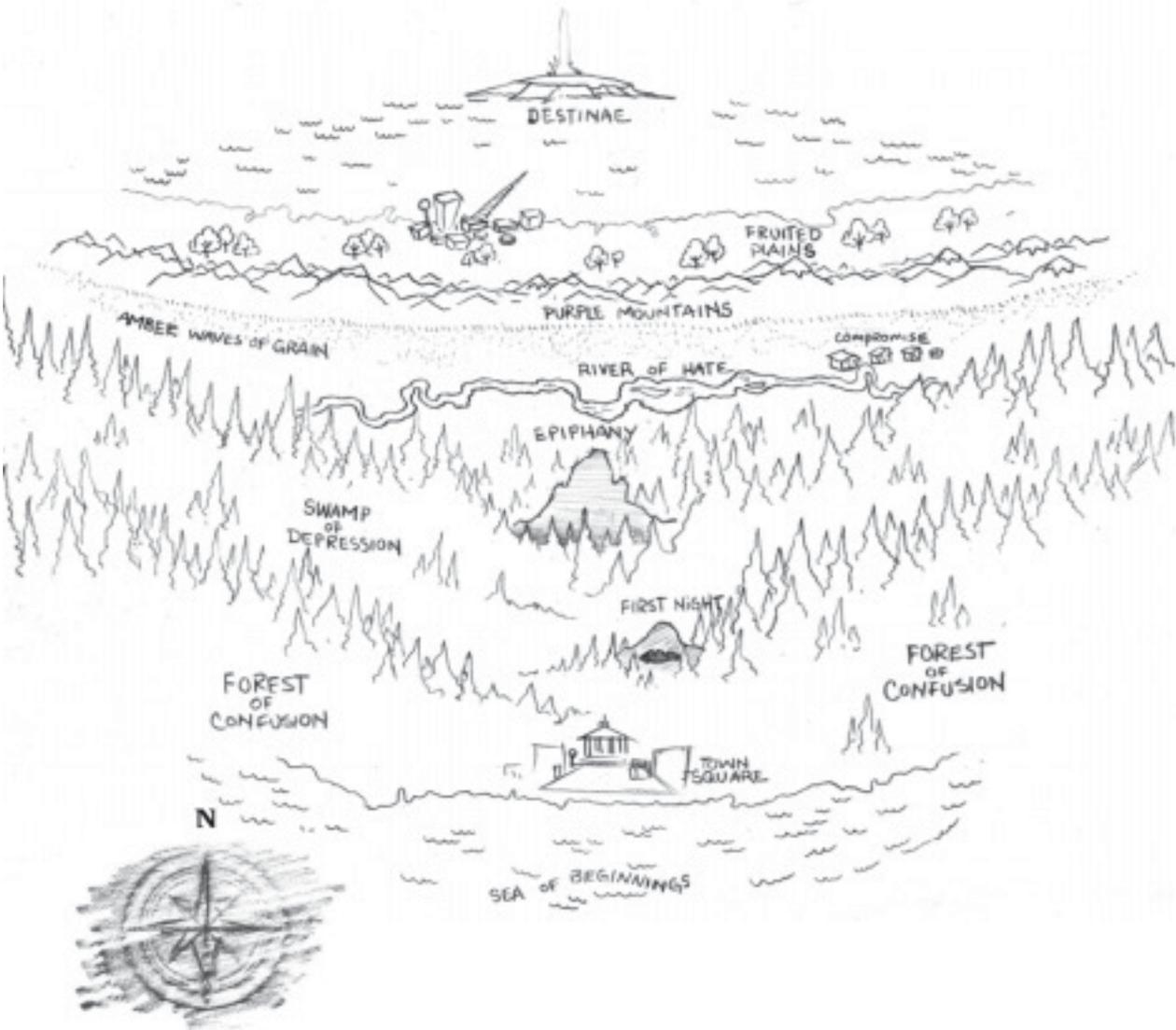


The World of Intellect and Intuition



DESTINAE

(des•tin•AY): A city that exists in vertical time.
The destination of every traveler.

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Roy H. Williams

Wizard Academy Press
Buda, Texas

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Book One

FREE *the*
BEAGLE
A Journey to Destinae

To Rex, on the occasion of his 21st birthday.
May your beagle never be tethered.



“I have always been a quarter of an hour before my time, and it has made a man of me.”

– LORD NELSON

“Unfaithfulness in the keeping of an appointment is an act of clear dishonesty. You may as well borrow a person’s money as his time.”

– HORACE MANN

“I give it as my deliberate and solemn conviction that the individual who is habitually tardy in meeting an appointment, will never be respectful or successful in life.”

– REV. FRANKLIN W. FISK



“If there is one German custom you should learn and stick to, it is punctuality. An invitation for 4 PM means EXACTLY 4 PM. Not 15 minutes earlier and not 10 minutes later. Fashionably late is not a German custom. Germans, particularly business professionals, are sticklers about being on time.”

– MATTHIAS AUTRATA

“Twenty-three and a quarter minutes past,” Uncle Matthew was saying furiously, “in precisely six and three-quarter minutes the darned fellow will be late.”

– NANCY MITFORD



“Time like an ever rolling stream bears all its sons away.”

– H. G. WELLS, *MIND AT THE END OF ITS TETHER*

“One can think of ordinary, real, time as a horizontal line. On the left, one has the past, and on the right, the future. But there's another kind of time in the vertical direction. This is called imaginary time, because it is not the kind of time we normally experience. But in a sense, it is just as real as what we call real time.”

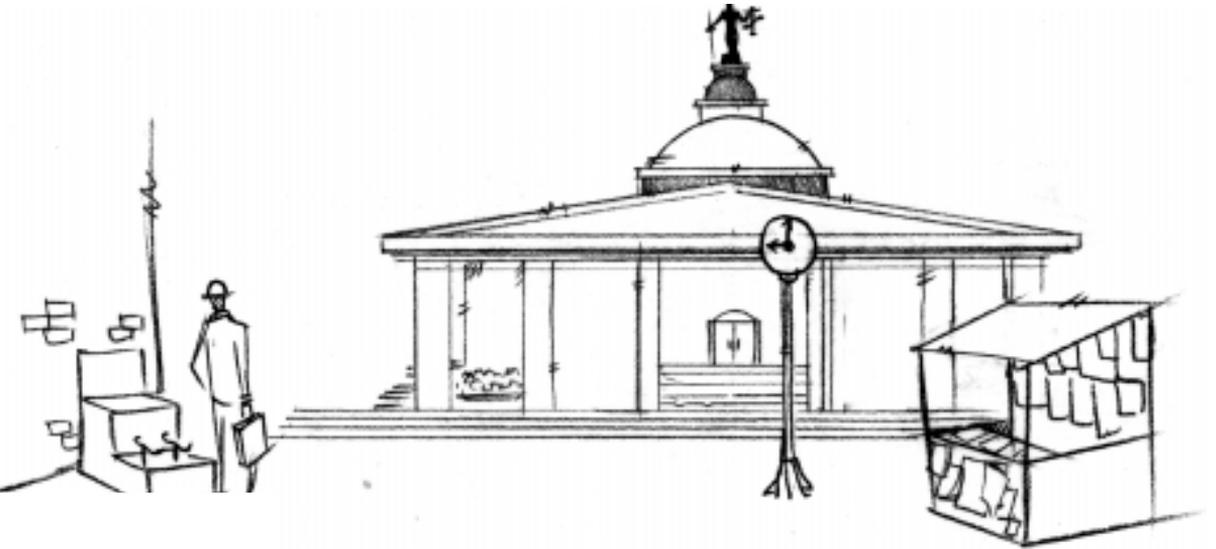
– PROF. STEPHEN HAWKING, FROM A PUBLIC LECTURE,
“THE BEGINNING OF TIME”

Destinae (des • tin • AY): A city that exists in vertical time. The destination of every Traveler.

1

Town Square

The lawyer ran down the checklist in his mind as rapidly as his feet marched down the sidewalk. He saw the shoeshine chair, the clock, the newspaper stand; the courthouse was just ahead. Papers. He could feel his briefcase jangling at the end of his arm, but had he remembered to place the documents inside? He stopped succinctly, spread his kerchief smoothly across the top of the newspaper stand, and lowered his black leather case upon it. He dialed the combination. Click-click. Yes,



correctly bound and properly stored. Shoes polished? He looked down; his own stern reflection glared back at him from twin black mirrors. He wasn't unfriendly, whatever people might say; no, he was dignified. And busy, very busy. It was just too bad people couldn't tell the difference. He felt the familiar cold bulge ticking beneath his left vest pocket. Tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick. But was it accurately set? A gold chain dragged the helpless timepiece from its place of slumber and a discriminating eye compared its jerking second hand to that of the official clock in the exact center of Town Square. Precision! Satisfied, he returned the watch to its proper place, its crystal face turned inward for protection. He looked up to admire the courthouse and ran his tongue smoothly across his teeth. But what was this? The headline stared across the counter at him: "King's Son to Be Tested."

How the kingdom had buzzed when the King's son had been found! But no time to think of that now. He folded his crisp kerchief into six starched squares and placed it directly over his heart.

A place for everything and everything in its place.

Plan your work and work your plan.

Good enough never is.



“THE REASON A
DOG HAS SO MANY
FRIENDS IS BECAUSE
HE WAGS HIS TAIL
INSTEAD OF HIS
TONGUE.”

– AEROSMITH

The human brain is divided into two main sections, called “hemispheres,” which contain complementary abilities referred to as “left-brain” and “right-brain.” When and how you prefer to access the abilities of these hemispheres determines much of your personality and behavior.

Logic and “correctness” are the province of the left hemisphere; intuition and creativity are regarded as right-hemisphere skills. Because left-brain skills are more easily evaluated, schools tend to favor left-brain modes of thinking while downplaying the right-brain ones. Left-brain scholastic subjects focus on logical thinking, analysis, and accuracy. Right-brain subjects focus on aesthetics, feeling, and creativity.

Left Brain

Intellectual
Objective
Analyze
Facts
Deconstruct
Detail focused
Judgment
Perfecting
Yang
Language skills

Right Brain

Intuitive
Subjective
Synthesize
Concepts
Connect the dots
Big picture
Perception
Accepting
Yin
Musical appreciation

2

The Courthouse

The lawyer loved the courthouse. No matter how warm the day, the courthouse was always cold. Its polished marble and unyielding granite stood in hard contrast to the fuzzy world outside. Silent as a tomb, its hallways echoed the click of clocks and the fall of feet, but never the human heart.

The lawyer scanned the docket in the courthouse lobby, expecting to see his case assigned to the court of Judge Logic, whose calculated machinations made his decisions perfectly predictable. Judge Logic was always dressed in perfect black and white.

Judge Grey was another matter.

Oh, no. The lawyer was to appear before Judge Grey today. And the scheduled time was now. Right now.

Stepping briskly into the courtroom, the lawyer heard Judge Grey call his name before the bailiff had even announced his arrival. “Counselor Intellect,” boomed the judge, “this beagle must go to the city of Destinae! And you are to go with it!”

Destinae! What a wonderful . . . ! Beagle? Did the judge say “beagle”? Surely the word had been “legal.”

To the judge’s right, a small sound came from beneath the bailiff’s station. Good God, it was a dog! Resting here in the courtroom, its smelly head yawning above its filthy paws! The lawyer glared in sharp disdain. He

imagined that he could smell dog breath from across the room.

“Counselor Intellect, are you listening?”

Turning his now steely gaze toward the judge, the lawyer replied, “Yes, Your Honor, I’m listening. Your instructions were that I should take this beagle to Destinae. Now, if we may adjourn until tomorrow, I will calculate our projected departure date based upon the assumption of a speedy resolution of all outstanding obligations.”

“You are to depart at sundown.”

“I will most certainly plan for a sunset departure on the day of our leaving, Your Honor, should that remain your instruction, but I would remind Your Honor that a morning departure offers many advantages to journeying travelers.”

“You are to depart at sundown *today*, Counselor Intellect.”

“Today?” replied the lawyer.

In a sweeping motion, the judge lifted his watch with his left hand and raised his gavel with his right. Glancing at his watch, he said, “You have eight hours to make yourself ready for Destinae.” BANG went the gavel. The judge leaped to his feet. The bailiff shouted “All rise!” and the courtroom noisily obeyed.

“But-but-but-” stammered the lawyer.

Peering over the rims of his glasses, the towering judge said, “You have questions, Counselor Intellect?”

“What about my cases?”

As he strode toward the exit behind his bench, Judge Grey answered over his shoulder: “They have all been reassigned.”

“Surely there is a schedule — charts, maps, a budget?”

Framed now in the doorway to his private chambers, Judge Grey turned to face the lawyer. “Your journey will take what it takes.”

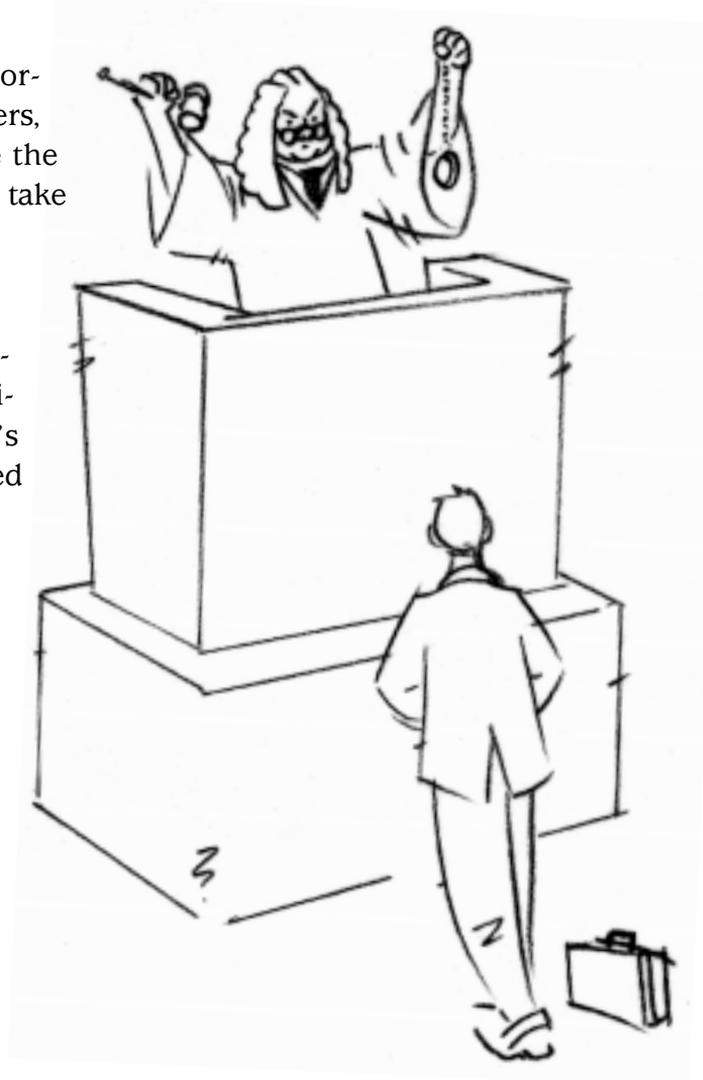
And he was gone.

Staring into the distance, the lawyer stood silent before the judge’s bench as the gallery shuffled toward the exits.

Surely an enemy has done this to me, but who?

Who?

Who?





“Aim at perfection in everything, though in most cases it is unattainable. However, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.”

– LORD CHESTERFIELD

“If you expect perfection from people, your whole life is a series of disappointments, grumblings and complaints. If, on the contrary, you pitch your expectations low, taking folks as the inefficient creatures which they are, you are frequently surprised by having them perform better than you had hoped.”

– BRUCE BARTON



FELIX: I can't help myself. I drive everyone crazy. A marriage counselor once kicked me out of his office. He wrote on my chart, Lunatic! . . . I don't blame her. It's impossible to be married to me.

OSCAR: It takes two to make a rotten marriage. (Lies back down on the couch.)

FELIX: You don't know what I was like at home. I bought her a book and made her write down every penny we spent. Thirty-eight cents for cigarettes, ten cents for a paper. Everything had to go in the book. And then we had a big fight because I said she forgot to write down how much the book was. . . . Who could live with anyone like that?

OSCAR: An accountant! . . . What do I know? We're not perfect. We all have faults.

FELIX: Faults? We have a maid who comes in to clean three times a week. And on the other days, Frances does the cleaning. And at night, after they've both cleaned up, I go in and clean the whole place again. I can't help it. I like things clean. Blame it on my mother. I was toilet trained at five months old.

~ *THE ODD COUPLE*, NEIL SIMON, 1965

3

Poindexter

How long he had stood stone-statue, the lawyer did not know. But when he regained his sense of time and place, the only sound he could hear was the silence of cavernous emptiness. Funny how it could echo. And the only sensation he could feel was of a slight weight upon the tops of his feet.

The beagle.

As the lawyer turned his gaze reluctantly downward, the dog's natural perfume wafted up and tweaked his nose. Seeing that the lawyer had finally regained his senses, the beagle leaped joyfully, wiggling and skittering and thrashing the room with her tail. But the lawyer saw none of this; he was standing once again like stone — mortified and transfixed by the sight of dog slobber on his shiny black shoes.

At that instant, Poindexter, the courthouse cat, strolled past the open door. In a blink, the beagle flew out the door, across the lobby, and into the town square beyond. Arooo! Aroo-aroo! Remembering his duty and obligation, the lawyer marched angrily after her.

Oh, what an untidy sight confronted the lawyer as he stepped beneath the sky! Poindexter was



a blurry, furry ball bouncing between the shoeshine chair and the newspaper stand with the beagle right behind him. Newspapers, shoe brushes, and tins of polish were scattered about the lawn. Aroo! Aroo-aroo! Feet scrambling for purchase, the beagle tried to climb the side of the stand. Poindexter, convinced that the dog would succeed, dove in a valiant display of feline grace to the base of the official clock and, before you could say “Holly Golightly,” was perched at the very top of it.

Striding purposefully to the center of the melee, the lawyer yanked at the beagle’s leather collar and felt the touch of cold metal beneath his palm. He lifted the poor dog up by it and read the name on the finely engraved tag: “Intuition,” he said aloud. “So the animal has a name. But what are these words in fine print beneath it?” The lawyer lifted the collar and the choking beagle a little closer to his eyes so that he might make out the tiny words in the dimming light of afternoon.

The world stood still.

The lawyer lowered the collar and the beagle gently to the ground. Quickly he removed his belt and, slipping its tip beneath the dog’s collar, looped it back through the buckle to form a makeshift leash. Then, without another word, he walked away with the beagle in tow. The only sound the lawyer could hear was the thunder of the tag’s eight tiny words in his mind: “A Gift for the Son of the King.”

Poindexter was nowhere in sight.



4

The Library

The library had been a terrible disappointment. Not only were there no maps to the royal city of Destinae, but his research had yielded far more questions than answers. In all of his reading, he could find no account of any traveler ever returning from a trip there. Even worse, he could find no agreement among the writers who wrote of their journeys. One writer told of laboriously hacking his way through a jungle wilderness; another wrote of sailing uncharted seas. And if this alone were not confusing enough, yet another told stories of glittering parties and celebrities met along the way.

Would the lawyer need a machete, a boat, or a tuxedo?

The one thing that all the writers seemed to agree upon was the vital importance of following Polaris. But who was this Polaris, and where was he to be found?

How unfair! All of this was wrong, wrong, wrong. Who could expect him to complete his assignment when he had not been given clear instructions? Where was the list of steps to follow? Why were there no guidelines, no policies, no rules? Only a fool would demand that he undertake such a journey. Only a fool would insist that he begin at sunset. Only a fool would give a dog to the Son of the King.

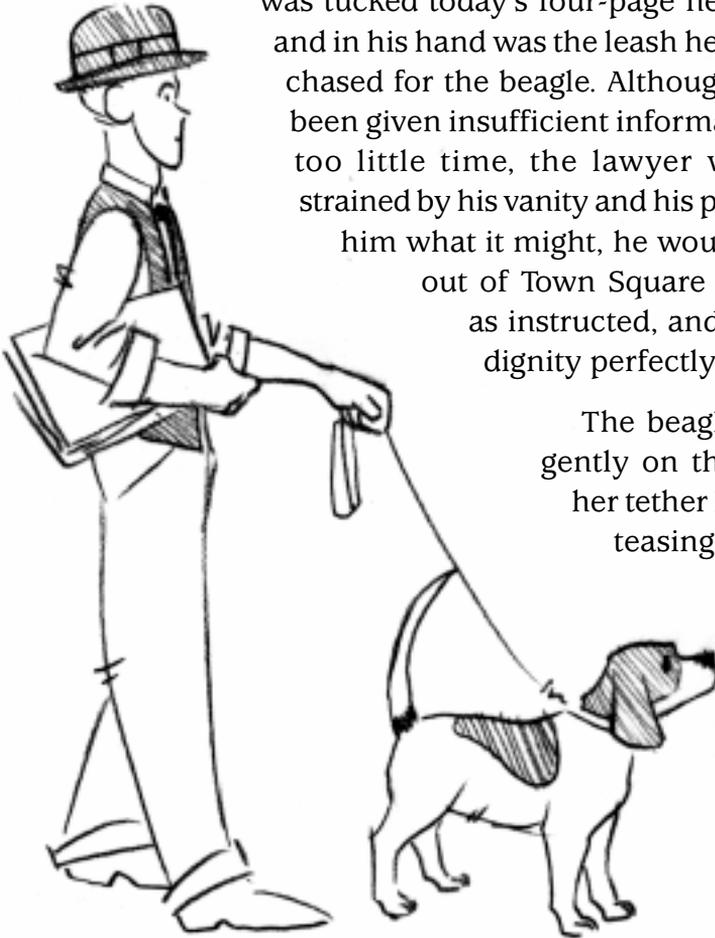
Only a fool.

5

Has Anyone Seen Polaris?

Bound by honor, duty, and obligation, the lawyer arrived in Town Square with the beagle in tow just as the sun dipped below the horizon. In his polished black briefcase were proof of his identity; his diploma from Law School; a copy of every possible chart and map, though none showed the location of Destinae; and all the money he could gather. Under his arm was tucked today's four-page newspaper, and in his hand was the leash he had purchased for the beagle. Although he had been given insufficient information and too little time, the lawyer was constrained by his vanity and his pride. Cost him what it might, he would march out of Town Square precisely as instructed, and with his dignity perfectly intact.

The beagle tugged gently on the end of her tether like a fish teasing a baited



hook. The lawyer looked down. Turning her head from side to side, the beagle seemed to be inspecting the crowd that had gathered in the dusky dark.

Looking for someone.

The beagle turned and fixed her gaze firmly on the lawyer. A thought came into his mind. Gathering his courage and suspending his pride, he shouted, "Has anyone seen Polaris?" and waited to see if there would be an answer. Tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick. The lawyer's watch was wide awake now. The only other sound was the orange and brown crackle of autumn leaves falling upon the weighty stare of the silent crowd.

Finally, "There! There is P'laris!" croaked an ancient voice in the darkening gloom. The lawyer, the beagle, and the crowd turned to face the source of the sound. It was an old farmer, pointing into the sky beyond the official clock. "There is P'laris," he shouted again, "the woon true star'a' th' north; th'only gleam in th' heavens tha' doos na' moof." Having thus spoken, the old farmer looked at the beagle. The beagle wagged her tail.

"Intellect!" boomed the voice of Judge Grey. "Are you ready to begin your journey?"

"I am here," replied the lawyer, not entirely answering the judge's question.

Judge Grey continued, "All of us are counting on you, Counselor. We trust you won't let us down."

And with no more ceremony than that, the lawyer and the beagle walked off into the darkness, guided only by a gleam in the sky.

6

Marching by Moonlight

The lawyer and the beagle had been traveling for hours in the moonlight when they came upon the cave. The beagle immediately plunged inside, sniffing as she went. Moments later, she curled up and was fast asleep before the lawyer had even opened his briefcase.

“Stupid beagle,” muttered the lawyer. “There could be a bear in that cave for all she knows.” Gathering a handful of small stones from the ground, the lawyer stepped quickly in front of the cave’s opening and flung them hard into its deepest recesses before diving back out of the way. When no wild beast came running out, he stepped cautiously inside the cave and spread his kerchief on the cleanest patch of ground he could find. Look at her just sleeping there! he thought. That beagle has no idea how lucky she is to have me here to protect her. He opened his briefcase. Click-click. The beagle raised an eyelid and then was fast asleep again. Candles. Check. Matches. Check. The lawyer smiled in appreciation at his own preparedness. Lighting a candle, he dripped hot wax onto the top of a stone, then seated the candle firmly into it. There, that should hold you.

The cave walls danced with magical patterns.

Stepping once more into the moonlight, the lawyer picked up the heaviest rock he could lift. He wrestled it back into the cave and placed it directly atop the beagle’s leash. And that should hold you, he thought. Let’s see you aroo-aroo your way out of that.



“I’M C-3PO, HUMAN-
CYBORG RELATIONS,
AND THIS IS MY
COUNTERPART, R2-D2.”



7

BOOM!

BOOM! Thunder rocked the mountain and the lawyer was instantly awake. Looking toward the mouth of the cave, he saw an anxious beagle silhouetted there, backlit by flashes of lightning. Torrents of glittering rain fell hard-edged behind her. BOOM! The ground rumbled with the sound of the thunder. The beagle began to bark frantically.



“I’LL GET YOU, MY
PRETTY! AND YOUR
LITTLE DOG, TOO!”

– THE WICKED WITCH
OF THE WEST

“Oh, shut up!” snapped the lawyer. “It’s only a thunderstorm. Go back to sleep.” The beagle continued her sharp, piercing shouts. “Shut up!” the lawyer yelled; the barking only grew more urgent. Closing his eyes tightly and holding his hands over his ears, the lawyer was determined to win, but when the beagle’s cold, wet nose pressed against his own, his eyes flew open in horror.



She had pulled her leash out from under the heavy rock. “Bark, Bark, Bark!” As he reached out to take the leash, the beagle jumped quickly away. “Bark, Bark, Bark!” She ran into the rain, stopping just outside the mouth of the cave. BOOM! The thunder rolled.

Holding his briefcase over his head like an umbrella, the lawyer stepped out of the cave and stretched out his hand to take hold of the leash. But the beagle backed away once more, barking wildly. “I’m not playing with you!” screamed the lawyer. “Get back into that cave, you stupid beagle!” Furious, he made a mad dash to grab the end of the leash.

And the hillside came roaring down behind him.

The cave where moments ago the lawyer had been sleeping was now sealed off from sunlight forever.

The lawyer was very happy to be standing in the rain.

8

In the Belly of Confusion

Throughout the night, the lawyer and the beagle marched resolutely onward. And when the storm abated, they walked onward still. Ever and ever onward they sloshed down the slope of a dripping, wooded hillside until finally, weary, wet, and sad, the lawyer stepped into a small clearing and caught a glimpse of the vast forest that lay below them.

It swallowed the horizon.

The lawyer swallowed as well, for he had never seen such a forest. Then, remembering his duty and obligation, he tightened his grip on the beagle's leash and marched directly into it.

Sunlight doesn't look like sunlight when it's filtered through dead and dying leaves. And along the edges of their shadows you will find no happy colors.

The lawyer walked until he could walk no further, then tied the beagle's leash tightly to the base of an ancient tree. He was piling dead leaves to make himself a bed when he heard a sound from deep in the throat of the beagle. She was looking into the forest behind him. He spun around; he saw nothing. "You're a very stupid beagle," he said, and went back to piling leaves.

The beagle's throat-noise then became louder and she stretched her leash tightly in his direction. Opening his briefcase, he removed the newspaper he had carried when they marched so boldly out of Town Square. He

rolled it tightly and used it to spank the beagle. She didn't seem to notice.

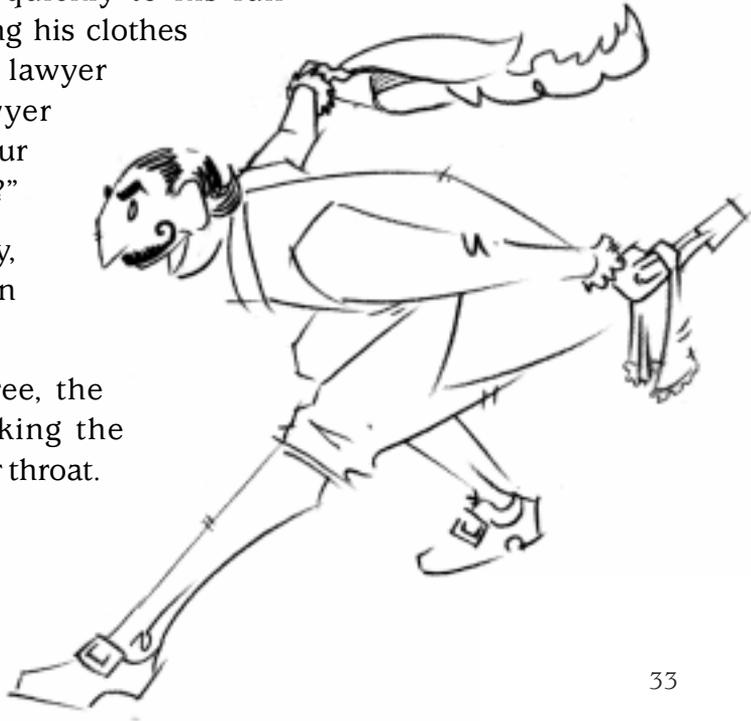
The lawyer looked again to where the beagle was staring.

A shadowy gentleman in a formal riding coat slipped quietly from behind a tree. "Well, well, well," he said in an elegant whisper. "What business brings a man like you so deep into the Forest of Confusion?" Seeing that the lawyer was somewhat taken aback, the shadowy fellow bowed like an aristocrat and, with a calculated flourish, produced a card from his ruffled sleeve. "My name is Worry," he smiled, "and I'm here to help you."

Drawing himself quickly to his full height and straightening his clothes as best he could, the lawyer asked in his best lawyer voice, "Do you know your way through this forest?"

Worry replied softly, "Oh, but I was born in this forest."

Still tied to the tree, the beagle continued making the low, strange noise in her throat.



9

“Please allow me to introduce myself...”



“WE’RE DOOMED!”

– C-3PO TO R2-D2

“Keep a tight hold on that beagle, kind sir,” said Worry as they marched deeper into the woods. “One never knows what a dog might do.”

Whether it was the slowly failing daylight or the growing thickness of the forest, the lawyer did not know, but it was definitely getting darker. “Tie the dog,” said Worry quietly, “and we will stop here for awhile.” When the beagle was tightly secured, Worry spoke once more. “This is as far as I can take you,” he smiled through thin lips, “but my partner is here to take you further.” And as Worry extended his lace-cuffed wrist, a hungry, unshaven man in ripped trousers and a grimy jacket emerged from deeper in the shadows. “Allow me introduce you to Fear,” said Worry, “He will take things from here.” And with another low bow, Worry showed his teeth and said, “Glad to have been of service to you,” and drifted backwards into the trees.

“What’ve you got in tha’ briefcase, mate?” asked Fear without the hint of a smile.

“Nothing that would interest you,” replied the lawyer, tightening his grip.

“Don’t be too sure about tha’, mate,” said Fear with a frown as he extended a bony arm toward the lawyer. “It don’t take much to int’rest me. Let’s see what ya got.”

The beagle exploded into a cacophony of barking and leaping at the end of her leash.

“I’ll do nothing of the sort!” said the lawyer, clutching the briefcase to his chest.

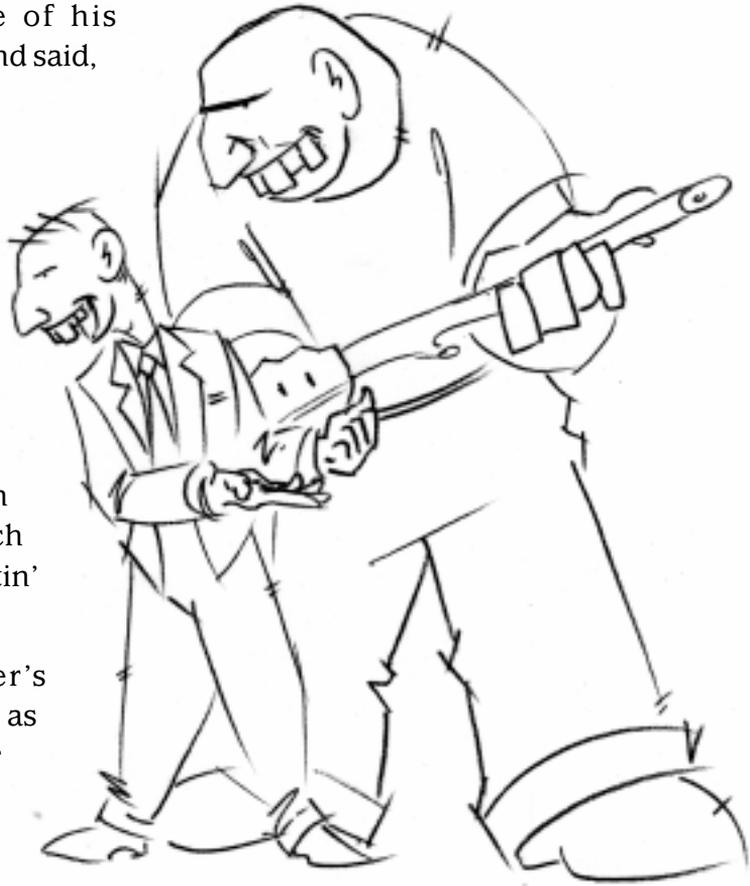
And then the darkness was complete.

Bowing in mock deference before the unconscious body of the lawyer, Fear sneered in cunning derision and said, “Lemme introduce you to Panic, my brother.” Then, with an ugly, bad-teeth smile, Fear looked upward into the nervous face of his heavier, twitching twin and said, “Anotha’ job well done.”

“Grab the case and let’s get outta here,” replied Panic, thumping a stick into his open palm, rat-a-tat-tat. “Th’ dog is makin’ m’ head hurt.”

Fear laughed and whacked his brother on the back. “But na’ as much as his head will be hurtin’ inna mornin’!”

Tossing the lawyer’s briefcase up into the air as they moved away, Fear and Panic were thirstily absorbed into the soft edges of darkness.



10

Nameless and Homeless



“THE SUREST SIGN
THAT INTELLIGENT
LIFE EXISTS
ELSEWHERE IN THE
UNIVERSE IS THAT IT
HAS NEVER TRIED
TO CONTACT US.”

– CALVIN, IN *CALVIN
AND HOBBS*

Lying motionless in the dim morning light, the lawyer slowly raised his eyelids and stared up at the high canopy of the forest. He had a headache.

Yes, a wonder of a headache. But no money, maps or matches.

No diploma to prove who he was.

But he still had his duty and obligation.

Yes, he still had those.

And a slight weight upon his chest.

Dog breath.

It was the beagle.



But why wasn't the beagle still tied to the tree?

The lawyer's struggle to sit upright made his head hurt even worse, but at least he found his answer: the beagle had chewed through her leash.

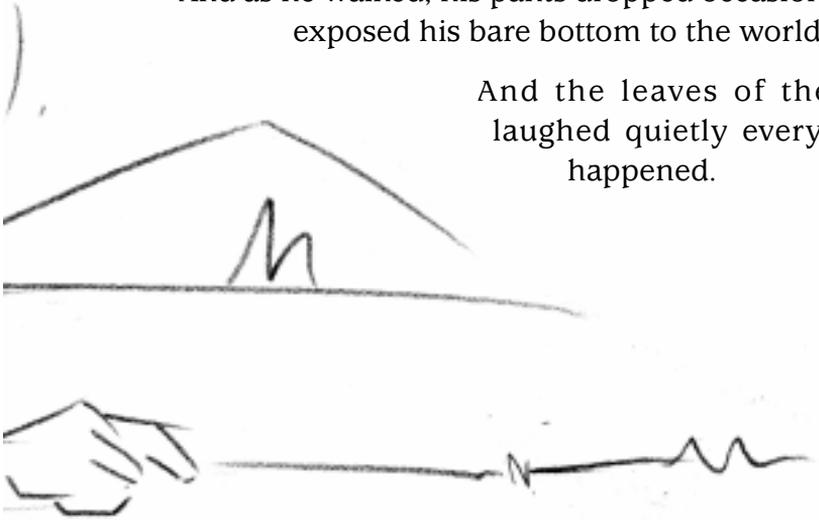
Slipping his belt from its loops around his waist, he thought he heard the beagle making that rumbling, grumbling noise again. . . . No, this time it was only his stomach, reminding him that he hadn't eaten since he left Town Square.

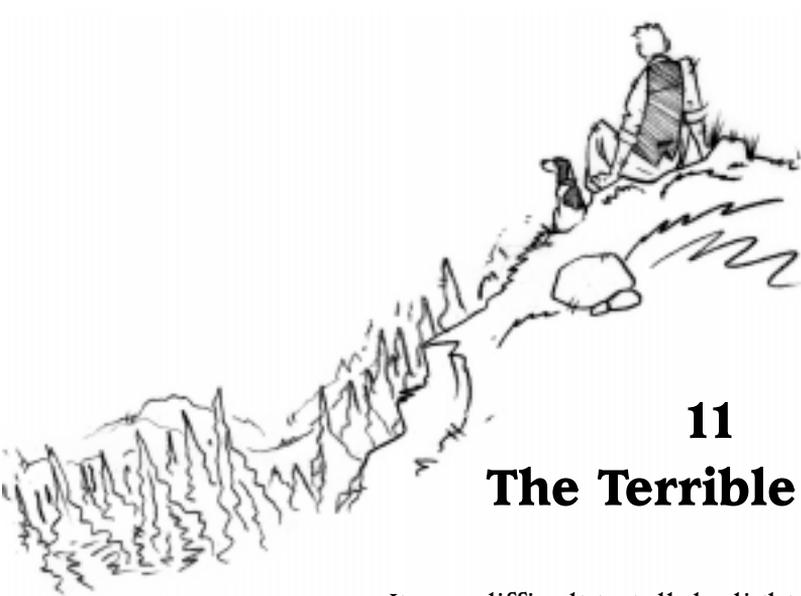
Ah, Town Square. . . its newspaper stand and courthouse, its shoeshine chair and official clock. His orderly, predictable world. The only thing left of it was the thin newspaper he had rolled up to spank the beagle. Instinctively he folded it into six starched squares and placed it in the bottom left pocket of his jacket.

Using his belt again as a makeshift leash, the lawyer wrapped the rags of his dignity tightly about him and began to walk in the direction that seemed North.

And as he walked, his pants dropped occasionally and exposed his bare bottom to the world.

And the leaves of the forest
laughed quietly every time it
happened.





11

The Terrible Truth

It was difficult to tell daylight from darkness in the forest, but the lawyer knew without counting the days that they had been wandering for weeks. He knew that the nights were growing steadily colder. He knew that he and the beagle were starving.



(IN RESPONSE TO R2-D2'S BEEPED AND SQUEAKED QUESTION ABOUT WHETHER LUKE LIKES HIM) "NO, I DON'T THINK HE LIKES YOU AT ALL." (R2 BEEPS ANOTHER QUESTION) "NO, I DON'T LIKE YOU EITHER."

- C-3PO

When the lawyer had first regained consciousness, his only thought was to avoid Worry and Fear. Then, as he wandered further and further into the numbing Swamp of Depression, he began to think that even Worry and Fear might be better than no friends at all.

But yesterday the lawyer had felt the forest floor begin to rise and had allowed the slight incline to guide his footsteps in the darkness. If a step seemed easy, he knew it was leading him downward. It was only the more difficult steps that would take him higher.

Having resolved to take only the difficult steps, he sat now in bright sunlight, high upon a hilltop, scanning a panoramic forest.

A forest that seemed to have no end.

And no way out.

“Destinae does not exist,” the lawyer said aloud, “and everyone who wrote of going there was telling a terrible lie.” Of course they were lying. That’s why their stories did not agree.

Deep in his heart, the lawyer knew that he had failed and that he was about to die.

There was only one thing left for him to do:

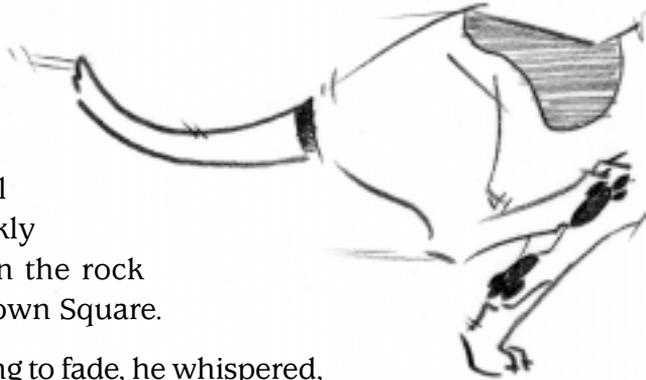
Free the beagle.

Stroking the dog’s soft coat for the first time since he’d met her, Intellect said, “Intuition, you have been a far better friend to me than I have been to you.” Then, drawing her furry cheek next to his, he whispered softly, “Go now. Run free and live.”

The moment the belt was off her neck, the beagle disappeared — “Arooo! Aroo-aroo!” — out of the clearing and into the woods.

Slipping his worn belt back into its frayed loops, the lawyer had a weary thought: “Well, at least I won’t die with my bare bottom showing for all the world to see.” He smiled weakly into the sunlight as he lay upon the rock and remembered the clock in Town Square.

Feeling his strength beginning to fade, he whispered, “I wonder what time it is now.”



12

Consolation

The lawyer stretched out shamelessly upon the stone and the sunlight warmed his skin.

He thought of the newspaper stand and laughed. He looked at his battered shoes and laughed harder still.



“ONCE YOU REPLACE
NEGATIVE THOUGHTS
WITH POSITIVE ONES,
YOU’LL START HAVING
POSITIVE RESULTS.
WHEN I STARTED
COUNTING MY
BLESSINGS, MY
WHOLE LIFE
TURNED AROUND.”

– WILLIE NELSON

“R2-D2, WHERE
ARE YOU?”

– C-3PO

It felt good to laugh. He only wished the beagle were here to laugh with him.

Just then the beagle exploded through the trees as though his thoughts had called her, and in her teeth was the biggest rabbit the lawyer had ever seen. She dropped it at his feet and hung her head, panting in exhaustion.

Before the lawyer could utter a word, a burly, bearded hunter burst through the brush in exactly the spot where the beagle had appeared. Wearing a tartan plaid wool shirt and a pair of denim overalls, the hairy hunter shouted excitedly, “Ma hoonds and I were hoontin’ for hare when this ’un youmps outta the brush, and ’fore I could raise a rifle or wink, your hoond appeart outta nowhere and snatches t’hare in’er teeth on a dead run. T’were a marvelous sight, it were!” Gesturing to his own dogs, he said, “Ma hoonds and I tracked your hoond t’here.” The hunter then removed his hat and, gathering such formality about himself as he could muster, asked, “Might th’ wee hoond be purchased froom ya today?”





“Do you have a knife and matches?” asked the lawyer.

“Aye,” answered the hunter anxiously. “Knife and matches I can lend, b’ willya be sellin’ the hoond for yooost a knife ’n’ a fire?”

The lawyer sat up slowly. “Friend,” he said, “I can offer you only a dinner of roasted rabbit.” The lawyer looked the hunter straight in the eye. “Because this beagle cannot be purchased at any price.” Gathering what little strength he could muster, the lawyer wobbled to his feet and smiled. “Will you stay to dine with us?”

Looking now with grave concern at the frail lawyer and the dog, the hunter asked, “How long has’t been since your last meal?” The lawyer told him their story as the hunter prepared the rabbit and the fire. When the lawyer finished speaking, the hunter remained silent for a while. Then, speaking more to himself than to the lawyer, he turned and looked with deep curiosity at the beagle. “B’why would na’ a hoongry hoond a’eaten the hare instead o’ bringin’ it here?”



“R2-D2, IT IS YOU,
IT IS YOU!”

First of all, in scientific tests, dogs have proved themselves a million times more able than humans to sense certain smells. How is that possible? It’s because a dog’s nose has four times the volume of ours, and while a human nose contains about 5 million ethmoidal (olfactory) cells, beagles’ noses have over 200 million.

- C-3PO Likewise, the outside of a dog’s nose (especially hounds) is designed to pick up scents: large and wet, it collects and dissolves scent particles for easier identification. When a dog detects a desirable scent, it reacts by salivating, and the wet tongue also helps to pick up and dissolve more scent particles. Under perfect conditions, a beagle can easily run a line by air scenting rather than sticking its nose down close to the ground.

When a Beagler says that his or her hound is running a line, they are saying that it is following or tracking a scent trail that has been left by its intended quarry. Beagles can and have been trained to single out virtually any scent, which makes them a very versatile hound. They have been used to track rabbits/hares, squirrels, deer, coyotes, foxes, raccoons, upland game birds — also illegal drugs, bombs, natural gas leaks, combustible fuel evidence at arson scenes, and humans (search & rescue), just to name a few. Finding rabbits comes naturally to Beagles since this is what they were originally bred for. (Please note that each time I use the term rabbit, I am also talking about hares.)

– BEAGLESUNLIMITED.COM

13

The Ship Dock a'Luff

“Does this hill have a name?” asked the lawyer, licking the last taste of rabbit from his lips. Looking down, he noted with satisfaction that the beagle was still chewing on her portion.

“Epiphany is the name o’ this hill,” said the hunter, “and na’ many can say to’a’ climbed it.”

“The beagle and I are going to Destinae,” said the lawyer with sudden conviction. “Have you ever been there?”

The hunter answered by pointing into the sky with his hunting knife. “Followin’ P’laris is surely the way to Destinae. But ’tis certain tha’ noo one returns who follows tha’ star.”

Leaning forward into the circle of firelight, the lawyer spoke again with some intensity: “I’ve read of jungles and dangers and of glittering parties and uncharted seas. What have you heard of Destinae?”

“I coon tell ya only to b’ware a’the ship dock a’Luff.”

“Luff?” The lawyer could not recall ever having seen Luff on any of his maps or charts. “Is Luff dangerous?”

“Aye, mos’ dangerous and pow’rful is the ship dock a’Luff.”

“Is there a way to get around it?”

As he whittled on a piece of wood with his hunting knife, the hunter answered quietly, "It doona' matter how far ya journey. Ya canna' escape the ship dock a'Luff if yoor plannin' to reach Destinae."

"The ship dock circles the world?" whispered the incredulous lawyer.

Thoughtful, the hunter continued, "Aye, surely Luff circles the worl', and it makes the worl' go 'roun' in circles, too."

"What kind of ships come to the ship dock of Luff?"

The hunter looked confused. "Are ya askin' about ships now?"

"Yes, what kind of ships come to the ship dock?"

Agitated, the hunter boomed, "The oonly kinda' ships there are, Lad! The ships that're carryin' wool!"

"And so all of the ships are full of wool, then?"

The hunter laughed heartily, "Noo! Th' wool is on the ships, na' in 'em. The ship dock oonly watches o'er th' ships."

Now it was the lawyer's turn to be confused.

Seeing his consternation, the hunter began to talk to him as though he were a little child. "When a little lamb b'cooms a ship, th' ship is haffin' wool on it." Pointing now at the beagle, he continued, "A ship dock is a dock that watches o'er th' ships yoos like your little bickle dock watches o'er you."

Both the hunter and the lawyer stared for a long time into the fire before the hunter continued: "Aye, Luff is pow' rful like a ship dock, and sof' and gentle like one, too."

Without removing his gaze from the flames, the lawyer answered, "And it makes the world go 'round?"

"Aye, Laddie, that it does."

When the lawyer awoke, the fire was out, the hunter was gone, and the beagle was staring northward.





“The Beagle is a gentle, sweet, lively and curious dog that just loves everyone! A happy little tail-wagger! Sociable, brave and intelligent. Calm and loving. Excellent with children and generally good with other dogs, but should not be trusted with non-canine pets. . . .”

– DOGBREEDINFO.COM

The Inner Critic is that little voice that believes you do not deserve abundant love, good health, or success. But this is only the opinion of one part of your brain — your judgmental, analytical, rational left brain. There is a whole area of your brain that doesn't make judgements at all.

Although the ability to speak and form thoughts into words and sentences rests almost exclusively with the left side of the brain, the understanding of the emotional tone of voice is a function of the right side.

Now, there's a funny thing about the right side of your brain — it is not concerned with making judgements or assessing the factual truth of a statement; that's the left brain's job. And there's yet another way in which words can sneak their message past your Inner Critic. . . . Good poets make extensive use of “right-brain language.” Forget that sensible, linear, factual left-brain speech.

The language of the right brain is a horse of a different color. A riot of imagery, a cascade of connections, sensations, and associations. The right brain speaks in metaphors, juxtapositions, and similes, using a whole range of poetic devices to express the inexpressible and describe the indescribable. Emotions? No problem. Hearts soar. Lips taste like wine. Eyes are mirrors of the soul. Imagine what your left brain thinks of that. Utter nonsense! Not worth even bothering about! But to your illogical, intuitive right brain, it's perfectly clear.

– ROBIN FREDERICK, WWW.SOUNDEXP.COM

OSCAR: Then listen to me. Tonight you're going to sleep here. And tomorrow you're going to get your clothes and your electric toothbrush and you'll move in with me.

FELIX: No, no. It's your apartment. I'll be in the way.

OSCAR: There's eight rooms. We could go for a year without seeing each other. . . . Don't you understand? I want you to move in.

FELIX: Why? I'm a pest.

OSCAR: I know you're a pest, you don't have to keep telling me.

FELIX: Then why do you want me to live with you?

OSCAR: Because I can't stand living alone, that's why! . . . For crying out loud, I'm proposing to you. What do you want, a ring?

– *THE ODD COUPLE*, NEIL SIMON, 1965



“LOVE IS LIKE
WILDFLOWERS —
IT GROWS IN THE
STRANGEST
PLACES.”

– UNKNOWN

14

Winter Cave of Introspection

Deep in the Forest of Confusion sits the Hill of Epiphany, and in one side of that hill is the Cave of Introspection.

It was in this cave that the lawyer and the beagle spent the winter.

Now that she was allowed to run free and unfettered, the beagle was clearly getting faster and stronger. And each evening as they sat by the fire in the cave, they would feast together on the beagle's catch of the day. What a variety of game the beagle was finding in the forest! It seemed to the lawyer that the forest was not a bit confusing to the beagle, but was truly a Forest of Opportunity.

The lawyer smiled, remembering how the hunter had refused to accept his gold watch in exchange for the hunting knife. "Noo, Laddie, the time for me is always now, an' now is a time that ne'er changes. I'm giffin' you the knife as a gift a'Luff."

Staring out of the cave and into the night, the lawyer studied the winter stars. Thinking back upon his days in Town Square, he blushed when he remembered how angry he had been when Judge Grey had insisted that their journey begin after dark. It was obvious now that the old judge clearly knew of the importance of following Polaris. But he also knew the lawyer would need to discover it for himself.

Polaris. . . .

How could all of the travelers have followed that same star, yet seen completely different things on their journeys?

When the beagle's cold nose touched his own, the lawyer spoke aloud: "Each of the stars in the sky appears to move during the night because of the rotation of the earth. . . . The fact that Polaris does not move means that it must be aligned in the heavens precisely above the earth's axis." Then his voice became a whisper when he realized the implication: "This means that everyone who has found Destinae is now sitting on top of the world."

No wonder they never returned.

Children of the Ship Dock



“NO BEAGLE
SHOULD BE
ALLOWED TO ROAM
FREE, AS ITS NOSE
WILL SURELY GET IT
INTO TROUBLE.”

- THE AMERICAN
KENNEL CLUB

Weeks before the twins were born, the lawyer noticed the beagle growing fat and suspected that she had been cavorting with “th’ ship dock a’Luff.” Faith and Hope were born in the warmth of the cave during a wheezing, whistling blizzard that blustered and blew for days on end. And from the very first moment that they arrived into this world, their personalities were markedly different.

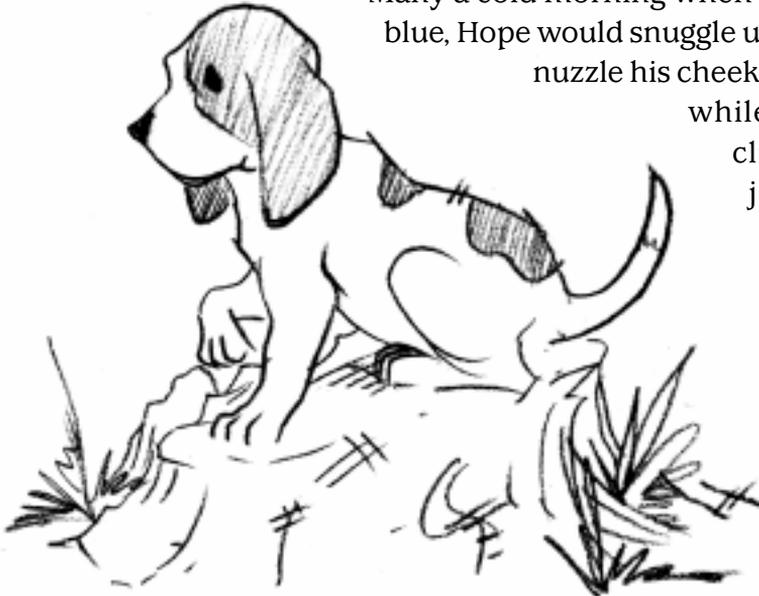
Faith, the male puppy, was courageous and quick and able. Always ready to climb or wrestle, Faith was quick to let you know he was there.

Hope, on the other hand, was cuddly and tender and loving. Much quieter and softer than her boisterous brother, Hope was drawn to where there was pain.

Many a cold morning when the lawyer was feeling blue, Hope would snuggle up close beside him and nuzzle his cheek until he smiled. Mean-

while, her brother would climb a rock and bark just to show you he could do it.

To the lawyer, living with the puppies in the Cave of Introspection, the



winter weeks passed like hours; whole days seemed like minutes. He had never been happier.

And when the thawing winds of spring arrived, the snow and ice were completely melted.



“You know, Lydia, I used to be a rationalist.”

“What is that?”

“Well, it’s sort of believing only in what you see, or hear, or feel. But lately, I’ve begun to suspect that there are more things in heaven and earth than I ever dreamed in my philosophy.”

“You learn much when you learn that.”

– COLONEL RALPH DENISTOUN TO THE GYPSY WOMAN, LYDIA, IN
PARAMOUNT’S 1947 MOVIE *GOLDEN EARRINGS*



16

Spring Storm

Days grew longer, buds burst on branches, and warm winds whispered of Destinae. Faith and Hope had grown strong during the short days of winter and both were wiggling to bounce into an adventure.



“A MIND ONCE
STRETCHED BY
A NEW IDEA
NEVER REGAINS ITS
ORIGINAL DIMENSION.”

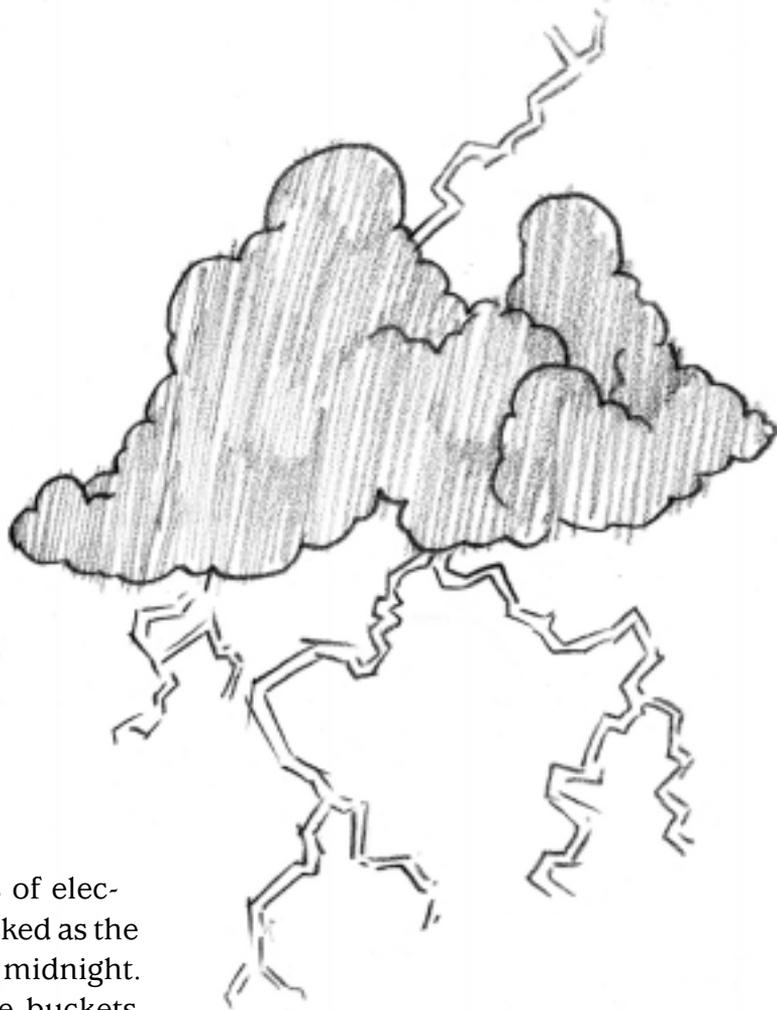
– OLIVER WENDELL
HOLMES

Intellect and Intuition knew the time had come to move on.

The forbidding Forest of Confusion was not so difficult to navigate now that the beagle was off the leash. Under logs and over brooks, across gullies and into thickets she led the lawyer and the puppies north by north, until one day, when the sun was bright and the wind sang sweetly, the forest blew away like fog and they were out of it.

Or so they thought.

A few rollicking hours of barking at butterflies and running at rainbows was all they collected before singing winds became stinging winds and rain like bullets began to fall. Soon a whistling, whipping atmosphere was sending sizable saplings sailing over their heads. The lawyer grabbed the beagles and lay face down with them in a ravine.



Snapping snakes of electricity hissed and cracked as the sky grew as dark as midnight. Water bullets became buckets, and the ravine began to rumble.

Fighting his way out from under the lawyer's arm, Faith climbed out of the ditch and onto a rock, where he barked defiance at the storm.

And the storm barked back.



And it rained a sickness. And it rained a fear. And it rained an odor. And it rained a murder. And it rained pale eggs of the beast.

Rain fell on the towns and the fields. It fell on the tractor sheds and the labyrinth of sloughs. Rain fell on toadstools and ferns and bridges. It fell on the head of John Paul Ziller.

Rain poured for days, unceasing. Flooding occurred. The wells filled with reptiles. The basements filled with fossils. Mossy-haired lunatics roamed the dripping peninsulas. Moisture gleamed on the beak of the Raven. Ancient shamans, rained from their homes in dead tree trunks, clacked their clamshell teeth in the drowned doorways of forests. Rain hissed on the Freeway. It hissed at the prows of fishing boats. It ate the old warpaths, spilled the huckleberries, ran in the ditches. Soaking. Spreading. Penetrating.

And it rained an omen. And it rained a poison. And it rained a pigment. And it rained a seizure.

– TOM ROBBINS, *ANOTHER ROADSIDE ATTRACTION*

17

Rain

Crawling on his elbows out of the ravine and over to the rock, the lawyer crouched behind the massive stone and tried to coax Faith off the top of it. But Faith would not be moved. The lawyer felt a sudden yank at his sleeve — Intuition was trying to get his attention. He looked back and saw that she was barking, but in the noise of the storm no sound seemed to be coming from her throat.

The ground rumbled beneath them.

In the roaring ravine where Hope had obediently remained, a mountain of water hurtled like a freight train down a track. The soundlessly screaming lawyer was scrambling leglessly toward her, arms outstretched, when a jagged jewel of light exploded like a bomb, knocking him sightless and deaf to the ground.

And in the roaring gush and rush of whirling-swirling water that pounded through the ravine, Hope was swept away. . . .

And was lost.

The River of Hate

When they were finally able to see again, a trembling lawyer and a muddy beagle rose shakily from the ground to survey the pointless scene.

Faith was still standing on his rock.

But Hope was nowhere to be found.

Where once had been a shallow ravine now raged a river, dirty and cold.

But it did not flow to the north.

As the lawyer watched the beagle sniff and whimper along the water's edge, he knew it was his duty to continue northward. But the beagle obviously wanted to follow the river in search of Hope. He watched her as she anxiously scoured the water's edge with Faith following close behind her.

Shrill duty demanded that they continue northward, but as the lawyer's fingers touched the buckle of his belt, he could not slip it from his waist.

No, it would not be right to leash the beagle.



“We are continuing our journey to Destinae,” he shouted to no one. “We are merely taking a longer route to get there.”

When Judge Grey had told him, “Your journey will take what it takes,” the lawyer had assumed he was speaking of time and money.

He had never dreamed that it would take Hope.

Following Faith and Intuition, the shattered lawyer walked in silence along the river, but the absence of Hope made each footfall heavier than the last. What was this tightness in his throat, and why was his vision getting blurry? When he tripped and fell, he raised the offending stone above his head in a rage and smashed it into the face of the river with a murderous shout.

The river swallowed the stone and continued rolling on exactly as before.

But the lawyer had made his point. His vision cleared and his eyes became slits. He spat with violence into the river.

You are the river that took Hope from my life. You will be my enemy.

Forever.



19

Village of Compromise

Early in the day, the trio traveled under spacious skies staring directly into the sun. But as morning matured into afternoon, the sun was left further and further behind until the lawyer was walking in darkness. Within just a few days, the dirty river, the staring sun, and the absence of Hope had given him such a headache that he was beginning to despair of ever completing his mission.



“PERFECTION DOES NOT EXIST; TO UNDERSTAND IT IS THE TRIUMPH OF HUMAN INTELLIGENCE; TO EXPECT TO POSSESS IT IS THE MOST DANGEROUS KIND OF MADNESS.”

– ALFRED DE MUSSET

That’s when the village appeared. Straight streets and houses with faces: a window on the left, a window on the right, and a door exactly in the middle. Pale grass and predictable yards.

The lawyer had never seen so many shades of beige.

Immediately upon the lawyer’s entry into the colorless village, the beige people rushed out to wish him welcome. “We are a simple people,” the mayor proclaimed with manufactured humility, “but we’re more than happy to offer you such as we have to share. Fresh baked bread, cold beer, and whiskey flow in abundance here. Does it get any better than this?”

After sharing a meal of bread and beer with the friendly people of the village, the lawyer asked, “What can you tell me of Destinae?”

“Oh!” exclaimed a woman. “Destinae is not for such people as we!” It seemed to the lawyer that the woman

spoke with a strange, self-righteous glee. “We are a simple folk with simple tastes who have learned to be content with such things as Nature has chosen to give.”

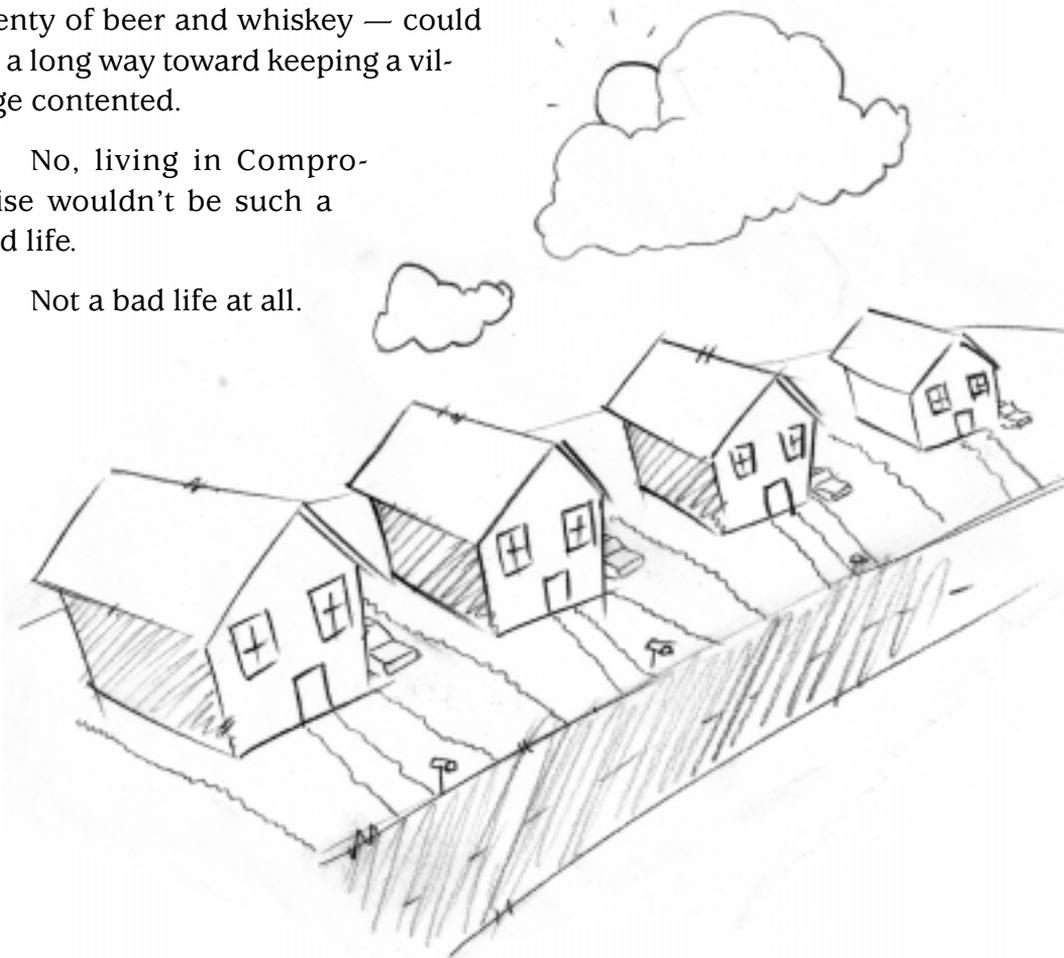
“And what has Nature seen fit to give?” asked the lawyer.

“All that can be made from grain,” replied a man boldly from the middle of the group. “Look ’round about you at the fields,” he continued proudly. “What other village has such an abundance of grain as we have here in Compromise?”

Yes, an abundance of bread — with plenty of beer and whiskey — could go a long way toward keeping a village contented.

No, living in Compromise wouldn’t be such a bad life.

Not a bad life at all.



Contentment in the Village

The lawyer had been in the village for only a few days when he began to seriously consider discontinuing the journey. After all, many of the people here in the village did not even believe in Destinae. And some of their arguments were rather convincing.

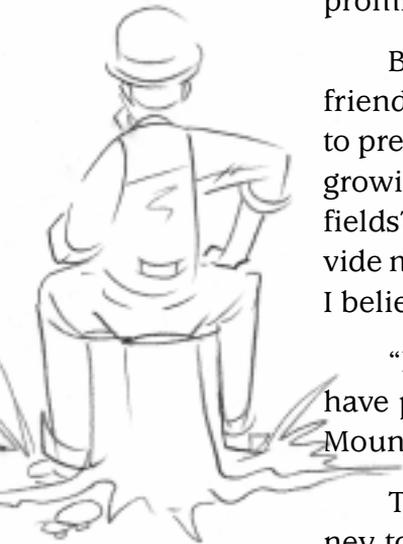
Day after day the lawyer asked questions and was given answers. But as the days wore on, his questions became fewer and fewer.

One day the lawyer asked one of his new friends where he might find some wine — and was surprised at the offended answer: “To make wine would require much fruit!” Staring at the clearly insane lawyer, the friend added, “And we do not bear much fruit in Compromise.”

But the lawyer wasn't insane. He wasn't even unfriendly. He was simply a lawyer. And as such, he chose to press the matter further: “Have you never considered growing fruit along with the grain here in your fertile fields? Fruit would add variety to your menu and provide much-needed vitamins for the health of the village. I believe that adding fruit should be discussed.”

“If Nature had wanted us to have fruit, she would have placed our village on the other side of the Purple Mountains.”

The lawyer persisted: “But can you not simply journey to the other side of the mountains and bring back



such fruit as grows there? The mountains are only two miles away.”

“You have only recently come into our village,” his friend answered with stiff finality, “so you do not yet know our ways. But you must learn to leave well enough alone.”

And his friend walked angrily away.

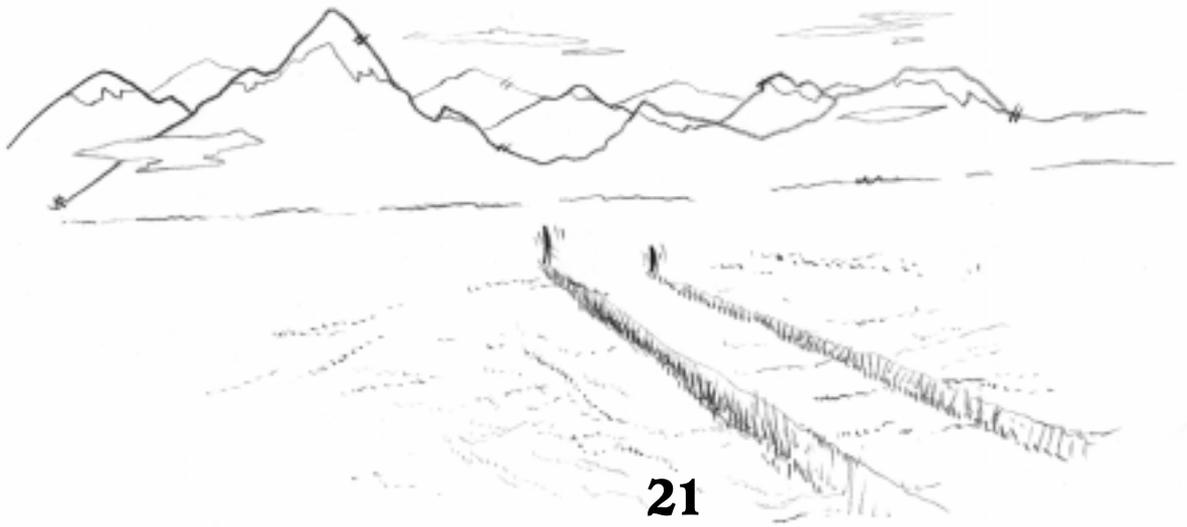
Late that night, the lawyer, Intuition, and Faith were sitting at the northern edge of the village staring into the sky above the Purple Mountains when Intuition’s ears suddenly twitched and she cocked her head as though listening.

Just then, the town’s elderly mayor arrived and sat down next to the lawyer. “You asked a foolish question today,” said the mayor. “You’re still considered a newcomer to our village, and therefore the people have chosen to forgive you. But in the future, you’ll be expected to behave more like one of us.”

“Well, since I am technically still a newcomer,” said the lawyer, “may I ask just one last question?”

“Certainly,” said the mayor with a smile.

The lawyer looked deep into the old man’s eyes and asked, “How did you come to be here?”



21

“Aroo! Aroo-aroo!”

“Aroo! Aroo-aroo!” wailed Intuition. “Aroo! Aroo-aroo!” echoed Faith. And then the two beagles shot across the grain fields like arrows fired from a bow.

“Aroo! Aroo-aroo!” Their voices were already surprisingly distant.

“Aroo! Aroo-aroo!” Now their song could barely be heard at all.

“Well, young fellow,” began the mayor slowly, as though he were about to bestow great wisdom upon the lawyer, “like you, I once was a believer in Destinae, and back in those days we. . . .”

The lawyer wasn’t really sure what the old man said after that. The mayor droned on and on about hard work and bad luck while the lawyer strained to hear the beagles in the distance. The lawyer didn’t want to seem unfriendly, so every once in a while he would nod his head and say, “Hmm. . . .” as though pondering what the old man was saying. Finally, after what seemed

nearly an hour, Intuition returned and began barking frantically at him.

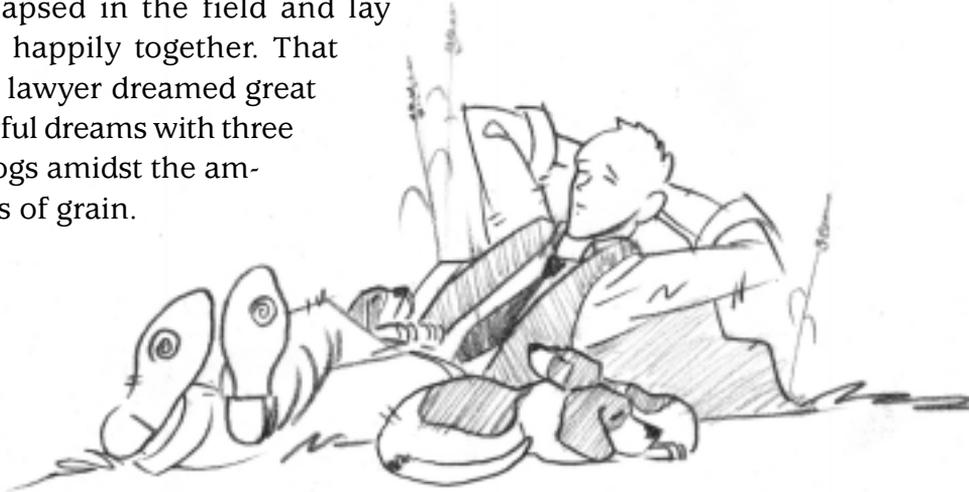
These weren't the "Aroos" of a chase. This was nothing less than a cacophony of barking and leaping, like the one she had delivered from the end of her leash when he had fought with Fear in the Forest of Confusion. There was only one thing it could mean!

The lawyer leaped to his feet as the mayor concluded, ". . . and that was when we lost hope."

Beaming a great smile at the dignified old gent, the lawyer screamed in anguished delight, "You should have had a beagle!" Then he began running as hard as he could, following Intuition as she scampered back toward the Purple Mountains.

They were barely halfway there when the lawyer heard the voices of the twins not far ahead. "Aroo! Aroo!" they sang triumphantly. "Aroo! Aroo-aroo!" answered their mother. "Aroo!" shouted the lawyer, laughing.

The four collided in a furry ball of hugs and sweat and laughter and tears and dog breath, and they rolled ridiculously together on the ground. Finally, exhausted, they collapsed in the field and lay snuggled happily together. That night the lawyer dreamed great and colorful dreams with three smelly dogs amidst the amber waves of grain.



22

Climbing the Purple Mountains

They were halfway up the Purple Mountains when the slope grew steeper and it became clear to the lawyer what had happened to Hope.

After the storm, when she had found herself beached on the shore of the dirty river, Hope had assumed that the troupe would continue northward and, under this assumption, had chased Polaris until she came to the Purple Mountains. Halfway up, she had begun to call for her companions, and her mother and brother had heard.

Oh, Hope, how you ease the journey!

It had been a long afternoon of jagged rocks, perilous ledges, slippery slopes, and unsure toeholds when the reunited team finally achieved the crest of the Purple Mountains. Gathering the three beagles into his arms, the lawyer sat and looked down, down, down to the contented village of Compromise.

It frightened him that he had almost stayed there.

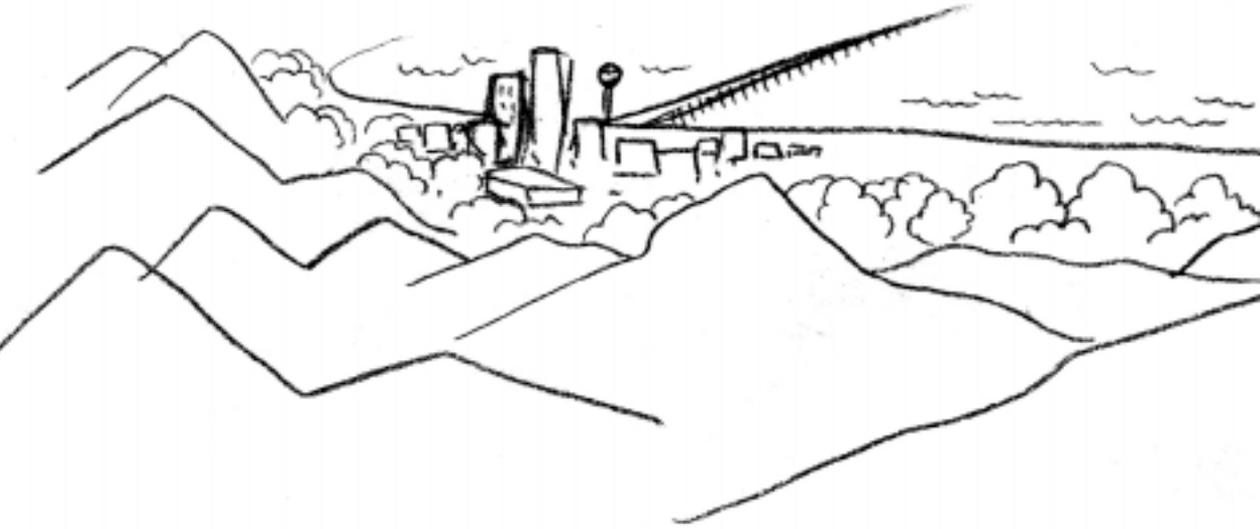
Yes, in that colorless place could be found plenty of bread, beer, and whiskey — but no fruit, no wine, no dreams.

A sympathetic tear fell off the lawyer's chin. He sighed deeply and said, "They don't even know what they're missing."

A series of sharp, piercing shouts from Intuition jolted him out of his reverie. The lawyer remembered this bark from the night of the avalanche, when he was in danger of being trapped and suffocated in the cave. He looked quickly at the beagle and saw that she was staring intently down at the town below.

“Yes, Intuition, I understand,” said the lawyer, “and I most wholeheartedly agree.”



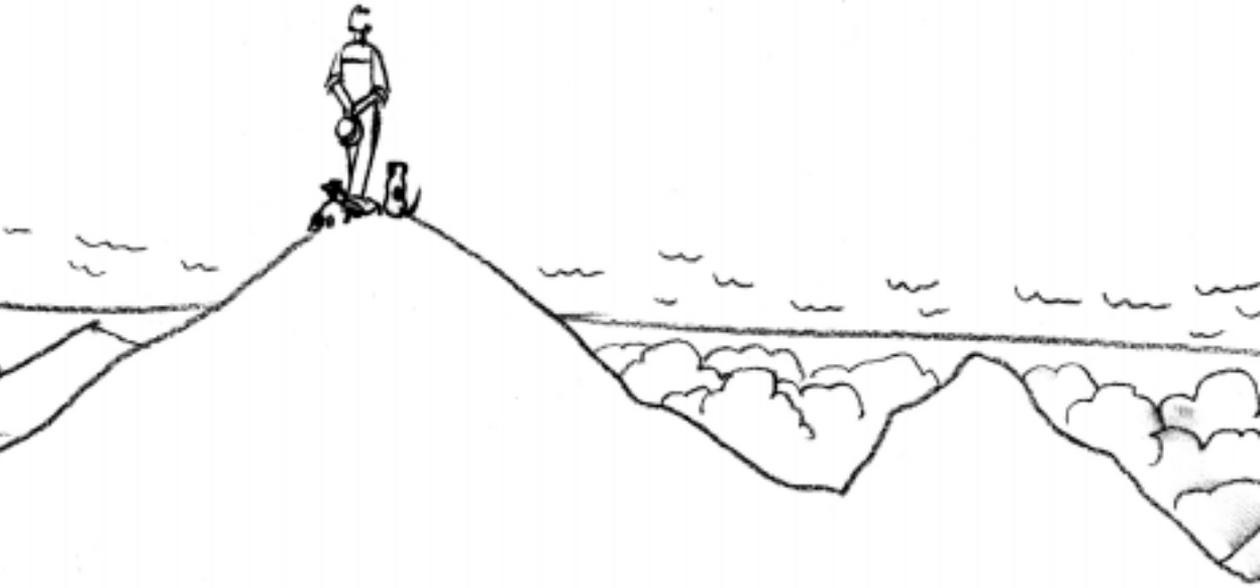


23

Across the Fruited Plain

Looking now toward the north from the crest of the Purple Mountains, the wide-eyed lawyer gazed in wonder at a sight more glorious than anything he had ever seen. In the distance was a shining sea. Stretching all the way to the shore was a vibrant plain exploding in color — apples, oranges, grapes, bananas, pears, mangos, coconuts, pineapples, tomatoes, avocados, and plums in such abundance that they could not be counted.

And where the plains met the shore, there appeared to be a city.



Surely this was Destinae!

The troupe ran, jumped, and tumbled down the mountainside and onto the fruited plains. But the plains turned out to be far broader than they had seemed from the top of the mountain, and now it was getting dark. Excited, the lawyer lay under the branches of a commiphora tree and drank of its sweet perfume.

Looking at the stars, the lawyer realized that his theory had obviously been wrong. With Destinae so very near to them, Polaris should be directly overhead.

But it wasn't.

Evidently, Destinae did not sit at the top of the world.

24

Ocean of Tears



“IF THEY CAN GET
YOU ASKING THE
WRONG QUESTIONS,
THEY DON’T HAVE
TO WORRY ABOUT
THE ANSWERS.”

– THOMAS PYNCHON,
GRAVITY’S RAINBOW

As the lawyer neared the seaside town, he was greeted by the smell of a dank and salty ocean that stretched as far as he could see. High above that ocean, a proud and majestic ship dock jutted nearly a mile out to sea from the water’s edge. And on this dock surged a restless ocean of anxious, uneasy people — back and forth, shoreward and then seaward, never at rest.

This was a strange and unusual place.

The crowd on the ship dock contained every type of person the lawyer had ever seen: athletes and writers, sculptors and singers, musicians carrying instruments, painters toting easels. Although none were actually writing, sculpting, painting, or singing, the lawyer noted that each looked quite ready to do so should he ever be asked to begin. He saw borrowers and bankers, gamblers and investors, ministers and politicians — each pacing intently back and forth, going nowhere.

“These people certainly have more energy than the ones living in the village of Compromise, but they don’t seem quite as friendly,” said the lawyer to the beagles. “But we shall see what we can see.”

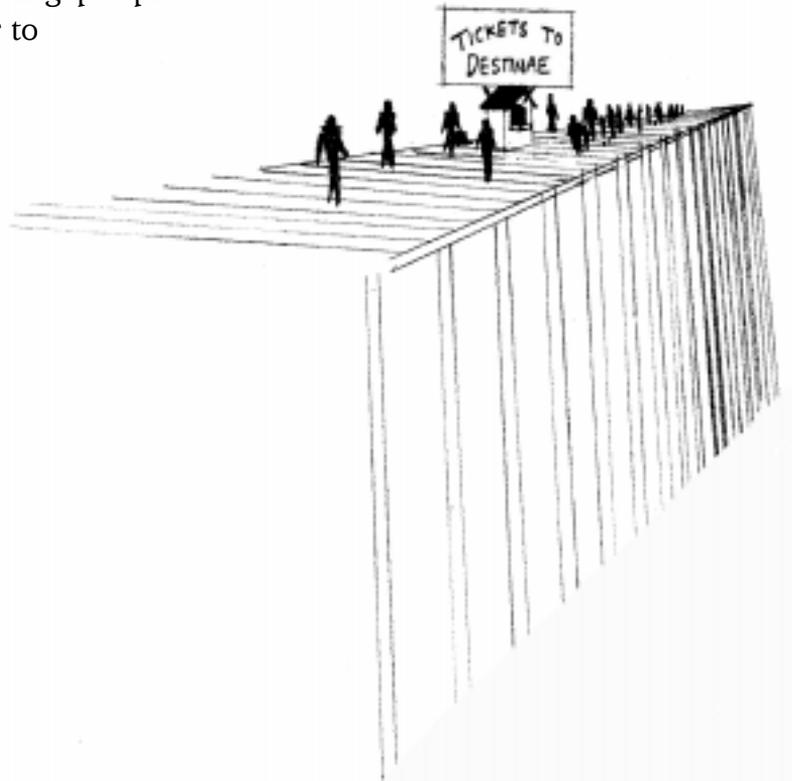
Unlike the friendly villagers of Compromise, no one here spoke to the lawyer at all except to ask if he had

“connections” or knew “the name of a good agent.” Finally, the lawyer stopped a stylishly dressed man and asked, “Do you know the way to Destinae?” Without a word, the man spun around and pointed to a small building on the highest level of the ship dock. Above the building was a large sign: “TICKETS TO DESTINAE.”

“Thank you,” shouted the lawyer as he quickly began climbing the steps.

When he had finally reached the dizzying level of the ticket booth, he gasped, “Why is this ship dock built so high above the water?”

Suddenly everyone wanted to talk. “Because of the size and splendor of the ships that dock here,” the people told him excitedly. And for the next two hours, the lawyer listened to dozens of exciting stories of ships taking people away in splendor to Destinae.



25

A Ticket to Ride

“So what do I do next?” queried the lawyer. “How much do these tickets cost?”

“Tickets carry all kinds of prices,” answered the man staring directly into his face, “but the secret is to have a winning one.”

“A winning ticket?” asked the lawyer, befuddled.

“Yes,” the man answered with a knowing wink. “You’ve got to have the right combination.”

And quickly and quietly, the crowd that had gathered around him began to disperse.

“How often does the ship come?” asked the lawyer to the backs of their vanishing heads.

“Most of us have been waiting all our lives,” answered a voice in the distance.

“But good things come to those who wait,” responded another automatically.

Not quite knowing what else to do, the lawyer began pacing the ship dock along with the people who were waiting for their ship to come in.

But he was troubled by an itch in his brain.

He smiled as he remembered the hunter on the hill-top of Epiphany. Wouldn’t the “hoonter” laugh if he knew that there really was a “ship dock” on the way to Destinae!

For a moment, the lawyer thought he had scratched the itch — but no, it was still there in his mind. Dangling his feet off the edge of the ship dock and looking into the beagles' faces, the lawyer spoke in quiet reflection: "In all the accounts I've read of journeys to Destinae, not one of them ever mentioned agents or cruises or lottery tickets. And the only one who spoke of an ocean wrote of sailing uncharted waters in an open boat."

Intuition just watched him and waited. Hope crawled up into his lap.

Then the lawyer remembered the maps. Yes, it was the memory of a map that was itching in his mind — a map with a broad body of water at the top of it, marking the farthest that anyone had ever journeyed and returned. What was the name of that sea? The itch grew worse than ever. He closed his eyes to concentrate. Seeing his distress, Hope placed her paws on his chest and touched her nose to his to let him know she was there. Smiling, he muttered, "Hope, what would I ever do without you?"

The lawyer's eyes flew open. That was it! The name on the map!

This was the Sea of False Hope.

26

The Leap of Faith

SPLASH! Faith leaped off the end of the ship dock and began swimming toward the north. Immediately, Intuition launched herself into the water in pursuit.



“WE ALL AGREE
THAT YOUR THEORY
IS CRAZY — BUT IS
IT CRAZY ENOUGH
TO BE TRUE?”

– NIELS BOHR, TO
ANOTHER SCIENTIST

The lawyer assumed that Intuition would quickly catch up to Faith and bring him back unharmed, so he was more than a little alarmed when he saw Intuition take the lead and continue swimming northward.

“Intuition! Faith!” The dogs just kept on swimming.

When he finally realized what was happening, the lawyer scooped Hope into his arms and leaped out over the water. . . .

Only to learn that it was barely four feet deep.

Holding Hope to his chest and walking as fast as he could, the lawyer followed in the wake of Faith and Intuition. The water grew deeper — up to his chest, then up to his nose. When the water got to be a little higher than his head, the lawyer held Hope above him and bounced along the bottom, gulping air each time his head bobbed above the water.

By the time the water began to grow shallower, the lawyer was nearly exhausted. When it was down to his chest, he stopped and turned to face the city. The ship dock could no longer be seen. Turning slowly in a circle, the lawyer saw nothing but water in every direction. It reminded him of the endless Forest of Confusion that he had seen from the hilltop of Epiphany.



When he finally reached water that was only waist-deep, the lawyer caught up to Faith and Intuition. Finding the older beagle nearly exhausted, he picked her up and carried her on his shoulders. But young Faith seemed to be swimming more strongly than ever.

Following Faith's lead as the pup swam doggedly toward the north, the lawyer was more thankful than ever that the puppies had been born.

27

Knee Deep

Hours later, with darkness falling, the lawyer found himself in water only two feet deep, but there was still no land on the horizon.

Polaris, however, was nearly overhead.

Now fully rested, Intuition leaped into the water as the lawyer picked up Faith and laid him dripping across his shoulders. There had been nothing to eat since the Fruited Plain, and this water wasn't drinkable. In the darkness, the lawyer could feel invisible sea creatures brushing against his legs. And even though the water was shallow, it was still too deep to let him lie down and rest.

Hungry, thirsty, tired, the lawyer held Hope close to his chest and waded onward into the night.



“If I could give you but one gift, my friend, it would be the gift to see yourself as others see you. Then you would realize how truly special you are.”

– UNKNOWN

28

Diamonds of a Princess

The ocean's surface glittered in the morning sun like diamonds in the necklace of a princess. But the water was getting neither shallower nor deeper. It remained eternally two feet deep. The lawyer's hips ached from his constant struggle against it, and he wished with all his heart that he could lie down. But the water was still too deep.

As the sun rose into the sky, the water's pretty glitter became a hard glare. No sleep and too much sunlight caused the lawyer's eyes to swell. They were now nearly closed.

By late afternoon, he couldn't see at all.

Blindly following the sounds of Faith and Intuition as they took turns leading the way north, the lawyer held Hope close to his chest (she was never allowed to lead — no one quite trusted her sense of direction).

When the lawyer could no longer feel the warmth of the sun on his skin, he knew that night had fallen. His sun-glared eyes were feeling better, but his paper throat was crackling with thirst.

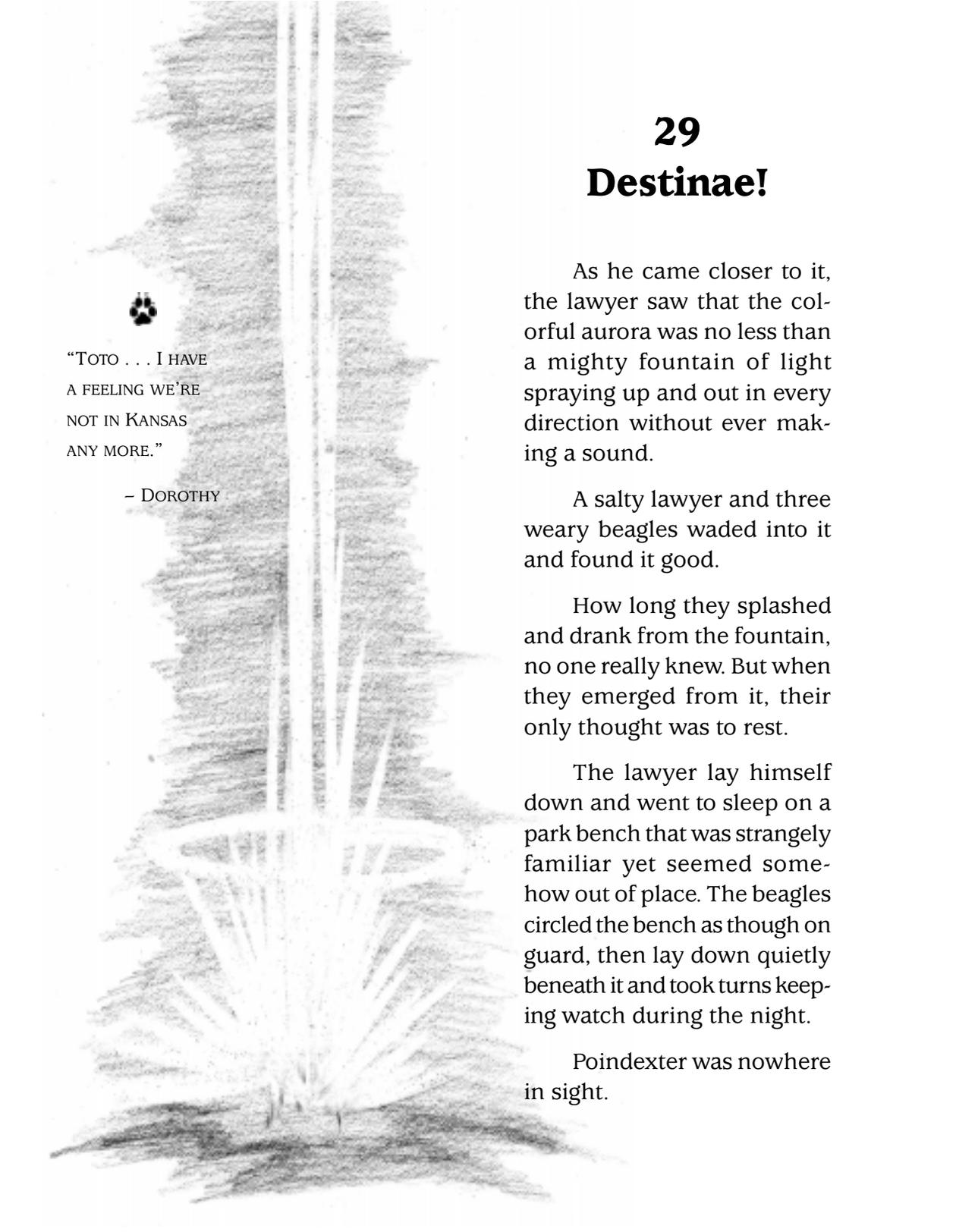
After midnight, the water seemed to be getting shallower. The lawyer had been in the sea for nearly forty hours when he suddenly realized that he was on dry

land. He stopped walking. Gently he set the beagles on the earth. He opened his exhausted eyes — and was overjoyed to find that his sight had returned.

Ahead of him, a multicolored aurora of light seemed to rise out of the ground, and the lawyer was drawn magnetically toward it.

He looked up — and saw that Polaris was directly overhead.





29 Destinae!



“TOTO . . . I HAVE
A FEELING WE’RE
NOT IN KANSAS
ANY MORE.”

– DOROTHY

As he came closer to it, the lawyer saw that the colorful aurora was no less than a mighty fountain of light spraying up and out in every direction without ever making a sound.

A salty lawyer and three weary beagles waded into it and found it good.

How long they splashed and drank from the fountain, no one really knew. But when they emerged from it, their only thought was to rest.

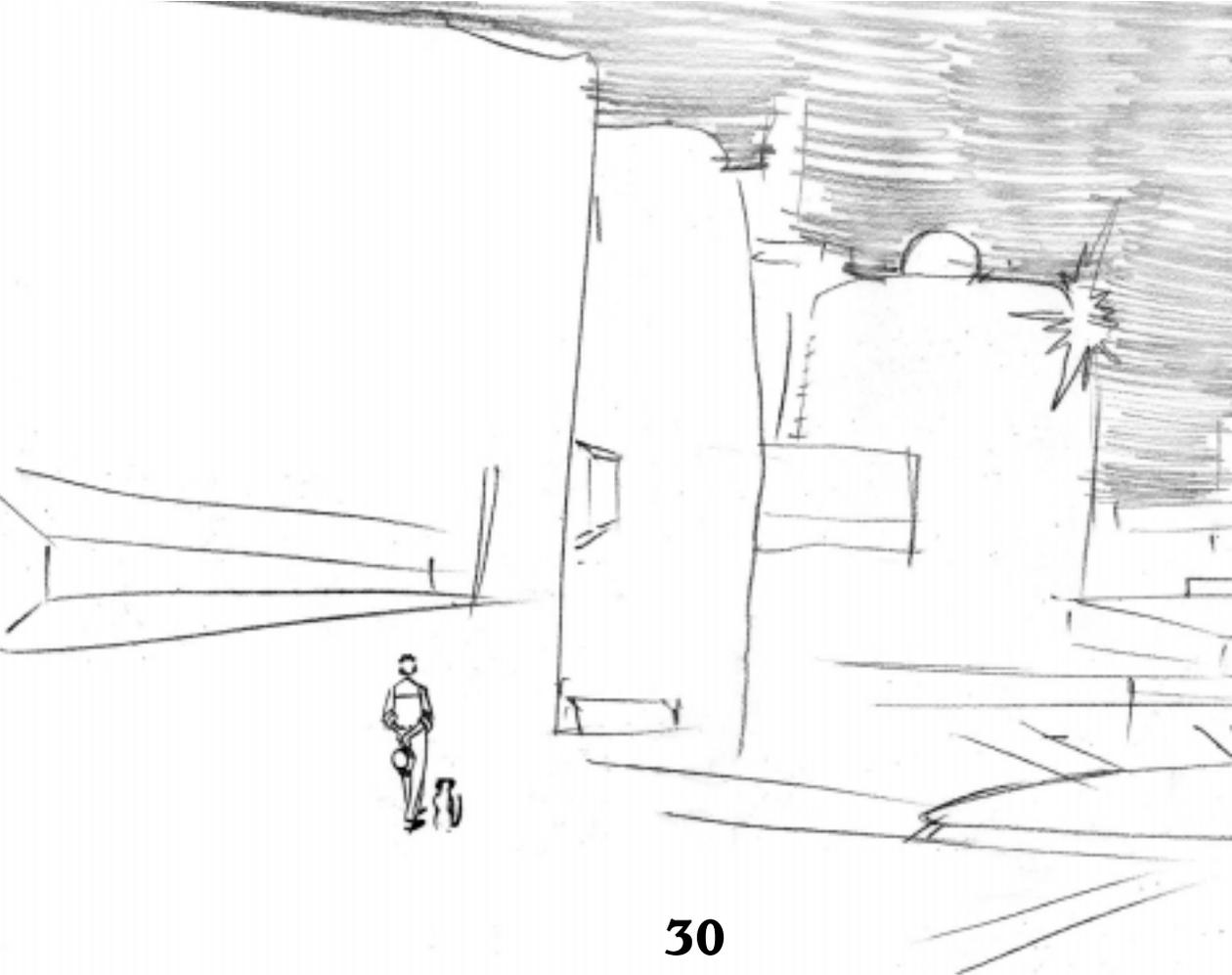
The lawyer lay himself down and went to sleep on a park bench that was strangely familiar yet seemed somehow out of place. The beagles circled the bench as though on guard, then lay down quietly beneath it and took turns keeping watch during the night.

Poindexter was nowhere in sight.



“You have noticed that everything an Indian does is in a circle, and that is because the Power of the World always works in circles, and everything tries to be round. . . . The Sky is round, and I have heard that the earth is round like a ball, and so are all the stars. The wind, in its greatest power, whirls. Birds make their nest in circles, for theirs is the same religion as ours. . . . Even the seasons form a great circle in their changing, and always come back again to where they were. The life of a man is a circle from childhood to childhood, and so it is in everything where power moves.”

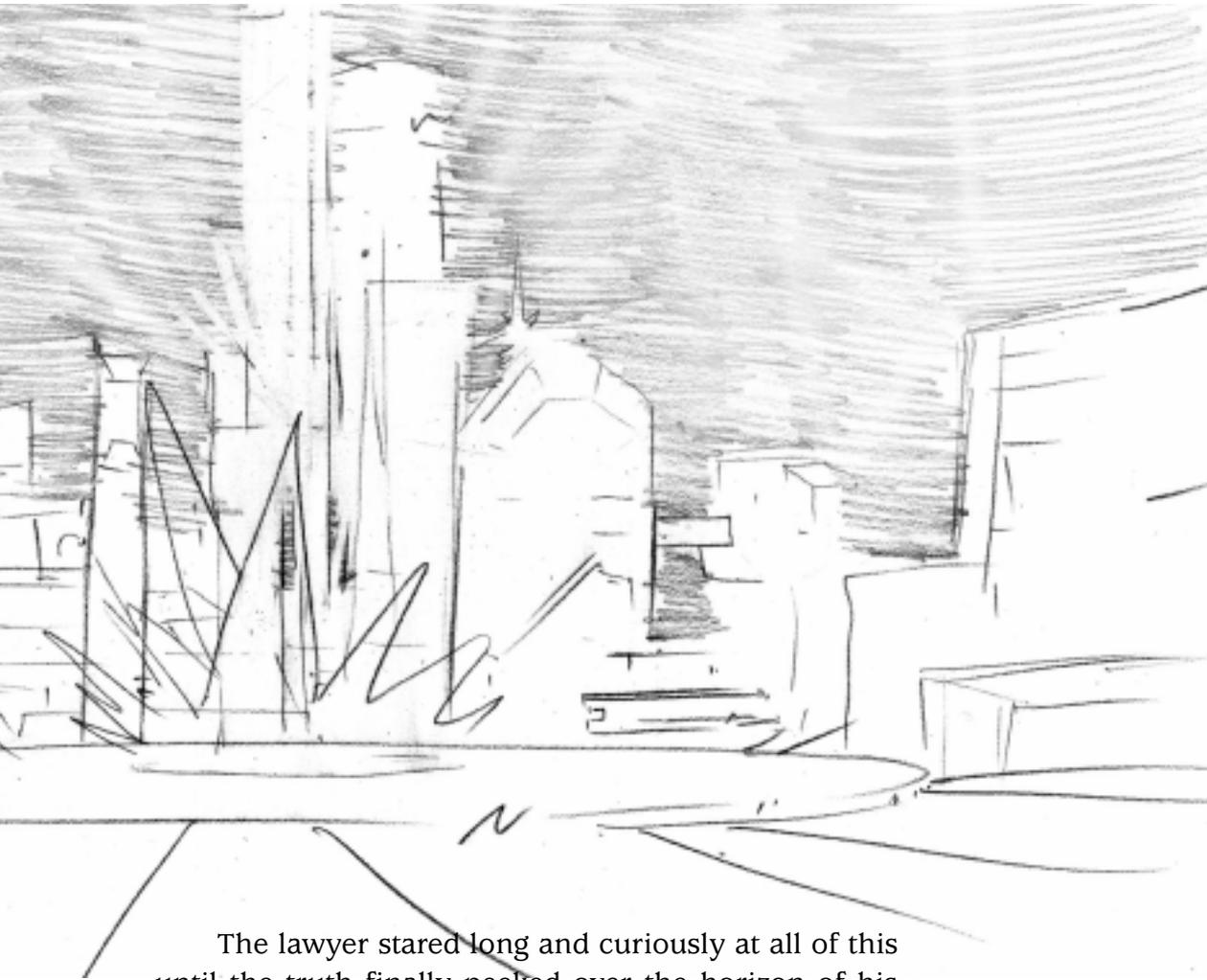
– BLACK ELK, OGLALA SIOUX HOLY MAN, 1863-1950



30

Town Without a Square

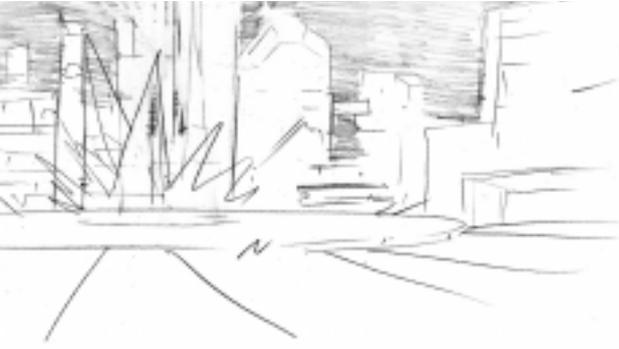
The lawyer and the beagles awoke to the beginning of a brand new day. In the warm glow of early morning they could see that their fountain of color sat precisely at the top of the world. And around the fountain ran a circular road, with other roads radiating from it like the spokes of a wheel. And along those roads were lights and colors and wonders that could not be described — soldiers without uniforms, books without covers, buildings without ceilings or walls.



The lawyer stared long and curiously at all of this until the truth finally peeked over the horizon of his mind: Destinae doesn't have a town square but is built in a perfect circle. And instead of a ticking, official clock, Destinae has a fountain at its heart.

Looking back at the park bench that he had laid himself down on, the lawyer noticed for the first time an elegant sign on a pole behind it: "Birthplace of the King." And while he was standing and staring at it, hundreds of people flooded into the square.

Many of them warmly shouted to him and to the beagles, "Welcome to Destinae!"



31

End of the Line

It was the proudest moment of his life.

And the most cruel.



“I KNEW WHEN
LOOKING BACK ON
THE TIMES WE
CRIED, I WOULD
LAUGH, BUT
I NEVER THOUGHT
WHEN LOOKING
BACK ON THE TIMES
WE LAUGHED,
I WOULD CRY.”

– UNKNOWN

The lawyer had completed his assignment, fulfilled his mission, and successfully guarded the gift his town had sent to the Son of the King. But how was he going to explain the puppies?

More important, how was he going to live without the beagles?

Would the King’s son let him visit them?

Would he be allowed to remain in Destinae?

The only thing he knew for certain was that the King’s son could not possibly be worthy of so great a gift. But Intuition had already been given to him by the citizens of Town Square, for on her collar plate was clearly engraved, “A Gift for the Son of the King.”

But what about the puppies?

The lawyer felt that if he lost Hope again he would surely die.

People were suddenly all around him, preparing a banquet in the circle. But the lawyer's vision was getting blurry again, and he felt that same odd tightness in his throat that he had felt alongside the river.

He quickly chose a road leading out of town and hurried down it — with all three beagles.





“Not everything we are capable of knowing and doing is accessible to or expressible in language. This means that some of our personal knowledge is off limits even to our own personal thoughts! Perhaps this is why humans are so often at odds with themselves, because there is more going on in our minds than we can ever consciously know.”

– DR. RICHARD E. CYTOWIC, M.D., NEUROLOGIST

Taking the Road Not Taken

Sitting in a field freshly wounded by the ripping steel of a plow, the lawyer watched a plaid-shirted farmer sowing seed in soft silence. He thought of all the things he should say to the beagle.

But he didn't say any of them, because the beagle already knew.

When the farmer came to the place where the lawyer was sitting, he said, "Seed's a foony thing is seed. If ya doona giff it up and let i' go, it canna' b'coom wha'twas meant to be."

The lawyer smiled a bittersweet smile as he remembered his old friend, the hunter. After dusting himself off and wiping the damp from his cheeks, the lawyer stood up to speak to the farmer — but the farmer was nowhere to be found.

So the lawyer just took a deep breath and held it.

And squeezed his eyes shut tight.

A few minutes later, when the lawyer was breathing and seeing again, he and the beagles began their lonely march back into town.

As they came within sight of the circle, Intuition moved into a position directly in front of the lawyer and

the puppies fell in on either side of him. So stately were the lawyer and the beagles as they marched in procession that the crowds parted to let them pass.

But the lawyer didn't notice any of this.

His vision had gone blurry again.

33

Meeting the Son of the King

The lawyer's shins bumped into something. He cleared his eyes and looked down to see that it was only Intuition. Evidently she had stopped when she reached the road that circled the silent fountain.

Looking up, the lawyer saw food and flowers and people packed into the circle. Every eye, however, was riveted on the smiling King as he stood before the fountain. His royal voice boomed, "Hear me all!" and the people grew as quiet as the calm before a storm.

"Today we receive the messenger who has guarded that which is closest to our heart." The King extended a hand toward the spot where the lawyer was standing. Every eye in the city looked at him.

The lawyer was supposed to do something now. But what?

When the silence had become unbearable, the lawyer took a faltering step forward and in his best voice said, "Allow me to present to you the gift that was entrusted to me when I left the people of Town Square."

Upon hearing these words, the citizens of Destinae went wild with clapping and cheering. But the lawyer raised his hand to silence them, for he had more to say.

His voice rang out with newfound authority: "I have a request to make of the Son of the King."

The people gasped in loud surprise. But from over near the fountain, the King's deep voice boomed once more across the circle: "And what might this request be?"

"During the winter the beagle found Love, and these two puppies were born unto her," said the lawyer. "I ask only that the messenger might be allowed to keep the puppies."

After a moment's pause, the King replied, "The puppies, of course, will always belong to the messenger. But they are Love's gift to the Son of the King."

Seeing the lawyer's confusion, the beagle pressed her nose against his bottom left jacket pocket, then raised her eyes to meet his. Reaching inside the pocket, the lawyer found the newspaper he had folded and placed there months ago. He pulled it out and read the headline again: "King's Son to Be Tested."

Then, for the first time since he had picked it up from the newspaper stand on the morning that their journey began, the lawyer read the story beneath the headline: "Given only a single day to prepare, the King's Lost Son must journey alone to Destinae to prove that he is prepared to inherit the kingdom. Fearful of the many perils that await him, the people of Destinae have sent him the gift of a magical beagle messenger to guard and guide him on his way."

And as he continued to stare at the newspaper, the King's son could hear the voices of three beagles singing in perfect harmony: "Aroo! Aroo-aroo! Aroo! Aroo-aroo! Aroo! Aroo-aroo!"

And the people of Destinae clapped and shouted in rhythm with the beagle's song: "Welcome home! Welcome home! Welcome home!"

And thus it was, with the magical beagle of Intuition at his side, that Prince Intellect began to learn about the kingdom that his father had prepared for them before he was even born.

And all these things happened in the days when Faith and Hope were very young.





THIS IS THE ONLY
KNOWN PHOTO OF
THE LAWYER WITH
THE BEAGLE, TAKEN
DURING THEIR
WINTER AT THE
CAVE OF INTROSPECTION.

In Search of the Beagle

On January 7, 2002, six people met in one of the three private dining rooms of the Waldorf-Astoria's famous Peacock Alley restaurant: a publisher, a neurologist, an army chaplain, a businesswoman, a motivational speaker, and a literary critic. The following is a transcript of their roundtable discussion.

RAY BARD: Okay, the tape recorder is now on. But before we begin, is there anything else that anyone would like from the kitchen?

TALYA MADORA: Another glass of this wine?

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: Me too.

PAULINE LEPINE: And me.

RAY BARD: Bring two bottles. While he's getting that, I'll introduce today's worldwide panel of experts for the transcript. Starting on my left, we have Dr. Darcy da Silva, a neurologist from the International Institute of Biophysics. Seated next to her is Chaplain Jim Chaney of the U.S. Army, and next to the good chaplain is Talya Madora, cofounder of Allura Cosmetics. Did I overhear you saying a moment ago that you had sold the company?

TALYA MADORA: Yes, Celine and I both felt it was time for a new challenge.

RAY BARD: I think most people have heard the story of how you launched the company with almost no money, so would it be out of line for me to ask the selling price?

TALYA MADORA: We sold it for just over 40 million dollars; they wanted our process patents.

RAY BARD: Congratulations.

TALYA MADORA: Thank you.

DINK WEBER: Now that I know who I'm sitting next to, I think I might need a glass of that wine myself.

RAY BARD: And next to Ms. Madora sits motivational speaker and author Dr. Dink Weber.

DINK WEBER: I'm delighted to have been invited.

RAY BARD: And finally we have Pauline Lepine, one of America's best-known literary critics. Pauline, let's begin with you. What did you think of *Free the Beagle*?

PAULINE LEPINE: Are you sure you want to start with me?

RAY BARD: We've got to start somewhere.

PAULINE LEPINE: Okay. But I don't really think you're going to want to hear this.

RAY BARD: Sure we do. Just tell us what you thought.

PAULINE LEPINE: I found the book to be shallow, obvious, and derivative; at best, it's a bad rewrite of *The Wizard of Oz*.

RAY BARD: Do you really think so?

PAULINE LEPINE: It's the textbook allegorical Hero's Journey, updated for a new generation. But this is a story that has already been told by some of the greatest writers in history.

TALYA MADORA: But wouldn't you agree that the story needed to be updated to make it more accessible and relevant to modern readers?

RAY BARD: Pauline, are you suggesting that perhaps the final hero's journey has already been made?

PAULINE LEPINE: Liza Minnelli, when asked to sing "Somewhere Over the Rainbow," replied as your author should have replied: "That song has already been sung." Homer was the first to sing it in the *Odyssey*. Apollonius sang it in *Jason and the Argonauts*. John Bunyan sang it in *Pilgrim's Progress*. Tolkien sang it in *The Lord of the Rings*. George Lucas sang it in *Star Wars*, and most certainly Frank Baum sang it in *The Wizard of Oz*.

RAY BARD: Why do you emphasize *The Wizard of Oz*?

PAULINE LEPINE: Instead of Dorothy and Toto, we're given a lawyer and a beagle. Instead of Glenda the good witch, we have

the unnamed hunter. And instead of the scarecrow and the tin man, we've got the puppies, Faith and Hope. Frankly, I couldn't find an original thought anywhere in the story.

RAY BARD: Ouch.

PAULINE LEPINE: Chapter 7 and chapter 29 both begin with direct quotes from *The Wizard of Oz*. Obviously, this writer had Oz rattling around in his brain the entire time he was writing. And isn't this the same author who wrote *The Wizard of Ads*? Ads, Oz. How much more proof do you need?

RAY BARD: Fair enough. What did the rest of you think when you read the story? What did you think the book was about?

DINK WEBER: We'd like to know what you thought it was about. You're the publisher.

RAY BARD: All I can say is that it's an adventure story about a lawyer and a beagle on a journey. Anything beyond that, you people are going to have to tell me.

DINK WEBER: I think it was about tenacity and perseverance. Believing in yourself. Not giving up. Overcoming adversity.

RAY BARD: So what was your favorite part, Dink?

DINK WEBER: I'd have to say it's when the lawyer and the beagle are lost in the darkness of the Swamp of Depression and the lawyer finally figures out how to get them out of it.

RAY BARD: Which was . . . ?

DINK WEBER: By taking the hard steps. Like the book says, easy steps take us downward. It's only the hard steps that lift us higher. To get out of a low place, we've got to overcome the suction and the gravity of our own bad habits. We've got to take the hard steps. I thought it was a great book.

TALYA MADORA: Me, too. There were a number of times when I said, "Wow. I didn't know that that ever happened to anyone but me." Anyone who's thinking of going into business definitely needs to read this book.

RAY BARD: Any parts in particular?

TALYA MADORA: They should read the whole thing. It's all good.

RAY BARD: So when was the first time you said, "I never knew that things like this ever happened to anyone but me?"

TALYA MADORA: I would say it was probably at the very beginning, when the lawyer was pressed for time and was running down the checklist in his mind. I've felt that way nearly every morning of my life. And I loved all the symbols.

RAY BARD: What symbols do you mean?

TALYA MADORA: Was it just me, or did anyone else think the newspaper stand stood for information and the shoeshine chair for vanity?

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: The shoeshine chair and the lawyer's shoes were definitely symbols of vanity, because when the lawyer thinks he's about to die, he looks at his worn-out shoes and laughs. A man on his deathbed will often see vanity as bitterly comic, somehow.

TALYA MADORA: "Vanity of vanities. All is vanity." The words of the son of David, king in Jerusalem. Ecclesiastes chapter one.

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: I'm impressed.

DINK WEBER: But the other big image in the opening chapter was the official clock in the center of Town Square, which obviously stands for the passing of time. And what about the starched handkerchief the lawyer places directly over his heart? And the reference to Holly Golightly? And the fact that there is no map to Destinae?

TALYA MADORA: Yes! That was the second time I said, "Wow. This author is definitely a person who has started a business." Because there is never a map to Destinae. Success is always about learning to improvise.

RAY BARD: So who, or what, is Poindexter?

TALYA MADORA: Poindexter is every distraction that makes us stray from our chosen path. Poindexter is unexpected trouble.

PAULINE LEPINE: A little like the Wicked Witch of the West, perhaps?

DINK WEBER: Sure, you could use that metaphor. But to me, Poindexter is negative thinking. We've all got to learn to overcome our own negative thoughts.

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: I saw Poindexter as an emissary of the enemy.

DINK WEBER: You mean like a demon?

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: Yes, exactly.

RAY BARD: When did you first begin seeing Poindexter as a demon, Chaplain Chaney?

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: It was near the end of the book when the lawyer lay down on the park bench to go to sleep and all three beagles stayed awake to keep an eye out for Poindexter. It made me think of John chapter 10 where Jesus says, "The thief comes only to steal and kill and destroy. But I have come that they may have life, and have it to the full." Intuition, Faith, and Hope were sent to guard the Son of the King against the thief, the enemy of his soul. The beagles knew that even if he hadn't shown his face in awhile, the thief was still out there somewhere.

RAY BARD: But if the dogs were guarding the Son of the King from demons, does that mean that you're seeing the lawyer as Jesus and the dogs as angels?

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: No. It is we who are the sons of the king. "For all who are being led by the Spirit of God, these are sons of God." Romans 8. It was to us that God gave the gifts of intuition, faith, and hope.

TALYA MADORA: That brings up another interesting point. Doesn't the Christian Bible say something about faith, hope, and love? "And the greatest of these is love?"

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: First Corinthians 13.

TALYA MADORA: So why wasn't there a third puppy named Love?

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: Faith and Hope were the children of Love. Remember the hunter and the Sheep Dog of Love? It was only after the beagle found Love that Faith and Hope were born. Without love, there is no faith and there is no hope.

TALYA MADORA: I get it.

RAY BARD: Dr. da Silva? We haven't heard from you yet.

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: I can only say that I am finding these interpretations to be utterly fascinating. If you don't mind, I'd like to save my own thoughts for a while longer and just continue to listen.

RAY BARD: Okay. But we definitely want to hear from you.

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: Oh, don't worry, you will.

RAY BARD: Talya, you were telling us about the different times you said, "Wow. I never knew that anyone but me ever felt this way." Can you think of another time you had that thought while reading the story?

TALYA MADORA: Yes. Here at the end of chapter 10, right after the lawyer is mugged by Panic and Fear. "Using his belt again as a makeshift leash, the lawyer wrapped the rags of his dignity tightly about him and began to walk in the direction that seemed North. And as he walked, his pants dropped occasionally and exposed his bare bottom to the world. And the leaves of the forest laughed quietly every time it happened." Been there. Done that.

RAY BARD: Elaborate on that for us.

TALYA MADORA: Well, few things in business are as humiliating as those times when you get nervous, and panic, and do something stupid. And afterwards, you always feel like the whole world is watching and laughing at you. You feel naked. And the story doesn't say that the lawyer "walked north," but that he walked "in the direction that seemed North." That spoke to me, too, because when you get disoriented like that it's hard to know for sure when you're finally back on track. You've just got to take the direction that "feels" right.

RAY BARD: Are there any other times the book spoke to you as an entrepreneur?

TALYA MADORA: Oh sure. Lots.

RAY BARD: Can you give us another example?

TALYA MADORA: Here in chapter 7, where the lawyer narrowly escapes being sealed in the cave by an avalanche. The chapter

ends with the words, “The lawyer was very happy to be standing in the rain.” That reminded me of the times I’ve escaped disaster through sheer dumb luck. And each time it happened, I was very happy that Allura hadn’t gone under, even though we were still in very difficult circumstances. It felt good to still be standing, so to speak, even though we were standing in the rain.

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: I am sorry, but as you know, I am not from this country, so I must ask: When you used the words “dumb luck” just now, what did you mean?

TALYA MADORA: Dumb luck. You know. Stupid, inexplicable good fortune.

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: I see.

RAY BARD: Why do you ask, Dr. da Silva? What did you think she might have meant?

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: I thought she was using the word “dumb” as in “mute” or “unable to speak.”

RAY BARD: Let’s suppose she had said “mute luck” instead of “dumb luck.” What would have been the significance of that?

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: Allow me to answer you later, please. Right now I am still just listening.

DINK WEBER: I sure wish you’d tell us now. You’ve got me on pins and needles here.

RAY BARD: Have you found another example, Talya?

TALYA MADORA: Chapter 19, “Village of Compromise.”

RAY BARD: Why was this chapter significant to you?

TALYA MADORA: The village of Compromise would never have been on the route of the lawyer if he had continued to follow his dream. It’s only when we quit following our star that we find ourselves in the drab place of the beige people.

RAY BARD: Give us an example of what you mean.

TALYA MADORA: American automakers. In the 1970s, they quit following their star and made a long series of disastrous compromises. The result was drab cars for beige people. The leader,

General Motors, said, “Instead of designing different cars for Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, and Cadillac, why don’t we just use the same few platforms for all our brands and then differentiate them by painting them different colors and installing different front grilles, taillights, and interiors in each brand?” In the short run, it looked like genius. But it only took a few years for the public to realize that American carmakers had lost their way. That’s when we opened our hearts and our wallets to all the exciting new imports from overseas — cars made by people still following their star. That’s what the quality movement and customer service movement during the past couple of decades was all about: following your star and not settling for second best.

RAY BARD: You really like that chapter, don’t you?

TALYA MADORA: Yes, I feel it’s profound. Chapter 19 is also the part that relates today’s America to the patriotic song.

RAY BARD: Explain.

TALYA MADORA: The opening sentence of chapter 19 mentions “spacious skies,” and Compromise is bordered all around by “amber waves of grain,” and to the north are the majestic “purple mountains” above the “fruited plain.”

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: “America, America, God shed his grace on thee.”

DINK WEBER: “And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea.”

TALYA MADORA: And then at the end of chapter 22, when they’re all on top of the mountain looking down at the village of Compromise, Intuition begins barking just like she did when the lawyer was in danger of being trapped and suffocated in the cave. Business is like that. When you’re stuck in compromise instead of following your dream, you feel like you’re trapped and suffocating.

DINK WEBER: Tell it, sister.

RAY BARD: Chaplain Chaney, did you want to expand on Talya’s interpretation?

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: I just wanted to say that if you were to draw a map of their journey with north at the top, the village of

Compromise would be below the purple mountains and the fruited plains would be above them. This speaks not only of the lyrics in the song, but also of the lower and upper middle classes in America.

RAY BARD: Tell us what you mean.

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: Those who are frightened by the obstacle of the Purple Mountains are the ones who stay in Compromise and are sated “with all that can be made from grain.” Now look closely there, in chapter 22, where Talya was just reading. It says, “Yes, in that colorless place could be found plenty of bread, beer, and whiskey — but no fruit, no wine, no dreams.”

DINK WEBER: You’re not going to tell us that has something to do with the Bible, are you?

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: Well, no, but now that you mention it, it was a quest for grain that led eleven of the sons of Israel into Egypt, or Compromise, and it was there that they found the twelfth brother, Joseph, whom they had earlier sold into slavery for dreaming dreams. But Joseph the dreamer didn’t dream any dreams in Egypt, he only interpreted the dreams of others.

DINK WEBER: What about the fruit and the wine? It seems to me that you’re making some pretty vague connections here, chaplain. And I don’t think you can make all the symbols fit your explanation. And like Johnny Cochran says, “If it doesn’t fit, you must acquit.”

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: Wine, throughout the Bible, is used as a type, or symbol, of the Spirit of God, and Jesus often talked about the fruits of the Spirit. And as the beagle story tells us, neither of these is found in abundance when you’re living in Compromise. I’m telling you, the author is a Bible scholar. No question about it. And I could show you a dozen examples more specific than these.

RAY BARD: Such as?

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: Surely it didn’t escape your notice that the King was born in humble circumstances directly beneath a star? And what is the park bench if not a substitute for the manger? And what is Polaris if not the star of Bethlehem? I believe *Free the Beagle* is a story about the relentless search of a person

who wants to know God in a personal way. The author might as well have ended the story with Jeremiah 29:13: “And you will seek me and find me when you search for me with all your heart.”

DINK WEBER: Yes, Polaris has certain similarities to the Star of Bethlehem, but taken literally, Polaris represents one of mankind’s greatest scientific triumphs.

RAY BARD: How so, Dr. Weber?

DINK WEBER: When sailors learned to use Polaris to navigate, it was a scientific breakthrough that allowed contact between widely separated peoples and stimulated the growth of commerce. This also ties in with Talya’s business interpretation, since the pole star allowed humanity to safely and reliably transport goods and services over long distances.

PAULINE LEPINE: Ray, did these people read the same story I read?

RAY BARD: The cover letter warned you that the story was “deceptively simple,” Pauline.

PAULINE LEPINE: I’m going to have to start reading my cover letters a lot more closely.

RAY BARD: So what were your favorite parts of this book, Dink?

DINK WEBER: Chapter 8. Fourth paragraph. “Sunlight doesn’t look like sunlight when it’s filtered through dead and dying leaves. And along the edges of their shadows you will find no happy colors.”

RAY BARD: Why did that particular segment ring true for you, Dink?

DINK WEBER: Sunlight is a good thing, but negative thinking can darken even the brightness of the sun. I believe the author is telling us that we need to rake the dead and dying leaves from our minds so we can see the happy colors again. We’ve got to get rid of stinkin’ thinkin’ and develop an attitude of gratitude.

RAY BARD: Any other favorite parts?

DINK WEBER: There’s the quote from Willie Nelson at the beginning of chapter twelve: “Once you replace negative thoughts with positive ones, you’ll start having positive results.” And then there’s the quote from Oliver Wendell Holmes at the beginning

of chapter 16: “A mind once stretched by a new idea never regains its original dimension.”

RAY BARD: Why those particular quotes?

DINK WEBER: With all due respect to the chaplain here, I don't see this as a religious story at all. You won't find a single instance in the entire story where the lawyer calls upon an invisible deity to save him from his troubles. Like I said earlier, it's about tenacity and perseverance. Believing in yourself. Not giving up. Overcoming adversity. We can do anything if we just keep positive. The only reference that might be considered even vaguely religious is the quote from the Native American medicine man at the end of chapter 29 that talks about how everything in the universe moves in circles. I say *Free the Beagle* is a story of human achievement. The only thing that would have made it better is if the lawyer had scratched his head once in a while and asked, “WWDWD.”

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: What does that mean?

DINK WEBER: “What would Dink Weber do?” (general laughter around the room)

RAY BARD: So you're a humanist, then, Dink?

DINK WEBER: Absolutely. I believe that self-reliance is the key to successful living.

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: I'm sorry. What do you mean by the word “humanist”?

DINK WEBER: According to the American Humanist Association, “Humanism is a way of living, thinking, and acting that allows every individual to actualize his or her highest aspirations and successfully achieve a happy and fulfilling life. Humanists take responsibility for their own morals and their own lives, and for the lives of their communities and the world in which we live. Humanists emphasize reason and scientific inquiry, individual freedom and responsibility, human values and compassion, and the need for tolerance and cooperation. Humanists reject supernatural, authoritarian, and antidemocratic beliefs and doctrines.”

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: In other words, humanists believe man is God.

TALYA MADORA: No, it sounds more to me like a humanist is a person who has Jewish beliefs without the Jewish faith.

DINK WEBER: Thank you, Talya. But the truth is that many humanists are religious people in a very conventional sense. There is Christian humanism, secular humanism, cultural humanism, philosophical humanism, and yes, there are many who see the true roots of humanism in the Torah. What all humanists have in common is a basic belief in the innate moral sense of humankind and the sanctity of the individual. The faith of a modern humanist, such as myself, is in the robustness of the human species, not necessarily in the protection and love of a supernatural being.

RAY BARD: But let's get back to the story. Chaplain, you were about to give us some other specific examples of why you're convinced the author is a Bible scholar?

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: Yes. The story begins when the lawyer glances at the newspaper, but doesn't really read it. Now, that newspaper contained good news for the lawyer, the gospel if you will, but the lawyer, like most of us today, was too busy dealing with all the cares of the day to sit down and actually read it. It stayed in his pocket throughout the whole journey. But if he had only taken the time to read it, he would have known that he was the Son of the King and that the beagle was a gift sent from *Destinae*, or heaven. Worst of all, at the end of chapter 10 we see the lawyer using the good news to spank his friend the beagle in much the same way that Christians beat each other up with the Bible every day. But just like the lawyer, they rarely take the time to read it and learn the truth about themselves and the value of the gifts that God has given them and the wonderful inheritance that awaits us at the end of our journey. And by the way, Dink, you forgot the second half of that quote from Willie Nelson. What he actually said was, "When I started counting my blessings, my whole life turned around."

RAY BARD: Anything else, Chaplain?

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: In the opening line of chapter 13, the lawyer has just partaken of the food that he desperately needs, and his first question is, "Does this hill have a name?" In the beagle story, the name of the hill is Epiphany, which means "a dazzling realization," but I believe the hill could just as easily be called Calvary or Golgotha.

RAY BARD: And your reasoning?

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: If you keep reading you'll see that after the hunter tells the lawyer the name of the hill, he immediately adds, "and not many can say to have climbed it." This is a clear echo of the words of Jesus in Matthew chapter 7, where he says, "the gate is small and the way is narrow that leads to life, and there are few who find it." And now that the lawyer has had this dazzling realization of the cross of Calvary, the very next sentence says, and I quote, "The beagle and I are going to Destinae." Obviously, Destinae is heaven, because no one ever returns from there. And then, in chapter 18, after the big storm has passed, it's Faith who is still standing on his rock. Now we're back in Matthew 7, where Jesus goes on to say, "Therefore everyone who hears these words of mine and puts them into practice is like a wise man who built his house on the rock. The rain came down, the streams rose, and the winds blew and beat against that house; yet it did not fall, because it had its foundation on the rock."

RAY BARD: So Pauline is seeing a rewrite of *The Wizard of Oz*, and Chaplain Chaney is seeing a rewrite of Matthew chapter 7, and Dink is seeing a nonreligious story of tenacity and perseverance, and Talya is seeing a guide to better business decisions. So where does the Sea of False Hope fit into all of this?

DINK WEBER: It's the place where all of society's ambitious parasites congregate.

TALYA MADORA: I thought it was just another sort of village of Compromise. Except that these were the white-collar people who didn't want to get their hands dirty.

DINK WEBER: It's society's leeches, I'm telling you. They're described in detail here in chapter 24. As a matter of fact, it goes so far as to name 'em. It says the lawyer saw "borrowers and bankers, gamblers and investors, ministers and politicians — each pacing intently back and forth, going nowhere." Now what was it that you were saying about the author's great love of religion, Chaplain?

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: Touché, Dink.

TALYA MADORA: Teacher, can I move? I don't think I want to sit between these two mean boys anymore.

RAY BARD: Talya, you've got your finger on something there in the manuscript. Is it something you wanted to point out to us?

TALYA MADORA: Yes. At the end of chapter 2, right after Judge Grey has given the lawyer his instructions and marched out of the room, it says the lawyer stood quietly and said to himself, "Surely an enemy has done this to me, but who? Who? Who?" And of course we later learn that there was never an enemy at all. The enemy existed only in the lawyer's mind.

DINK WEBER: Negative thinkin' again!

RAY BARD: Is this something you've experienced in business, Talya?

TALYA MADORA: Absolutely. When things are going badly, you always begin looking at your competitors as the source of your problems. But more often than not, the problem isn't outside your company, it's inside.

RAY BARD: Give us an example.

TALYA MADORA: You lose an important account to a competitor and you immediately assume they paid someone off to get the business, or told a lie about your product, or cheated in one of a hundred other ways. But the real reason you lost the business was probably inconsistent product quality, delays in shipping, a rude credit manager, or one of a thousand other little things that can cause a customer to begin to look elsewhere.

RAY BARD: What else have you got there?

TALYA MADORA: The end of chapter 5. It's dark outside and the lawyer has not been successful in his search for answers at the library. Judge Grey asks him, "Are you ready to begin your journey?" He replies, "I am here." That is, he doesn't directly answer the judge's question. And then the judge says, "All of us are counting on you, Counselor. We trust you won't let us down." Anyone who's ever been in charge knows that feeling extremely well.

RAY BARD: What feeling do you mean?

TALYA MADORA: It's the midnight hour. You can't put off your decision any longer. Everyone is counting on you. And you're not really sure what to do.

RAY BARD: Pauline, do you have anything you'd like to add to that?

PAULINE LEPINE: Only that I agree with Dr. da Silva. I've been absolutely fascinated with all these different interpretations.

RAY BARD: Dr. da Silva, are you ready to share your thoughts with us?

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: Yes. But first I would like to say that I have been deeply moved by the things the rest of you have seen in this story. Very little of this had occurred to me, and now I am anxious to go back to my room and read the story again, but more slowly this time.

RAY BARD: What did you see in the story, Dr. da Silva?

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: Whether or not the author is a modern humanist or a Bible scholar, I cannot say. But I can assure you that he knows something of the human brain.

RAY BARD: And what makes you say that, Doctor?

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: The story opens with five quotes before the beginning of chapter one. In each of these quotes, I felt that the author was trying to give us a strong sense of left-brain dominance, and indeed, we were about to witness exactly that in the lawyer. And then, in the comments found between chapters 1 and 2, the author actually goes into some detail in contrasting the functions of the left and right hemispheres of the brain. And then, in chapter 2, when I saw that Logic was the name of the judge who saw everything as black or white, I knew that the author was speaking of the left hemisphere. And the following sentence, "Judge Grey was another matter," made me absolutely certain.

RAY BARD: You say that it made you certain. So what did you think the story was about?

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: Grey matter. The brain. As a neurologist with a minor in psychology, I read the story as a beautiful allegory contrasting the intellectual functions of the left brain with the intuitive functions of the mute, right brain.

TALYA MADORA: Mute? Is that why you asked me what I meant by "dumb luck?"

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: Yes. All of the functions relating to human speech are found exclusively in the rules-and-duty-oriented, intellectual left hemisphere. The right brain, like the beagle, is dumb in that it cannot produce speech. But the right brain sees things that the left brain can never see.

RAY BARD: Elaborate on that a bit, please.

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: Do you remember when the lawyer and the beagle arrived at the cave of the avalanche on that first night, and the beagle immediately plunged inside, sniffing as she went, and then curled up and was soon fast asleep?

DINK WEBER: Yes.

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: And do you remember how the lawyer called her a “stupid beagle” and said “there could be a bear in that cave for all she knows?”

DINK WEBER: Yes.

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: So how did the beagle know that the cave was safe when the lawyer did not?

DINK WEBER: She was sniffing. She could smell it. The beagle had abilities the lawyer didn’t have.

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: Yes. And in a very similar way, the intuitive right brain can sense many things that the intellectual left brain cannot detect. This is why the beagle is named Intuition, I believe.

RAY BARD: So you’re really convinced that the book is about the brain, Dr. da Silva?

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: Oh yes, I am quite certain that it’s about the brain. Most of the interchaptoral comments are contrasting the attributes of left-brain dominance with the attributes of right-brain dominance. The quotes from *The Odd Couple*, Lord Chesterfield, and Bruce Barton, and again from the movie about the gypsy woman. And then there are my personal favorites, the quotes from C-3PO about R2-D2.

RAY BARD: Why are those your favorites?

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: If you’ve seen the movie, you’ll remember that C-3PO was very much like the lawyer and R2-D2 was

like the beagle in that he could not speak, but was always plunging off into an adventure. Yes, there is no doubt that *Free the Beagle* was written about brain lateralization, but I now also believe that it was equally written about each of the things you've been discussing.

DINK WEBER: Is that really possible? Are you saying that Jim and I can both be right?

RAY BARD: Dink, I'm giving you and Jim one more shot at each other, but then you're going to have to kiss and make up.

DINK WEBER: I'll let Brother Chaney go first.

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: Okay, here's my parting salvo. Chapter 11 is called "The Terrible Truth," which is namely that all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God. Romans 3. Now keep in mind that in chapter 11 the lawyer is on the hilltop and the story tells us, and I'm quoting now, "Deep in his heart, the lawyer knew that he had failed and that he was about to die."

DINK WEBER: But he didn't die. The lawyer was just guilty of negative thinking, that's all.

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: Galatians 2, "I have been crucified with Christ and I no longer live, but Christ lives in me." Now, Dink, even you must have noticed the change in the lawyer after his hilltop experience?

DINK WEBER: Is it my turn now?

RAY BARD: Yes, Dink. Give us any final comments that you might have.

DINK WEBER: Is that recorder still on?

RAY BARD: Yes, it's still on.

DINK WEBER: And everything we say is going to be published?

RAY BARD: Fire away, Dink.

DINK WEBER: Well, I just wanted to say that I plan to add a whole new section to my own book, *The Power Within*, based on today's discussion, and that by the time these comments are published, the newly revised and expanded edition should be available online.

RAY BARD: Anything else, Dink?

DINK WEBER: Only that I'm delighted to have been invited.

RAY BARD: On behalf of the author, I want to thank each of you for participating. And for any of you who would like to meet the Wizard, he's waiting downstairs at the Bull and Bear to answer any questions you might have.

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: Very good.

TALYA MADORA: Excellent!

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: I was hoping to meet him.

DINK WEBER: Right now?

RAY BARD: Yes. Just past Bauman Rare Books is a stairway that leads down to the Bull and Bear.

TALYA MADORA: How will we recognize him?

RAY BARD: He's wearing an Irish cap made of all different colors of cloth patches.

TALYA MADORA: Like Joseph's coat.

DINK WEBER: With taste like that, I think I'm beginning to understand why you never put the Wizard's picture in his books, Ray!

RAY BARD: Goodbye, Dink. And thanks for coming.

DINK WEBER: Always remember, WWDWD!

RAY BARD: What would Dink Weber do.

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: Thank you for the invitation, Mr. Bard. It was good to meet you.

RAY BARD: And thank you for coming, Dr. da Silva. You made a very long trip to be here and we appreciate it tremendously.

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: I do have one more question.

RAY BARD: Yes?

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: Reading the story, I sensed the author had a hidden agenda in writing it. Can you tell me what he is hoping to accomplish?

RAY BARD: Balance, Dr. da Silva, only balance.

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: He hopes for the story to be used as an educational tool, then?

RAY BARD: You're very perceptive, doctor.

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: And he's wearing an Irish cap made of patches?

RAY BARD: Just down that way.

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: Thank you again.

TALYA MADORA: This was fun. I hope to see you again sometime.

RAY BARD: Thank you. And thank you for coming.

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: The book will be out in September?

RAY BARD: Yes, early September if everything stays on schedule.

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: Thanks for inviting me.

RAY BARD: And thank you for coming, Chaplain. We appreciated your comments.

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: We'll see you later, then.

RAY BARD: Goodbye.

PAULINE LEPINE: Well, evidently the public is less weary of the classic hero's journey than I originally thought. Those people were really taken with this little story!

RAY BARD: Pauline, every day I am amazed at the lessons that people see in it.

PAULINE LEPINE: Ray, if you don't mind, I'd like you to strike my comments. I just breezed through the book when I read it, and judging from what the others were saying, I think it might be worth a second read.

RAY BARD: I wish I could do that for you, Pauline, but the author was adamant that every word of today's discussion be transcribed exactly as spoken by the participants.

PAULINE LEPINE: Well, you can at least replace my name with a pseudonym, can't you?

RAY BARD: I can probably do that, as long as we don't change what was actually said.

PAULINE LEPINE: That would be great. Thanks.

RAY BARD: What name would you like me to use?

PAULINE LEPINE: How about John Leonard? Or Frank Kermode?

RAY BARD: No, really.

PAULINE LEPINE: Okay then, how about Pauline Lepine?

RAY BARD: There's not a critic by that name, is there?

PAULINE LEPINE: No.

RAY BARD: Okay, then. Pauline Lepine it is.

PAULINE LEPINE: Ray, tell me, how much has the author shared with you about this story, really?

RAY BARD: Do you mean how much of what you heard today was accurate interpretation and how much of it was just enthusiastic conjecture?

PAULINE LEPINE: Exactly.

RAY BARD: Well, the author told me before he ever began writing that the story would have a number of different interpretations, and that each one of them would be fully self-consistent. He said he was planning to write a literary Rubik's cube.

PAULINE LEPINE: You mean a story with six different faces?

RAY BARD: Something like that.

PAULINE LEPINE: So why were there were only five of us here today?

RAY BARD: I'm the sixth. My position was that it's simply an adventure story about a lawyer and a beagle on a journey. Remember?

PAULINE LEPINE: So you were the face-value interpretation.

RAY BARD: Yes.

PAULINE LEPINE: And what interpretation was I supposed to be?

RAY BARD: What do you mean?

PAULINE LEPINE: Obviously, I was supposed to see something that I failed to see.

RAY BARD: No, I think everything turned out exactly the way it was supposed to.

PAULINE LEPINE: Ray, I think that you know more than you're saying.

RAY BARD: All I can tell you is that the author drafted the invitation list himself and that he's a pretty amazing researcher.

PAULINE LEPINE: Has he ever shared with you any of the interpretations you heard today?

RAY BARD: Pauline, all together, the five of you brought forward less than ten percent of what he told me you might say. But I really can't say any more. Haven't you ever read any of his other books?

PAULINE LEPINE: Is that recorder still on?

RAY BARD: I agreed to leave it on until we had all left the room.

PAULINE LEPINE: Follow me.

RAY BARD: Really, Pauline, I can't say any more.

END OF TAPE



Book Two

BEAGLES *of*
DESTINAE
A Journey of Four

For Pennie, the Princess of the World.



“String theorists are a bit like a pack of hounds following an extremely promising scent. ‘What is time, what is space, what is motion?’ But it is a particular scent. If they lose the trail, nothing will come of the great chase. In contrast, those basic questions will never go away. In fact, if string theory is successful, it will be very interesting to see how it does answer them.”

– JULIAN BARBOUR, THEORETICAL PHYSICIST

“The ultimate goal of string theory is not only to unify quantum mechanics with general relativity, but also to explain the spectrum of particles and forces observed in nature. Matrix theory, the latest formulation of string theory, has eleven space-time dimensions. Its proponents have struggled with the most vexing problem of all such theories: explaining exactly how the extra dimensions are “compactified” to make them unobservable in our Four-dimensional world. But compactifying this eleven-dimensional theory down to four dimensions has been challenging. Compactifying means ‘curling up’ extra dimensions of the theory to a very small size.”

- ROBERT GARISTO, PHYSICAL REVIEW LETTERS, APRIL 9, 1998



“It is now known to science that there are many more dimensions than the classical four. Scientists say that these don’t normally impinge on the world because the extra dimensions are very small and curve in on themselves, and that since reality is fractal most of it is tucked inside itself. This means either that the universe is more full of wonders than we can hope to understand or, more probably, that scientists make things up as they go along. But the multiverse is full of little dimensionettes, playstreets of creation where creatures of the imagination can romp without being knocked down by serious actuality.”

- TERRY PRATCHETT, PYRAMIDS, P. 263

Twelve months in Destinae made all the years of his previous life seem like a dream that had never happened. But his former life *had* happened. In it, he’d been a lawyer in a little world called Town Square, a four-sided place where things made perfect sense and always added up.

“Counselor Intellect,” boomed the judge on that fateful morning, “this beagle must go to the city of Destinae. And you are to go with it.” In the eternal now, when Judge Grey had given him the beagle and told him to travel with her to a marvelous, magical, mythical place from which no one had ever returned, his life had been changed forever in an instant.

But he hadn’t known that yet.

Today would be another day like that.

1

A Bush in the Wilderness

“Ah, there you are,” said Prince Intellect. “I thought I might find the two of you here.” Lying on their bellies with their chins on their forepaws, Faith and Hope, now fully grown and rippling with vitality, thumped their tails against imaginary walls, left and right, without ever taking their eyes from the horizon beyond the sea.

The prince seated himself between the beagles with his royally clad legs dangling over the edge of the cliff. The three of them stared at the horizon for a while. Then he said, “You two have been staring at nothing for three days now. What do you see that I do not?”

And while his words drifted like perfume in the salt-sea air, Intuition, his forever companion and the mother of Faith and Hope, clambered into his lap and touched her nose gently to his own.

And the answer was suddenly clear.





“Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law... and he led the flock to the back of the wilderness... and behold, a bush burned with fire yet was not consumed. And Moses said, ‘I will now turn aside and see this great sight, why the bush is not burned up.’ And when the LORD saw that he turned aside to see, God called to him out of the midst of the bush and said, ‘Moses, Moses!’ And he said, ‘Here am I.’ God said, ‘Do not come near; put your shoes off your feet, for the place on which you stand is holy ground.’”

- EXODUS, CHAPTER 3

Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who sees, takes off his shoes.
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries.

- ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, AURORA LEIGH, BOOK 7



In the Palace of Light

“The kingdom is out of control,” said the prince, his voice echoing throughout the majestic Palace of Light. “Beyond the blue sea lies a city built on empty promises. And over the mountains beyond it slumps a sad village devoid of color, variety, and song. A bridge must be built over the River of Hate, and a way of escape provided for those who are trapped in the miry Swamp of Depression. And in the Forest of Confusion, Worry and Fear must be stopped from robbing weary travelers.”

“Of all these things you have spoken many times,” replied the king with regal patience, “and on each occasion, have I not offered you the armies of Destinae? Why then do you speak to me as though there were more I could do? Is there something you have not told me?”

The Great Hall grew strangely silent for a time, then Prince Intellect quietly answered. “I have a great friend who must be found,” he said, “and I do not believe that an army will ever find him.”

3

Leg One: How Wide the Sea

When the prince returned to the cliff with the beagle, he was wearing not his royal cape and crown but the simple clothing and hat of a small-town lawyer. Sensing their approach, Faith and Hope ran up to greet them, leaping and twisting in the air and yelping great yelps of joy. Then, in a flash of paws and fur, the pair ran together to the edge of the cliff and leaped into empty air.

Sitting on the ground, Intuition looked up into the face of the lawyer, cocked her head, and wailed, “Aroo! Aroo-aroo!” Then she shot toward the edge of the cliff in a cloud of dust and hindquarters.

Splash-splash.

“That would be Faith and his sister Hope,” said the lawyer to himself.

He listened to the silence.

Splash.

“...and that would be their mother.”

Smiling, the lawyer took off his jacket, laid it squarely on the ground, and used it to roll his shoes and socks into a neat bundle that he carefully tied across his back with his belt. “If you’re out there, I’ll find you, and we’ll eat rabbit once again,” said the lawyer softly as he looked toward the setting sun.

Then, without any special ceremony, he leaped into the sea.

Splash.





The Freedom of the Moon

I've tried the new moon tilted in the air
Above a hazy tree-and-farmhouse cluster
As you might try a jewel in your hair.
I've tried it fine with little breadth of luster,
Alone, or in one ornament combining
With one first-water star almost as shining.

I put it shining anywhere I please.
By walking slowly on some evening later,
I've pulled it from a crate of crooked trees,
And brought it over glossy water, greater,
And dropped it in, and seen the image wallow,
The color run, all sorts of wonder follow.

- ROBERT FROST

4

Stars in the Water

“Can there be a more beautiful sight than when sky meets ocean in the black of night?” The lawyer whispered to himself, the beagles, and the sea as the soft blanket of summer wrapped them all in her warm embrace. Around the swimming beagles, bright stars danced on rippling waters like a thousand little fishes of light scurrying in a sea of darkness.

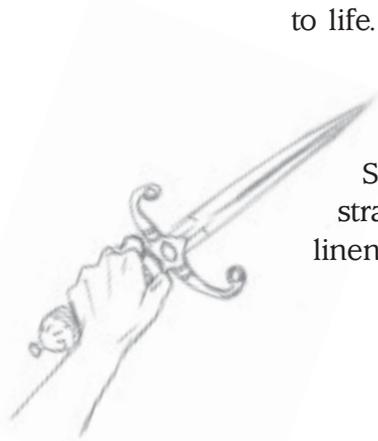
Night is a time of reflection. Not of stars in water only, but of times past and times to come. And such a night was this.

The lawyer remembered Town Square, its shoeshine chair and its newspaper stand, its cold, hard courthouse and the tick-tick-ticking of its official clock. He remembered Judges Logic and Grey and thought of the old farmer, who had answered him on that night when he had shouted to no one and everyone, “Has anyone seen Polaris?” The lawyer had never seen that farmer, but he was certainly glad that the farmer had been there that night.

“Do you remember the hilltop where we met the hunter?” asked the lawyer as he waded through hip-deep water under a black sky dripping with stars. “When we arrived there, I was certain I was about to die. But in truth, I was about to come to life. And it was on that hill that the puppies were born.”

Reaching gently inside his shirt, the lawyer pulled out a gleaming knife and held it against the sky. “Our friend, the hunter, gave this to me and called it ‘a gift a’Luff.’”

Smiling, he slipped it back into the jeweled scabbard strapped over his heart like the Urim and Thummim over a linen ephod. “I wonder where we’ll find him?”





“Water, Earth, Fire and Air, sometimes called the Triplicities, play an important part in astrology. The term ‘triplicities’ comes from the fact that there are three planets associated with each of the four elements.”

– BICK BLYTHINGTON

Water – Cancer/Moon, Scorpio/Pluto, Pisces/Neptune
Earth – Taurus/Venus, Virgo/Mercury, Capricorn/Saturn
Fire – Aries/Mars, Leo/Sun, and Sagittarius/Jupiter
Air – Gemini/Mercury, Libra/Venus, Aquarius/Uranus

“After these things the word of the LORD came unto Abram in a vision, saying, ‘Fear not, Abram: I am your shield, and your exceeding great reward... Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if you be able to tell them.’”

– GENESIS 15

5

“Tireder Than You Think.”

Another day of wading, swimming, and thinking brought the wet and weary travelers within sight of a tall ship dock that extended far out to sea in the moonlight. And on the top of that ship dock was a small booth beneath a large sign reading, “Tickets to Destinae.” Here, even as they approached the shore, the sea bottom began to slope downward. Soon the water was too deep for wading, so the lawyer began to swim. But two nights and a day of walking had diminished his stamina more than he knew, and soon Intellect was struggling to stay afloat. Just as he was nearing the end of his strength, a small raft quietly floated up next to him and



a 12-year-old boy said, “Hold onto the raft and I’ll tow you to shore.” The lawyer smiled weakly and nodded gratefully, gasping in near exhaustion as the boy lifted the beagles from the water and set them dripping on his homemade raft. The beagles, shaking themselves as dogs often do, sent droplets of water flying in every direction. Having never seen dogs do this (dogs didn’t swim in his part of the world), the boy began laughing deliriously, and without warning he fell over backward into the water. The lawyer, fully expecting him to come bobbing to the surface as young boys always do, became alarmed when this particular boy did not.

Taking a deep gulp of air, the lawyer raised his heels to the stars and began sweeping the sea-bottom with his arms. Finally making contact with one of the boy’s flailing arms, he seized it, flipped over, planted his feet on the sea floor, and pushed toward the surface. When his face found air, the lawyer thrust the young lad into it, heard him take a huge gulp of air, and knew that everything was going to be all right.



sche · ma Psychology. A pattern imposed on complex reality or experience to assist in explaining it, mediate perception, or guide response.

– WEBSTER’S DICTIONARY

“Science has examined the problems of time much less than the problems of space. Time has generally been considered as an ordering schema similar to, but simpler than, that of space, simpler because it has only one dimension... [But] the treatment of the problem of time as parallel to that of space has been detrimental. One was aware only of those problems which do not exist for time, rather than of its special features. These features manifest themselves in the fact that time order is possible in a realm that has no spatial order, namely the world of the psychic experiences of an individual human being.”

– HANS REICHENBACH, PHYSICIST,
THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPACE AND TIME, 1927

“Your schema is the totality of your preconceptions concerning the world around you. It is the lens through which you view reality and judge whether or not a thing is possible.”

– DR. DINK WEBER

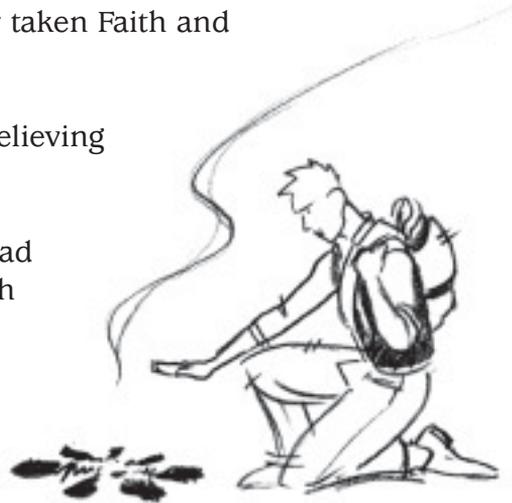
6

Schema Tilt

The lawyer awoke on the seashore, alone except for the ever-present beagle. Alongside them were the coals of the campfire on which the boy had cooked their dinner. Now he was gone. And he had obviously taken Faith and Hope.

But the lawyer chose to continue believing in the young boy's good intentions.

It was late afternoon when the lad finally returned, marching up the beach with Faith and Hope beside him and most of the city following after him. Stopping in front of the lawyer and pointing a finger at him, the boy said, "This is the man who has the power to go under the water and come back again, alive."



The lawyer looked calmly into the faces of the people and saw the unspoken question in their eyes. Feeling a sharp tug on his pants leg, he looked down; Intuition and Faith were pulling him toward the sea. Knowing what he should do, the lawyer walked boldly into the water and dove beneath its waves.

A minute later, having risen back to the surface unharmed, the lawyer was greeted by the sullen silence of disbelief. He stood dripping before the quiet crowd until a single voice split the stillness. "Fraud! Thief! Liar!" a spiteful woman shouted. "He only made himself invisible! He was

never beneath the waves!” And as her words drifted in the cool morning air, most of the people walked away.

But not all of them.

“Will you go also?” asked Intellect of the few who remained. After a moment of silence, the boy answered, “To whom would we go? None but you knows the way to Destinae.” And the rest of the group nodded in silent agreement.

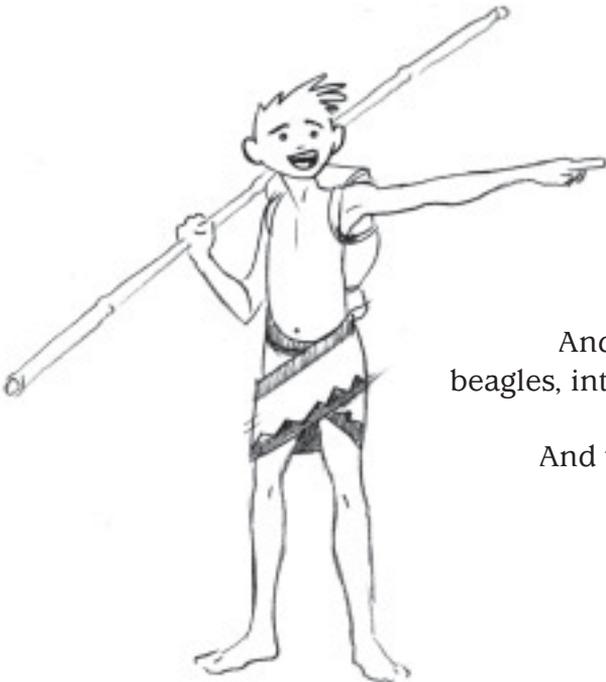
“Wonderful!” exclaimed the lawyer. “Your lessons will begin in the morning. Now go to your houses and tell your families and friends that Destinae awaits everyone who is willing to cross the water.”

“But we cannot do as you have done!” cried a woman standing nearby. “We do not have the Gift of the Fish as you do. If we try to cross the water, we shall most surely die.”

“Tomorrow I will teach you the Gift of the Fish,” he answered, “and give you an even greater gift.” Then, raising his voice so that he could be clearly heard, the prince sang out, “Be here when the sun rises if you would journey to Destinae.”

And then he walked, alone with the beagles, into the Fruited Plain.

And the boy followed quietly after.



7

What Town Is This?

Guided only by his nose in the growing darkness, the lawyer found the commiphora tree under which they had slept a year ago on their journey to Destinae. He inhaled its dark and mysterious perfume. The beagles were fast asleep.

Lying on his back and staring into the stars, the prince considered all that had happened since he and the boy had rescued each other from the sea. Now scowling in the darkness at his own forgetfulness, the prince muttered, "I never did ask his name..."



"I am called Belief," sang a voice behind him.

Startled, the prince turned to see the face of the boy only a few feet away. "Shouldn't you be at home?" he asked. "Won't your parents be worried?"

"I have no parents," Belief replied, "and I do not belong in this town. When I met you on the water, I was floating to Destinae."

"Do you know the way?" asked the lawyer.

"The people tell stories of a man who passed through here about a year ago. They say he believed that Destinae could be found by following the star Polaris."

"Whatever happened to the man?"

“They say he jumped off the end of the ship dock and was never seen again,” answered the boy. “But I believe he made it to Destinae, and I’m going there to find him.”

“I passed through this town about a year ago,” said the prince, “but I never did learn its name.”

“The town is called Superstition,” said the boy, “and it’s definitely not a good place to live.”

After a moment of awkward silence, the boy asked, “When you left the town, how, exactly, did you leave?”

Looking directly into the eyes of Belief, the lawyer answered softly: “I jumped off the end of the ship dock.”



“A man cannot utter two or three sentences, without disclosing to intelligent ears precisely where he stands in life and thought, namely, whether in the kingdom of the senses and understanding, or, in that of ideas and imagination, in the realm of intuitions and duty. People seem not to see that their opinion of the world is also a confession of character.”

-RALPH WALDO EMERSON

8

Everyone is Welcome

“Lesson Number One,” boomed the lawyer above the noise of the morning waves. “Destinae is real, but there are no ships to take you there.” A collective gasp emerged from the little crowd.

“Lesson Number Two, “ continued the lawyer. “You do NOT have to purchase a ticket.” Now a second, louder gasp was heard.

“And Lesson Number Three: Everyone is welcome there.”

Looking into their hopeful faces, one by one, the lawyer repeated Lesson Three. “You will be welcome in Destinae,” he said to the first man. And to the second, “And you, sir, will be welcome.” And to the third in line, an old and trembling woman, he said, “Ma’am, you will be welcome in Destinae,” as he reached out and touched her shoulder. The lawyer spoke to each of them, one by one, unwilling that any should be left out, until he came to the last in line: Belief.

“And you, little friend,” said the secret prince with a beaming smile, “will be at home in Destinae.”



“Our perception does not identify the outside world as it really is, but the way that we are allowed to recognize it, as a consequence of transformations performed by our senses. We experience electromagnetic waves, not as waves, but as images and colors. We experience vibrating objects, not as vibrations, but as sounds. We experience chemical compounds dissolved in air or water, not as chemicals, but as specific smells and tastes. Colors, sounds, smells and tastes are products of our minds, built from sensory experiences. They do not exist, as such, outside our brain. Actually, the universe is colorless, odorless, insipid and silent.”

- DR. JORGE MARTINS DE OLIVEIRA, NEUROLOGIST

9

North by North

With the help of Belief, teaching the people to swim had been easier than the lawyer had thought possible. By early afternoon, all of them had mastered the miraculous “Gift of the Fish.”

“It requires one day and two nights to journey to Destinae,” said the lawyer to the people gathered around him. “And the most difficult part of the journey will be during the day tomorrow, so be sure to carry plenty of water. Now go back to your homes and pack what you need and rest a little,” he said, “and be back here precisely when the stars come out.”

Soberly, the people nodded their heads in agreement and disappeared into the town.

That evening, when the lawyer counted their faces in starlight, he was pleased to see that everyone had returned. “I said that I would teach you the Gift of the Fish,” he said, “and then give you an even greater gift.” Just then, Faith wailed loudly from the edge of the sea: “Arooo! Aroo-arooooo!” The people turned to look as Faith paced anxiously in the shallows, his paws dancing in the frothy waves.

“And there is the greater gift,” said the lawyer quietly, his throat feeling strangely tight. “During the night, you will follow the star Polaris. But during the day Polaris is not in the heavens and every horizon looks the same. It is then that Faith will guide you. Without him, you would quickly become lost in the vast and empty sea.” Walking quickly

now to where Faith danced anxiously at the edge of the water, the prince kneeled and whispered affectionately into his ear: "Soon we'll be together in Destinae." When he arose, Faith sprang up, leaped into the water, and began swimming with a purpose, north by north.

In single file, the people walked bravely into the noisy black water as the lawyer gave them encouragement. "You need only swim a short distance before the water becomes shallow enough to stand in," he said. "Soon you'll be wading to Destinae. The only hard part is this first part." And as one by one they stepped into the water, the secret prince looked into their eyes and imagined a glorious future for each of them.

The last to enter the water was the boy, who, with sparkling eyes, motioned for the lawyer to bend down. Dropping to one knee, the prince knelt on the sand as Belief leaned down, cupped his hands over the lawyer's ear, and said with confidence: "Soon we'll be together in Destinae."

And Belief ran into the sea.





“The problem of time has always baffled the human mind. Not only the events of the external world but even all our subjective experiences occur in time. It appears as though the flow of time, which orders the events of the physical world, passes through human consciousness and compels it to adjust itself to the same order. Our observations of physical things, our feelings and emotions, and our thinking processes extend through time and cannot escape the steady current that flows unhaltingly from the past by way of the present to the future.

What we experience in one moment, glides, in the next moment, into the past. There it remains forever, irretrievable, exempt from further change, inaccessible to further control by anything that the future will bring us – and yet enshrined in our memory as something that once filled our experience as an immediate present. Will it never come back? Why can it not be with us a second time?”

- HANS REICHENBACH, THE DIRECTION OF TIME, 1956

10

Where Water Touches Earth

Anxious but quiet, Intellect, Hope, and Intuition sat on the sand facing northward.

A two-note, rising whistle pierced the darkness. The lawyer leaped instantly to his feet. Short-long, double short, short-long. The boy had sent the All-is-Well! Everyone had made it safely to wadeable water! The lawyer returned the whistle and was answered by the resounding call of Faith, which immediately sent Intuition and Hope into a family celebration of Aroos. The night rang with beagle celebration.

When the last echoes of two-note whistles and Aroos had finally turned the corner of the night and disappeared into that place where previous moments go, the lawyer looked down at Hope and Intuition and said, "Soon we'll all be together in Destinae."

And with that, he began walking south by moonlight across the Fruited Plain.





You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and the stars;
you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no
doubt the universe is unfolding as it should.

– MAX EHRMANN, DESIDERATA, 1927

Vujà Dé

Pronunciation: “vü-“zhã-’dA,

Function: *noun*. What happens when you go to a new place and
immediately get the feeling that you’ve never been there before.

11

Leg Two: How High the Mountain

The probing fingers of dawn's first light discovered a lawyer and two beagles staring up at the same Purple Mountains they had crossed a year ago, but in a different place. This friendly mountain offered the promise of an inviting stairway leading upward as far as they could see. Having decided to climb it, the trio bounced up the mountain a step at a time until they found themselves at the gate of a stone city mysteriously wrapped in cloud. Carved into the granite arch above the entrance were the words "Que Sera Sera."

Inside, an attractive young woman beckoned the lawyer to walk on into the mist.



After looking around to make sure that it was he to whom she was motioning, Intellect took a shy step forward and was immediately greeted with a warm kiss and a friendly hug. “It is no accident that you are here today,” she whispered into his ear. “It was meant to be. It was meant to be.” Stepping backward to let him see her beaming smile, she proclaimed, “Welcome to Serendipity, the city where all are safe from Worry, Panic, and Fear.”

“You’ve met Worry and his friends?” asked the lawyer in surprise.

“None in Serendipity will ever meet those villains,” sang the young woman in a voice that rang with desire, “for we are in the protection of the mighty Cosmos.”

Confused, the lawyer asked, “Has this Cosmos fellow defeated Worry, then?”

The woman’s laughter glistened like the dew on succulent fruit.

Suddenly excited by a possibility, the lawyer asked, “Does Cosmos speak with a foreign accent? And does he never carry a watch or ask the time?”

The woman slowly backed away with a knowing smile and motioned with her finger for him to follow.



“That which has been is that which will be,
And that which has been done is that which will be done.
So there is nothing new under the sun.
Is there anything of which one might say,
‘See this, it is new’?
Already it has existed for ages
Which were before us.”

– ECCLESIASTES

12

City of Happy Talk

“Where are you taking me?” asked the lawyer.

“I’m going to show you what you want to see,” answered the young woman playfully. She walked quickly into the mist and was lost in its depths. But her soft invitation shimmered back to him: “Are you coming or not?”

Intellect looked at Hope and Intuition. Both were staring back at him, waiting to see what he would decide.

He plunged headlong into the mist. “Wait for us!”

“It’s not often that I meet someone who has never been here before,” the woman said as the lawyer fell into step with her. “What would you like to see first?”

“I want to see the one you call ‘Cosmos.’”

“He is very difficult to see,” replied the woman as she continued walking.

“Do I need to make an appointment?”

“No,” she answered slowly. “Cosmos is always there for those who seek him.”

“Then why is he difficult to see?” asked the lawyer. “Is he invisible?” Just then, a man stepped into the path of the prince and they collided with a jarring bump. “I’m sorry,” said the lawyer, “Are you all right?”

“It was meant to happen,” said the man with a friendly smile, “and I’m sure that something good will come of it.”

“What a delightful attitude!” exclaimed the lawyer in wonder as the man disappeared into the mist. Looking after him, the lawyer called out, “Have a good day!” and heard the glib reply, “Is there any other kind?”





“In a boy’s magazine, I had once seen a picture of a man bitten in half by a shark, with his blood staining the water, and had been shocked and revolted. It seemed to me a paradox that the world could be so full of beauty – like lilac trees and waterfalls and moonlit nights – and yet so full of danger.”

– COLIN WILSON, *THE BOOKS IN MY LIFE*

13

Velvet on Stone

“The all-knowing Cosmos continually protects us from Worry, Panic and Fear,” said his female companion as they walked along, “and He will be where we will find Him.”

“How could he be anywhere else?” asked the lawyer, confused.

“Exactly,” answered the woman, delighted. “Already you learn our ways.”

“Stop! Thief!” shouted a man unseen. Running ahead to reach him, the lawyer saw two silhouettes disappearing into the mist. The smaller one reminded him very much of Fear, the partner of Worry in the Forest of Confusion.

Offering his hand to the man on the ground, the lawyer said, “Let me help you up.”

“It was meant to be,” groaned the injured man, rubbing a lump on his head, “and I’m sure something good will come of it.”

“Why do you say that?” asked the lawyer in complete surprise.

“If the king had not wanted this to happen, it would not have happened,” interjected his female guide. “The king is always in complete control.”

“Yes, the king is in control,” echoed the injured man.

Looking into their eyes in stunned disbelief, the lawyer asked, “What do you know of the king?”

“Cosmos will explain everything,” said the woman with a smile. “And He will be where we will find Him.”

“This would never have happened in Destinae,” spoke the lawyer with quiet conviction.

Stopping in her tracks, the young woman shook her hair and said, “Stories of Destinae are for little children. Please tell me that you do not take them seriously.” Before he could answer, a second woman appeared from the mist and said to the first woman, “Hello, Reason. Who’s your new friend?”

“This is a little boy who still believes in Destinae,” answered the young woman with a superior air, “so I’m taking him to see the mighty Cosmos.”

“Destinae!” giggled the second woman. “Next he’ll be telling us he knows the king!”

The prince stood quietly. The two young women convulsed in laughter. The beagles looked at each other, confused.





“As we shall see, the concept of time has no meaning before the beginning of the universe. This was first pointed out by St. Augustine. When asked: What did God do before he created the universe? Augustine didn’t reply, “He was preparing Hell for people who asked such questions.” Instead, he said that time was a property of the universe that God created, and that time did not exist before the beginning of the universe.”

– PROF. STEPHEN HAWKING, A BRIEF HISTORY OF TIME, P. 8,
BANTAM, 1988

“As butterflies trapped in amber; so are all men trapped in time.”

– ROY H. WILLIAMS, 2002

14

The Voice of Reason

When Reason and her female friend had recovered their composure, the newcomer said, “I saw Cosmos near the library, comforting a little boy.”

“Thank you, Candor,” said Reason with a superior little smile. “You’ve been very...”

“Which way is the library?” interrupted the lawyer.

“This way,” said Reason, pointing south, “but there’s no need for us to hurry.”

“Because he will be where we will find him?” asked the lawyer, the hint of an edge glinting in his voice.

“Exactly. And then we will learn what we will know.”

Intuition yelped as though someone had stepped on her paw, though no one was standing near her. Looking down, the lawyer saw the beagle sniffing the ground in a frantic, chaotic pattern. Suddenly she bolted toward the south with Hope following hotly after. As the lawyer took a step to follow them, the voice of Reason split the air behind him like a wedge of tempered steel.

“I’m a cat person myself.”

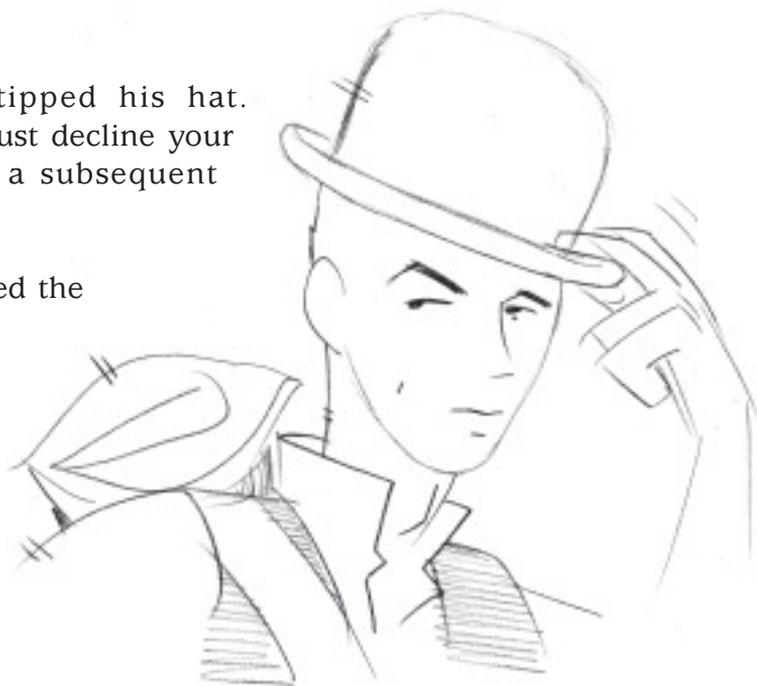
The lawyer turned to face her.

Capturing his eyes with hers, she asked, “Would you

like to visit her?”

The lawyer tipped his hat.
“Forgive me, but I must decline your
invitation owing to a subsequent
engagement.”

And he followed the
voices of the beagles.





Two roads diverged in a wood, and I –
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

- ROBERT FROST

15

If It Walks Like a Duck...

When the lawyer caught up with the beagles, he found Hope licking the cheek of a little boy who was sitting on the curb with his chin on his chest in the smoky fog. Knowing that Hope was quick to comfort those in pain, the lawyer asked, “What has happened here?”

Looking up, the little boy raised a feeble smile between tear-stained cheeks and said, “Wh-when I come out of th’ Liberry, my new bicycle wuz gone.” Then, taking a deep sigh, he added, “But it wuz meant to be.”

“I don’t understand.”

“When Cosmos saw me crying, he said that th’ king needed a bike in Destinae. He said that I should be p-proud that th’ king chose my bicycle.”

“Do you believe the king steals bicycles?” asked Intellect, as gently as he could.

“No,” said the little boy. And the fog began to lift. “But Cosmos says that since th’ king is all pow — uh, powerful and that since nothin’ can happen that — that isn’t th’ king’s will, that it wuz meant to be.” And the fog descended again.

The prince dropped to one knee and brushed the tears from the little boy’s eyes. “There is much that happens that isn’t the king’s will.” Looking now at bright-eyed Hope, the prince began to smile, and his smile soon spread to the

little boy's face. The prince rose to his feet and took the little boy's hand in his own. "Let's go find your bicycle," he said.



16

Message from Destinae

“I bring you a message from Destinae!” shouted the prince as he entered the library. “All those who seek wisdom and knowledge, step outside and follow me.”

The library emptied immediately as all the people followed the lawyer. Once outside, the prince said softly to Hope, “You are to stay with me.” Then to Intuition he called, “Find this boy’s bike and the men who took it.”

“Aroo! Aroo-arooo!” wailed Intuition as she shot off into the mist. Moments later, they heard her voice in the distance: “Aroo! Aroo-arooo!”

To Hope, the Prince gave new instructions: “Take us to your mother.” Sniffing the ground as she trotted happily along, Hope followed the trail of Intuition. And all the people followed Hope.

By the time they reached the southern gate of the city, the people of the library had been joined by the people of the park, the people of the marketplace, and the people of the streets.

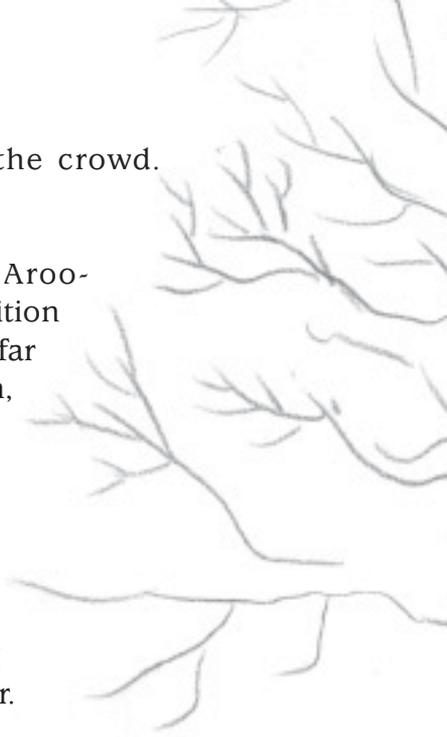
“You’re not taking us outside the city, are you?” asked a voice in the crowd. Standing in the gateway, the lawyer turned and spoke to all the people: “You believe in a world that is kind and good, and in a king who is out of control. But I’m here to tell you that the king is kind and good. It is the world that is out of control.”

A collective gasp escaped the crowd. Suddenly the fog began to dissipate.

“Aroooo! Aroooo! Aroooo! Arooooooo!” The voice of Intuition wafted up to them from the valley far below. In the light of the newfound sun, the people could now see Intuition leaping and jumping at the base of a giant tree. Beneath the tree were all the things that had ever been “taken by the king.” And high in the upper branches, holding on for dear life, were a pair of nervous, twitching twins, the larger one above the smaller.

He seemed to have been badly bitten.

And hurrying up the side of the mountain was an elegantly dressed man with arms spread wide, smiling broadly as he came.







“Education is an admirable thing, but it is well to remember from time to time that nothing that is worth knowing can be taught.”

- OSCAR WILDE



17

The Mighty Cosmos

“It is the mighty Cosmos!” shouted someone behind the lawyer.

“And I’ve brought gifts for all of you!” responded Cosmos.

The lawyer saw only a con man named Worry decked out in expensive clothes.

“It was meant to be! It was meant to be!” cried several people.

“When you have assisted us in subduing this wild dog, my assistants will bring you your gifts,” announced Cosmos, with a flourish of his hands and arms.

But then, above the noise of the crowd came a small voice: “Y-you said that th’ king needed my bicycle. Why is it under that tree with all those other giffs?”

The people grew quiet and waited to hear the answer.

After several moments of pressurized silence, the lawyer’s voice rang with regal authority: “Your foggy city was known as Serendipity. But today it has become the city of Choices.” He lowered his voice to a more conversational level. “And you’re about to make some very important ones.”

Then, taking the boy’s hand once again into his own, he said, “Let’s go get your bicycle.”



“Draw a horizontal line in an empty place. Write ‘wet’ at its left extreme and ‘dry’ at its right. Then draw a vertical line bisecting the horizontal line, creating four equal quadrants.

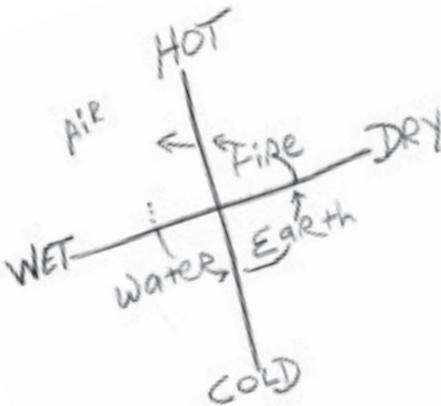
At the bottom of the vertical, write ‘cold,’ and at its top, ‘hot.’
In the bottom, left quadrant, (wet, cold,) write ‘Water.’
In the bottom, right quadrant, (dry, cold,) write, ‘Earth.’
In the upper, right quadrant, (dry, hot,) write ‘Fire.’

When you have written ‘Air’ in the fourth quadrant, you will have completed Aristotle’s circuit, counter-clockwise, and risen into the sky.”

- FRANCES GUMM

“Duality is the most important, yet very natural, notion for intersection graphs.”

- DR. ERICH PRISNER, UNIVERSITÄT HAMBURG



18

Leg Three: How Deep the Anger

Around the middle of the next day, the lawyer spotted the headwaters of the boiling River of Hate. He chose not to lead the beagles near it, but traveled instead along the foothills of the majestic Purple Mountains.

It was nightfall when they reached the Village of Compromise.

“My, my! Who is this?” came a familiar voice as they walked into the town. “Is it our colorful troublemaker? The drinker of wine who believes in Destinae?” Looking up, the lawyer saw in the moonlight the smiling young woman who had been his friend when he had lived here.

“Hello, neighbor,” smiled the lawyer in return.

The young woman scratched behind the beagle’s ears, then said, “This is certainly Intuition. But where is Faith? And who might this pretty girl be?” As she held Hope’s face between her hands, the beagle licked the young woman’s cheek.

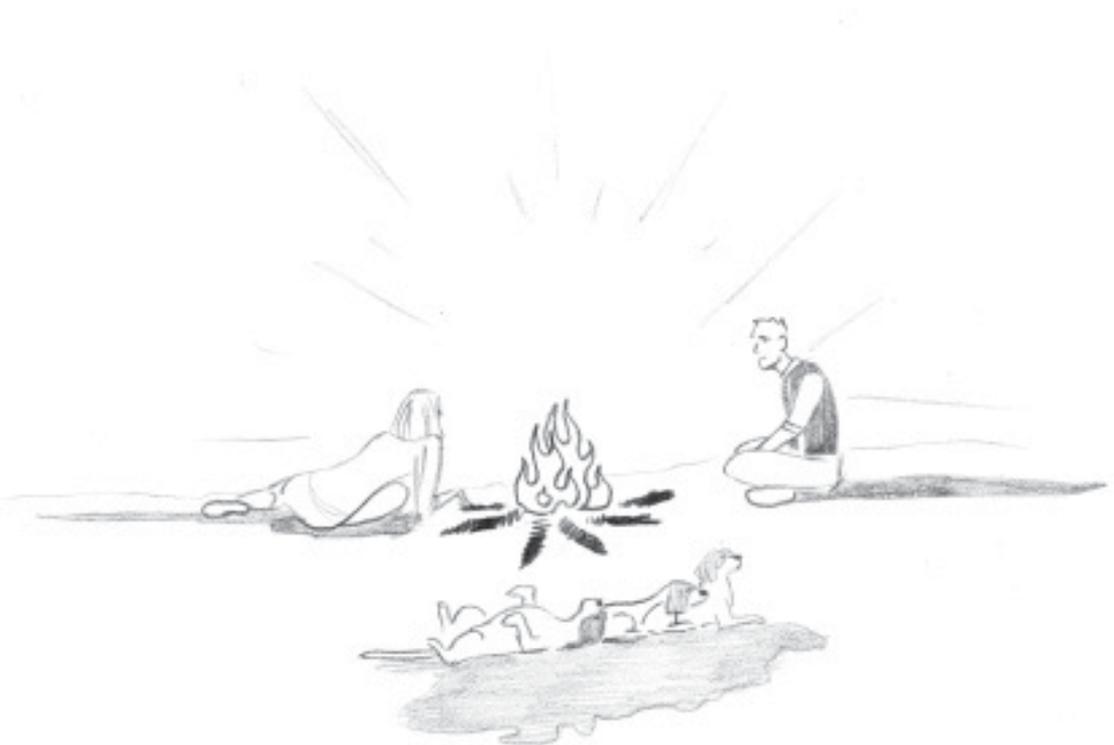
“Her name is Hope,” answered the lawyer, “and I’m hoping you’ll get to know her.” But the young woman wasn’t really listening. She was down on her hands and knees, laughing and playing and touching noses with the beagles.

The lawyer was beginning to remember what he liked best about this place.



“It reminded me of the way that, during my childhood, some tiny spot of happiness would form in the mind, and then gradually spread, until my whole being was glowing with a sensation of joy and confidence.”

– COLIN WILSON, THE BOOKS IN MY LIFE



19

A Second Look

“You’ve been gone more than a year,” she said, as she laid another log on the campfire. “We were beginning to fear you might never come back.”

The beagles were fast asleep.

“We?”

“Well, yes, ‘we.’ I think.” After a moment’s awkward silence, she looked at the lawyer and smiled a smile of confession. “‘We,’ of course, being Me, Myself, and I.”

“But, Kara, you were very angry with me the last time we spoke,” said the lawyer, more than a bit confused.

“Well, you seemed dissatisfied and spoke of going away,” she said quickly. “And when I looked for you the next day to apologize, the mayor told me you had gone.”

The lawyer didn’t know what to say.

Quietly, Kara continued: “So I followed your trail through the grain fields and then climbed to the top of the Purple Mountains, but you and Faith and Intuition were nowhere to be seen.” Kara sighed a deep sigh. Then she smiled. “But you found your way back, all by yourself.”

And so it was by the light of a campfire at night that Intellect told Kara his whole story. The only part he left out was the part about reaching Destinae and learning that he was the son of the king.

He told her of Town Square and of the farmer who had pointed out Polaris to him. He told her of the Cave of the Avalanche and the Forest of Confusion and of the muggers, Worry and Fear. He told her of the Swamp of Depression and of how Intuition had caught a rabbit for him on the Hill of Epiphany and saved him from dying of starvation. He told her about his great and dear friend, the hunter, whom he had gotten to know during his winter in the Cave of Introspection. "It is he that I hope to find on this journey," said the prince, "for there is something that I would know."

"What will you ask him?"

"I will ask that he consider working with me in Destinae," he replied, then added quickly, "Mostly I just clean up messes made by others, but sometimes I need exactly the kind of help that he knows how to give."

"You found Destinae?" Kara asked, her eyes wide with surprise and wonder.

"Yes, I work there, in the home of the king. They call it the Palace of Light."

"I do want to hear about Destinae," she said, "but first you must finish telling me all that happened after you left the Cave of Introspection, and of what happened to Faith, and how you found Hope."

The lawyer smiled, suddenly realizing that he was happier than he'd ever been.

But he wasn't exactly sure why.



“The duality principle characterizes several of the laws and operations found in almost all areas of study labeled as science. It is also a principle observed in the humanities. Terms like complementary, dialectical, opposite or inverse are sometimes used to connote the idea of dualness. Duals are sometimes two opposing forces. Other times the two ‘forces’ act in unison and cannot be separated.

Many times the duality principle can be identified immediately by the very terms that are used to define them, e.g. action and reaction, particle and anti-particle, inhaling and exhaling. In general, however, terms that are in a dual relationship cannot be identified without knowing the science behind their definitions. For example; chlorophyll-hemoglobin, electron-proton, and evaporation-condensation stand in a dual relationship with each other but their descriptive terms do not disclose that relationship.”

-SABAH E. KARAM

Colors and Their Meanings

From the moment the lawyer opened his eyes to the early morning light, it was obvious that things had changed. He remembered the Village of Compromise as being dull and slow, resistant to even the smallest of changes. But now the beige houses were subtly different from one another. Pastel blues and greens and yellows and pinks added a cheerful glow to the cheeks of each address, like wildflowers scattered through a prairie of dry grass.

The street remained empty except for Hope, who trotted up and down it, stopping here and there to sniff a home's foundation and then lick it once or twice.

One house in particular was glowing a rich shade of pink that the lawyer had never seen before. As he watched with deepening interest, the door swung open and Kara stepped out carrying a gorgeous meal, artistically arranged on a tray.

“And here is your breakfast, your Highness,” she said with a smile, setting the tray before him with a curtsy.

“But-but-but — but how — ?” stammered the prince.

“Didn't you say that your job was to clean up messes and serve others in Destinae?” she asked, taking a seat beside him. “I just wanted to show



you that I could do it, too.” Then, looking at him with eyes that seemed to hold all the joy of springtime, she asked, “Do you think that I could get a job there working with you?”

Speechless, the prince could only nod his head, but he did so with enthusiasm.

“You were about to ask a question,” said Kara, as she buttered a biscuit for him.

“I was?”

“You were saying, ‘But, but, but, but how...’”

He quickly took a large bite of the biscuit and proceeded to chew it thoroughly, stalling for time.

“Well?” she asked.

The prince swallowed, held up the biscuit and said, “But how did you know that biscuits are my favorite food?”



OBSERVATIONS

1. All movement happens in Space - Height, Width and Depth - the first 3 dimensions.
2. The 4th dimension is Time.
3. Light moves through space, (the first 3 dimensions.)
4. "At the speed of light, Time stands still." - Albert Einstein

CONCLUSIONS

1. Light is the pendulum of the universe, marking and measuring Time.
2. Just as faith is the evidence of things not seen, color is the evidence of light.
Color is the momentary, visible bridge between space and time.
3. Time sprang into existence when God said "Let there be light."
4. And he sealed his promise to Noah with a rainbow.

21

The Power of Hope

When the sun was high in the sky, the new colors made the houses shimmer like jewels at the bottom of a babbling brook on a bright and boisterous morning, each one submerged in liquid crystal.

In the streets, the people of the village were alive with the optimism of youth. Plans were being made. Good news was being shared. Electricity crackled in the air. The sleepy little village of Compromise had awakened to become a beehive of industrious activity. The people had never experienced anything like it. And in the midst of it all sat precious Hope, looking this way and that at the miracles walking around her.

She wiggled with satisfaction.

But where was Intuition?

The lawyer whistled a beagle's aroo; short-long, double short, short-long.

Intuition answered from down by the river.

When the lawyer finally found her, Intuition was staring across the steaming divide in much the same way that Faith and Hope had stared across the sea on the days preceding their departure from Destinae. The prince sat down next to her and gently patted her side. "Yes, I know that we have unfinished business and that a long road lies ahead. But today is a day for celebration, for that which

was lost has been recovered. And that which was dead, now lives.”

Hearing those words, the beagle jumped up and looked at the lawyer, then walked with him back to the village.





Someday I'll wish upon a star
And wake up where the clouds are far behind me,
Where troubles melt like lemon drops
Away above the chimney tops
That's where you'll find me.

22

Three Sisters

“This is my friend Mary Jane,” said Kara. “And her sisters, Virginia and Frances.” Smiling, Prince Intellect tipped his hat politely to each. Mary Jane appeared to be about the same age as Kara, with Virginia perhaps a couple of years younger. The youngest of all, still in her teens, was colorful Frances, a garland of flowers around her neck.

“Have you really been to Destinae?” she asked. “And is it a magical place?”

Thoughtfully, the prince replied, “In some ways, Destinae is like every place. There are many things in Destinae that could easily be considered boring.”

“So tell us of the exciting things!” exclaimed Virginia, young Frances nodding her head in vigorous agreement.

“Please understand that I’m not sidestepping your question,” replied the prince, “but the real truth is that the exciting things and the boring things are actually one and the same.”

“I don’t understand at all,” said Frances, the corners of her mouth drooping.

“Life is full of things that we assume to be boring, which are really no more boring than the things we find exciting. It all depends upon your attitude. There is no place that is, in itself, either boring or exciting. It is we who are bored or excited.”

“Well, I still want to go to Destinae!” said Frances, crossing her arms.

“As do I,” said Virginia.

“As do we all,” added Kara softly, her eyes seeking the lawyer’s for approval. “Will you show us the way?”

“Destinae is open to all who seek her,” said the lawyer quietly, “though I, myself, will not be headed that way again for quite some time.”

Kara locked eyes with him and gave him two small nods of her head, indicating that she understood his need to find the hunter.

“Will you wait until I can return for you?” asked the lawyer. “Or would you have me show you the star that will guide you there?”

“Show us the star! Show us the star!” shouted Frances and Virginia, eagerly.

“And will you listen as I tell you of grave dangers along the way?”

“We will hear of the dangers, and we will listen,” promised Mary Jane solemnly for them all.



“Then meet me tonight when the stars are high, at the bench that faces the Purple...”

“Where are Hope and Intuition going?” interrupted Kara, pointing to where the beagles were disappearing around a corner.

“I had better go find out,” answered the son of the king.



(Joon is picking the raisins off her tapioca pudding.)

SAM: You don't like raisins?

JOON: Not really.

SAM: Why?

JOON: They used to be fat... and juicy... and now they're twisted... like they had their lives stolen. They taste sweet, but really they're just humiliated grapes.

- BENNY AND JOON, 1993, METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

23

Seasons

The lawyer followed the beagles until they were back at the murky and steaming River of Hate. But this time he noticed something he had never noticed before: there was nothing alive in the river. Everything in it was dead.

Staring into its smoking water, Intuition and Hope began to whimper softly. The lawyer looked where the beagles' eyes were fixed and saw a tragically shriveled, distorted fish floating just under the surface. He slipped his knife from the jeweled scabbard that was strapped tightly over his heart and reached out with it to recover the body.

But when the knife tip touched the water's surface, the fish began to revive!

Startled, the lawyer jerked back his hand. The fish grew still again.

The lawyer looked at the beagles. Never taking their eyes off the fish, they whimpered anxiously once more.

The prince plunged the knife back into the water.

In a silent explosion of crystal purity, the river began to clear in concentric circles traveling outward from the blade until enthusiastic bright water was bouncing off the bank on the other side and racing left and right with the news.

As the water regained its sweetness, the things in it regained their lives. Fish leaped in glorious joy! Dragonflies danced delightfully, fat ducks paddled precariously, and beavers swam industriously.

Otters floated lazily in the sun.

“When we finally find our friend, I’m going to have to ask him about this knife,” whispered the prince, staring with eyes of wonder at the dancing blade.

The dogs just wagged their tails.



“Star light, star bright,
First star I see tonight,
I wish I may,
I wish I might...”

24

Climbing Stairs of Golden Starlight

“Their names are Worry and Fear,” said Intellect beneath the moon as the Pleiades and Orion of Amos watched with interest from above. “They travel with Fear’s larger, stronger twin. I believe it was this twin who hit me from behind and hijacked my senses in the Forest of Confusion.”

Kara, Mary Jane, Virginia, and Frances nodded in silent agreement.

“It is because of them that you must travel with Hope as your guardian. She will remain with you at all times.”

Hope wiggled and wagged her tail and barked four little barks of happiness.

Removing the knife and the jeweled scabbard that had been hidden near his heart, the prince held them out to Kara. “When you arrive in Destinae, regardless of the hour, just show these to Liam, my co-worker at the Palace of Light. He will see that you are situated comfortably.”

As she took them from his hand, he looked into her eyes and said, “They were given to me as gifts a’Luff and I give them to you the same way.”

“Luff? Luff?” piped colorful young Frances.

“The knife belonged to my friend, the hunter, and

Luff was his special word.”

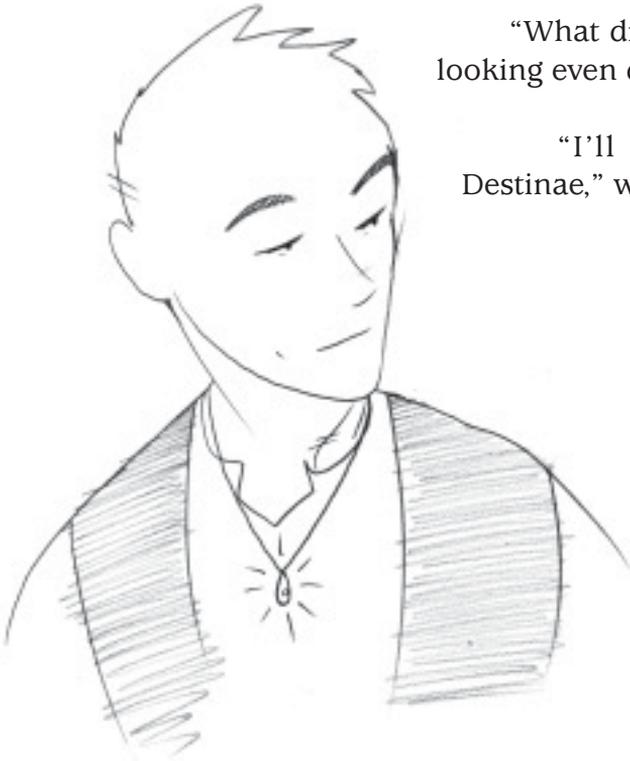
“But what does the word mean?” asked Kara softly.

Reddening, the lawyer replied, “I’ll tell you when we meet in Destinae.”

Kara responded by removing a glistening, tear-shaped pendant that had been hanging beneath her blouse. Moving close to him, she placed it around his neck as she whispered, “Laramie vondra dafydd nayeli.”

“What did you say?” asked the lawyer, looking even deeper into her eyes.

“I’ll tell you when we meet in Destinae,” was all that Kara would say.





“...they danced down the streets like dingedodies, and I shambled after as I’ve been doing all my life after people who interest me, because the only people for me are the mad ones, the ones who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time, the ones who never yawn or say a commonplace thing, but burn, burn, burn like fabulous yellow roman candles exploding like spiders across the stars and in the middle you see the blue centerlight pop and everybody goes “Awww!””

- JACK KEROUAC

Beckoning Road

“The river is healed! The river is well!” shouted a voice at the first light of dawn. “It is now a River of Life!” People streamed out of the houses and alleyways to dive and splash in the chilly water. The river was full of swimmers, and the streets were filled with dancing.

The lawyer saw Mary Jane and Kara down at the riverbank, laughing at the water antics of Hope and Frances and Virginia. Intuition looked at the lawyer. He nodded at her and smiled. “Aroo! Aroo-arooo!” she wailed as she took off like a rock from a slingshot and landed — splash! — in the middle of the river. Hope quickly joined her, and they swam shoulder-to-shoulder in a grand, sweeping circle of celebration.

Mary Jane and Kara began clapping in rhythm with the beagles’ strokes and were soon joined by hundreds of happy hands. The beavers and the fat ducks, not to be outdone, fell in behind the beagles and added a few dance movements of their own. The dragonflies flitted an accompaniment. Even the lazy otters joined in the fun.

Lunch was a picnic in paradise. The afternoon, a verse from a song.



But then the time came for the lawyer and the beagle to go.

Intellect and Intuition climbed out of the water on the far side of the river.

Kara, Hope and the sisters stood facing them from the village shore.

“Until we meet again in Destinae!” shouted the lawyer as he raised his hand.

“In Destinae!” shouted all the girls together.

Hope turned and walked north to the village. Intuition turned and walked south.



Goin' down that long, lonesome highway,
Bound for the mountains and the plains.
Sure ain't nothin' here gonna tie me,
And I got some friends I'd like to see.
One of these days I'm gonna settle down.
But till I do, I won't be hangin' round.
Goin' down that long, lonesome highway,
Gonna live life my way.

- MICHAEL PARKS

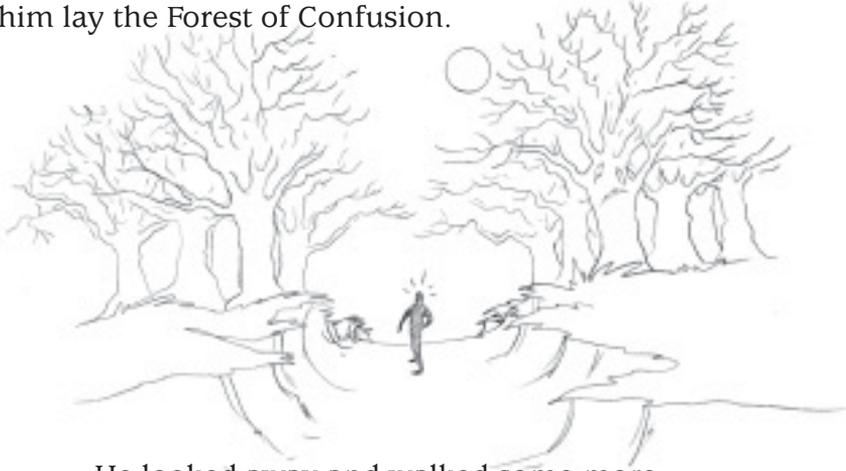
“We turned at a dozen paces, for love is a duel,
and looked up at each other for the last time.”

- JACK KEROUAC

26

The Prairie of Emptiness

The lawyer walked a great distance, then turned and looked behind him. He saw the village with Kara's soft pink house framed tight against the Purple Mountains. Ahead of him lay the Forest of Confusion.



He looked away and walked some more.

Turning again, the lawyer saw Kara's soft pink house framed against the mountains. Ahead was the Forest of Confusion.

Turning back toward the forest, he walked and walked and walked some more, his feet bitter with their direction.

Finally exhausted, the prince turned and saw only Kara's soft, pink house.

The Forest of Confusion loomed ahead.

He didn't turn and look anymore.



“I asked Jack, [Kerouac]
‘Well how do you like fame?’
He said, ‘It’s like old newspapers
blowing down Bleecker Street.’”

- MARDOU FOX

27

In the Forest Again

The light of early morning seemed less cheery than it had been recently, the air more subdued. The lawyer sat up and looked into the face of the vast and lofty Forest of Confusion.

Once this had been a terrifying place for him. But that was back when he had the beagle leashed.

Now he let the beagle lead the way. They walked boldly together into the forest as though it were a well-traveled highway.

But the forest seemed strangely empty.

There was no sign of Worry or Fear.

By evening, they had arrived at the hill of Epiphany. But there was no sign of the hunter. Worse, it didn't look as though anyone had been there at all since they left the place a year ago. The lawyer and the beagle roasted rabbit that evening, filling the air with savory smoke. If the hunter were in the area, this would surely bring him to them.

When the evening had grown so weary that even the stars had gone to bed, the lawyer looked at the beagle and said, "The magic is gone out of this place."

Intuition raised an eyelid, then closed it again.

The next morning they rose and plunged deeper into the woods.

And walked southward. Ever southward.



28

Do Bears Live in the Woods?



From the corner of his eye, just once in awhile, it seemed to Intellect that he saw a bear. But since Intuition didn't seem to be concerned about it, the king's son didn't let it worry him.

But the thing that did trouble Intellect was that he had never been able to locate the farmer who had spoken to him outside Destinae that first morning he was there. He had wanted to ask the farmer if he knew the hunter. The lawyer had been looking down when the farmer spoke to him, so he had never seen the man's face, but he had always remembered the words: "Seed's'a foony thing is seed. If ya' doona giff it up and let'i'go, it canna' b'coom wha't'was meant to be."

It was just the kind of thing the hunter would say. He wondered if they were brothers.

But he also wondered about the other farmer, the one who had pointed out Polaris to him on that fateful night when he and the beagle had left Town Square. "There! There is P'laris," the farmer had said, "the woon true star'a'th'north; th'only gleam in th'heavens tha' doos na' moof." If it hadn't been for that first sower of seed, the lawyer would never have known what direction to travel.

Two farmers and a hunter, each appearing at a critical time when his back was against the wall.

And each with that same funny accent.

They had to be related.

29

At the Edge of Wilderness, Looking Upward

The last time the lawyer had stood in this clearing, he had been weary, wet, and sad, looking downslope at the vast forest that lay below. He distinctly remembered swallowing.

But this was a different journey. Today he was looking upward.

And he wasn't weary or wet.

So why was he sad?

The Forest of Confusion was now behind him. Ahead were only woods, fields, hills, Town Square, and — he hoped — his friend the hunter. So why did he feel uneasy? Why had Intuition slowed their pace?

By noon they had reached the hillside where once there had been a cave. A landslide during a night of torrential rain had erased any evidence of it, but the cave was etched vividly into the mind of the lawyer.

If it hadn't been for Intuition, that cave would have been his tomb.

Just a dozen more miles, a few more hours, and they would be back where it all began.

The lawyer swallowed. And then marched on.

The closer they got to Town Square, the more often the beagle would stop, sniff the ground, and listen. It was obvious that she didn't feel they should continue. She looked up at the lawyer.

“Go on, girl. Whatever it is, we can handle it.”

The hard-edged voice cracked like a whip. “Halt! Who goes there?”

The lawyer froze in his tracks. The beagle began to growl.

“Dangerous animal! Dangerous animal! Code thirteen! Code thirteen!” Two men emerged from the left and two others from the right. All four were carrying nets. Within seconds, the lawyer and the beagle were curled up like salmon in the mesh.





“Many people fear nothing more terribly than to take a position which stands out sharply and clearly from the prevailing opinion. The tendency of most is to adopt a view that is so ambiguous that it will include everything, and so popular that it will include everybody. Not a few men who cherish lofty and noble ideas hide them under a bushel for fear of being called different.”

- MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

30

Little Man with a Badge

“Well, well, well. It would appear that we have apprehended a transgressor and a trespasser.” The speaker, a little man wearing a badge the size of a salad plate, stood at strict attention in front of the four netmen and shook each of their hands ceremoniously, as though they had done some great thing.

The lawyer watched and listened uncomfortably from the ground, knowing better than to speak a word.

“Quarantine the trespasser.”

Two of the men grabbed the lawyer beneath his arms and lifted him off the ground.

“And you know what to do with the transgressor.”

“Section 2, paragraph 2 of the Logical Code of Conduct,” parroted all four of the men in unison. “Canines will be kept leashed at all times. Those who transgress by an act of aggression will be immediately destroyed.”

In a flash of life-saving insight, the lawyer knew what to do. “Congratulations, Captain,” he said in his best lawyer voice. “Your team has lived up to its reputation.”

“Captain?” queried the little man with the badge. “But I am only a second lieutenant.”

“Not anymore,” said Intellect, snapping rigidly to

attention. He barked, “AttennnnnnSHUN!” and all five men became ramrod straight and perfectly still. “Undercover Operative O-7734, functioning under the authority of the Supreme Command.” The lawyer spoke each syllable as though biting it off. Then, bending quickly to the ground, he opened the net that held the beagle and touched his nose to hers, whispering, “Bring help from Destinae.”

And then everything went black.



“Of all tyrannies, a tyranny sincerely exercised for the good of its victims may be the most oppressive”

- C.S. LEWIS

“Totalitarianism is when people believe they can punish their way to perfection.”

- WINSTON CHURCHILL

“Selfishness is not living as one wishes to live; it is asking others to live as one wishes to live.”

- OSCAR WILDE

All Alone in the Graybar Hotel

The only thing worse than waking up with a headache is waking up with a headache and a sanctimonious little weasel in your face. No, to say only that the man was a sanctimonious little weasel does not pay adequate homage to the true majesty of his pharisaical condition. Indeed, this was such a pompously inflated, self-righteous little windbag, it was a wonder he didn't float off the ground. This was the kind of man who hungered to be hall monitor in the third grade. "I'm taking names! I'm telling on you! You're going to be in trouble!"

Tom Sawyer's Cousin Sid.

It was the little man with the salad-plate badge and the whip-crack voice.

"We killed your little dog, did you know that? Huh? Did you know that we killed your mean little dog? I tell you what you are, buddy, you're a rule breaker. A malefactor. A wrongdoer. You don't think the rules apply to you. You think you're too good for the rules, don't you? Well, we'll see about that... Yes, we'll see about that."



32

Another Day without You

Intuition, Faith and Hope were gone.

Kara was gone.

Looking down at the tear-shaped crystal that hung from his neck, the prince noticed that a tear of his own had fallen on it, and for a fleeting, magic moment, he saw Kara, Mary Jane, Virginia, Frances, and Hope all waving at him from its depths.

He saw the vibrant life returning to the river.

He saw the view from the top of the Purple Mountains.

He saw the little boy in the city of Choices, riding on his bike.

He saw Belief and Faith leading the people on their journey.

He saw the king, his father, in the Palace of Light.

He saw the face of the hunter and smelled the warmth of his plaid, wool shirt.

He saw the beagles swimming while bright stars danced on rippling waters like a thousand little fishes of light all scurrying in a sea of darkness.

He saw.



“...a solemn, unsmiling, sanctimonious old iceberg who looked like he was waiting for a vacancy in the Trinity”

- MARK TWAIN



33

Judge Logic

“Counselor Intellect?”

It was the voice of Judge Logic! He had argued hundreds of cases in front of Judge Logic! Judge Logic was perfectly predictable.

“Yes, Your Honor, it is I,” he answered, wiping the tears from his cheeks and looking up from the floor of his cell.

The Judge was carrying Poindexter, the courthouse cat.

“Intellect, is it true that you impersonated one of my duly authorized officers of the law in order to facilitate the release of a dangerous animal?”

“Your Honor, the animal in question was — ”

“You will answer yes or no, Counselor,” interrupted the Judge. “There are only two possible answers to the question.”

“Then the answer can only be yes, Your Honor.”

“You know me to be an honest judge, Intellect. But please know that it is only my devotion to the letter of the law that compels me to allow you the required forty-eight hours to prepare a defense for your trial. Frankly, I believe those forty-eight hours will be nothing more than a waste

of six good meals. You are obviously guilty beyond all doubt, inasmuch as you have admitted your felony.”

“Will I be allowed to summon Judge Grey as a witness?” asked Intellect.

“No,” answered Judge Logic coldly, “and even if you could, his testimony would hurt more than help you.”

“Why is that?”

“Judge Grey became rather childish in his old age, believing in Destinae and in a literal king and in answers other than yes and no. He disappeared shortly after I returned to Town Square. But don’t worry, young Intellect,” said Judge Logic with a sharp-toothed smile, “I’ll be glad to hear your story.”

And as Logic walked from the room, Poindexter hung his head over the Judge’s shoulder and looked through his vertically slitted green eyes at the prince, and smiled a little cat smile.





“It would be possible to describe everything scientifically, but it would make no sense; it would be without meaning, as if you described a Beethoven symphony as a variation of wave pressure.”

- ALBERT EINSTEIN

34

A Trial of Patience

“Intellect, how do you plead?” asked Judge Logic from his place on high.

“Not guilty, Your Honor.”

“Did you, or did you not, impersonate a duly authorized enforcer of the Logical Code of Conduct?”

“I did, Your Honor.”

“Then I have no option but to find you — ”

“An honorable citizen does not stand by and observe injustice, Your Honor.”

“Did you say ‘honorable citizen,’ Counselor Intellect?”

“Yes, Your Honor, for the beagle in question was guilty of no crime other than being where she was not wanted.”

“Counselor Intellect, the beagle in question was guilty, not only of being where not wanted, but also of being what is not wanted, as well. An ‘honorable citizen’ does not protect what is not wanted.”

“Not wanted by whom, Your Honor?”

“Not wanted by the Logical Code of Conduct!” roared the judge. “Beagles are undisciplined, reckless, dangerous animals that must be carefully confined! If Beagles were allowed to roam free, they would likely — ”

“Chase Poindexter up a tree?” interrupted Intellect. “Save lives? Provide companionship? Guide us safely through dark forests? Bring us food when we were starving? Yes, Your Honor, I can see where that could create quite a problem.”

Seething with barely controlled rage, Judge Logic whispered, “You have become dangerously unbalanced, Counselor Intellect. And I had such high hopes for you when you were younger.”

“I find it strange that you consider me unbalanced, Your Honor, for balance is precisely what I believe I have found.”

“You are a lawyer that smells of dog,” spoke the judge in an ominous tone, “and yet you would speak to me of balance?” BAM! went the gavel. “Sentencing is set for tomorrow. Now remove this criminal from my sight.”

Reclining lazily beneath the judge’s bench, Poindexter waved his tail like a cobra.



“Neal’s dead. Neal died.’... that was it. all those rides, all those pages of Kerouac, all that jail, to die alone under a frozen Mexican moon, alone, you understand? can’t you see the miserable puny cactii? Mexico is not a bad place because it is simply oppressed; Mexico is simply a bad place. can’t you see the desert animals watching? the frogs, horned and simple, the snakes like slits of men’s minds crawling, stopping, waiting, dumb under a dumb Mexican moon. reptiles, flicks of things, looking across this guy in the sand in a white t-shirt.”

-CHARLES BUKOWSKI, ON THE DEATH OF NEAL CASSADY

35

Orion

“Code thirteen! Code thirteen!” the little badge man’s whip-crack voice wafted in through the cell’s barred window. “Dangerous animals! Dangerous animals!” The prince ran to the window to see what was happening outside. Pressing his face to the bars, he was startled by a familiar face looking in at him. “Woot haff’ya goot ya’seff into now, Laddie?” smiled the hunter from the other side. “Stan’ back an’ lemme do woot’s right.” As the prince stepped backward, the hunter grabbed the bars in his hands and snatched them out of the wall, pulling down tons of brick and mortar in the process.

“I’m thinkin’ now’d be a goot time t’run, lad,” said the hunter from the center of the gaping hole. Speechless, the prince leaped into the street — and saw Faith and Intuition leading all the city’s badge men on a zig-zag chase to nowhere.

Intellect stopped in his tracks, paralyzed by his amazing good fortune.

The little badge-weasel had lied! Intuition was alive and barking!

“This way!” yelled the hunter, bounding around the corner and into the trees. Intellect followed him breathlessly, not sure how all this would end.

Emerging into a clearing in the woods, the prince saw the vehicle of their rescue — an old hot-air balloon tethered to the ground by a single rope hanging down from the center of the basket, its forty-foot rope ladder not quite

reaching the ground.

“Up!” shouted the hunter as he grabbed the prince by the back of his pants and lifted him six feet high onto the ladder. “Now climb an’ b’ready t’catch th’wee beagles!” The prince climbed as fast as his arms and legs would flicker. Tumbling inside the basket, he heard the hunter yell, “Here’s woon!” and leaped up barely in time to see Faith flying toward him through the air. As the prince leaned out of the basket to catch the beagle in his arms, he saw Intuition running into the clearing at breakneck speed, a pack of angry ‘badgers’ hot behind her. He snatched Faith out of the air and set him down in the bottom of the basket. “Be ready for t’other!” shouted the hunter from below. When Intuition was within leaping distance, she jumped directly toward the hunter, who, reaching out his huge right hand, caught the beagle beneath her chest and flung her forty-five feet upward into the waiting arms of the lawyer.

Holding Intuition to his chest, Intellect screamed, “Climb! Climb! Climb!”

The forest had become a stormy sea of angry badgermen surrounding the hunter on a rapidly shrinking island of safety.

“Climb the ladder while you can!”

The hunter glanced at the approaching badgers, then looked up at the lawyer in the basket.

Staring solemnly into the eyes of the young lawyer, he slowly shook his head.

And cut the rope.



“There is an appointed time for everything.
And there is a time for every event under heaven -
A time to give birth and a time to die;
A time to plant and a time to uproot what is planted.
A time to kill and a time to heal;
A time to tear down and a time to build up.
A time to weep and a time to laugh;
A time to mourn and a time to dance.
A time to throw stones and a time to gather stones;
A time to embrace and a time to shun embracing.
A time to search and a time to give up as lost;
A time to keep and a time to throw away.
A time to tear apart and a time to sew together;
A time to love and a time to hate;
A time for war and a time for peace.
What profit is there to the worker from that in which he toils?
I have seen the task which God has given the
sons of men with which to occupy themselves.
He has made everything appropriate in its time.
He has also set eternity in their heart,
yet so that man will not find out the work which
God has done from the beginning even to the end.”

—ECCLESIASTES, CHAP. 3

36

The Fourth Leg: How Long the Journey

And thus did the warm air of a friend's balloon carry Prince Intellect far away, aided by a strong updraft over the Sea of Beginnings. And indeed this was a beginning, for above that sea lay seven inward-curling dimensions in a world that maps do not show.

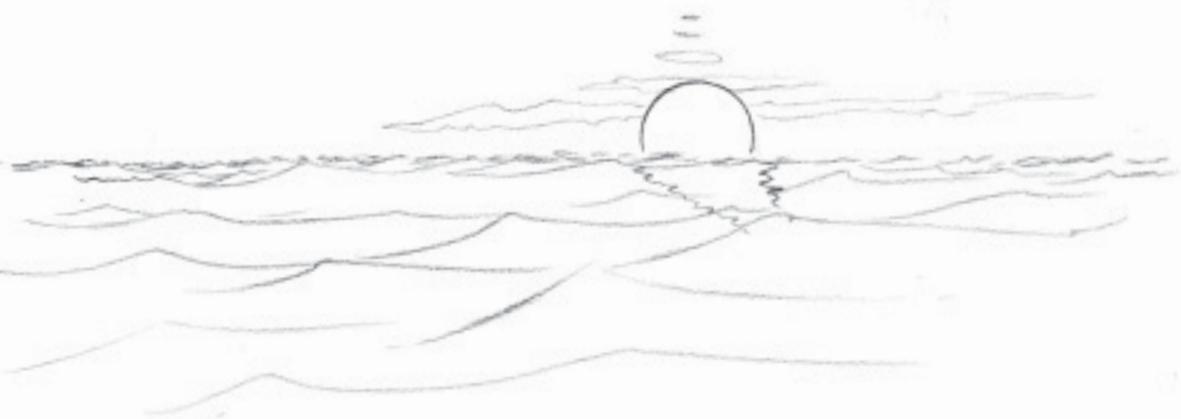
But these we must leave for another book.

As the prince rose skyward in his basket of beagles, young Frances slept beneath the commiphora tree on the Fruited Plain with her two sisters and Kara and Hope, dreaming a strange dream of a dangerous journey with three good friends and a dog.

And of a kindly wizard who got carried away in an old hot-air balloon.

But that is a story for another teller, a story for another.

Time.





“I cannot believe that God would choose to play dice with the universe.”

- ALBERT EINSTEIN

“God not only plays dice. He sometimes throws the dice where they cannot be seen.”

- STEPHEN HAWKING

“‘Nazareth! Can anything good come from there?’ Nathanael asked. ‘Come and see,’ said Philip.”

- JOHN CHAPTER 3

On February 8, 2003, six people met at the Hotel Paisano in Marfa, Texas, and held a roundtable discussion in the room where James Dean, Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson played cards each night during the filming of the 1955 Warner Brothers epic, Giant.

RAY BARD – Publisher

CEO of Bard Press, the award-winning publisher of numerous New York Times and Wall Street Journal bestsellers and a close personal friend of the author.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON – Linguist

The author of two books, Amanda's education includes a Bachelors Degree in Classical Civilization, a Ph.D. in Classic Languages and Linguistics from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, and an M.B.A. in Marketing from Eastern Michigan University.

BICK BLYTHINGTON – Psychologist and Astrologer

While studying transpersonal psychology at Stanford, Bick became deeply interested in the stories that can be told by reading the stars in the sky. Today he is considered by many to be one of the most knowledgeable stargazers in America.

DEBBIE TAYLOR – History Teacher

A lifelong student of American icons, Debbie teaches 20th Century Pop Culture at UCLA. She is also a leading contributor of questions to America's popular trivia game, Trivial Pursuit®.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN – Astrophysicist

A familiar face at The Asia Pacific Center for Theoretical Physics in Pohang, Korea, and the Max Planck Institute for Gravitational Physics at the Albert Einstein Institute in Potsdam, Germany, Dr. Weltsyn currently spends his days at the 300 year-old Astrophysical Observatory in Potsdam gathering data for a book on Universal Theory.

BARBARA JOHNSON – Missionary

An independent Christian missionary for more than 30 years, Barbara has helped to start 19 Bible schools in Indonesia where she serves as a nurse in a free clinic. This is only her second visit to the US since 1971.

But these were not actors summoned by a powerful movie studio. They were a physicist, an astrologer, a linguist, a missionary, a history teacher and a publisher, each one responding to an unusual invitation from a reclusive author.

The following is an unedited transcript of their discussion:

RAY BARD: Okay, the tape recorder is turned on now, so you can begin saying all the things that I know you've been itching to say.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Finally!

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: I'm not sure if we just had an extremely late lunch or an early supper, but either way thank you, Ray. It was very good.

BARBARA JOHNSON: Yes, thank you.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Ray, I just want to know why the first round-table discussion was held at the Waldorf-Astoria, but the one that *I* get invited to is held in a dusty little town in the middle of nowhere.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: I believe that would be because there is no major observatory located in New York City, Mr. Blythinghton. But here we have the tremendous McDonald, with its 82 -inch Otto Struve and its 107-inch Harlan Smith.

RAY BARD: So you think we're here to see the stars, Dr. Weltsyn?

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Did you not instruct us not to make plans for the evening?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: What's an Otto Struve?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: It's a telescope.

RAY BARD: Yes, I was told to leave the evening free, but right now I should probably introduce each of you for the tape.

I'm Ray Bard, the author's friend and publisher. To my right is seated Dr. Amanda G. Watlington, an expert in classical civilizations and languages. To Amanda's right is Bick Blythinghton, the renowned

psychologist and astrologer. To Bick's right is Debbie Taylor, 20th century historian and trivia expert.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Ray, do you know how the town of Marfa was named?

RAY BARD: No, Debbie, I don't.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Marfa was named in 1883 by the wife of a railroad executive when the train she was riding on stopped for water. The woman had been reading *The Brothers Karamazov* and when she looked out the window the desolate landscape made her think of Marfa, the desolate wife of old Grigory in the story.

BICK BLYTHINGTON: I think you just made that up.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Not at all. Marfa's last name was "Ignatyevna" and the executive's wife was probably reading chapter 55.

BICK BLYTHINGTON: Yeah. And 67% of all statistics are made up on the spot.

RAY BARD: Continuing counterclockwise from Debbie we have Dr. Conrad Weltsyn, a theoretical physicist from Potsdam, Germany. We're delighted you could make it, doctor.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: And I am delighted to be here.

RAY BARD: To Dr. Weltsyn's right and my immediate left is Barbara Johnson, a missionary to Indonesia. We're very glad to have you here, Mrs. Johnson.

BARBARA JOHNSON: And I'm glad to be here as well.

RAY BARD: Before we take a detailed look at chapter one of the story, I'd like to get your overall impressions of what it's about... Dr. Watlington?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Are you asking for an overall impression of what chapter one is about, or what the whole book is about, or what *Free the Beagle* and *Beagles of Destinae* are about, combined?

RAY BARD: Just give us your overall impression of book two, *Beagles of Destinae*.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Oh, I think it's a love story with a subplot of self-discovery.

RAY BARD: What do you mean, "self-discovery?"

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Looking at it from a Jungian perspective, I see Prince Intellect as discovering his own inner beauty when he discovers Kara in the Village of Compromise.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: You see Kara as the anima of Intellect?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Precisely. I think Prince Intellect truly discovered "his better half" when he found Kara. And we get the name of the village from the fact that his masculine, intellectual side had to "compromise" to accept his feminine, intuitive side. And intuition of course, is the sensing organ of the soul. I suppose that in a way what I'm saying is that it's okay for men to cry. But not every man knows that.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: I would agree with you except that in classic Jungian psychology the anima is represented by a single female figure and here we have four - Kara, Mary Jane, Virginia and Frances.

RAY BARD: So what do you think the story is about, Bick?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: I see it as a journey of perilous growth toward maturity - representative of our adolescent years, I think - and of how this relates to the progression of the constellations.

RAY BARD: The Stars?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: That's right.

RAY BARD: So Barbara, what was your overall impression?

BARBARA JOHNSON: Would someone please explain this anima thing, if that wouldn't be too much trouble?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: The anima is the personification of all feminine psychological tendencies within a man. It's usually defined as "the archetypal feminine symbolism within a man's unconscious." The opposite of the anima, the animus, is the personification of all masculine psychological tendencies within a woman.

BARBARA JOHNSON: So the anima is a man's feminine ideal?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Yes, and no woman can ever quite live up to the anima in a man's mind. Helen of Troy - was there ever really a face that could launch a thousand ships?

BARBARA JOHNSON: I believe *Beagles of Destinae* is a beautiful allegory of a person's search for God.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: But Intellect was searching for the hunter in this book. Are you saying, then, that the hunter represents God?

BARBARA JOHNSON: Yes, I see the hunter as a figure of God the Father and also as a figure of Christ.

RAY BARD: Interesting... Dr. Weltsyn, you hinted earlier that you saw the story as being about stars. Frankly, I had assumed it would be Bick who would go for the astrological interpretation. Would you care to elaborate on your comment?

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: First, you must understand the difference between astrology and astronomy. I do *not* offer an astrological interpretation, but an *astronomical* one.

RAY BARD: Explain.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Astrology is based on the ancient mythology of Greek and Roman gods. Astronomy, on the other hand, studies the movement of planets and the natures of gravity and light and the formation of stars and black holes and, as such, is closely linked to the science of physics.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Hold it, hold it, hold it. I beg to differ, Dr. Weltsyn, but astrology is not based on ancient Greek and Roman gods.

RAY BARD: Go on.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Any serious study of astrology revolves around the concept that our world is just a tiny part of a much bigger unfolding of the universe, and that the events of our world are influenced, in part, by a much larger master plan.

BARBARA JOHNSON: You said the events of our world are “influenced in part” by this master plan. What do you mean?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Ah, there’s the nub of it. Astrologers don’t see the signs of the zodiac as being “forces” per se, but as indicators, signs that reveal a much larger, unseen force.

BARBARA JOHNSON: You see God’s original, perfect plan revealed in the stars?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: I suppose a missionary might see it that way.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: So why do astrologers continue to use the ancient names of the constellations? Why not create new names and throw away the fantasies?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: When mankind first saw truth revealed in the movements of the stars, they assumed that the constellations were indeed “forces,” so they created stories and assigned human names to identify what they perceived to be each constellation’s “personality.” Modern astrologers continue to use these old names just as the people of a city continue to use street names long after they have forgotten the people for whom those streets were named.

RAY BARD: Dr. Weltsyn, you never finished telling us how astronomy fits into your overall impression of the story.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: The book is packed with references that speak to the heart of astrophysics.

RAY BARD: Give us an example.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: The book opens with three quotes - two from physicists and a third from a writer speculating about matrix theory. And the book ends with quotes from two more physicists, Albert Einstein and Stephen Hawking. Mr. Bard, if this book is not a symbolic

commentary on the principles of astrophysics, then why did you invite me?

RAY BARD: I'm very glad you came, Dr. Weltsyn, but it wasn't actually me who invited you. Each of your names was given to me by the author with information about how I could contact you. I have no idea why any of you were chosen.

BICK BLYTHINGTON: [Dramatic sigh] ...and I had assumed that I was invited because of my sparkling wit.

BARBARA JOHNSON: Actually, you're wrong, Dr. Weltsyn.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: I beg your pardon?

BARBARA JOHNSON: The book doesn't end with a quote from a physicist. It ends with a quote from the gospel of John.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: This I do not remember.

BARBARA JOHNSON: Right here: "'Nazareth! Can anything good come from there?' Nathanael asked. 'Come and see,' said Philip."

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: But it makes no sense.

BARBARA JOHNSON: Philip had just told Nathanael that he and some fishermen from his village had found the Christ and that it was a man named Jesus, from Nazareth. That's when Nathanael said "Nazareth! Can anything good come from there?"

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: But still it makes no sense. Why would the author end his book with a thing like that?

DR. AMANDA G.WATLINGTON: I may be able to answer that.

RAY BARD: Please do.

DR. AMANDA G.WATLINGTON: The author is baiting us. The ending is a cliffhanger, remember, with the hunter cutting the rope so that the prince can escape with Intuition and Faith? I believe The author knew that in this circumstance the words "Come and see" would prove to be

irresistibly attractive and that many of us would turn to the first chapter of John to read the passage in its original context.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: But what purpose could that possibly serve?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Start reading and before you know it, you're at John 3:16.

RAY BARD: Dr. Watlington, whatever put your mind on this track?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: I think it was what Barbara said about the hunter being a Christ figure.

RAY BARD: Why did that strike you as significant?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: It just kind of clicked when you said what you did to Dr. Weltsyn about the author giving you each of our names. If that's true, then the missionary was invited to be here for a specific reason. Just like the rest of us.

BARBARA JOHNSON: Thank you, Amanda. That was very kind.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Kind?

BARBARA JOHNSON: Well... each of you is a famous expert and I'm just an old woman who hasn't been home in a very long...

[Nine-second-time lapse]

I'm sorry.

[Seventeen-second time lapse]

RAY BARD: Bick, could you get one of those tissues off the table behind you?

[Fourteen-second time lapse]

BARBARA JOHNSON: Your invitation arrived two days after I received word that my brother was in a hospital in Dallas and wasn't expected to live. When the itinerary showed that my plane would land in Dallas three days prior to this discussion, I saw it as God's provision of a free

plane ticket and didn't give today's discussion another thought until yesterday.

RAY BARD: Did you arrive in time to speak with him?

BARBARA JOHNSON: Yes.

[Five-second time lapse]

DEBBIE TAYLOR: You were routed through Dallas? My ticket was to San Antonio.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: And mine.

RAY BARD: Don't look at me. I have no idea.

BARBARA JOHNSON: Please, let's go on.

RAY BARD: Are you sure?

BARBARA JOHNSON: Yes.

RAY BARD: Well, we've discussed the opening quotes. Does anyone have anything to say about chapter one?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Before we talk about the first chapter of this book, I'd like to make a comment about the first book, *Free the Beagle*.

RAY BARD: Go ahead.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Keep in mind that we were told in a very early chapter that Intellect and Intuition were to be guided by a star throughout their journey.

RAY BARD: Okay. What else?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Well, the first thing I noticed in book two was that the dogs "thumped their tails against imaginary walls, left and right." Might this be the author's way of saying that the dogs were limited by something that wasn't really there? That Faith and Hope were stifled by something that exists only in the mind?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Hey Bick, that's pretty good. And it sets up the line about the prince's words drifting "like perfume in the salt-sea air."

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: This makes no sense to me.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: What doesn't?

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: How tails thumping on imaginary walls is related to perfume in the air.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Intuition, Faith and Hope are dogs, Doctor. And which of a dog's senses is most keen?

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Smell. Yes, the nose.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: And what would be the best way to communicate with a dog?

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: I see your point.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: I don't.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: To the beagles, the language of intuition is a language of the nose - the ability to follow a scent.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Let me read you the final words of the chapter: "Intuition, his forever companion and the mother of Faith and Hope, clambered into his lap and touched her nose gently to his own. And the answer was suddenly clear." The nose is the principal organ of a beagle, Debbie, and we've already established that intuition is the sensing organ of the soul.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: I am seeing now that this book is about more than astrophysics only.

RAY BARD: At the end of chapter one, before the beginning of chapter two, we have an unusual excerpt from Exodus about Moses and a passage from Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Aurora Leigh* that speaks of the same incident.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Which incident?

RAY BARD: The burning bush.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: The Browning passage is about the burning bush? Oh, I guess I missed that.

DR. AMANDA G.WATLINGTON: I think the whole thing is a set-up for what's coming in chapter two.

RAY BARD: What do you mean?

DR. AMANDA G.WATLINGTON: Browning tells us that no one takes off his shoes except for those who perceive God in the bush. And then in chapter two Prince Intellect speaks of many things that need to happen, but which no one else has yet detected or seen. I believe the author is telling us that Intellect, with the help of the beagles - Intuition, Faith, and Hope - is able to see what Intellect alone cannot.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: I dunno. I think chapter two is pretty obviously about the nighttime skies.

RAY BARD: How so?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Look at where the prince is standing; The Palace of Light. And he says, "The Kingdom is out of control," meaning that although the stars continue perfectly in their original courses, the earth is not proceeding as it should.

BARBARA JOHNSON: But couldn't the Palace of Light be the throne of God and might not the prince be speaking to God in prayer?

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: You have said the hunter was the Christ figure in the story.

BARBARA JOHNSON: Yes.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Then how can you say the king of Destinae is also God if you have already said the hunter is God?

DR. AMANDA G.WATLINGTON: This author has already sent us to the first chapter of John, remember?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Actually, he doesn't do that until the end of the book. But anyway, what's your point?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Bick, check that nightstand for a Gideon bible.

[Five-second pause]

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Here. But I gotta say that I think you people are barking up the wrong tree.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Was the pun intentional, Bick?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Of course. It was the whole purpose of the comment.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Remember that in Christianity, Jesus is both God *and* the Son of God. In this particular passage, Jesus is referred to as "the Word": "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was with God in the beginning. Through him all things were made; without him nothing was made that has been made. In him was life, and that life was the *light* of men."

DEBBIE TAYLOR: There's your Palace of Light.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: °"The light shines in the darkness, but the darkness has not understood it."

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: I did not know that I was coming to a religious discussion.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: How can you be sure that these references to "the word" are speaking about Jesus?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Do you remember how God creates the world in the first chapter of Genesis?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: He speaks it into existence, right? God said, "Let there be light," and all of that?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Yes, and in a way, each of us is the father of his or her own words. Our words are part of us, yet they go out from us... to reveal us.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: I can see how a linguist like yourself could be drawn to an interpretation like that, but I've just got to say that the ice is pretty thin here.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Look here, from verse ten to verse fourteen. "He was in the world, and though the world was made through him, the world did not recognize him. He came to that which was his own, but his own did not receive him. Yet to all who received him, to those who believed in his name, he gave the right to become children of God— children born not of natural descent, nor of human decision or a husband's will, but born of God. The Word became flesh and made his dwelling among us." Now... what were the two quotes about, just before the beginning of the chapter?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Moses and the burning bush.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Here, Bick, read verse seventeen.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: "For the law was given through Moses; but grace and truth came through Jesus Christ."

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: It's all right there, kids; in seventeen short verses.

RAY BARD: Hang on, Amanda. We've still got thirty-four more chapters to go.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: For a person with an M.B.A. in marketing and a doctorate in classical civilizations and languages, you sure know a lot about the bible.

BARBARA JOHNSON: Amanda Watlington.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Yes?

BARBARA JOHNSON: Twenty-five years ago you wrote a book called "Christ Our Lord."

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Don't tell me you've read it.

BARBARA JOHNSON: My brother was reading it when he died, so I brought it with me. It's in my room.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Isn't it right now when the voice of Rod Sterling is supposed to say, "Consider if you will..."

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Actually, Bick, it's Rod *Serling*. No "t".

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: I grew up watching that show. It's definitely "STerling."

DEBBIE TAYLOR: The Twilight Zone. CBS. One hundred and fifty-six episodes. Original pilot aired October 1, 1956. Don't mess with me, Blythinghton.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Okay, Miss Remembers-everything, what was it that *STerling* always said at the beginning of every episode?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Actually, each of the five seasons had it's own opening monologue.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: So do the one from the first season.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: You don't think I can, do you?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: I think we're about to find out.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: There is a fifth dimension beyond that which is known to man. It is a dimension as vast as space and as timeless as infinity. It is the middle ground between light and shadow, between science and superstition, and it lies between the pit of man's fears and the summit of his knowledge. This is the dimension of imagination. It is an area which we call the Twilight Zone.

(General laughter throughout the room)

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Okay. Maybe it was "Serling."

DEBBIE TAYLOR: And the only difference between the original pilot monologue and the monologue for the first season was that they added

the line “between science and superstition” to the pilot and changed “sunlight of his knowledge” to “summit of his knowledge.” Other than that, the first season monologue was exactly the same as the pilot.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: You are indeed the Queen of Trivia and I bow to you.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: This man Serling was a scientist?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: No, he was a writer for a television show.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: For a television writing person he is thinking very large thoughts.

RAY BARD: Are we ready to move into chapter three?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: You’re the boss.

RAY BARD: So who wants to go first?

BARBARA JOHNSON: I will, if there’s no objection.

RAY BARD: Of course there’s no objection. We want to hear your thoughts.

BARBARA JOHNSON: Well, I feel the whole chapter revolves around the behavior of Faith and Hope, where it says, “Then, in a flash of paws and fur, the pair ran together to the edge of the cliff and leaped into empty air.” Our own faith and hope are like that, too, I think. Always going first - leaping into empty air. And then, just like in the story, our intuition happily follows them while intellect cautiously and methodically trails behind, always the last to arrive at the party.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Even I was able to understand this. I do not think it can be improved.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: I agree.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Yeah, that was pretty good.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Did you see how the Frost poem that follows chapter three is a marvelous word-bridge into the moonlight-

elf-magic of chapter four? Didn't those first two paragraphs take you to a special place?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: But I'd like to point out that the poem is titled Freedom of the MOON and it's followed by a chapter titled STARS in the WATER and the interchaptoral comment that follows the chapter is an astrological quote from *me*. Can you believe it? I had no idea this author had ever read any of my articles.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: And what is your point?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: I just want you to notice how carefully the author associates the seas of earth with the sea of stars above. Now look in the chart below my quote and you'll see that the moon is a water planet along with Neptune and Pluto. My whole interpretation is *rock* solid and *water*-tight.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Another pun?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: The main reason I'm here.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: But you're ignoring the final paragraph of chapter four, Bick, as well as the paragraph that follows your Triplicities chart.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: What in *heavens* are you talking about now?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Another pun?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: I'm on a roll.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: In the final paragraph of chapter four: "Do you remember the hilltop where we met the hunter?" asked the lawyer as he waded through hip-deep water under a black sky dripping with stars. "When we arrived there, I was certain I was about to die. But in truth, I was about to come to life. And it was on that hill that the puppies were born."

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: What's your point?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Mountaintop... Point?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: That one was accidental.

BARBARA JOHNSON: Christians believe that Jesus was crucified on a hilltop to purchase for us the gift of eternal life. “And it was on that hill that the puppies were born.” Faith and Hope.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: But what the heck are Urim and Thummim and a linen ephod? Debbie, are you up for this one?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: The only thing I can tell you is that they’re definitely *not* part of twentieth century pop culture.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: A linen ephod was a garment worn by the priests in ancient Israel and the Urim and the Thummim were twelve precious stones that were worn in a breastplate over the heart of the high priest. They had something to do with predicting the future.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Predicting the future is another example of the fluidity of time.

[Five-second pause]

RAY BARD: Would you like to elaborate Dr. Weltsyn?

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Not right now.

RAY BARD: Chapter five, then?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: I think it’s about how the prince found strength he didn’t know he had when circumstances demanded it of him. He was utterly exhausted, but still he was able to save the drowning boy who had only moments before been *his* rescuer. Life is like that for all of us, I think.

BARBARA JOHNSON: I agree with Debbie.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: I believe this is correct. But I would now like to say something about the section that includes the quote from Hans Reichenbach.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Which section do you mean?

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: The comments that precede chapter six.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Say on, brother, say on.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: It is because of Hans Reichenbach that I am a physicist today. As a child, his books were food for me. If this author is familiar with the writings of Reichenbach, he's no man's fool.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: I've read that Reichenbach quote about twenty times now and I'm still not quite sure what it says.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: You joke, yes?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: I joke, no.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: It is saying in 1927 what your *Serling* is saying 30 years later!

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: *Consider if you will...*

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Hey, that's a pretty good Rod Sterling.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Amanda, it's *Serling*, haven't you been paying attention?

RAY BARD: Back to the book, please, everyone?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Yes, certainly. But before we go forward, I'd like to go back a bit.

RAY BARD: Okay...

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: In the first book, chapter 14, paragraph 5: "Staring out of the cave and into the night, the lawyer studied the winter stars." And then again, in chapter 20, paragraph one-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight-*nine*; "Late that night, the lawyer, Intuition and Faith were sitting at the northern edge of the village staring into the sky..." Now someone please tell me again that these books aren't about the heavens.

BARBARA JOHNSON: Yes, the heavens, Bick, but *all* of them.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: You've lost me.

BARBARA JOHNSON: In his second letter to the church at Corinth, Paul wrote that he once knew a man who was "caught up to the third heaven and heard inexpressible things."

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: The third heaven.

BARBARA JOHNSON: The first heaven is the realm of storm clouds and rainbows which, you will remember, are mentioned in the first book just after they leave the Forest of Confusion. The second heaven is the realm of the stars and constellations, the ones you obviously know so well. And the third heaven, I believe, is the realm of God. I believe the author's' books are about all three heavens.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Mr. Bard, you are certain the author chose each of us personally?

RAY BARD: Yes, Dr. Weltsyn.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: This is very interesting.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Hey, Ray, in the first debate - *at the Waldorf I might add* - everyone was drinking wine. Any chance this hotel has room service?

RAY BARD: Actually, that won't be necessary, Bick. The author gave me six bottles of red to bring along.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: I hope he remembered to give you a corkscrew.

RAY BARD: Yes. It's all right here in my bag.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: You gotta love this guy.

RAY BARD: If you'd be so good as to open a couple of these for us?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: *Texas Iconoclast* from Becker vineyards. Never heard of it.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: An iconoclast is one who attacks settled beliefs or institutions. The word also has religious connotations.

BARBARA JOHNSON: How so?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: I know what an *iconoclast* is, Amanda. I just meant that I'd never heard of the wine.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: What an interesting portrait. [On the label]

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Iconoclast originally referred to one who destroyed religious icons. The etymology is Medieval Latin "iconoclastes," from Middle Greek "eikonoklastEs," literally "image destroyer."

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: The author is from Texas, is he not?

RAY BARD: Yes, near Austin.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: ...as was James Michener.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Have you read the label?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: "The late Tony Bell was a long-time friend of Richard and Bunny Becker. This self-portrait was painted in 1964. Painter, watercolorist, designer, inventor, he described his occupation as *wizard*."

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Wow.

BARBARA JOHNSON: Did I miss something?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: The author's first book was called *The Wizard of Ads*, but if there's a message to be found in his selection of wine, I think it's in the word "iconoclast."

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: But you only think that because you're a language expert.

RAY BARD: Chapter Six. Intellect dives beneath the waves, but few are willing to believe what they've seen.

[Eight-second pause]

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Well, I believe it's the story of every visionary. You know. When a person tries to open the eyes of others to a new possibility, immediately he or she is attacked and denounced by people who are unwilling to change their views.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: I agree. But the chapter can also be seen as symbolic of the death and resurrection of Jesus and the doubts that some people had that he had ever been dead, but had only been in hiding.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Please. Not another sermon.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Well, the boy's name *is* Belief.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: But that name works just as well with Debbie's interpretation.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: But I already said that I agreed with Debbie.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Then why the

RAY BARD: [interrupting] Chapter seven.

[Seven-second pause]

BARBARA JOHNSON: In this chapter the lawyer sleeps once again under the commiphora tree, just as he did in book one.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: What's a *commiphora* tree?

BARBARA JOHNSON: It's the tree from which Myrrh is harvested.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: As in "Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh?"

BARBARA JOHNSON: Exactly. The commiphora tree has always been a symbol of sadness and death since it's resin seeps out from its skin and looks exactly like human tears.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: The tree looks like it's crying?

BARBARA JOHNSON: Yes, in ancient times its primary use was in preparing bodies for burial.

BICK BLYTHINGTON: A strange gift to give a newborn child.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: What do you mean?

BICK BLYTHINGTON: Gold, frankincense and myrrh were the three gifts brought to Bethlehem by the wise men.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: May I interject something about the wise men here?

RAY BARD: Of course.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: When the translators of King James translated the Bible into English in 1611, they translated “magi” as “wise men” in Matthew chapter 3. Eighteen years later, John Milton wrote a poem about the birth of Christ that ends: “See how from far upon the eastern road the star-led *wisards* haste with odours sweet. O’ run present him with thy humble ode, and lay it lowly at His blessed feet.”

DEBBIE TAYLOR: The same John Milton who wrote *Paradise Lost*?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Yeah.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: So the word “wizard” simply means wise man?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Its original pronunciation was “wise-ard.”

RAY BARD: Barbara, you never completed your original thought about the prince falling asleep beneath the commiphora tree.

BARBARA JOHNSON: I may be way out of bounds here, but in both books when the prince sleeps beneath the commiphora tree, it makes me think of the twenty-third Psalm. “He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me.”

DEBBIE TAYLOR: So you’re saying the commiphora tree is a literary device to let us know that Intellect was sleeping in the shadow of Death?

BARBARA JOHNSON: I believe that Intellect, the prince, represents each and every one of us - the whole family of man – and that we're all sleeping beneath the commiphora tree.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: I guess I can see that.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: How come everyone here is a Bible authority except for me?

BARBARA JOHNSON: Evidently you know something that none of the rest of us knows, or the author wouldn't have invited you.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Perhaps... but I'll sure feel better when I've contributed something more than the introduction to *The Twilight Zone*.

RAY BARD: Chapter eight, anyone?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: I'll take a crack at it.

RAY BARD: The floor is yours.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Look at the comments that precede the chapter and follow it, and you'll see that they frame the principal point.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Which is what?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: It begins with what Prince Intellect says to Belief in the closing sentence: "'And you, little friend,' said the secret prince with a beaming smile, 'will be at home in Destinae.'" The prince said that everyone would be *welcome* in Destinae, but the only one he said would feel *at home* there was Belief.

RAY BARD: Go on.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: The Emerson quote that precedes the chapter says, "A man cannot utter two or three sentences without disclosing to intelligent ears precisely where he stands in life and thought, namely, whether in the kingdom of the senses and understanding, or, in that of ideas and imagination, in the realm of intuitions and duty. People seem not to see that their opinion of the world is also a confession of character." Don't you see? The chapter is all about perception being

reality. Which is why everyone was welcome there, but only Belief would feel at home.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: What makes you so sure?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: It's the neurologist's quote that follows the chapter; "Our perception does not identify the outside world as it really is, but the way that we are allowed to recognize it, as a consequence of transformations performed by our senses. We experience electromagnetic waves, not as waves, but as images and colors. We experience vibrating objects, not as vibrations, but as sounds. We experience chemical compounds dissolved in air or water, not as chemicals, but as specific smells and tastes. Colors, sounds, smells and tastes are products of our minds, built from sensory experiences. They do not exist, as such, outside our brain. Actually, the universe is colorless, odorless, insipid and silent."

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Yes. I also thought this was one of the most interesting statements in the book.

RAY BARD: Does anyone else have anything to add?

[Four-second pause]

RAY BARD: Good job, Bick.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Thank you. Now in the following chapter notice what time Intellect chooses for everyone to meet back together...

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: "Be back here precisely when the stars come out." Yes, I noticed this also.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: ...and keep in mind that water is commonly used as a symbol for the unconscious. I believe there's a good argument to be made for water representing the unconscious throughout the book, but especially here in chapter nine.

RAY BARD: How so?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: The chapter is tilted "North by North" because they're following the star Polaris, right?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Yes...

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: And we already identified intuition as the sensing organ of the soul, right?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Yes...

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: So then it only stands to reason that the author is telling us that during the night we have the stars and the dreams which arise from the ocean of the unconscious to give us intuitive nudges about which way to go. During the day, the stars and the dreams are both gone, so the prince tells the people, “the most difficult part of the journey will be during the day, so be sure to carry plenty of water.” In other words, don’t forget what you learned during your ocean journey of the night.

BARBARA JOHNSON: I think I agree with everything you’ve said, Bick, but I’d like to make one small correction.

RAY BARD: Yes?

BARBARA JOHNSON: It isn’t Intuition, but Faith that guides them throughout the day and continues to lead them onward during the black, dark night.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: So why is it that Belief is the last to enter the water? According to your interpretation he should have been the first. In my interpretation, I think Belief is the last to enter the water because the unconscious is made of *unbelief*. It’s a whirling, swirling dream world of images and symbols where you’re not sure what, if anything, is real.

RAY BARD: Now remember, team, that your interpretations don’t have to be either/or. Both of these interpretations are perfectly viable and may very well both be equally true. As a matter of fact, according to the author, there are at least a few others that haven’t yet been mentioned.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Well said, Ray.

RAY BARD: Chapter ten, then?

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: And now it is my turn to speak.

RAY BARD: By all means.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Hans Reichenbach introduces Chapter ten. And it is only by reading the comments that precede this chapter that one can fully appreciate its principal point.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: And what might that be?

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: “When the last echoes of two-note whistles and Aroos had finally turned the corner of the night and disappeared into that place where previous moments go...”

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: I’m not following you.

BARBARA JOHNSON: I think I might see what the doctor is saying. When the noises in the darkness finally “turned the corner of the night and disappeared into that place where previous moments go,” it was simply the author’s way of telling us that we only live once. Or, as Reichenbach already said, “What we experience in one moment, glides, in the next moment, into the past. There it remains forever, irretrievable, exempt from further change, inaccessible to further control by anything that the future will bring us – and yet enshrined in our memory as something that once filled our experience as an immediate present. Will it never come back? Why can it not be with us a second time?”

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: You have good scientific thinking for a religious person.

BARBARA JOHNSON: Thank you, but I was just remembering what James said when he wrote, “What is your life? It is a vapor that appears for a little time, and then vanishes away.” I don’t know if that’s scientific or not but I’ve always accepted it to be true.

RAY BARD: Chapter eleven, anyone?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Wait a minute. We haven’t talked about the interchaptoral comment that precedes it.

RAY BARD: I’m sorry, Bick. Is there something you wanted to point out here?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Yes. If you read the Max Ehrmann quote prior to chapter eleven, you'll see that "the universe is unfolding as it should" and the quote specifically mentions the trees and *the stars*. Then, following the chapter, Solomon says that there's nothing new under *the sun*, but that everything has existed for ages before us. People often forget that the sun is also star, *Sol*. I believe my purpose in this discussion is to point out that the eternal story being told each night by the pageantry of the stars is a major sub-theme of this book.

RAY BARD: I don't think anyone is arguing against that, Bick.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: And in between those two quotes we find chapter eleven, where everyone's attention is focused on the mighty Cosmos which, I'm sure I don't need to remind you, is another word for the universe and all the planets that inhabit it.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: I agree with Blythinghton.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Did anyone else notice the overt sexuality of this chapter?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: What do you mean?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: We're told of "probing fingers... purple mountains... an inviting stairway leading upward... a woman's voice that rang with desire" and whose laughter "glistened like the dew on succulent fruit..." and then the next words in the story describe the prince as, "*suddenly excited by a possibility...*" Does anyone believe these images were accidental? Or do you agree with me that the author has an agenda here?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: If you'll excuse me for a moment, I need to go take a cold shower.

[General laughter for fifteen seconds]

RAY BARD: Are we ready to move on to chapter twelve?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: My gosh! Look at this one! "I'm going to show you what you want to see..." "Are you coming or not..." "He plunged

headlong into the mist..." "It's not often that I meet someone who's never been here before..."

BARBARA JOHNSON: And throughout these chapters we hear over and over, "It was meant to be. It was meant to happen." But do you see the Colin Wilson quote that follows chapter twelve? It speaks of a magazine *for boys*. Is the author making a commentary here on men's magazines?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: "In a boy's magazine, I had once seen a picture of a man bitten in half by a shark, with his blood staining the water, and had been shocked and revolted. It seemed to me a paradox that the world could be so full of beauty – like lilac trees and waterfalls and moonlit nights – and yet so full of danger..." Okay, so what's your point, Barbara?

BARBARA JOHNSON: Well, in drawing our attention to the sharp contrast between the "lilac trees and waterfalls and moonlit nights" of seductive beauty, and the "bitten in half by a shark" result that often follows the sexual indiscretions we claim "could not be helped" and "were meant to be," the author echoes the warning of Solomon in Proverbs; "The lips of an adulteress drip honey, and her speech is smoother than oil; but in the end she is bitter as gall, sharp as a double-edged sword. Her feet go down to death; her steps lead straight to the grave."

[Four-second pause]

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Hey, I just realized that I don't need that cold shower anymore.

[General laughter, five seconds]

RAY BARD: Are we ready for chapter thirteen?

BARBARA JOHNSON: Maybe I'm wrong, but what seems important to me is that the seductresses' name is Reason and that she scorns everyone who believes in Destinae or who claims to personally know the king.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Why is this important?

BARBARA JOHNSON: I believe Reason represents people who use logic to scoff at the idea that there's a real heaven or that a person can actually know God.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: But my interest is in the comments that follow the chapter. The author is working very hard to make sure that we understand *relativity* in both personal perceptions and in physics.

BARBARA JOHNSON: What do you mean?

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: The comments from the neurologist that appeared earlier make us understand the scientific basis of perceptual reality, and now the comments from the physicist Hawking tell us that time is not static and fixed, but can also be affected.

RAY BARD: These interchaptoral comments intrigue me as well.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Why's that?

RAY BARD: I think it's significant that the author chooses to quote himself here.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: "As butterflies trapped in amber; so are all men trapped in time.' - Roy H. Williams, 2002" You feel that this is significant?

RAY BARD: Yes but I don't really know why. It just seems unusual. [Four-second pause] Perhaps we should start on chapter fourteen now.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Well, even I can see the point of chapter fourteen and the comment that follows.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: What do you see, Debbie?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: What appears on the surface to be Intellect's casual decline of Reason's offer to come and see her "cat" is actually a major turning point in his life. He comes to a critical fork in the road and then he "followed the voice of the beagles," Intuition and Hope. Then it closes with the last line of what probably the best known of all the poems of Robert Frost.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: "Two roads diverged in a wood, and I – I took the one less traveled by, and that has made all the difference." So what

do you think was the fork in the road for the prince?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: I believe it was that he turned away from an opportunity to gratify himself and went instead to serve the needs of the little boy whose bicycle was stolen.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: I would like to have this chapter explained. I'm not sure I understand it.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Cosmos has told the little boy whose bicycle was stolen that it was "meant to be, because the king needed a bicycle in Destinae."

BARBARA JOHNSON: The pivotal moment is when the prince asks the little boy, "Do you believe the king steals bicycles?" The fog begins to lift when the little boy says "no."

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: And this is a pivotal moment?

BARBARA JOHNSON: Many people teach that God is all-powerful; therefore everything that happens "must have been God's will."

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: You do not believe that your god is all-powerful?

BARBARA JOHNSON: I believe he is all-powerful, but his authority is limited on this earth.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: What?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Hey, it's like Arthur C. Clarke says, "You can't have it both ways. You can't have both free will and a benevolent higher power who protects you from yourself."

BARBARA JOHNSON: In the Garden of Eden, God gave man authority over the earth.

RAY BARD: [Interrupting] Let's move on into chapter sixteen, shall we?

[Seven-second pause]

BARBARA JOHNSON: “‘I bring you a message from Destinae!’ shouted the prince as he entered the library. ‘All those who seek wisdom and knowledge, step outside and follow me.’ Don’t you find it interesting that Intellect declares that true wisdom and knowledge cannot be found in the books of men?”

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: I don’t know, Barbara. That seems to be kind of a stretch to me.

BARBARA JOHNSON: Read the comment that follows the chapter.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: “‘Education is an admirable thing, but it is well to remember from time to time that nothing that is worth knowing can be taught.’ - Oscar Wilde.” Touché, Barbara. I cede the point.

RAY BARD: Debbie, would you like to summarize chapter seventeen for us?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Well... in chapter seventeen we see that “the mighty Cosmos” turns out to be only Worry in disguise, and the little boy who lifted the fog now zings Cosmos with a razor-sharp question; “Y-you said that th’ king needed my bicycle. Why is it under that tree with all those other giffs?” But the main point I want to make here concerns the false quote that follows the chapter.

RAY BARD: What do you mean?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: I mean that that person never said it.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: But I have met Dr. Prisner and this is the kind of thing he would say.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: I’m talking about the other quote; the one ascribed to Frances Gumm. But I think I know why the author did it. And if I’m right, he was hoping that we would catch him.

[Five-second pause]

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Don’t keep us in suspense.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: To begin with, the sub-title of this book is “a journey of four.” Now that can mean Intellect, Intuition, Faith and Hope...

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Or it can refer to the four dimensions of objective reality.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Where do you get that?

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: We're at the halfway point of the book, having completed the first two legs of the journey; Leg One: How *Wide* the Sea; Leg Two: How *High* the Mountain; Leg Three: How *Deep* the Anger; Leg Four: How *Long* the Journey, meaning of course, how long the *Time*. Width, Height, Depth, Time - the first four dimensions. We're not just traveling through space. We're also traveling through time.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: I hadn't really noticed that, but it definitely fits with what I was about to say.

BICK BLYTHINGTON: Which was...?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Well, as Dr. Weltsyn said, we're exactly at the halfway point of the book when the author begins speaking about intersection graphs - symbols of balance and equilibrium that utilize both a vertical and horizontal axis. He then places the ancient four *elements* in each of the four quadrants of an intersection graph for us - water, earth, fire and air - and tells us that when we have followed them counter-clockwise, we will have "completed Aristotle's circuit and risen into the sky..." Don't you get it? The author is foreshadowing the book's ending - *the escape of Intellect and the beagles in the old hot air balloon*. And he's doing it just as we're at the intersection of the X and the Y-axis, the mid-point of the book, *the here and the now*.

RAY BARD: Wow. Who wants to crack open chapter eighteen?

[Four-second silence.]

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: On the surface, it seems to be just a record of Intellect re-encountering the friend who "walked angrily away" in the first book. But it's interesting to note here that the author didn't reveal the gender of this particular friend in book one.

RAY BARD: Amanda, you said "on the surface" chapter eighteen is just the record of a re-encounter. But what about *below* the surface?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Was that pun about “below the surface” intentional?

RAY BARD: I don’t know what you mean.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Look at the details of the intersection grid, here, I’ll draw it... [Eight-second pause] Their journey begins at bottom left by crossing *Water* and then moves horizontally to the right, *Earth*, to climb the mountain where they encounter Serendipity and Reason. Now we’re moving into the third quadrant, *Fire*, which represents passion - love and anger. Now read the title and first line of chapter eighteen.

RAY BARD: “Leg Three: How Deep the Anger. About the middle of the next day, the lawyer spotted the headwaters of the boiling River of Hate.”

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Remember when Hope was swept away by the flash flood in book one and Prince Intellect cursed the river? Chapter eighteen, look at it: “His vision cleared and his eyes became slits. He spat with violence into the river. ‘You are the river that took Hope from my life. You will be my enemy. Forever.’” According to our chart, the river should be wet and cold, but Intellect’s hate has made it boil so that everything in it has died. When you asked what was “below the surface,” I thought you might have been playing word-games because this chapter is about three kinds of depth. First, how *deep* is the river and what is below its *surface*? Second, it’s about hatred. How *deep* is his hatred and will Intellect be able to forgive? Third, it’s about his feelings toward Kara. How *deep* is the anger that separates them? In other words, what’s going on between them “below the surface?” How *deep* are their unspoken feelings?

RAY BARD: Did anyone else see all that in there?

BICK BLYTHINGTON: Look at the comment that follows the chapter. It describes exactly what’s happening *below* the surface. Intellect is watching Kara play with Hope and then it says, “The lawyer was beginning to remember what he liked best about this place.” And then the quote says, “It reminded me of the way that, during my childhood, some tiny spot of happiness would form in the mind, and then gradually spread, until my whole being was glowing with a sensation of joy and confidence.” I think Debbie may have hit the nail on the head.

RAY BARD: Good job, Debbie!

[Sounds of clapping from one person are quickly joined by others.]

RAY BARD: Now what's going on in chapter nineteen?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: I think there's a passage of time between chapters eighteen and nineteen because we're told it's "about the middle of the next day," in chapter eighteen, but in nineteen Kara "lays another log on the campfire." It sounds to me like in-between chapters they talked and talked and now it's starting to get dark.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Chapter twenty begins with Intellect waking up the next morning.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: When it says Kara "laid another log on the fire," could this mean that Kara turned up the heat between them?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Sure, I suppose so, now that you mention it.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Chapter nineteen begins with Kara describing her search for Intellect and then continues with Intellect telling her everything that happened...

DEBBIE TAYLOR: [interrupting] *...except for the part about learning that he's the son of the king...*

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: ...and then when Kara hears that he found Destinae, her response is telling because she's more interested in hearing about *him* than about *it*. I think that's important.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: "The lawyer smiled, suddenly realizing that he was happier than he'd ever been."

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: "But he wasn't exactly sure why."

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Look. The next interchaptoral comments describes specifically what's happening between them; it talks about things that "stand in a dual relationship with each other but their descriptive terms do not disclose that relationship."

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Yes, there's a lot going on *under the surface* here, but it hasn't yet showed up in their language; there's been no declaration of love.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Look at the opening line of chapter twenty, “From the moment the lawyer opened his eyes to the early morning light, *it was obvious that things had changed.*”

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: But the author is describing only how the village had changed. See how he describes the houses?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Sure, he’s definitely talking about the village, Dr. Weltsyn, but the statement is also true of his feelings. They had also changed.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Know what’s different about the village this time? *The arrival of Hope.* She never visited Compromise in the first book because when she crawled out of the flash flood, she followed Polaris straight into the mountains expecting to find the others. But now that Hope has finally arrived in the village, everything begins to take on a different color.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: The funniest part in the whole book is when Intellect misinterprets Kara’s meaning at breakfast when she calls him “Your Highness.” He’s afraid she’s figured out that he’s the son of the king...

DEBBIE TAYLOR: [interrupting] ...but all she’s trying to do is show him that she’s qualified to get a job in Destinae, *not* because she wants to go to there...

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: But because she wants to be with *him*.

BARBARA JOHNSON: “Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.”

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: What?

BARBARA JOHNSON: It’s from the book of Ruth. Kara reminds me of her.

RAY BARD: Anything else you’d like to add, Barbara?

BARBARA JOHNSON: No, that's it.

RAY BARD: Now this comment between twenty and twenty-one; Dr. Weltsyn, I'll bet you've been itching to get to this one.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Yes. The author makes some interesting connections between time and space and color. He begins by making sure we understand that time is relative to the speed of light, and then states that "time is the pendulum of the universe, marking and measuring time."

RAY BARD: Do you agree with him?

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Yes, there is little with which to disagree until we come to the italicized statement.

BICK BLYTHINGTON: "*Color is the evidence of light. Color is the momentary, visible bridge between space and time.*"

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Yes. This is very confusing until we remember the statement of the neurologist, Dr. Martins de Oliveira; "We experience electromagnetic waves, not as waves, but as images and colors. Colors... are products of our minds, built from sensory experiences. They do not exist, as such, outside our brain."

RAY BARD: So you agree, then, that color is the visible bridge between space and time?

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Perhaps I do. It's a ridiculous statement, but I cannot find any fault with it.

RAY BARD: Why do you say it's ridiculous, Dr. Weltsyn?

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: There is no need for it. The statement may be true, yes, but it serves no scientific purpose.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: But look at the chapter that preceded it: "Colors and Their Meanings."

BARBARA JOHNSON: I agree with Debbie. I'm not a scientist, but it seems to me that the author is saying something much bigger than all that. The quotes prior to chapter twenty-one aren't just about color

and space and time, but about faith and about speaking a universe into existence and about making a promise to Noah and sealing it with a rainbow. The village came back to life because the prince brought *life* back to it with him.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Spoken like a true missionary, Barbara.

BARBARA JOHNSON: I can speak no other way, Bick. I hope you don't mind.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Not at all.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Does anyone see anything unusual about the lines that follow chapter twenty-one?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: They're from *Somewhere Over the Rainbow*.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: You see now, don't you?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: You've lost me.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: "Someday I'll wish upon a *star*." This refers to Polaris. "And wake up where the *clouds* are far behind me." This refers to the fog of Serendipity. "Where trouble melt like lemon drops." This refers to how *Kara* makes him feel. "Away above the chimney tops, *that's* where you'll find me." Intellect is higher than a kite because *he's in love*.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Now I get it.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: And *who* made the song famous?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Judy Garland.

[Six-second silence]

DEBBIE TAYLOR: And...?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: You've lost me again.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Oh god I forgot to tell you.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Tell us what?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Read the first line of chapter twenty-two.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: “‘This is Mary Jane,’ said Kara. ‘And her sisters, Virginia and Frances.’” Mary Jane was 60’s slang for marijuana, right?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: No, no, no! Remember the quote that I said was false? That the person to whom it was ascribed would never have said it?

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: “Frances Gumm.”

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Frances was the youngest of the singing Gumm sisters. Her sisters were named Mary Jane and Virginia. Her stage name was *Judy Garland*.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: You’re kidding.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Look at the bottom of the first paragraph. “The youngest of all, still in her teens, was colorful Frances, a *garland* of flowers around her neck. ‘Have you really been to Destinae?’ she asked. ‘And is it a *magical* place?’”

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Look out folks, ‘cuz we’re off to see the wizard. What a head-trip!

DEBBIE TAYLOR: And then the next quote is from another movie. It talks about how things sometimes get “twisted, like they had their lives stolen.”

RAY BARD: And why is that there, Debbie?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Several reasons, I think. Partly, it’s a commentary on the unhappy years of Judy Garland. She really went through a lot. And I also think that it’s a general warning to us all.

RAY BARD: How so?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: It begins with a statement the prince makes to Frances in chapter 22, just a few lines earlier. She’s pouting because he isn’t filling her head with fantastic, glittering stories about Destinae, so he says, “There is no place that is, in itself, either boring or exciting. It is

we who are bored or excited.” The warning is that our lives can be “stolen” through our own unwillingness to be happy with what we have, where we are.

RAY BARD: Good job. Now chapter twenty-three. What does the knife represent? [Seven-second pause] Amanda?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Excalibur, the mystical blade of King Arthur.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Dorothy’s ruby red slippers.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Forgiveness.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: A strange attractor in a dynamical system.

BARBARA JOHNSON: Prayer.

RAY BARD: Dr. Weltsyn, I think we’re going to need a bit more of an explanation from you, please.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Yeah, no kidding.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: A strange attractor is the DNA in a chaotic system and the driving force behind self-similarity within fractal maps. It is because of a strange attractor that history must repeat itself. It’s what makes evolution inescapable.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Evolution is inescapable?

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: The only thing constant is change. And evolution is change.

RAY BARD: Dr. Weltsyn, are you saying you see a subtext here that includes Darwin’s theory of evolution?

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Book one was called *Free the Beagle*. This second is called *Beagles of Destiny*. The ship on which Charles Darwin sailed was named *The Beagle*.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: I want to go with you on this, Doc, but you’re going to have to give me more than that.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Carved into the stone above the entrance of the city of Serendipity were the words “Que Sera, Sera” – “whatever will be, will be.” These words speak of an unstoppable force, a strange attractor. And though Intellect was afraid of the cosmos, others saw it as their friend. “And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should.”

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Did anyone happen to notice the comment that follows chapter twenty-three? It’s a direct appeal to the power of the stars.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Bick, that’s a children’s rhyme! “Star light, star bright, first star I see tonight, I wish I may, I wish I might...” Give us a break.

[Laughter, three seconds]

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: I’m just saying Weltsyn may be on to something, that’s all.

RAY BARD: Chapter Twenty-four; Climbing Stairs of Golden Starlight. In this chapter the prince gives Kara his knife as “a gift a’Luff” and she responds by giving him a tear-shaped pendant and whispering in his ear, “Laramie vondra dafydd nayeli.” Amanda, you’re the language expert. Can you help us here?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: What we have here are four first names in four different languages - French, Slavic, Welsh, and Spanish. And they’re in alternating gender – male, female, male, female.

RAY BARD: Do they say anything?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Laramie - *tears of love*. Vondra - *the love of a woman*. Dafydd - *beloved*. Nayeli - *I love you*. Put them together and you’ve got, “Tears of love; the love of a woman. Beloved, I love you.” That’s what Kara whispered into Intellect’s ear as she put the crystal teardrop around his neck.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Did you already know all the meanings of those names or did you look them up before you came?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Three I knew. One I had to look up.

RAY BARD: Bick, want to take on the quote between chapters twenty-four and twenty-five?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: “They danced down the streets like dingedodies, and I shambled after as I’ve been doing all my life after people who interest me, because the only people for me are the mad ones, the ones who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time, the ones who never yawn or say a commonplace thing, but burn, burn, burn like fabulous yellow roman candles exploding like spiders across the stars and in the middle you see the blue centerlight pop and everybody goes ‘Awww!’ – Jack Kerouac.” Well, this just seems to me to be the confession of someone who’s attracted to spectacle and celebration and to spectacular people who celebrate. And the next chapter is definitely about a huge celebration.

RAY BARD: Anyone else have a thought?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Jack Kerouac’s first big book was a chronicle of his aimless wanderings back and forth across America with his friend Neal Cassady. And in next chapter, Intellect is about to embark on a similar journey, but this time he’s not taking Hope. The name of the chapter is *Beckoning Road*. Kerouac’s book was *On the Road*.

RAY BARD: Interesting. Tell us more.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Intellect’s day is summarized, I think, by a statement in chapter twenty-five, “Lunch was a picnic in paradise. The afternoon, a verse from a song.”

RAY BARD: Why do you say that?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: At lunch he was with Kara. But in the afternoon, he had to resume his journey. And the chapter is immediately followed by, literally, a verse from a song.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: [Singing] “Goin’ down that long, lonesome highway, bound for the mountains and the plains. Sure ain’t nothin’ here gonna tie me, and I got some friends I’d like to see. One of these days I’m gonna settle down. But till I do, I won’t be hangin’ round. Goin’ down that long, lonesome highway, Gonna live life my way.”

[Applause, seven seconds]

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: You sing pretty good, Bick!

DEBBIE TAYLOR: How did you know the melody?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: It was the theme song to a TV show called *Then Came Bronson*.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: NBC. 69 to 70.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: I used to watch it every week.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: But did you notice that it's followed by another Kerouac quote?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: "We turned at a dozen paces, for love is a duel, and looked up at each other for the last time."

DEBBIE TAYLOR: And there's still yet another one after the next chapter. I can't help but think the author is setting us up for something.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Yes, he's a sneaky one.

RAY BARD: Before we talk about the quote that follows chapter twenty-six, let's look at the chapter itself. Who wants to go first?

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: I believe the chapter explains very well the single-mindedness of a young man in love. He sees nothing but her, can think of nothing but her, cares for nothing but her. But he must do what he must do.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: That about says it all. Pour me another glass of vino there, Doc.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Why do you think the author chose to insert the Kerouac quote about the futility of fame? "I asked Jack, 'Well how do you like fame?' He said, 'It's like old newspapers blowing down Bleecker Street.'" That would have been appropriate if Jack had been talking about a lost love, but he's talking about fame.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Remember what you said a few minutes ago about the unhappy years of Judy Garland? You said the author was trying to warn us that we shouldn't put off being happy, but should just go ahead and be happy even if we don't have any reason to be.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: You're saying it's okay for me to be happy even though I'm not rich and famous? Sounds good to me. Could be a real timesaver, save a lot of trouble.

RAY BARD: Bick, summarize chapter twenty-seven for us.

[Seven-second silence]

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Three things. First, the prince sees no sign of the hunter even though he cooks a rabbit and fills the countryside with the smell of its roasting. Second, he says, "The magic is gone out of this place." This tells us again that places are never magic; it's *who we're traveling with* that makes them magic. And neither Hope nor Kara is with him. Third, it says they "walked southward. Ever southward." And south, I believe, is down. They're headed south, goin' down.

RAY BARD: Anyone else have anything they'd like to add? [Five-second pause] "Do Bear Live In the Woods?" Dr. Weltsyn.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: No, bears do not live in the woods. They live in the skies of the North and we call them Ursa Major and Ursa Minor - The Greater Bear and the Lesser Bear. They are circumpolar.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Now you're talking.

RAY BARD: I wasn't really asking if bears live in the woods, Dr. Weltsyn, I was just reading the title of the next chapter.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: I know this.

RAY BARD: So you believe the title is speaking of constellations of stars?

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: The whole book is about stars.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: “From the corner of his eye, just once in a while, it seemed to Intellect that he saw a bear.”

RAY BARD: I don’t see your point.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Intellect is walking directly south while using the North Star as his guide. When he turns occasionally to see Polaris, he will also see Ursa Minor and Ursa Major out of the corner of his eye.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: The lesser bear, Ursa Minor, is what we in America call The Little Dipper. And what we think of as the dipper’s handle points directly to Polaris. As a matter of fact, Polaris almost seems like an extension of the handle. And the greater bear, Ursa Major, is close by. So I think Dr. Weltsyn is definitely on to something.

RAY BARD: Keep going.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: The lawyer has a thing about bears, remember? On the first night of their journey, the night of the avalanche, Intellect throws a handful of stones into a cave to see if there’s a bear inside. And of course there’s not, because you can’t see the stars from inside a cave.

RAY BARD: Does anyone else see something in chapter twenty-eight?

BARBARA JOHNSON: I see Intellect remembering the words of the keeper of his soul.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: I’m not following.

BARBARA JOHNSON: “Seed’s a foony thing is seed. If ya’ doona giff it up and let’i’go, it canna’ b’coom wha’t’was meant to be.”

DEBBIE TAYLOR: You’re saying the old farmer in Destinae is the keeper of Intellect’s soul?

BARBARA JOHNSON: I’m saying the farmer and the hunter are the same man and that both are figures of Christ.

RAY BARD: And what are you basing this on?

BARBARA JOHNSON: Will you hand me that Gideon Bible? [Nine-second pause] John chapter twelve, the words of Jesus: “I tell you the truth, unless a kernel of wheat falls to the ground and dies, it remains only a single seed. But if it dies, it produces many seeds.” That’s almost exactly what the farmer in Destinae told the lawyer.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Okay, but what about the second quote - the first farmer’s quote in Town Square? “There! There is P’laris,” the farmer had said, “the woon true star’a’th’north; th’only gleam in th’heavens tha’ doos na’ moof.”

BARBARA JOHNSON: [six second pause] James chapter one: “Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and comes down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.” In other words God, the Father of lights, is like Polaris - He does not move. Now if you’ll read the line that immediately follows the quote you just read, Bick.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: “If it hadn’t been for that first sower of seed, the lawyer would never have known what direction to travel.”

BARBARA JOHNSON: Just a second. [Ten-second pause] Mark chapter four, verse three, Jesus speaking: “A farmer went out to sow his seed...” Skipping now to verse thirteen: “Then Jesus said to them, “Don’t you understand this parable? How then will you understand any parable? The farmer sows the word...” And then in verse twenty Jesus speaks about those who will hear and obey - “Others, like seed sown on good soil, *hear* the word, *accept* it, and produce a crop—thirty, sixty or even a hundred times what was sown.” [Three-second pause] The prince would never have known which way to take had it not been for the Sower of seed.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Again, spoken like a true missionary.

RAY BARD: Ready for chapter twenty-nine now? “At the Edge of the Wilderness, Looking Upward.”

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Well, here we see Intellect stopping in that same clearing on the hillside where he got his first glimpse of the Forest of Confusion in book one. I believe this clearing represents those moments in our lives when we can see a little bit of what lies ahead, but we can’t see very far.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: [Interrupting] “Two roads diverged in a yellow wood. But being one traveler, long I stood and looked down one as far as I could to where it bent in the undergrowth.”

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Is there no end to the surprises in you, Bick?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Give me some more of that purple coffee, Doc.

RAY BARD: Go on, Debbie.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: But this time Intellect is headed in the other direction. And as the title points out, he’s climbing *up* the hill instead of going *down* it. And because he’s swimming *upstream* so to speak, he has trouble with the local authorities - the self-righteous little badge people.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Nazi bastards.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Yeah, I don’t like ’em either. Remind me of someone I used to know.

RAY BARD: Do you think that through the title the author is hinting that Intellect got in trouble because we wasn’t willing to “going with the flow”?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Absolutely. For two reasons: First, the chapter ends with the little badge-men throwing nets over Intellect and Intuition, knocking them off their feet onto the forest floor where we’re specifically told they lay “curled up like *salmon* in the mesh.” Salmon are famous for swimming *upstream*, right, so I don’t think the author’s choice of the word “salmon” was accidental. He could just as easily used the name of another kind of fish or even just said “fish.” But the most compelling piece of evidence is the Martin Luther King quote that immediately follows this chapter: “Many people fear nothing more terribly than to take a position which stands out sharply and clearly from the prevailing opinion. The tendency of most is to adopt a view that is so ambiguous that it will include everything, and so popular that it will include everybody. Not a few men who cherish lofty and noble ideas hide them under a bushel for fear of being called different.” Like Martin Luther King before him, Prince Intellect didn’t hide his lofty and noble ideas. He swam *upstream* and paid the price for it.

BARBARA JOHNSON: But Martin Luther King was simply paraphrasing the original statement of Jesus, “Do you bring in a lamp to put it under a bushel or a bed? Instead, don’t you put it on its stand? For whatever is hidden is meant to be disclosed, and whatever is concealed is meant to be brought out into the open. If anyone has ears to hear, let him hear.”

RAY BARD: Where’s that from?

BARBARA JOHNSON: It’s the next thing Jesus says following his lesson about the sower and the seed that we were just talking about. Look, the Bible is still open to that page. It’s the very next verse.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Let me see that.

BARBARA JOHNSON: And the next chapter, thirty, is essentially the story of every Christian martyr from the first century to the Spanish Inquisition: When a true son of the king defies the religious enforcers that surround him, he’s usually labeled a transgressor and punished. But Intellect suffered all this because he loved Intuition; the gift that came down to him from Destinae. [Four-second pause] Now that I think about it, that’s exactly what happened to the original Martin Luther, the namesake of Dr. Martin Luther King.

DR. AMANDA G.WATLINGTON: We’re certainly past the limits of coincidence here. Look at the quotes that follow the chapter: “Of all tyrannies, a tyranny sincerely exercised for the good of its victims may be the most oppressive” – C.S. Lewis “Totalitarianism is when people believe they can punish their way to perfection.” – Winston Churchill “Selfishness is not living as one wishes to live; it is asking others to live as one wishes to live.” – Oscar Wilde.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: I wonder what Dink Weber would say about all this.

RAY BARD: WWDWD?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: What would Dink Weber do? I walked right into that! [General laughter, five seconds] But look at the ending of chapter thirty-one, “You think you’re too good for the rules, don’t you? Well, we’ll see about that... Yes, we’ll see about that.” Doesn’t it sound like the threat made by the Wicked Witch of the West to Dorothy? “You just try to

stay out of my way – just try! I’ll get you, my pretty... and your little dog, too!”

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Now that you point it out.

RAY BARD: Chapter thirty-two then?

[Four-second silence]

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: It’s about desolation; the death of Intellect’s vision.

RAY BARD: How do you mean?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Joseph’s vision was to save his family but then he was sold into slavery and wrongfully accused of attempted rape and sent to prison in a foreign land. That was the death of Joseph’s vision. The vision of Moses was to lead the children of Israel out of Egypt but then he killed an Egyptian guard who had been abusing a Hebrew slave and got scared and ran away to hide on the backside of the desert for forty years. That was the death of Moses’ vision.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: But Joseph did save his family from the famine and Moses led the people out of Egypt.

BARBARA JOHNSON: “I tell you the truth, unless a kernel of wheat falls to the ground and dies, it remains only a single seed. But if it dies, it produces many seeds.” The cycle of death and resurrection - there can be no huge harvest until the seed dies. And we’re right back where we started, at John chapter twelve.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: You know, I’ve noticed the author likes to tie his endings back to his beginnings.

BARBARA JOHNSON: Death and resurrection.

BICK BLYTHINGTON: I think I need to lie down and put a cold rag on my head.

RAY BARD: Who wants to do chapter thirty-three?

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Me. [four second pause.] This cat, Poindexter he is called, is within the constellation Draco, the dragon. It is a long constellation, but easy to find because it twists around the polar star, Polaris. Each January it is possible to see groups of shooting stars coming out of it. This is why the Greeks believed Draco to be a fire-breathing dragon that protected golden apples. And if you look through a telescope in the area where the dragon's neck bends, you will see a formation that looks like the eyes of a cat. This is referred to as the Cat's Eye Nebula - Poindexter.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: I believe Dr. Weltsyn may be on to something.

RAY BARD: Very interesting. [Four-second pause] Very. [Four-second pause] Chapter thirty-four anyone?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Well, it seems to be a play-by-play of Intellect's trial in the court of a very antagonistic Judge Logic. And just as in the previous chapter, our last image is of Poindexter, but this time instead of describing his eyes, he is waving his tail like a cobra.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: This is the dragon, Draco.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: How did the previous chapter end?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: "And as Logic walked from the room, Poindexter hung his head over the Judge's shoulder and looked through his vertically slitted green eyes at the prince, and smiled a little cat smile."

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Now Barbara you're not going to try to tell me that Jesus talked about the Cat's Eye Nebula or Draco the dragon in the Bible, are you?

BARBARA JOHNSON: Bick, I wasn't going to mention it, but since you did ask, let me turn quickly to it.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: [moan] Oh god what have I done?

[Nine-second silence]

BARBARA JOHNSON: Revelations twelve: “And there was war in heaven. Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon and his angels fought back. But he was not strong enough, and they lost their place in heaven. The great dragon was hurled down—that ancient serpent called the devil, or Satan, who leads the whole world astray.”

DEBBIE TAYLOR: And then we see the end of Kerouac’s running buddy, Neal Cassady, who was so drunk that he fell asleep in the rain on a cold night in Mexico and went into hypothermia. - “‘Neal’s dead. Neal died.’... that was it. all those rides, all those pages of Kerouac, all that jail, to die alone under a frozen Mexican moon, alone, you understand? can’t you see the miserable puny cactii? Mexico is not a bad place because it is simply oppressed; Mexico is simply a bad place. can’t you see the desert animals watching? the frogs, horned and simple, the snakes like slits of men’s minds crawling, stopping, waiting, dumb under a dumb Mexican moon. reptiles, flicks of things, looking across this guy in the sand in a white t-shirt.”

[Silence, seven seconds]

RAY BARD: Barbara, I’m betting you’d like to share your thoughts on chapter thirty-five. Am I right?

BARBARA JOHNSON: Well, it is a powerful example of the death and resurrection of Intellect’s vision of finding the hunter.

RAY BARD: What do you mean?

BARBARA JOHNSON: When Intellect had reached the end of his own strength and realized that, in himself, he was insufficient, the hunter shows up and snatches the bars from his cell in a feat of miraculous strength. And then in order to save the prince, the hunter sacrifices himself. I see it as a perfect allegory of the story of the Gospel, the good news of Jesus Christ, the message of every missionary. Sorry, Bick. Sorry, Dr. Weltsyn... I’m done now.

RAY BARD: Debbie, we’ll give you the honors of summarizing chapter thirty-six, if you will.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Well... as I mentioned earlier, the author has a fondness for tying his endings back to his beginnings. So when I read in chapter thirty-six of “seven inward-curling dimensions in a world

that maps do not show,” I seemed to recall something like that in the comments at the very beginning of the book.

BICK BLYTHINGTON: Watch it, everyone; Debbie’s beagle is on the trail of some interesting stuff here.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: It was the Robert Garisto quote from *Physical Review Letters*, April 9, 1998: “Matrix theory, the latest formulation of string theory, has eleven space-time dimensions. Its proponents have struggled with the most vexing problem of all such theories: explaining exactly how the extra dimensions are ‘compactified’ to make them unobservable in our Four-dimensional world. But compactifying this eleven-dimensional theory down to four dimensions has been challenging. Compactifying means ‘curling up’ extra dimensions of the theory to a very small size.”

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Yes! Yes!

DEBBIE TAYLOR: And this is immediately followed by the Terry Pratchett quote, “Scientists say that these don’t normally impinge on the world because the extra dimensions are very small and curve in on themselves, and that since reality is fractal most of it is tucked inside itself.”

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Yes! Yes!

RAY BARD: So what did you conclude from all this?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: I don’t know that I concluded anything other than that the author is fond of tying his endings back to his beginnings. I suspect it has something to do with that “Aristotle’s Circuit” thing and the intersection graph back at the center-point of the book.

RAY BARD: Did you get anything else from chapter thirty-six?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Mostly I was amazed that the author devised a way for *The Wizard of Oz* to be nothing more than a dream in the mind of young Frances as she slept beneath the commiphora tree. And it’s especially freaky when you know that Frances was the real name of Judy Garland who played Dorothy in the movie.

DR. AMANDA G.WATLINGTON: “Young Frances slept beneath the commiphora tree on the Fruited Plain with her two sisters and Kara and Hope, *dreaming a strange dream of a dangerous journey with three good friends and a dog. And of a kindly wizard who got carried away in an old hot-air balloon.*”

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: That is how the movie ends, isn't it? With the Wizard being carried back to Kansas in an old hot-air balloon?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: What makes it especially elegant is that while she was dreaming the dangerous Oz journey of Dorothy with the Scarecrow, the Tin Man, the Cowardly Lion and Toto, Frances actually *was* on a dangerous journey with Virginia and Mary Jane and Kara and Hope... *three good friends and a dog.* And the prince *really* was being carried away in an old hot-air balloon at the same time that she was dreaming it.

DR. AMANDA G.WATLINGTON: Ray, I'd like to ask you something.

RAY BARD: Sure, Amanda.

DR. AMANDA G.WATLINGTON: At the end of the first discussion, you told the people at the Waldorf that they had unearthed less than ten percent of what the author had told you they might say. How have we done by comparison?

RAY BARD: Amanda, I think you've done about the same; possibly a little better. Yes, I'd say you've certainly brought to light at least ten percent of what the author told me you might say. But then I suspect he hasn't shown me half the Easter Eggs he's hidden in these stories.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Are you telling us there's more hidden in these stories than what we talked about today?

RAY BARD: Quite a lot more, actually. Is that bad news or good news for you?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Can you tell us what we left out?

RAY BARD: I'm sorry, but I really can't. Now before we break for the evening, my instructions are to remind you that there's to be absolutely

no discussion about the book until tomorrow morning at 8:30 when we meet together in this room. Agreed?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Agreed.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Yes.

BARBARA JOHNSON: Certainly.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: My lips are sealed.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Not a word.

RAY BARD: And now I'm supposed to cut open this box.

[Twelve-second time lapse]

"Dear Ray, Please find enclosed 6 copies of *Tortilla Flat* by John Steinbeck and 7 copies of my unedited manuscript for book three..."

[Six-second pause]

I've got to say I'm a little taken back. I had no idea the author had even begun a third book.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Is that all the note says?

RAY BARD: I'm sorry... "If our guests would be so good as to read these manuscripts tonight and be ready to record another discussion in the morning, I will be in your debt. You will find that I have placed additional tapes for this purpose in the bottom of the box. The Steinbeck books are my gift for your flights home. There is a note at the front desk telling you where to go after you meet in the morning and what to do with the seventh manuscript. Yours, Roy H. Williams."

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: This is just wonderful.

RAY BARD: Barbara, your copy.

BARBARA JOHNSON: ...such a delightful surprise.

RAY BARD: Dr. Weltsyn, Debbie.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Thank you.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Thank you.

RAY BARD: Bick. Amanda.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: The Pleiades.

BARBARA JOHNSON: The what?

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Ah, fractal reality! I was right!

RAY BARD: There is to be no more discussion tonight, please. And now if you will all walk outside the room, I can turn off the tape recorder.

Book Three

BEAGLES VISIT *the*
SEVEN SISTERS
A Journey in Fractal Reality

For Jake the Great, whose journeys into places unknown always lead him back home.



The Seven Missing Dimensions of Matrix Theory

How many dimensions do we live in? It seems like such an easy and fundamental question, but even with all our modern science, we still do not know the answer.

As far as our everyday senses are concerned, we live in a three-dimensional world.

According to common sense, that's all there are — three dimensions each at right angles to each other. Our feeble little minds can't visualize another dimension in space that is at right angles to all three of our regular space dimensions. But to explain the world as we know it, we need another seven dimensions — all at right angles to our original three dimensions AND to each other. (Actually, to be strictly accurate, in our normal day-to-day lives, we live in 4 dimensions — the three Space dimensions that are at right angles to each other, and the fourth dimension of Time, which usually ticks away at the rate of one second per second.)

Four forces control the physical world around us — the Gravity Force that keeps us stuck to the surface of the earth, the Electromagnetic Force that does radio and TV and chemistry, the Weak Force that controls radioactivity, and the Strong Force that stops the positive protons in the center of an atom from flying apart.

We know that these Forces exist.

The trouble is that according to the physicists we can't explain how these Forces all work together to make the reality we're used to, if we stick to just four dimensions — the three Space dimensions and the single Time dimension.

By the 1930s, the physicists had come up with a nice, simple model of the atom. It looked a bit like our solar system, where the planets orbit the Sun — it had a central core with protons and neutrons, with a bunch of electrons whirling around it. This atom had only three sub-atomic particles — the protons, the neutrons, and the electrons.

But since the 1930s, things have got messy. Today, we have found a few hundred sub-atomic particles. And they don't fit into a neat little system — they're all over the place. But if you add in another seven extra space dimensions (all at right angles to each other), this mangled mess of particles gets a little neater.

We have no idea where this research will lead, whether it will take us into mathematical dead ends, or to the stars...

Dr Karl S. Kruszelnicki,
The Science Foundation for Physics,
The University of Sydney, Australia



“To Atlas and Okeanos' daughter [Pleione,] were born seven daughters called the Pleiades.”

- APOLLODORUS 3.110 *

“Our writers call these stars Vergiliae, because they rise after spring. They are given honor because their rising is a sign of summer, their setting, of winter — a thing that is not true of the other constellations. But ancient astronomers called them Pleiades...”

-HYGINUS ASTRONOMICA 2.21

“... but small is the space that holds them and singly they dimly shine. Seven are they in the songs of men. Albeit only six are visible to the eyes. Those seven are called by name Alcyone, Merope, Kelaino, Elektra, Asterope, Taygete, and queenly Maia. Small and dim are they all alike, but widely famed they heel in heaven at morn and eventide, by the will of Zeus, who bade them tell of the beginning of Summer and of Winter and of the coming of plowing time.”

-PHAENOMENA 254

Ple·ia·des

Pronunciation: 'plE-uh-"dEz, 'plA-, chiefly British 'pli-

Function: noun plural

Etymology: Latin, from Greek

1 : the seven daughters of Atlas turned into a group of stars in Greek mythology

2 : a conspicuous cluster of seven stars in the form of a scorpion.

“The Romans called Scorpius, ‘the Lurking One.’

The Mayans of Central America named Scorpius ‘the Sign of the Death-god.’

Scorpius represents death, darkness, and everything that we look on as evil.”

-THE NEW PATTERNS IN THE SKY, BY JULIUS D. W. STAAL

1

Uroborus

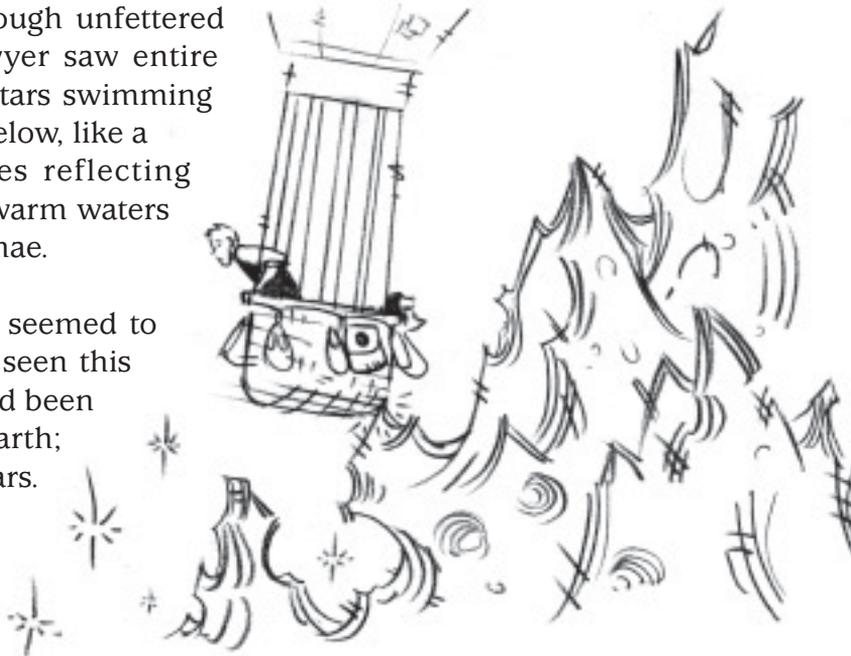
The balloon rose silently into the crystal sky, lifting its occupants high above the place of the Badgers, who grew ever smaller on the ground below. The rigid Badgers swarmed the hunter like ants enveloping a wounded butterfly.

The lawyer's voice was gone from yelling, but he continued to force the air from his lungs in soundless shouts to his captured friend.

And then the balloon was too high for the lawyer to see any more.

Through mist and darkness and lightning flashes, the balloon rose higher still, until it broke through the surface of the crystal sky like a submarine rising from the depths of the sea. Soaring soundlessly onward through unfettered midnight, the lawyer saw entire constellations of stars swimming in the blackness below, like a million tiny fishes reflecting moonlight in the warm waters surrounding Destinae.

The lawyer seemed to remember having seen this before. But that had been on a sea of the earth; this was a sea of stars.



That had been in a time and a place; this was a place without time.

The lawyer, with his beagles Intuition and Faith, drifted in the endless dark.

2

Omega Becomes Alpha

Bump...Bump,bump,bump.

The bottom of the balloon's gondola was dragging along the side of a barren mountain hidden among the stars. Something fell against the lawyer's leg.

It was a sword. But not just any sword. This was big brother to the jeweled knife the lawyer had given to Kara. This was the sword of the hunter. And on the tang of its blade, just below the grip, an ancient symbol glowed softly: Alpha. And on the other side: Omega.

But on the sword's pommel, at the crest of the hilt, the two Greek symbols were intertwined.

Like the Yin and Yang of ancient China.

Like the hydrologic cycle in Ecclesiastes one.

Like the Snake of Eternity swallowing its tail.



“All streams flow into the sea,
yet the sea is never full.
To the place the streams come from,
there they return again.”

-ECCLESIASTES 1

“Every map of a chaotic system, or fractal image, is composed of an
endlessly interlocking and self-repeating pattern, a graphic illustration
of chaotic self-similarity.”

-DR. CONRAD WELTSYN

“The smoke billowed up from it like smoke from a furnace, the whole
mountain trembled violently, and the sound of the trumpet grew
louder and louder.”

-EXODUS 19

"You ever dance with the devil in the pale moonlight?"

-THE JOKER, BATMAN

3

Jebel el Lawz

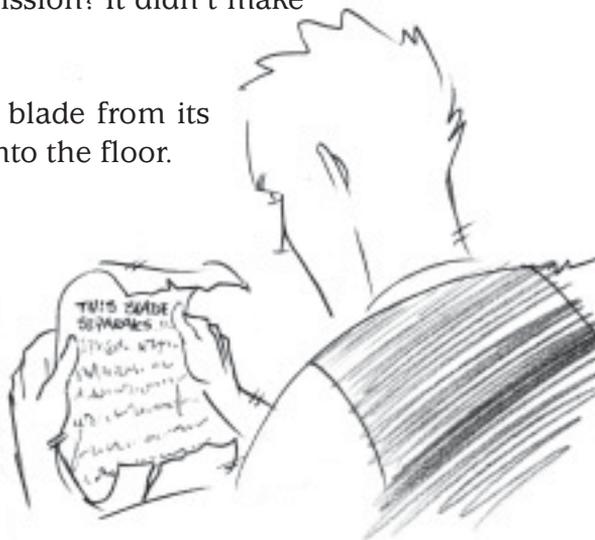
What could this mean?

Why would the hunter leave his sword in the balloon while on a dangerous rescue mission? It didn't make any sense.

As Prince Intellect pulled the blade from its jeweled sheath, a folded paper fell onto the floor.

Unfolding it, the Prince read:

“This blade separates life from life.
Alpha to its lover.
Omega to its foe.
Never use it against a friend.
May you love this blade enough
To hide it in your heart
And escape the Seven Sisters.”



Looking across the bleak and stony mountainside, the Prince slipped the paper into his pocket, strapped the radiant sword about his waist and climbed out of the balloon's gondola. Reaching back inside the basket, he picked up Intuition and Faith, his two living memories of home, and set them on the ground so they could do their work.

He turned to face the challenges before him.

The beagles trotted off into the distance.
Admired in all historic accounts as one of the most striking



and brilliant of the stellar groups, Orion is known as 'The Hunter' and 'The Warrior'. The constellation's stormy character appears in early Hindu texts, and classical literature often alludes to Orion as a force to be respected. The Arabians had several names for Orion: Al Najid, 'The Conqueror'. Al Jabbar, 'The Giant' And Al Babadur, 'The Strong One'. The three major pyramids on Egypt's Gisa plateau are placed in a mirror alignment with the belt of Orion in the sky above.

“From Orion, look down and to the left to find brilliant Sirius, as if one really needs directions to find the brightest star in the sky. It is the luminary of the constellation Canis Major, the Greater Dog, which represents Orion's larger hunting dog, and as such is commonly referred to as the 'Dog Star.' The star is also part of a larger asterism, the Winter Triangle, the other two of which are Betelgeuse in Orion and Procyon in the 'smaller dog,' Canis Minor.”

- JAMES B. KALER, PROFESSOR OF ASTRONOMY, UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

4

Procyon

Kara tossed and turned in fitful sleep as she struggled beneath the weight of the stars on the Fruited Plain. In her dream, the lawyer had been taken captive and was crying softly as he lay on his face on the ground. Asleep, she reached under her shirt and touched the knife he had given her to carry. Virginia made a soft noise and rolled over on her side, while Mary Jane smiled a sweet smile, lost in the depths of slumber. Beneath the old commiphora tree, in a dream that wasn't entirely a dream, frolicsome Frances tripped along a pathway somewhere in the woods, on an adventure with three good friends. And in the ominous darkness of the world beyond the girls' little circle of firelight, three black-hearted predators crept stealthily toward them.

But it wasn't lions and tigers and bears, oh no.

It was Worry and Panic and Fear.



“Well, well, well,” whispered elegant Worry in his most conspiratorial voice. “What new fruits have appeared for us here on our wonderful, bountiful plain?”

“I wawn’some frute I wawn’some frute I wawn’some frute,” said Fear in gutter English.

“Ba’is’ther’a dog? D’ya see a dog anywhere abou’?” asked Panic, glancing from side to side as he came limping up to stand beside them.

Staring at the four girls sleeping in the circle of light, Worry and Panic heard a dull thud: Fear’s body had hit the ground. “Don’ anybuddy move,” choked Fear anxiously from the shadows below. “I ga’ a bleedin’ dog clamped on m’bloody throat.”

As Worry and Panic moved toward the dark tangle that was Hope and Fear, the beagle gave a low, warning growl and clamped her jaws a little tighter. “Back away. Back away. Back away!” choked Fear in a thin, high voice, “B’fore th’bleedin’ dog bites m’head off!”

Worry and Panic backed far enough away that Hope could no longer smell their presence.

Then, as quickly as she had arrived, Hope bounded off into the night.



In 2537 B.C., the Pleiades first appeared in the annals of the Chinese, who called them “the Seven Sisters.”

On November 17th, at midnight, when the stars were directly overhead, the culmination of the Pleiades once marked a time when the Kings of Persia could refuse no request. For who can resist the gaze of the Seven Sisters of temptation?

Maia — (Latin) ‘The Great One’

"... Atlas fathered her, outstanding in beauty among his seven dear violet-haired daughters who are called the heavenly Pleiades."

-GREEK LYRIC III SIMONIDES FRAG 555

5

Maia

The prince had walked only a short distance between two rows of stone when suddenly something moved in the corner of his vision. He stopped.



“NARCISSUS DOES NOT FALL IN LOVE WITH HIS REFLECTION BECAUSE IT IS BEAUTIFUL, BUT BECAUSE IT IS HIS. IF IT WERE HIS BEAUTY THAT ENTHRALLED HIM, HE WOULD BE SET FREE IN A FEW YEARS BY ITS FADING.”

-W.H. AUDEN
(1907-1973)

All was still, silent.

He started forward again. And in the rocks, saw movement.

His own reflection!

The tall rocks had become like mirrors, and he could see himself from every angle. Intrigued, he paused for another look.

“This sword looks quite good hanging at my hip. I wish Kara and her friends were here to see.”



As the words left his lips, his reflection in the stones became brighter.

“Yes, I should wear a sword more often.”

Head erect and shoulders back, the lawyer walked proudly across the silver landscape like an actor on a stage, his reflected image growing clearer and brighter with every step.

“Yes, this is good. Quite good, in fact.”

Captive in a tiny world where no one but himself was real, the lawyer could hear the urgent barking of Faith. But Faith did not seem true.

“It’s only a voice in the distance and has nothing to do with me.”

He could feel the nudging and pawing of Intuition, but she did not appear in his mirrors.

“If I ignore these feelings, they will go away.”

Upon these words, the mirrors showed him a different scene — He, himself, seated loftily on an impossibly high throne in Destinae, with thousands of people below him.

“Yes. . . yes. . . yes. I am indeed the son of the King.”

He saw places and people to be conquered, captives to be taken, and prizes to be won.

“There is nothing I cannot do.”

The feats he saw himself perform in the mirrors that day would fill a library of books, but as he laid his hand on the hilt of the sword, the picture in the mirrors changed. He saw the hunter, his rescuer and friend, bound and gagged in an underground cell.

The vision cut him like a knife and his sight grew blurry with tears.

When he regained his sight, he was lying on the ground and the beagles were licking his cheeks. He sat up, pulled Faith and Intuition close to his chest, and buried his face between them.

And the stones were only stones once more.





“The punishment is carried out when, bent over a spring to quench his thirst during a hunt, the youth is seized with thirst of a different sort: ‘As he tried to quench his thirst ... he saw an image in the pool, and fell in love with that unbodied hope, and found a substance in what was only shadow.’”

-JULIA KRISTEVA

“If one yearns to see the face of the Divine, one must break out of the aquarium, escape the fish farm, to go swim up wild cataracts, dive in deep fjords. One must explore the labyrinth of the reef, the shadows of the lily pads. How limiting, how insulting to think of God as a benevolent warden, an absentee hatchery manager who imprisons us in the ‘comfort’ of artificial pools, where intermediaries sprinkle our restrictive waters with sanitized flakes of processed nutriment.”

-TOM ROBBINS, SKINNY LEGS AND ALL

6

Bethsaida

“Where has Hope gone?” asked Mary Jane as she rubbed her red-rimmed eyes.

“She went with Frances on an adventure,” Virginia said with a smile, “and it’s a good thing, too. That little dog was so bored she could hardly keep her eyes open.”

There was an awkward moment of silence.

“I think she may have been awake all night,” said Kara quietly, as she poked the fire with a stick. “I woke up twice and she wasn’t anywhere to be seen.”

“Probably just hunting rabbits,” answered Virginia.

“Perhaps.”

“What else could it have been?”

“Mary Jane, what’s wrong with your eyes?” asked Kara.

“I’m not sure. Either it’s the smoke from the fire or I’m allergic to something that’s growing out there.”

“We’ll be in that town near the water in a couple of hours,” said Kara, “I’m sure we can find something for you there.”

“Well, if she wasn’t hunting rabbits, then what was

she doing?” persisted Virginia. “Why don’t you think she was hunting?”

“Did you hear her crying, ‘Aroo aroo?’” Kara asked.

“No. But what does that have to do with anything?”

“When beagles ‘aroo,’ that means they’re having a good time and they want you to join in the fun. Beagles always aroo when they’re on a chase.”

“Maybe she just didn’t want to wake us.”

“Beagles live for the chase, the pursuit of things difficult to obtain,” responded Kara. “It would be impossible for Hope or Faith or Intuition to believe that we would rather sleep than chase.”

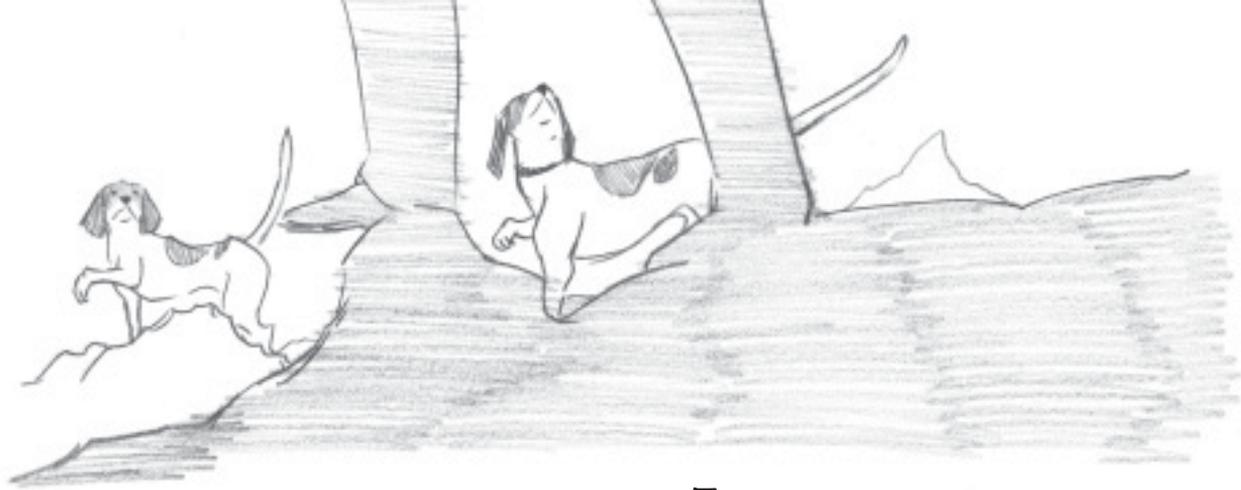
“Well... what do you think she was doing?” responded Virginia.

Mary Jane spoke up softly, “You think she was protecting us, don’t you?”

Kara just nodded her head.

“From what?” asked Virginia, incredulous. “There’s nothing out here but bananas, oranges, apples, pears, mangoes, plums and pomegranates. What’s there to be afraid of?”

Just then the voice of an exuberant Frances split the morning air: “Come and see what I found!”



7

Samothrake

Rising to his feet, the lawyer remembered the lesson he had learned in the Swamp of Depression: “Easy steps take you downward. It’s only the hard steps that take you higher.” But to go higher was the last thing he needed now; he was already on the pinnacle of the mountain.

Walking down the steep mountainside proved to be surprisingly difficult. This wasn’t like the Swamp of Depression at all. He muttered to himself, “On an Invidious Mountain, it is the easy steps that take you higher. But to find your way back home, you must take the delicate and difficult steps leading downward. And you must do it over and over again.”

It was a very hard thing to do.

The beagles seemed to be having no problem at all. But then again, they had four feet.

“I wish I had four feet.”

And long, hooked nails, perfect for clinging onto the hillside.

“I wish I had nails that were long and hooked.”

And since they were shorter, they had a much lower center of gravity and weren't as likely to fall.

“I wish I were short.”

The beagles gave him a glance.

By the time they reached the tilted village of New Victory, the lawyer wasn't satisfied with his equipment at all.



“SAMOTHRACE, THE
ISLAND OF ELEKTRA,
DAUGHTER OF ATLAS.”

- ARGONAUTICA 1.916

Asnapper



"MANY A NIGHT I SAW
THE PLEIADS, RISING
THRO' THE MELLOW
SHADE,
GLITTER LIKE A SWARM
OF FIREFLIES TANGLED IN
A SILVER BRAID.
HERE ABOUT THE BEACH
I WANDER'D, NOURISHING
A YOUTH SUBLIME
WITH THE FAIRY TALES
OF SCIENCE, AND THE
LONG RESULT OF TIME."
-ALFRED, LORD
TENNYSON, 1837,
LOCKSLEY HALL

"DARK-FACED ELEKTRA,
SECOND OF THE SEVEN
SISTERS ... WHOM
GLORIOUS ATLAS BEGOT."
-HOMERICA THE
ASTRONOMY 1

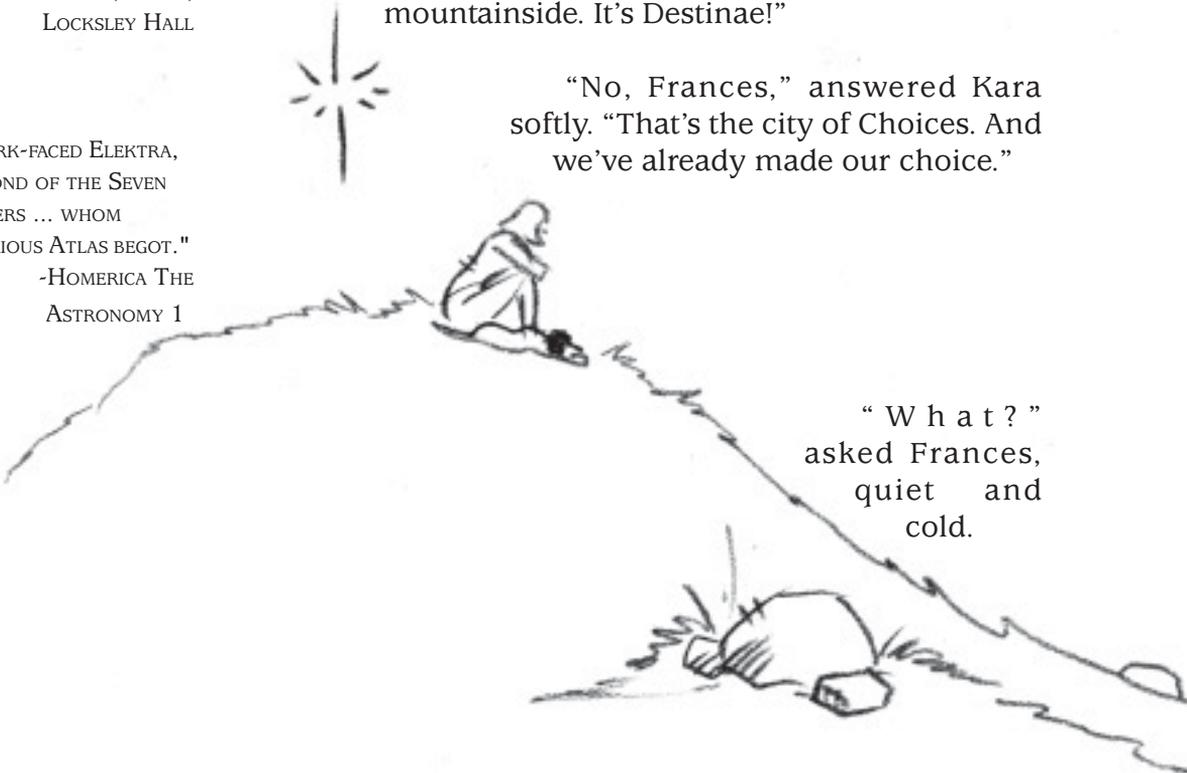
Frances led Mary Jane, Virginia, and Kara through a stand of trees into a field of flowers.

"Frances, wait," said Kara. Picking a few of the brightest flowers, Kara wove them into a fragrant garland and draped it around the neck of her teenage friend. "You always look so pretty in color."

Smiling, Frances led them across the field and up a small rise on the other side. "Look at that!" she said triumphantly, pointing to a city in the western sky. "Just look at it!" she squealed again in delight. "Look closely and you can even see a golden stairway that leads right up the mountainside. It's Destinae!"

"No, Frances," answered Kara softly. "That's the city of Choices. And we've already made our choice."

"What?"
asked Frances,
quiet and
cold.



“Destinae is that way,” answered Kara, pointing to the north.

“You’re joking!” interjected Virginia; “Do you mean we’re not even going to have a look?”

“We agreed to follow Polaris, remember? And tomorrow is the day we cross the water.”

“Speak for yourself,” answered Frances defiantly, “I’m climbing the golden stairway.”

“We can’t let her do it alone,” added Virginia quickly.

Kara looked to Mary Jane for support.

“Okay, we’ll go,” said Mary Jane reluctantly. “But only for a day,”

Startled, Kara gasped in surprise, “But don’t you remember what Intellect told us?”

In response, Frances turned on her heel and began marching toward the city in the western sky. Virginia quickly fell in behind her. Mary Jane looked apologetically at Kara and shrugged her shoulders, then followed the path of her sisters.

Kara pulled her knees up to her chest in the field of clover and watched them walk away.

Hope lay down beside her



9

Elektra

“I wish I had a hat like yours.”



“ELEKTRA’S STAR ROSE
WITH HER SIX SISTERS IN
THE SKY, HAPPY OF THE
CONFLICT; AND THE
ECHOING VOICE OF THE
PLEIADES RESOUNDED
FOR VICTORY.”

-DIONYSIACA 13.411

The lawyer turned and looked at the gentleman speaking to him. The man’s face glowed strangely with a trace of green, and he was wearing a very fine hat.

“I wish I had a shirt like yours,” said the boy grasping at his sleeve. The boy’s face had the same green glow as the man’s, and he wore a shirt as fine as the lawyer’s own.

“I wish I had a pendant like the one you wear,” said the green woman pointing toward his throat. She was wearing bright diamonds around her own.

The lawyer didn’t know what to say.

Troubled, he descended further into the village. There he sat for a while, watching the people around him. The pale green people of New Victory appeared to covet anything that was different from what they owned. And every time they gained the object of their desire, they climbed higher up the mountain.

But never did they stay. Casting aside the objects they had won, the people always returned to the village to become jealous of something else.

It seemed to the lawyer that these people, too, were in a place of mirrors. But instead of making them proud of what they had, these jealous mirrors showed them only



w h a t
they had not.

The lawyer looked at his short,
four-footed friends and rejoiced that they were
beagles.

And then he stood on his own two feet and was glad
that he was himself, too.

Ten contented feet continued down the mountain.



"The quickest way to learn about a new place is to know what it dreams of."

- THE WASTE LANDS

"...the star-queen Elektra, lovely-robed, shrouded her form in mist and cloud, and left the Pleiad-band. Her sisters, as the olden legend tells, still rise up in sight of toil-worn men their bright troop in the skies; but she alone hides viewless ever, since the hallowed town of her son Dardanos in ruin fell, when Zeus most high from heaven could help her not."

-QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS 13.545

"...she left them and took her place in the circle called Arctic. From this she appears, with her hair unbound. Because of this, she is called a comet."

-HYGINUS ASTRONOMICA 2.21

10

Applaus, Ruhm und Glück

“That stairway is further away than it looked this morning,” said Virginia in the deepening gloom. “Do you think maybe we ought to camp here for the night?”

“I sure wish Kara and Hope were with us,” said Mary Jane, a trace of sadness in her voice.

“Oh shut up, you crybabies,” said young Frances to them both. “Nobody said you had to come with me.”

Just then they crested a rise and saw a campfire in the dale below. And seated between the girls and that fire were three dark silhouettes, looking into the ring of light.

“We’ll ask if we can stay with those people,” said Frances.

Down the hillside, past the three figures, all the way to the other side of the blazing fire boldly marched young Frances. As she turned to face the three silhouettes, the light of the campfire wonderfully highlighted her face and flowers.

And the stars in the sky looked down upon her in that circle of light and wept for how it would end.

A misty rain began to fall.

Frances saw twins, one a little heavier than the other, with a richly dressed man seated next to them. When they

saw Frances standing before them, all three leaped simultaneously to their feet and began clapping and cheering wildly.

Her smile glowed brightly as she looked into their adoring eyes.

“I am Applause,” said the smaller of the twins, bowing before her like a duke.

“I am Fame,” said the larger and more handsome of the pair, matching his brother’s regal bow.

“And my name is Fortune,” boomed the richly dressed man, extending his hand across the fire. “We are delighted to make your acquaintance.”

“What would you like me to do next?” Frances asked them in anxious excitement.

“Tomorrow we will climb to the city of Serendipity, where we shall see what we shall see,” said the man with the booming voice.

“And we would like to escort you there,” spoke the twins in near perfect unison.

“Yes! Then we shall all see what we shall see!” bubbled young Frances, bobbing her head in vigorous agreement.

And Mary Jane and Virginia saw all of this as they watched in secret from the darkness of the hillside.





Meropê — ‘eloquent’, ‘bee-eater’, ‘mortal’...
Third among the Seven Sisters

“She wears her hair long in anger, and is called a comet,
or longodes because she trails out for a long distance,
or xiphias because she shows the shape of a sword-point.
This star, too, portends grief.”

-HYGINUS: FABULAE 192

11

Meropê

When the balloon's basket had caught on the peak, the lawyer had assumed the mountain had a bottom like every other mountain. Now he was no longer sure.

It was a very long way down. The lawyer continued his arduous descent.

This wasn't how he had planned things at all.

The stones of the mountainside were small. And loose. And dusty.

And sharply they bit him each time he fell.

What had he done to deserve this?

He wanted to be with Kara. Or back in the palace, solving problems for the King. Or at home eating supper with his buddies, Liam and Chevae.

Anywhere but here.

Tension and stress simmered like summer.
Anxiety and impatience weighed heavy like a blanket.
Shortness of breath; a fever's heat; contractions of muscles
all coming together for a black explosion
in the dreadful and holy
dark temple of rage.

The beagles began to bark, wild and vicious.

And then suddenly disappeared.





“For us, Betelgeuse marks the upper left corner of the figure of the ancient hunter and since he is facing you, his right shoulder.”

-James B. Kaler

“Sirius is the big dog of Orion and Betelgeuse is the hunter’s right arm”

-N.C. Symington

“Arcturus takes its name from its nearness to the sky bears, Big and Little, otherwise known as Ursa Major (the constellation containing the Big Dipper) and Ursa Minor. Arcturus in Greek means ‘bear guardian.’”

-Dava Sobel

“The kings came and fought, then fought the kings of Canaan in Taanach by the waters of Megiddo; they took no gain of money. They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. The river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon.”

- Judges 5

12

Betelgeuse, Sirius, and Arcturus

“Goodbye, Virginia. Good luck, Frances,” whispered Mary Jane as she hugged her sisters in the hollow light of early morning.

“Goodbye, Mary Jane.” “Thanks, M. J.,” replied the two sisters in return.

Turning then toward the three handsome gentlemen, Mary Jane extended her hand and said, “It was nice to meet you, Mr. Fortune, and you, masters Fame and Applause.”

Each of the three men kissed her hand and bowed, then turned and began climbing the long stairway up the mountain, carrying Frances on their shoulders. Virginia followed quietly after.

And Mary Jane began her long walk to the north.

The weary sun was setting at the end of the day when the sea finally appeared on the horizon. It was a tired and lonely Mary Jane who sat down to build a fire. Hours later, as the distant stars watched over her, she stared sleeplessly at the burning logs. It would soon be morning.

Mary Jane lay on her back and began counting the stars in the hope that it might make her drowsy. The voice in her mind was saying, “Five hundred and one,” when the stars went black, as if something had passed in front of them.

“I wawn’some frute I wawn’some frute I wawn’some frute.”

Mary Jane's blood ran cold with terror.

“Ba’whur’iss tha’dog? D’ya see th’dog anywhur’ abou’?”

Mary Jane froze, pretending to be asleep.

“Patience, gentlemen, please.”

Three men were standing directly over her! One of them touched her with the toe of his boot.

“We’re looking for a dog.”

Mary Jane’s scream tore the fabric of the night.

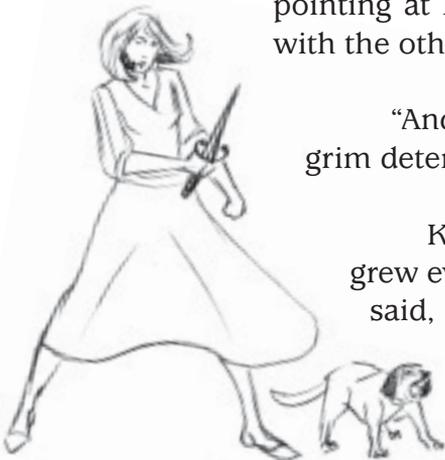
The campsite was suddenly filled with dazzling light as Kara stepped from the darkness holding the blade of Orion. Hope stood snarling at her side.

Worry, Panic, and Fear took several quick steps backward and looked at one another.

“Buh’we ha’ a score t’settle wiv ‘dis dog,” cried Fear, pointing at Hope with one hand and touching his throat with the other.

“And iss time ta’settul tha’ score,” echoed Panic with grim determination as he limped slowly toward them.

Kara gripped the knife more tightly, and its glow grew even brighter. Staring into the face of Panic, she said, “You will not be taking Hope.”



Mary Jane scrambled to her feet to stand beside Kara.

“Three grown men against two little girls and a pet... Sounds like pretty good odds to me,” chuckled Worry. Nodding maliciously, he walked suggestively toward them, Fear and Panic at his side.

The ugly trio were almost within striking distance. Kara closed her eyes and slashed a wide arc through the dark with the blade of Orion. As the blade began its journey, a gargantuan bear charged out of the night. By the time the knife had completed its rondure, all three attackers lay pinned to the ground, the massive bear bludgeoning them with heavy paw-claws, while three furious beagles darted in and out to tear at them in every place the bear had not already bloodied.

And when the first rays of dawn appeared, there were only Mary Jane and Kara and a little beagle named Hope, huddled around the dying coals of a campfire.

And a knife that had been given as a gift’a’Luff.



“He alone stretches out the heavens and treads on the waves of the sea. He is the maker of Arcturus and Orion, the Pleiades and the constellations of the south. He performs wonders that cannot be fathomed, miracles that cannot be counted.”

- JOB, TO HIS FRIENDS IN JOB 9

“With inexhaustible patience, the great hunter Orion awaits his raging challenger, Taurus. Nearby crouch two faithful dogs who always accompany the hero on his exploits: Canis Major, the larger and more aggressive, and Canis Minor, smaller and more timid. At the Hunter's feet a little woodland Hare, Lephus, quietly watches the confrontation.

“Cheering Taurus on to victory are the Seven Sisters known as the Pleiades.

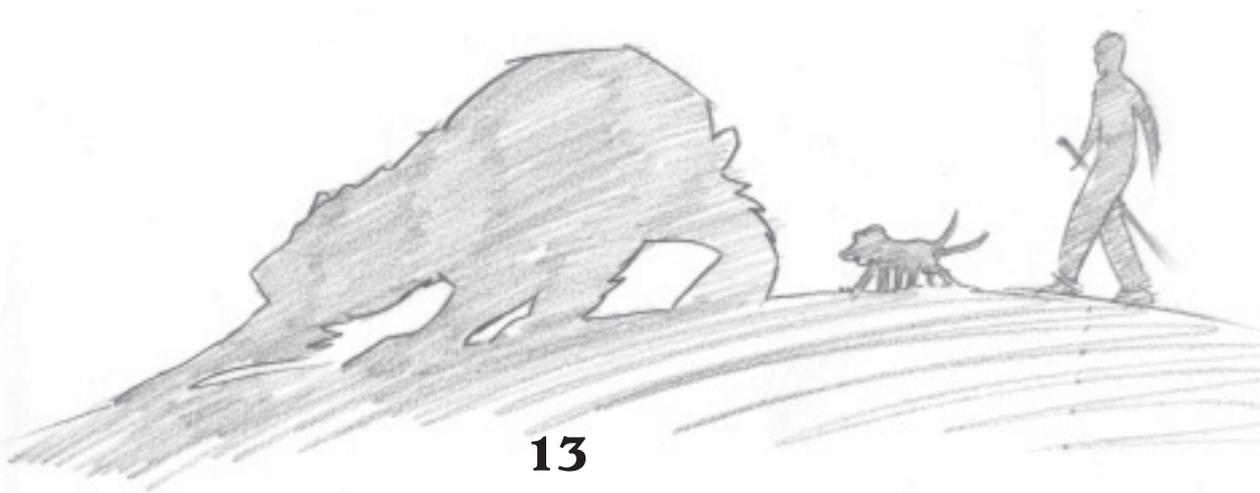
“Dominating the winter sky, the great hunter Orion is probably the best-known constellation, and for most people, the easiest to pick out. His name is derived from an ancient name meaning ‘The Light of Heaven.’”

- STARDANCER, FACT & °FANTASY ABOUT THE WINTER CONSTELLATIONS
— YULE, 1996

“Hercules came from Arkadia's high peaks
and winding glens, by constraint of his father,
to bring back the Hind of the golden horns,
which once Taygete had vowed to Artemis,
a sacred gift, and on it wrote the sign of consecration.”

-PINDAR, OLYMPIAN 3 EP2

Taygete — tanygennetos, 'long-necked,'
Fourth among the Seven Sisters



13 Taygete

Minutes after they vanished, the beagles reappeared with a strangely familiar bear.

Why did the prince feel as though he knew this bear? Was this the animal he had feared might be in the cave on the night of the avalanche? Or was this the same bear he had glimpsed in the Forest of Confusion when traveling back to Town Square?

And where had the beagles been?

And why weren't they afraid of the bear?

The prince marveled as the great bear shambled off the path and the beagles cheerfully followed.

Across the wooded hillside the lawyer followed the beagles and the bear until they came to a celestial garden. Colorful and lush, it teemed with gentle animals and flawless trees and perfect fruits of every kind.

Fruits. The lawyer suddenly realized how very hungry he was.

The bear continued its relentless journey around the mountain like a constellation crossing the heavens in the night. But the lawyer stopped to rest in the garden.

Reaching up, he plucked a perfect peach from the unblemished branch in front of him — and tasted a pleasure he had rarely known. Three pears, six nectarines, nine apples, twelve bananas, several clusters of grapes, and a handful of berries followed the perfect peach. The prince was about to bite into a polished plum when he noticed bushes full of birds too fat to fly, squiggling squirrels too corpulent to climb, grounded gophers too dumpy to dig, upholstered hedgehogs too heavy to hustle, and unrapid rabbits too round to run.

He plopped onto the ground, leaned against a tree, and thought about it for a while.



If wild animals could talk, would they talk like cartoons? Would the dismal swamp resound with shrill, befuddled, childlike voices: a cute choir of cuddly Kermits delivering gentle froggy inanities?

Or would beasts converse in the style of Hemingway, in sentences short, brave and clear; each word a smooth pebble damp with blood; aboriginal speech, he-man speech, an economy of language borrowed by Gary Cooper from frontiersmen who borrowed it from Apache and Ute?

We ask, "Did you see two people pass this way, a man and a woman, walking north?"

The stag shakes its antlers. "Nope," he says.

The fox is slow to speak. "Tonight I dined on loon at the pond," he says. "It was a good meal. Food has an excellent place in my values. Quiet has an excellent place in my values. The forest has been quiet tonight. It is a good thing being a fox when the forest is quiet.

"We apologize for disturbing your peace, but we're searching for a husband and wife who may be in a daze because they recently had an audience with Pan — you know what that means. They may have passed this way." We pause hopefully.

"The hunt was good," says the fox. "The moon was right. There was a fresh breeze. A man and a woman would have spooked the loon. What a good thing the forest is when it is left to the fox and the loon."

Is that the way animals would talk?

14

Creedon

Mary Jane and Kara entered the city by the sea, Hope trotting quietly by their side. The sun was directly overhead, so the only shadows were beneath their feet.

It was a melting, sweltering day.

A cluster of boys in their early teens stepped out of a building and began to walk directly toward the girls. Kara braced herself for a confrontation, and as Mary Jane hid herself behind Kara, Hope shot like an arrow toward the boys. Singling out the boy at the head of the pack, she leaped directly toward his chest with a beaglish yelp. The lad snatched the beagle out of the air — and laughed with glee as she wiggled and wagged and licked his face.

“Her name is Hope,” said Kara, smiling.

“Yes, we’re old friends,” said the grinning young man. “But where are Faith and Intuition?”

“Unless I’m mistaken, you’re Belief,” said Kara. She extended her hand. “My name is Kara, and this is my friend Mary Jane.” Belief shook hands with them both as Kara answered his question. “Intuition, of course, travels with Intellect, but we thought that Faith was guiding you.”



“Yes, Faith led us safely to Destinae,” replied Belief. “But shortly after we arrived, a man with a beard told me that Faith was required for an urgent mission. I figured Faith was going to be reunited with his sister and Intellect and Intuition.” Hope happily sniffed the boys and banged at the air with her tail. Belief looked suddenly worried. “Where do you think Faith might be?”

“What more did they tell you in Destinae?” asked Mary Jane.

“I didn’t stay long enough to ask more,” answered Belief. “My only thought was to come back and tell the people of this city that Destinae is within their reach.” Sweeping an arm expansively at the young men around him and smiling at each of them as he did, Belief said, “All these will be traveling with me when I go back tonight. And more are joining us by the hour.”

The young men gave the girls a brief word of greeting and a smile of welcome. Kara and Mary Jane promised to meet them at water’s edge at sundown. Then Belief and the boys were gone.

“I wish Frances and Virginia were here,” said Mary Jane quietly.

Kara looked at her friend, nodded in agreement, and brushed a tear from Mary Jane’s cheek.



“Today's greatest labor-saving device is tomorrow.”

-TOM WILSON

Alcyone — ‘queen who avoids’
Fifth among the Seven Sisters

Illustrated on the throne of the statue of Aphrodite at Amyklai,
Lakedaimon: “To describe the reliefs ... Poseidon and Zeus are
carrying... Alcyone.”

-PAUSANIAS 3.18.10-16

15

Alcyone

It's easy to fall asleep when you're surrounded by the humming drone of luxurious excess.

The lawyer could have risen and walked, had there been a good reason to do so. But there was no reason. Not really. Nothing that couldn't wait. And these languid little animals were entertaining, in a mindless sort of way.

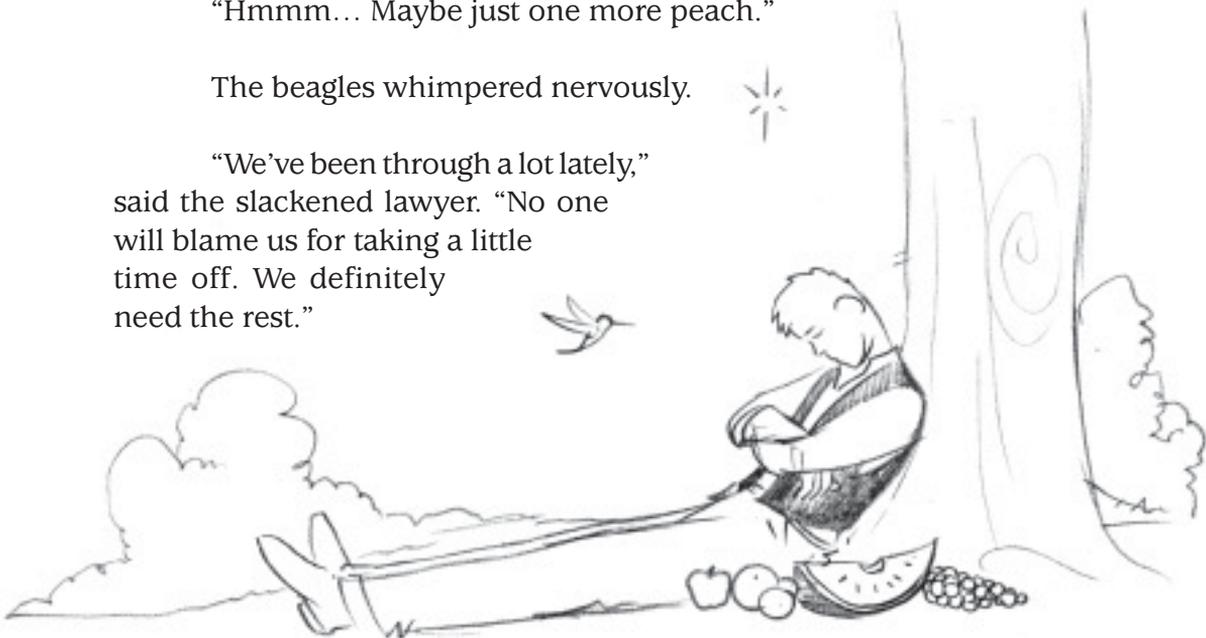
Food flowed and time slowed. Chronos was in a coma.

How long had the lawyer been sleeping? And why had he been in such a hurry? Slurping the heart meat from a ripe, red melon that had appeared within his reach, he gazed at the low-hanging fruit that dangled in front of him. Perhaps he could reach it from where he sat.

"Hmmm... Maybe just one more peach."

The beagles whimpered nervously.

"We've been through a lot lately," said the slackened lawyer. "No one will blame us for taking a little time off. We definitely need the rest."



The beagles kept up their anxious whine.

“Yes. Rest is what we need.”

Watermelon juice ran down the lawyer’s chest as he slumped against the tree and slept.



“How long will you lie there, you sluggard?
When will you get up from your sleep?
A little sleep, a little slumber,
a little folding of the hands to rest —
and poverty will come on you like a bandit
and scarcity like an armed man.”

-PROVERBS 6



16

Partida Ymadawiad

“It requires one day and two nights to journey to Destinae.” Belief shone in the moonlight as he gathered the people around him. “And the most difficult part of the journey will be tomorrow, during the heat of the day. Did everyone remember to bring water?” Belief scanned the crowd to make sure every head was nodding.

“Does anyone need more drinking water, or a vessel to carry it in?” No one raised a hand.

“Everyone spread out,” the voice of Belief rose above the din of the crowd, “and sit down on the sand. We need to get a count.”

When all the people were seated, Belief used a long stick to draw lines in the sand separating the people into smaller groups. He then assigned one of the people from each of the groups to stand up and do the counting. “Begin by counting yourself,” said Belief, “and touch people as you count them so they will know they’ve been counted.”

Kara volunteered to keep the tally as the counters reported their numbers.

“Fifty-two,” said the first volunteer.

“Ninety-one,” said the next in line.

“Eighty-eight,” called out another voice.

“One hundred eleven,” reported another.

“One seventeen,” said a woman holding a baby in her arms.

“Is there anyone else?” shouted Belief.

“Forty-two,” answered a shy little man, raising his hand for Belief to see.

“Is that all?” asked Belief.

The only sound was the gush of the surf caressing the sandy shoreline.

“Five hundred one,” reported Kara to Belief, as a cloud passed over the moon.



And Mary Jane’s scream tore the fabric of the night.

“IT IS BETTER TO
BURN THE CANDLE AT
BOTH ENDS, AND IN
THE MIDDLE, TOO,
THAN TO PUT IT
AWAY IN THE CLOSET
AND LET THE MICE
EAT IT.”

-HENRY VAN DYKE

Tijekom Dana Fjernsyn

The lawyer slowly opened his eyes.

Yawning, he recalled that each of his previous brief moments of awareness had been filled with visions of salamanders singing sweetly with languorous lizards, dragonflies droning with easygoing eels, and fat frogs humming harmoniously on lethargic lily pads. Turning his head, he saw that his celestial forest had become a dim swamp awash in a sickly, flickering light that sucked the judgment from his barely conscious brain. Voices called to him from the flickering.

“How long have I been here?” asked the lawyer, sleepily.

Faith and Intuition answered him with a series of sharp barks from the barren tree limbs above his head. The lawyer turned his face up toward them.

“Beagles don’t belong in trees.”

But neither do princes belong in swamps.

He tried to reach the beagles, only to discover that he was trapped in a torpid, tepid mire that was pulling him slowly into its depths. Looking up once more, he struggled to see Faith and Intuition, but the sickly light obscured their faces. He listened for their barks and yelps but heard only disembodied voices in the flickering light.

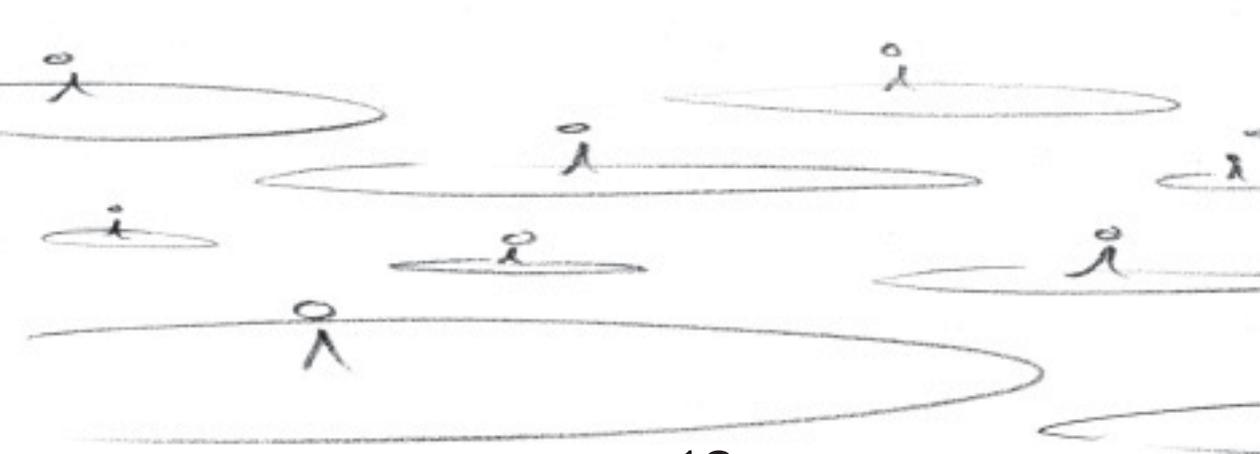
Voices that were numbing his mind.



“IT IS DIFFICULT TO PRODUCE A TELEVISION DOCUMENTARY THAT IS BOTH INCISIVE AND PROBING WHEN EVERY TWELVE MINUTES ONE IS INTERRUPTED BY TWELVE DANCING RABBITS SINGING ABOUT TOILET PAPER.”

-ROD SERLING





18

Pagkakataon

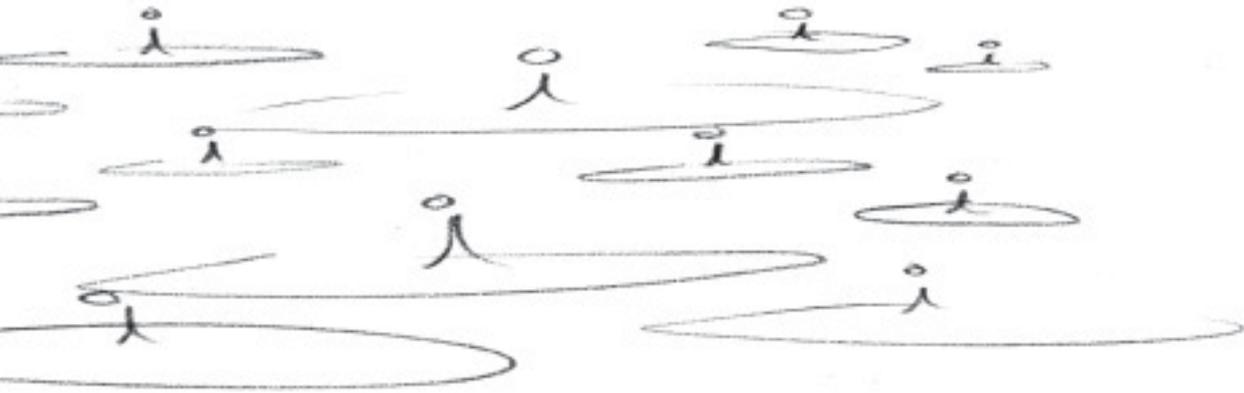
“Mary Jane... Mary Jane... Mary Jane,” said Kara as she lightly patted her friend’s cheek.

In the echo of her involuntary scream, Mary Jane had fainted onto the sand. Upon awakening, she told Kara and Belief the significance of five hundred one. Belief smiled gently and said, “In Superstition, coincidence is a constant shadow. But if it makes you feel any better, Mary Jane, you and I and Kara make it a total of five hundred four.

Mary Jane smiled an embarrassed smile. The other two helped her up from the ground.

“Group One, follow me,” shouted Belief to the crowd. “Groups two through six, join in behind us.” Turning back to face Kara and Mary Jane, Belief said, “I would like you to come last, with Hope, so that you may give aid to those who struggle along the way.” Mary Jane and Kara eagerly agreed to do this as Belief waded out into the sea.

When they had all reached the place of safety beyond the deep and dangerous early water, Belief gathered



the five hundred and three together and said, “The journey from here is tiresome and long, but the stars in the sky are beautiful. Listen to the sound of my voice as we journey together, and I will tell you stories of the lights in the sky.”

And when the morning sun rose to erase the panorama of the night, the people breathed a deep sigh of sadness.

The morning held dreary news.

Water.

Water.

And more water.

Struggling against it. Near exhaustion. Sunlight everywhere.

How are things in Glocca Mora?

Is that willow tree still weeping there?

The sun glared in frank annoyance at the weary wanderers who dared to cross the liquid desert. Month-long minutes became eternal hours sloshing through saltwater with no horizon Polaris disappeared can I have a drink and why are we doing this?

Tedious day finally slipped away on the buttery wind of an evening breeze that promised they would all be in Destinae by morning.

Kara closed her eyes, gripped the handle of the knife, and wished happy things for the lawyer.

19

Bozanski Briga

Violent pain along his legs flung the lawyer into ripping reality.

No singing salamanders serenaded him now. No droning dragonflies dimmed his mind, but belligerent beagles battled the sucking sod with vigorous, furious paws. Their hooked claws raked the length of his legs.

The sucking sod was winning.

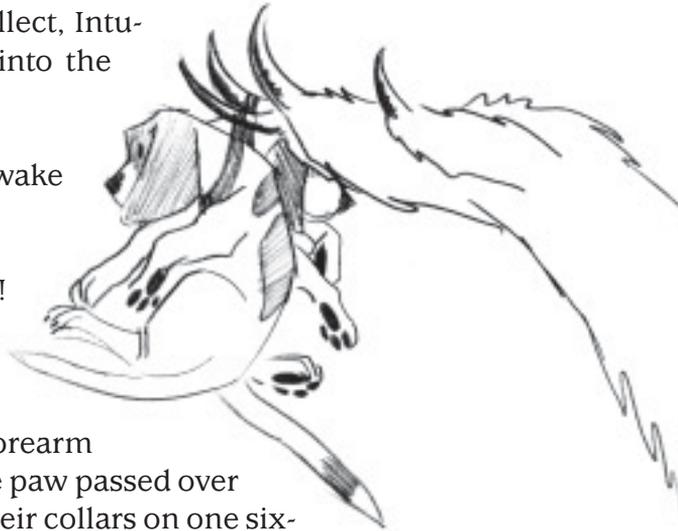
Arooo! Aroo-arooo! wailed Faith defiantly, as Intuition sank into the soil. Arooo! Aroo-arooo! he called again to the sky. Intellect, Intuition, and Faith settled softly into the muck and the mire.

The lawyer was wide awake and terrified.

Arooo! Aroo-arooo!
Faith's nose pointed toward the stars. Arooo! Aroo-arooo!

The lawyer felt a furry forearm spanning his chest as a massive paw passed over the beagles, snagging both of their collars on one six-inch claw.

The big bear guardian had returned.



The slurping earth reluctantly released the lawyer as the gargantuan bear snatched him up with a tug. The wee beagles came up more easily, with just a “took” and a “pop.”

The bear carried the trio deep into the dark, far away from the flickering light. Soon hours were passing like hours again as the stars walked across the sky. When a wide body of water waved its early morning greeting, the bear dropped them unceremoniously into it, then continued on his journey over the horizon.

Never taking the sword of Orion from his waist, Intellect joined Faith and Intuition as they cleansed themselves in the lake of the Lady Vivienne, whose lovely white-gloved hand had once been known to extend a sword of its own.



“What makes the Lady of the Lake so attractive is her enigma and mystery. For example, does she even have a name? This question has not gone unanswered, and she's most frequently referred to as Vivienne or Nimue. Nimue is said to be Mneme, or Mnemosyne, one of the nine water nymph muses of Greek and Roman mythology who gave swords, rather like Arthur's Excalibur, to the hero Perseus. The name Vivienne derives from the Celtic name, 'Vi-Vianna,' a variant of 'Co-Viana,' which is another name for the Celtic water goddess, Coventina. But, bearing in mind Latin pronunciation, the name Vivienne probably relates to Merlin's wife's name, Gwendoloena.”

-Victoria Crouch

20

Chegada Dyfodiad

Yesterday, when Kara's open bottle of water had fallen into the salty sea, Mary Jane had said, "Don't worry, Kara, you can drink from mine." Now Mary Jane could think of nothing in life that she wanted so much as a long, cool drink of water.

But she had no regrets.

Yes, this was what friendship was all about.

Somewhere ahead, an alto angel began to sing. Melody was made when a silky soprano softly sighed and harmony happened when a buttery baritone, a timid tenor and a burly bass all fell into place to fill the night with the notes of the treble clef.

Coincidentally, this was precisely the spot where Prince Intellect had asked,

"Can there be
a more beautiful sight
than when sky meets ocean
in the black of night?"

But that question had been wrong.
For the sight more beautiful
is a night filled with song.

And long before that song was done,
a fountain of light appeared like the sun
and Mary Jane knew that Destinae was near.

She wasn't thirsty anymore.



Asterope — 'lightning', 'twinkling', 'sun-face'
(Indo-European ster-, `star', `stellar', `asterisk', etc.)
Sixth among the Seven Sisters

“The northernmost of the named Pleiades, Asterope is a young and hot blue dwarf star. Asterope's magnitude of +5.8 puts it on the edge of naked eye visibility.”

-MARK FISHER, THE ELECTRONIC SKY

21

Asterope

The tall rock towered at water's edge, and from its top the lawyer could see the pretty face of dawn peeking between the twin mountains, her warm light causing the shadow of the stone to stretch halfway across the lake. If his calculations were correct, this same sun would speed to the other side of the lake before he could come down from the top of the rock.

Time moved quickly here. It sailed like a stone from the sling of a shepherd, anxious to sink into the skull of the giant. It flew like an arrow from Cupid's bow, bounced like a cannonball off the hull of Old Ironsides, fell like a raindrop into a salty sea.

An entire day could pass within a single daydream.





And indeed it did. For already the golden face was teasing him from the other side of the lake, her fiery fingers sprinkling the water with twinkles and sparkles and magic. And when the sun finally whispered farewell, the daughter of Eliam slowly ascended to her bath on the roof of a darker world.

Ah, the wonder of the moon. Her magnetic reflection pulled the lawyer's eyes to the placid water beneath his tower. Staring at her soft image through the warm night air, the lawyer watched in wonder as captivating candlelight and seductive shadow painted a picture impossibly beautiful. Whispering to his hungry eyes, the image in the liquid beckoned him onward.

Enchanted and bewitched, the lawyer stepped from the top of the stone.



According to Ptolemy they [the Pleiades] are of the nature of the Moon and Mars; and, to Alvidas, of Mars, Moon and Sun in opposition. They are said to make their natives wanton, ambitious and turbulent... to cause blindness, disgrace and a violent death. Their influence is distinctly evil.

-THE FIXED STARS AND CONSTELLATIONS IN ASTROLOGY, VIVIAN E. ROBSON, 1923

“In the end, I deal with the horrible beauty of poetry. I always was reminded of Actaeon sneaking a peek at Diana. He, of course, was transformed by that act and was torn to shards because of it. This then is the tension of poetry. Can you get a peek without killing yourself? Can you get away from the dogs or will they tear you up? What will you see?”

-MICHAEL BASINSKI

“Reality is that which, when you stop thinking about it, doesn't go away.”

-PHILIP K. DICK

Chevalier Blanc

“Who are your new helpers, Liam?”

“Chev! When did you get back?”

“Just now,” said the newcomer, “I thought you might spare me a snack.”

Kara looked up from her cutting board to see a man standing in the door of the kitchen. Other than the fact that he was clothed in the colors of the palace guard, the man was average in every way. To Kara, he looked exactly like every other man in the world.

Except one.

She swallowed hard and took a ragged breath, then went back to chopping vegetables.

“This is Kara and this Mary Jane,” said Liam to his new-come friend. “They arrived at our door a few days ago carrying the highest of recommendations.”

The man didn’t even bother to look at the girls. “And whose recommendation carries so much weight that you would allow strangers into the kitchen of the king?” The words were carefully measured and delivered with deepening interest.

Liam’s response was equally measured and delivered even more slowly. “It was the young man who sometimes



works with me here in the kitchen. You know the one.”

The guardsman looked confused.

“You may remember the poor lad,” said Liam as he stared hard into the young guard’s eyes, “as the one who goes everywhere with a beagle.”

The guardsman turned quickly to look at the girls and noticed Hope lying at Kara’s feet.

“We are friends of Intellect,” said Mary Jane with a cheery smile.

“Hello,” said Kara quietly, glancing up briefly from her potatoes.

“Here, Kara, let me take over for you,” said Mary Jane to her friend. “The onions have made your eyes red again.”

Kara gave a small nod of agreement and slipped quietly from the room. Hope padded softly after.

“But there are no onions here,” muttered the newcomer as he looked down at her cutting board.

Liam said, “It’s a different kind of onion, Chevae. Don’t give it another thought.” And as he slipped out of the room he gave his brother a meaningful glance.

But his brother wasn’t ready to leave yet. He was staring at Mary Jane. “I’m Chevae White,” he said. And with a regal bow as he lifted her hand to his lips.

Mary Jane smiled and nodded her head. She returned,

blushing, to her work. Chevae watched her for several minutes, then went to find his brother Liam to hear what the story might be. Liam had obviously wanted him to support the fiction that Prince Intellect was merely a kitchen helper.

But why?

And in the dusty attic of the library tower, Kara stared longingly through a narrow window at the road that led to the palace.



This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel —
That blue blade that the king's son bears, — but this
Blunt thing — !" He snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

-EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

23

Shayna Ponim

“Didn’t I tell you it was meant to be?”

The soft voice was strangely familiar. Dazed and lying on his back, Intellect struggled to focus his vision. Faith and Intuition were barking somewhere in the distance.

“When you disappeared from Serendipity, I knew that we would meet again,” she whispered, “because you and I were meant to be.”

The world came suddenly into focus. Reason was leaning over his face, playfully rubbing her nose against his own. Closing his eyes, the lawyer asked, “Exactly how did I come to be here?” then added, “And where, exactly, are we?”

“But I was hoping that you would tell me,” answered Reason in a voice of pure aphrodisia. “I really need to know.”

The lawyer looked at her blankly.

“Where are we?” she smiled, touching a finger to his lips. “You...” then touching it to her own, “and I?”

The sound of the beagles grew fainter with every beat of his heart. Reason’s silky hair brushed his cheek as he stood up. He was in a room without doors or windows.

She slipped the jacket off his shoulders, cooing, “It’s much too warm in here for this.”

The lawyer was beginning to feel that maybe she was right.

And the beagles barked in the distance.

Seeing that he was troubled by the sound of the dogs, Reason whispered in his ear, "You never did meet my cat."

He was in a small room with no way out.

No... way... out...

The lawyer had once before been in a small room with a cat and no way out. He shuddered as he remembered the waving tail of Poindexter and recalled the venom of Judge Logic in the tiny jail cell of Town Square. His uneasy hand cupped the crest of his sword as he remembered the hunter who had taken his place there. In a blinding instant, the note he had found tucked between the scabbard and the blade flashed like lightning in his mind: "This blade separates life from life..."

He must separate his life from the life of Reason, because he knew he couldn't resist her much longer.

The sword sang sweetly as he drew it from its scabbard and the barking of the beagles grew louder.

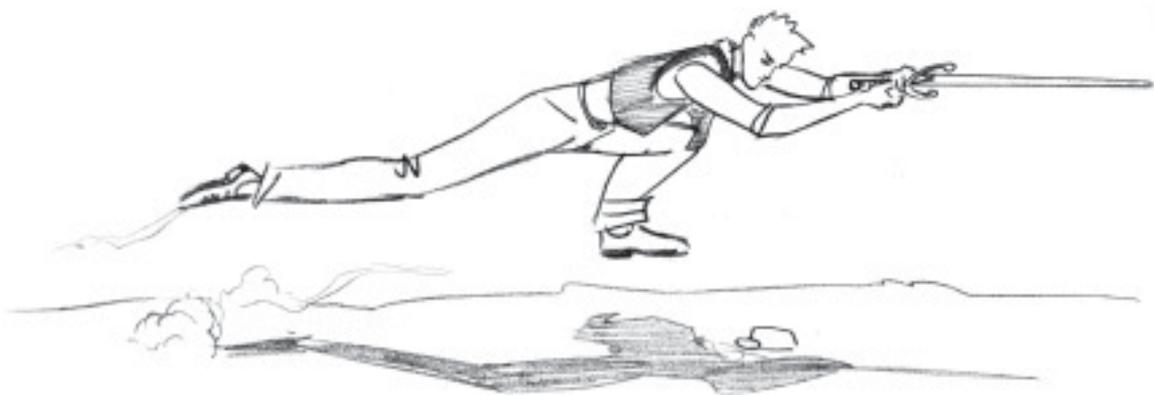
"When I left your city, I named it the City of Choices because the people were about to choose whom to follow."

He thought of the underground cell of the hunter.

"And now a choice must be made by me."

Holding the glowing blade before him, the prince closed his eyes and ran toward the sound of the beagles.

And the wall was no longer a wall.





“The heart has its reasons which Reason knows not of.”

-BLAISE PASCAL, IN PENSEÉS, 1660

The *Penseés* is a collection of hundreds of notes made by Pascal, many of them intended for a book which would be a rational defense of Christianity. Pascal managed to organize and classify some notes before he died, but others remain unsorted, and the book he intended was never written. What we do have in this volume, however, is a collection of powerfully insightful thoughts (the translation of the French word *pensees*) which lead us more deeply into contemplation of human nature and the strivings of the heart and mind.

-ROBERT HARRIS, JANUARY 18, 1999

“If cosmology embodies a culture’s commonly held notions about the nature of the universe, then what is the cosmology of modern Western culture?”

According to cosmologist Joel Primack, modern society has failed to develop a unified view of cosmology. The result, he says, is a pervasive sense of rootlessness and disorientation that causes many people to avoid contemplating their place in the universe and to focus instead on the trivial concerns of consumerism.

“The lack of social consensus on cosmology in the modern world has caused many people to close off their thinking to large issues and long time scales, so that small matters dominate their consciousness,” says Primack, who presented his ideas on cosmology and culture last week at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Anaheim.

The session, organized by Primack and Owen Gingerich of the Harvard-Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics, brought together cosmologists and theologians to address the broad implications of the picture of the universe that is emerging from modern cosmology.

According to Primack, “In most traditional cultures, people’s sense of identity and codes of behavior are grounded in a cosmology that provides a picture of who they are, where they come from, and what their personal relationship to the larger world should be. For more than 300 years, however, scientific advances have tended to undermine traditional cosmologies while offering an image of the cosmos bereft of spiritual or mythic dimensions”

-TIM STEPHENS, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT SANTA CRUZ, FEBRUARY 1, 1999

How much money does it take to make a man happy?
“Just a little bit more.”

Kelaino — “darkness,” “the dark one.” — Pausanias 9.22.5
Seventh of the Seven Sisters



24

Kelaino: Escher's Madregot Shav

The prince ran until he was lost among the stars — a spinning speck in a whirling storm of emptiness, alone in cosmic midnight. There was no mountain, no balloon, no beagles or bears — only meaningless, empty space.

And at his feet, the outline of a stairway that seemed to be etched in light. Unsure of what else to do, the lawyer began to climb it.

His right foot landed solidly on the lowest step. This felt like progress. His second step seemed to lift him higher, and the third step higher still — but in these vast reaches of empty space, was “up” even a valid direction? Was he really moving closer to a final goal, or was this just another illusion?

But doubts such as these were left behind as each anxious step caused him to hunger for the next. Running graspy and itchy for each new accomplishment, desiring only to reach the next level, the lawyer felt as though he

were climbing higher and higher. But when he took his eyes off the stairway and began to reference the stars, he realized the nature of the trap. He was merely climbing up one side of the stairs in this weightless place and then over the top and back down the other, over and over again.

The lawyer stopped where he was, considered the situation carefully, then began to whistle for Faith and Intuition.

“Arooo! Aroo-arooo!” their voices rang out in the darkness. “Arooo! Aroo-arooo!”

And just as he had once before leaped off a ship dock to follow the beagles, the lawyer again closed his eyes and leaped with all his strength toward the voices of Faith and Intuition. But this time, instead of landing in shallow water, he fell hard among the reflective stones in the mountaintop place of the mirrors.

Realizing that he and the beagles were back exactly where they had begun, the prince lifted his face to the sky, flung his fists into the air, and screamed from the depths of his soul, “THIS... ISN'T... FAIR!”

And the sound reverberated among the reflective rocks like the voice of a would-be god.



“Then the Lord answered Job out of the storm. He said: ‘Who is this that darkens my counsel with words without knowledge? Brace yourself like a man; I will question you, and you shall answer me. Where were you when I laid the earth’s foundation? Tell me, if you understand. Who marked off its dimensions? Surely you know! Who stretched a measuring line across it? On what were its footings set, or who laid its cornerstone — while the morning stars sang together and all the angels shouted for joy? Can you bind the beautiful Pleiades? Can you loose the cords of Orion? Can you bring forth the constellations in their seasons or lead out the Bear with its cubs?’”

-JOB 38

25

Tajnosten Stvari

Night after night, Kara sat on the bench near the fountain of light in the heart of the city and gazed deep into its ardent aurora.

Sometimes she thought she could see a man with a sword in the company of two small dogs. But on most nights the fountain appeared as unclear to her eyes as an impressionistic painting. And on these nights she returned to her bed with cheeks that were wet with saltwater.

But always, there was Hope.



Kara touched the jeweled knife through the fabric of her blouse. She had shown it to no one in Destinae but Liam, and then only because that was what Intellect had told her to do.

Why had he not yet come? Kara looked up at the sound of footsteps.

“Hello, Mary Jane. Hello, Chevae.”

They sat down on the bench beside her.

“Chevae,” said Mary Jane pleasantly, “I need to talk with Kara awhile. Will you wait for me back at the palace?”

“No, but I will sit with Hope and watch from a distance while you and Kara have your discussion.”

“Thank you, Chevae dear,” said Mary Jane warmly. “I won’t be long.”

Hope’s eyes followed Chevae’s every move as he slowly pulled a tennis ball from the pocket of his coat. As he cocked his arm for a throw, Hope bolted like a rabbit from its hiding place and covered a good bit of ground before the ball ever left Chevae’s hand. It sailed like a cannonball before touching the earth, but Hope was quicker than most people suspected. Deftly she snagged the ball from the air after only one bounce, then turned and trotted with it back to Chevae, who was walking to meet her halfway.

“He has become very protective of you,” said Kara with a knowing grin.

Slightly embarrassed, Mary Jane dropped her chin a little, then smiled and nodded her head.

Sober now, Mary Jane said, “Kara, I saw something today that I don’t understand.”

Kara’s eyebrows rose slightly as she gave Mary Jane her full attention.

“I was dusting furniture in the bedroom of the king when I noticed that one of the paintings wasn’t quite flat against the wall. As I touched it, I realized that the frame was hinged on one side and that the painting was actually a door to a secret compartment.”

Mary Jane then took a deep breath and looked worried.

“Kara, before I knew what I was doing, I opened that door and saw...”

After a few moments’ pause, Kara placed her hand over Mary Jane’s.

“It’s okay, Mary Jane. It was an accident.”

“There were two photographs and some old clothes in it, Kara... a pair of overalls and a few old flannel shirts like farmers and hunters wear.”

Kara held both of Mary Jane’s trembling hands firmly in her own.

“It’s okay, Mary Jane. Sometimes a king must disguise himself if he wants to get out among his people and know them truly as friends, and not just as their king.”

“But Kara, there was something else.”

“Oh?”

“Photographs of Intellect and Intuition standing near the mouth of a mountain cave. One of the photos was of Intellect alone, wearing the knife that you wear now. And the other was of Intuition, standing in the snow near Intellect’s feet.”

Everything was silence.

“Kara, is it possible that Intellect’s hunter friend is actually the King of Destinae?”



“In ancient Egypt, Orion was known as the Soul of Osiris. Traditionally Osiris is considered to be the Lord of the Two Lands — Lord of the Heavens and Lord of the Earth. He was also considered to be Lord of the Dead and in this capacity was always represented in mummy wrappings and wearing the White Crown of Egypt.”

-AUDREY FLETCHER, ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA

26

Baraq Orion

The lawyer was tired. Very tired.

And right back where he had started. He didn't know what to do. His principal regret was that Hope was not with them. He paused.

“When have I had these feelings before?”

Just then, he saw Intuition staring up at him. She touched her nose to his pocket.

With a sad smile that didn't quite reach his eyes, he said, “Now I remember.”

Reaching into his pocket, the prince pulled out the mysterious note left by the Hunter and read its cryptic message again.

“This blade separates life from life.
Alpha to its lover.
Omega to its foe.
Never use it against a friend.
May you love this blade enough
To hide it in your own heart
And escape the Seven Sisters.”

The fiery cold sword of the hunter sang a dangerous song as he pulled it from its jeweled sheath. Raising his eyes slowly to gaze upon his reflection in the rock, he saw himself as a mighty conqueror with thousands of troops at

his command. His royal robes blew regally about him in the winds of public praise as the people proclaimed their worship of him in a voice of distant thunder: “All hail In-tel-lect! All hail In-tel-lect! All hail In-tel-lect! All hail In-tel-lect!”

Now the prince saw himself riding in a chariot pulled by prancing jet-black chargers.

“But this man is not my friend,” whispered the prince.

And he stabbed his reflection through the heart.

“Laramie Vondra Dafydd Nayeli.”

Kara had stayed late at the fountain many nights before, but never so late as this. She gazed across the deserted park that glowed like a snowfield beneath a bright evening sky, but there wasn't a soul to be found; only she and Hope on a lonely bench, waiting for who knew what.

The man with the sword stood in the middle of the fountain. But this time, he didn't fade.

Hope was halfway to him before Kara knew that she had moved.

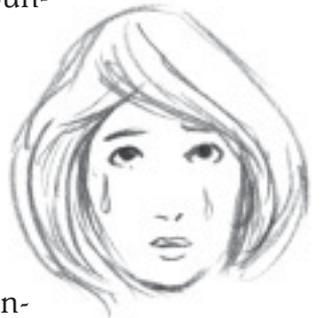
“Arooo! Aroo-arooo!” wailed Hope as she flew.

“Arooo! Aroo-arooo!” answered Intuition and Faith from the light.

And then the lawyer stepped out from the fountain.

Rising slowly to her feet with tears flowing down her cheeks, Kara watched as the lawyer walked toward her. Embarrassed at how she knew she must look, Kara whispered, “Laramie vondra dafydd nayeli.”

And as they embraced, the prince of Destinae answered, “The joy of a man, the delight of his eyes, beloved, I love you, too.”



28

Leyndarmál Sy´na

As they walked toward the palace with arms around each other’s waist, Kara said, “Mary Jane believes that sometimes a king must disguise himself if he wants to get out among his people and know them truly as friends, and not just as their king.”

“Mary Jane is very wise,” answered Intellect. “But what has happened to turn her thoughts in that direction?”

“So you would forgive the deceit if you learned that a close friend was much more than he had told you?” Kara asked. She was about to tell him the true identity of the hunter.

In response, the lawyer asked, “Would you forgive such a deception?”

“Yes,” she replied, “I would definitely forgive.”

“Then so would I,” He said, smiling.

Now she felt certain he was ready to hear the truth. But before she could speak, he took her hands into his own and said, “Kara, there is something that you should know.”



29

Fanfare des Trompettes

It was just after dawn when the Prince and Kara finally arrived at the Palace of Light.

The people barely noticed they were there.

The kingdom was buzzing with the joyful news that the King of Destinae had finally returned from his long trip in the balloon. And with him was a boy named Belief and a young woman named Virginia who had asked for Liam as soon as she had arrived.

The Prince and Kara were wed, of course. And in days to come there was much public speculation that Chevalier Blanc, the captain of the guard, and his brother Liam, the master of the King's kitchen, would soon be wed in a double ceremony to a pair of sisters from across the sea.

Les Papillon Mouches Libérer



“Son, the badgers are growing in strength and will soon control everything south of the River of Life. You are aware of the misery that this will bring?”

“IT'S WHEN YOU'RE SAFE
AT HOME THAT YOU WISH
YOU WERE HAVING AN
ADVENTURE. WHEN
YOU'RE HAVING AN
ADVENTURE YOU WISH
YOU WERE SAFE AT
HOME.”

Intellect nodded silently.

“I want you to spread the true word of the King to all who are willing to hear it.”

The prince bowed at the waist and cupped his hand over the pommel of his sword.

-THORNTON WILDER

“But instead of traveling the way you have gone before, I would like you to take a small company of friends and travel the dark regions on the unexplored side of the world. Go in peace, and in the name of the king.”

And thus did the lawyer and the beagles and Kara and Mary Jane and Chevae and Liam and Virginia and Belief set off for the dark side of the world, having no idea what they would find.

And thus it was.

And is.

And shall ever be.

Until that great day
when the amber is ended
and the butterfly within
flies free.



On February 9, 2003, eleven people met under a tent in a field along Highway 90, ten miles east of Marfa, Texas, at the official viewing site of the Marfa lights.

RAY BARD - CEO of Bard Press, award-winning publisher of a record number of *Wall Street Journal* and *New York Times* business bestsellers and a personal friend of the author.

TALYA MADORA - Businesswoman, co-founder of Allura Cosmetics.

DINK WEBER - Analyst for the Central Intelligence Agency, retired. Now a motivational speaker and author of *The Power Within*.

DR. DARCY DA SILVA - Neurologist from the International Institute of Biophysics, author of numerous papers on brain lateralization.

PAULINE LEPINE - Pseudonym for a literary critic who has requested to remain anonymous.

CHAPLAIN JIM CHANEY - U.S. Army Chaplain – retired.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON – Expert in Classical Civilization, Classic Languages and Linguistics

BICK BLYTHINGTON – Astrologer/Psychologist

DEBBIE TAYLOR –20th Century Pop Culture expert and a leading contributor of questions to Trivial Pursuit®.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN – Astrophysicist, expert on Universal Theory.

BARBARA JOHNSON – Christian Missionary to Indonesia.

"The Marfa Lights, mysterious and unexplained lights that have been reported in the area for over one hundred years, have been the subject of many theories. The first recorded sighting of the lights was by rancher Robert Ellison in 1883. Various descriptions include campfires, phosphorescent minerals, swamp gas, static electricity, St. Elmo's Fire, and 'ghost lights,' the lights reportedly change colors, move around, and change in intensity. Scholars have reported over seventy-five local folk tales dealing with the unknown phenomenon."

- Text on the official State of Texas roadside marker

"The Lights are in fact car headlights, reflected off white soils that cover the sloping surfaces of mesas and ridges along the northern flank of the Chinati Mountains. Most of these soils are the erosional products of volcanic tuffs (welded ash), and are probably members of the Boludo or Portillo Series. The car headlights can be miles from the reflecting surface. Light reflected along curved surfaces tends to form distorted images, as anyone who has visited an amusement park knows."

"The hyperspectral data were originally collected on August 25, 2000. Neither the hyperspectral sensor nor the aircraft's pilots could see any lights from overhead, although a ground observer could. The ground observer was in radio contact with the aircraft and recorded the events on conventional camcorder. This study stopped just southwest of the split between Highways 67 and 169, south of Marfa."

"There are still several unanswered questions. First and foremost, our hypothesis has not been tested. Ours is simply a first pass at interpreting a new data set, and we strove to include our findings in the model. Verification will be required by ground observation evidence. Second, there are numerous stories that the Lights first appeared in the latter 19th Century, a time before cars were invented. While none of these stories have been verified, if true, they would require a modification of our hypothesis."

- John Janks, May 2003

RAY BARD: Well look who we have here! Hello Dink. Darcy. And there's Jim. Good to see you again, Talya. And who's that hiding back there? Pauline Lepine? I just can't believe this. How long have you been here?

DINK WEBER: Jim and I set up the pavilion last night and slept out here. The women stayed in town. Darn.

RAY BARD: And you've already set up a tape recorder. Is it on?

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: I pressed the button just as you stepped out of the car.

RAY BARD: You'll keep an eye on the tape?

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: It's all taken care of.

RAY BARD: Everyone... this is Jim Chaney - US Army Chaplain. Talya Madora - businesswoman and philanthropist. Dr. Dink Weber - motivational speaker and tent-raiser. Dr. Darcy Da Silva - neurologist on loan from the Institute of Biophysics. Dr. Amanda Watlington - language and civilization expert. Bick Blythinghton - astrologer and psychologist. Debbie Taylor, 20th Century Pop Culture expert and the writer of all those Trivial Pursuit questions you can't answer. Barbara Johnson - missionary from Indonesia. Dr. Conrad Weltsyn, an astrophysicist from Potsdam, Germany. And what will we be calling you today?

PAULINE LEPINE: Let's stick with Pauline Lepine. I'm kind of growing fond of it.

[Group laughter, three seconds]

RAY BARD: And this is Pauline Lepine, a well-known literary critic who has opted to keep her true identity a secret. Take a seat everyone... Dink, you and Jim brought all this?

DINK WEBER: All of it.

RAY BARD: You guys are something else.

PAULINE LEPINE: Ray, I've got to say that I feel much better about our first discussion now that the second and third books have been released.

RAY BARD: Why's that?

PAULINE LEPINE: Well, at the time of our first meeting I'd spent only enough time with *Free the Beagle* to see the little story that floated upon its surface and I couldn't help but notice the ringing parallels between it and Frank Baum's *Wizard of Oz*. I admit that I was hasty in my initial judgment, but I was also *very gratified* to see that my observations about this story's intimate relationship with the *Oz* story proved to be accurate as well.

RAY BARD: So what do you think now that you've seen the completed trilogy?

PAULINE LEPINE: Ray, at the Waldorf, the author was wearing an Irish cap when we met him at *The Bull and Bear*. Is he by any chance Irish?

RAY BARD: No, I believe the family name is Welsh. Why do you ask?

PAULINE LEPINE: Let me read a couple of quotes from John Bishop that appeared in the introduction to the 1999 Penguin Books edition of *Finnegans Wake*: "kates and eaps and naboc and erics and oinnos on kingclud and xoxoxo and xooxox xxoxoxxxx" are simply anagrammatic scramblings of "steak and peas and bacon and rices and onions on duckling and (if you replace the x's with consonants and the o's with vowels) cabbage and boiled protestants" Word games like these are the stuff, the medium, and the essence of *Finnegans Wake*." Professor Bishop goes on to say, "There is no agreement as to what *Finnegans Wake* is all about, whether or not it is 'about' anything, or even whether it is, in any ordinary sense of the word, 'readable.' Conceived in 1922 and meticulously composed over a seventeen-year period extending through 1939, it preoccupied Joyce throughout half his literary lifetime, absorbing his creative energies between the time of the publication of *Ulysses* and his death in 1941. It is, perhaps, the single most intentionally crafted literary artifact that our culture has produced; the work which Joyce considered his greatest, and on which he rested his reputation." Ray, there have been 64 books of analysis written so far about *Finnegans Wake*, including one by Professor Bishop, himself. There are books about *The Role of Thunder* in *Finnegans Wake*, *Children's Lore* in *Finnegans Wake*, *Sherlock Holmes* in *Finnegans Wake*, *The Cycle of Osiris* in *Finnegans Wake*, and *Opera* in *Finnegans Wake*. I expect this little book will have at least as many by the time it's reached the age that *Finnegans Wake* enjoys now.

"I'VE BEEN READING
FINNEGAN'S WAKE EVERY
NIGHT FOR THE PAST 5
MONTHS."

"GOSH! HOW LONG A
BOOK IS IT?"

"I DON'T KNOW. I'M
ONLY TO PAGE 9."
— AN OLD JOKE AMONG
THE LITERATI

RAY BARD: You're not seriously comparing *Destinae* to *Finnegans Wake*?

PAULINE LEPINE: Of course I am, inasmuch as both of them are literary jigsaw puzzles to be decoded by a studious reader. Please note that I did *not* say I was comparing Mr. Williams to James Joyce. It's much too soon for that. But the primary difference between their stories is that unlike *Finnegans Wake*, the story of *Destinae* is accessible at the surface level so that if one does not detect the complex symbolism, it can still be enjoyed and understood. What we're looking at here is *Pilgrim's Progress Meets Finnegans Wake*.

RAY BARD: Well this is a red-letter day!

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Ray, before we begin today's discussion, I just want to say for all of us how much fun this has been and to thank you and the author for making it all possible. [Group agreement totaling seven seconds] But last night I got curious about something. Is it okay for me to share it now?

RAY BARD: That's why we're here, Debbie.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: When we were going over that string of Kerouac quotes yesterday, it occurred to me that Jack Kerouac died a tragic death and that we were sitting in what was probably the last hotel room that James Dean ever slept in. And then at the end of chapter 29, we had a quote from Martin Luther King, who was also cut off in his prime. And then C.S. Lewis, Winston Churchill and Oscar Wilde; each one a tragic figure in one way or another. When we got to the Bukowski quote about the death of Kerouac's buddy, Neal Cassady, I knew that I had some research to do.

BICK BLYTHINGTON: What'd you find?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Yesterday was the birthday of both Neal Cassady *and* James Dean and our invisible benefactor had elegantly arranged for all six of us to spend the day sitting in the hotel room he occupied during the closing segment of his life.

RAY BARD: Do you think the author did it on purpose?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Go back to book one and you'll see that the quotes that aren't scientific are mostly taken from motion pictures and Broadway plays - *The Odd Couple*, *Star Wars*, *The Wizard of Oz*, *Golden Earrings* - or from reclusive authors who became famous for telling fantastical stories - Tom Robbins, H.G. Wells, Thomas Pynchon, and Bill Watterson of *Calvin and Hobbes*. In book two we see quotes from all those people I named a minute ago who died before their times or who lived lives of silent suffering. I'm not saying that it's a hundred percent, but the pattern is much too consistent to be coincidental.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Now that you mention it, Debbie, the quotes in book three that aren't scientific are mostly from ancient Greek texts. Except for the foreign-language chapter titles, of course.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: But I noticed that the quotes *before* a first chapter or *after* a last chapter don't fit into the pattern.

RAY BARD: What do you think, Dink? You're the CIA analyst.

DINK WEBER: Well, obviously these books are about more than one thing, but my favorite interpretation is to think of Town Square as the rut you're stuck in and Destinae as the life you'd like to lead. The hill of Epiphany is the moment you decide to change your stinkin' thinkin' and start living on the brighter side of life. The Cave of Introspection is where you do the internal wrestling that allows you to emerge a new and different person. Intuition is listening to your inner being. Faith is confidence in yourself and your fellow man. And Hope is the goal you've set for yourself. When Hope is taken away, you have no goals. When Faith is taken away, confidence is gone. When Intuition is absent, life grows stale and boring.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: What about the sea that separates Superstition from Destinae?

DINK WEBER: Superstition is where you're at when you're pretending to be something that you're not. And the salty sea is all the pain and suffering caused by stinkin' thinkin'. It's made of the tears of all the people who never stopped to ask "WWDWD?"

[Laughter]

DEBBIE TAYLOR: What would Dink Weber do?

DINK WEBER: When you're wading through the pain and suffering of the people around you and trying not to drown in it yourself, sometimes it's a struggle to save your Beliefs, and other times your Beliefs are what save you. The Forest of Confusion and the River of Hate are obvious, along with Worry, Panic and Fear. They're the real enemies. The Purple Mountains are the imaginary obstacles that separate the winners from the losers. Mental mountains are never that tough to overcome really - they just look imposing from a distance. But walk straight toward them and you'll see them grow smaller, not taller.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: What about Serendipity?

DINK WEBER: Serendipity is positioned at the pinnacle of the Purple Mountains, so things could go either way. "Que Sera Sera" is basically the slogan of people who trust dumb luck. But a simple decision and you raise the fog and now you're in the City of Choices. Feels pretty good doesn't it? Candor and Reason are attractive occupants of the city, but they can work with you or against you, depending on what you choose. What else?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: What about the Bear?

DINK WEBER: Powerful and mute, the Bear represents dumb luck. Extreme good fortune. The Yabba Dabba Do. And he shows up sometimes whether you believe in him or not. The knife and the sword represent direct action and forceful action. They're jeweled to make us understand their value. The whole world is looking for someone who can make a decision and is willing to take direct action. For me, reading these books is like reading Ayn Rand. It's all about self-determination.

BARBARA JOHNSON: So who is the hunter?

[Seven-second pause]

DINK WEBER: A friend that sticks closer than a brother.

BARBARA JOHNSON: An excellent answer, Dr. Weber. Thank you.

RAY BARD: Amanda, I'm counting on you to be able to decode all these chapter titles.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Thanks to a laptop computer and google.com I may be able to deliver... if I don't fall asleep halfway through.

RAY BARD: You stayed up late?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Never made it to bed.

RAY BARD: People, I think we owe Dr. Watlington a round of applause.

[Applause and whistles]

RAY BARD: And while we're at it, how about one for Jim and Dink for setting up this nice pavilion?

[Continued applause and whistles]

DINK WEBER: Folks, I've brought you here today to explain how you, too, can make a *significant* income in just six hours a week by embracing the miracle of network marketing.

[General laughter, six seconds]

RAY BARD: Amanda.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: First I'd like to say how impressed I was when I read book three and realized how accurate Dr. Weltsyn and Bick had been with their prediction about the stars yesterday. My hat's off to you boys.

[More applause]

Now on to the book: Following the introductory comments about the Seven Missing Dimensions of Matrix Theory by Dr. Kruszelnicki, we see a series of quotes from ancient Greek texts about the seven sisters known as the Pleiades; Alcyone, Merope, Kelaino, Elektra, Asterope, Taygete and Maia. Then we move into chapter one. Does anyone know what the Uroborus is? No? It's the symbol of eternity; a snake swallowing it's own tail. This is the chapter where Intellect's balloon breaks out of our reality and enters the Twilight Zone. I think you'll find the key line in this chapter to be, "This was a place without time."

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: Intellect is adrift in the sea of his own unconscious, lost in a right-brain world of shadows, symbols and archetypes. It really is sort of a Twilight Zone.

RAY BARD: Interesting, Dr. Da Silva. What's your perspective Barbara? Jim?

[Four-second pause]

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: Ray, if you don't mind, Barbara and I would both just like to listen to everyone else this morning and then, with your permission, we'll summarize at the end of the session. We've both made it pretty clear what we believe, so with your permission, we'd like to be quiet and listen awhile.

RAY BARD: I can only let you do that if you promise to give us your interpretation before we're done.

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: Agreed.

BARBARA JOHNSON: Agreed.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Chapter two - *Omega Becomes Alpha*. I think most people are aware that Omega is the Z of the Greek alphabet and Alpha is it's A, and that they're commonly used to represent the End and the Beginning. The phrase *Omega Becomes Alpha* paints a picture similar to how the Yang flows into the Yin in the Chinese symbol. Or how all the rivers run into the sea yet the sea is not full because it flows back into the sky as evaporation to fall once more onto the earth and then run into the river all over again - the hydrologic cycle described by Solomon in the opening chapter of Ecclesiastes.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: And behind every such endlessly repeating pattern is a strange attractor that makes it happen exactly the same way each time, but differently.

TALYA MADORA: What do you mean "differently"?

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Every day, different water molecules evaporate from different places than ever before - to form different clouds than have ever been - clouds that will never again be. But always it is the same: Molecules rise to form clouds.

TALYA MADORA: I see now. Yes.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Notice the opening line of chapter three - “What could this mean?” One would assume that it refers to the line that follows it - “Why would the hunter leave his sword in the balloon while on a dangerous rescue mission?” But “What could this mean?” could just as easily refer to the title - *Jebel el Lawz*. In which case the answer is literally staring us in the face. Look at the comments that precede the chapter and you’ll notice one from the nineteenth chapter of the book of Exodus: “The smoke billowed up from it like smoke from a furnace, the whole mountain trembled violently, and the sound of the trumpet grew louder and louder.” It’s describing the scene when the power of God descended on Mount Sinai – similar to the way the balloon descended into the woods near Town Square with the sword of Destinae inside.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: But what is *Jebel el Lawz*?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: It’s the name of a mountain some people believe to be the true Mount Sinai, mostly because all the stones on the top of it are inexplicably blackened and scorched.

TALYA MADORA: So the message of the hunter contained in the sword is symbolic of the Tablets of The Law?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: That’s definitely one interpretation.

TALYA MADORA: “He turned to face the challenges before him.” Yes, I see it clearly now.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: The interchaptoral that follows chapter three reveals the hunter to be none other than the constellation Orion. I was so startled when I read the second part of Professor Kaler’s statement that I literally laughed out loud.

BICK BLYTHINGTON: “‘From Orion, look down and to the left to find brilliant Sirius, as if one really needs directions to find the brightest star in the sky. It is the luminary of the constellation Canis Major, the Greater Dog, which represents Orion’s larger hunting dog, and as such is commonly referred to as the ‘Dog Star.’ The star is also part of a larger asterism, the Winter Triangle, the other two of which are Betelgeuse in Orion and Procyon in the smaller dog, Canis Minor.’ –

James B. Kaler, Professor of Astronomy, University of Illinois” Yes, I must admit that I danced a little dance when I read that.

RAY BARD: Tell us your interpretation of the book, Bick.

BICK BLYTHINGTON: The constellation Orion is the powerful hunter, the King of Destinae, and the father of Prince Intellect. You’ll remember that in book one Intuition was sent from the people of Destinae to guide Intellect on his journey. Therefore, all the dogs ultimately belong to King Orion, just as they do in the evening sky. Sirius, the big dog, is Intuition. Procyon, the lesser dog, is Hope. But the third star in the winter triangle – and you will remember that the puppies were born in the wintertime – is Betelgeuse, Faith, the hunter’s right arm. Go to chapter fourteen in book one and you’ll find that *just before the puppies were born* Intellect and Intuition were living in the Winter Cave of Introspection. The fifth paragraph begins with these words: “Staring out of the cave and into the night, the lawyer studied the winter stars.” In other words he was looking at the winter triangle. Is this a great book or what?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Bick must be right because chapter four is titled *Procyon* and it’s mostly about how Hope saves the girls from Worry, Panic and Fear.

PAULINE LEPINE: But this is also one of the chapters where we see an unmistakable connection to *The Wizard of Oz*.

TALYA MADORA: Really? Where?

PAULINE LEPINE: “Beneath the old commiphora tree, in a dream that wasn’t entirely a dream, frolicsome Frances tripped along a pathway somewhere in the woods, on an adventure with three good friends. And in the ominous darkness of the world beyond the girls’ little circle of firelight, three black-hearted predators crept stealthily toward them. But it wasn’t lions and tigers and bears, oh no. It was Worry and Panic and Fear.”

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Don’t you remember the scene? Dorothy and the Scarecrow and the Tin Man and the Cowardly Lion are skipping into the forest singing, “We’re off to see the Wizard, The Wonderful Wizard of Oz. We hear he is a whiz of a Wiz, If ever a Wiz there was. If ever, oh ever a Wiz there was, The Wizard of Oz is one because, Because,

because, because, because, becaaaaause. Because of the wonderful things he does. We're off to see the Wizard, The Wonderful Wizard of Oz!" [Applause, 4 seconds] Oh, quit... And then after they get through singing they look around and start getting scared of "Lions and Tigers and Bears, Oh My! Lions and Tigers and Bears."

TALYA MADORA: Yes, I remember now.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Bick, I'm sure that you were already familiar with the names and personalities of each of the Seven Sisters, right?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: The names of the seven stars that make up the Pleiades - yes, absolutely. But the distinct personalities of each of the sisters? No.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: You'll recall that the Prince was tested at each of the places that bore the name of a sister, but did you notice that in each of the trials he had to overcome one of the seven deadly sins? And that the sin always corresponded loosely to the meaning of that sister's name?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: No, I didn't notice that, Amanda.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: I did. Chapter five is titled *Maia* and the interchaptoral tells us that it means "The Great One." And then the chapter is all about pride.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Bingo. Pride is usually defined as excessive belief in one's own abilities. It has been called "the sin from which all others arise."

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: I know I said that I was going to just listen, but I'm afraid if I don't say this I'm gonna bust.

RAY BARD: Then by all means, please do.

DINK WEBER: We can't have any bursting, Jim. We're in a no-bursting zone, here.

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: I just want to say that I think the sword the prince carries is the Word of God. That's why when the prince was feeling full

of himself and he laid hold of the sword, his Bible, it made him remember that his savior was bound with the cords of death and laid in a tomb so that we might be free from the law of sin and death. There in chapter five it says that when the prince remembered what was suffered by the hunter, his rescuer and friend, “the vision cut him like a knife and his eyes grew blurry with tears.” That’s what this book is about. [Three-second pause]

DINK WEBER: You feel better now?

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: I feel better.

DINK WEBER: We can go on?

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: We can go on.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Chapter six, *Bethsaida*. The word “Bethsaida” means “house of the hunt” in Hebrew and it’s the name of the fishing village in ancient Israel that Peter, Andrew, and Philip were from.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Didn’t we just pass a quote from Tom Robbins that said something about fish? Here it is: “If one yearns to see the face of the Divine, one must break out of the aquarium, escape the fish farm, to go swim up wild cataracts, dive in deep fjords. One must explore the labyrinth of the reef, the shadows of the lily pads. How limiting, how insulting to think of God as a benevolent warden, an absentee hatchery manager who imprisons us in the ‘comfort’ of artificial pools, where intermediaries sprinkle our restrictive waters with sanitized flakes of processed nutriment.”

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: And you’re just not going to believe what chapter in the Bible mentions Bethsaida specifically. Remember how we kept coming back to John chapter twelve yesterday? Well, Bethsaida is mentioned in the verse immediately before the section we spent so much time talking about. “Now there were some Greeks among those who went up to worship at the Feast. They came to Philip, who was from *Bethsaida* in Galilee, with a request. ‘Sir,’ they said, ‘we would like to see Jesus.’ Philip went to tell Andrew; Andrew and Philip in turn told Jesus. Jesus replied, ‘The hour has come for the Son of Man to be glorified. I tell you the truth, unless a kernel of wheat falls to the ground and dies, it remains only a single seed. But if it dies, it

produces many seeds.” The Omega becomes Alpha - the End becomes a Beginning.

And then it goes on into all the stuff that we talked about yesterday.

PAULINE LEPINE: Ray, will we be getting a transcript of yesterday’s discussion?

RAY BARD: Yes, a transcript of all three discussions will be included in the final book when it’s released.

PAULINE LEPINE: Including this discussion?

RAY BARD: Yes, even what you said just now.

PAULINE LEPINE: Oh.

RAY BARD: Any other observations on chapter six?

DINK WEBER: Mary Jane. Red-rimmed eyes. Are we talking about smoking pot here?

RAY BARD: Maybe so. What do you think?

DINK WEBER: Red eyes and Mary Jane in the same chapter seem more than a little bit coincidental to me.

BICK BLYTHINGTON: But then of course you worked for the CIA.

[Laughter]

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: *Samothrake*, the title of chapter seven, was the name of the place where Elektra, the second of the Seven Sisters, lived. And this chapter is also about a place - New Victory. When we get to the chapter titled *Elektra* we’ll find that it is, indeed, about the second of the seven deadly sins – Envy.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Did you notice the initials of the town? New Victory would be N.V.

TALYA MADORA: And envy is never satisfied. It’s always looking for a new victory.

DINK WEBER: But in between the Samothrake chapter and the Elektra chapter is chapter eight – *Asnapper*. What’s that?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: The prince is on a different journey than the girls, remember? He’s in the twilight zone. Or if you recall what Dr. Da Silva said, he’s lost in the shadowland of his own unconscious.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Shadowlands. 1993. Anthony Hopkins and Debra Winger, directed by Richard Attenborough. A movie about the life of C.S. Lewis. Hey, wasn’t there a quote of his included in that list of tragic people yesterday?

PAULINE LEPINE: Ray, you’ve just got to get us a transcript of yesterday’s discussion right away.

RAY BARD: I’ll see what I can do.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Anyway, chapter eight jumps back to follow the girls on their journey, then chapter nine tells us about the prince’s encounter with envy in New Victory. The prince’s chapter, number nine, is titled *Elektra*. Chapter eight, *Asnapper*, is when the girls disagree on whether to follow Polaris or climb the stairway up the mountainside.

DINK WEBER: And what does *Asnapper* mean?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Historically, Asnapper, also known as Assur-bani-pal, was an ambitious and cruel Assyrian king in the 7th century B.C. - But he was also a huge patron of literature. The British Museum has a number of clay tablets from his library at Nineveh. Asnapper is also the name of a female character in a role-playing game where she’s known as “The Maiden of Crisis.”

BICK BLYTHINGTON: How did you know that?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Google.

DINK WEBER: Well any Maiden of Crisis in chapter eight would have to be Frances. She’s the one who wants to climb the stairs into the mountains.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Yesterday it was clearly established that Frances is Judy Garland, the girl who played Dorothy in *The Wizard of Oz*.

DINK WEBER: Well that would sure explain the line in the second paragraph where Kara says to her, “You always look so pretty in color.” Wasn’t *The Wizard of Oz* one of the first color movies?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: The first color movie with synchronized audio was Warner Brothers’ *On With the Show*, made in 1929. And it wasn’t until 1954 that color movies began to outnumber black and white. So the answer to your question is yes. Since *The Wizard of Oz* was made in 1939, it would definitely be considered one of the earliest color movies.

DINK WEBER: Either you’re one of the smartest people I’ve ever met or you’ve got a poker face like I’ve never seen.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Are you suggesting that perhaps I just make all this stuff up?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Don’t go there, Dink. She spanked me so hard yesterday that my butt’s *still* sore.

[General laughter]

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: We’ve already talked about chapter nine. Anyone ready for chapter ten?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Bring it on.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Chapter ten, *Applaus, Ruhm und Glück*.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: These are the German words for applause, fame and fortune.

TALYA MADORA: Is this just Worry, Panic and Fear in disguise?

RAY BARD: I don’t know. What do you think?

DINK WEBER: Well if it is, they had to hot-foot it back down from Serendipity that night to sneak up on Mary Jane. Look in chapter twelve - Mary Jane leaves her sisters in the early morning with Fame, Fortune,

and Applause, because of a promise she made to Kara back in chapter eight. She told Kara that she was going to walk with her sisters toward the golden stairway, “but only for a day.” So after leaving her sisters and traveling north all day, Mary Jane is ambushed while she’s lying on her back counting the stars. If Applause, Fame, and Fortune are Worry, Panic, and Fear, they definitely had to have their running shoes on.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: What does *Kara* mean, Dr. Watlington?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: It’s a Celtic female name meaning “friend,” “pure,” or “sweet melody.”

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Frances?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: In Latin, Frances means “Free.”

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Very interesting.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Unless I’m mistaken, Mary Jane *was* the first to leave the Singing Gumm Sisters.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: You mean you’re not sure?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: No.

[General laughter]

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Okay, in chapter twelve, who, or what, is the bear that comes out of the darkness and rescues Kara and Mary Jane? I know that it’s definitely the constellation Ursa Major, but what are some of the other things it might be?

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: An answer to prayer.

DINK WEBER: The result of maintaining a positive mental attitude.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Fortuitous luck.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Angels.

PAULINE LEPINE: Fate.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Notice that Intuition and Faith disappear from the Twilight Zone to instantly appear at the side of Hope as she defends Kara and Mary Jane. What's that all about?

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: Just as Dorothy's friends in the Wizard of Oz appeared both in her dream and at her bedside, it is not unusual for images from real life to be projected into worlds of our imagination. Likewise, imagined fears, threats and anxieties are projected into objective reality every day.

DINK WEBER: So you're saying that perception is reality.

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: Perception can become a person's reality.

PAULINE LEPINE: Wait a minute, we skipped chapter eleven.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Yes, *Meropé*. "She wears her hair long in anger... she shows the shape of a sword-point. This star, too, portends grief." I believe this is Anger, the third of the seven deadly sins.

TALYA MADORA: But Intellect did not get angry.

DINK WEBER: I don't know about that, Talya. We know that he was definitely headed toward it when Intuition and Faith disappeared. "Tension and stress simmered like summer. Anxiety and impatience weighed heavy like a blanket. Shortness of breath; a fever's heat; contractions of muscles all coming together for a black explosion in the dreadful and holy dark temple of rage."

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Might Intellect have been the bear that showed up and saved the girls?

DINK WEBER: You mean astral projection?

RAY BARD: I suppose anything's possible.

[Six-second silence]

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Chapter thirteen, the fourth sister, *Taygete*, meaning "long-necked," representing Gluttony, the fourth of

the seven deadly sins. This is the chapter where Intellect overeats and then sits down beneath a tree.

TALYA MADORA: Perhaps the tree of the forbidden fruit?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Notice how it says that Intellect followed the dogs and the bear - whom I believe to be Canis Major, Betelgeuse, and Ursa Major, by the way - across the wooded hillside until they came to a *celestial* garden. Amanda, you're our walking Webster's dictionary, what does the word *celestial* mean exactly?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: The word is from the Latin *caelestis*, whose root is *caelum*, meaning sky. *Celestial* refers to anything that relates to or suggests heaven or divinity, including anything that relates to the sky or the visible heavens. Yes, Bick, stars are definitely *celestial* bodies. I already told you that you were right. Remember?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: And then it says "The bear continued its relentless journey around the mountain *like a constellation crossing the heavens in the night*. But the lawyer stopped to rest in the garden."

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: This is becoming very interesting.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Chapter fourteen, *Creedon*.

DINK WEBER: Wait a minute. Don't tell us. This chapter is about when Kara and Mary Jane encounter Belief, so I'm suggesting that Creedon, creed, is another word for belief.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Yes, Dink, you're exactly right.

[Applause, three seconds]

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Dink, I'll bet the CIA was sure unhappy to lose you.

RAY BARD: Anyone have anything else to add to chapter fourteen?

[Silence, 5 seconds]

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Chapter fifteen, the fifth of the seven sisters, *Alcyone*, "the queen who avoids." This is the chapter where we

see the prince struggling against Sloth, laziness, the fifth of the seven deadly sins.

DINK WEBER: Yeah, I knew our boy was in trouble when I read, “he gazed at the low-hanging fruit that dangled in front of him,” ‘cuz if you don’t aim high, you’ll never reach the sky.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: And then the author teases us again with another reference to relativity. “Food flowed and time slowed. Chronos was in a coma.” This Chronos was the god of Time, the father of all the gods, was he not?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Chronos was a Titan, the father of Zeus, and yes, he is considered the god of Time. [Five-second silence] Anyone else? No? Chapter sixteen - *Partida Ymadawiad*. Now this was a really tough one to figure out. What the author has given us is one word in Portuguese and another in Welsh. *Partida* means “broken” and *Ymadawiad* means “departure.” He did it again in chapter twenty with *Chegada Dyfodiad*, which means “Arrived Arrival.” Again, Portuguese and Welsh.

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: I wonder why those two languages?

DINK WEBER: Well, when you think about it, Portugal and Wales are both western extensions of dominant countries. To the east of tiny Portugal lies Spain, and to its west, the open sea. To the east of tiny Wales lies England, and to its west, again the sea. And in both instances *mountains* have allowed them to maintain a distinct culture and language separate from the neighboring country. Compromise and Suspicion are just a couple of day’s journey apart, but because of the mountains, they’ve never had contact with each other. [Four-second pause] What did you say the title meant?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: *Partida Ymadawiad* means “broken departure.”

PAULINE LEPINE: I get it. Before their departure, Belief breaks the people into smaller groups by drawing lines around them in the sand. This could be one meaning of “broken departure.” Another meaning might be the interruption caused by Mary Jane fainting.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Chapter seventeen, *Tijekom Dana Fjernsyn*.

Can anyone guess what these words mean?

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: What are the languages?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Croatian and Danish.

[Eight-second silence]

PAULINE LEPINE: Maybe we can guess from the context. Give us a moment to read the chapter.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Here, I'll read you the key lines: "Turning his head, he saw that his celestial forest had become a dim swamp awash in a sickly, flickering light that sucked the judgment from his barely conscious brain. Voices called to him from the flickering.... Voices that were numbing his mind."

RAY BARD: Dink? Debbie? Bick? Talya? Anyone want to give it a guess?

[Seventeen-second silence]

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Daytime Television.

[Group groans, three seconds]

DINK WEBER: I can't believe we didn't get that one.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Chapter eighteen, *Pagkakataon*. It's a Filipino Tagalog word that means *coincidence*. In this chapter, Belief is leading the travelers across the sea to Destinae.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: "Listen to the sound of my voice as we journey together, and I will tell you stories of the lights in the sky." Is that the voice of Belief speaking to the travelers? Or is it the voice of the author speaking to us?

PAULINE LEPINE: An intriguing question. Could the answer be "both"?

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: Belief is leading the people across the water. Water is often used as a symbol of the unconscious. Belief is always

what guides us when we're in uncharted waters.

BICK BLYTHINGTON: Dr. Da Silva, you sure know a lot about psychology for a neurologist.

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: I've taken a few courses.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Does anyone recognize the line about the willow tree?

[Five-second silence]

DINK WEBER: I don't have a clue.

PAULINE LEPINE: [singing] "How are things in Glocca Mora? Is that willow tree still weeping there?" It was in a movie with Fred Astaire...

DEBBIE TAYLOR: ...and Petula Clark. *Finian's Rainbow*, 1968. Very good, Pauline!

PAULINE LEPINE: It was a memorable movie.

[Four-second pause]

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Are we ready for chapter nineteen, *Bozanski Briga*? This is where the prince and the beagles are rescued by the bear who snatches them up from the quicksand and plops them into an enchanted lake.

DINK WEBER: Jim, you've got that about-to-bust again.

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: Baptism is a sacrament through which we're symbolically united with Christ in his death, burial and resurrection. The next-to-the-last paragraph says that the "wide body of water waved it's early morning greeting." It was saying, "Welcome into the family! It's the beginning of a brand new day!" And we're told specifically that the prince never took the Sword of the King from his waist. In other words, he always had with him the Word of the Lord... Tell us what *Bozanski Briga* means, Amanda.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: It's Serbian for "Divine Providence."

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: I knew it had to be something like that.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: So how do you explain the white-gloved hand of the Lady Vivienne, “a hand that had once been known to extend a sword of it’s own”?

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: The true sword is the Sword of the Spirit, the Word of God. The sword of the Lady Vivienne is the sword of bad doctrine within the church. It’s a man-made sword that comes up from the waters, not down from heaven above. Her sword was the sword of the Crusades and the Spanish Inquisition.

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: ...and again the waters. Amazing.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Something just occurred to me. Do you remember the Steinbeck books the author gave us to read on our flights home?

DINK WEBER: *Tortilla Flat*? We got ours along with our plane tickets. It’s pretty good.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: At first I assumed it was because of the name of our Hotel.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: What do you mean?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Paisano. The Hotel Paisano.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: I still don’t get it.

PAULINE LEPINE: *Tortilla Flat* is superficially a story about a group of *paisanos* living near Monterey, California. But in truth it’s a recasting of the story of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table... I’ll bet you’re looking at the comment that follows chapter nineteen, aren’t you Debbie?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Yes, it’s a clue. I know it’s a clue... It’s definitely a clue to something we haven’t seen yet...

PAULINE LEPINE: Give it some time. It will come to you.

DINK WEBER: Well for one thing, a *paisano* is a fellow countryman, a homeboy, someone who’s from the same place you are. Belief created

paisanos when he drew those lines around people in the sand. Anyone inside your square would be your *paisano*.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: ...shared *beliefs*... fellow travelers... all coming from the same place... knights of the round table... yes, I think that may be part of it but...

[Ten-second silence]

PAULINE LEPINE: Give it some time.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Chapter twenty. This is the chapter that translates “Arrived Arrival.”

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: I thought it was beautiful that they sang hymns together as the journeyed along.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Hymns? Where are you getting “hymns” Jim?

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: “Somewhere ahead, an alto angel began to sing. Melody was made when a silky soprano softly sighed and harmony happened when a buttery baritone, a timid tenor and a burly bass all fell into place to fill the night with the notes of the treble clef.”

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Okay, I’ll give you the benefit of the doubt on that one. I suppose they could have been singing hymns.

PAULINE LEPINE: This author falls into alliteration and poetic meter like few I’ve ever seen.

TALYA MADORA: Are you speaking of the sometimes musical sound of the story?

PAULINE LEPINE: Yes, Talya, exactly.

TALYA MADORA: I’ve noticed that, too.

[Five-second silence]

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Chapter twenty-one is about *Asterope*, the sixth of the Seven Sisters. If you read the comment that immediately precedes the chapter, you’ll see that the author is up to his naughty

tricks again. “The northernmost of the named Pleiades, Asterope is a young and hot blue dwarf star. Asterope’s magnitude of +5.8 puts it on the edge of naked eye visibility.” “...Young...hot... naked.”

PAULINE LEPINE: I believe an old expression for risqué movies was “blue” movies, was it not?

DINK WEBER: Yeah, blue movies. And Asterope is a hot blue star.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: But I know this star and this is an accurate scientific description of it.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Dr. Weltsyn, we haven’t found a single sentence in this book that had only one meaning. So why would the author start now?

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: You’re probably right.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: And with which of the deadly sins does this star correspond?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Lust.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: I rest my case.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Boy, were you right about “naughty tricks!” I didn’t see *any* of this stuff the first time I read the chapter. But who is this “daughter of Eliam”?

TALYA MADORA: It’s Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah the Hittite. David saw her bathing on her rooftop one evening while her husband was off to war, so he sent for her and committed adultery with her, which triggered a whole series of complications.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: You knew all that just from the phrase “daughter of Eliam”?

TALYA MADORA: I knew we were talking about David when I read the sentence, “It sailed like a stone from the sling of a shepherd, anxious to sink into the skull of the giant.” That’s a pretty good clue when you’re Jewish.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Anyone got anything else to add?

[Five-second silence]

No? Then we're off to chapter twenty-two, *Chevalier Blanc*.

DINK WEBER: "White knight." Am I right?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: That's it in French, but did you see the puns?

DINK WEBER: You mean there's more than one meaning?

[general laughter]

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Well, I know that *blanc* can mean "white" but it also means "blank," which goes along with "Kara looked up from her cutting board to see a man standing in the door of the kitchen. Other than the fact that he was clothed in the colors of the palace guard, the man was average in every way. To Kara, he looked exactly like every other man in the world." In other words, to Kara he was *blanc*, a blank.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: That's one. But can you find the other?

[Fourteen-second silence]

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: I give up.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: He introduces himself as Chevae White. What could possibly be more blank than a white Chevy? [General laughter] The author wants us to know that although this guy is nothing to Kara, to Mary Jane he's a white knight in shining armor. And he found one name to cover both perceptions.

DINK WEBER: What would we have done if this girl hadn't been here?

PAULINE LEPINE: So what does "Liam" mean?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: It's a Celtic name meaning "Determined Guardian."

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: It fits him.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Yeah Bick, I think *maybe* that's why the author chose it.

[General laughter]

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Chapter twenty-three, *Shayna Ponim*.

TALYA MADORA: Pretty face, cutie pie, P.Y.T.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: I thought you might know that one.

DINK WEBER: P.Y.T?

TALYA MADORA: Pretty Young Thing

[General laughter]

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: I'll bet you know the next one, too.

TALYA MADORA: Kelaino: Escher's *Madregot Shav*. "Escher's Stairway to Nowhere" or "Stairway Without Purpose."

DEBBIE TAYLOR: ohhhhhhhh....

TALYA MADORA: Kelaino is the seventh of the Seven Sisters. And what is the trial she represents?

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Greed. Avarice. Covetousness.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Who is Escher?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: M.C. Escher... you know those famous drawings where the stairs always lead back to themselves, going nowhere?

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Got it. And the prince escapes the treadmill by just leaping off into nothing. "You can take this job and shove it."

[General laughter]

PAULINE LEPINE: And he landed right back in *Pride*... thinking that he was superior to all the stiffs still working nine to five.

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: But look at how the prince got out of the situation with the seductress, Reason, in chapter twenty-three when he's still

struggling with the sin of lust. “The sword sang sweetly as he drew it from its scabbard and the barking of the beagles grew louder.” In other words, he took hold of the word of God, heard it’s message, and the voice of Faith clearly guided him. “‘When I left your city, I named it the City of Choices because the people were about to choose whom to follow! He thought of the underground cell of the hunter.” In other words, he remembered that Jesus gave his life for him. “And now a choice must be made by me.” He’s saying “I have decided to follow Jesus!” “Holding the glowing blade before him, the prince closed his eyes and ran toward the sound of the beagles and the wall was no longer a wall.” ...I know I said I wouldn’t talk, but a man’s got to do what a man’s got to do.

TALYA MADORA: But then we see the prince on the treadmill stairway, climbing and climbing and climbing without ever getting any higher. When he had done all he could and found that we was no better off for it, “the prince lifted his face to the sky, flung his fists into the air, and screamed from the depths of his soul, ‘THIS... ISN’T... FAIR!’” I believe this was also the feeling of Job in his trials, who cried out to God in his affliction.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: What makes you think this is about Job?

TALYA MADORA: Look at the next interchaptoral comment; it’s God’s answer to Job.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: Yes, but this book of Job also mentions each of the stars in our story. “Can you bind the beautiful Pleiades? Can you loose the cords of Orion? Can you bring forth the constellations in their seasons or lead out the Bear with its cubs?” The quote is there because it names the very constellations in our story.

RAY BARD: Remember friends, multiple interpretations are what we’re after here.

TALYA MADORA: The prince’s escape from the seductress is also the story of Joseph, who slipped out of his coat and left it left in the hand of Potiphar’s wife when she tried to seduce him.

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: Genesis chapter thirty-nine.

TALYA MADORA: She later accused him of attempted rape and used the coat as evidence. Joseph was sent to prison and was placed in an underground cell. I believe the chapter could just as easily be about Intellect remembering the story of Joseph.

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: I can see what you're saying, and I don't disagree. That's definitely a legitimate interpretation.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Which brings us to chapter twenty-five, *Tajnosten Stvari*, Slovenian for "Secret Things." Was anyone besides me surprised when they found out that the hunter was also the King?

[Simultaneous agreements]

We know the King had a secret stash of old clothes and a couple of photos of Intellect and Intuition, but what else might be considered a "secret thing" in this chapter?

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: Kara's secret dream of the perfect man that arises from her unconscious as she stares into the fountain of light. We're told, "Sometimes she thought she could see a man with a sword in the company of two small dogs." Here we have gender romanticism at its highest, symbolic projection of a masculine figure with a sword and two dogs.

TALYA MADORA: I understand that she is thinking of Intellect, but are the sword and the dogs important?

DINK WEBER: It's masculine symbolism, Talya... Think about it.

[Three-second silence]

TALYA MADORA: Oh.

[General laughter]

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: And then we have Intellect, the definitive male, traveling the world in search of what he needs and then returning home to find it.

PAULINE LEPINE: ...like Dorothy in the movie.

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: Yes, when we finally come home we find everything that we've been searching for...but still we must take the journey.

[General agreement]

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Chapter twenty-six — *Baraq Orion*. *Baraq* is a Hebrew word meaning “lightning” or “glittering sword.” It would translate “Lightning of Orion” or “Glittering Sword of Orion.” This is where Intellect escapes the Twilight Zone and returns to Destinae by remembering the words of the hunter and stabbing his reflection in the heart.

DINK WEBER: Every person has a true self and a shadow self. Things usually turn out right when we remember who we truly are and take action accordingly, but when we begin following our darker side we wind up in all kinds of places we don't want to be. This is obviously the chapter where Intellect got rid of stinkin' thinkin' and finally asked “WWDWD?”

SEVERAL VOICES IN UNISON: What would Dink Weber do?

[General laughter]

DINK WEBER: Jim, you've got that “about to bust” look again. Go ahead and let it out.

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: I'm not disagreeing with what you said, Dink. But there is a clear parallel to this in the Bible. It's something Paul said in his letter to the Galatians. “^oI have been crucified with Christ and I no longer live, but Christ lives in me. The life I live in the body, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me.” I agree that we have a true self and a shadow self and the shadow self has to die each day. We have to stab it through the heart with the word of God.

DINK WEBER: One thing about you, Chaney: *you're consistent*.

[General laughter]

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Chapter twenty-seven, *Laramie vondra dafydd nayeli*. “Tears of love; the love of a woman. Beloved, I love you.”

This is the joyous reunion of Kara and the prince.

TALYA MADORA: But she doesn't yet know that he's the prince.

DEBBIE TAYLOR: And *he* doesn't know that the Hunter is his father, the King.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: Which brings us to chapter twenty-eight, *Leyndarmál sy'na*, which is Icelandic for "Secrets Revealed." This is where Kara and Intellect tell each other what the other doesn't yet know.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Why do you think he chose Icelandic?

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: The author may have wanted us to see "the cold, hard truth," or an image of the clean, crystalline purity that we normally associate with ice and snow." Either way, it's a picture of the final truth, finally revealed.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: *Fanfare des Trompettes*. The Fanfare of Trumpets, Chapter twenty-nine. The author has saved the most romantic language for his most romantic scene.

BICK BLYTHINGHTON: Personally, I was surprised that Virginia asked for Liam when she arrived in Destinae with the King. How did she know Liam?

DEBBIE TAYLOR: Don't you remember? The prince gave all the girls instructions back in book two. [six second pause] Here, I'll read it to you: "Removing the knife and the jeweled scabbard that had been hidden near his heart, the prince held them out to Kara. 'When you arrive in Destinae, regardless of the hour, just show these to Liam, my co-worker at the Palace of Light. He will see that you are situated comfortably.'" That's why Virginia knew to ask for someone named Liam. And the result is two sisters marrying two brothers.

PAULINE LEPINE: ...and Frances was left all alone in Serendipity to deal with Fame and Fortune and Applause.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: And now the final chapter, *Les papillon mouches libérer*.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: The butterfly flies free. It speaks of a day when time will end.

RAY BARD: Yes, “As butterflies trapped in Amber, so are all men trapped in time.” It’s the quote that was troubling me yesterday. Now I understand why he said it.

DR. AMANDA G. WATLINGTON: We believe that God exists outside of time and that one day we’ll go to be with him.

DR. CONRAD WELTSYN: ...but in the meantime, everything is repeating endlessly. The result of a strange attractor.

BICK BLYTHINGTON: ...and the stars continue in their courses, oblivious to it all.

TALYA MADORA: Wow.

[Seventeen-second silence]

RAY BARD: Talya, I’m betting that when you read these books, you had a little different take than anything we’ve heard today.

TALYA MADORA: As a businesswoman I wasn’t looking for the deep and secret meanings that we’ve enjoyed hearing about today. I was looking only for business applications.

RAY BARD: Did you find any?

TALYA MADORA: Oh, definitely! This is a marvelous story about the transformational journey that every business owner must take if they hope to move from the routine of yesterday to the glory of tomorrow.

DINK WEBER: Well said, Talya.

RAY BARD: What exactly do you mean by “transformational journey?”

TALYA MADORA: A transformational journey is what takes a company from where it is to where it wants to go. And from what it is to what it hopes to become. We begin with a rule-bound lawyer in a predicable place called Town Square and we end with an adventurous Prince in a Palace of Light, having won the heart of his True Love and accomplished

a whole list of heroic deeds. Intellect survived his trials, overcame his adversaries, braved all storms, and never once said, “I’ve traveled far enough.”

RAY BARD: Do business owners ever say, “I’ve traveled far enough?”

TALYA MADORA: Oh, yes. Few who call themselves entrepreneurs truly have a heart for adventure. Sweep aside all the brave talk and you’ll see that most of them are unwilling to implement change until the pain of staying the same has become greater than the pain of changing. And the ones who have a heart for adventure seldom have the strength of will to continue when Hope has been swept away by an unexpected storm.

RAY BARD: You speak as if you’ve been there.

TALYA MADORA: Oh, yes. I’ve lost Hope in more than one storm, but I’ve always managed to find her again. In this book, I was able to relate to Intellect’s dangerous pride of accomplishment in the place of mirrors and I have felt the crippling lethargy when surrounded by the humming drone of luxurious excess. Yes, I know that swamp too well. In my opinion, the businessperson who sees no lessons in this book in no entrepreneur, but a clerk.

RAY BARD: Wow. That’s quite an endorsement. [Three-second pause] Dr. Da Silva.... We’d be interested in hearing your overview of all three books if you would be so kind.

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: In a lot of ways, I feel that my interpretation is the most obvious and therefore the most uninteresting. But if the author chose me to be here, then I shall trust that he wants me to articulate my view. Ray, during our first discussion at the Waldorf, I told you that I sensed the author had a hidden agenda and I asked what he was hoping to accomplish. Do you remember that?

RAY BARD: Yes, Dr. Da Silva, I remember.

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: And you told me that he was hoping for balance and you mentioned something about the educational system, I believe. So I went home and read all the other books written by this author and I can see clearly now that his primary wish is to teach people to begin using both sides of their brain, the intuitive right-brain as well as the

intellectual left. He wants us to see not just the details, but the big picture, and not just the big picture, but the details. And I believe he wrote this book to force us to do exactly that.

RAY BARD: Thank you for coming, Dr. Da Silva.

DR. DARCY DA SILVA: It is I who owe you the thanks.

RAY BARD: Barbara... [Three-second pause] We've heard from Jim a time or two during this discussion but you've been as silent as a snowfall. Are you ready to give us your summary of book three?

BARBARA JOHNSON: Yes, Ray, I am. First I'd like to agree with Bick that the stars tell a magnificent story. Indeed, the heavens declare the glory of God. And I agree with Dr. Weltsyn that at the heart of every beautiful thing is a wonderful and strange attractor. And I believe God to *be* that strange attractor. Has he not attracted all of us to be here today to share a few hours of sunshine and life? But as Dink pointed out in his opening comments, although God may have attracted each one of us, it was still *we* that had to *choose* to come. Like Dink, I believe in self-determination. And like Prince Intellect, I have determined to embrace the Hunter of my soul as Father, Savior, and King. And like each of you, I believe the author has written an extraordinary book that will be discussed by readers for decades to come. But you will always be the first. And I am deeply honored to have been included here among you.

[Applause]

RAY BARD: Jim, anything to add?

CHAPLAIN CHANEY: You think I got something to add to *that*, Ray? Just sign my name to it right there under Barbara's. And thanks for letting me be here.

RAY BARD: Well then, on behalf of the author, and myself I'd like to thank each one of you for being here. [Applause, eight seconds] And now if you'll promise not to discuss the book any more, we'll turn off the recorder and decide how to spend the rest of our day.

[Applause]

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