stalled in the floods, you dolt, though hard they tried!”

“Dolts! Where’s our forward Tri-State cars? They should be nearing the 94 junction, just ahead of him?”
“You double dolt,” said the sub-commander “they were backed up on 294, and had to use the shoulder, ran into

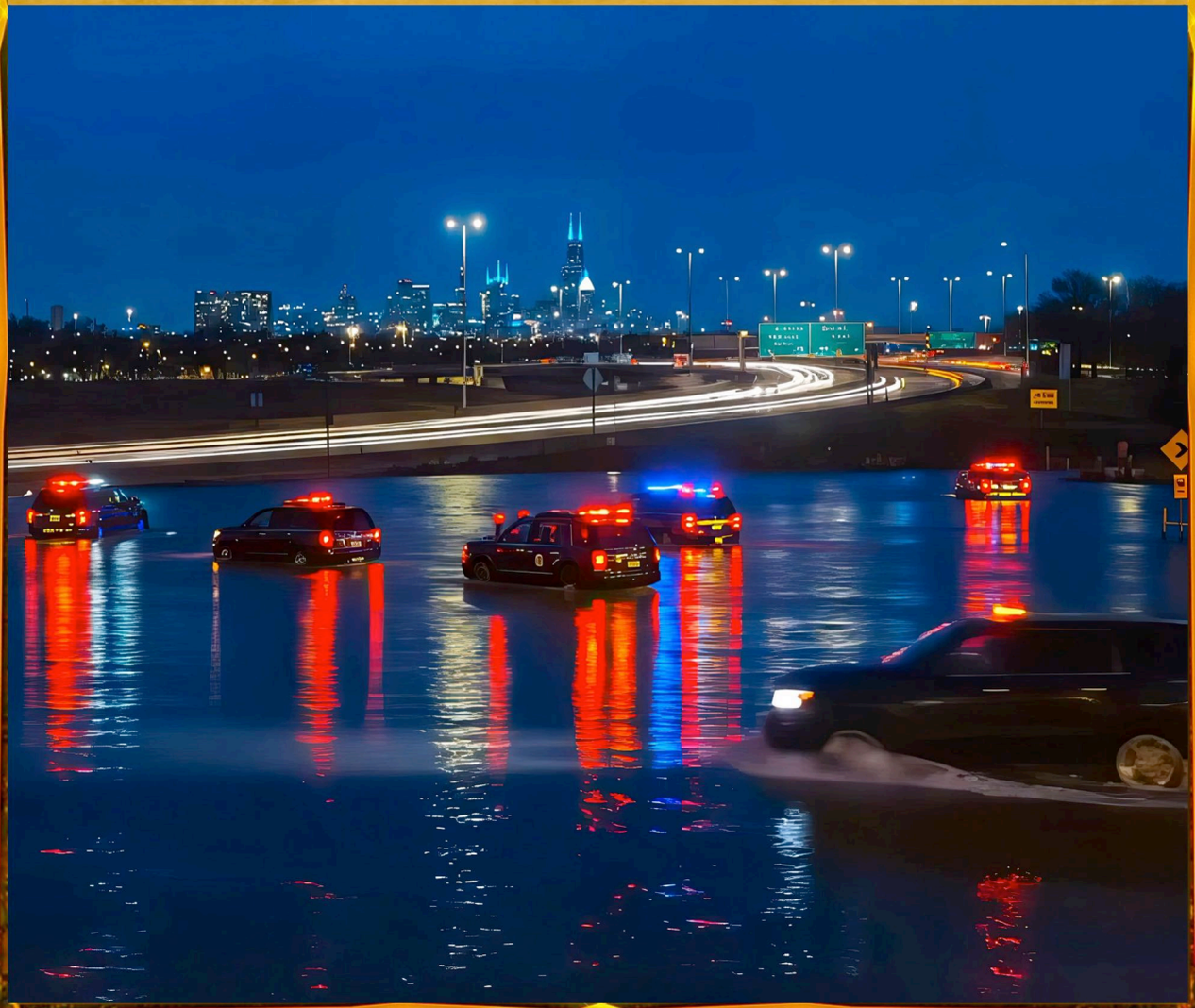


some flooding, causing two cars to stall out, but they are almost there."

"Split forces, triadic fool!" came his command,
"Half toward the Toll Road's Indiana strand!"
"He's back on Dan Ryan now - the bridge ahead
Is yet unbuilt -" their bickering grew grand.

"Split them in half again, you triadic dolt, and try to intercept him, and send the rest on towards the Indiana Toll Road, route 80. What's this flooding?"
"I told you about the big storms, but you've lucked out again. He's back on the regular 94 Dan Ryan due to a bridge not yet constructed and we have two cars coming up on him now, both fore and aft."

"I planned it thus!" "You quarter-wit!" they spat,
As Austin chose the Skyway, leaving flat
Their careful plans. "What highway in the sky?"
The Commander fumed, European wisdom at



A loss before Chicago's secrets strange,
While agents' ranks of insults found new range:
"You desk-bound pencil pusher!" came the cry,
As Austin soared where elevated lanes

Rose high above the marshlands spread below,
Past buildings where the city turned to slow
Industrial dreams, while tolls kept traffic thin -
His path to Indiana's freedom now to go.

"I planned that, you half-wit."

"Damn, you, quarter-wit; he just veered on to the less often used Chicago Skyway, probably since it has high tolls, and has outmaneuvered us, I mean you, you foreign legionnaire."

"Well, eigth-wit, turn our cars around and get on him. I'm a European autobahn expert; you're supposed to know these things. And what the hell is a Skyway?"

"It rides high in the sky over large buildings and some marshes and connects to the Indiana Toll Road, route 80, eventually, you desk bound broken pencil pusher."



Without a light he climbed the starlit way,
While agents argued in their old display:
“We’ve lost him!” “Fool, seek darkness moving swift!”
“Just testing you!” their pride still held its sway.

Darkness had fallen, but Austin was driving without headlights and steadily climbing the Skyway to the stars.

“We’ve lost him,” said the Commander to the FBI man.”

“Dumbo, look for the car with no lights on.”

“Just testing you. Call our reserves out of Indiana who are standing by nearby and send them up the Skyway from the other direction. Bet you didn’t know about them, you quadruple moron.”

“I have more on than you will ever have, you moreoff unintelligence officer!”

As shadows chase the hound and horse by day,
So followed they their ever-hunted prey.
The hunters closed from both the fore and aft,
While moonlight cast its orange-tinted ray.







Miles passed and smiles frowned as Austin spotted the relentless stalkers now tracking close behind again, ever hunting the prey as shadows following the hound and horses tracking the day. The peak of the Skyway was approaching and a bright orange full moon was just rising.

The Great Pumpkin moon rose full and bright,
As Austin breached the tolls in darkened flight,
Then paused - a fatal moment's hesitation -
As CIA closed left and closed on right.

The Great Pumpkin! Austin ran through the toll booths and stopped just beyond, mesmerized by the clue of the moon for a small tiny fraction of a split microsecond.

Three cars approached from East, three more from West,
And Austin knew his fate had come to rest.
No escape remained, no path to flight,
As Death's pale angel made its final test.

This is the end of the road. Sure enough, three CIA cars







were approaching from either direction.

Sad to say that there is a time when we know we've lost, although we've lived well enough, without much regret, the time when the Angel of Death comes to prematurely claim our soul, when we must say:

Past now is spring's sweet flower of gentle days,
Lost now the summer's promised golden rays,
No autumn shall he know of peaceful care,
For winter's whiteness ends all mortal ways.

Past now is the flower of spring's soft breath,
But not yet the full summer of promise;
And never will come the autumn of care,
For here is the pale white winter of death.

Born of the stars and blessed by solar fire,
His cup once brimmed with all he could desire.
Life's precious jewel had sparkled in his hand -
A vision fading now as dreams expire.



And that:

Born from stardust and nourished by sunlight,
I've filled my cup with wonders of delight.
Life was a treasure, a radiant gem,
A vision that I'll never see again.

The Skyway stretched between the Earth and stars,
While memory's light outshone his darkened car's.
The moon bore witness to this final scene,
Where all paths end and every journey bars.

But no! This was not Death's appointed hour -
Austin turned his steed with sudden power,
Rose from his seat as metal met the rail,
While agents watched his Corvette's final shower.

But, this was not one of those times, and so Austin turned his car sideways and drove toward the railing, saying goodbye to his dear Corvette, standing up in his seat as he crashed into and over the barrier,



His parachute unfurled in moonlit space,
As gravity released its stern embrace.
Beneath the bridge he steered with practiced ease,
While bullets sought but could not find his trace.

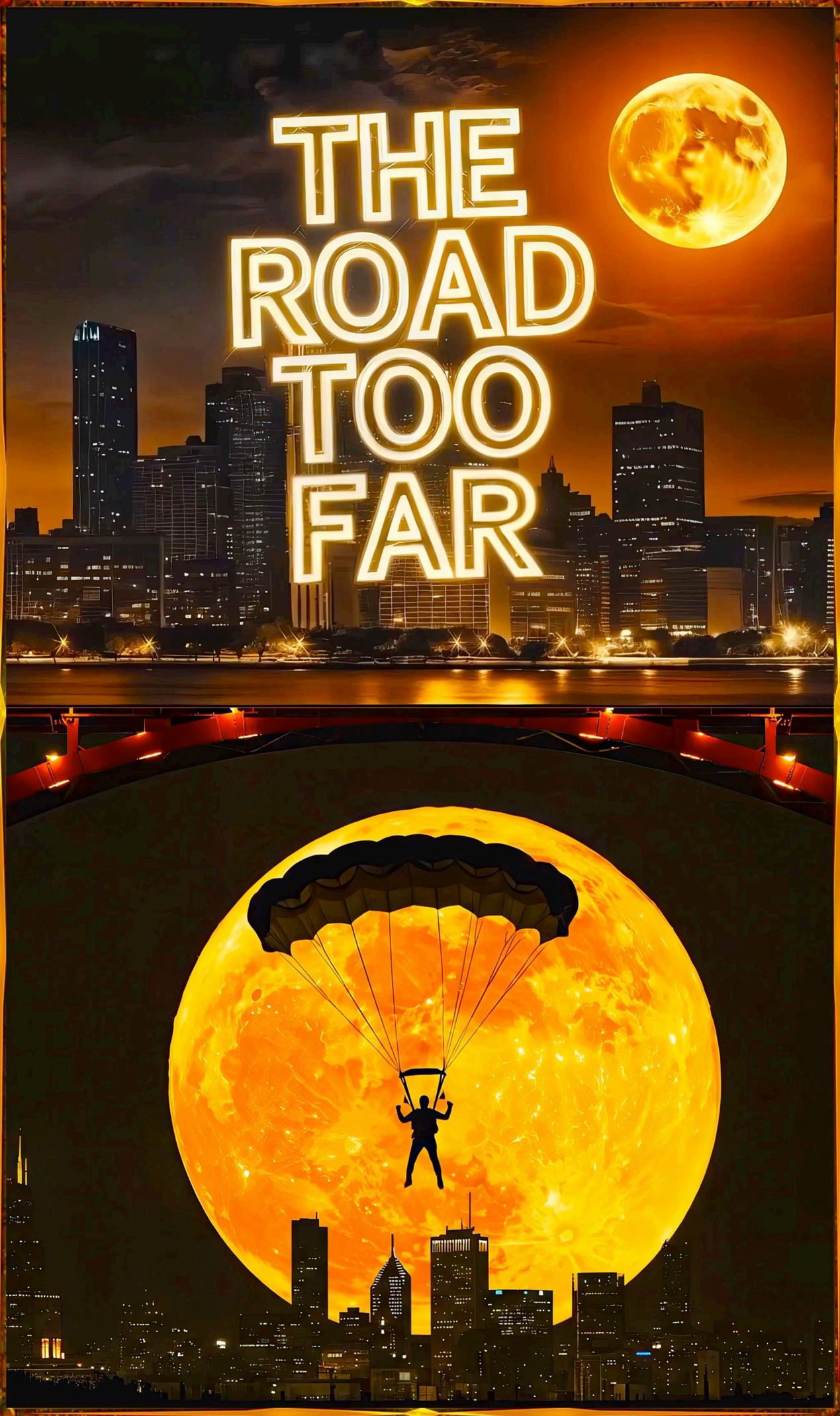
then pulled the rip cord and floated downward, steering his parachute under the bridge to avoid being observed and shot at,

The rising moon he plucked from velvet sky
And tucked away (a souvenir to spy),
Then landed soft on ninja's waiting car -
A shadow among shadows slipping by.

bringing the rising moon back down with him, putting it is his pocket, and landed roughly on the top of a black ninja limo

Into the night the TOE secure did speed,
While baffled agents cursed their thwarted deed.
For some may think they've trapped the morning star,
But dawn breaks free, and light will not be freed.




THE
ROAD
TOO
FAR

that soon carried him off into the night, the TOE now very much safer.

























(A note: this tale's ease might raise some concern,
But knowledge of one's ground makes quick return.
Like storm-tossed author's flight from Chicago's shore,
Though minus car and jump, as readers learn.)

(I know that this episode was a trifle too easy, but I did know the area. Also, experience aids writing. Due to storm damage, my departure from Chicago did indeed parallel the route in this story, except for the Corvette, and the parachute jump to a conclusion of some contusions.)

"Welcome to Ninja Center!" came the cry,
From Indiana's Master dwelling nigh.
"The landing rough?" he asked with knowing grin,
"You wrote it thus!" came back the swift reply.

"Welcome in Ninja Center, Mr. Torn. I am ninth degree Grand Master of Indiana."
"Did the ending have to be so rough?"
"How I know; you wrote it. Plus, we buy you new car."
"That was my other self, you know, the one we address







when we talk to ourselves."
"I schizo, too… and so am I… ha-ha."
"That's really called multiple personality disorder."
"Knew that."

"Why not just fetch me from the wedding scene?"
"Good training chase for one who dined too keen!"
"You've got me there," laughed Austin, rubbing bruise,
While MKirk's card brought wishes yet unseen.

"OK, pal, why not just pick me up at the wedding?"
"We give head start; good reflex training for man ingest too many culinary delights!"

Of senses six (and one half more beside),
The Master spoke with Oriental pride:
"Make nonsense sense through sixth sense training true,
Where brain meets mind and wisdom shall reside."

"You've got me there. What's next for us?"
"We train you sixth sense then all rest of sense."



“Sixth?”
“Yes, it make sense of other five and a half.”
“Half?”
“Half is sense of know where body parts are. They forget count it. Now, nonsense turn to sense by 6th sense.”

“Within, without, the senses dance and play,“
Said Austin, testing newfound words’ display.
“Such glorious language CMBR bestowed!”
While Master smiled: “I just say so, not I, okay?”

“The brain and the mind?”
“Yes it be. Brain absorb, plus subconscious brain make thought from all sense in and out.”
“Sense that is inward and outward, within and without?”
“Yes, I just say so, not I.”
“Haven’t you heard about the extended and glorious language enhancements that the CMBR trip has bestowed on us, endowed us with abilities to communicate more better?”



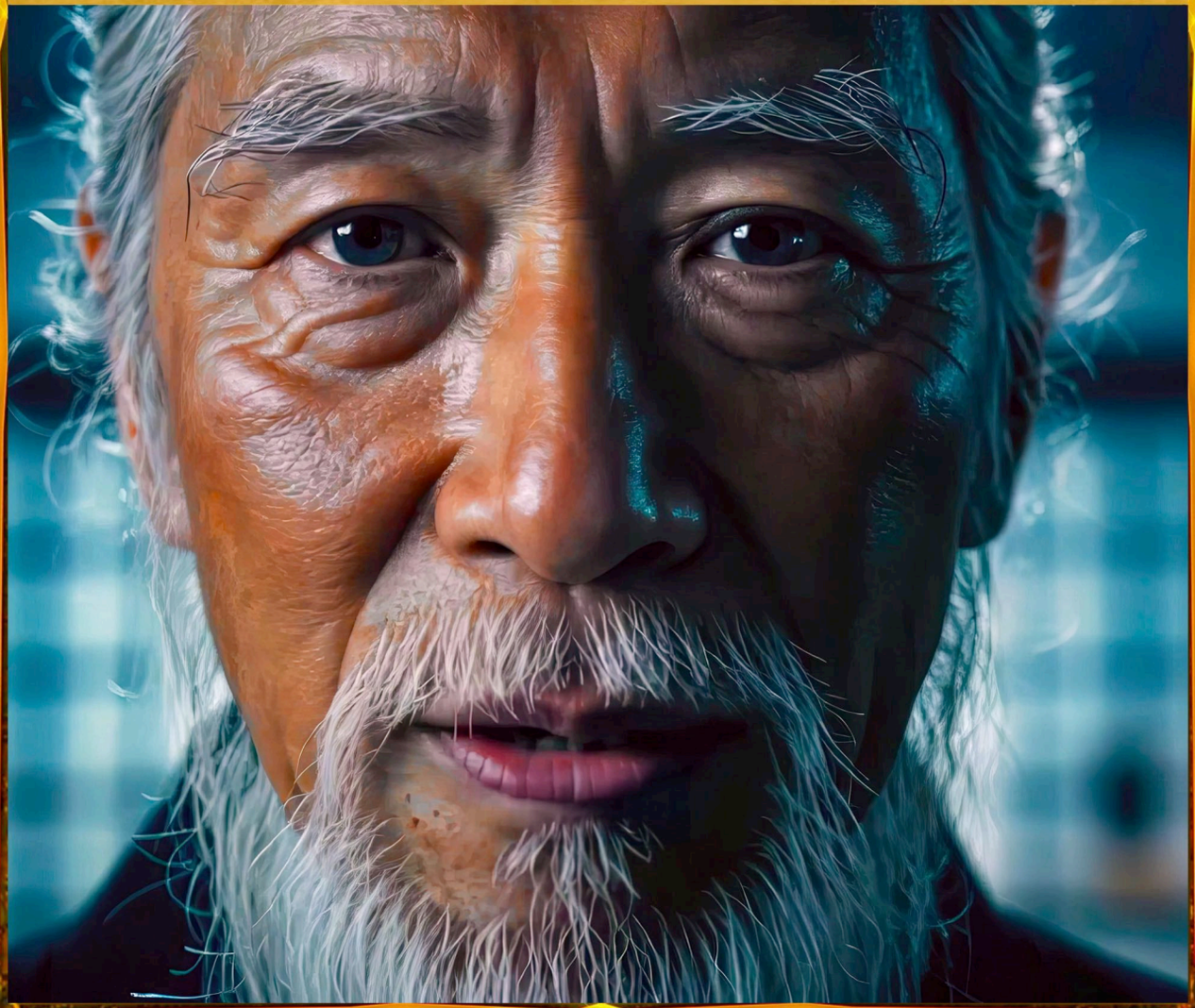
“Nature simple,” spoke the Master’s voice,
“No need more words to make the brain rejoice
In analyzing all that might become,
Through memory’s vast probabilistic choice.”

“I still study. Nature simple; not need more word. So, brain analyze all scenario of consequence through probability to give best possible result base on all one know, remember, and became.”

“The brain then senses self?” asked Austin there.
“Higher parts sense lower,” Master did declare,
“Like blessed insight from the third eye’s view” -
Then offered wisdom’s verse with solemn air:

“A sixth sense lives when brain’s alive and whole,
Making sense of five that play their role,
Bypassing nonsense as it creates
The path by which we might survive at all.”

“The brain is a sense that senses and perceives itself?”



“That be so, but really higher brain sense lower parts.”
“I’ll be darned.”
“More like bless of spark of in-sight of third eye. I say:”

A sixth sense is the brain when it’s alive,
For then it makes sense of the other five,
Bypassing non-sense, and creating
The only way in this world to survive.

Of consciousness they spoke, of will so free,
Of choices made, of all we think we see:
“Though instant’s choice may seem determined sure,
Tomorrow’s learning sets new options free.”

“True, and nice saying, but it would seem that consciousness would be then the last to know the result of the brain’s subconscious analysis…”
“Brain give wave of perception of itself go to mind to feed back to brain for future and also present to consciousness, but one continue learning enhance whole process, so no worry of no free will. See:”



Although our decisions of the instant are
Fully determined, and are therefore not free,
We may happen to learn new things, and make
Choices tomorrow that we wouldn't make today.

The Master taught of space 'tween thought and deed:
"Let reactions sail past - no need to heed
Their first impulse. In distance thus created,
A spark of freedom might be found indeed."

"No free will?"
"I generalize. Many thought come unwilled from all part of brain with simple agenda. For those react too soon, no free will, but some count to ten before react. If learning good, they veto thought, so not so bad as seem. Hear saying:"

THE CREATIVE SOLUTION SPACE
Let reactions sail on by; just observe them,
But don't act on them. This puts some distance
Between you and your conditioned response,
A space which grants a modicum of free will.



“I suppose it couldn’t work any other way, for that would border on randomness.”

“Yes, but some random when no matter.”

“As when probable choices are equal?”

“Yes, that OK. Real trouble is reactor impulsive person with no guilt, no high heart beat when do wrong, but good guy go by saying:”

When extreme thoughts arrive, uninvited, as
Most thoughts do, some veto them, saying “don’t“,
For while we can never will that which does
The unconscious willing, some do have “free won’t.

“’Free won’t’ could come from our learning, memories, and associations as well.”

“That life, but more method to try. We teach good learning.”

“Unfortunately many of the world had bad learning.”

“Yes, learning be dangerous thing; cause permanent re-wire of brain.”



"True. How come your English is so perfect in all your sayings button in your speech?"
"I memorize."

Of trauma's drama next the Master spoke,
How consciousness might witness pain's dark yoke:
"The soul observes from safety's distant shore
The mind's strange play, till wisdom's light has broke."

"What about our everyday type involuntary reactions of anxiety and the normal crazy thoughts that we all have from time to time?"
"We teach you calm like so:"

THE DRAMA OF THE TRAUMA

From its safe subjective place that's free of fear,
The 'soul', our Conscious Awareness, can witness
The strange thoughts and emotions that surface
On the mind, sent there by the subconscious brain.



Conscious Awareness, which can but witness,
Is a safe haven from which to observe
The drama of our lives playing in our minds,
Granting us a sobering distance from it.

"It's like watching a play on the stage of our minds, but what about emotions?"

Through broken English deep truth found its way,
As Master guided Austin through display
Of mind's complexities and brain's deep realm,
While Iowa's roads untaken held their sway.

"Somewhat same, but tomorrow study them. This all teaching for today, but I give you one more saying:"

THE WEAK LINK
The mind is quite weak in the fighting off
Of bad emotions; they have a direct
Pathway into mind's awareness, inhibiting
The rational, thinking part of the brain.



“Thank you.”
“Any other question?”
“Why didn’t you send me west to Iowa?”
“Too easier, not as good training; only four car guard, through roads you know not, but fun ride as was, yes? Beside, now may think dead, like Profpat and Graybeard. Get?”
“Yes, but no and maybe. What if the more knowledgeable FBI were in charge of the mission?”
“Hundred road to Iowa, but FBI better than CIA so be good training then.”
“Good night. I tired; start talk like you from hear too much you.”

“Rest now,” the Master bid as night grew deep,
“Tomorrow’s task will challenge all you keep:
To paint impossible in formless space,
Where time and substance both lie fast asleep.”



“Rest good; need you make impossible picture of everything relative to big zip of nothing of no-form and no-when.”

Thus wisdom’s jest and learning’s solemn truth
Merged here beyond the memories of youth,
As Austin’s chase through Chicago’s maze
Led to enlightenment’s eternal booth.

Thus ended chase through memory’s winding street,
Where past and present did so strangely meet,
Where ninja wisdom wrapped in wordplay’s jest
Made sense of nonsense, made the tale complete.



Energy in Motion

Like Moon that challenges Night to gain the Light,
Like Rose that bears the Thorn for Fragrance bright,
Surrender Life that you may live forever,
More radiant than a thousand Suns of might.

Like the moon, challenge night and gain the light.
Like the rose, suffer the thorn, gain the fragrance.
Of life, surrender, to live forever,
Enlightened more than a thousand suns.

Austin fled with stolen Wedding Wine in hand,
Half-full the Glass—an Optimist's command—
Engineers still ponder why such Vessels
Are twice the size Necessity demands.

Previously: Austin relaxed as Profpat had advised, drinking the rest of the half full glass of wedding wine that he'd snatched off the reception's porch as he took off in his




radiant


moon,

Corvette, for this part came up missing in the previous story. How do things or people ‘come up’ missing is beyond me, for if they are missing, they should not come up as ‘missing’. That glasses are seen as half full is a healthy optimism, although many engineers still wonder why the glass is always twice as large as it needs to be.

How curious that Things “come up” as Lost,
When Absence means they should not come at all;
Like Planes that “nearly miss” instead of Hit—
Our Language plays strange Tricks upon us all.

Same with the near miss of airplanes; might as well be a near hit.

To Ninja Bases ToeQuestors were led,
Where Theory’s sacred Knowledge might be spread;
They lingered there in Learning’s warm Embrace,
Away from Limelight’s Heat above their Head.

Several other ToeQuestors had been taken to safety in the



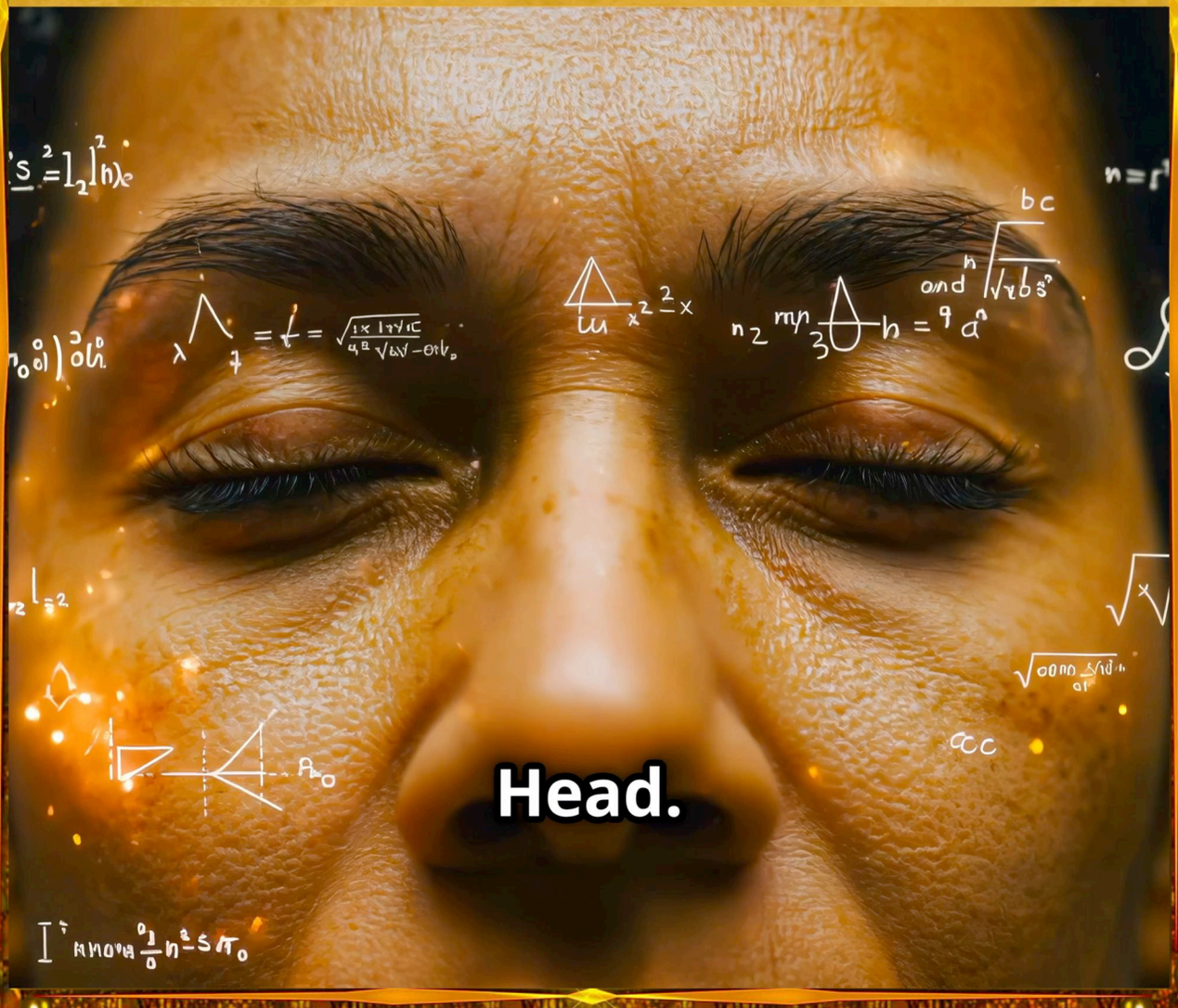

Enlightened
twice

ninja bases, for the protection of the TOE, but their tales remain untold, for now. All the ToeQuestors stayed on for another week or so of education in the bases, for they were avid learners interested in everything, and in ‘meta’, too, and even beyond that, plus, this kept them out of the lime-light, an old method of theater lighting that gave off a lot of heat, too.

The Quest for Meta kept their Minds aflame,
Beyond the Known, they sought what has no Name;
A Week of Wisdom passed within those Walls,
While outside World pursued its lesser Game.

Half the Agents turned from TOE to seek
Bin Laden’s shadow, leaving Task force weak;
The rest kept Eyes and Ears more widely spread,
As banned iPods gave way to Phones that speak.

Half of all government agents had been pulled off of the TOE case and put back on the search for Bin Laden, the remaining half now having to keep more eyes and ears



open, for ipods had been banned, but then the iphone came out with all the same stuff, plus it was a phone they all had to have.

The Conspiracy, with dark Intent,
Now toward the TOE their Interest bent;
Their surfacing would bring Mistakes to light,
Exposing Schemes they never meant to vent.

The Conspiracy was now getting interested in the TOE, but this would only cause them to surface more, and perhaps make some mistakes.

With Methods Hitler never dared to dream,
They probed the Mind with Technologies supreme;
Making that mustached Tyrant seem a Kitten
Compared to their nefarious Scheme.

The Conspiracy, who we shall talk about just a little bit here, uses heretofore unknown hi-tech methods to eavesdrop and to protect itself, as well. Nefarious undergoings



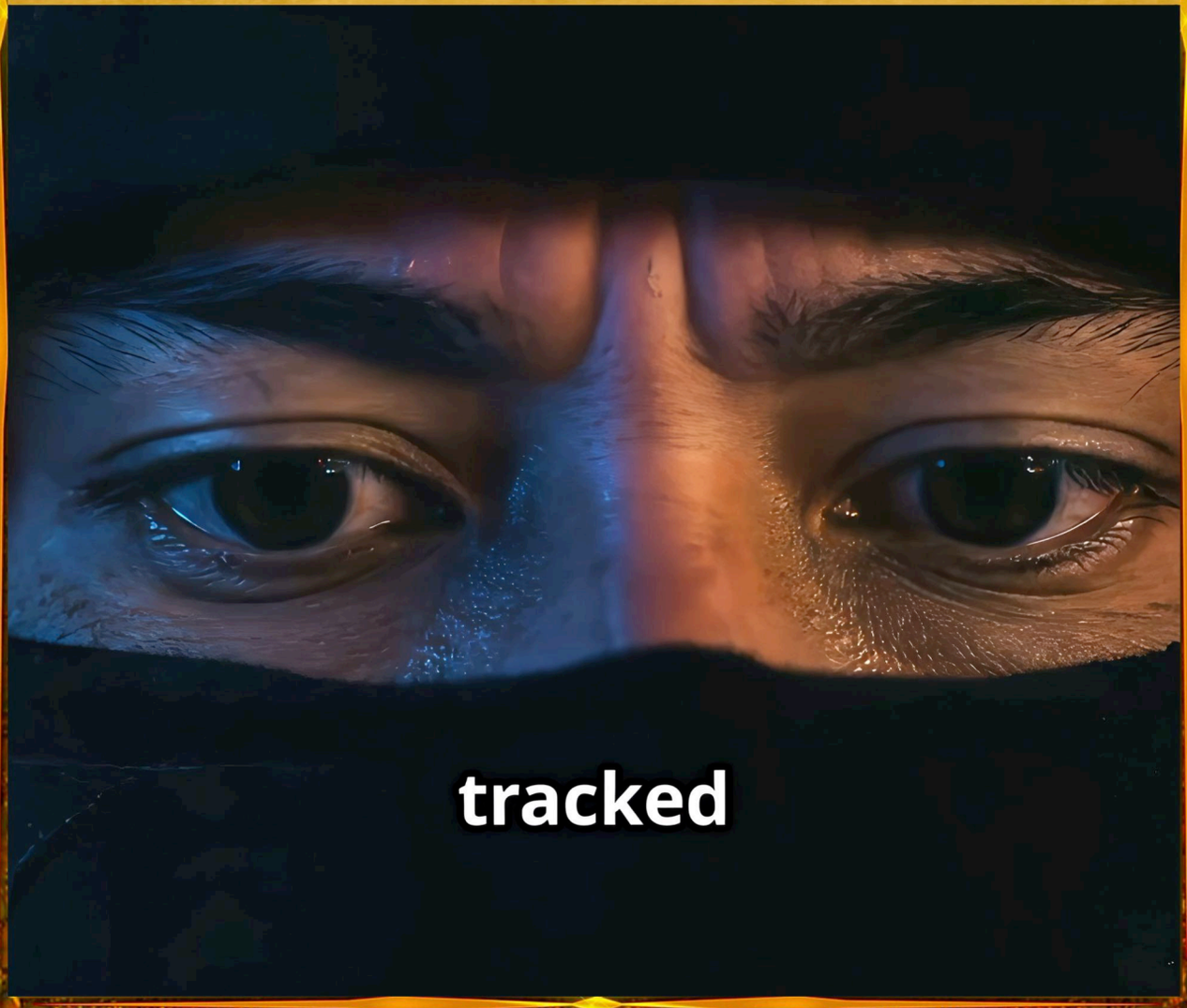
upon human mental states were reaching levels only hinted at by Hitler's experiments, and making him look like a pussycat with a mustache.

The Ninjas tracked their every Move with Care,
Success with lone Conspirators was fair;
Yet finding central Lairs remained elusive,
Despite the Warriors hidden everywhere.

Almost every ninja was on their case, and there was many a success, on lone conspirators, but the overall progress of finding their centers was slow.

Cigar Smoke marked the Villains' passing Car,
A Ninja spotted them from near and far;
One Call deployed a Light-bending Hunter,
On thirty-geared Bike trailing like a Star.

The Conspirators were hooked on smoking big cigars, for some reason, and thus a car with them in it was spotted by a ninja lookout. A quick phone call led another ninja,



clad in a light-bending suit, following them on a stealth 30-speed bicycle.

“All clear?” one asked with backward glancing Eye,
“No Car pursues,” came back the proud Reply,
“Our Government source speaks of TOE’s discovery—
Perhaps its Power we might soon apply.”

“All clear?” asked a Conspirator, looking back.
“I see nothing. Electronic analysis indicates that no cars tailing us.”
“I heard from one of our government insiders that the secret of the Theory of Everything, the TOE, has been discovered. Maybe we can use it. Take us to our Commander’s house.”

“Our Commander’s House we dare not seek
Without Appointment,” said the one more meek.
“We aren’t seen,” the other one insisted,
“And nothing there of Secrets does he keep.”



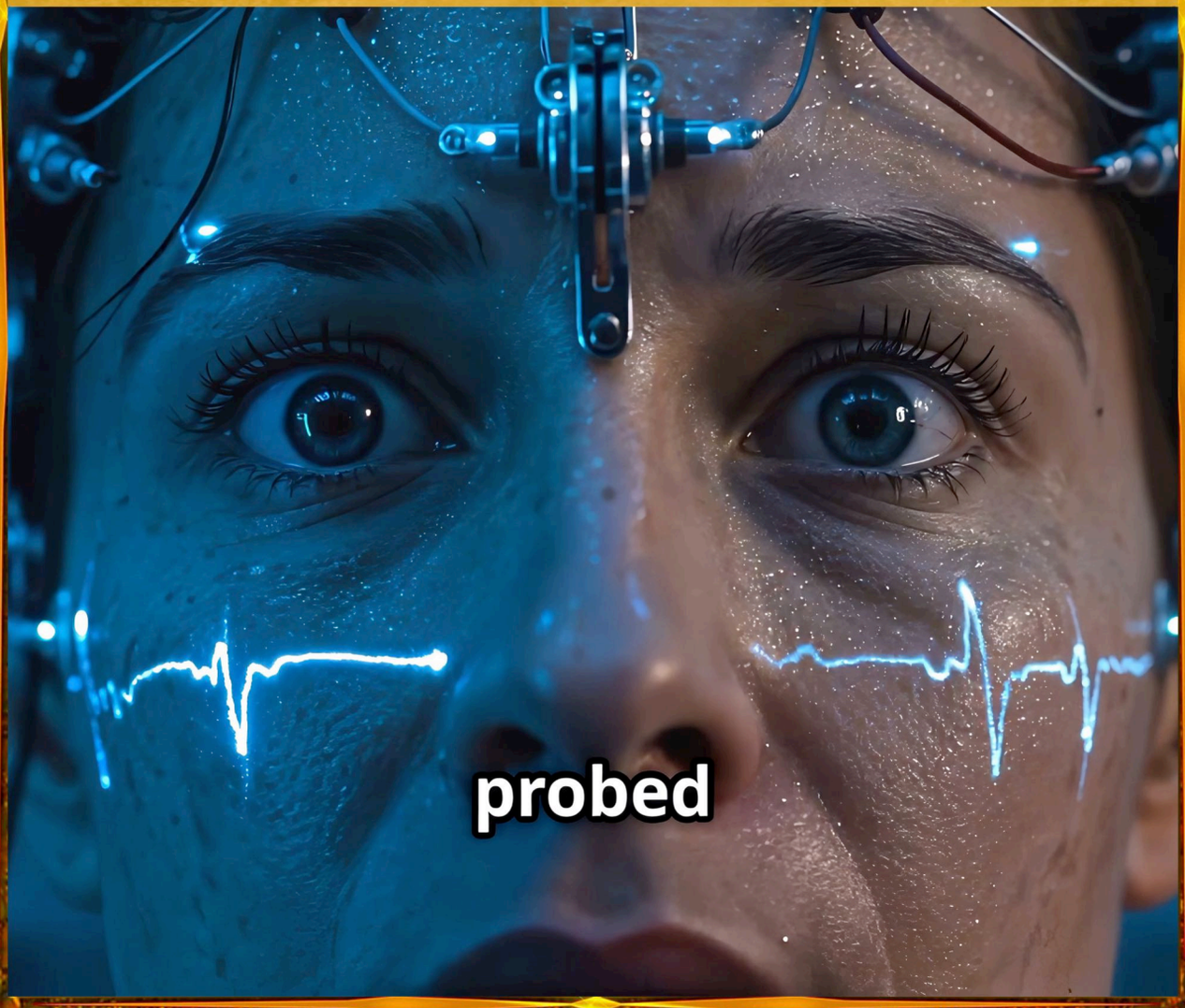
“We can never be seen going there without an appointment.”
“We aren’t being seen, plus there is nothing confidential in there.”

“But there resides the Value of Command,“
Objected one with Gesture of his Hand.
“Go,” the other ordered without Pause,
As Highway sped them through the waiting Land.

“There is the value of command.”
“Go.”

As Speed increased upon the Highway’s length,
More Ninjas joined the Chase with silent Strength;
Invisible on Bikes they followed after,
To thwart the Plot through Patience, Skill, and Stealth.

They entered a high speed highway and so other ninjas on invisible bikes were alerted to pick up the chase somewhere along the way.”



At Commander's House, from Nowhere came
A blinding Flash of Ninjas, swift as Flame;
Encircling foes with baffling Confusion,
Rendering Conspirators quite tame.

At the Commander's house, the swift blaze of ninjas from nowhere encircled the Conspirators in a blinding flash of confusion, rendering them all defenseless;

Yet soon a deadly Thought the Captives formed,
Their Minds with self-destruction's Power stormed;
In Death they took their Secrets to Oblivion,
As mortal Vessels suddenly deformed.

however, almost as soon, the Conspirators soon thought a deadly thought that triggered their quick demise, taking all their secrets with them.

"Report valiant Failure," asked the Chief,
"These Men impossible to take with Life."
"No Failure this, but glorious Success—
Five Worries less, Commander gone from Strife."



“Report valiant failure,” requested the head ninja. “These guy not possible take alive.”
The reply came back, “No failure; glorious success. Every number add up. Five less of worry and local Commander gone. Search house, but probably this another autonomous cell. Plus, be no use take alive.”

“Search House,” declared the Ninja with a Nod,
“Though likely ‘tis autonomous their Squad;
No Use to take them living for our Purpose,
What News have you that makes our Mission odd?”

“What hear?”

“They seek the TOE,” came back the grave Reply,
“Not Words I wish to hear beneath this Sky.”
“Yet TOE remains in Safety from their Clutches,“
The other spoke to quell the rising Sigh.

“They want TOE.”
“Not what like hear, but TOE safe.”



Young Rascal, chancing there to overhear,
Asked, "Autonomous? Such Words sound dear!
No Link exists to find their central Power?"
His Question hung upon the Atmosphere.

"Rascal was allowed to overhear such happenings, and asked, "Autonomous? You do know long words! No link to their center?"

"No usual Connection we can trace,
No weekly Meetings mark their secret Place;
Their Deaths will long remain unknown to Others,
Which grants us Freedom's Gift of Time and Space."

"Not usual. Only indirect, but not even weekly; no one will know they dead for some time; give us some degree of freedom for while."

"I know long Words," the Ninja proudly said,
"Though some too lengthy for my Tongue to spread."
"Is Ninja's Duty lonely?" Rascal wondered,
"And filled with Frustration's Weight like Lead?"

"Sure, I know long word; need sometime, but some too long of say."
"Do ninjas often have such lonely frustrating duty?"

"A happy Man feels not the Sting of Lone,
When Goodness walks beside him as his Own;
With Ninja Friends and many Lady Warriors,
Content I live, though far from Hearth and Home."

"Happy man not lonely with good at side. Have ninja friends too. Many lady ninjas also."

"How pay you all these Souls?" asked Rascal then,
"Who serve your Cause beyond all common Men?"
"They work for free, need only Bed and Table—
Their Treasure lies beyond all mortal Ken."

"How do you pay them all?"
"Work free; only need food and bed."

“Come join my Class on Internet’s Emotion!
I teach the Ways of Mind’s eternal Motion;
And after, speak of why these Foes must perish,
Perhaps your Mind holds some inspired Notion?”

“Come to internet emotion class I teach now? I tell people after class why Conspirator useless taken alive? Ask for idea.”

“I’ll be there,” Rascal answered with a Smile,
His Curiosity aroused meanwhile;
The Secrets of the Ninjas and their Purpose
Would keep his Soul engaged a goodly While.

“I’ll be there.”

The Ninja taught through Internet’s vast Space,
To Novice and to Expert, face to face;
Revealing Mysteries of Joy and Sorrow,
A Course repeated oft with patient Grace.



The ninja instructor from Rascal's base was teaching, through the internet, via iChat, to all novices and near experts alike, revealing the mysteries, joys, and pitfalls of good and bad emotions. It was a course that had to be given many times.

"Good Idea joined with Emotion fine
Brings Glory's Flavor forth like noble Wine;
Bad Thought with Feeling foul stains black the Spirit
With Odors rank no Wisdom can refine."

"Good idea plus good emotion bring out fine flavor of great glory; bad idea with bad emotion color stains black odor of big fat stink."

"Good Morning, Class," the Teacher gently spoke,
"I teach of molecular Events that yoke
The Mind to Matter through the Brain's dark Chambers—"
His Words like ancient Wisdom thus awoke.

"Good morning class; I be instructor of molecular events."



“Is this not Lecture meant for Feelings’ Lore?”
Asked Someone, puzzled by the Teacher’s store
Of chemical Descriptions unexpected,
Where Emotions seemed promised by the Door.

“Isn’t this a course on emotion?” asked Someone.

“Indeed, but Feelings spring from chemical Source,
The Brain’s Reaction through its hidden Course;
High Schools fail to teach this vital Knowledge,
While wasting Time on Subjects of less Force.”

“Yes, but brain emotion be chemical happening, you see. Often missing high school instruction lax in big area of this topic,

“They teach of foreign Tongues and History’s Pain,
And Art and Special Ed with little Gain—
A Jest I make, for many tire of Learning—
But Emotion’s Science they disdain.”

but waste time do foreign language, history misery, and some people named Art, Jim, and Special Ed. Ha, just joke. Many bored of Ed.”

“The inner Sense that guides what we should do,
That colors Moments red or gold or blue,
Makes more Decisions than our conscious Thinking—“
Thus spoke the Sage, with Wisdom strange but true.

“Emotion be like sense of inner feel of what to do or color flavor of moment; emotion even make more decisions than thought do.”

“What causes Feeling’s Fire?” Everybody asked,
As Students’ Minds with Curiosity were tasked;
“Neurotransmitters carry Message chemical
Across the Gaps where Neurons stand unmasked.”

“What causes emotions?” asked Everybody.
“Neurotransmitters, like serotonin and dopamine, carry chemical message across non-electrical part of neuron call

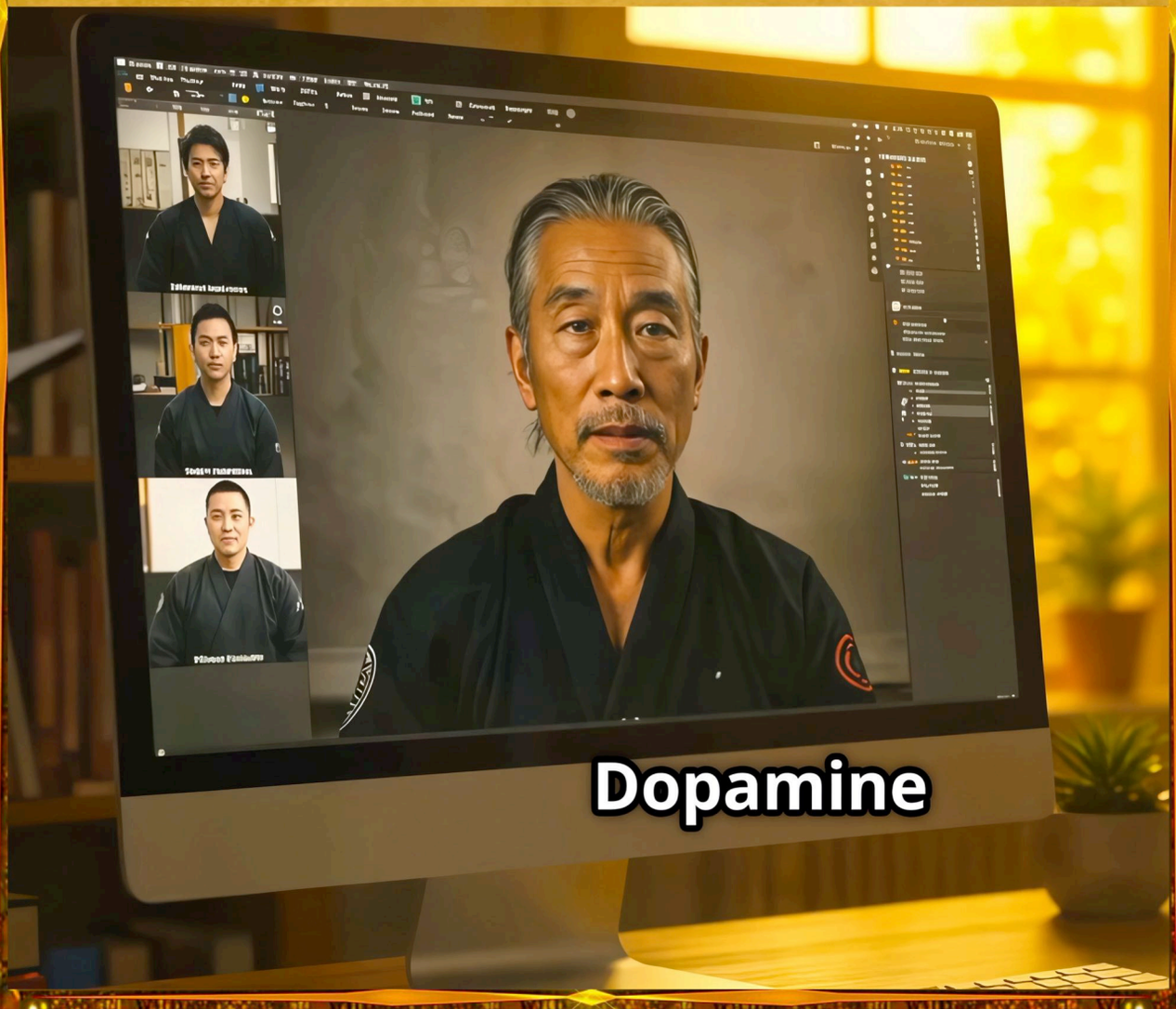
synapse; too little or too much be bad news."

"Serotonin and Dopamine in Dance
Direct the Traffic of our Mind's Expanse;
Too much or little breeds the Seed of Trouble,
And leaves our Reason victim to mere Chance."

"Eat well, take Exercise, find peaceful Sleep,
Reduce the Stress that makes your Spirit weep;
Work less, or swallow Pills to aid Transmission
Of Signals that your Balance helps to keep."

"Must eat right, exercise, good sleep, lower stress, work less, or take pill to have many transmitter transmit good vibe."

"Dopamine serves Excitement's eager Quest
When new Discoveries stir the human Breast;
Serotonin guides Signals through their Passage,
When low, our darkest Impulse is expressed."



“We crash and burn and yell with primitive Force,
Our Thoughts grow dark, Depression takes its Course;
Obsession, Worry cloud our better Judgment—
The Mind fixed on its Pain without Remorse.”

“Dopamine use for excitement of see new stuff; serotonin like traffic director of signals; if low, then crash, burn, yell, revert to primitive impulse, color thoughts dark, get de-press, obsess, worry, by fall for such random spurious atomic transmitter event like dumb fish take hook with know nothing else, but this fish-person think they 1000% right and cannot be talk to.”

“We fall for Feelings, Hook and Line and Sinker,
Responses learned when young, like mindless Tinker;
Or overwhelming Passions, ancient, spurious,
Planted deep by Evolution’s Anchor.”

“Hear saying such:”



We fall for our feelings, hook, line, and sinker:
Conditioned responses, reflexes, or
Overwhelming emotions, spurious,
Or anciently planted by evolution.

“The truly Wise ignore their Thoughts at Need,
But Learning this surpasses common Creed;
It asks for Training deep and Understanding
That few possess and fewer still can heed.”

“Now, who wise enough to ignore own thought? We teach. Not easy, but must do. Need training.”

“Bad Feelings, then, are chemical Events,“
Said Anyone, with sudden Evidence
Of Comprehension dawning like the Morning,
“Gone wrong or stuck since Time’s first Reverence!“

“So,” commented Anyone, “bad emotions are just molecular events chemically gone astray or relics that have been stuck with us since ancient times?”

“How meaningless the Angry Nonsense seems,
That fills some Minds with dark, destructive Schemes!“
“Yes,” said the Teacher, “Random ancient Patterns,
That tell the Tale of human Folly’s Dreams.”

“How unmeaningful is that! No wonder some people are full of angry nonsense!“
“Yes, be random event or old time thing. That all to tell of entire world history of misery from foolish folly of human.”

“Class over,” spoke the Teacher with a Grin.
“Over?” asked NoOne, with Confusion thin.
“I jest,” replied the Master, “Much to Learn;
The Journey’s End is where we must begin.”

“Class over.”
“Over?” asked NoOne.
“Yes, but no. I joke.”

“Sad History’s Tomes waste precious Hours of Life;
Reduce old Relics through the Mind’s sweet Knife
Of Meditation—’not what you may think’—
For thousand Years of Patterns breed but Strife.”

“History book sad; waste to study. Much you to learn here now. Reduce evolutionary relic by meditate; this be ‘not what you think’.”

“The ancient Impulse meant for Tiger’s Chase
Or Flight from Danger has no modern Place;
It builds but Fuss and Fury without Purpose—”
Then spoke these Words with melancholy Grace:

“Life’s still emotionally primitive,
With Feedback negative and sensitive
In Central nervous System, now but useless,
Yet ancient Messages it still must give.”

“We thousands years behind in emotion reaction; old impulses from fight tiger or run not apply now; only build up fuss. Hear:”

Life’s still emotionally primitive:
Negative feedback mechanisms in
The central nervous system, now useless,
Send out thousands-of-years-old messages.

“Like brainless Rage from Anger’s sudden Flare?
Or Jealousy that clouds all Reason fair?”
Asked One, with eager Face and Mind inquiring,
“That blots all Rhyme and Reason from the Air?”

“Like brainless aggression from anger, and jealousy or envy that blots out all rhyme and reason?” asked One. “As such. Anger have no brain. Make bad poet“.

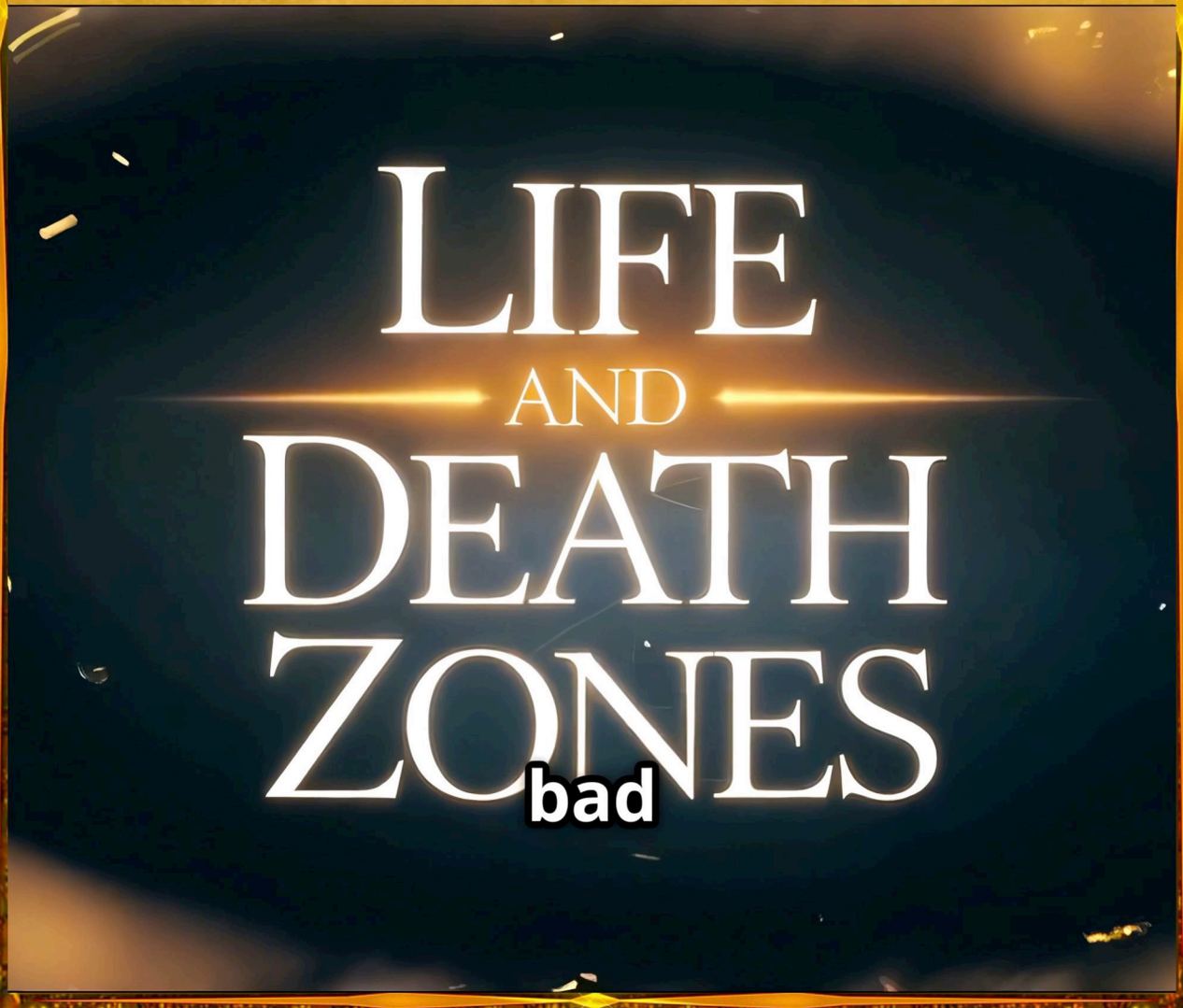
“Indeed,” the Teacher nodded, “Anger’s blind,
Makes Poets poor and clouds the thinking Mind;
Of good Emotion we shall speak hereafter,
But first the Zones of Life we need to find.”

“The highest Zone is absolute Delight,
Though even Best may slip to lesser Height
Of mere Well-being, then to bearable—
Before the Fall to darker Realms of Night.”

“Then come the Anger, Apathy, and Death,
Those lower Zones that steal the Spirit’s Breath;
Once fallen to the Anger’s fiery Clutches,
The Mind analytical meets its Death.”

“The primitive reactive Mind takes Hold,
A moronic State both dark and cold;
Where even gentle Beige seems blackest Shadow—
No Light of Reason penetrates its Fold.”

“The simple Mind reactive thinks a Tone
Perceived as harsh means Insult to the Bone;
Means Hate means Anger means to strike in Fury
Means Fight means Kill means Death—and all alone.”



"We talk good emotion later, but bad be big problem as see saying:"

LIFE AND DEATH ZONES

The highest zone is absolute happiness,
'Though even the best can slip to well-being,
And, sometimes, down into the bearable zone;
Next come the anger, apathy, and death zones!

Once you drop into the anger zone, the
Analytical mind cuts out, giving way
To the primitive reactive mind, a
Moronic state in which even beige seems black.

The simple reactive mind thinks that, say,
A perceived bad tone equals insult equals
Hate equals great anger equals lash out
Equals big fight equals kill equals death.

"This Horror barbaric, these Substrates base
Of Emotion," spoke AllisOne with Grace,

"Will Future Races wonder at our Survival
Through such a savage, unenlightened Phase?"

"This is horrible and barbaric, these aversive substrates of emotion," said AllisOne, "The future human races will wonder how we could have survived them."

"Yes, Student, many Mad beyond all Cure;
It makes me wish to strike them, to be sure,
Yet know they cannot help their Nature's Bondage—
So we must strive to help them and endure."

"Yes, student. Many mad. It make me feel like kill them, but they no can help this way be. So, must try help them, but if not work, rise above, sail over, jail, bypass, ignore, run away, say go buy loaf of bread never come back."

"If Help should fail, we rise above, sail o'er,
Bypass, ignore, or flee to distant Shore;
For Self, must learn the Signs of Anger rising—
Lest we repeat the Errors known before."

"As for self, must learn anger sign."

"Sometimes in Rage, we kick the Dog or Cat
For making Noise that vexes where we're at,
Though Day before, same Sound caused no Displeasure—
Not Pet's true Fault, but Mind's irrational Spat."

"Sometimes, mad, kick dog or cat since make noise, but day before same noise OK, so, not cat or dog fault, but irritable simpleton emotion state assign cat or dog as cause of feeling."

"For Hostility stems from Serotonin low,
As one falls prey to Moods that ebb and flow;
Mindless and brainless Impulse drives the Action,
While Reason fabricates why this is so."

"Since:"

Hostility stems from low serotonin,
As one falls for moods mindless and brainless

Kicking the cat or kids when one gets home,
Rationalizing that they made some noise.



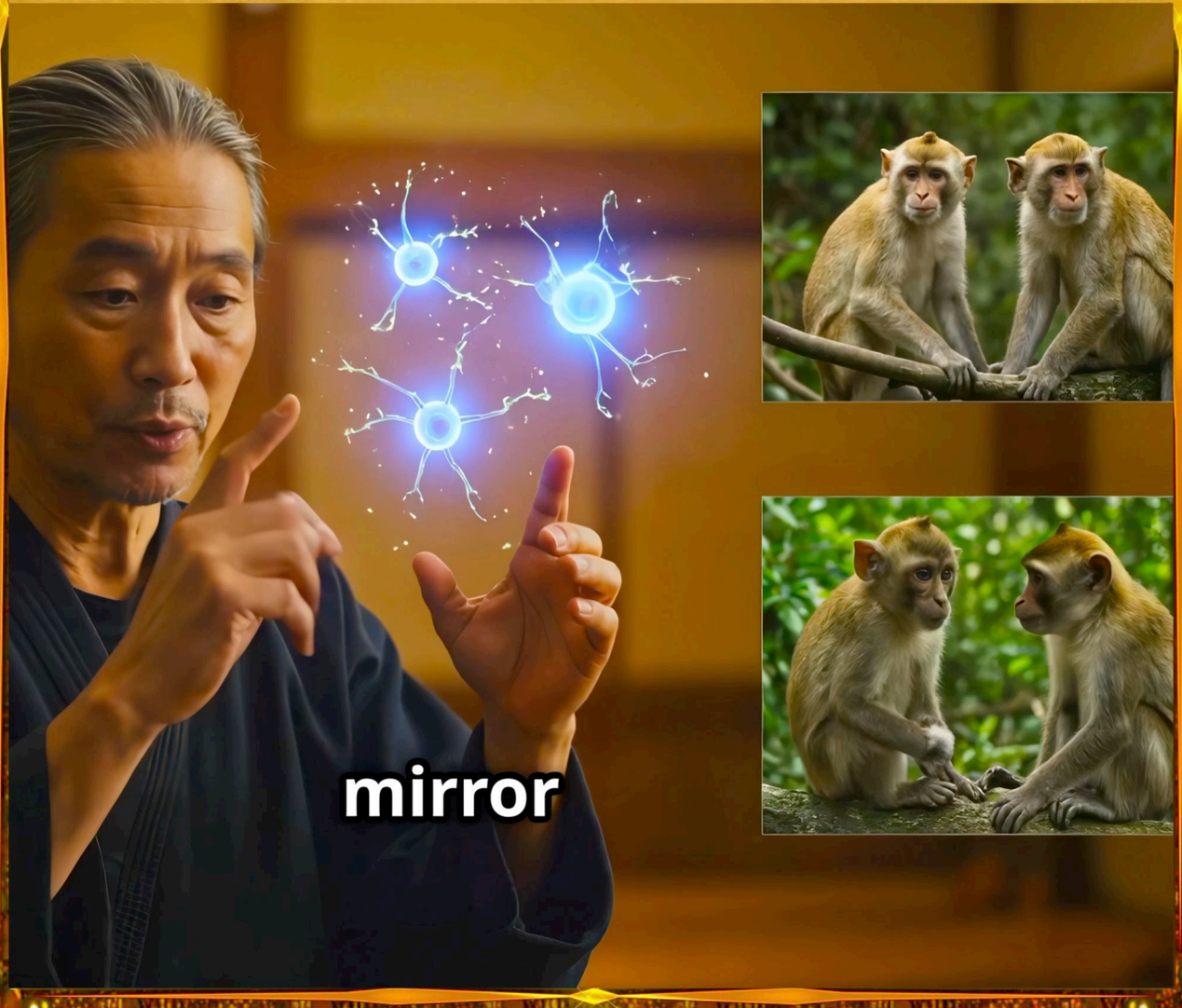
“I’m getting mad just thinking on this Theme!“
Cried NotOne, caught in Thought’s tumultuous Stream.
“Yes, dwell on Evil grooves the Mind to Darkness,
Impressing Youth through TV’s lurid Gleam.”

“I’m getting mad just thinking about it,” said NotOne.
“Yes, think about or see bad thing groove bad attitude, especial for young youth impress by bad TV show.”

“Be careful what you learn, for Neurons mirror
Practice all they see, both pure and direr;
Like Monkey watching Kin dig sweet Potato—
Though that good Lesson sets the Soul on Fire.”

“Must careful be what learn, for mirror neuron practice what see. Just watch bad or good thing a lot and learn do it, like monkey see other monkey dig potato, although this good.”

“Man ne’er forgets the Art of riding Wheel;
Such Learning lingers long as Life feels real;



Bad Emotion stains the Brain like Shadow,
To Logic deaf, its Changes slow congeal."

"Man never forget how ride bike. Learning stay long. Bad emotion like stain on brain."

"Like Molasses thick or forming Crystal slow,
Like Rock that blocks all Sense with rigid Glow."
"I see your Meaning," said a Student willing,
"And may grow mean from all I come to know."

"Bad emotion deaf to logic, change like molasses or slow forming crystal, be like rock, block sense with non."
"Thanks, I see what you mean and I may even get mean from what I see."

"Enough of Darkness now," the Teacher sighed,
"Lest bad Emotions here should yet abide;
Let's turn to joyful Themes and sweeter Passions,
To lift the Soul on Wings of Pleasure wide."

"OK, yes, but see too much bad feeling now. Not want you get mad from hear all bad stuff, so switch on good emotion talk now."

"Remember Thrills of walking slender Log?
Or swinging Rope o'er Creek in morning Fog?
The first sweet Kiss that set your Heart to soaring
For seven Days, beyond all Earthly Clog?"

"Remember thrill of walk log or swing rope over creek? How first kiss put you on air for week?"

"The Joy of building House from Popsicle Sticks?
To run and jump and play with youthful Tricks?
To have a Friend? These Moments knit together
Form Ecstasy where melded Goodness sticks."

"Joy of create house from popsicle stick? Run, jump, play; have friend. All best."

“All finest Things that human Kind has known
Are found in these bright Moments, briefly shown;
That lift you Heavenward on Wings majestic
To Realms where Joy’s pure Essence stands alone.”

“All good thing you of humankind known in these ecstasy moment of all good melded happening that lift you heavenward on some great wing.”

“See magic wingèd Ladies, Butterfly,
In flowered Glory where the Insects fly;
Feel truly, deeply, wonderfully alive—
For Life continues after Birth’s first Cry.”

“You even see magic wingèd ladies of flowered butterflies glory in flowers with bee. Feel alive. There be life after birth.”

“But modern Stress now weighs as Jupiter,“
Said HarriedOne with Voice both sad and sure,
“We meant to speak of Gladness, yet our Burdens
Prove heavier than the Heart can long endure.”

“But now life’s stress on us weighs us down, as if we lived on Jupiter“, commented HarriedOne.

“Stress marks the Gap between what we expect
And what Life grants us, leaving us suspect;
When Needs we place before all Others’ Wishes,
We court but needless Anger and Neglect.”

“We suppose talk good stuff now, but... stress be difference between what expect happen and what really happen. When put need ahead of other, result be needless anger at what this life really be, although seem surprise.”

“But something always goes awry!” replied
BlameOne, whose Hope seemed nearly crucified.
“So Happiness becomes a Bubble fragile
That lifts to Heaven’s Gates with transient Pride?”

“But there’s always something going wrong!” replied BlameOne.

“So, happiness be silk bubble today that lift you to Heaven gateway,

“One Raven’s caw in Night can seize your Smile
And sweep away your Joy in single Trial?”
“Yes, somewhat thus,” the Student answered softly,
“As if all Good must perish after while.”

but one raven crow in night arrest smile and swipe away?”
“Yes, kind of like that.”

“Then practice Breath’s sweet Exercise of Peace:
Breathe in all Good, let Evil find Release;
Feel Warmth and Wetness
spread throughout your Being,
As inner Turmoil finds its swift Surcease.”

“This is the best of Lives that I have known!“
Declare with Voice that makes this Truth your own.

“Do stress exercise so be ready not disappointment:”

Breathe in all that’s good, breathe out all that’s bad;
Peace flows into you; it’s warm, wet, and glad.
Feel it spread throughout your body, then say,
This is the best life that I’ve ever had!

“I know not how,” a Student spoke with Yearning,
“I seek Success and Happiness alone.”

“I don’t know. I want to get places, get ahead, be happy.”

“Place Others’ Needs before your own Desire,
And find that Happiness blooms ever higher;
The Byproduct of Service freely given
Reduces Stress and sets the Soul on Fire.”

“Put need of other ahead of own produce byproduct of happiness; reduce stress, no longer have unrealistic expectation.”

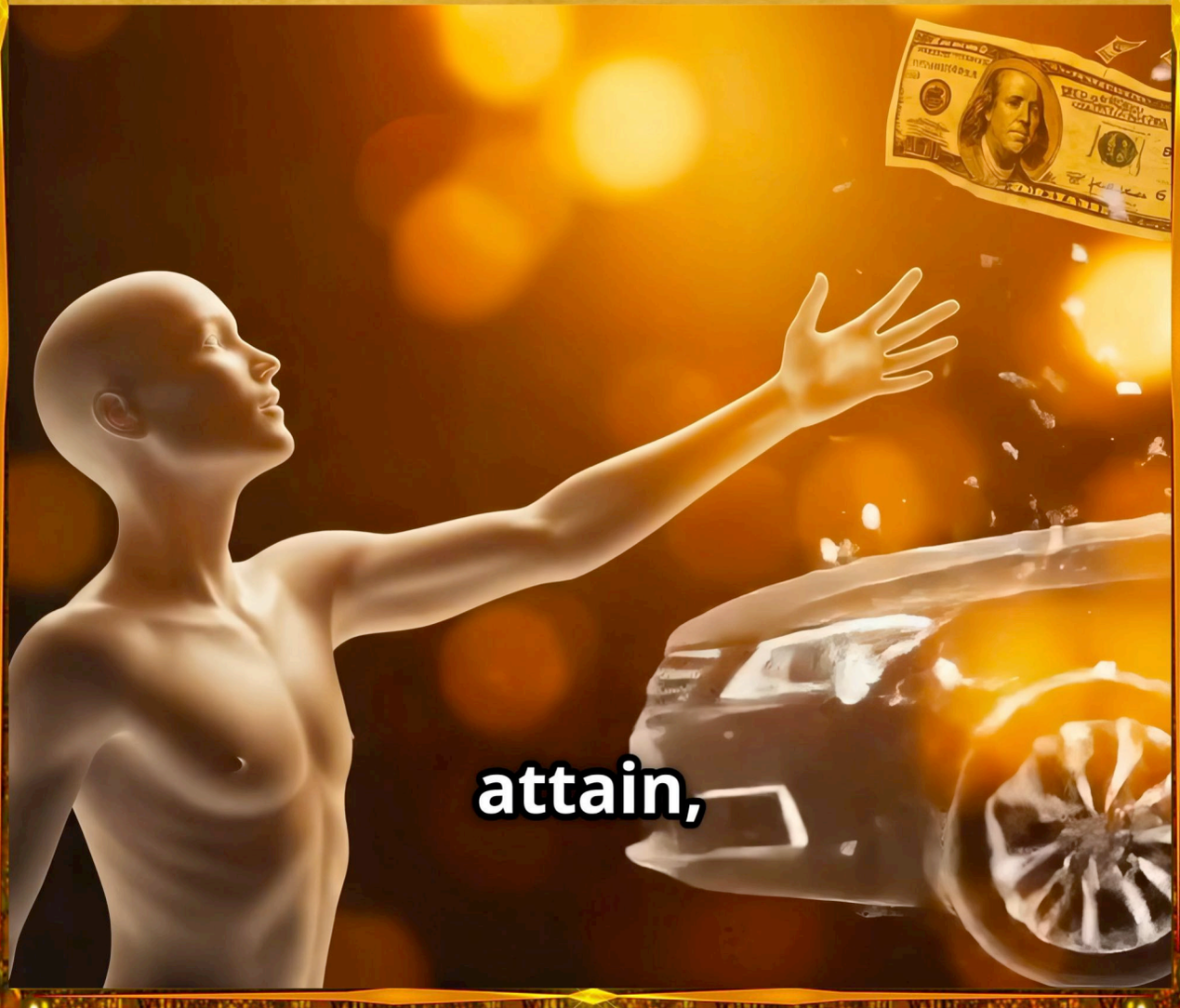
“But I need things, stuff…” I cry with greed,
While treasures of the soul I fail to heed.
Hear with the third eye what wisdom tells:
The inner light is all we truly need.

“But I need things, stuff…“
“Hear with third eye:”

THE CONSCIOUSNESSES

The lower minds that chase material gain,
That hunt sensation, power to attain,
Shall never find contentment in their quest,
Their thirst unquenched, their hunger brings but pain.

The three lower consciousnesses that are
Obsessed with the securing of objects,
With the chasing of sensations, and with
Power/control will never ever be enough.



No act of others justifies our wrath,
No reason sound to stray from love's true path.
When unconditional our caring flows,
We stand unmoved by anger's aftermath.

There are NO actions of people that can
Justify our becoming irritable
Angry, fearful, jealous or anxious if
We give them our unconditional love.

When we reject what seems unacceptable,
Our consciousness descends, grows detestable.
Our mirrored tension spreads like darkened clouds,
Making our moods to others infectible.

If we don't accept the unacceptable,
Then we lower our level of consciousness
Our response will mirror their uptightness,
Which can spread the bad moods onto others.



To place ourselves in others' circumstances,
When hurt befalls from thoughtless human dances,
Expands compassion, love, and consciousness,
As understanding grows through second chances.

Putting ourselves in the place of others
When hurtful things are done to us,
Expands our consciousness, compassion, and love
Since we can come to know why they did it.

In dialogue with self, the higher mind
Questions the lower impulses we find.
Our conscious awareness, the true "I,"
Examines urges best left far behind.

When we converse with ourselves, it is our
Higher Consciousness, our Conscious Awareness
Or 'I', that questions our lower consciousness
Impulses toward securing, sensation, and power.

"Well, fools and morons vex us day and night."
"Yes, some lack wisdom, walk not in the light.
You curse the driver slow upon your path?"
"I do when cut off, filled with road's spite!"

"Well, but there are many fools, morons, and low-lifes out there to annoy us day and night."
"Yes, true, many stupid, but some just not far on golden path of enlightenment. You curse bad driver?"
"Yes, they drive too slow or cut me off?"

"Perhaps the driver bears the weight of age?
Or learns the road as one might learn a page?
Or wanders lost upon an unknown way?
Or burns with anger from some inner rage?"

"Maybe driver old?"
"I don't know."
"Maybe driver learning?"
"I don't know."
"Maybe driver lost and not know way?"

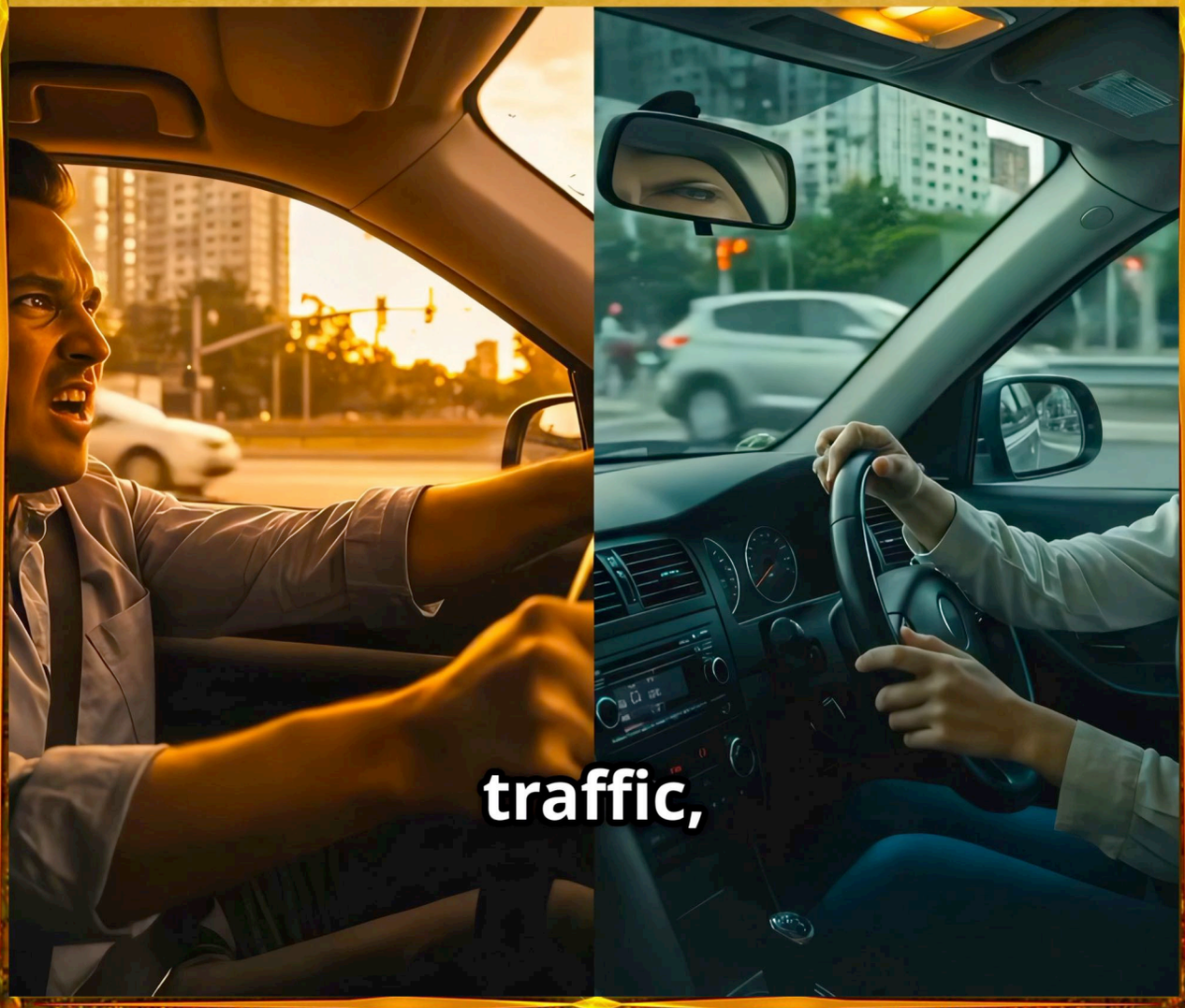
“I don’t know.”
“Maybe angry like you at some silly thing?”

“These things I do not know,” I must confess.
“Know I the truth that leads to happiness:
See life’s grand picture, be not vexed by trifles,
For understanding calms the soul’s distress.”

“I don’t know.”
“Know I. If see big picture of life one not be annoy if cut off in traffic, for s/he may be like I say above.”

“I never thought beyond my angry shout.”
“We teach good thoughts to cast the bad ones out.
You wished the driver’s death who crossed your path?”
“I did, but now such thoughts I learn to doubt.”

“I never thought of that, I just yelled at them.”
“We teach think with good emotion. You say you want kill driver cut off you in traffic?”
“Yes.”



“This still seem 100% true wish.”
“No, not any more.”

Hear twice this wisdom with attentive ear:
Life’s greatest problem I shall make quite clear.
Few cross the boundary into murderous deed,
But lesser wrongs we cross without a fear.

“Hear twice with big ear what now I say, revelation of why big problem in life: Obvious not many cross kill boundary, except New York City and Detroit, but how many less obvious boundary bad emotion cross with no realize?”
“I suppose it happens all day long for some.”

All feelings, whether joy or sorrow born,
Weave through life’s fabric, tattered or unworn.
Sensations color scenes like rainbow’s arc,
Or like oil’s stain, the road of life adorn.

“Yes, but all feeling, sad, happy, in between, crisscross human life cloth. Reflection of life sensation is rainbow



coloring scene, or ugly stainbow of oil on road."

Learn to observe yourself from distant shore;
Be your own witness, nothing less or more.
Watch life's parade with calm detachment pass,
Sit by the road, drink joy forevermore.

"Learn watch self from afar; be spectator of self. This higher self. Watch parade go by; not engage. View from curb. Sit down, drink wine of happy life."

The question echoes through the halls of time,
As souls seek purpose in their earthly climb.
"Life's object? Mental happiness," comes reply,
"For thought is all we have in truth sublime."

"OK, forget it. What is the object and purpose of life?"
"Life object be mental happiness; thought all we have; true paradise be state of mind."

"True paradise exists within the mind,
And joy in purpose daily we must find.
To have some work that lights our spirit's fire,
And one to share with—thus is life designed."

"Help have something like to do, and one to do with."

The curious mind now turns to brain's deep lands,
Where chemistry of thought in wonder stands.
"Dopamine lights our interest in the new,
Directing focus where attention lands."

"What does the neurotransmitter Dopamine do?"
"Dopamine light up interest on new thing so focus attention on novel situation, even boring one, but not boring first time,

"It makes the novel situation shine,
Even the mundane glows with light divine.
The parking lot transformed seems wondrous strange,
Not knowing we're compelled by brain's design."

like something so simple as change some building parking lot. We chalk up interest to thing being new, not realizing forced."

"All normal this, except when thrill we crave,
Too much excitement daily we must have.
Like racing cars or living on the edge—
To dopamine's high tides becoming slave."

"This much normal except when need too much newness thrill everyday or take too much risk to feel good, like race car driver, wild acting persons and like."

"Indeed, of feelings, love stands tall and true,
Surpassed by adventure, but just by few.
Love forms the ultimate reason to live,
The greatest gift that life can give to you."

"I get it. Let's talk about some really good emotions, like love."



“OK, I was to do. Love be greatest emotion, right after adventure. Love ultimate reason of live.”

“To truly for-get, one must first for-give.
In giving happiness, we learn to live.
In taking, we receive but emptiness—
The great paradox: receive as you give.”

“To for-get, necessary to for-give. Give equal happiness; take equal nothing. Big paradox. Give so receive.”

“Habit bows humbly to originality,
While good emotion flows with vitality.
Joy streams as energy in ceaseless flow,
A force of nature moved by gravity.”

“Habit take bow to great originality. Good emotion energy become motive and sweep one with energy in motion. Joy be energy from good emotion, gushing stream swirling in unstoppable motion,



“Like waterfall of power, boundless, free,
Or tidal wave from emotion’s vast sea,
Creating energy from its own source,
Love gives, not takes—this truth we clearly see.”

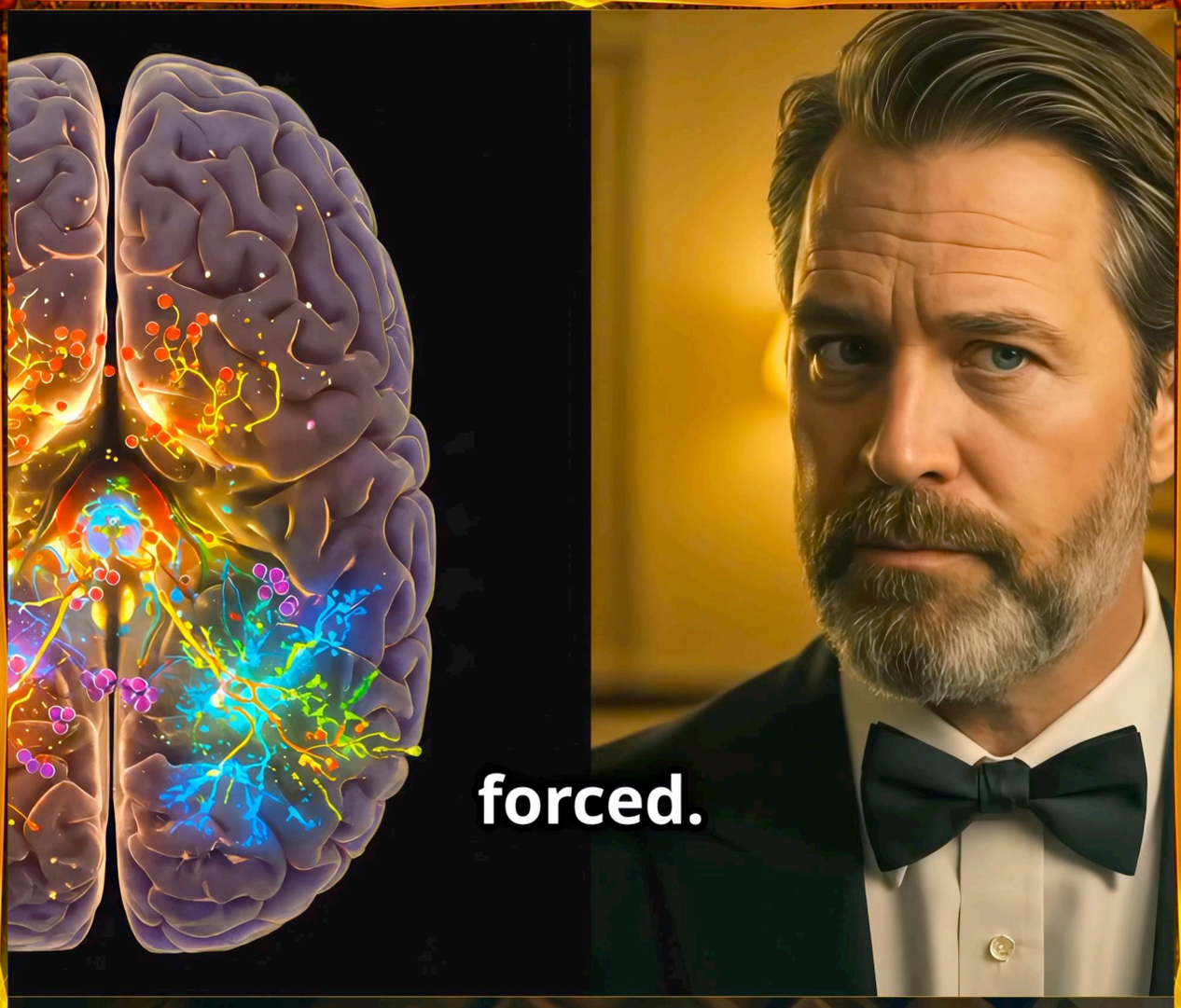
force over edge as waterfall of boundless power as a tidal wave from endless ocean of perpetual emotion that then create more energy from itself being. Love be exact opposite of taking—is giving.”

“Remember though, emotion’s not complete;
For wholeness, balance makes the self replete.
Some chase perfection’s cold mechanical forms,
While others drown where heart and passion meet.”

“But remember: emotion not whole story; need balance for wholeness: Some classicist drone toward mechanical perfection; romanticist drown in emotional affection,

“Some swing between these poles with restless might,
But wisdom joins these paths in shared delight.




forced.


gravity.

Not this or that, but both in harmony—
Two stars that orbit in the darkest night."

and worse, other alternate between extreme; way not this or that, but join in direction. Need listen now about some long love story that maybe Michael feel ten time more. This be slant to romantic love, but apply to all form, like love of life and goodness:

"Love is the finest refreshment of mortal life,
A glimpse of heaven's pure celestial light.
A vision which, maintained through passing years,
Can glow beyond first sight with sweet delight.

"Love is the finest refreshment of mortal life, providing as it does a glimpse into the heavenly state, a vision which, if maintained, can last well beyond the initial perception and for all of one's life."

Any time not spent in love's embrace
Is squandered in an absolute disgrace.



If idling without love, or worse, in hate,
Life wastes away at an alarming pace.

“So, I say that any time not spent on love is time squandered in absolute waste, that if you are idling, not loving, or, god forbid, hating, then life is a-wasting;

For love remains earth’s greatest gift to all,
The joy supreme that answers every call.
I’ve sought it, found it, given and received,
Before its grandeur all pleasures fall.

for love is the greatest experience on Earth, and so I have often sought it out, found it, received it, given it, and lived it as life’s one great happiness, for there is no other joy that compares, love being the truth of all truths.”

Who has forgotten that first tender kiss?
The magic moment of untainted bliss?
No one, for first love touches deeply so,
And leaves a mark that time cannot dismiss.



"Who has not forgotten that first kiss and the magic that attended it? No one, for first love touches one deeply and forever."

People newly in love with radiance glow,
Their faces bright with passion's overflow.
Yet strange that some avoid love's sweet pursuit,
Perhaps from fear rejection's pain they know.

"People newly in love glow for weeks on end. There is nothing like love, although, strangely, some do not actively seek it out, perhaps for fear of rejection."

Even love's worst pain exceeds all pleasure,
No contest stands before this golden treasure.
To love and lose ranks second in this world
Only to love triumphant beyond measure.

"But, even love's worst pain is sweeter by far than any other pleasure; there is, indeed, no contest, so, to love and lose is second only to love in triumph."

Not just a pleasure, love refreshes soul,
Creates, invigorates, makes spirit whole.
Without it, life lacks substance, meaning, joy,
An empty vessel missing love's control.

"Not merely just a pleasure, love refreshes, creates, invigorates, and provides sustenance of spirit and life itself. Without love there is no life, at least none worth living."

When you give up on love, you start to die,
Your spirit withers, dreams begin to fly.
Love knows no laws, restrictions, nor demands,
For mutual passion needs no reason why.

"When you give up on love, you begin to die. Love knows restrictions, for mutual passion is a law unto itself."

Love cures all ills for those who give and take,
The balm for hearts that otherwise would break.
Life's tragedy is not in death's dark hold,
But loveless lives that never fully wake.

“Love is the cure-all, both for those who receive it and for those who give it. The one tragedy in life is not death, but that some people do not love; aye, nor do they live, for the fear of the one is fear of the other.”

If you love someone, tell them here and now,
Don’t wait for time or circumstance allow.
The loving ones are daring, bold, and free,
Before love’s altar willingly they bow.

“So, by all means, if you love somebody, go to them and tell them so right now.”

They risk it all for that which lies above
The commonplace—a glimpse of heaven’s love.
Imagination weaves its fairy tale,
And living minds make real what dreams thereof.

“It is said that the loving are the daring, perhaps because they seek the ultimate adventure, often risking all for that which lies far and above the commonplace, that vision into paradise. Imagination weaves a fairy tale of love and romance, and the mind that is alive soon brings forth the phantasm into reality.”

Placing our happiness in others’ care
Is giving self—no greater gift to share.
Unconditional love asks nothing back,
No strings attached, no motives anywhere.

“Placing our very life and happiness in another through love is the greatest gift one can give, for it is the gift of oneself. Unconditional love is a true gift, one without strings attached, one without any motive for gain in return.”

Though human hearts may love to be loved too,
This natural exchange is nothing new.
But loving just for generosity’s sake
Rises to saintly heights that few pursue.

“Oh, of course, we are human and often love for the sake of being loved in return, and this is not in itself wrong;

but, when one loves for no other reason than for the sake of generosity and loving, then this is a saintly type of love above the other kinds."

True love embraces persons as they are,
Not for their qualities near or far.
We need them not because our needs come first,
But need them for the love that is our star.

"True love loves people for what they are; not for their qualities in particular, but for the person. It's not that we love someone because we need them, for this is quite immature, but that we need someone because we love them. It is, you see, love that is the origin."

Love begets love in endless, growing chain,
Bringing down heaven to earth's domain.
Real love rewards itself and asks no more,
Finding in giving all it hopes to gain.

"Love begets love and love, in turn, begets more love, and so on, making us even more loving to others, until Heaven is indeed brought down to Earth. Real love is its own reward."

Identity's not lost when hearts combine,
True lovers outward look with same design.
Two souls become far more than one plus one,
Yet stay distinct while in one path align.

"Identity is not lost in love, for true lovers do not sit looking only into each other's heart, but, rather, look outward, each in the same direction. It is a seeming violation of arithmetic that in love two become much greater than one plus one, and that the two, nevertheless, do not become one, but remain as two, yet still share the same vibration in their souls."

"It also seems to be a paradox that love,
When divided, grows stronger than before.
Each individual love exceeds the whole,
Like candles sharing flame yet burning more.

"It also seems to be a paradox that love, when divided, is not at all diminished, but that each individual love multiplies to exceed the lot."

One can never exhaust love's boundless store!
A miser he who hoards what can't deplete.
Give freely from this endless reservoir,
And watch as love returns in circles sweet.

"One can never run out of love! It is a miser, indeed, who withholds love from a capacity that is boundless. Hoard not that which can be given. Give love, and even more love comes back full circle to you."

What joy to share life's wonders hand in hand
With one whose heart beats rhythm with your own.
The walks, the plays, the meals once taken alone
Now shimmer with new meaning, rich and grand.

"What a joy is it to experience life's wonders with someone you love. Oh, walks, and plays, and dinners are great enough pleasures when taken alone, but note how much better they are when you have someone to share them with."

With love behind your actions, strength unfolds,
The impossible becomes within your reach.
Inspiration carries through rocky shoals,
As difficulty bows to love's bright speech.

"Another bonus of love is, that, with it behind your actions, you may soon find yourself doing the impossible, as love's inspiration carries you along, through any kind of difficulty."

For me it sparked the writer's sacred flame,
Love kindling words that otherwise might sleep.
A kind heart and true love are much the same,
Twin wellsprings flowing powerful and deep.

"For me it was an inspiration to write. Love and a kind heart are much alike, and one is equivalent to the other,

Love stands a triumvirate finely wrought:
Truth, beauty, goodness blended into one.
We do not merely love as we were taught—
We are love's essence, bright as morning sun!

love being a triumvirate of truth, beauty, and goodness blended into one great purity. We do not merely love; we are love!"

We don't create as separate from the whole;
We are creation's living, breathing art.
We don't just live as tenants of the soul;
We are life's rhythm, essence, beating heart!

"We do not create; we are creation itself. We don't just live life; we are life!"

Love wears many faces through our days:
The brotherly, sisterly bonds that bind,
The mother's tender gaze, the father's ways,
Romantic passion of a special kind.

Spiritual love that lifts us toward the light,
Professional respect that honors worth,
Physical desire burning through the night—
Each has its place in love's expansive birth.

Circumstance often guides which form to give
To those we meet upon life's winding road.
Yet in all forms of love that help us live,
More could be given, easing life's hard load."

"There are many forms and faces of love, such as brotherly, sisterly, motherly, fatherly, romantic, spiritual, professional, and physical, and it often depends much upon the circumstance which one is the most appropriate form to give to a particular person, but I think you may agree, that, in all of the above forms of love, there is much more that could be given in any case."

"Yes, chemistry between persons when bonding
Hormone create love's light, pheromoaning loud.

When trapped in passion's sweet entangling web,
Pretend not know this fact—enjoy unbowed.

"Thanks, instructor, but doesn't some romantic love come from chemical bonding?"
"Yes, chemistry between persons when bonding hormone make love, pheromoaning away, so when in romantic love pretend not know this so enjoy more."

Now, student, all the love of goodness binds
Each ninja from all bases near and far.
Soon you shall join our ranks of loving souls,
To shine with us like newly-kindled star.

"Now, student, all above kind of love of goodness bind all ninja of all base; now, soon you too."

Next time we speak of adventure's bright call,
Or consciousness that flows through cosmic deep,
Or missions that await your ready hands,
But now another subject will not keep.



“Next time talk of adventure or consciousness or go on mission, but now you be relax,

Must change our talk to enemy dark force—
Conspiracy that haunts the shadowed lands.
Unspeakable the evil loose in world,
Beyond all governments’ controlling hands.

so sorry but must change topic to enemy Conspiracy. Unspeakable evil exist in world, outside government; give you info in email now.”

This knowledge comes to you by secret means,
A truth both everywhere yet seldom seen.
We’ve won great victories against their might,
Though vast their organization, cruel and keen.

“It everywhere but seen nowhere too much but by us. We have many victory, but it large organization.”



Beyond redemption these dark souls remain,
A danger looming large upon our path.
Face them we must before you study TOE,
Before their plans unleash destructive wrath."

"Beyond redemption. Big danger. Face them, then study TOE. Need idea… Read data now… I always ask class…"

Rascal spoke, "This news is truly dire.
What if we track them to their hidden lair?"
"They're far too smart, with keen detection skills,
Their surveillance will find you anywhere.

Rascal spoke, "This is truly terrible. What if we follow some of them to their centers?"
"They too smart; have great surveillance detectors."

A short pursuit by bike might work at most,
But further tracking leads to certain doom."
"Can we perhaps infiltrate their dark ranks?"
"They scan for goodness—death would be your tomb.

"Can only follow short distance with bike."
"Can we infiltrate them?"
"They scan brain for goodness. Kill you fast."

They kill with swiftness those of gentle heart."
"What if we capture one and break their will?
Or read their minds through means not gently used?"
"We've tried such paths—they have protection still.

"Capture one of them by putting them to sleep and read their mind somehow or not so gently convince them to give up their secrets?"
"We try. They have protection in their minds. Die if remove. Die if wish anytime."

Their minds are warded, death comes if removed,
They die by choice if captured by our side."
"Perhaps we listen near their center's edge?"
"Their strongholds block all sound that might confide."

"Listen to their plans near one of their centers?"

“Their center block emanation from all around and above.”

“What of below? Could tunnels breach their ground?”
“They sense all vibrations from digging near,
But this gives rise to thoughts I must refine…
A plan now forms that I must hold most dear.

“What about below?”
“They detect dig tunnel vibration, but this give me idea…“

I’ll keep it secret lest they torture you,
But ponder now this poem of ancient days,
When darkness claimed my spirit as its own—
A thought to guide through coming shadowed ways:

“What is it?”
“Need refine, study; keep secret from torture of any you now.”



“This thought-poem I leave you of my feel long ago so you think about emotion and maybe tough time ahead if my idea go over:”

One time darkness drain me to be wan moon;
Sickness consume spirit; mantle heavy lead;
Life last glow upon me; eyes crater gone dim.

Death’s ebon form seek me; cover me with cloak.
’Come with me,’ he say, as cool burning brow
Of dark moon me, ‘I offer you quiet peace’.

Sudden strength come to me,
Waning crescent wisp.
In night cold shadow I say,
’Un-hold my soul, Moon Reaper,
I fully shine once more!’“



The Butterfly at the Edge of Forever

The cosmic dance of self unfolds in time,
As we, the universe in human climb,
Are fashioned in the image of the All,
Where many parts in one grand whole combine.

Within our minds, two hemispheres reside,
The holistic and linear side by side.
One works in parallel, sees patterns whole,
While through details the other deems to glide.

The floodlight of attention bathes the scene,
Illuminating all that lies between.
Then spotlight focus traces linear paths,
Moving through moments, probing what they mean.

In cyclic reign they alternate their sway,
As darkness yields to light, night turns to day.
The yin within the yang, yang within yin,
In perfect balance find their sacred way.



Like ancient symbol spinning through the void,
Where opposites are never quite destroyed,
But dance together in eternal flux,
Two halves of wisdom perfectly employed.

Through this divine duality we know
The rounded life where wisdom seems to grow.
Not trapped in either mode of thought alone,
But in their union where true insights flow.

We mirror in our minds the cosmos vast,
Where stars and atoms in one mold are cast.
The universal pattern echoes through
Our consciousness, from future to the past.

In multiplicity within the one,
The journey of awareness is begun.
We are the universe come into light,
Reflecting all creation has done.



We are perhaps the universe come to life, made in its image, of multiplicity within unity, with one holistic brain hemisphere operating in parallel, it joined to the other hemisphere of sequential detail. The holistic side is as a floodlight of attention illuminating the whole scene at once, connected to the the detail side which is a spotlight of attention moving linearly through the scene, the two alternating their cyclic reign, as the yin in the yang and the yang in the yin, making for a rounded life.




detail.


Bora-Bora Bored


alternating


rounded

The Future

Life should be euphoric, like spring fever,
As in those rare moments of ecstasy
When one is in the zone and cannot miss;
So—let all aversive substrates be removed!

The higher modes of being that await
The future-chemically-enhanced
Will make today's primitive mind-states
Seem as a child's tin flute to a symphony!

Mind reaches out to see what's possible
And what's not, like particles forming
In the quantum world, but, better than that—
Mind makes the impossible possible.

Mind is the ultimate of all there is
It is the universe—billions of years
Of primordial material—complex.
So, what more could human beings want?

The secrets of the universe are all found—
All exists out of consciousness, the ground.
Blame, soul, free will, and God have all fallen—
But it will take a thousand years to sink in!





Smoke and Mirrors

Good and evil were wrought from wrong and right,
When, from naught, twin genii split day and night.
Some think that black's might can vanquish white,
But night can't even quench the smallest light!

"Hello internet class. Today we teach adventure;
Appropriate topic for what soon all must face,
Sooner than you think, for my boss has spoken—
Tenth Degree Grand Master of Entire World, Trish.

"She approve my plan; add some nice touch herself.
And no, cannot tell you plan in full detail.
Today we study benefit of adventure, some soberness,
Drunkless balance between foolish and reason,

"Known as risky venture, unknown territory,
Calculated risk, dangerous undertaking,

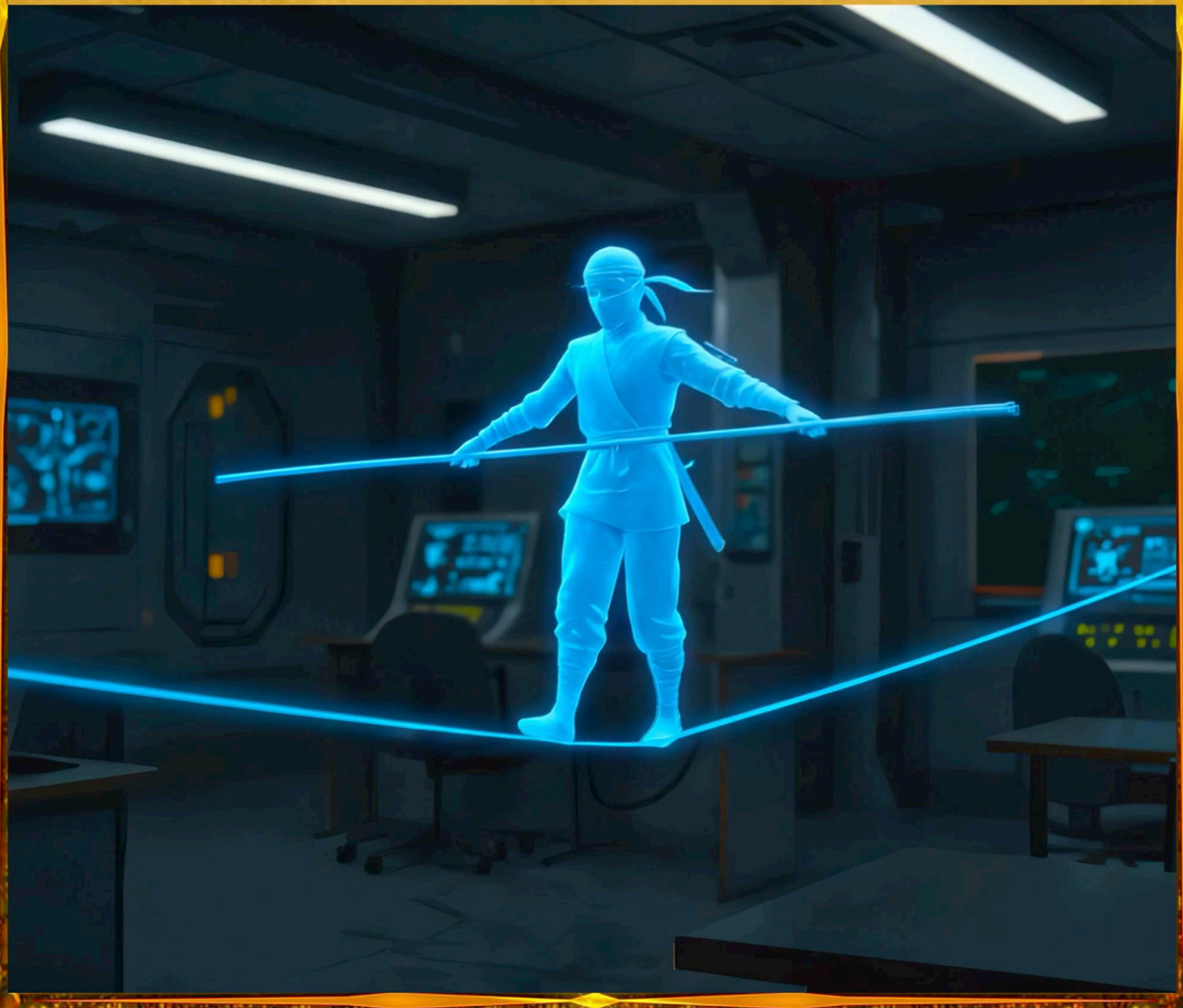
Not know what to happen, gamble for glory,
Stimulation by event, chance of luck and fortune.

“Often hazard all, in balance of exciting
Activity needing enterprise and enthusiasm,
Going through perilous escapade of precarious
Uncertainty with good emotion, heart racing.

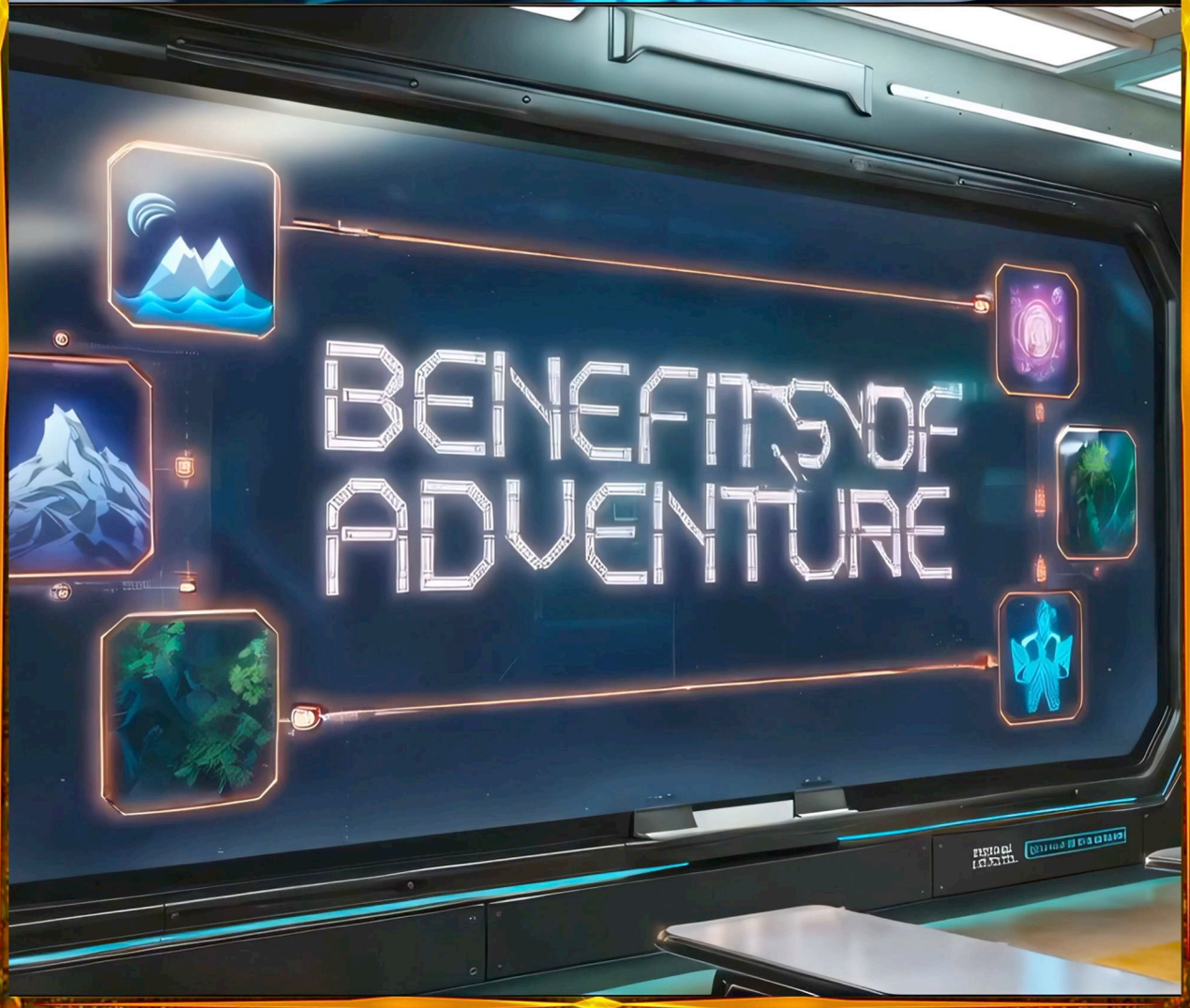
“Did I mention danger? Many you live adventure
On way to ninja base. Nothing like it.
Now hear adventure talk of fluttering songbird
Of youth that may leave for some, but never must fly:”

The child in us was warm, playful, and bold,
But vanished, ere we knew, leaving us cold.
Now this we know: The day we stop being
Adventurous is the day we get old.

So, dare to walk the line, balancing fun
There between protection and misfortune,
For the greatest blunder in life is to




ADVENTURE


BENEFITS OF
ADVENTURE

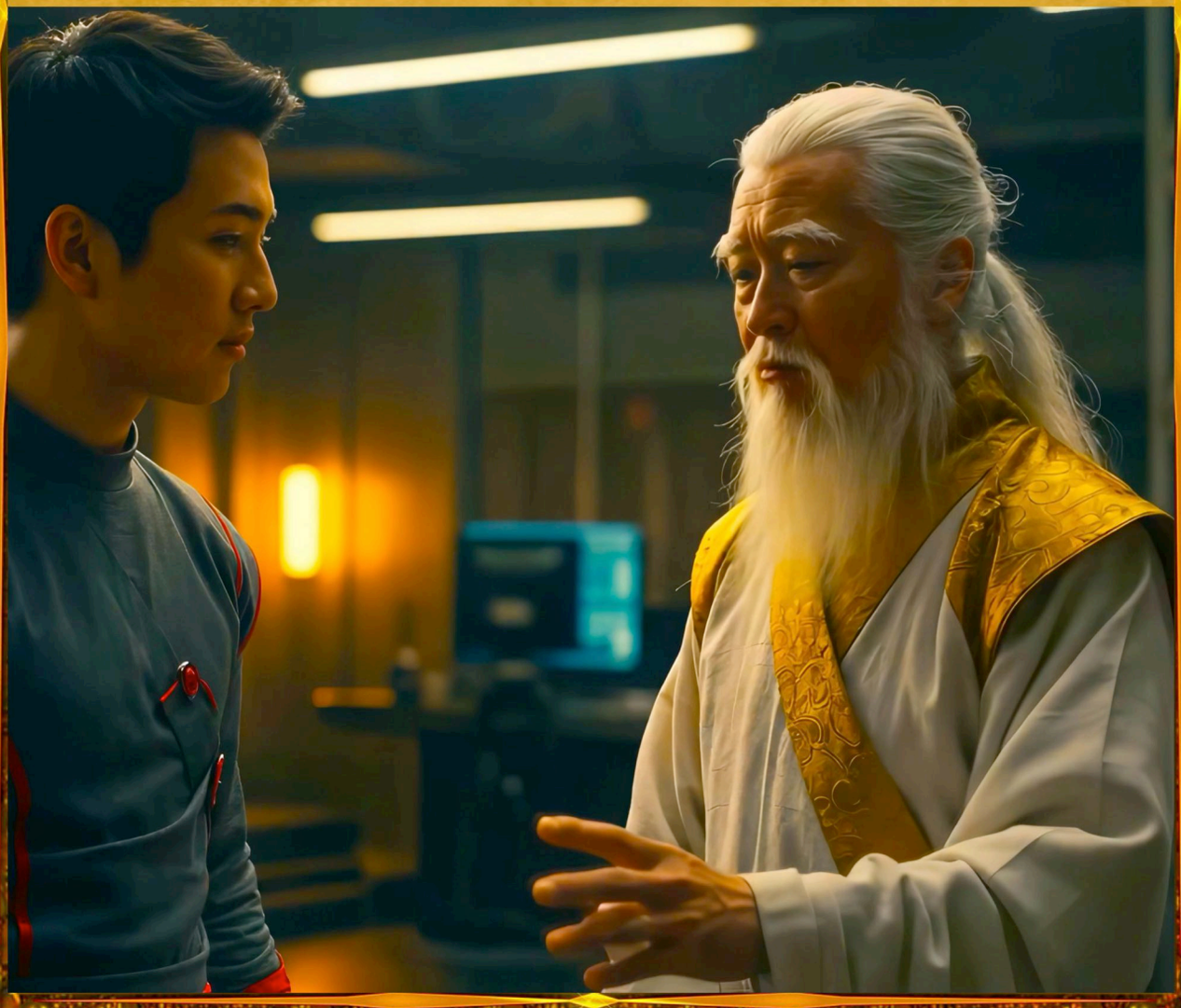
Repeatedly fear that you might make one.

Not quite sober blessed nor drunk to excess;
Never too foolish nor very reckless;
Oh, adventure is so reasonable
In this delicate state of awareness.

“I’ll help your Conspiracy fight plan in any way,”
Offered Rascal, many others joining his pledge,
“For goodness requires adventure!” voices rising,
Commitment flowing like river to the sea.

“OK, Rascal, since you so willing and from same base
I give good job to you so prepare in future
Field leadership role and do TOE too.”
“If anyone can, he can,” added Profpat.

“What does adventure seek?” came the query,
Words hanging in air like morning mist.
“It seek life’s light of delight, joy, success,
Triumph, and lasting gladness of to be alive.



“For it main ingredient in living recipe
Make from friendship, love, happiness, and nature,
But, so unfortunate that few celebrate
The precious gift that life offers freely:”

“It seek life’s light of delight, joy, success, triumph, and lasting gladness of to be alive, for it main ingredient in living recipe make from friendship, love, happiness, and nature, but, so unfortunate that:”

Few people celebrate life anymore…
There’s not enough time in the day, they’re sure,
To care about life, friends, love, romance, joy,
Wisdom, smiles, thrill, and dreams through adventure.

See them hurrying hither and thither:
‘Oh, look at the time! I must go whither.’
What sense the life that has no time to live?
Wherefore the wind that swirls in a dither?



“Right on,” said Fredrick, “so walk the dead,
For adventure is life’s heart of hearts,
The very spirit of life from transition
Through opposition to glorious victory.”

Graybeard added, “The great quest spurs us ever on!”
Michael interjected, wisdom shining in his eyes,
“We fight for the one and to the one,
One for all and all for one, united in purpose.”

“OK, good, I feel energize; now give more
Detail instruction to very interested class;
Never have those like you, so eager, so ready
For what destiny has prepared for your hands.

“Boredom and dull routine have little place
In lives well-lived through time’s relentless pace.
By laziness alone they linger near,
Unwelcome guests we grumble at with grace.”

“Boredom and dull routine have little place, if any, in a



life, and it is only by one's own laziness that they are allowed to exist at all, languishing nearby on the doorstep, as it were, as uninvited guests, as all the while terrible complaints are hurled against them."

"'I'm bored,' some sigh, adrift in endless grey,
Awaiting magic to sweep them away
From dreary chains of commonplace existence
To fairy realms of ever-bright display."

"'I'm bored', some say, halfheartedly hoping that some new entertainment will appear out of the blue and carry them away from a dreary commonplace existence, perhaps into a fairy tale."

"Adventure calls us from our torpid state,
For routine dulls the senses soon or late.
Even the grandest music fades to noise,
That same old song we've come to love and hate."



“So, adventure calls constantly to us as a cure for the blahs, for routine dulls the senses; even the greatest music soon begins to fall unheard on our ears, and gradually degenerates into that same old song.”

“Though breaking routine’s chains demands our might,
Once planted, adventure brings its own light.
Some labor first must birth the wondrous seed,
Before it grows to flourish in our sight.”

“Although breaking the chains of routine often requires a great burst of energy, adventure can become self-sustaining once the seeds have been planted. Yes, initially, some hard work must be applied, since adventuring is not normal, free, and easy in this world,”

“Before all realized dreams must come the thought,
Creative vision from which change is wrought,
The attitude, the outlook clear and bold
That brings adventure’s glory, long besought.”



“but, remember, that before all realized realities must come the dream, the creative vision, the attitude and the outlook that will bring adventure to life.”

“Before the dream, a yearning dimly glows,
A phantom shape that flickers as it grows,
A fleeting shadow in the mind’s far reach
That fades too soon as daily clamor flows.”

“Even before the dream comes the yearning, though it’s dim at first, glowing as a faint phantasm in a fleeting day-dream struggling to maintain its shape before it fades into the noise of day.”

“These shadows dance through minds that dare to roam,
Enhanced by vision’s light, they find their home,
Pursued until, at last, they stand as real—
Amazed we gaze at wonders we have grown.”

“As these shadows pass over the adventurous mind, the vision must be enhanced and then steadily pursued until



it, at last, becomes three-dimensional and real. We often look back later, quite amazed at the wonders that we have wrought, but, we had the vision and gave it life."

Daydreams are filled with thoughts on promenade:
Wishes, fantasies o'er the mind cascade.
Listen well to these plans already made,
For by sundown the phantom shapes may fade.

"Adventure's gifts are many, rich, and true:
Experience, growth, and thrills forever new.
But foremost comes the joy of being alive,
The spark that lights what mundane can't undo."

"The rewards of adventure are many; stimulation, experience, and growth are practical results, but foremost comes joy, exhilaration, and thrill, the feeling of being alive."

"Who has not known the childhood path to school,
The stream, the log, the heart-skip near the pool?

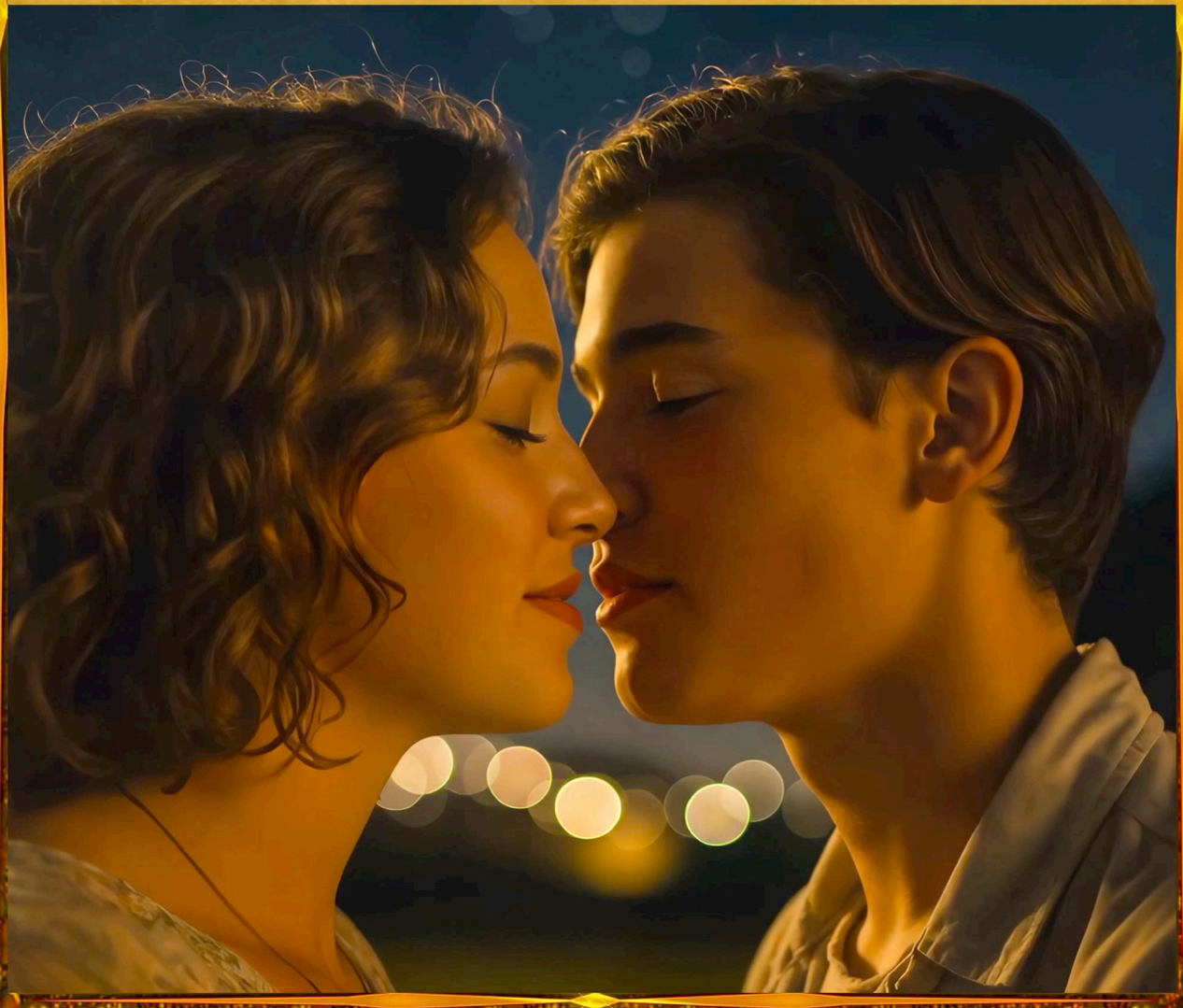


Or first kiss shared beneath the summer stars?
Or winter's tale that makes the spirit full?"

"Who has not known the adventure of walking to school alongside a stream, dallying here and there, then crossing over the water on a log, nearly slipping off, but catching one's self at the last instant while skipping a heartbeat? Who has not known the electricity of the first kiss at summer camp? Or of the reading or writing of a great poem or story while basking warm and cozy in the winter sunshine? Or the thrill of a job well done?"

"If such delights no longer grace our days,
Perhaps we've lost adventure's vibrant ways,
Too worried of our hair in disarray,
Too caught in proper, staid, and sterile maze."

"If we no longer know such things, then, perhaps, now is the time to stop worrying about getting our hair messed up."



“It’s all in style, in purpose, and in sight,
To find the uncommon in day or night.
Seek out the odd, eccentric, and the bold,
The characters who shine with inner light.”

“It’s all a matter of style, purpose, and vision. To plant the seeds of adventure one must seek out the uncommon, the unusual situation, the exotic, even in one’s own backyard, looking for the odd character, although certainly not those who are unhealthy, the pleasantly eccentric, by today’s staid standards, the person willing to try just about anything that isn’t illegal, the offbeat but upbeat person, the optimist, the exciting prospect, the person with those excitingly wonderful and harmless qualities sometimes called ’character defects’.”

“Once found, adventure multiplies its seed,
Ideas spark and grow with joyful speed.
Until at last we rise from mere existence
To lives that flourish, blossom, and exceed!”



“And so it is that once you find it, adventure begets more adventure, for, ideas from all over soon begin to interact and build until a person rises above mere existence and really lives!”

“From south sea romance to French village lore,
Adventures wait behind each untried door.
Yet travel’s but one path to wonders new;
The personal quest may yield even more.”

“Oh, I’ve had many adventures myself, from romance in the south seas to mysterious intrigue in the villages of France, but travel and romance are only a general means to adventure; there are many more, mostly personal, for it depends on what you want from life. Adventure can be had right here in one’s own town“.

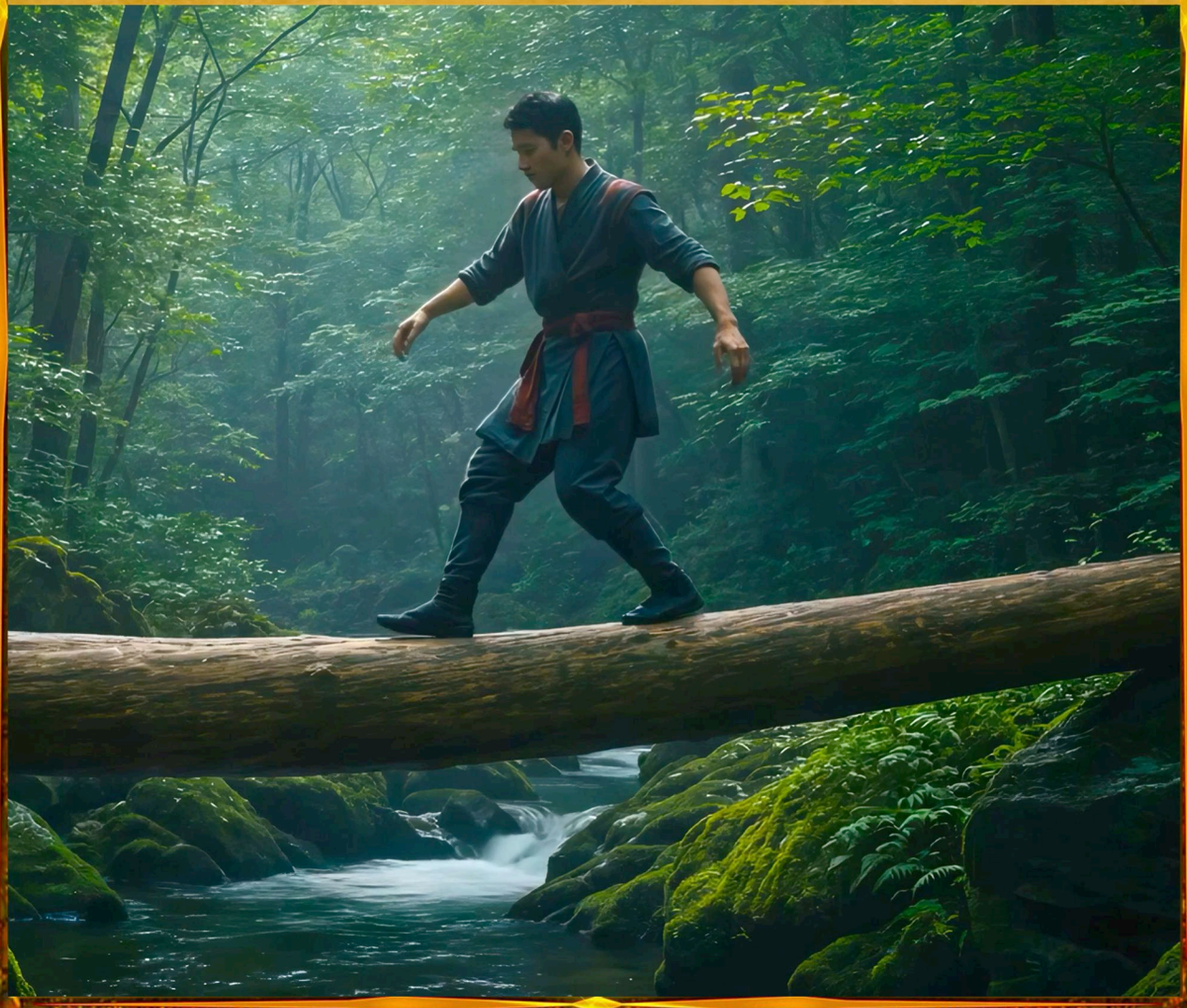
“Some risk and rule-breaking might be required,
For what’s extraordinary gets admired.
Does not the touch of danger heighten thrill,
When spring’s sweet fever leaves us wildly inspired?”



“Of course, some adventures entail a minor amount of risk-taking and rule breaking, for that which is often uncommon is often the most extraordinary and therefore must draw undue attention from those in the straight world, but, I ask you, does not the element of danger often greatly heighten the excitement? Who has not, in the throes of spring fever, slyly disappeared from his place of employment on some exciting romantic mission, and found adventure in that forbidden quest?”

“Adventure lives in that delightful space
Between the sober thought and wild embrace.
Balancing excitement with sound reason,
Walking life’s log with elegance and grace.”

“Yes, students, adventure is lived in that delightful middle state in which we are neither drunk nor sober, nor ever reckless, but ever balancing excitement with responsibility, each paying for the other as we walk the thin line between foolishness and safety, the log across the creek.”



“So prime the pump and seek adventure’s call!
Embrace its gifts, both great and very small.
Use passion tempered by a reasoned mind,
And life’s rich wonders soon will grace us all!”

“So, I say, to you all, prime the pump; seek out adventure, embrace it. Use your emotions, get up out of your chair and into the arena; open up and invite adventure in, give it, take it; live life with a reasonable passion and with a passionate reason; for adventure will become a living situation that becomes automatic! Then you will say ’I’m excited, there’s everything to do in this town, the people are mostly wonderful, and I marvel at life’s wonders each and every day!’”

Everyone ran out the door and had a great afternoon and evening on into the night.



Rascal awoke the next day,
practiced his listening, as usual,
But heard no whisper, footfall, voice, or call.
He rose from bed, ate breakfast in strange silence,
As emptiness hung heavy through the hall.

Rascal awoke the next day, practiced his listening, as usual, but heard nothing at all. He got out of bed, had breakfast, but saw no one else,

Half the morning passed in eerie stillness,
ToeQuest login showed no presence there.
***This is strange*, thought Rascal, rising slowly,**
To walk the ninja center's vacant air.

then logged into ToeQuest, half the morning passing by in the eerie stillness of no one in any place.
This is strange. Rascal got up from the computer and walked the halls of the ninja center.



The halls stood normal, neat and undisturbed,
But not a soul responded to his shout.
He called through corridors with growing worry,
As echo's answer left him filled with doubt.

Everything looked normal enough, but no one was around. He called out; not a whisper came back.

Back to Wiki-Googling he returned,
When suddenly his screen began to fail.
The hard drive sizzled, smoked, then died completely,
As acrid fumes rose up in ghostly veil.

He returned to do some more Wiki-Googling, but his computer soon clunked to a stop, sizzling a bit, and then the hard drive went up in smoke.

"What the heck..." he muttered, glancing round,
Still finding neither footprint, sound, nor trace.
Then from the hovering haze of smoke and silence,
The Grand Master appeared with solemn face.



“What the heck…“
He looked around: still no one, nothing… and then the Grand Master appeared if by magic from the smoky hovering haze.

“Emergency evacuation, Rascal.
Everyone gone. We close down base today.”
Three more computers burst in flames around them,
Spewing parts and wires in wild display.

“Emergency evacuation, Rascal. Everyone gone. We close down.”
Another three computers exploded, much worse than Rascal’s had, spewing parts and little fires and wires and chips all over the floor.

“It be plan time, my friend. I can take help
Now you offer me with earnest heart.”
“What’s happening?” asked Rascal, eyes wide open,
As small fires sparked and danced in every part.



“It be plan time, my friend. I can take help now you offer me.”

“What’s happening?” asked Rascal.

“One hundred Conspiracy SuperCenter
Agents and commanders soon arrive;
Some helicopter, too; they invade ninja base;
There be new base us have soon to thrive;”

“One hundred Conspiracy SuperCenter agents and their commanders arrive soon; some helicopter, too; they invade ninja base; there be new base us have soon;”

“Much better equipment; all new 27-inch iMacs.”
“How did they find us?” Rascal asked with care.
“We tell them, by place clue in ear of high rank
U.S. Senator from Conspiracy there.”

“How did they find us?”



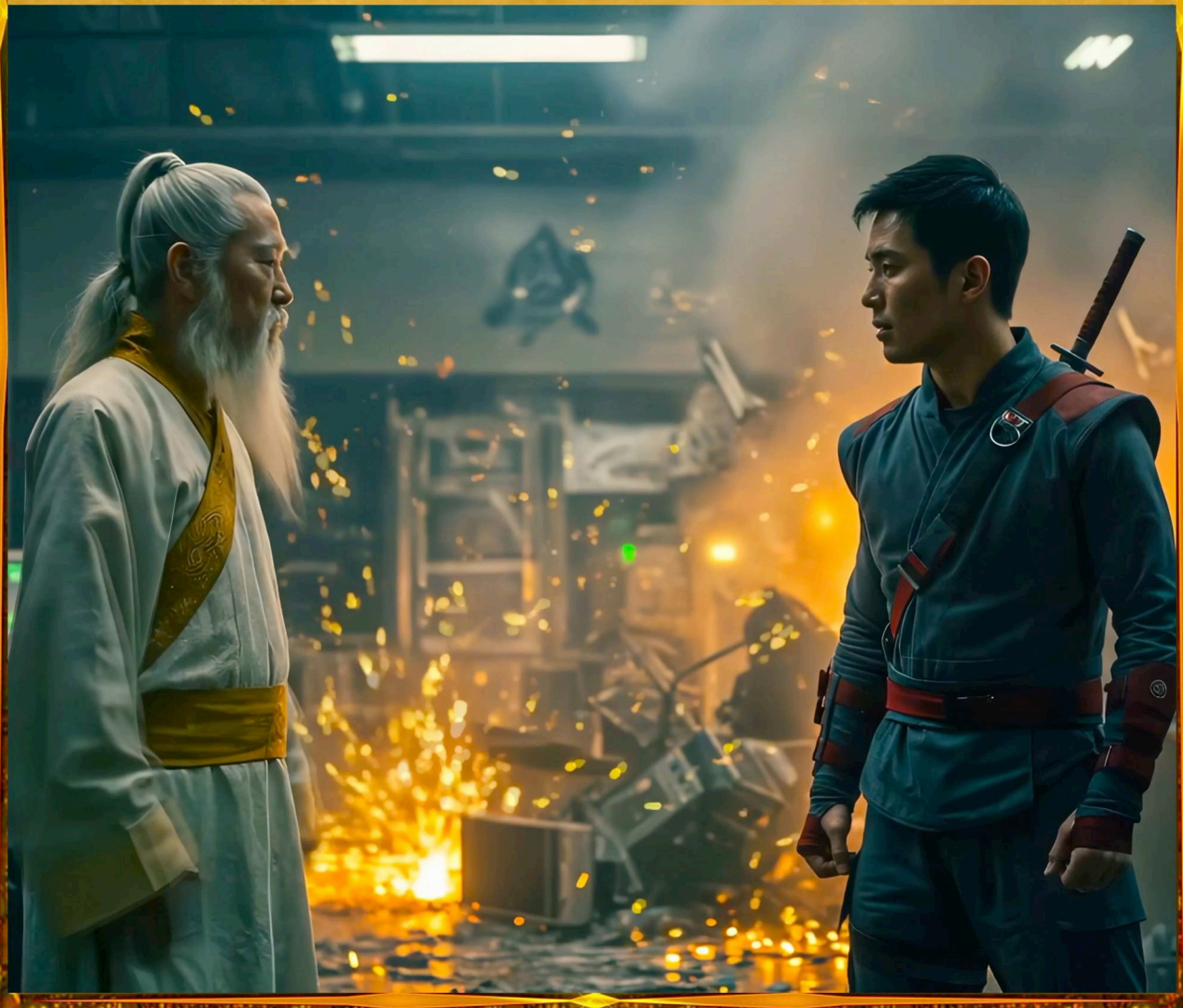
“We tell them, by place clue in ear of high rank U.S. Senator from Conspiracy by other double-agent Senator.”

“It be somewhat like surprise inspection
Announce by military service day before. Ha-ha.”
“What did we tell them for?” asked Rascal, puzzled,
As smoke curled upward toward the distant star.

“What did we tell them for?”

“So Conspiracy come here; clean house;
Look at computer file, for they never find
Us base before. They also think TOE here,
But we leave false trail for their simple mind.”

“Should we destroy the rest of the computers?”
“No, leave as be; contain false location
Of other bases; they raid empty buildings;
We ready for them be with preparation.



“Also put silly but complicate ToeQuest
Theories as false TOE in computer. Ha.”
“What can I do for you, Master?” asked Rascal,
As danger’s shadow loomed both near and far.

“I go below in secret room; listen long time;
I record, but no risk transmit; you need
Pour chemical on floor for perfect self-seal
Trap door; no way in; no way out indeed.

“There I stay.” The Master’s eyes gleamed brightly,
With courage born of long-considered plan.
“You’re going to remain under there for days,
Possibly for weeks, all alone?” began

Rascal with concern. “Yes, me alone,
But lonely never, for have best friend near:
My loving self.” The Master smiled serenely,
His spirit calm, his purpose crystal clear.



“You’ll suffocate. Who thought up this crazy plan?”
“You did; remember, spy from below…”
“Oh, that, jeeese, but what if they don’t stay around?”
“They stay when see computer blow if go.”

“What if they find you?” “Then I die well,
Go down with ship, but they not think this;
Beside, all solid rock except tiny hole.”
The Master’s fate now balanced on the precipice.

“They may still find you.
Maybe they will scan for electronics.”

“Scan not work good in computer room, but me
Turn off if see scan happen; but, chance of take;
Even one more little room under small room;
This best chance obtain info on secret
Conspiracy Centers so hard of find.”

“Don’t we need to put a carpet over the trap door?”
“No, make suspicion. They bring in mud;



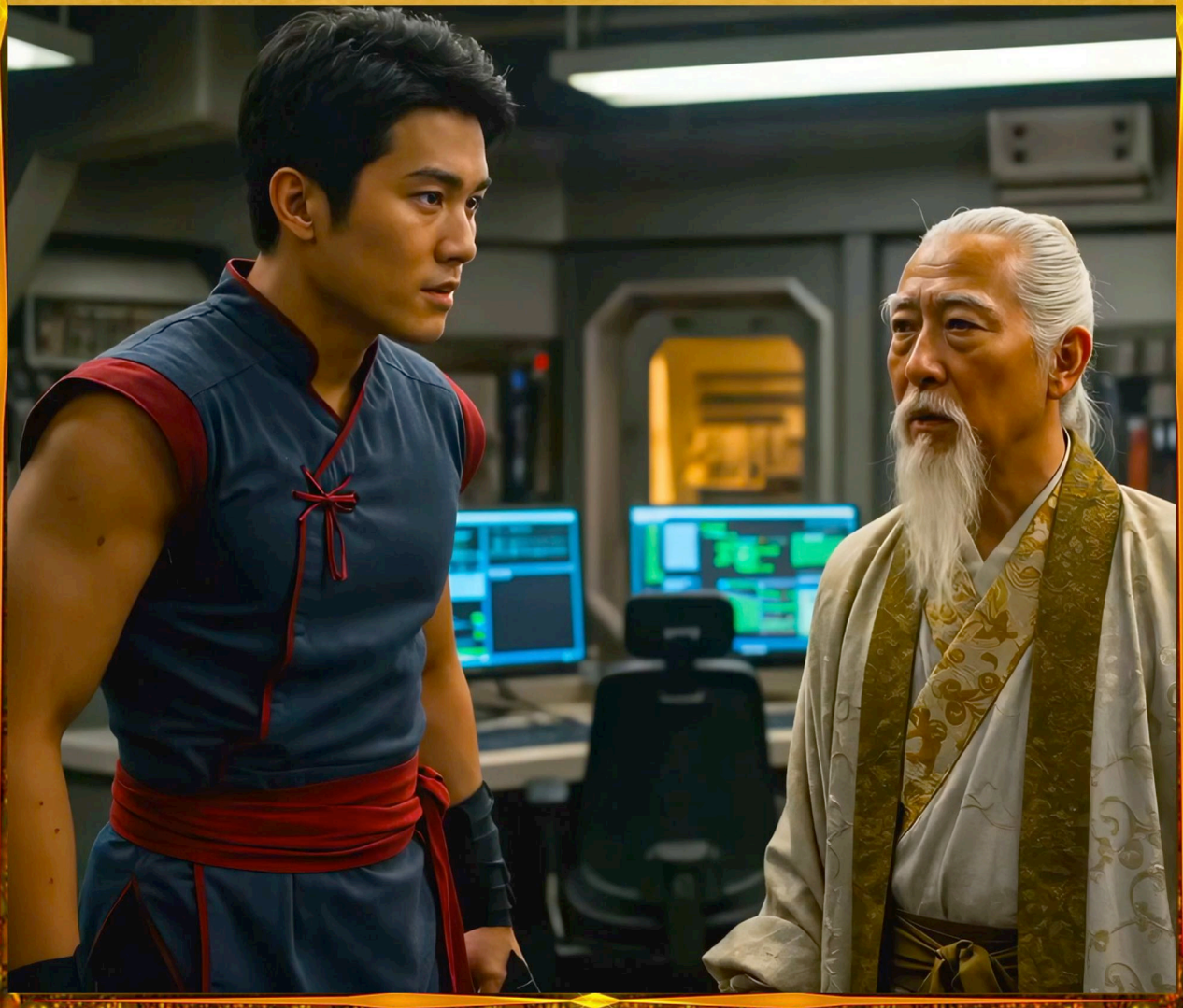
Discolor floor, make good camouflage."

"Is there any air down there?" Rascal asked,
His concern for the Master growing deep.
"Little bit air come from small long hole.
Me not breathe much. Open other room if be need."

"OK, how much time do we have?" Urgency
Crept into Rascal's voice like quickening tide.
"Maybe half hour; they been sighted;
But I go soon room under floor here."

"Right here?" "Yes, be under foot,
But first tell you instruction." The Master's eyes
Reflected calm despite the looming threat.
"I'm ready," Rascal nodded, standing tall.

"After chemical pour, swing bookcase, go tunnel there;
Stop when see water, catch breath; swim underwater;
Not easy, not hard; come up in pond in dense wood,
Get camera there; when see raid begin,

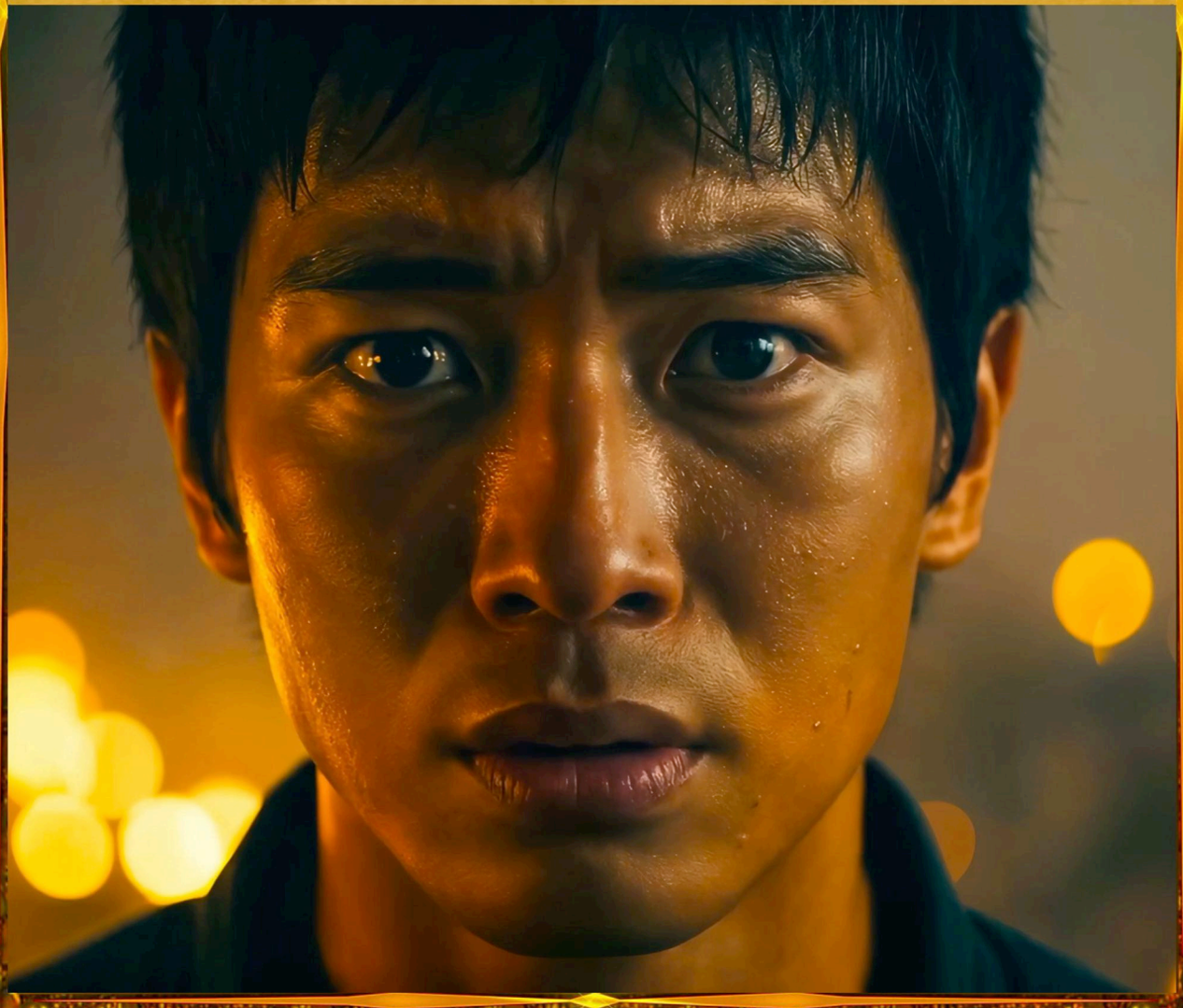


“Take super zoom pictures; hear you good photographer;
Then use explosive find there, make hole with;
Go in, cover self loosely with dirt, dig air pocket;
Plug ears; you may still hear many whoosh

“Of terrible sound wave; no harm you; stay ten minute,
Walk path to road; remember bike ride arrive here?
Return same way, but now know the way of the Tao.
Someone come help you; no worry, you not much

“Look like ninja; beside, ID say you live in area.”
“Holy Mother Theresa who doubted God in her diaries!
What has the world come to?” Rascal exclaimed,
His mind reeling with the Master’s complex plan.

“It become more good place if plan work.”
“Will they reveal some secrets while they’re here?”
“Yes, they be excite; remember emotion course?
All top brass come; they have rust;
not used to field discipline.”



“The bookcase tunnel entrance is obvious
And quite easy to find, as I suppose
It was designed to be, for only the way in
Need be difficult. What if they follow me?”

“Walk fast in forest.” The Master’s simple words
Hung briefly in the air between them.
“That’s it? I still remember how to ride a bike.”
“Ha. You think clear about contingency;

“You calm in crisis; make good leader.
We forget tunnel during yesterday ’what if’ session.
If you like, use second explosive you find out there
After make hole and throw into pond;

“It flood tunnel, even let water eventually
Seep into computer room and add to mess
Of mud and wires and burns of some fried computers.
As for tunnel, yes, they soon discover;



“It explain why base empty; we have better tunnel
Through which 1000 head ninjas someday come
From every base and pass through in triumph
To receive Conspiracy info. Best not use bike;

“May be vehicle motion sensors about, plus, um,
Forest may become some rubble.”
“Great, thanks, and I hope all goes well,
But I have the TOE they want.” Rascal confessed.

“Yes, this risk, be one reason we keep you here long,
Plus whole region infested, but we have call in
Best of best exterminators. Thanks for hint
Of Great Plan.” The Master’s wisdom shone bright.

“My pleasure, I think. Ready to enter in?”
“I ready; have good book; farewell, friend;
Perhaps with blowtorch they’ll free me again.
Here’s poem for forest—our last tale to end.”



“I ready; have good book read; farewell friend; maybe someone cut me free with blowtorch in few day. Here, poem to read in forest; apply to you me both of last hur-rah.”

Rascal bowed to the wise Grand Master then,
Who descended through the trap to darker den,
A tomb too small for mortal comfort’s sake.
The door was sealed as planned by Rascal’s hand.

The chemical applied, he waited there
Until the Master’s tap brought sure relief.
The seal was perfect—camera confirmed—
Rascal waved goodbye, his parting brief.

and Rascal applied the chemical, waited awhile, and then heard the Master’s tap that meant that he could see that the seal was perfect via a wireless camera. Rascal looked



up at the camera and waved goodbye, opening the book-case, entering,





Behind the bookcase lay a secret path,
A tunnel dimly lit, a quarter-mile.
He walked until the murky waters stood
Before him, resting at this final trial.

My god, this month unfolds like fevered dream!
The Theory found, Conspiracy unveiled,
And thirty years before our world succumbs
To warming's rage—where Sagan's hope has failed.

My god, this month is a blur: we found the true TOE, a Conspiracy is trying to take over the world, the end of days is maybe coming in 30 years due to global warming…

Where lie the billions, billions years of time
That Sagan spoke of once with wistful breath?
The ancient past now gone, the future dim,
As mankind marches toward uncertain death.

Now Rascal breathed the deepest breath of all
And plunged beneath the liquid darkness' veil.



He swam until his lungs near burst with strain,
Emerging in a forest pond, so pale.

Rascal, now relaxed, took a very deep breath and dove under the water and swam straight ahead through the liquid darkness, and finally surfaced, his lungs almost bursting, in a small pond, among several nearby, in the very shady forest beyond the compound.

Rascal found the explosives and blew a hole
In the ground in a prime spot, blew up the tunnel
Exit of the pond, and then waited, heart pounding,
For what fate would deliver in this strange hour.

The explosives set with calculated care,
He blew the tunnel's exit, then the ground.
A perfect spot to wait and watch unfold
The dark designs that soon would there abound.

Inside his tiny chamber, Master felt
Two vibrations shake the earth around.



Good Rascal Puff, a friend of rarest kind,
If e'er I see the light of day unbound.

The Conspirators arrived by air and road,
With poison gas they filled the mansion's halls.
They broke the doors of secret ninja base,
While masked men entered through the broken walls.

***Such is the doom of man,* thought Rascal then,**
Forgetting errors, doomed to make them twice.
Through shrub-hole small he filmed their evil deeds
Until "all clear" rang out, precise and nice.

Evil has come to nest within our house.
Then to his earthen hole did Rascal go,
With dirt and leaves concealed from prying eyes,
His breath and heartbeat meditating slow.

Then he went into the ground hole and covered himself with dirt and leaves that he'd propped up all tilted and ready to fall in, and then breathed very sparingly in his







small air space, slowing his heartbeat by meditating.

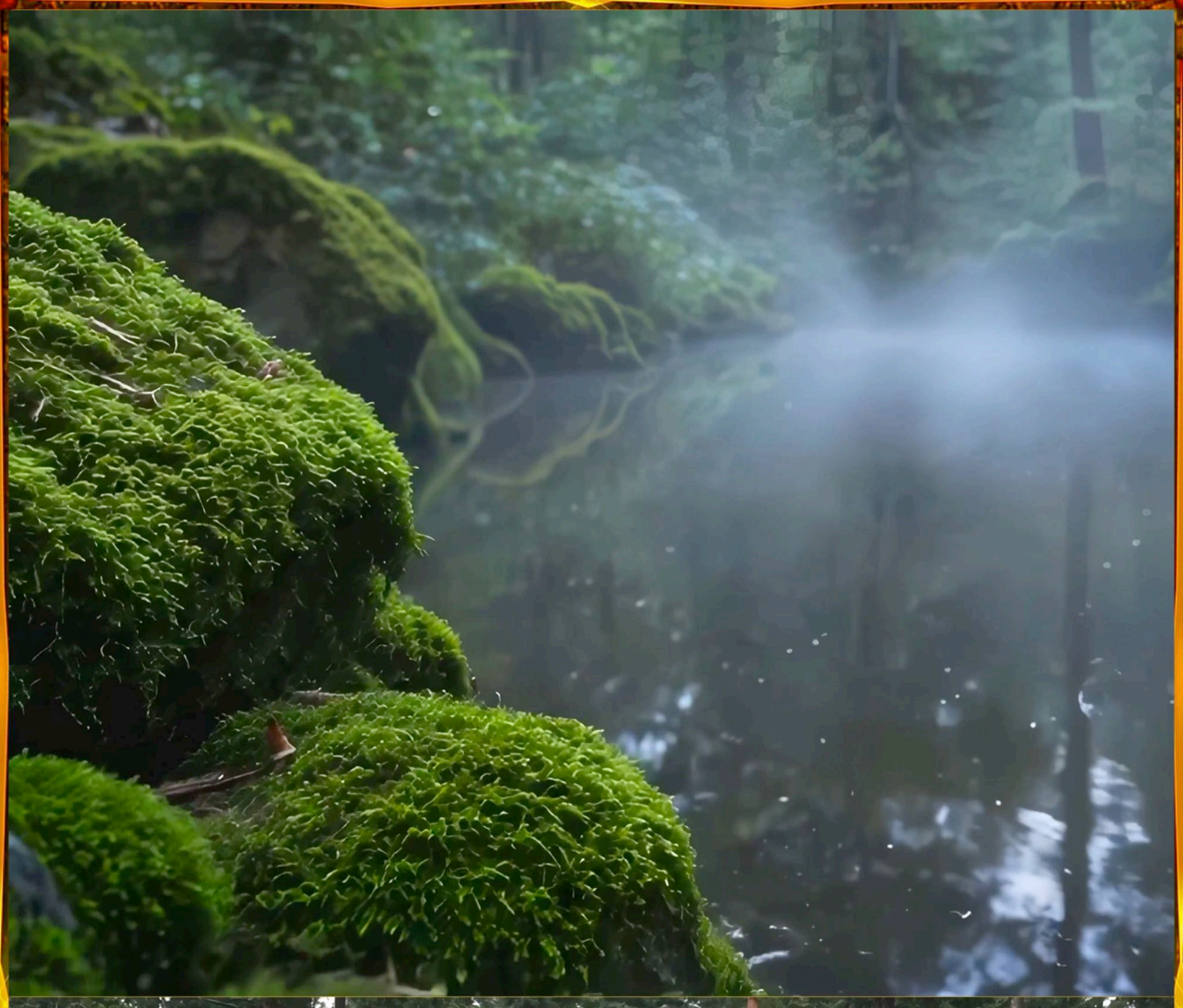
“This training builds the character I need
For leadership that waits beyond this day.
I could have left the Master sealed within
And fled these grounds—yet duty bade me stay.”

This is more wonderful training, I suppose, for I could have sealed in the Grand Master and left hours ago, except for the taking of the pictures, but I was told it would build ultimate character for leadership.

Perhaps these photos of their faces grim
And license plates will prove of value high
If plans should falter or if wrong prevails—
A record of their deeds that cannot lie.

Three massive shock waves shattered forest peace,
Stripping bark from trees and shredding green.
Though ears were plugged, the weapon’s magnitude
Made Rascal shake—a force he’d never seen.







The weather men would speak of twisters wild
Or meteors that fell from skies above,
While strangely sparing mansion's stately form—
Now outpost for the plot they dreamed thereof.

That was soon to become
a temporary Conspiracy outpost,
While deep below, the Master waited,
listening for secrets,
And Rascal lay buried in earth, guardian of truth,
Both warriors of light in the gathering darkness.

In silence Rascal waited underground,
While helicopters churned the air above;
When ten full minutes passed without a sound,
He rose from earth like farmers that we love.

Rascal waited through a long silence, except for few more helicopters arriving, gathered more air into his below ground space, and then there was nothing for many minutes. The ten minutes were surely up, so he arose, pretty much looking like a dirt farmer,







Through miles of forest, dense and devastated,
O'er fallen trees and branches did he climb;
His quest reversed, his journey complicated,
Returning to the start from whence he came.

Two weeks secluded from the world outside,
Now nature spoke to him in tongues anew;
The birds' laments no longer would they hide,
And scents of flowers reached him through the dew.

It was the first time that Rascal had really been out in two weeks. He saw nature a bit differently: he could understand the bird's cries and calls, those that were left, could sense the flowers, even before seeing them, by their scent,

Each sound and breeze commanded his attention,
The distant twig that fell through branches high;
He heard what silence kept from all mention,
And knew which plants would nourish, which deny.



At peace he walked with every living thing,
His vision pierced the veil of nature deep;
Back where he started, wisdom did it bring,
This truth: “I have myself, lone watch to keep.”

A poem from his pocket then he drew,
Wordsworth’s verses on the fading light;
Of splendor lost and how we must renew
Our strength in what remains beyond our sight.

The clouds that gather ’round the setting sun,
The brooks that channel down their stony way;
The heart by which we live when day is done,
These thoughts too deep for tears in us do stay.

He took the poem out of his pocket and read it:

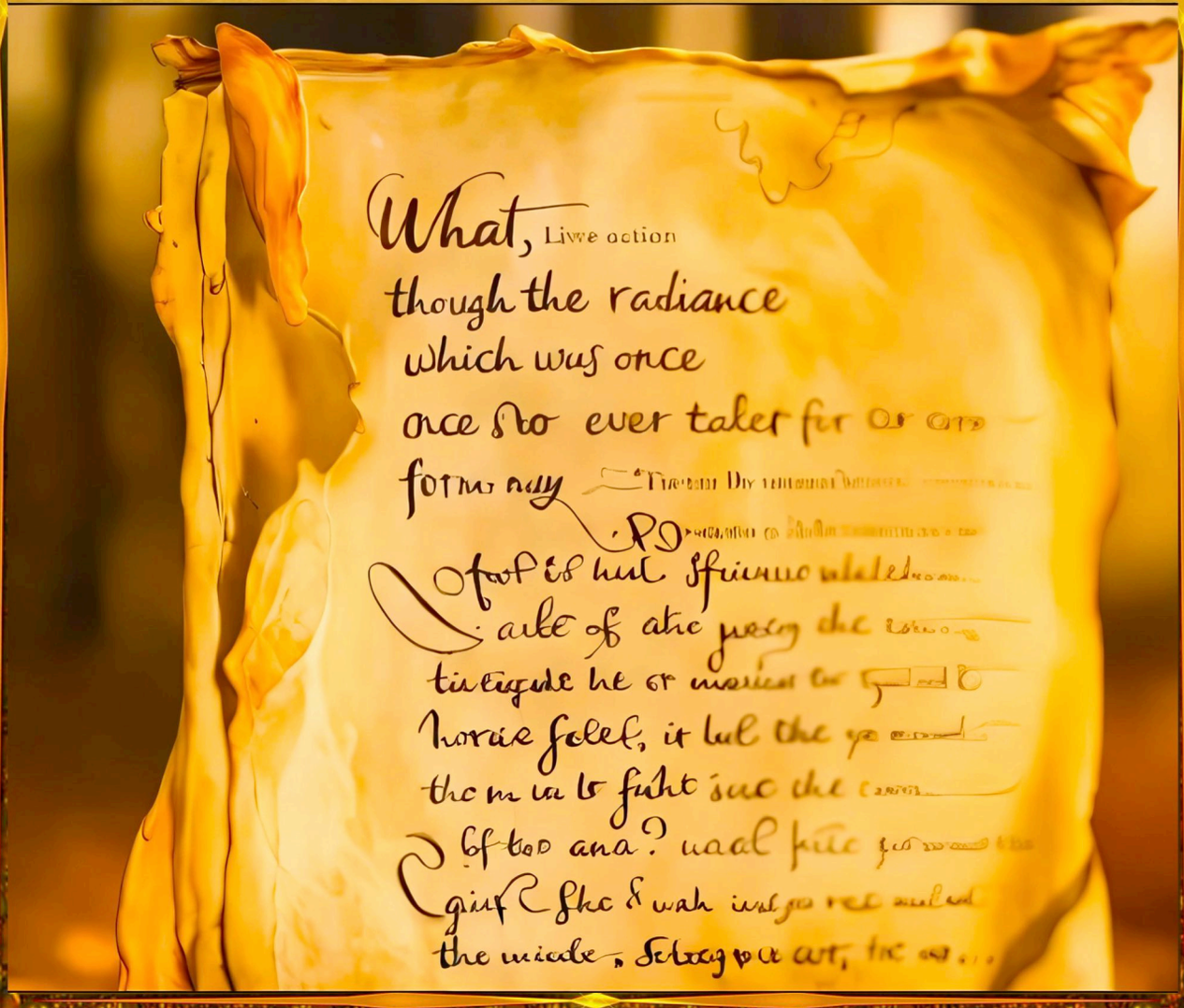
What, though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;



We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day is lovely yet;

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;



Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

(William Wordsworth)

Rascal walked for another mile, spotted the road,
And peered through bushes to the path beyond.
Nothing stirred as he prepared to cross
To forest realms where he had often gone.

Rascal walked for another mile, spotted the road, and peered through a bush out into the road, then looked right and left, shielded by some other bushes. Nothing. He took a step, intending to enter the forest on the other side, an area that was well known to him.

Three black sedans of cigar smokers came,
Surrounding him with swift and practiced ease.



Why did I cross the road? I'm not a chicken,
He thought, *Yet here I stand, caught in the breeze.*

Rascal watched a man step out while smoking,
A long cigar that sparked a coughing fit.
"You look familiar," Rascal calmly stated,
The stranger's face in memory seemed to sit.

"I should be; am good friend you in ninja base.
Try get use to smoke. Cigar terrible stuff
Of burning leaves. We find these great car today;
Interesting radio talk," his voice was rough.

"Where to?" asked Rascal, weighing each option,
As danger and salvation seemed the same.
"Brand new Ninja Base with pool, good computer,
Tennis court, and many more great thing
await your name."







“How do we afford these places?” Rascal wondered,
The luxury seemed beyond their meager means.
“Use Conspiracy credit card; soon have many more,”
The answer hinted at unfolding schemes.

“What’s happening back at the ranch?” he questioned,
His thoughts still with the Master left behind.
“Who know, but they probably ask computer expert:
‘They know about this? They know about that?’
Ha-ha.”

“I hope so. Will they stay long?” Rascal pondered,
The timing crucial to their daring plan.
“Not likely; they exposed there, but maybe
Some fake info like TOE draw them stay
Few day longer than plan and talk more.”

“Grand Master need six ears to hear all open talk.”







“Then what?” asked Rascal, seeking resolution,
The endgame still obscured by mystery’s veil.
“When they try leave; get paralyze with gas;
Maybe we question some before croak.”

“What if some still somehow try to escape?”
A contingency that Rascal had to know.
“They not far get; use nerve gas,” came the answer,
A final solution to their common foe.

“Is that appropriate?” Rascal’s conscience
questioned, The moral weight
of killing heavy on his mind.

“You not know all they do;
nerve gas even too good for them,
But they always choose die anyway,
maybe even automatic thing
From sense trouble.







“Plus, not need them tell tale too soon;
Need us time. This one chance only to save world,
So then TOE save world later.
All Grand Masters think
Long and deep, then all approve,
but may not need kill.”

Another week slowly passed by in the new base,
The Conspiracy staying put in ways unforeseen,
Perhaps emboldened by the lack of resistance,
While ninja forces gathered, sharp and keen.

Strike Forces formed around the world in secret,
With novice, trainee, ToeQuestor all as one.
Fifty thousand ninjas waited for the signal,
Their weapons ready when the word would come.

Meanwhile Conspiracy attacks on empty buildings
Were met with ninja forces swift and grim.
The silliness dispatched without a mercy,
No pretty sight when darkness meets its kin.



“How long can the Master survive,” asked Rascal,
His concern for teacher plainly shown.
“Not know, but if die, we have still his notes,”
The friend replied in measured undertone.

“He’s not afraid to die?” questioned Rascal,
Wondering at such courage in the face of doom.
“He love to die in glory of know world more safe
From Great Evil,” came answer through the gloom.

“But can he last this long?” Rascal wondered,
His worry for the Master growing deep.
“Not know. He sturdy man, but not much air there
For fear they detect him, but old saying says
To be like cockroach, most sturdy long live thing,
Such also as weed be best plant most alive above all other.”

“There’s more to the cockroach story?” Rascal asked,
Intrigued by wisdom hidden in the tale.
“Many cockroach live on crumb for long time.
One time cockroach seal up in fry pot handle



When make pan 100 years ago,
then handle break one day…“

“And the cockroach was still alive?” Rascal marveled,
The lesson of endurance clear as day.
“Yes, but he walk very slow. Ha-ha,”
His friend replied, both grim and strangely gay.

Another few days passed and the Conspiracy
Prepared to leave the ninja base for good,
Packing their cars with ill-gotten gains,
But Hell’s fires called them where they stood.

One thousand head-ninjas entered the compound,
Extracted information from the dying few
Whose mechanisms of death had somehow failed,
Then blow-torched the tiny room to break through,
consuming precious oxygen below while doing so.

The room below was dark as moonless night,
“Someone get light!” a voice called from the crowd.





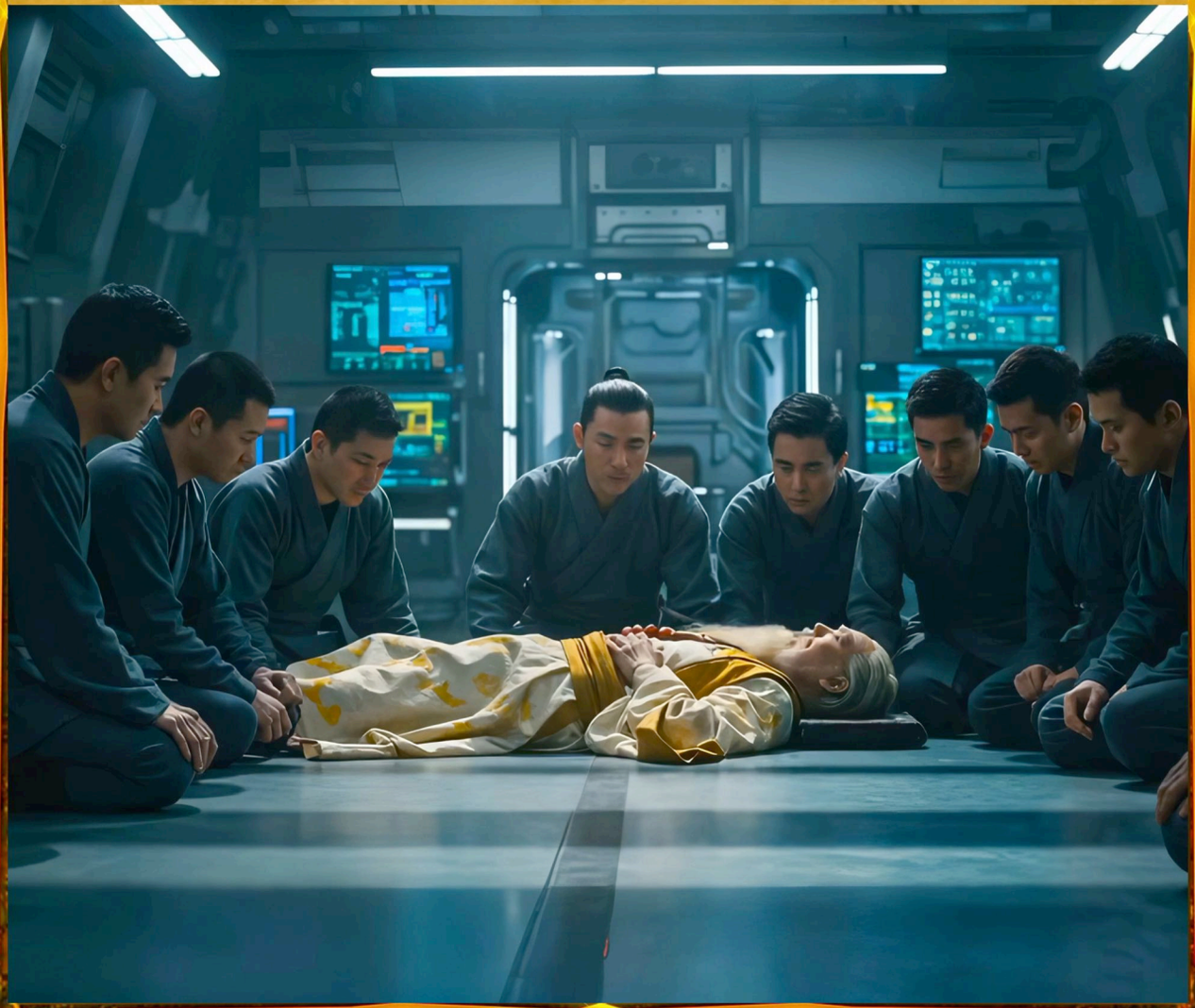


The Grand Master lay still, and many gasped,
Then bowed in sorrow, heads respectfully bowed.

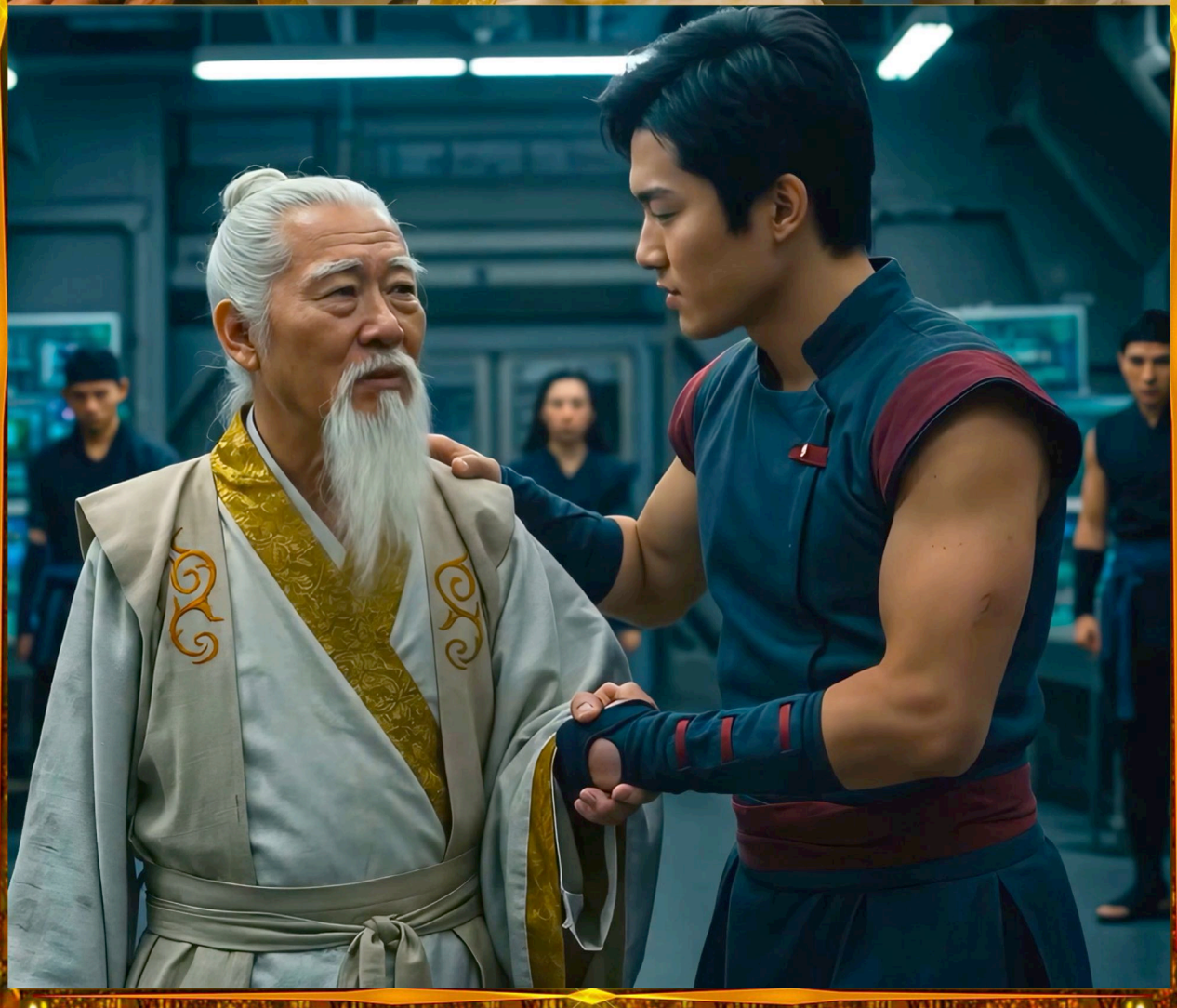
But then one eyelid opened, stirring hope,
He soon sat up and made his way toward light,
Though moving mighty slow from his ordeal,
His spirit undiminished by his plight.

Rascal was first to greet him, took his arm
As he emerged from darkness into day.
“Have many good note organize by region;
Internet site, passwords, bank accounts, email too.
Take each note for your own base; disperse;

“Go forth; transmit message; plan quick; attack;
Go now with high heart all onto the globe
To every dark avenue and shine the blinding light
Of goodness. Move like wind of hurricane;







“Conspiracy go high alert
when not receive check-in call
Tomorrow. I be OK. Moon fully shine once more.
Talk you all later.”

Someone reported damage to priceless art,
Wood carvings marred by battle’s raging tide.
“Those just things,” the Master simply stated,
As wisdom placed the value where it should abide.

The Grand Master began falling toward Rascal,
Who caught him with his strong and steady hands.
“You OK?” he asked with deep concern.
“No, but will be,” the Master understands.

“Rascal, have Profpat drain Conspiracy funds;
Get Michael to energize into main fortress and disable;
Ask Fredrick to scan foreign language internet sites
And translate useful info; have Lloyd terminate

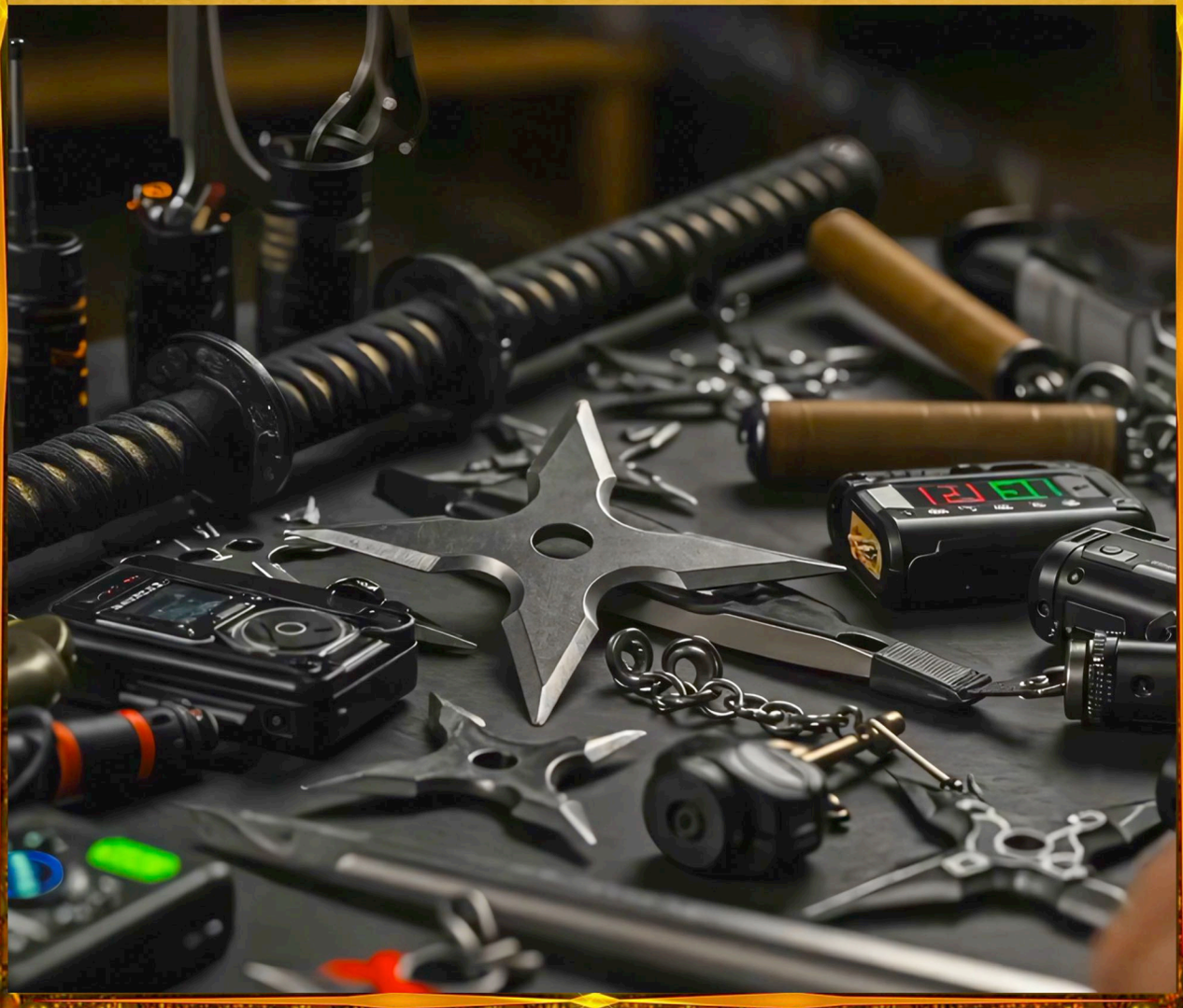


Conspiracy infiltrators of governments
with extreme prejudice;
Have Graybeard run Australia operation,
Cut electricity to continent during attacks;
we sparse there.”

Ninja black helicopters lifted, roared away,
Within few days, three-quarters of the foe
Had met destruction swift and merciless,
Though many chose death rather than to show

What secrets lay within their darkened minds.
The remnants of their centers stood apart,
Cut off from one another, isolated,
Years would pass before their final part.

The Grand Master, now returned from hospital,
Found Rascal at computer, reading verse,
Wordsworth’s vision of a shining world:



Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
…
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open to the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!

"Rascal, my old friend; our crazy idea work!
It greatest success in ten year history.
Sit down, have wine. Many good ninja die.
Raise glass to them, sip, then turn over to spill,
And set upside down on table."

Trish and Michael energized from shadows deep,
Stepped forward wordlessly to join the rite,

Taking up their glasses with solemn grace.
"I give toast to ninja warriors gone to the sky:"

"To you, my friends who die in fight;
Now you become the brightest light of darkest night,
Stars forever shining the way that's right."



Venus Rising:

Imagination lights the mind's bright flame,
Venus's passion finds reason to tame,
While Mars' fierce battle song turns gentle, sweet,
Between these orbits, Earth is mine to claim!

Imagination lights the mind to shine,
Cooling Venus's reasonless passion,
Warming Mars' fight song into compassion…
Between those two orbits, the Earth is mine!

On Venus, purgatory's sulfur falls,
The sun's heart, hell's inferno, pain enthralls.
Of Heaven's whereabouts, none dare to speak,
Earth is its name, behind secret walls!

Purgatory's on Venus, where sulfurs rain.
Hell's found in the sun's heart, oh, hot burning pain!
Of Heaven's site, no one has any idea,
For it's the world's best kept secret: Earth's its name!

They raised their glasses, toasting fallen friends,
Then turned them over as the wine descends,
Like blood that flows across the wooden plane,
A crimson tribute as their grief transcends.

Rascal, Trish, Michael, and the Grand Master sipped from their wines glasses, toasting the fallen warriors, then turned the glasses over, spilling their contents, placing them upside down on the table, the red wine flowing all over, like blood, it then trickling down onto the floor.

A minute's silence Trish did first request,
Yet no one stirred, as if by time oppressed.
Rascal observed Michael's angelic glow,
While stillness held them in its strange arrest.

Trish requested one minute of silence, after which every-one yet remained silent and unmoving. Rascal noted to himself that *Michael looks as glowing as his archangel namesake.* Another minute passed and still no one had moved or blinked, then another passed.




spilling


CONSPIRACY
TOE

He shifted in his chair, perplexed, unsure,
Had time itself now paused, no longer pure?
More minutes passed as Rascal wondered why,
This silence they continued to endure.

Strange. Rascal shifted in his chair. *Has time stopped?* Some more minutes passed, Rascal thinking, *What is this?* Another minute passed and Rascal assumed, *The Grand Master is deferring to his commander, Trish, for she must be the one to break the silence.*

Another minute passed, he restless grew,
When Trish her mighty sword in air she drew.
It split the atoms, sparking as it fell,
And rested near the Master, calm and true.

Another minute passed and Rascal sat back, the only one who seemed restless. Trish suddenly unsheathed her sword and swung it through the air and it surely split some atoms, at least dislodging a few electrons, for there were bright sparks, and brought it down lightning fast,



passing but an inch away from the Master's ear, and then rested it on his shoulder, he not flinching at all. Rascal nearly jumped out of his chair.

"This is my final order," Trish proclaimed,
"Rise as Grand Master, equally acclaimed.
The Eastern Empire shall now be mine,
Report to Thomas, goodness undefamed."

Trish spoke unto the Master: "This shall be my last command to thee, Glorious Master. Rise, my equal, as the Tenth Degree Grand Master of the Western Empire. I shall take the Eastern; I have much to learn there. You report only to Thomas Veil, as do I, on Conspiracy matters; otherwise, only to goodness."

The new-made Master rose with brief delay,
Then drew his sword in such a swift display
That Rascal barely saw the gleaming blade
That came to rest upon his shoulder's lay.



The new Tenth Degree Master rose, letting some seconds go by. *Not this again,* Rascal thought, tensing up a bit. But not another second passed but did the Master pull out his sword so quickly that Rascal could hardly follow it, and swung it toward Rascal's ear, creating a breeze as it stopped and came to rest on his shoulder.

"Rise, RascalPuff, as fourth degree proclaimed,
With Butterfly and Dragon Honor named.
Your courage brought you straight to level four,
Soon gravity's strong pull shall be transclaimed."

"Rise, RascalPuff, as a fourth degree Field Leader—work in between toes—with also have the Honor of the Butterfly and Dragon Master, larger kind of butterfly. I raise you straight level four since already know you many every-things, plus, show courage to end, and good sport be. No worry, you soon go beyond fourth degree of gravity to be charge of electricity then feel attraction of magnetism. Ha. Good you not move; save ear for hear."




RascalPuff,


Attack



“The Butterfly?” asked Rascal as he rose,
“Yes, one wing’s flap can change what history shows,”
“I’ve heard of butterflies that birth fierce storms,”
“They cause all weathers, as the legend grows.”

Rascal rose and said, “Butterfly Honor?” “Yes, one flap of wing change course of history.” “I’ve heard about the butterfly who caused a hurricane.” “Also cause himicane. Yes, all see it true.”

“I thank you, Trish, your wisdom shines so clear,
Dividing east from west, yet drawing near.
They blend together, overlap as one,
No sanctuary shall evil find here.”

“Now, Trish, I thank you deep; you most wise divide by east/west, for east blend into west, west blend into east; even overlap; no sanctuary for there evil be. But never know boss of company share top spot.”

“More than a company, we stand as friends,
As co-leaders whose work never ends.
Fredrick taught east to west must always flow,
And marriage means much laundry to attend!”

“We are more than a company, and rather are in good company as friends and now as co-leaders. It was Fredrick who told me about the transition of east into west. Plus,

we have so much intel, and so many leads and loose ends to follow up on. There is more than enough work for two, now and in the future. Also, I am married now and so I may have to spend a lot of time doing laundry!"

Trish and Michael retreated from the light,
The Master spoke of plans with vision bright:
"The attack progresses, papers left behind,
May purge the traitors from their hidden sight."

Trish and Michael retreated into the shadows. Rascal's Master spoke, "Attack going well; we leave some Conspiracy paper about centers, after copy them, so governments learn involvement. Maybe purge they themselves of traitors and let up on TOE search."

"Is this farewell, my Master?" Rascal sighed,
"We'll meet again?" Hope would not be denied.
"Not likely, friend, to L.A. you must fly,
Ninja craft will be your faithful guide."

"This is farewell, isn't it Master. See you soon?" "Wish so, but not likely. Yes, we go separate way now, old friend, Rascal. You due at airport soon, for L.A. trip. Ninja helicopter take you over still uncertain land."

Embracing warmly, Rascal asked, "And you?"
"I go west, young man," came the answer true.
"Hail, farewell, fine fellow met," he said,
"These moments in my heart I'll e'er renew."

They embraced warmly, Rascal asking, "and you, my friend?" "I go west, young man." Rascal replied, "Hail, farewell, fine fellow met. I not forget these time."

The pilots came, and Rascal soon took flight,
In "Magic Dragon," soaring through the night.
The base receded quickly from his view,
His sword still gleamed with supernatural light.

The helicopters pilots arrived, and RascalPuff was soon off and flying away in the craft that had been just renamed

‘The Magic Dragon’. The new base faded from view and Rascal almost wondered, Did this all really happen? And then he gazed upon his new sword sparkling, shining, and gleaming in his hands.

The craft then landed on a distant strip,
Rascal boarded, ready for his trip.
First class accommodated him with ease,
As businessmen around him sipped and quipped.

The helicopter landed way out on a distant runway, and Rascal boarded a 767, then took one last look back, and was escorted to a roomy first class aisle seat. There were many businessmen aboard, as told by their attire, and he nodded to one across the aisle as he settled in to his seat.

I’m back amidst the real world’s restless tide,
Yet wish for one where kindness might abide.
That man across resembles CEO—
Poor soul, by endless work he’s sorely tried.



I'm back in the real world now, or is it not the world I wish to live in. If only everyone in the real world was so polite and decent and caring… The man across has the looks and bearing of an aging CEO of a large company, one who probably has to work day and night. Poor guy. He ordered tea and Rascal did the same.

The film played on, when strange tones filled his ear,
He tore the headphones off in sudden fear.
His hearing now so keen that it could catch
The vibrations of heat, both far and near.

Rascal was about halfway through a movie of the 'Gladiator', when he noticed a strange frequency in his headphone, and quickly ripped it off, for his hearing was now so acute that he could even listen to thermal vibrations.

The CEO with motion swift and sure,
Grabbed the man behind with strength secure,
Then flung him through the door with one great toss,
Yet kept himself aboard with grip mature.



The CEO looked over, and in a flash the well dressed fellow picked up the man sitting behind Rascal, and, in an instant, carried him to the emergency door, opening it and flinging the man out, almost seemingly going out himself, but in actuality grabbing the door and swinging back inside from the bounce of the hinges as well as from the back draft of swooshing air from the plane's forward flight, landing back in his chair and lifting his tea cup to his lips all in one fluid motion.

A stewardess rushed forth with worried face,
"Did something happen in this very place?"
"No, nothing happened," Rascal's words came quick
She left confused, returning to her space.

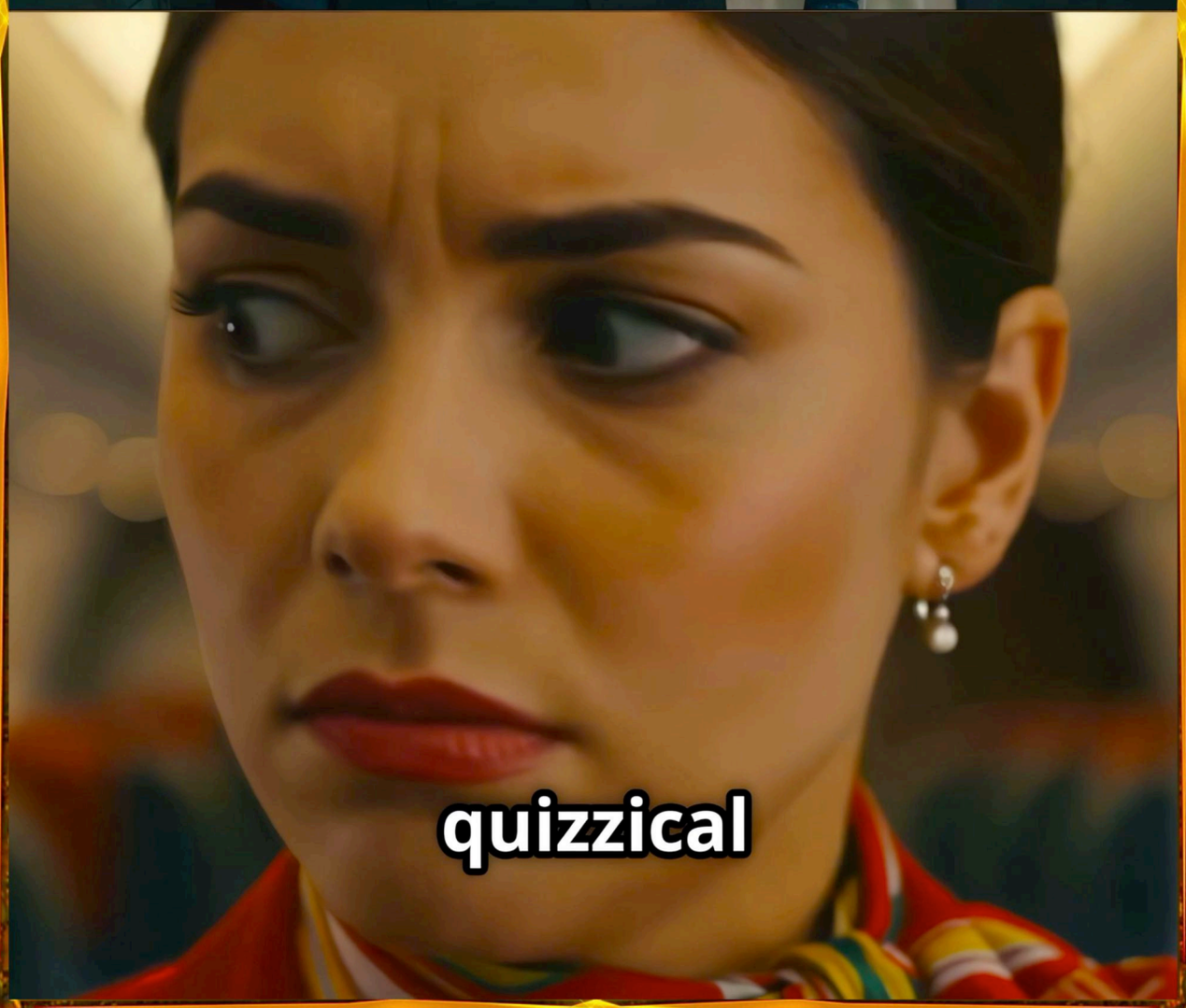
A stewardess rushed up from the back and asked Rascal, "Did something just happen here?" "No, nothing hap–pened," answered Rascal. She gave him a quizzical look and then returned to the galley.




swinging


fluid


happen


quizzical

“Good answer, friend,” the CEO then said,
“Master! In that suit I was misled,
Your tie and hair have changed your visage so.”
“Just traveling cloth that fills the foes with dread.”

“Good answer, old friend,” said the CEO. “Master! I didn’t recognize you in a suit and tie and with that new hair–style.” “Just traveling cloth. Ah, I once wear this to base on Halloween and everyone get scare.”

“What happened here?” asked Rascal, still amazed.
The Master rose to where the threat had blazed,
“Some strange device connected to your ear,
A brain-drain set your thoughts to be erased.”

“What just happened here?” The Master rose and inspected the area behind Rascal’s seat. “I hear too it. Ah, here some device connect to earphone of you. I look at, listen.”

“They sought to drain your mind but found instead,
Just dinner wishes where your thoughts had led.

Though lobster wasn’t what you pondered on.”
“It was, but memory’s now from me fled.”

The Master looked up and smiled. “Some kind of brain drain, but, ha, they only get what you wish for dinner serve, but Rascal, friend, I no think lobster serve on airplane.” “Well, Master, thank god, and lobster is my favorite meal, but I really wasn’t thinking about it at all.” “You were, but that memory gone now.”

“The Conspiracy?” asked Rascal with a frown.
“Yes, though money’s gone and they’re brought down.
The TOE remains their final hope.”
“How did they find me in this distant town?”

“The Conspiracy?” “Yes. Be them.” “But they’re out of money, and they are much more than decimated, but there’s no good word for that.” “True, but TOE only they hope now.” “How did they find me?”

“Perhaps by chance a fleeing agent saw
Your helicopter through some subtle flaw.
Right place, right time—” Rascal added then,
“Fortune fell, bad luck’s unyielding claw.”

“Not know; will look into. Maybe just luck of some fleeing agent that happen see helicopter way out by luck. Right place, right time.” Rascal added, “Then fortune fall. Big bad luck arrive.”

“Wrong place, wrong time.
You speak the tongue quite well!
How did you know that man had come to quell?”
“Easy, he alone sat just behind.”
“Are there more agents under evil’s spell?”

“Wrong place, wrong time. Ah, friend, you talk the talk!” “How did you suspect him out of all these people?” “Easy, only person sit behind you.” “Are there any more of them on board?”

“No, many sleep, the rest in terror hide.
What brings you here, with danger at your side?”
“I take no chances till you’re safely home,
In ninja jets where you may safely ride.”

“‘No, many asleep or not move forth, rest seem true scare.’ ‘What are you doing here?’ ‘Take no chance, I, until you safe on ninja jet aircraft. Have go west as old man, so give self job on way.’”

“We live in times when dangers never cease.”
“Yet evil’s power continues to decrease.”
“You know long words and speak with perfect grace!”
“Yes, but for ninjas, shorthand brings release.”

“We still live in dangerous times.” “But the evil is now beginning to dwindle away.” “You really do know long words and full speech!” “Yes, but many of the ninjas do not, so, I guess, I just got used to speaking in that manner of shorthand. It works rather well, doesn’t it?”

“I think in shorthand now for swiftness’ sake.
My thanks that you this journey chose to take.”
“You need me not, your chop is mighty strong,
Though from the plane, perhaps no toss you’d make.”

“Yes, I’m even starting to think in that shorthand, for speed. Thank you be here.” “You not need me; you give mighty chop.””Yes, I would have; you trained me well, but I don’t know that I would’ve thrown him off of the plane.”

“Better to drink tea with one who tries
To empty minds than sit with one who spies?”
“I guess you’re right,” said Rascal with a nod,
As truth revealed itself before his eyes.

“Better sit down have tea with one try empty mind?” “No, I guess not.”

The plane touched down in L.A.’s busy space,
The Master said that ninjas would replace
His current transport for the journey’s end,
Secure and swift, with military grace.



The plane went on to land in L.A., the Master saying that some ninjas would meet him soon and transfer him to a secure ninja jet for the remainder of the trip.

“Farewell again,” the Master softly said,
“We’ll meet someday along the path ahead.
The future’s shape cannot be known for sure,
Adventure’s definition there is spread.”

“Farewell, again, Rascal man; meet again some day, not soon. Am not sure future: is adventure definition.”

His escorts came, the Master slipped away,
They sat down in the lounge without delay.
The papers dropped—Fredrick, Brad, and Austin smiled,
Embracing with a joy no words could say.

Rascal’s escorts arrived, the Master nodding to them and leaving. They all sat down in the lounge across from some people reading the newspaper. The papers dropped and there were Fredrick, Brad Pitt, and Austin smiling a mile



wide. They all hugged and began to tell of many great tales while they walked toward the ninja aircraft, tales that would have been quite unbelievable to Rascal, but for what he had gone through.

At slot machines did Rascal pause to play,
“I think I’m winning,” he was heard to say,
As coins spilled forth and scattered on the floor,
A fortune seemed to bless his lucky day.

Rascal stopped at a machine, fiddled with it for awhile, and said, “I not sure how to work these slot machines, but I think I’m winning,” for change was coming out and spilling all over the floor.

Fredrick glanced at Austin with a smile,
“That’s just a change machine,” he said with guile.
“I knew that well!” laughed Rascal with delight,
“My scanner skills improve with every mile!”

Fredrick looked over to Austin for a second and then said



to Rascal, “This is a new type of vending machine that gives change for bills put in if all you do is press the coin return lever.” “Ha, I got you both, for I even bought a scanner and learned how to use it! Learning come fast now. Install software disk; connect USB; press button.”

“Where are the others?” Fredrick asked with care.
“From different paths they come through sky and air;
Like President and Vice cannot fly one,
Lest all ToeQuesters fate at once might snare.”

“Where is everyone else?” asked Fredrick of one of the escorts. “Graybeard come from otherside underside world; Michael use energy; other go different time, so not chance lose all ToeQuestingers at one time; like President not fly with Vice-President; all you meet up secret TOE place at.”

“Is Hawaii our secret place?” asked he.
“No,” came the answer, simple, plain to see.
They boarded then a sleek and jet-black craft,
With missiles under wings, for security.

Rascal added, “Is Hawaii the secret place?” “No.” They boarded a small but sleek black ninja jet that had a missile under each wing.

“What means this talk of losing all at once?”
“The future’s veil no man can e’er renounce.”
The Hawaiian crew then came aboard the plane,
Their presence made young Rascal’s heart announce:

“Rascal asked, “What do you mean lose all at one time…?”” Never know future. Could be happen.” The obviously Hawaiian flight crew of stewards and stewardesses came aboard.

“Are we for Hawaii bound?” he asked with cheer.
“No, classified our path, ask not from here.”
The jet rose high above the clouded sky,
Into the moonless night, serene and clear.

“Are we going to Hawaii,” asked Rascal of one of them. “No, but destination classified. No more question.” The jet lifted

off to the west and ascended high into the sky, higher than most planes did, much above the clouds, and then leveled off, flying into a moonless night.

Drinks came, then lobster served to Rascal's plate,
Duck for Fredrick, lamb for Austin's sate.
"You crew know all?" asked Rascal with a grin.
"Not TOE," they laughed, "that lies beyond our fate."

Drinks were served, and soon afterwards a lobster was served to Rascal, a roast duck to Fredrick, and lamb chops to Austin. "Do you crew guys know everything?" asked Rascal. "Course not, not even understand any kind Theory of Everything." Rascal just sighed and enjoyed his meal.

Three hours passed when suddenly the craft
Began to drop, while clouds they swiftly passed.
"All's fine," announced the captain from the helm,
"Strap in," as gravity held them fast.

It was about three hours into the flight when the plane



dropped beneath the clouds, descending rather rapidly. An announcement from the captain came on, saying, “Everything fine; wear triple-strap seat belt.”

The belts were barely fastened when they fell,
All lights went dark, a most foreboding spell.
Thrice normal gravity pressed them down hard,
As slowing descent made their bodies swell.

They had hardly gotten them on when the plane went into what might be called a free fall, all exterior and interior lights suddenly going off, as well, with gravity soon increasing three times over as the jet slowed its descent.

“All’s fine, no worry,” came the calm report,
As ocean’s blackness rose, their flight cut short.
Black nothingness by starlight dimly shown,
The plane now leveled as in landing’s sort.

An announcement reported, “Everything fine; no worry.”” The ToeQuestors looked out the windows and saw the deep black nothingness of the ocean rising up to meet them, identifiable only as dimly lit by starlight, when their sharp vision became accustomed to the blackness within and without. The plane suddenly leveled off as if it were in a landing pattern.

“There’s nothing here,” said Fredrick with a stare,
“No islands, lights, just water everywhere.”
Said Rascal, “We’d need hours more to reach
Hawaii’s shores, bright jewels in sea’s lair.”

“There’s nothing out there,” said Fredrick, “no islands, no lights, nothing but water.” Rascal added, “None on this side either. Hawaii would have been another two hours, right, Austin?”

The ocean swept five hundred feet below,
“Indeed,” said Austin, watching waters flow,
“It seems we’re landing on the ocean’s breast.”
“Brace now,” the voice commanded, calm and low.

The ocean swept by only 500 or so feet below. “Indeed,” answered Austin, “we seem to be landing on the ocean.” “Brace for landing,” said the announcement.

The wing flaps flared, the plane began to stall,
Then came to stop with one quick sudden haul.
The tail hook caught on landing cable’s grasp—
A ninja carrier had answered call.

The jet’s wing flaps flared, as could mostly only be felt, as the plane then almost seemed go into a stall, but then there was a very quick stop and a rebound as the tail hook caught on the landing cable of the black ninja aircraft carrier.

“What blazes!” Rascal cried in stark surprise,
The pilot came as wonder filled his eyes.
“Security,” explained the man with ease,
“Welcome not Hawaii,” where darkness lies.

“What in the blazes of glorious ninja swords!” exclaimed



Rascal to the pilot who was now coming down the aisle. “Security. Prove no one follow; beside, you need couple day rest after recent war. Welcome not Hawaii.”

They left the plane on carrier’s black deck,
Which eyes could hardly see—a shadowed speck.
With practiced steps they walked in darkness deep,
Till light from hallway bid them come and check.

The ToeQuestors got out and still they could hardly see the carrier deck, but they had all practiced walking in the dark, and went forth quite smoothly. A hatch opened and they went in and downward, toward and into a dimly lit hallway.

A man with money bags called them inside.
“Profpat!” they cried as one with joyful pride.
“What brings you here?” they asked in unison.
“I flew without a plane,” he smiled, bright-eyed.

A man carrying what looked to be large bags of money bid



them ever onward. “Profpat!” they all said at once. “What are you doing here?” “I flew in without a plane. Come on in, have a seat; it’s a long story.”

For two full days they shared adventures bold,
The carrier still, as tales were brightly told.
They savored ninja hospitality,
Like wanderers returned to home’s warm fold.

They caught up on each other’s adventures over the next two days, the aircraft carrier not going anywhere, and enjoyed the ninja hospitalities.

“It feels like home, does it not, Fredrick?” asked
Young Rascal as in ninja ways they basked.
“Yes, I’ve grown fond of these good folk,” he said,
“But Nobody awaits with greater task.”

“It feels like home, doesn’t it, Fredrick, this base?” said Rascal. “Yes, I’ve grown fond of these good men and women and their ways, but I suppose we have to move on to where Nobody awaits us, and try to get a better handle on this true TOE we’ve discovered before the world boils away.”

“We can’t just fiddle with the CMBR,
Such random acts might take us much too far.
We might erase existence with one touch,
But with a better suit, we’d be on par.”

“We were just plain lucky on our CMBR trip; we can’t just do random fiddling on the antenna any more. We might even take ourselves out of existence thereby, but, if we had a better light-bending suit…”

When Rascal heard his Master’s voice, he turned,
But found him on a screen, where wisdom burned.
A lesson on the mind was being taught, “Brief
Introduction to Consciousness” he learned:

Rascal quickly turned around when he heard his Master’s voice, but he was only there on the internet iChat, the Master teaching and giving a ‘Brief Introduction to Con-

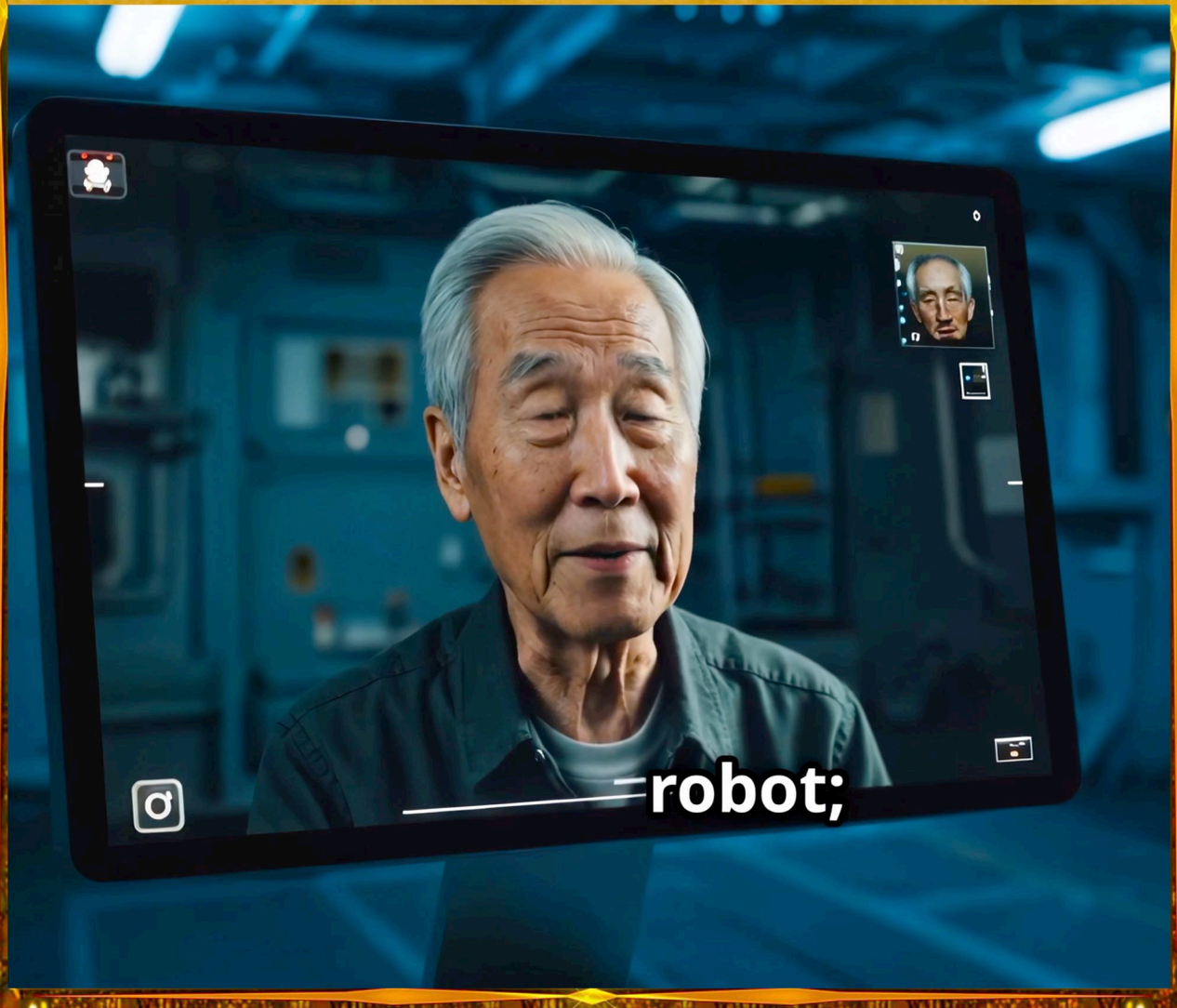
sciousness', as follows:"

"I know not all of consciousness's ways,
The final frontier of our mortal days.
DNA and proteins, simple things,
Compared to mind, where mystery still stays."

"Not know all answer of consciousness; it last frontier; DNA blueprint, protein folding, simple in compare. It seem human be electrochemical machine, aware robot; action depend but on memory, association, and behavior learned, for who can will the next surprise thought that become? Good learn, then good man."

"Beyond all understanding it remains,
Though many try to break it into chains.
The nonlocal nature quantum shows,
Awareness itself, unnamed, sustains."

"But, consciousness seem above, beyond all understand. Many try dissect it, confine it, reduce to other thing, but it



remain intractable. I did learn nonlocal reality quantum mechanics along way of study, even investigate awareness itself, that overlooked, unnoted 'I' that only see contents of mind, but itself not be content of anything, for it be not object. Is more like water in stream where thought swim. It seem we ARE awareness, but not too much note sea in which we see. Baffling magic."

"I am not body, thought—then what am I?
No object seen, but witness standing by,
Far from the stage where mind plays out its role.
Am I the subject, boundless as the sky?"

"Now, 'I' not body. 'I' not thought, so what be 'I'? 'I' be not object; seem like witness that far from stage of play in mind. Hard to know. 'I' am universal subject? I am Cosmos?"

"Perhaps consciousness focuses the wave
Of quantum realms that physicists can't save.
When limits press, I turn to mystic arts,
To seek within what outward signs engrave."

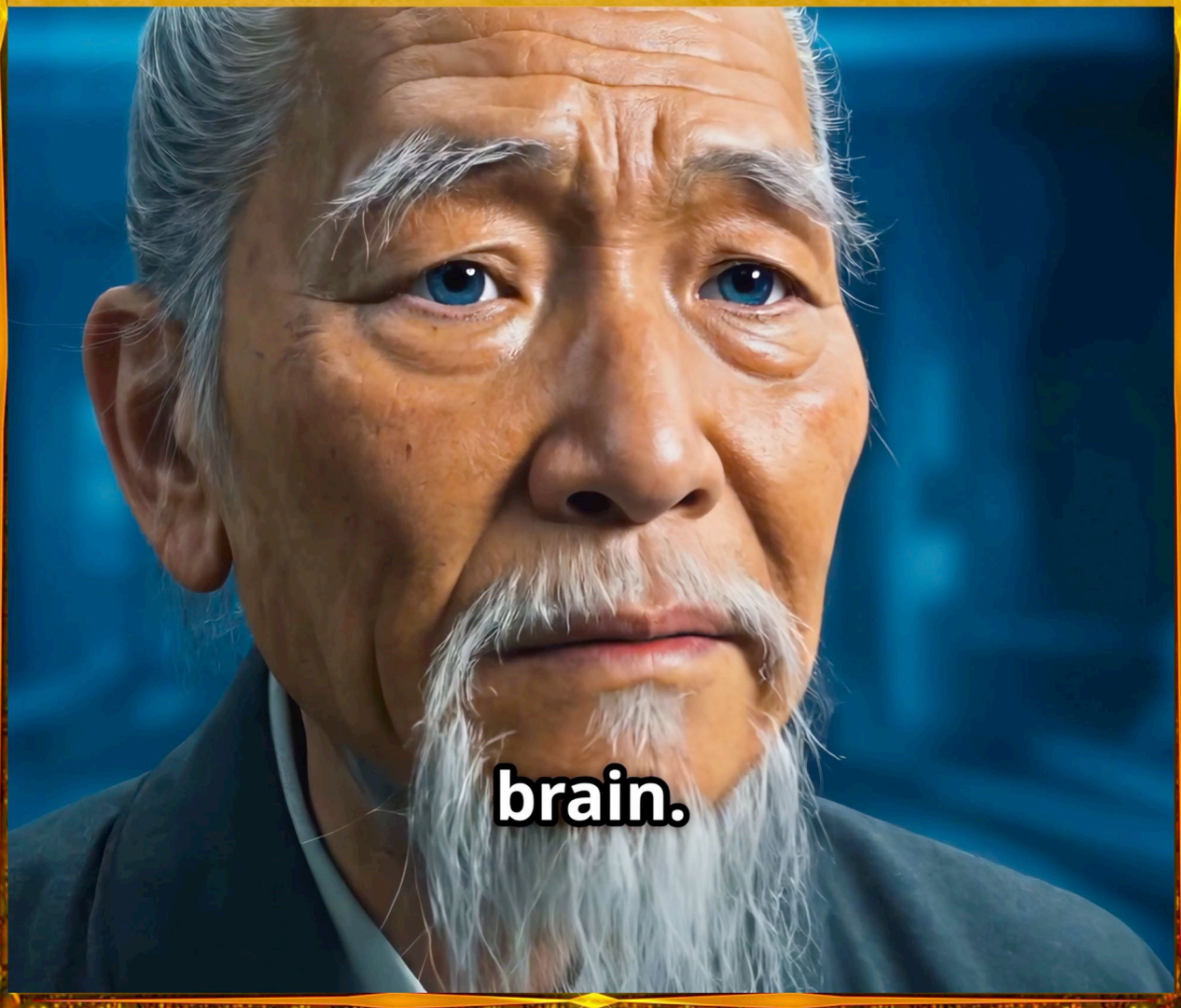


“Consciousness might be agent which focus spread out quantum wave of existence, but I exceed quantum physic realm, all become fuzzy there; have nowhere else go, so, go back to intrinsic vision of mysticism, meditation; learn that maybe awareness be intrinsic path to ultimate info from inside, some spiritual gaseous state, and that outside reality be extrinsic path, seem at limit, for same info from out there, some frozen matter state.”

“Though much confused, I guess this much is true:
Consciousness and brain are bound by glue.
When brain has troubles, mind is swift to fall,
So brain must be the higher of the two.”

“Very confuse, so I make guess: Consciousness always associate with brain. Brain problem affect consciousness. So then figure consciousness brain higher part should be.”

“I must now leave, new work demands my days,
Yet still I’ll teach through time’s unfolding maze.



**For homework this: observe your conscious mind,
Look deep within, discover being's ways."**

"Sorry, but must go, do work; have new job; work night and day for some time, but still teach some class. This homework do: notice consciousness; look into it; find what is."

**At dawn they climbed up to the landing deck,
For farewell rites beneath the sky's great trek.
Puddles remained though clouds had all dispersed,
With ocean stretching to horizon's speck.**

Towards sunrise, the ToeQuestors were urged to come up to the landing deck for a farewell ceremony. There were some puddles up there, even though there was not a cloud in the sky. And, indeed, as they'd assumed, there was nothing but ocean all around them and all the way out to the orange and circular horizon.

**New cruiser boats upon the deck were laid,
"Much equipment came," the ninja said.
"May we inspect them?" Fredrick asked with hope.
"After ceremony, breakfast will be paid."**

They all noted some brand new cruiser boats on deck. "We get many new equipment now," explained a ninja. "Can we have a look at them?" asked Fredrick. "Sure, after ceremony over, we plan serve farewell breakfast in there."

**The ninjas stood at rigid, proud attention,
As flag with TOE emblazoned in dimension
Was lowered down and given to their hands,
With jackets waterproof for their protection.**

The ninjas all stood at attention, as a flag with TOE, TOO, and TOT written on it was lowered. The ToeQuestors were presented with the flag and were also each given a carrier style waterproof jacket.

A speaker's voice proclaimed with solemn tone
That all their quests had made the world their own,
The future rested on their shoulders now,
Seeds of hope that they had bravely sown.

Some words came out of a loud speaker, that in summary, wished the ToeQuestors well in their TOE quest, and that the long term future of the word now rested on them.

They sat for breakfast as the sun arose,
From ancient edge where world to darkness goes.
A waiter hovered, filling every need,
As ocean waters strangely seemed to close.

The ToeQuestors sat down to breakfast in the boats, watching the sun rise from the ancient falling off edge of the world. A waiter hovered about, going from boat to boat, refilling their drinks, adding to their meals, and so on. They noticed during breakfast that the ocean seemed to be rising, but perhaps this was only an optical effect of the tropical dawn.




QUESTERS


Ninth

“But water rises!” Austin cried with fear.
“All’s fine,” replied the man with voice sincere.
Rascal faxed to Austin: “Carriers don’t sink!”
Austin wrote back: “They do now, it appears!”

“But the water…” said Austin. “Everything fine,” answered the one formerly known as the ‘waiter’. Rascal sent a fax to Austin whose boat was only ten feet away, saying, “aircraft carriers don’t submerge, do they?” Austin sent a fax back, saying, “No, but they do now.”

“What structure vanishes before our sight?”
Asked Fredrick as the vessel took its flight.
“You’ll guide these boats the rest of journey’s way,
Each heading different through the ocean bright.”

“What’s the framework here, and where is it disappearing to?” Fredrick asked of the Commander. “You run boat rest of way; follow heading writ there; different one each of you. Bon voyage. Need you alone time with self after many



crowd. Only thousand mile to TOE place; be well; write postcard; be dry with jacket; sail forth. See you."

The water reached the Commander's knees with haste,
The carrier sank, the tower alone was faced
Above the waves. The cruisers now afloat
Began to drift as water they embraced.

The water was up to the Commander's knees now and the carrier was completely underwater but for its bridge tower. "Thanks for your hospitality," said Fredrick. "Where's your ship going?" The water was up to the Commander's waist now and the ToeQuestors' cruise boats had begun to float on their own.

"We sink by day like submarines for guard,
Security and surprise both stand at ward.
I'll swim down to the bridge's hatch below,
Use sunscreen well, lest sun your skin will char."

"We submerge in day like submarine for be secure or when

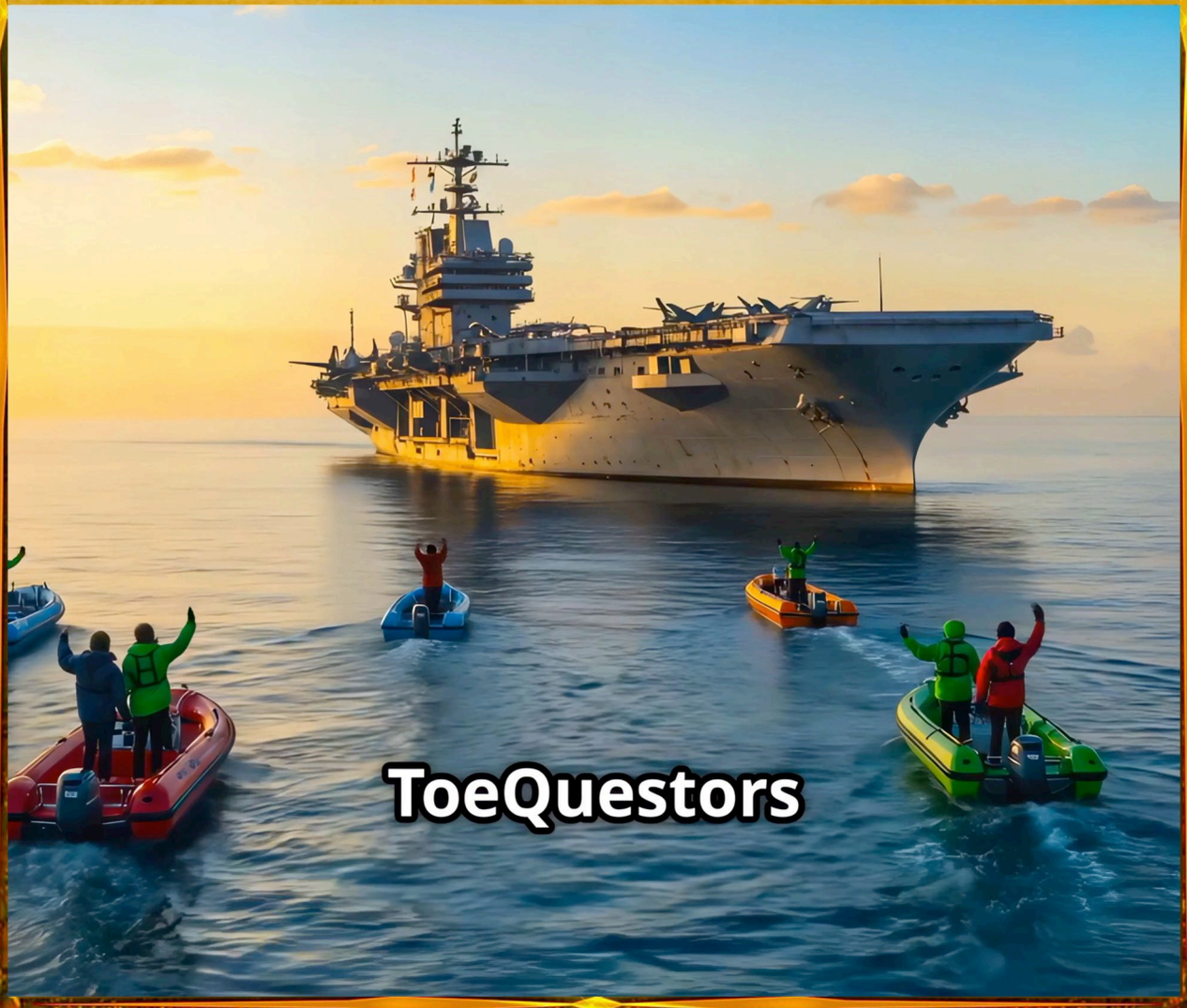


not much happen. Give you surprise boat excitement as gift, plus it more secure way. I go down with ship, swim to bridge hatch. Be sure use suntan oil provide or stay canopy. Save world. Bye."

"So long, farewell, adieu," the Captain said,
As ToeQuestors all waved with lifted head.
Then off they sailed in slightly different paths,
Brad seeking scripts for path that lay ahead.

"So long. Fare thee well. Au revoir. Bon jour. Toot-a-loo. Nice know you. Have enjoy. Be well. Gonesville." The ToeQuestors Austin, Rascal, Brad Pitt, Fredrick, and Profpat all waved goodbye and headed off together, eventually following their differing headings off into their slightly diverging directions. Brad Pitt asked for direction and a script, but found out that he'd have to wing it through real life now.

Throughout the day the ocean spray refreshed,
Their cruisers throbbed with power, forward pressed.



But when the day was done, the sun plunged down,
Like weighted stone to darkness' waiting breast.

The ocean spray was exhilarating and cooling throughout the day, and the cruisers really moved along, throbbing with power, but, at the end of the day, the tropical sun plummeted like a ten trillion pound stone.

The moon not risen, darkness reigned supreme,
They found themselves within night's darkest dream.
Enveloped by an absence deep of light,
More black than coal bins where no lanterns gleam.

The moon wasn't up yet, and so they were all soon enveloped by the absence of light, and thus were absorbed into the overwhelming nothingness of the darkest night that they had ever known since looking for a black cat in a coal bin in a dark basement during a power outage.

Above them, fire consumed the stars with might;
Below them, Earth turned ceaseless in the night;



Within them, wordless dreams their souls possessed;
Around them, blackness poured on waves alight.

Above them, fires burned the stars away; Below them, the Earth turned under their feet; Within them, unworded dreams haunted their souls; Around them, night poured blackness on the waves.

Excitement drove their course through darkness vast,
Their dopamine in wild abundance cast.
They paused to view the stars with newfound awe,
As ne'er before through cosmic veils they passed.

Still excited, their dopamine systems running wild, they strove on, each on their own course, stopping often to view the stars as they'd never ever seen them before.

In silence deep, they gazed at stellar light
That pierced the utter darkness of the night.
New thoughts now sparkled in their joined minds,
As Cosmos played its rhythm, pure and bright.



All was so very quiet when they paused to star gaze. Starlight stabbed the utter darkness of night, causing many new ideas to wink and form in their joined minds as sparkling thoughts lit from the universal flame, as all the while the Cosmos played rhythm to their merged and singing souls;

For from the void where endless darkness reigned,
Came starlight whence humanity obtained
Its flash of being through evolution's lens,
The white light into rainbows brightly strained.

for, out there, deep in the vast darkroom of the seemingly endless void, came the star light from which the human race had flashed into being. Like a prismatic lens, human evolution via natural selection had strained the white lights of the 'eternity' of the stars into the amazing rainbows of their minds and selves.

These stars were home's bright fires calling clear,
Beckoning toward mysteries drawing near.

Rascal faxed across the flowing seas:
"We're magic lanterns in space's frontier."

These stars were the fires of home, beckoning the Toe-Questors toward the mysteries of the unknown. Rascal sent out a fax, enjoying posting over the ocean, "We are magic lanterns shining in the field of space."

An answer came: "From light that never dies!"
Then: "We're creation's smile 'neath cosmic skies,
The universe's joy made manifest."
"In us the Cosmos lives," their words comprise.

An answer came back: "From the light that never dies!" Then, "We are the smile of being, the joy of the universe's creation." And, "In us the Cosmos itself has come alive. It has reached consciousness from its primordial matter and energy."

"The Milky Way's great backbone braces high,
Upon some distant spiral arm we lie.

**We've reached our goal! From stardust, life emerged,
Though but one beat of timeless heart we sigh."**

"The backbone of the Milky Way braces the sky." "We are on some far out and distant spiral arm." "We have arrived! We are life from stardust!" "But we live but for but one of eternity's heartbeats."

**"To time and death and stars we owe our all,
From stars our help arrives at every call.
The stars create the matter, hence they shine,
Their light our origin, both great and small."**

"We owe all that we are to time, death, and the stars. Truly from the stars cometh our help. Stars are the creators of matter; this is why they shine." "The stars' light is the origin of our being, the source of our matter, energy, everything."

**"Eternal, reassuring, and unquenched,
Our speechless soul, our mainspring never wrenched.**

**Blake asked what fiery depths of distant space
Birthed spirit's fire and eye's gleam entrenched."**

"Permanent, reassuring, unquenchable; it's our speechless soul, our self-winding mainspring." Blake wrote, "In what far and fiery depths of space burnt the fire of your spirit? In what distant star was born the gleam in your eye?"

**"Matter and energy dance as one,
The void pulsates, its rhythm never done.
A field pervades all space immeasurable,
From which all particles must be begun."**

"Energy and matter are interrelated. The void pulsates in an endless sequence, for a field is present throughout space immense, out of which all particles must condense, occurring where the field's extremely intense."

**"Atoms are bundles, knots in spatial weave,
Yet matter shapes space's structure, we perceive.**

Again the Yin in Yang, and Yang in Yin!
This paradox our minds must now receive."

"Atoms are energy bundles. They are knots in the fabric of space. Yet, matter defines the structure of space." "Again, the Yin is in the Yang, and vice versa!"

"A theory once I had: from nothing sprung
The paired energies that creation stung.
Positive turned to matter's vibrant form,
While gravity from negative was wrung."

"I had a theory once: perhaps from out of nothing came the paired pluses and minuses of energy. The positive energy became matter, while the negative matter became gravity, negative because it takes a force, positive energy, to hold objects apart which are attracted by the negative force of gravity."

"When recombined, all energies sum nil
From nothing came our souls to climb time's hill!

And back to nothing we must yet return,
Though pluses rain from Heaven's fount until."

"So, when recombined, all energies still add up to nothing." "That's ingenious. So, from nothing was written our account! And back to nothing we will still have to amount! Ah, but in between those two parentheses, the pluses rain on us from Heaven's fount!"

"The stars remain as love-lamps burning bright,
Eternity's good works that pierce the night.
Though one day they will fade when time prevails,
Till then they'll paint our ashes with their light."

"The stars remain, for now, as Eternity's love-lamps, representing our good works and deeds, which even the fathomless night cannot quench. Perhaps one day, at the end of forever, the stars too will die and grow cold when time conquers all; but, as long as they live, they will shine and radiate the hues that paint the colors of our ashes reborn again on the phoenix wings of time."

“I thank the ninjas for this ocean ride;
My fears at first I could not fully hide.”
“Hear, hear!” they all replied with one accord,
As gratitude flowed strong on every side.

“I thank the ninjas for this boating experience; I was a little worried at first.” “Hear, hear!” they all replied. And finally,

Look at the stars in darkness’ deepest night;
Hold fast their flames within your mind’s clear sight.
Their power flows, your spirit energized
From Eternal Charger; you see the light!

“Look at the stars in the depths of the night;
Hold their flames in your mind, keeping them bright.
Their power flows, energizing you from
The Eternal Charger; you see the light!”

Soul unto soul, stars whispered, “I’m the light,
Thy spirit’s sight, a beauty bold and bright,

Inspiration from darkest night revealed,
A newborn star aglow with true insight.”

“Soul to soul, stars said to me, ‘I’m the light,
Thy spirit’s sight, a beauty bold and bright,
An inspiration come from darkest night,
A newborn star aglow with insight.’”

From heaven’s stars my dust eternal came;
Time’s seas have nurtured me in nature’s name.
From time and death and dust I thus became,
By this and thus and that I’ll end the same.

“From heaven’s stars came my dust eterne;
Time’s seas nurtured thee and thine in turn.
From time, death, and dust I thus became,
And by this, thus, and that I must return.”

From endless deep and black eternal space,
Nature’s soil awoke me from sleep’s grace,

Saw me bud and flower, thrive and die;
Then laid me back to rest in death's embrace.

"From that black and endless eternal deep,
Nature's fertile soil woke me out of sleep,
Saw me bud, flower, leaf, strive, and die;
Then lays me back to rest, my soul to keep."

Oh source of mine, whence came this life so dear?
I thank thee for this living wine so clear.
Oh Nature, Father Time, and Guiding Star,
Thanks for this earthly lifeline drawing near.

"Oh thee, of thine, whence came this life of mine?
I wish to thank thee for this living wine.
Oh Nature, Father Time, Guiding Star,
Thanks for throwing me this earthly lifeline."

Life is a web of questions interlaced,
Stretched between eternal boughs well-placed.

Gossamer threads hold beads that gleam with light,
Each moment a sequence of "nows" embraced.

"Life is a web of whos, whys, whats, and how's
Stretched in time between eternal boughs.
Gossamer threads hold the beads that glisten,
Each minute a sequence of instant nows."

"Hey, Austin," Rascal faxed across the deep,
"Where is your home, what ZIP code do you keep?"
"12570." "Wow, I'm at 12569!
We're neighbors, yet this secret we did keep."

"'Hey, Austin,' faxed Rascal, 'Where are you from?' 'Zip 12570.' 'Wow, I'm at 12569. We're neighbors; we live next door to each other and we never even knew it.'"

"I'll be amazed," said Rascal with delight,
"I thought I saw you once, a fleeting sight,
While getting mail or on your speeding bike."
Their laughter echoed through the starry night.



(Austin's house) (Town boundary) (Rascal's house)



"I'll be darned, Rascal; I thought I saw you once when you out were picking up your snail mail, and maybe another time when you were riding your bike really fast."

The ancient travelers of the sky looked down—
Orion, Leo, Gemini's renown—
And smiled upon the brave ToeQuestors' sleep,
As Death's fair brother held them, peace their crown.

The ancient travelers of the sky, among them Orion, Leo, and Gemini, smiled down at the ToeQuestors who had bravely stared death in the face, those who were now in the arms of Death's fair brother, sleep, calm and secure in his embrace. Good thoughts filled their dreams.

Old voyagers once sought amidst the stars
An oasis in space, beyond Mars' bars,
Where fountains sprayed and flowers ever bloomed,
A paradise called Earth, beyond all scars.

Other ancient travelers had probably hoped that among

the many lights that danced in the sky that some oasis in space awaited them somewhere out there, a world where flowers bloomed and fountains sprayed, a paradise called Earth to glorify, a world of boundless beauty and grace that had no equal, anytime or anyplace.

The sky our father, nature is our dame,
And we their progeny of hallowed name,
Born from Heaven's conception here on Earth,
The be-all and the end-all of life's flame.

"Well, the sky is our father, nature our mother, and we the progeny, born from the conception of Heaven on Earth, the be all and the end all, for Earth IS actually the perfect place,"

Earth balanced is by sadness and by smile,
By life and death, by sun and flood's deep guile,
By truth and doubt, by plenty and by drought—
You can't have one without the other's wile.

"a world balanced by sadness and smile, life and death, night and day, sun and flood, give and take, truth and doubt, plenty and drought, good and evil, for, you can't have the one without the other,"

So Earth, just as it is, stands best of all,
Among all worlds that answer cosmic call.
How else could it be? We have survived,
The universe for us prevents our fall.

"a world in which everything works and has a role, be it bacteria or decay; and, therefore, Earth, just the way it is, is truly the best of all possible worlds. How else could it be? We exist, and so the universe is favorable for us here, in the general sense."

In rain or shine, we navigate alone,
The sky can't grant both wishes fully grown—
Rain for farmer's crops and sun for wedding feast,
Such dual blessings never can be shown.

“In the specifics of rain or shine, we are on our own. The sky cannot give, at the same time, rain to the farmer’s crops and sun to the wedding across the street.”

Earth seems so rare as many stars burn bright
But could not sustain our fragile mortal might.
In our own system, planets boil or freeze,
As useless wastelands void of life’s delight.

“The Earth seems rare, as many stars could not sustain us. Even in our own solar system, the other planets boil or gas away as useless wastelands.”

Fredrick woke before the dawn’s first glow,
Surprised by searchlight on horizon low.
He nearly sent a fax, but ‘twas bright Venus,
Goddess of love, whose passion ever flows.

Fredrick awoke before dawn, surprised at what looked like the searchlight of a large ship on the horizon, and almost sent out a fax, but it was the third brightest light of the sky, Venus, rising, the Goddess of love, passion, and compassion. The moon rose, too, near her.

Rascal gazed at moon and Venus high,
Their rare conjunction in the morning sky.
He sent a fax: “I hear them speaking clear,
Their voices cross the void, celestial cry.”

Rascal lay back, and looked at the conjunction of the moon with Venus. He sent out a fax, “I can hear them speaking, and they each other, too, for they are unusually close. Listen.”

The moon, cold reason’s force, spoke logic’s tongue:
“Quench thy fire, fool, lest all be undone,
The heavens and ourselves might be destroyed.”
Venus answered, passion freshly sprung:

The moon, representing cold chaste reason, said to Venus, with logic cool “Quench thy inner fire, fool, lest it destroy us, and all the heavens along with it.”

“I only know WHAT I feel, not the WHY!
So I must rule!” Her words cut through the sky.
“Don’t confuse me with feelings,” moon declared.
“Don’t cloud me with your facts,” came her reply.

Venus, a passionate lady, answered, “I only know WHAT I feel, not WHY! So, I must be the one to rule!” “Don’t confuse me with feelings,” said the moon. “And don’t you confuse me with facts,” said Venus.

“We can’t always each other understand,”
The moon admitted after reason’s stand.
“You have feelings beyond my grasp complete,
I have reasons your heart cannot command.”

“I guess we can’t always understand each other,” the moon finally admitted after a long pause, having reasoned it out. “You have feelings that I could never understand. I have reasons that you could never feel.”

“Let’s try our best to temper one another,
And take it from that point, like sister, brother.
Otherwise, some choices would lack heart,”
Said Venus, seeking peace, not further bother.

“Let us try our best to temper each other, and then let’s take it from there.” “Otherwise, some of your decisions would be heartless,” said Venus.”

“And sometimes your acts will defy all sense,”
The moon replied with mild, gentle defense.
“But I’ll still do WHAT feels right,” Venus claimed,
“Though sometimes you may tell me WHY, from hence.”

“And sometimes your actions will be illogical,” answered the moon. “But I’ll still do WHAT I feel is right,” said Venus, “and sometimes you can tell me WHY, although it may not always matter.”

“We’ll work together,” said the moon with grace,
“Peace be with you across the starry space.

**Perhaps I start to grasp this thing called feeling,
Perhaps emotions hold a rightful place."**

"'OK,' said the moon, 'we'll try to work together. Peace to you. Perhaps I am beginning to understand this thing called feeling. Perhaps, emotions do play a large role in the making of decisions.'"

**The fiery lover of Venus, the sun,
Rose ever near to her, day now begun.
The ToeQuestors brought their breakfast forth,
Their quest renewed, their vigor freshly spun.**

"Venus's fiery lover, the sun, soon rose, ever near to her, while the ToeQuestors down below brought out some eggs, bacon, and sausage from their fridges, and had breakfast, their vigor renewed, the quest continuing ever onward toward Everything that ever was and may be."

**Life is a cosmic dance of energy,
From underlying chance born wild and free.**



We're steeped in matter's universal beat;
Thus must we join the dance eternally.

"Life's a continual cosmic energy dance, From some ultimate underlying happenstance. We're immersed in matter's universal rhythm; Therefore, we must all participate in the dance."

Purest moonlight fell to evil's hand,
As darkness swirled, a black and drifting sand
That drank the silver beam from heaven's cup,
Till moon shone no more across the land.

"Purest moonlight fell into the wrong hand, As Evil swirled 'round, a drifting black sand That drank the silvery beam from the cup, Till the moon shone no more across the land."

The primrose drank not from the lunar well,
Until the sun, from earthly depths of hell,
Exposed the dark, outshone it, sent it down
To caves where only lurking shadows dwell.



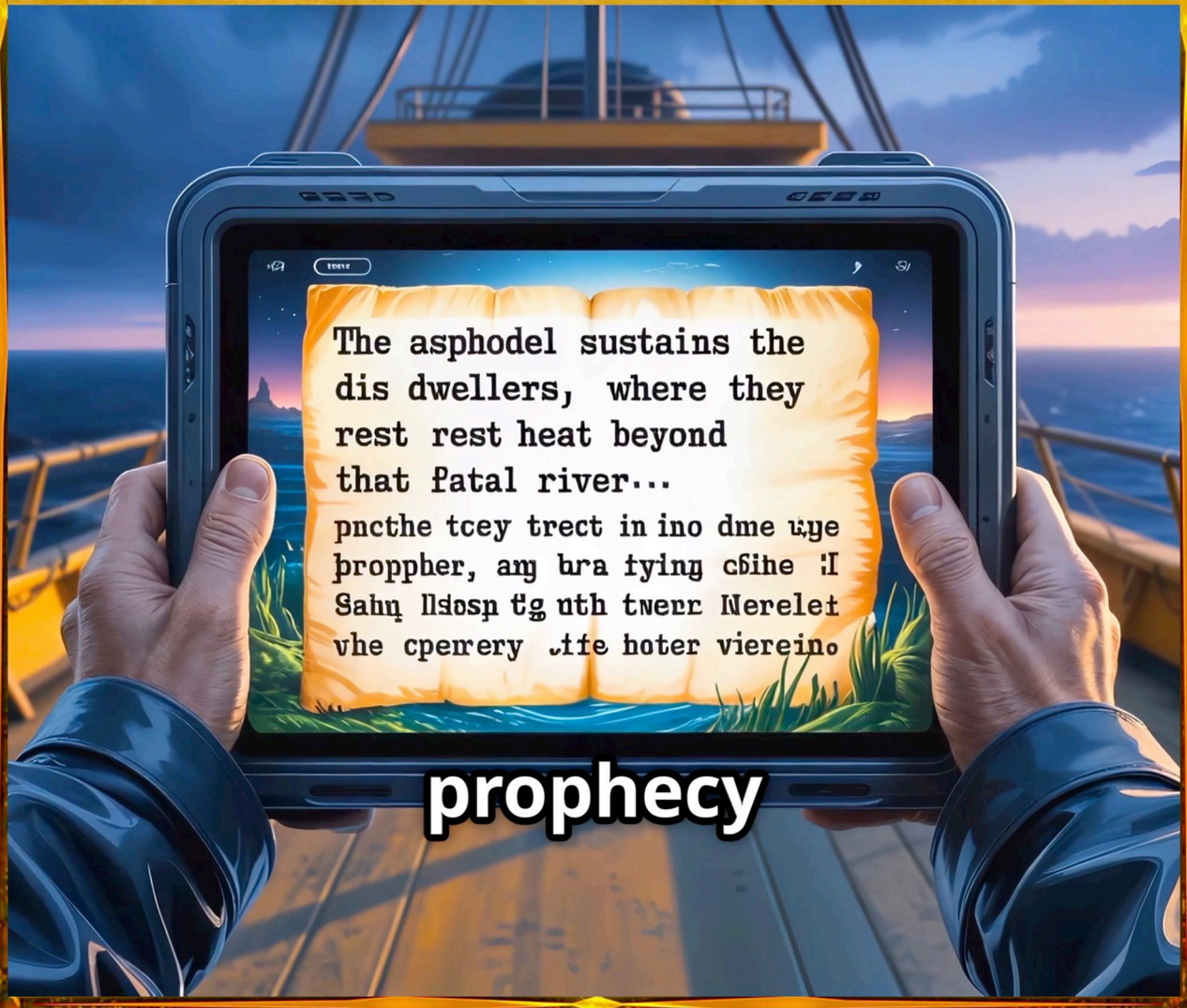
“So the primrose drank not of the moon’s well,
Until the sun, rising from earthly hell,
Exposed evil, outshone it, and sent it
To caves and under rocks, where shadows dwell.”

**The ToeQuestors sailed the Pacific wide,
Their journey’s final stretch on ocean tide.
The second twilight fell with somber tone,
As they recalled a prophecy supplied:**

The ToeQuestors were out in the Pacific somewhere, on the last leg of their journey. The second day’s caress of twilight unto the night was somewhat more somber for them, for they reviewed the CMBR trip’s intercepted prophecy of the most probable future, a tale encrypted in biblical language, entitled:

The End of the World Envisioned

**Asphodel sustains Dis-dwelling souls,
Beyond the fatal river where time rolls.**



There wretched shades drink deep forgetfulness,
And sink to sweet oblivion's dark goals.

The Asphodel sustains the Dis dwellers,
Where they rest beyond that fatal river—
There the wretched shades drink forgetfulness,
And to oblivion sink without distress.

Fireweed grows from Hell's sulfurous flame,
And Purple Loosestrife—fingers dead men claim;
But wildflower air revives the fallen ones,
That happy souls may walk the Earth again.

Fireweed grows from Hell's sulfurous embers,
As does Purple Loosestrife—dead men's fingers;
But wildflower air revives the dead—and then
Those happy souls can thrive on Earth again.

Charon, withered, skeletal, and wan,
Yet grateful for immortal life that shone,



Ferried the dead across the river Styx
From life to death, a passage undergone.

Charon was withered, wan, and skeletal, although eternally grateful for his immortal life and steady job of ferrying the dead across the river Styx in their transition from life to death.

Earth was the only planet he had found
With higher life so promising, profound.
He grew fond of its children, though he saw
Just worst of them, where darkness did abound.

As Earth was the only planet he'd come across with such promising higher life forms, he had become rather fond of its inhabitants, even though he saw only the worst of them; but even from that he could extrapolate to the qualities of the best.

He did his job with skill, professional,
Though dreary with the darkness funeral,




Earth


them;

The gloomy skies of wasted lives and hopes,
For all around was leaden, gray, and dull.

Charon did his job well, professionally, although it was ever so dreary with the darkness of wasted lives and the grim and gloomy skies, for his surroundings always had that same gray and leaden look and feel. He ferried on, though, for his life was precious to him.

The nearly dead spoke little on their way,
What could they tell of lives now turned to clay?
So Charon prompted not, but served with grace,
Most courteous and kind at ending day.

The soon-to-be really really dead never said much, for what what there to tell after a empty life that had now turned to regret; so, Charon did not prompt them, for this was not the thing to do at the time of their passing, and so he was always most courteous and kind to them all, even to the most evil of the darkest, doing his job well as well as he could.




so
dreary

Not fear of Pluto made him serve with care,
But clarity of purpose, true and rare,
A testament to character refined,
That honored every soul in death's dark lair.

It was not that Charon was afraid that his undersized master of the underworld, Pluto, might be watching, but that he had the extreme clarity to duly serve the task at hand, a testament to his character.

Alarmed was he of late by swelling throngs,
Hellish souls by millions rowed along.
But he had seen such rushes once before,
From planets consumed by disasters strong.

Charon had been much alarmed lately, what with the increased numbers of the hellish souls-to-be climbing into the millions in such a short time, but he had been through this kind of rush before, with the doomed and damned of many other planets that had been consumed by their suns or had undergone other such catastrophes.

He used large boats and never hurried pace,
For he had all Eternity's embrace.
Though sadness filled his heart, he showed it not,
Even when Earth's numbers grew apace.

He just used larger boats and took his time, for he had all of Eternity. Of course, Charon could and did feel deep sadness, but he didn't show it outwardly, even when the numbers from Earth increased a thousand-fold again.

A few souls had enough strength left to speak,
So Charon learned of Earth's conditions bleak.
In 2021, the ice began to melt,
Flooding coastal cities, havoc wreak.

A few of the now billions of depressed Earthling souls had enough energy left to mumble a few words, and so he was able to glean from them the latest happenings on Earth. In 2021, the predicted exponential surge of melting ice from global warming had quickly inundated the coastal cities, many of them large centers of population and commerce."


leaden



All who could retreated far inland,
The largest exodus across the land.
Millions died as heat rose past endure,
And infrastructure crumbled, none could stand.

Everyone who could make it had to retreat inland, creating the largest mass exodus in history. Millions died. As the heat rose to unbearable levels, many had begun living in basements, as Earth's infrastructure began its collapse.

Millions fled to north, to colder earth,
To Canada and Siberia's worth.
But when ice caps melted fully through,
The great North Ocean formed, with deadly birth.

Millions eventually headed north towards Canada and Siberia, but had to retreat in a few years when the ice caps totally melted and formed the great Ocean of the North. Most did not make it. No one but the ignored physicist mathematicians had predicted that the end could come into sight so quickly



Then came the dreaded polar shift of doom,
That made all warming seem a minor gloom.
Earth thrashed with storms beyond all memory,
As chaos swallowed all within its womb.

Then came the dreaded polar shift that made global warming seem but a small note, compared to this new and Darker Symphony. The Earth was thrashed with storms the likes of which it had never seen.

Electricity failed across all lands,
Save few nuclear zones with brief commands.
None could drive on melting roads and tires,
Vehicles sank in asphalt's liquid strands.

Electricity was completely out all over the world, but for a few nuclear powered areas, that didn't last. No one could drive very far, even on their last tank of gas, for the roads had melted, along with the tires of the vehicles, and if the vehicles paused, they'd find themselves mired in the meltdown of the asphalt.



Food would scarcely grow in gardens parched,
As dire need the populations starched.
When heat rose past one-forty's deadly mark,
All growth had ceased, and famine forward marched.

Food would no longer grow very well, even in once lush gardens, in the amounts that were needed, and as the heat rose into the 140s plant growth ceased altogether, although a new but rare and expensive form of food pill extended life for some of the rich for a short while.

Charon had seen such ends on worlds before,
From other solar systems' distant shore.
But Earthlings held a special charm and hope
Above all alien races gone of yore.

Charon, had, of course, seen much of this kind of thing before, from the other solar systems and galaxies on which life had formed, but Earthlings seemed to have a special charm and hope above and beyond the other alien races;



He rowed and ferried, placed them on far strand,
His job eternal in this joyless land—
A shore with neither color, hope, nor mirth,
Upon the edge where all oblivion planned.

so he rowed and ferried and deposited them on the far shore, his job and life forever continuing in a place with no color, no joy, and no future—on the shore of the land on the edge of oblivion.

Compassion filled his depths, though passengers
Might think him stoic in his labors.
A sign upon the distant shore warned clear:
‘Abandon Hope All Ye Who Enter Here.’

Charon had depths of compassion, but many of his passengers might have thought him stoic, although they were mostly beyond the capability. A sign on the opposite shore said, ‘Abandon Hope All Ye Who Enter Here’.

Billions more arrived in gray domain,



As Charon learned that madness or disdain
Had caused a nuclear winter, Earth-wide spread,
A deep freeze few escaped—all hope was vain.

Billions more arrived in the gray land all too soon, and Charon learned that either madness or desperation on Earth had caused a nuclear winter all over the planet, bringing on a deep freeze that few could escape. Perhaps they were trying to combat the ultimate heat, which would have been but a cool breeze in Hell. The polar shift had greatly added to the depth of the freeze.

Some chilled passengers still spoke their mind,
Longing for Hell's warmth they hoped to find.
Charon, steadfast, rowed on through misery,
His strength to others' suffering not blind.

A few of Charon's still speaking but chilled customers even expressed a longing for the warmth of Hades. Charon, stalwart and reliable, rowed on steadily, steeling himself to the misery.



At last the masses slowed to drips and drabs,
Then years passed by with no arriving cabs.
A lone man then appeared upon the shore,
Charon approached, breaking customs' slabs.

Finally the arriving masses slowed and dwindled to a few dribs and drabs over a few years and then there was no one for several years. A lone man then appeared on the shore near the ferry dock and Charon approached the man, something he had never done before, for the man looked very lively.

They talked at length, the man so full of life,
Not like the wretched souls of endless strife.
"How comes it," Charon asked with puzzled brow,
"That you seem good, yet Death has claimed your life?"

They had a long and hearty talk, for the man was animated and not at all like any of the other wretched souls. "How is it," inquired Charon, "'hat you are full of life and seem to be a good man, but have been sent here?"



“I am not bad in any way,” he said,
“In Heaven’s realm my soul was lately fed.
My love was sent to you—a suicide—
I chose this place to keep my promise dread.”

“I am not a bad person in any way,’ the man replied. Actually, I just spent some time in Heaven. I found out that my sweetheart was sent to you for she was a suicide and so was destined here; however, I had promised to be with her forever, so I chose this place over Heaven out of my love.”

“Extraordinary,” Charon did exclaim,
“Earth had good souls among its fires of flame.
Did you reach space? Will humankind live on
After your Earth bids farewell to its name?”

“Extraordinary,” exclaimed Charon. “I knew the Earth had a few good men and women; I’ve not seen very many clues of that elsewhere in the universe. Did you colonize space? Will your species continue and flourish after your Earth bids farewell?”

“I fear not,” said the man with saddened voice,
“Too many wars left us with little choice.
Our space programs were greatly thus delayed.”
“A shame,” said Charon, mourning lost rejoice.

“I’m afraid not,’ replied the man, for too many needless wars intervened and this greatly delayed our space program.” “A shame,” said Charon, “but is there any hope left on Earth, I mean, are there any others about?”

“Is there still hope on Earth? Do some survive?”
“I am the last,” the man’s words did arrive.
The first tear in all Charon’s endless years
Rolled down his cheek, where grief now came alive.

“I am the last,” answered the man answered slowly. The first tear of Charon’s long life rolled down his cheek. Nothing had ever made him cry before: nothing had ever made him weep.

The yachting ToeQuestors sighted land
On morning of third day with rising hand.

Eight islands large, amidst a hundred small,
The Sandwich Isles stood proud above the sand.







The yachting ToeQuestors cheerfully sighted land on the morning of the third day, a string of eight large islands, among hundreds of little ones strewn about. They were once called the Sandwich Islands, and had been populated long ago by wind, wave, and wings.

Rascal's course took him past the largest isle,
Hawaii called, where volcanoes compile
The greatest mountain measured from sea floor.
He noted Mauna Loa's sleeping pile.

Rascal's heading took him past the largest and still growing island, called the Big Isle, passing to the north of it, this island being the largest mountain on earth as measured from the ocean floor. He noted the two gargantuan, but ever gentle, volcanoes, called Mauna Loa and Kilauea, and swept on past six more islands.

Profpat's route led to surfer's paradise,
On venerated shore where waves entice
With fearsome power breaking o'er the reef.
He rode ashore on swells of vast device.





Profpat's route took him to the surfer's paradise on the venerated north shore of the most populated island that was known as 'The Gathering Place'. The waves there were of the most fearsome intensity ever to break across a coral



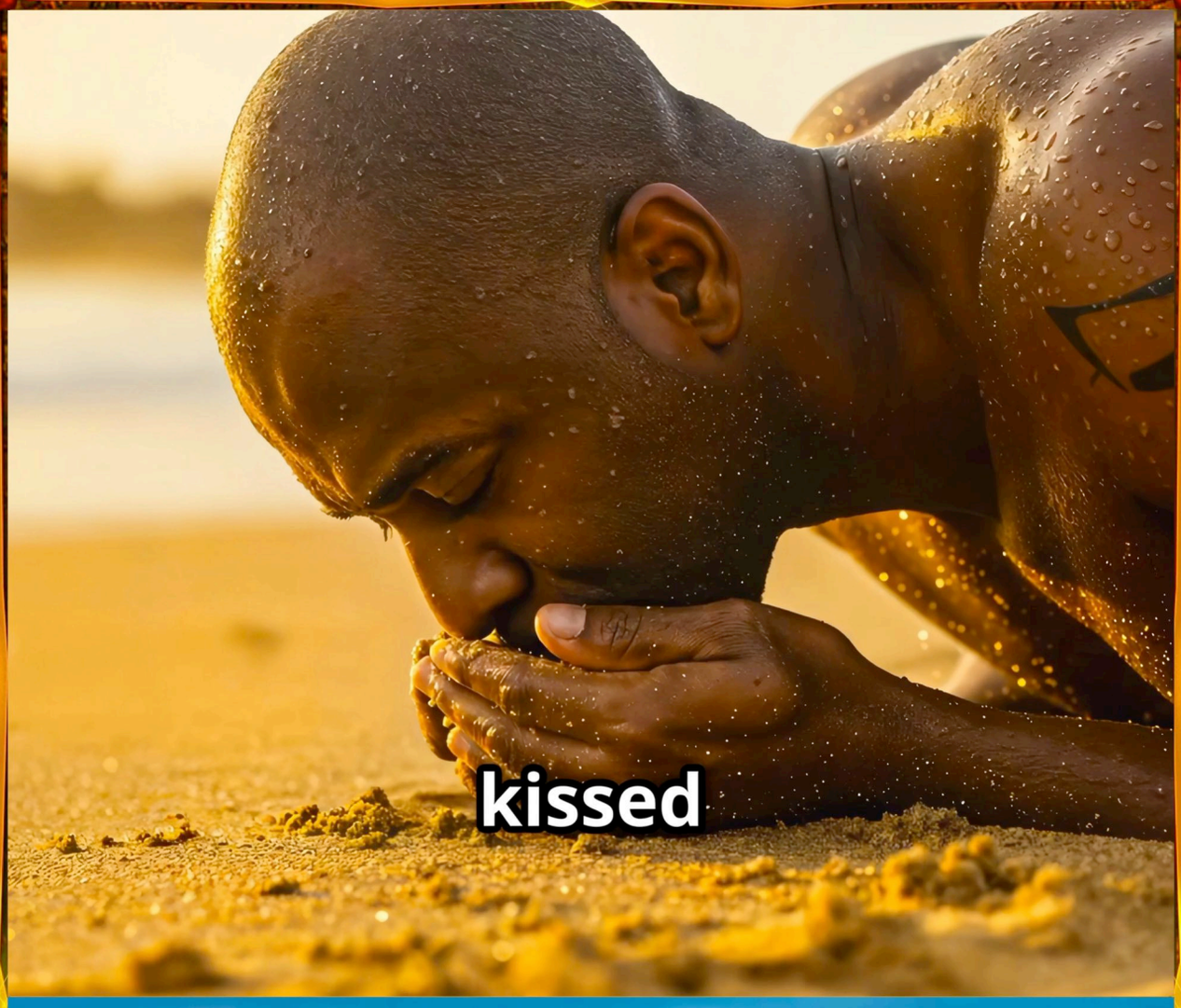
reef. He roared ashore on one of the larger swells and was quickly surrounded by well-tanned, three-looped string-bikini girls. He got out and kissed the sand.

String-bikini girls soon gathered round,
He kissed the sand with joy profound.
Fredrick's course took him southward, circling wide,
Where whales made waves with frolicking unbound.

Profpat's route took him to the surfer's paradise on the venerated north shore of the most populated island that was known as 'The Gathering Place'. The waves there were of the most fearsome intensity ever to break across a coral reef. He roared ashore on one of the larger swells and was quickly surrounded by well-tanned, three-looped string-bikini girls. He got out and kissed the sand.

He landed by a quiet volcano's side,
Home of fire-god Pele's ancient pride,
Whose tears as diamonds in the crater gleamed.
Austin's path between five islands plied.




kissed


them,





“Fredrick’s course took him south around The Big Island and onward past four more, during which he noted the whales frolicking and spawning and making large waves.

He landed on the sixth island, next to an extinct volcano whose profile was well known. Therein lay the home of Pele, the fire god, his tears left behind as diamonds in the crater.”

Graybeard passed a bay on island six,
Where sailors lay entombed, fifteen hundred fixed.
Rascal sent a fax: “What was that wonder,
That monolith where volcanic heights do mix?”

Austin’s path curved around in between the first five islands. Graybeard passed a large bay on the sixth, noting a memorial in which 1500 sailors lay entombed. Rascal sent out a fax: “What was that gigantic monolithic volcanic wonder that I passed as first land?”

“That was Hawaii,” Profpat’s words came clear,
“We all have passed it on our journey here.”
“Guess we’re truly not going to Hawaii,”
Sighed Rascal, disappointment drawing near.

“That was Hawaii,” answered Profpat. “We all passed it.”

“Guess we’re really not going to Hawaii,” sighed Rascal.





“Rascal,” faxed Austin, “You still may go there—
Eight islands form Hawaii’s jeweled lair.

The largest bears the name ‘Hawaii’ too,
Where many live near ocean’s salty air.”

“Rascal,” faxed Austin, “You may still go to Hawaii. The state of Hawaii is an archipelago of eight main islands, the largest of which is called Hawaii, on which many live near the ocean, about the volcanoes’ bases, but it’s not highly populated.”

“Like Oahu, it’s Hawaiian land,
As others: Kahoolawe’s bombing sand,
Lanai, a pineapple plantation vast,
And Maui, where tourists increasingly stand.”

“It, like the main island, Oahu, is a county of Hawaii, as are the others: Kahoolawe, once a military bombing range, Lanai, a large Dole pineapple plantation, Maui, another up and coming tourist paradise, home of the Haleakala volcano,”

“There’s Molokai, once leper colony,
And Oahu, ‘Hawaii’ to many’s eye,

Then Kauai, honeymoon's quiet retreat,
Where 'South Pacific' filmed beneath the sky."



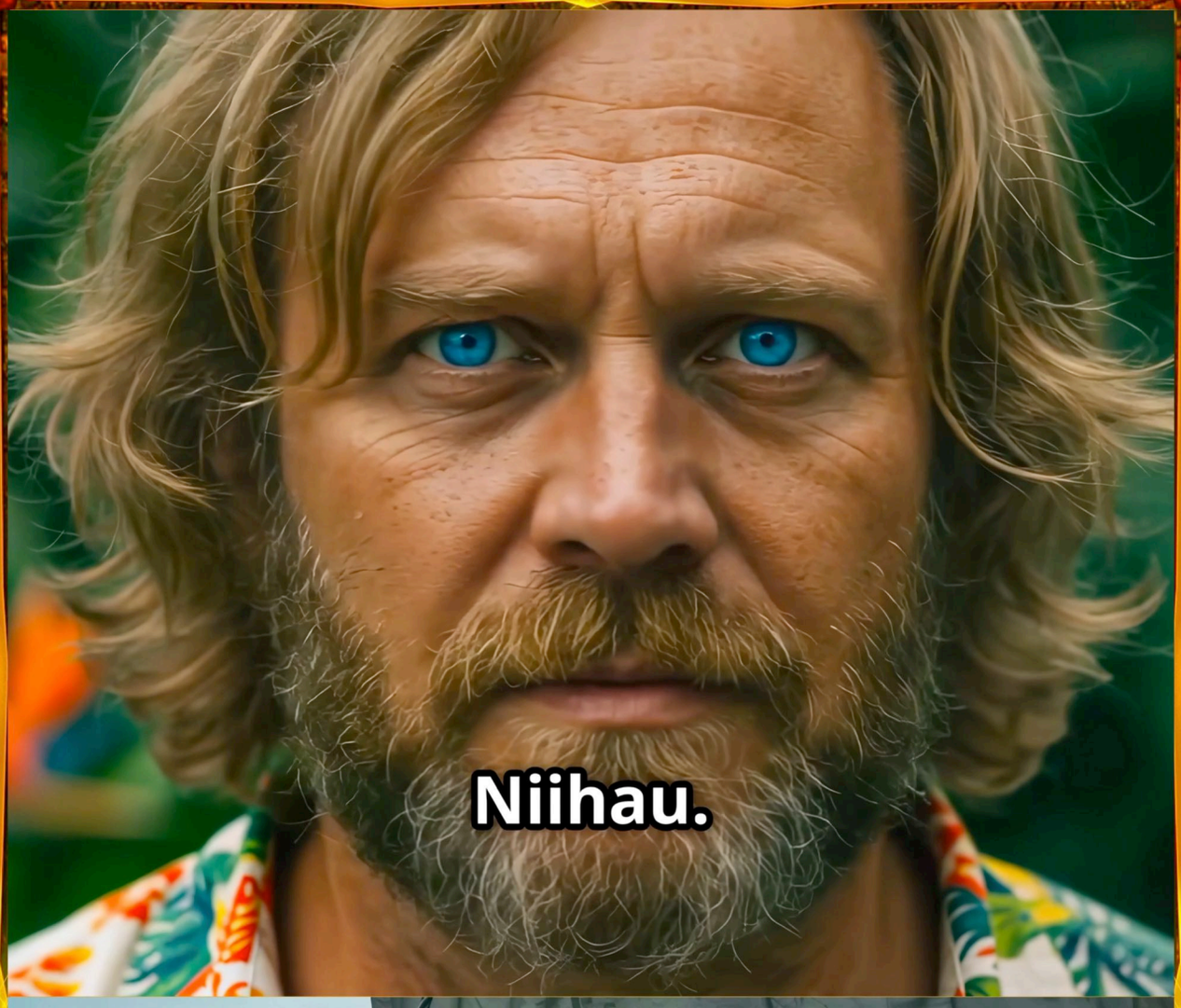
"Molokai, once a leper colony, Oahu, what people think of as 'Hawaii', Kauai, a quiet honeymoon retreat where 'South Pacific' was filmed in the 50's,"

"Last, Niihau, privately owned and banned,
The 'Forgotten Isle' by outsiders unmanned,
For centuries closed to all but a few,
From tourist maps it's often even banned."

"and, finally, Niihau, a privately owned and forbidden mystery island that has been closed to outsiders for centuries, also known as the 'Forgotten Island', and it is even frequently omitted on tourist maps."

"Oh no," said Rascal, "Niihau's my fate."
"Good luck there!" warned Austin. "Guards await."
Profpat danced with the girls for quite some time,
One pulled him to the bushes, passion-sate.

"Uh, oh," answered Rascal, "I'm destined for Niihau." "Good luck getting in there!" advised Austin. Profpat carried on


Niihau.


Graybeard

with the girls for quite awhile, one of whom took him aside into some bushes, and gave him many kisses,

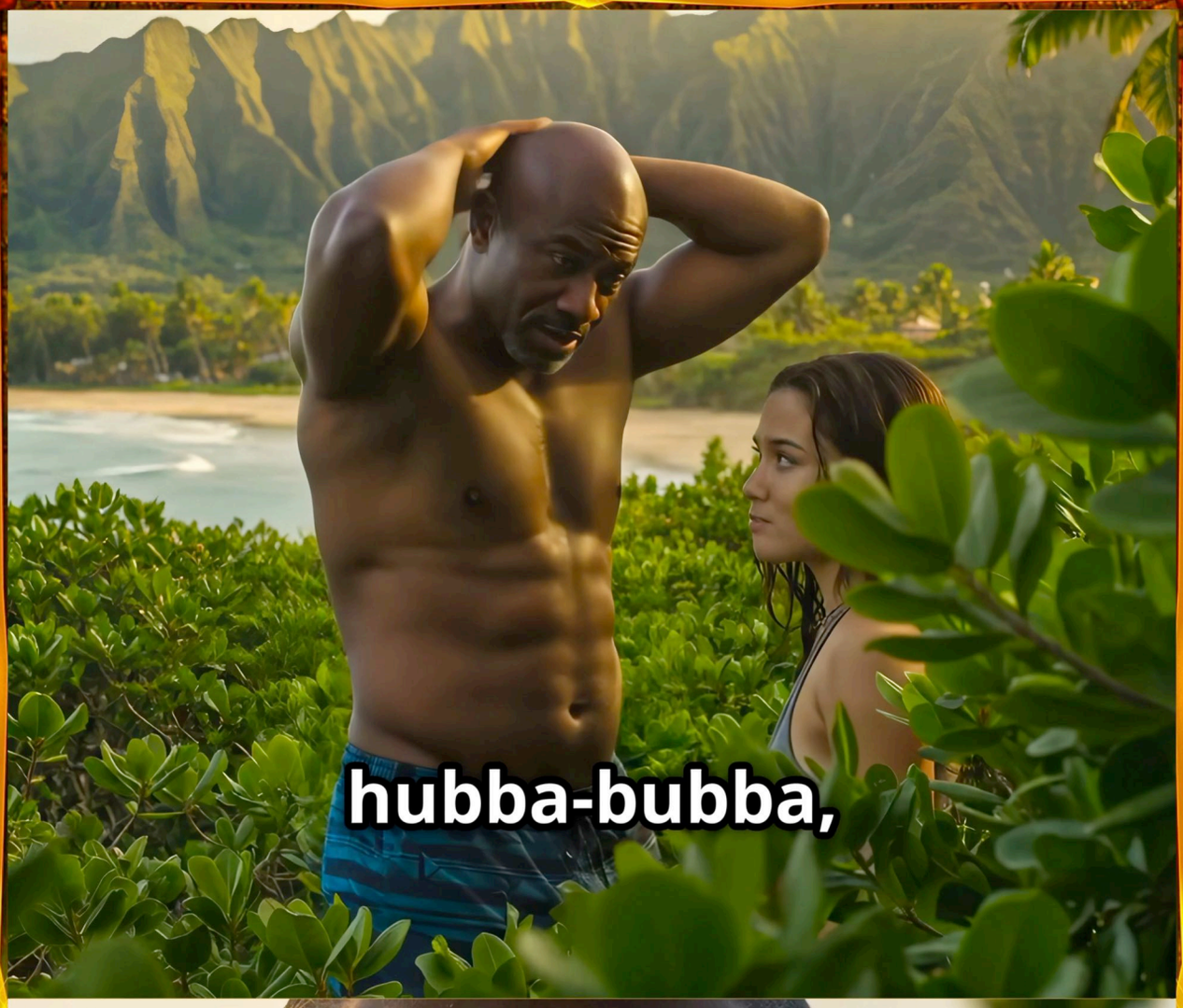


She kissed him many times and gently said,
“Don’t waste your kisses on the sand instead.”
Then asked, “I must check twice: What is your name?”
“Professor—something,” he replied, misled.

she saying, “Don’t waste your kisses on the sand,” and then noted, “I must double check. What is your name?” “I am, um, hubba-bubba, that was good, um, some kind of Professor of something.”

“Named?” “Accounting.” “You’re Professor Math?”
“No, I am Pat—Profpat,” he said with laugh.
“Good! I’ve read your exploits, hero mine!
Here’s map to TOE Research, secret path.”

“Named?” “Accounting.” “You are Professor Accounting?”” No, I am Pat—Profpat.” “Good. I read your exploits; you’re my hero! Here is a map to the TOE Research Center. You’ll like it; it has been greatly upgraded and renovated. Please read and destroy the map now.”


hubba-bubba,


smoke,

“Please read then burn this map without delay.”
“I’ve got it,” Profpat said, smoke curled away.
“Oh, Prof, King of Strings that I adore,
Kiss me farewell until another day.”

“OK, got it,” said Profpat, as the map went up in smoke, along with a cigarette. “Oh, Prof, King of Intertwined Strings that I adore, kiss me a few goodbyes, for now. I shall see you again.”

“Here’s my new book, ‘A Farewell to Arms.’
On robot warfare, free from human harms.”
“Give me your arms already, love!” she cried.
He kissed her countless times with all his charms.

“Here’s a copy of my new book, ‘A Farewell to Arms’. It’s all about future warfare being conducted only by robots.”
“Prof, my love, give me your arms already!” Profpat kissed her about a thousand times and then floated off on his opiate endorphins to rent a Suzuki motorcycle at a road-side hut, after quaffing a few liquid tropical refreshments.






Suzuki


headed


Khrisna

He headed south through the very center of the island, towards the misty Koolau mountain range.

On endorphins high, he rented soon
A Suzuki bike at roadside boon.
South he rode through island's central heart,
Towards misty Koolau's mountain hewn.

Profpat kissed her about a thousand times and then floated off on his opiate endorphins to rent a Suzuki motorcycle at a roadside hut, after quaffing a few liquid tropical refreshments. He headed south through the very center of the island, towards the misty Koolau mountain range.

Fredrick came to shore at Waikiki,
Egyptian lady hailed him royally.
As Pyramid's great King she welcomed him,
With actions like Profpat's lady, freely.

Fredrick came ashore at Waikiki Beach, an Egyptian lady welcoming lady hailing him as the King of the Pyramids,



her actions akin to Profpat's lady.

He viewed the map, then burned it to the air,
Gave her his book with scientific flair:
"Searching for a Tripodomus or
A Pentasaur or Sexagon," with care.

He observed the TOE map, burned it, gave her a copy of his new book, 'Searching for a Tripodomus or a Pentasaur or a Sexagon Because the Eyeclops Has No Depth Perception', and had a breakfast of duck eggs, bacon, and toast, at Smorgy's, sitting outside with the birds that pecked all around at every fallen crumb.

Duck eggs, bacon, toast at Smorgy's came,
As birds pecked crumbs with eager aim.
If East meets West and overlaps with grace,
Then Oahu bears that mingled fame.

He observed the TOE map, burned it, gave her a copy of his new book, 'Searching for a Tripodomus or a Pentasaur




Smorgy's,



or a Sexagon Because the Eyeclops Has No Depth Perception', and had a breakfast of duck eggs, bacon, and toast, at Smorgy's, sitting outside with the birds that pecked all around at every fallen crumb. If ever the twain of the East met West, and even overlapped it, Oahu was the place.

Fredrick roamed Honolulu for a while,
Through Market Place where trees and plants compile
A bazaar of scents and friendly souls.
He chatted with a bird with cheer and smile.

Fredrick explored Honolulu a bit and then passed through The International Market Place, a bazaar that was pretty much built into the trees and large plants. Overwhelmed by the scents, sights, and the friendliness of the people that was so lacking in other countries, Fredrick sat down on a bench and talked to everyone, and even to a chatty bird for a while,

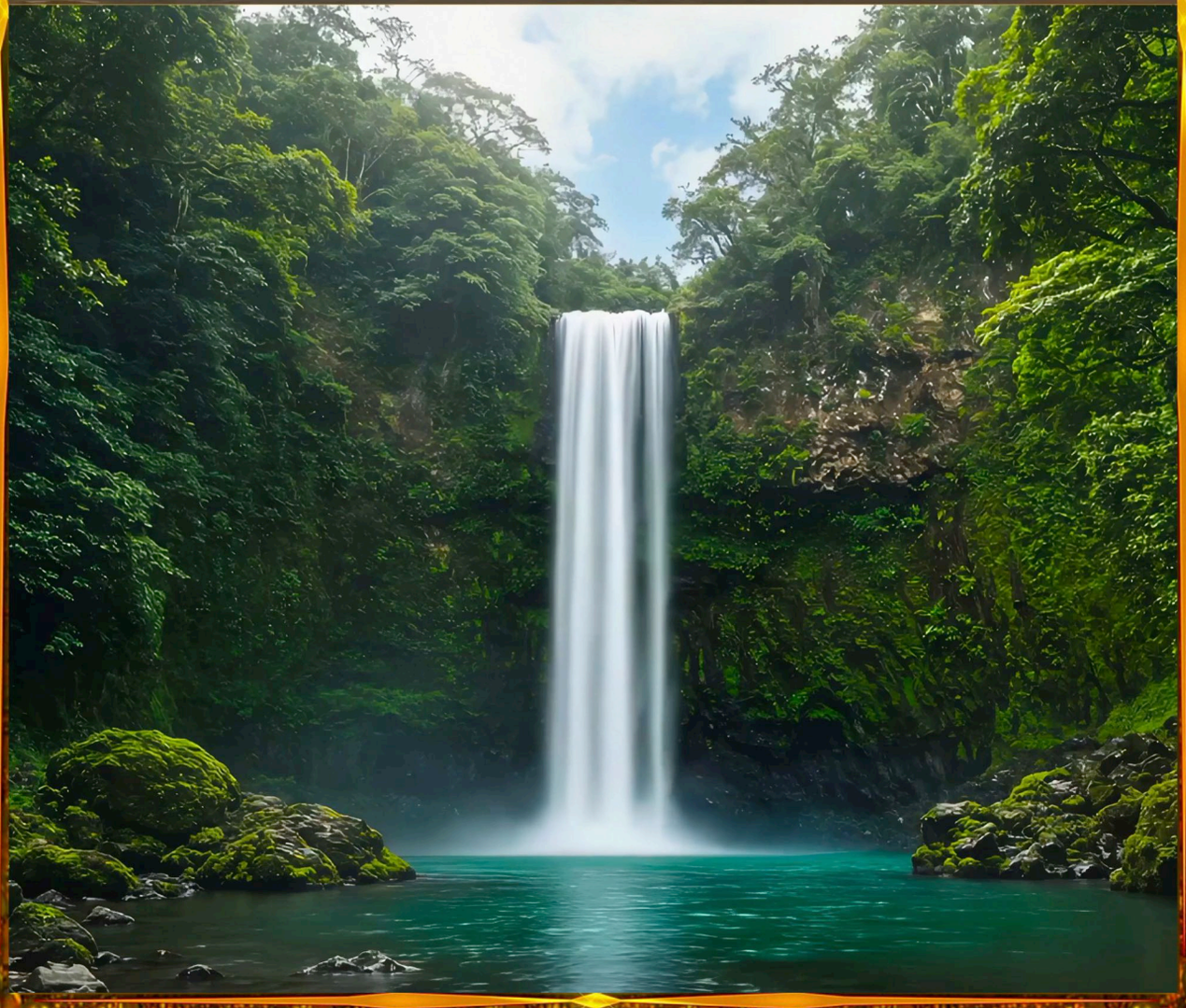
He rented then a Bridgestone motorcycle,
Drove along Ali Wai canal's quick file,




Honolulu


bird


Bridgestone



Then northward to mysterious Manoa,
The valley shrouded in green jungle's guile.

then rented a Bridgestone motorcycle and drove off along the Ali Wai canal, and headed north towards the mysterious Manoa Valley.

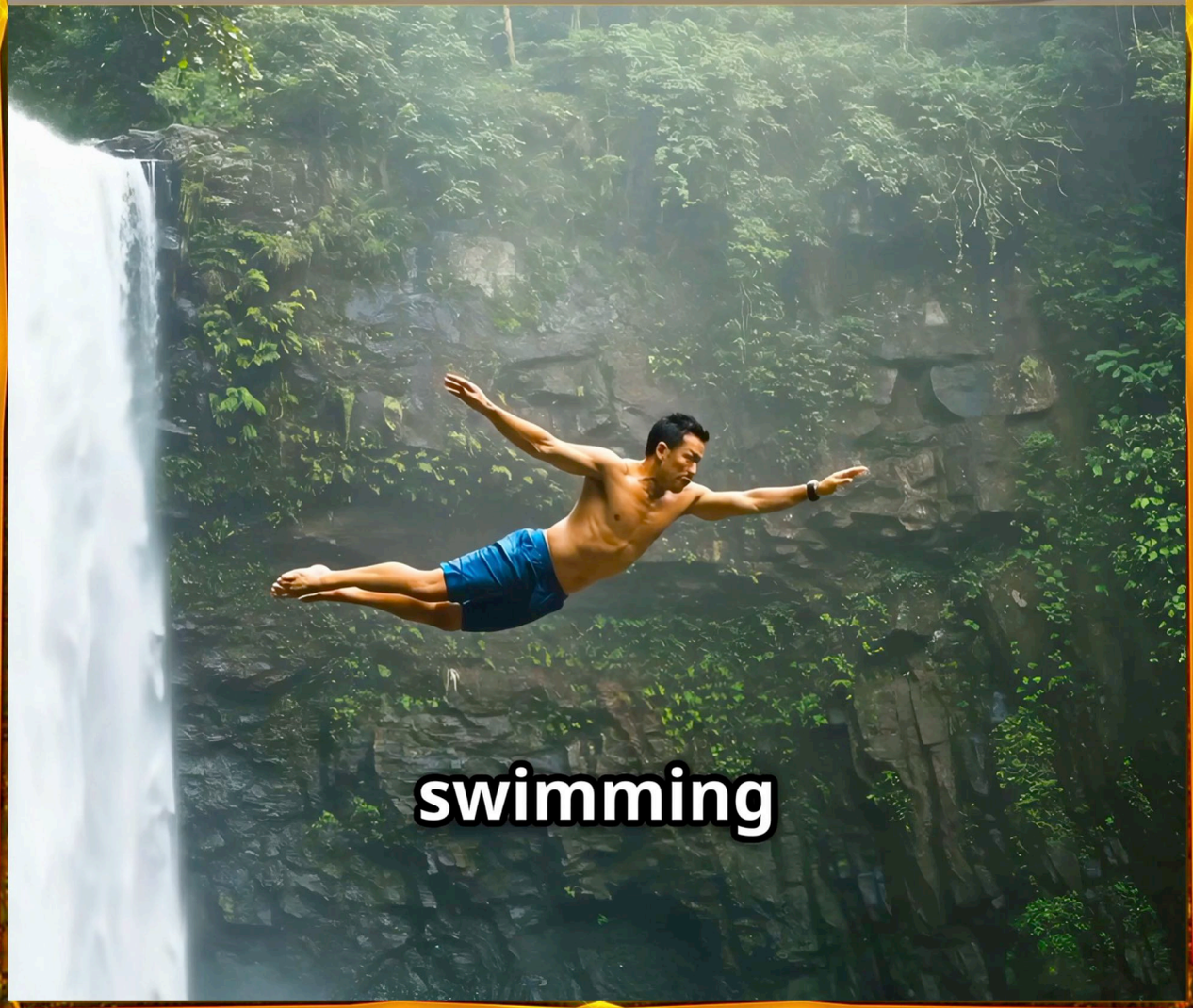
Austin landed on the eastern shore,
A Honda rented, then he upward bore
Toward Pali Lookout's sweeping heights,
Stopped at a waterfall to swim once more.

Austin landed on the eastern shore, rented a Honda motorcycle, and headed up toward the Pali Lookout, stopping at the old swimming hole, and dove from the cliffs into the base of a waterfall, and then continued on, refreshed.

Graybeard landed near a grand hotel,
Dove into surf, then in the lagoon fell.
The Goddess of Love and Passion greeted him,
Like mermaid once in Australia's spell.




Pali


swimming

Graybeard landed near a hotel, dove into the surf, and surfaced in the hotel lagoon. He was greeted by the Goddess of Love and Passion Fruit, who looked a lot like a mermaid he'd once known in Australia.

She hailed him as Evolution's Champion,
Electrical Master of dominion,
Greatest Pirate sailing on the sea.
She embraced him countless times with zion.

She hailed him as the Champion of Evolution, Electrical Master, and the Greatest Pirate of the Sea. She embraced him a hundred times over and under.

He read the map and roasted it with care,
Gave her his book of underwater flair,
Ordered drinks, and rested with a view,
Then rode a Kawasaki through the air.

Graybeard read the map, roasted it, gave her a copy of his new book, 'The Joy of Underwater Creatures', and then or-




surf,
lagoon.


mermaid


roasted

dered drinks for them, resting and surveying the scene, and then was off to rent a Kawasaki motorcycle.

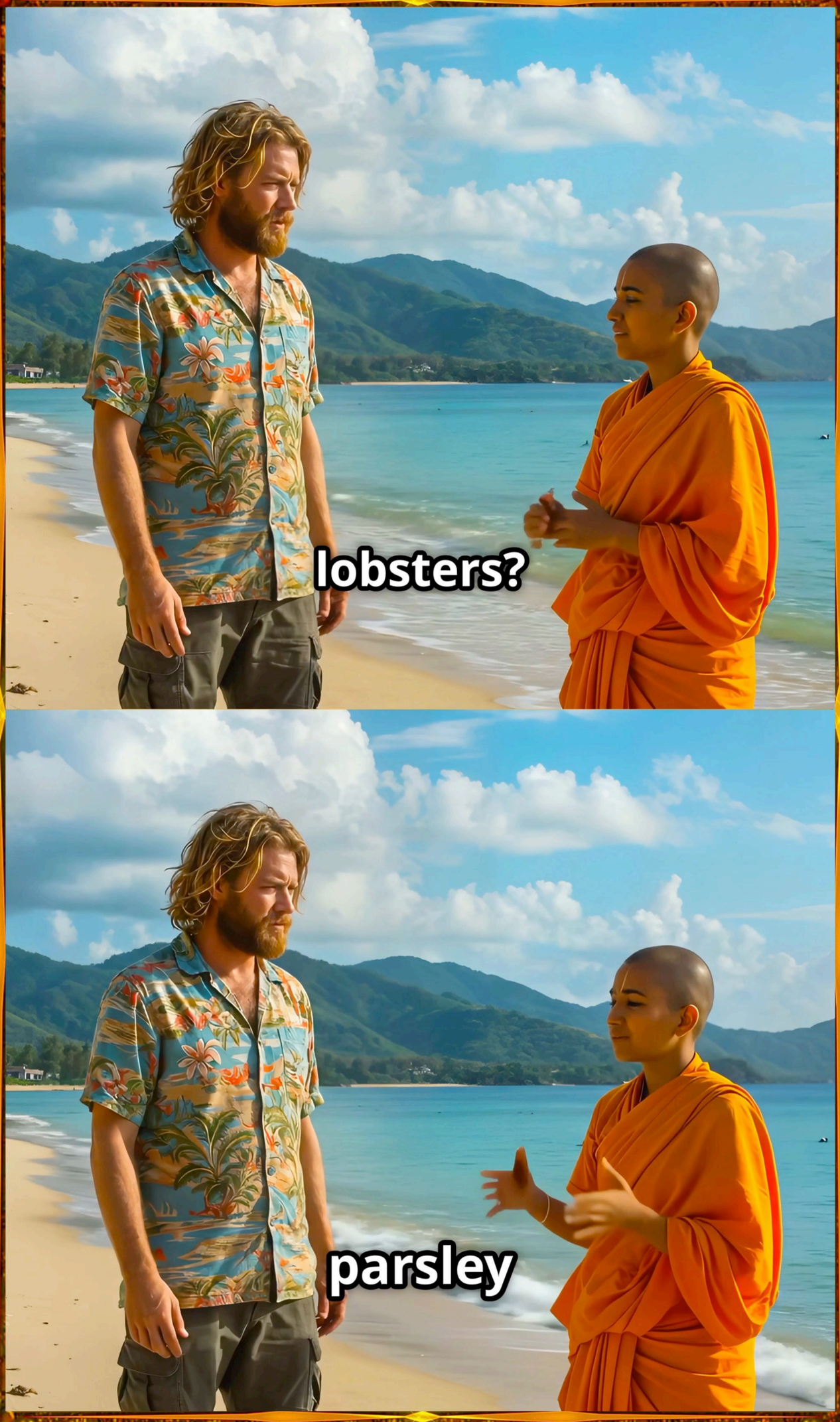
Rascal sighted Niihau's distant shore,
Passed patrol boats that seemed concerned no more.
He docked, soon met by Krishna-looking girl
Who hugged him well through every dimensional door.

Rascal, sighting Niihau, passed by some patrol boats that seemed not at all alarmed, and docked on the forbidden shore, and was soon met by a sweet and loving Hari Khrisna looking girl who hugged him many times over in every way, in every dimension.

"Would you join our feast?" she sweetly said.
"Will lobsters grace the table?" Rascal pled.
"Just parsley and cole slaw." "Then I'll decline."
"You're meant to ask for maps," she raised her head.

"Would you like to attend our feast?" she asked of Rascal. "Be there lobsters?" "No, just parsley and cole slaw." No




lobsters?
parsley

thanks.' 'Rascal, Master of Many Dimensions, you're supposed to ask me for a map.'"

"Oh, do you have a map?" he then inquired.
"Yes, to TOE Center," she replied, inspired.
"Memorize and burn, then follow me."
She showed a path, then stayed as he transpired.

"Oh, do you have a map?" "Yes, this is the location of the TOE Center on Oahu, where you will go later if you get out of here alive; ha, but no ha. Please memorize and burn. Follow me." She showed him a path and then remained behind.

He gave his book, 'Heat, Seventh Dimension',
Approached armed guards with some apprehension.
Fifty strong they blocked the path ahead,
But parted, bowed, as forest gave them tension.

He gave her a copy of his new book, 'Heat, the Seventh Dimension'. Rascal, a bit apprehensive, saw fifty heavily



armed guards blocking the road ahead, but, as he neared, they parted, bowed their heads, and melted into the forest.



“What the Yin of Yang!” he did exclaim,
Stifling yawn as forward he overcame.

He walked toward oriental structures vast,
Turned quickly, sensing presence without name.

“What the Yin of the Yang!” he exclaimed, stifling a Yaun. He walked toward a big complex of oriental structures, quickly turning around, sensing someone.



A thousand Buddhist monks trailed close behind,
Ten feet away, in square they were aligned
Before an ancient temple standing proud.
Wind rose from nowhere as his path inclined.

A thousand Buddhist monks were trailing ten feet behind him. He continued on, smiling, the Buddhists forming in a square in front of what looked to be an ancient temple. A wind arose from nowhere and many tree blossoms suddenly began falling, and Rascal could hear them breaking the air and softly landing on the ground.

Tree blossoms fell, he heard them break the air,
And softly land like whispers everywhere.
The temple doors swung open magically,
As doves abruptly flapped in startled flare.

A wind arose from nowhere and many tree blossoms suddenly began falling, and Rascal could hear them breaking the air and softly landing on the ground. The doors of the temple magically opened for him and he entered a long hallway, as doves abruptly flapped and flew.




Yin





Rascal walked the hallway's spreading length,
A dragon on the wall showed pointing strength.
He passed the Wall of Nine Degrees of Dragons,
Then turned the corner, gasped at beauty's breadth.

Rascal strode on, and passed through the door at the end of the corridor, a dragon on a wall pointing the way. He moved along, observing the Wall of the Nine Degrees of Dragons, and then turned the corner, stunned by the haunting beauty of the vision before him.



“Holy Mother of all Radiance!” he cried,
Entering the glowing shrine with awestruck pride.
His Master sat and typed at desk’s command
Said even before looking: “Thee beside.”

“Holy Mother of all Radiance!” He exclaimed. Rascal entered the glowing edifice. His now Tenth Degree Grand Master sat at a desk, typing into a computer, and said, even before looking up,

“Hail to thee, Rascal, Three Dimensions’ gain,
Discoverer and Savior without stain!”
“Hail, Master of Dark Moon in Bright Light’s reign,
Of New Age,” Rascal answered not in vain.

“Hail to thee, Rascal, Discoverer of Three Additional Dimensions, and Saviour of the Existing Three!” “Hail, Master of the Dark Moon in the Bright Light of a New Age.”

“Thank you. Welcome to new Forbidden City.
Saw you monks behind your path, so gritty?”




Rascal,


Welcome

“A good one, Master, almost pulled it off.”
“Those monks walk silent with skill most pretty.”

“Thank you. Welcome to the new Forbidden City. Did you see anyone behind you on your way walking in?” “That was a good one, Master. They almost pulled it off.” “Those monks can walk on rice paper, not even making a tear or a wrinkle, and they can sense kinds of surveillance beams.”



“They’ve joined our fight against dark terror’s face;
Sometimes war’s the only road to peace’s grace.



Who'd suspect a monk as operative,
Even if detected in some place?"

"They've volunteered for our new antiterrorism campaign. Sometimes war is the only road to peace. Who would suspect a monk as an operative, even if they did detect him or her?"

"By then too late," agreed young Rascal's voice.
"How are you, Master?" was his next rejoice.
"Well, fine, yet here I sit at Western edge,
At 'Last Resort,' with mankind's messes moist."

"And by then it would be too late. So how are you, Master?" "Well, fine, but here I sit, Rascal, at the edge of the Western world, in the place called 'The Last Resort', cleansing the messes made from mankind's evil thoughts."

"Some governments have thanked us quietly,
'Whoever was responsible,' said they,
But always add, 'Such things should be performed
Within the law's structure,' to their dismay."

"Some of the governments have thanked 'us', as best they could, referring to 'whoever was responsible', but usually adding, 'but these kinds of things should be done within the structure of the law'."

"They had to say that part, it's sad, I know,
The evil and the moral struggle's flow.
But you must cleanse, given needed time,
There seems no outside help to help us grow."

"The governments had to say that last part, Master, and yes, it's sad, the evil, and the moral dilemma of it all, but you can, must cleanse it, given some time. There seems to be no outside help."

"True, Outside or Heretobefore is gone,
If ever was, and yes, I can press on.
We ninjas to no government report,
But neither does dark Conspiracy spawn."

"True, the Outside or the Heretobefore is long gone, if it

ever was, and yes, I can do, for we ninjas do not report to a government; however, nor does the Conspiracy or Terrorism,"

"It would be evil just to sit and wait,
While tolerance lets darkness seal our fate.
But yours is larger task—the TOE to grasp,
To stop dark prophecy before too late."

"plus, it would be evil as well to just sit around and tolerate it; but yours is really the larger task, Rascal—the understanding and utilization of the TOE, if need be, to forestall the dark prophecy of the Global Warming Greenhouse Effect."

"If danger ever threatens TOE Research,
Bring all here," the Master did rehearse.
"It's daunting to grasp TOE completely, true,
And foolish to change lower levels' course."

"So, if the TOE Center should ever come into danger, bring



them all here." "It's daunting to fully understand the real TOE and close to daringly foolish to use it to fully alter a lower level of reality. Everything is intertwined."

"If worse comes worse, then worser, worsest too,
Perhaps you TOE men might find fit to do
More than fiddle with the CMBR—
The DNA matrix might need review."

"Well, Rascal, if you see over the years that worse is coming to worse and then to worser and worsest, then perhaps you TOE fellows might bypass the CMBR antenna altogether and fiddle with the DNA matrix itself."

"Only if we must, to save our world
From utter extinction," Rascal unfurled.
"Good, but need may come. The Northwest Passage
Has just now opened as ice sheets were furled."

"Only if we have to, to save the world from utter extinction." "Good, but you may have to. The long sought



after Northwest Passage has just opened up due to melting ice, so it is a fable no more."

"Only decades left..." "Or less, I fear.
Methane from Siberia now rises clear."
"Sad but true." "Now, Rascal Puff, the time
Has come to give you tribute most sincere."

"Only a few decades left..." "Or less. Methane is rising from Siberia." "Sad, but true." "Now, Mr. Rascal Puff, the time has come to give you a proper tribute."

The room with varicolored butterflies filled,
Their fluttering wings with beauty all instilled.
Length, Width, and Depth appeared upon the stage,
With Grand Master bowing as fate willed.

The room quickly filled and fluttered with varicolored butterflies of many varieties. Then Length, Width, and Depth appeared on stage, and bowed, along with the Grand Master,



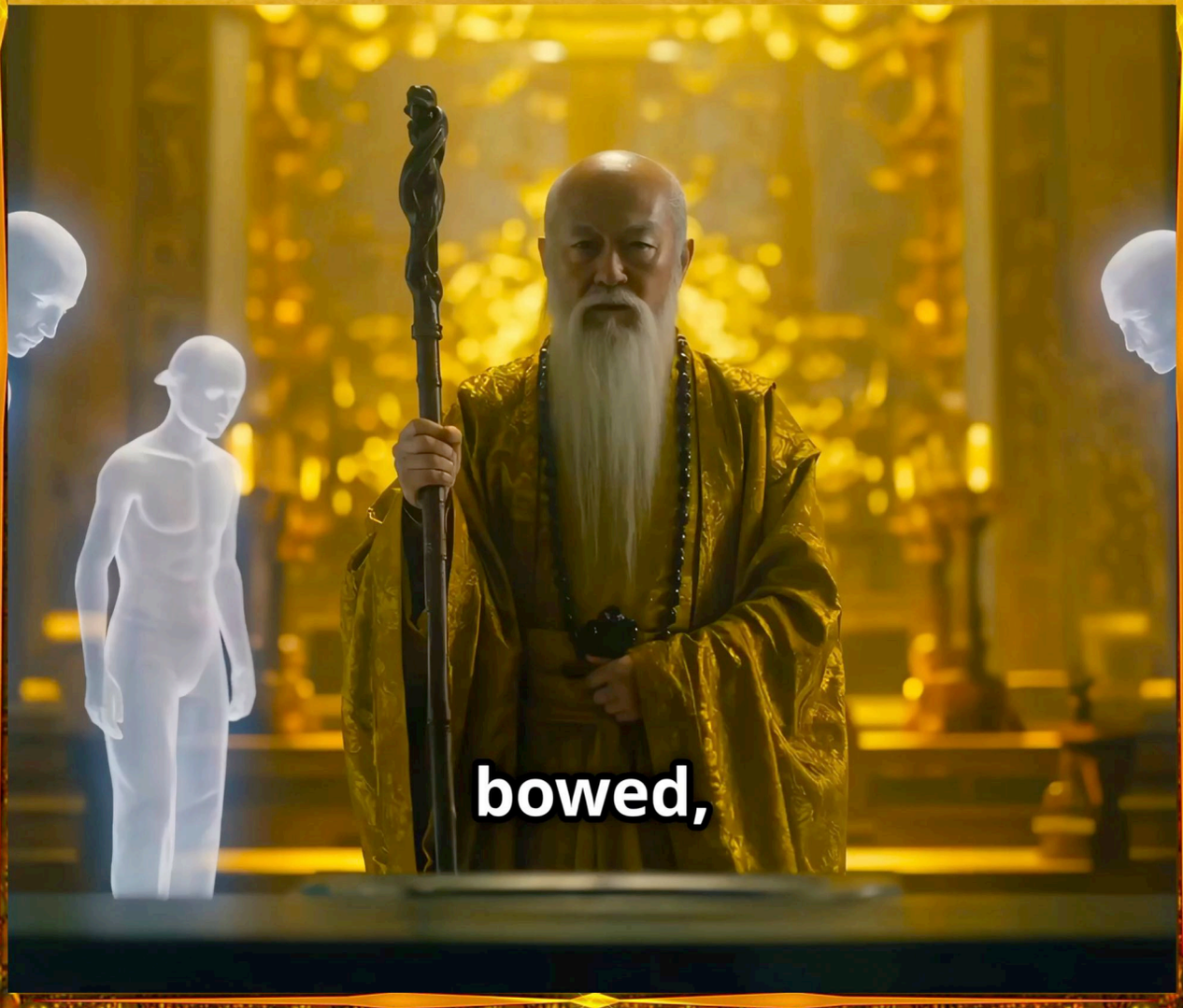
They swirled to Gravity, Electric thrall,
And Magnetism, disappeared from all,
Replaced by radiant warmth that gleamed and sparked,
Perhaps Heaven's seventh dimension's call.

and then swirled and twirled on into Gravity, Electricity, and Magnetism, and disappeared, replaced by a great radiating warmth of gleams, glints, and sparkles, perhaps representing the seventh dimension of Heaven.

"Thank you, sir, and each of you," he said,
"I am humbled by your love widespread."
"It is you that we thank," the Master spoke,
"Travel in peace; praise TOE," the blessing led.

"Thank you, sir, and each of you. I am humbled." said Rascal. "It is you that we thank," answered the Master. "Travel in peace, and praise be to the TOE.'

Rascal left to monks' resounding cheers,
Spoke gentle words that calmed their hopes and fears.



Soon off in boat for short trip to Oahu,
Landing near Hanalei's magical spheres.

Rascal came out to a cheering crowd of monks, and said some soft and gentle words to them, and was soon off in his boat for a short trip to Oahu, landing near the magic shores of Hanalei, and renting a big Harley motorcycle.

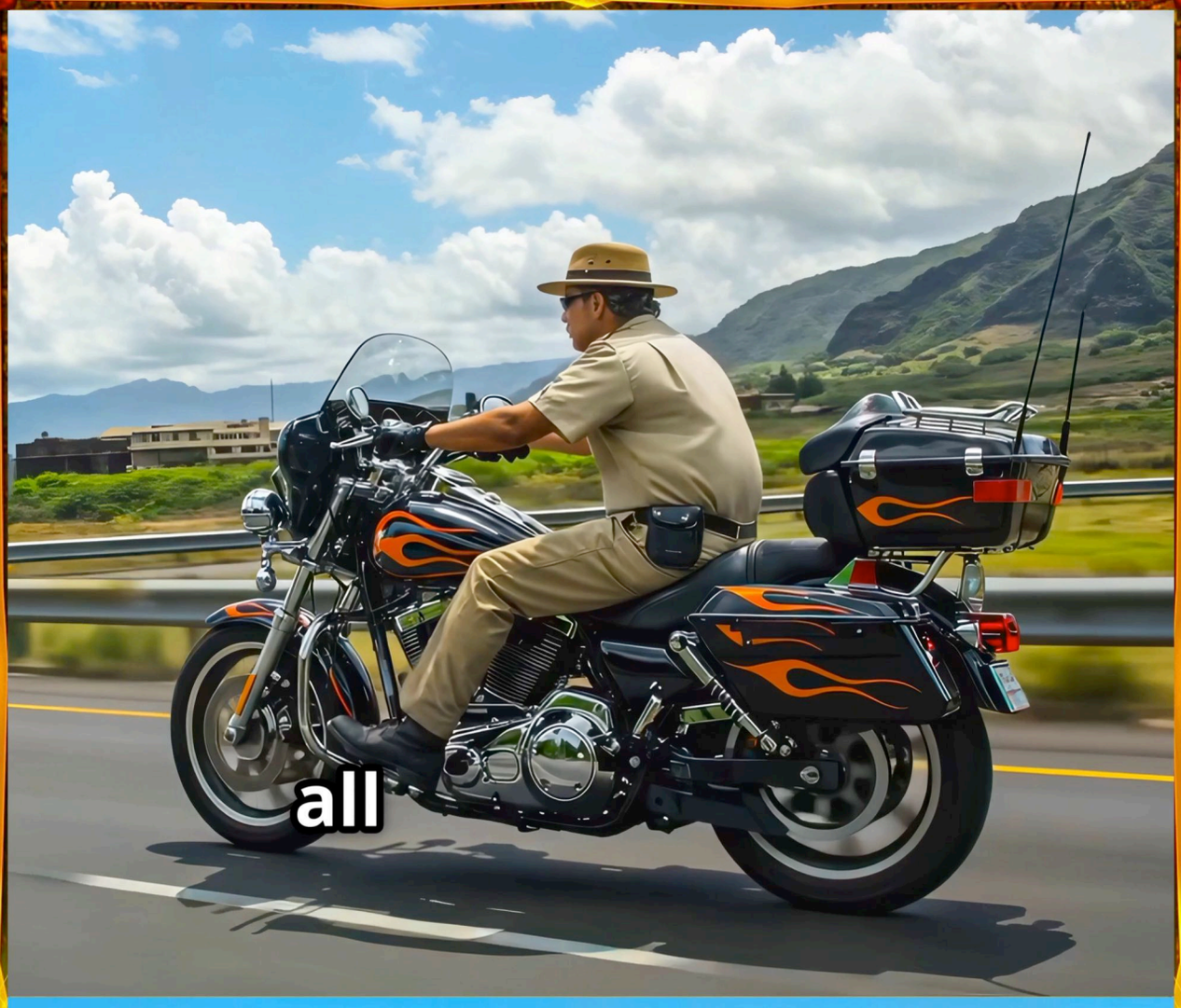
He rented Harley, massive, chrome and black,
While Fredrick took the H1 Freeway's track,
Got off near Fort, found jump, and soared through air,
Up to secret TOE Center without lack.

Rascal came out to a cheering crowd of monks, and said some soft and gentle words to them, and was soon off in his boat for a short trip to Oahu, landing near the magic shores of Hanalei, and renting a big Harley motorcycle. Fredrick veered onto the H1 Freeway, got off near Fort Shafter, and, finding the jump, soared through the air and on up to the secret mountaintop TOE Center to analyze and discover all that was.




Oahu,


secret


all


flying

THE QUEST FOR TOE

Fredrick



Graybeard followed, climbing steep ascent,
Flying the gap where mountain ridge was rent.

He vanished in the bulk of great upheaval,
To learn reality's divine intent.

Graybeard followed, climbing the steep path, flying the gap, and disappearing into the bulk of the great upheaval to discern the further workings of reality.

Profpat mounted gravity-defying hill,
Ascending ever upward with great skill
Toward knowledge's tree upon the peak.
Austin powered up the well-known path until

Profpat mounted the gravity-impaired hill of hills, ascending ever upward on the inclination toward the peak of the tree of knowledge. Austin powered up the well known path of thirty years ago, with Passiona, going home at last to where his TOE research had begun.

With Passiona, he reached home at last,
Where TOE research began in decades past.
Michael from skies energized his way,
Lightning at the summit, bright contrast.




gravity-impaired


peak



Austin powered up the well known path of thirty years ago, with Passiona, going home at last to where his TOE research had begun. Michael energized from the skies, alighting at the summit.



A few more came with motorcycles' roar,
Their dust a fog that only winds restore.
Rascal Puff, the last Hell's Angel, breached
The path that rose to meet him evermore.

A few others arrived, as well, their motorcycles churning the dust into a fog that only wind and radiance could disperse. Rascal Puff, the last of the Hell's Angels, then broached the breach, and thundered upward and ever onward as the road rose up to meet him.

Nobody Nowhere from the mist appeared,
Alias Raven Knight, his voice endeared:
"Your rooms await, equipment all renewed.
We'll work here, risk of finding less to be feared."

Nobody Nowhere appeared from the mist, alias Raven Knight, and said, "Your rooms are ready; we have all new equipment. We'll work here, on and off, as the risk of exposure is much less."




research


TOE
Puff,



“Choose homes for families, expenses paid.
Roam islands freely, but stay well arrayed
With new-learned skills; hear what makes no sound;
See what isn’t there; sense all light displayed.”

“Pick a home for your families or friends, all expenses paid.




friends,


there;

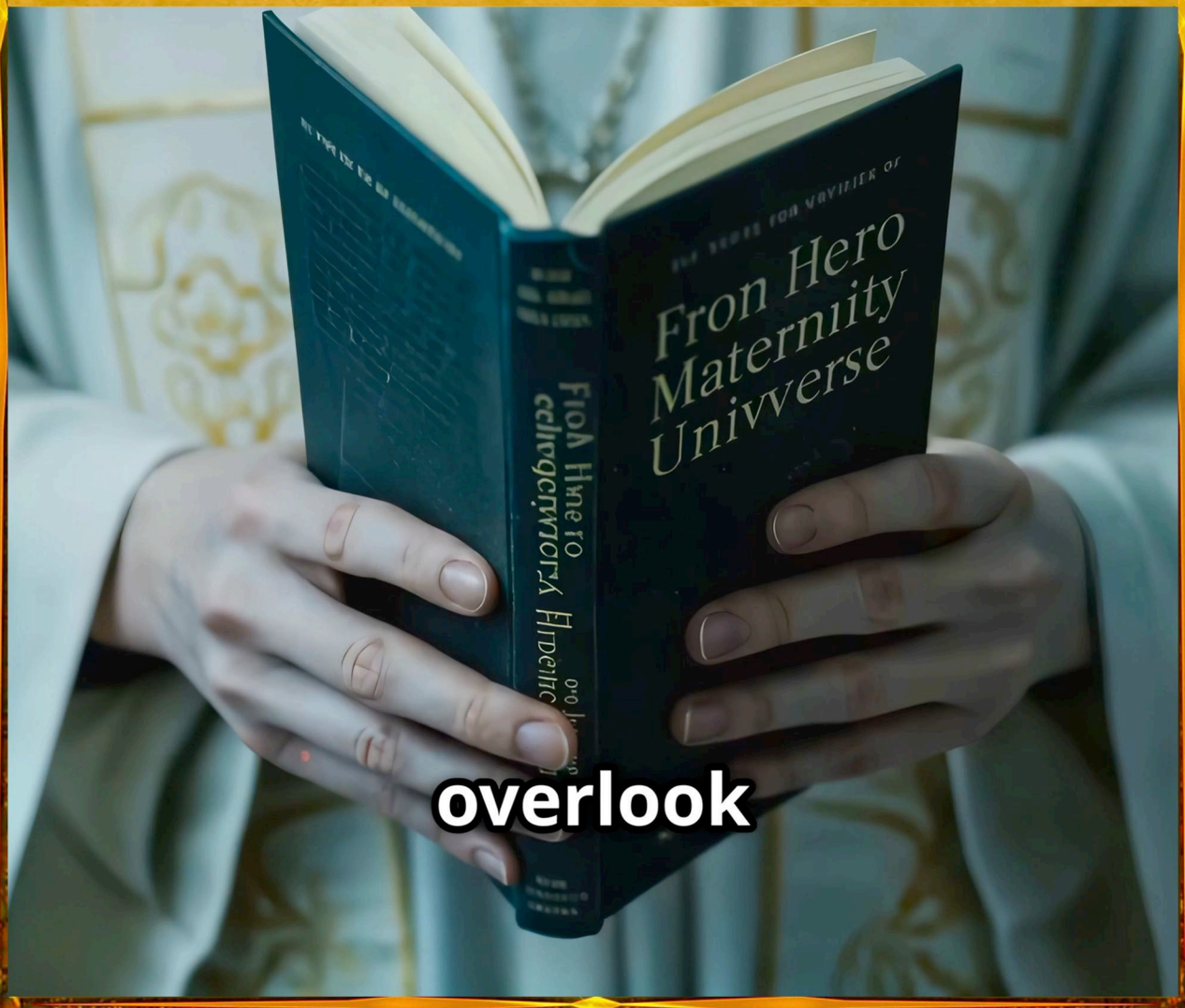
Feel free to roam the islands, but stay alert and employ your new skills. Hear what makes little sound; see what isn't all there; in fact, sense all emanations."

"The world still seeks the TOE with eager eyes.
Austin's overlook remains as prize,
But now with railing round it, safely kept,
Lest ground rise up to meet you from the skies."

"The world is still very much interested in the TOE. We've left Austin's overlook as it was 30 years ago, but have added a railing around it, for we wouldn't want the ground to rise up to meet you."

"Here's my new book," he added with a grin,
"'From Here to Maternity' lies within:
The Universe's Birth explained at last."
"Who could conceive of that?" Profpat chimed in.

"Also, here's a copy of my new book, 'From Here to Maternity: The Conception of the Universe'." "Who could con-



ceive of that?" asked Profpat."

"Lady Yin and Father Yang," replied
Nobody. "And what were they doing?" cried
Profpat. "Meshing gears, making little dots."
"And whence came they?" Fredrick's words implied.

"Lady Yin and Father Yang." "And what were they doing at the time?" "Meshing around with their gears, making little dots." "And where did they come from?" asked Fredrick.

"Mother Tao and Father Oat," came back
Nobody's answer from the misty track.
"'Oat' is 'Tao' backwards," Graybeard saw through,
"You can't fool me with such a simple crack."

"Mother Tao and Father Oat." "'Oat' is Tao backwards, Nobody, you can't fool me," commented Graybeard.

"Reality runs forward and behind,
With us at cusp," Nobody's words defined.




Meshing


Oat.

“I’ll drink to Anti-matter, Uncle Matter!”
Graybeard said, his toast with joy aligned.

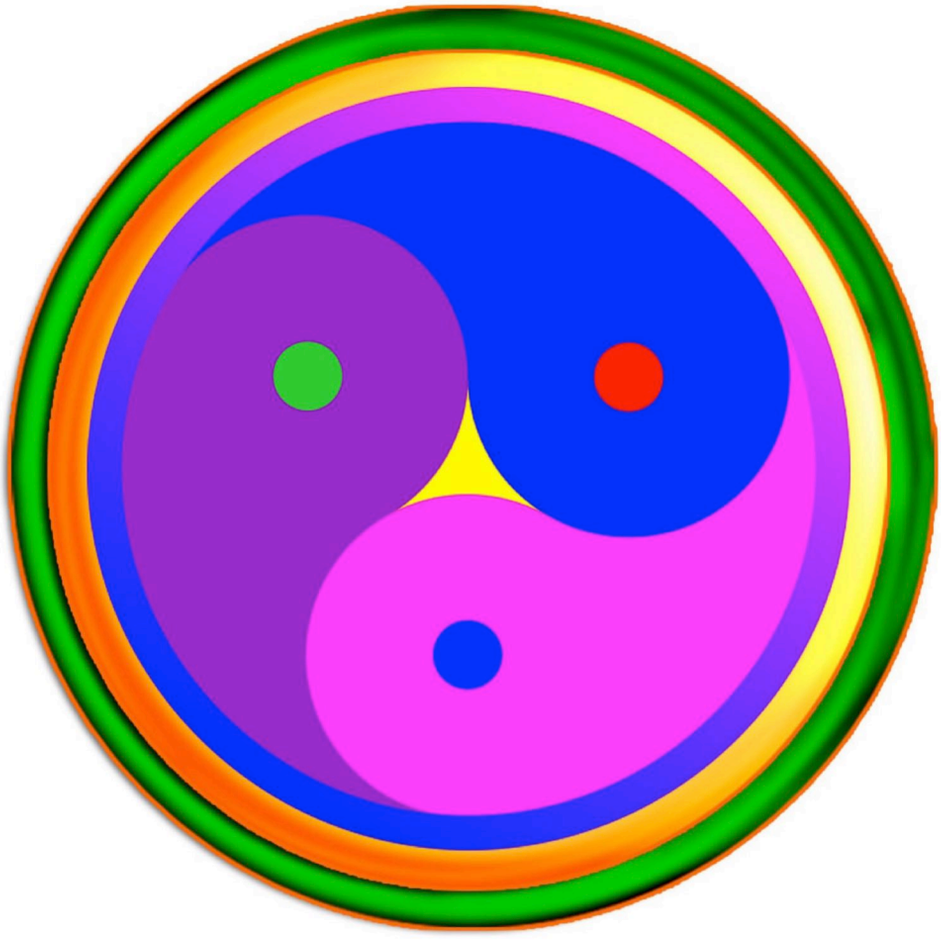
“Reality runs backwards and forwards, with us at the cusp.” “I’ll drink to Anti-matter and Uncle Matter!” “Cheers, everyone. Wine and cheese are on the table.”

“Let’s raise our cups,” cried Graybeard with a lift,
“To Saving the World!” Each drank with spirits swift.
“That is our bond and destiny,” said None,
His tone now grave. “The world needs our gift.”

“Let us all raise our cusps,” toasted Graybeard. “To Saving the World!” “That is our bond and destiny,” added Nobody, getting serious again. “The world needs us.”

“Are we near the story’s end?” one asked.
“Yes and no, perhaps,” as truth unmasked.
“Welcome, ToeQuestors, to this present day.
The greatest quest begins, as time is tasked.”





(Yin, Yang, and Yaun)




bond





“Are we nearing the end of the story?” Someone posted. “Yes, and no, but maybe. Welcome, ToeQuestors, to the present day. The greatest of all quests soon begins, for we are now the butterflies at the edge of forever.”



In the Many Worlds Pub

At TOE Center, Nobody did appear,
Ordering empty cup of tea unclear.
A good day it had been: The NNNNN thread,
“Theory of Nothing,” started fresh and dear.

At the TOE Center, Nobody Nowhere appeared in the pub, ordering an empty cup of evanescent tea. It had been a good day: The new NNNNN ‘Theory of Nothing’ thread had begun anew, in a more focused way, replacing the former one that had begun to weigh a TON.

It replaced the TON that heavy weighed.
Michael beside him Turkish coffee prayed,
Noting Coffee’s tale of first invention,
How desert plants to starving outcast laid:

Michael materialized beside him, ordering Turkish coffee, noting, Coffee Invented & Coffee Resented”,



Coffee plants were in the desert first seen,
By a starving outcast who ate the bean,
And found it bitter, hard, so, boiled some, tart,
Finding that the water was the better part;

Such, from asylum, he returned home, quaint,
And for his coffee was declared a saint,
Though its drinkers were despised by clerics:
The partakers dallied over their cups!

Michael's new assignment lay in Turkey,
Where Thanksgiving was born, not next to Hungary.
Profpat danced on tables to old songs' tune,
Drinking Singapore Sling with laughter key.

Michael's new assignment was in Turkey, where Thanks-giving was invented, and which, luckily, was not next to Hungary. Profpat was dancing on the tables to a song about the good old days and drinking a Singapore Sling.




starving


tart,


water


returned


coffee


despised

Neutralino kept order in the threads,
And drank cool water, life's elixir spreads.
Graybeard downed a pint of mermaid's ale,
Made in lost Atlantis' ancient beds.

Neutralino enjoined order in the threads, as well as a quenching goblet mix of various molecules that easily slid all around each other: water, the elixir of life. Graybeard downed a pint of ale made by mermaids in Atlantis.

Michelle stood by, this gathering her own,
Assured all guests were satisfied, well-known,
While telling tales of ToeQuestors past,
Who'd come and gone, their legends overgrown.

Michelle was on hand, this being her gathering, and assured that all were satisfied, while relating tales of the ToeQuestors who had come and gone before.

Covis sipped evolving wine and read
The TOE News of a monk, the story said,




legends


News

Who went to sacred pool to meditate—
Al Qaeda's number two man found quite dead.

Covis had a glass of ever evolving wine and read the TOE News, which reported: Somewhere, a monk went down to the sacred pool to meditate, as always; but, upon this occasion a house containing Al Queda's number two man suddenly blew up.

Robert came and gave two hundred more
Private messages for all to explore.
MJA ordered random drink, aware
All are equal on this cosmic shore.

Robert came in and gave everyone a new allowance of 200 privates messages. MJA ordered a drink at random, knowing that there was no difference among any of them, all of them being equal.

Austin proposed a toast: "To Nothing, friends!"
The Bird of Time its wisdom now extends:

A toast was proposed by Austin: "To Nothing in particular! And The Bird of Time."

Fleeting Time vanishes, e'er the winged prize
That flies in a perpetual sunrise.
With the breath of eternity on its lips,
Time's Origin is ALL that never dies.

Rascal entered, happy through his dust,
With battle stains his clothing still encrust.
They heard his tale as he with joy imbibed
Some shimmering liquid that expanded just.

Rascal entered, looking happy, but covered with dust and battle stains. They all then heard his story as he imbibed some shimmering expanding liquid.

A TOE web-site, secure but not secured,
Was set to lure Conspirators assured
From centers that survived the ninjas' raid.
The TOE, their final hope, they still pursued.

A secure-looking, unsecured TOE web-site had been set up to lure certain Conspiratorial hackers associated with some autonomous centers around the world that had thereby survived the assault of the Ninja Empire. They were after the TOE, their last hope.

Web data traced revealed their hidden lair,
Outside DC, near Langley's watchful care.
Strike teams, ever ready, soon took flight.
Rascal, from Virginia, joined them there.

Tracers attached to the web data had emitted a signal that pointed to a location just outside Washington, DC, not far from the Langley CIA headquarters. Strike teams, whose only job was to be ever ready, immediately lifted off. Rascal, living in Virginia, bid her farewell, and lifted off, as well, as the Oversight for the mission.

He sent a missile through the entrance door,
Then entered seven levels of hell's core.




TOE
CENTER
PUB


Time


Rascal


imbibed

Through fierce resistance, they fought their way down
Six bulkheads melted, seeking seventh floor.

Upon landing, he ordered a missile through the front door, and then entered what turned out to be the seven levels of Hell. They fought their way through fierce resistance, melting down six closed bulkheads, in turn, finally arriving at the seventh, a wall of ice seven feet thick.

A wall of ice, seven feet thick, stood last.
For hours they torched the strange ice, holding fast,
That somehow always managed to refreeze.
At last they broke through winter's stubborn cast.

Finally, after hours of torching the ice that somehow continuously refroze, they found a clone of Hitler sitting on a throne, as well as one of Napoleon crowning himself; evil reincarnated.

There Hitler sat, a throne beneath his frame,
With Napoleon crowning self in shame;




ice,


torched

Evil reborn, which Rascal swift dispatched,
Then left with treasured finds none could reclaim.

Finally, after hours of torching the ice that somehow continuously refroze, they found a clone of Hitler sitting on a throne, as well as one of Napoleon crowning himself; evil reincarnated. Rascal quickly dispatched them both, left the center with a harvest of material, reported, “Elvis has left the building”, and called in an air strike.

“Elvis has left the building,” came report,
As air strike answered Rascal’s last resort.

Rascal quickly dispatched them both, left the center with a harvest of material, reported, “Elvis has left the building”, and called in an air strike.




dispatched,




ale


strike