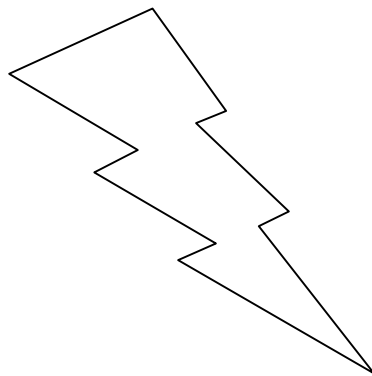


*The tent of  
imagination*



**January 2005**

**David Cammegh**

.... A rather newly magical book for  
A rather newly dramatic,  
But magical girl,  
To read and read,  
And find somewhere,  
Someday,  
A love beyond all.....

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By David Cammegh

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**1.**

**Eternity.**

*It was a long time ago;  
But it could have been now;  
So, let's say it was now,  
As it will always be.*

**2.**

They toiled and they sweated and they carried rocks to the top of the mountain. Then they carved and they sculpted and they placed the rocks on top of each other, and walls were made. Then a hundred spires were erected, and a hundred domes appeared.

But that was not enough, so they covered the spires and the domes with gold.

Then the world paid homage to this heavenly building. And crowds gathered as truths were spoken, and many people went on their knees and gazed upon the heavens.

And the Temple's glorious years began.

**3.**

But Time looked on and said: 'This is not enough, for there is never enough.' And so he sent many summers and many winters. And the gold peeled from the hundred domes and the hundred spires.

And there were many frosts, followed by blazing heat to make cracks that would weaken the great building's foundations.

And Time was pleased because the Temple no longer shone in the sunlight, but became a shadow on the horizon. And the people in the world soon lost their interest, and forgot how to understand the truth, and no longer went on their knees.

#### 4.

The Temple became isolated. But inside lived many priests, who believed they would be praised in the highest Heaven if they stayed with the Temple.

But they became very poor and had to repair the cracks in the walls, spires and domes, which was a great task when they only had bread and water to eat.

#### 5.

The Leader of the Temple was called Randy, which means *peaceful*. And this name suited him well.

And during these difficult days Randy worked with his priests on the never-ending repairs. And this made him sad, because his priests were good and honest and did not deserve to toil and sweat.

So Randy did not know what to do.

## 6.

Time summoned a great storm. And it was the biggest storm ever, because it shook the very foundations of the Temple.

The wind and rain caused many of the Temple's domes to collapse and many of the spires to tumble into the rock whence they came.

There was more noise than ever as they fell. And the priests were afraid.

When the storm had gone they looked at the damage and wept in despair, for their will to save the Temple had gone. And they said, 'Lord Randy! The Temple is gone forever! What else can we do, but go into the world like everyone else? For there cannot be any God, as He would not bring such terrible times.'

Then they left and went into the world.

## 7.

Randy was alone. The years passed, and he grew old. His robes became rags, his hair thinned, and his beard was shabby. But every day he did some repairs on the Temple, and he always prayed for the Temple to last forever.

## 8.

One day Randy had his first dream since he was a child. And a beautiful woman came from a dazzling sky. She spoke with a voice that was music.

She said, ‘Randy, beautiful child, lost in the past and living in death. Now it is time to know yourself, it is the time to know your fears, it is time to understand, it is time to create, to laugh and to imagine. But it is time for Religion to die, for the Temple to fall, and it is time for you to wake up, and it is time for you to begin to see the beginning of God.’

## 9.

After the dream, Randy awoke with a start, and his mind was suddenly full of questions. And they were frightening questions because they challenged his whole life. They challenged all that he had believed in and all that he had lived for, which was Religion and the Temple.

To clear these doubts from his mind, he went to his window to look at the horizon. But instead of the horizon he saw a Bright Light that was made from many changing colours.

## 10.

And the Bright Light approached Randy. And inside the Bright Light Randy saw the most beautiful and extraordinary child he had ever seen. But Randy was afraid to look into the child’s eyes.

The child was wearing clothes that were never the same as a moment passed, because they were like the Bright Light that surrounded him. Sometimes they were gold, sometimes purple, sometimes red, sometimes orange, sometimes white.

Randy was speechless, but the woman from his dream suddenly spoke in his mind, and she said: ‘This child will help you with your questions’.

## 11.

Then the child smiled, and he said: ‘Randy, my name is Ajiksoon. I am from Elsewhere, where everything is understood, and where everything is clear. Now let me tell you this: the woman in your dreams is speaking the truth, because I *will* help you with your questions. Please join me, as the Temple can no longer serve you. And it is time for you to discover the magic of the Tent of Imagination.’

But Randy was afraid, and did not look at Ajiksoon. So he looked down at the ground and asked: ‘What is the Tent of Imagination?’

Ajiksoon replied: ‘When you are in there you will find your fable of the world and your poem of the universe.’

And Randy asked: ‘Why can’t we put it up here?’

And Ajiksoon answered: ‘How can we put up a tent to see *all that is new* when we are sitting in the past with this crumbled temple? If we sit in the past, the Tent will *not* give you what you need.’

## 12.

Suddenly Randy had the courage to look into Ajiksoon’s eyes. And Randy saw that Ajiksoon’s eyes were very big and slanted and completely blue.

And when Randy had looked into Ajiksoon's eyes, he was immediately calm and had no fear.

Then Randy was with Ajiksoon in the Bright Light, and the Temple had vanished.

### 13.

And in the Bright Light Ajiksoon gave Randy the Tent of Imagination.

And Randy took the Tent, which was rolled up and made from many colours. And there were some poles, which were yellow and gold. The Tent did not weigh anything.

And Ajiksoon said: 'Your Tent of Imagination will help free you into what you have always hoped for, which will be a great step for you.'

### 14.

Randy was happy to be in the Bright Light with Ajiksoon, so he asked: 'Do you think Religion is *ending*?'

Ajiksoon looked directly at Randy and spoke gently: 'Religion *is* dying *everywhere* on Earth. But there are death-throws. And you can see these in some of the *extreme* actions that have been happening in the name of Religion. And extreme actions happen when there is attachment to anything that is dying. For that which dies does not exist. And it is painful to discover that an illusion is not Life; and so more illusions are created to maintain the illusion and avoid the pain. But soon all religions will be dead. And they will become *mythology*, just like all dead religions *become* mythology.

And when all religions are mythologies they will have a *new* value.

And when all religions are dead there *will be individual spirituality*. And there will be *understanding*.’

## 15.

Then Randy and Ajiksoon were no longer in the Bright Light, for they were in the Tent of Imagination, which was made from many colours. And there were five poles. There was one in each corner, making a square, and a tall one in the middle.

Suddenly the front of the Tent vanished and there was a barren land. The sky was red heat. There were no trees. Nor was there any life.

## 16.

Randy went outside the Tent, and said: ‘It is a very dry place and a very horrible one. Are we in the desert?’

And Ajiksoon was gentle and replied: ‘We are in a world where there is only desert and nothing else anywhere. Nothing is here except heat and rock.’

Randy was in despair and said: ‘This is an awful, dreadful place!’

But Ajiksoon said: ‘Please know that you will soon see with more understanding, and understanding is surely all anyone needs.’

## 17.

Randy shook his head and went back inside the Tent.

And he was amazed, because he saw a sheet of light that was like a sheet of paper.

Next to it was a pen that glowed like the sun.

And Randy *knew* what to write, and so he wrote ten questions:

***What happens when you are born?***

***What is Hope?***

***What is good and evil?***

***What is the point of existence?***

***What is God?***

***Should we fight in the name of God and Religion?***

***What was the point of Religion?***

***Where will people get their guidance after Religion has died?***

***What is compassion?***

***What happens at death?***

Randy was amazed because as soon as he had written all of the questions, they vanished with a blinding flash, followed by absolute darkness.

Then Randy's doubts returned, and they made him think that Ajiksoon was a devil. So he was angry with himself, as he had revealed himself through his questions. And he waited for the flames and the eternal torture that he knew was associated with devils.

18.

But there was no hell, no flames, no devil, no torture. And there was nothing but a shining man.

He was also a very happy, delighted, laughing man, wearing a white robe with a golden collar.

And he had a little beard, rather like Randy's, but it was neater, more bushy. And, rather like Randy, he had lost much of his hair, but that which was remaining was longer, more curly.

In fact, most incredibly, he *was* Randy, but at the same time he was *more* than Randy.

And he said: 'Hello, Randy! Hello Ajiksoon!'

'Hello,' they said in unison in the darkness.

The tiny Randy pointed at Randy and said: 'I am the same as you. But, as you can see, I am here and not there, sitting where you are. I am also very tiny. I am also very happy and free. But most of all I am here to give you a little introduction. Because what you are about to experience in your Tent of Imagination is a wonderful set of *responses* to all your questions.'

The little Randy then leapt into the air and landed on a stool that appeared from nowhere.

Then he continued: ‘I mention *responses*, because the questions you have asked cannot have answers in the way that many people think of answers. And that is because there is no answer that will reveal the single outcome of a spiritual quest. And that is because a spiritual quest is infinite, and so it cannot have a single outcome.

And, as the responses to your questions will *help reveal* the divine, the responses to your questions will give you *inspiration* for you to move on with your quest, which is to reveal to yourself even more of the divine.

So after your journey in the Tent of Imagination you will not have *factual* answers. But you *will* have the *essence*, and you *will* have the *knowing*, which are the only real ways to the Truth.

Now, Randy, let me say this: the original religious texts were beautiful. And that is exactly what they are - *beauty*. They were intended to *inspire*, and they were intended to give an *essence* that would *help* liberate the soul. They are not a list of rules with exact meanings that can be harnessed merely by the literal meaning of words. For, when we know that the divine is infinite, how can a word, or a million words, or a billion words ever express the divine?

And the literal meanings of religious texts have been used to achieve power over others; so they are limited, for power over others is not infinite, and to be under someone else’s power is to be limited, which is also not infinite, because limitations are never infinite.

And religious texts have been turned into legal documents that are used to control. And to control is to spread fear, and fear is used by those who are terrified to be free to search for themselves.

And please know that God is not fear.

And please know that to understand your fear is to be closer to God.

And remember this: all illusions are fun when you see them as an illusion.

And remember this: when you are in the Tent of Imagination, it will appear that you are on a journey, but while you are on your journey you will not leave the Tent.

And remember this: you will *benefit* from all that you will shortly experience in your Tent of Imagination. Because, even if you do not receive *something*, at least you will receive *nothing*, which *is* something because you will have *thought* that you had nothing, and *to think is to create*. For a thought is the beginning of all creation, so choose your thoughts well.

Now I must go. Enjoy yourselves!

At this, the little man vanished, leaving Ajiksoon and Randy in dark silence.

\* \* \*

Randy was very pleased with what he had just seen, especially as there was no hell and no devils and no torture. So he asked Ajiksoon a question: ‘How did that happen?’

As it was still dark in the Tent, Randy could not see Ajiksoon, so Ajiksoon’s reply was from the darkness: ‘It is your Tent, so you should know.’

‘And that is the answer?’

‘So far as I know.’

Then Randy said: ‘That little man looked very much like me. *Was* it me?’

Ajiksoon replied: ‘It looked like it.’

And Randy asked: ‘Where is he now?’

Then Ajiksoon said: ‘In you somewhere.’

‘So what happens next?’

‘Wait and see.’

Then they were sitting on a rug of light, which was very soft and big enough for the both of them to sit on.

Then two doors opened slowly, and light came inside.

Then the rug of light took off, and it was good at flying, for it took them through the doors into the light. And in the light they went over a meadow that was full of pink flowers.

Randy turned to Ajiksoon, whose clothes were changing colours quicker than ever before.

And Randy asked: ‘Are we still in the Tent, just as the little Randy said?’

Ajiksoon replied: ‘Try to trust the little Randy, for he would never deceive. Because we *are* still in the Tent, although it *seems* we have left in behind.’

\* \* \*

Then the rug of light then took them into the sky, and Randy asked: ‘Where are we going?’

And Ajiksoon replied: ‘Only you know that.’

And Randy smiled because he was beginning to understand.

And on they went, going very fast through a cloud.

19.

Ajiksoon and Randy looked down at the country lanes and acres of cornfields with green shoots. And they flew like this until they descended and flew past a sign that said: '*Birthday Clinic - welcome.*'

Then they stopped outside the Birthday Clinic, which was very clean and very well made.

And a woman appeared.

She said: 'Welcome Ajiksoon, and welcome my dear Randy. My name is The Midwife. Now, Randy I have to thank you for your question. And I remember it perfectly. The question was: *What happens when you are born*'. And this is a very good question, and it must be attended to immediately, so please follow me.'

Inside the Birthday Clinic they walked along a corridor, and The Midwife said: 'I love birth! One minute a woman is two or more people all at once, and then, pop! she's one person again, with another person or persons next to her. Oh! It's all a wonder to me. But let me tell you my opinion of what happens when you are born:

When you come into this world you are all wet and bloody and screaming and joined to an umbilical chord. And it hurts and takes a lot of effort, and your head gets all squashed so you can squeeze out.'

Then she stopped outside a door and said: 'But that is my humble view. And I know that you are after something that is beyond words. So I shall leave you in here with a newborn baby. He has not been given a name yet, for he was born only minutes ago. But his mother does not mind him talking to you, because she is resting for a while. Now, please go inside.'

And they went inside

It was a very light room. There were two chairs and a cot.

In the cot was a tiny white blanket, and under this was the new born baby, because it looked at them and said in a baby's voice: 'Hello, I am the new born baby you are looking for. So please call me New Born Baby. I apologize for not introducing myself better than that, but as you know I have not been given a name yet. Now, please sit down, because it will not be long before I forget everything, including your question, which was: *What happens when you are born?....*

.... Now listen to what I have to say.'

## 20.

There is infinite space and infinite light and infinite love and infinite fun and infinite music. And there is infinity in which to grow and expand. And there are an infinite amount of choices. And each choice is a mirror, where everything is different, but the same on the other side. And those who return from their mirror always say:

'What fun that now is! Because I forgot what it was!' And they look very much brighter and dance with the lightest movements, and see with more love than ever before.

So you take your chance and leap through the glass. It is a dazzling pool, full of darkness. Then you see a person in a golden hat - and it is your Guardian of the Mirror. As he or she approaches, he or she smiles a beaming sun and says: "Are you ready for this? Are you sure it is for you?"

And you pause, and you think, then you know you are creating.

So the Guardian smiles and says some lines. And these were said to me:

*There is bondage in freedom,*

*There is freedom in bondage,  
For freedom is understanding,  
And understanding is being,  
And being is creating,  
More understanding to be;  
And that is to smile,  
With inspiration's fire.*

And then my Guardian said: 'Hello, how are you? Now choose a card, for I have your pack here with me. And when you return they will have changed, but that depends on you behaving creatively.'

And your Guardian offers you some cards, and each is alive with the mirror's illusion of life, which could be on any of the infinity of planets, or in any of the infinity of planes of existence. And the cards look like heaven, even the lowest of the low, because you have not yet forgotten about all that you will see.

So I made my choice, and my Guardian said: 'Well done bright star, and good bye for now. You will hear me shortly after you are born, and my words will make you forget. Because I have to say this: if you remember what is *here*, there is no point in being *there*.'

And then it is dark and you wait a while. And after that you are suddenly aware - a body, a mind and the strangest set of waves that rise and fall, emotions you call them, a great test for us all. It is very exciting. And you have plenty of time to prepare to be born.

Then you feel an urge, and it is within and without, and then you are here in the Birthday Clinic.

And now my friends, Randy and Ajiksoon, the Guardian of my Mirror has arrived. He is whispering these words, which, when I have finished, will make me forget. So let me now say good bye.

Here are his words:

*“And it is time to forget,  
For in the remembering,  
Is the seeing,  
And at the end,  
Is the beginning.  
My dear friend I am always with you.”*

**21.**

New Born Baby then squeezed his eyes shut and he started to scream like the baby he was. Then The Midwife rushed in and calmed him. And she picked the baby up and said soothing words that changed his tears to laughter.

Then she said: ‘Randy and Ajiksoon, it is time for you to go. I wish you well in the Tent of Imagination.’

**22.**

Ajiksoon and Randy flew into the sky on the rug of light.

Then they came from the sky and stopped near an opening in the woods. There were wild orchids and blue bells and pale green leaves all around.

And there was a teacher and group of children. And the teacher said: 'Children, now go away and play.'

The children cheered and ran in all directions to collect flowers or to hide from each other.

One of the children was a little girl, and she was full of the fun of childhood. And she approached Ajiksoon and Randy, who were still on Randy's rug of light.

When the little girl caught their eyes she said: 'Hello, Randy and Ajiksoon. I am a child, so please call me The Child. Isn't it lovely to go to school in the woods?'

Randy smiled and said: 'Very wonderful.'

And the Child said: 'Good, I am glad you agree. Now, I know why you are here. You are here with the question, *What is Hope?* And as that is such a good question, I shall tell you a story that might give you hope.'

The Child smiled and sat on a log where the sunlight was on her face and she said: 'Now listen to this story:

## 23.

There was a little girl, whose long hair was tied with magic ribbons. She wore a blue dress and satin shoes. Her eyes were violet and very big. She smiled a lovely smile, and there was light around her so that she was everywhere.

One day she was walking through the forest and she heard a noise. And it was a weeping boy. And she crept up to the boy, who had his head in his hands and the boy was saying:

“I am tired of trying to see the world through the eyes of everyone else.

And there is nothing, nothing, nothing, but pain. There is no God of happiness. And there is no magic. For I have seen the holy man and he said that magic was the Devil’s toy.

And so I want to die, because I know that in life there is only pain and fear of more pain.

And I have no friends. I have no sisters. I have no brothers. And my mother and father want me to work to bring in money. Because they say money will give me a safe future.

And so they want me to kill the present and prepare for a future that ends in death.

And my parents are right, because they say that adulthood brings wisdom, and the thoughts of a child are nothing.

So I am alone and lost in despair. Please, if anyone is listening, I ask this: Give me just a hint of something that will help me begin to discover and understand, otherwise I will surely disappear into darkness.”

Then the girl with violet eyes watched the boy fall asleep.

When he was asleep she went silently up to the sleeping boy and said in a whisper that only spirits could hear: “Little boy, there is no despair.”

Then she took the magic ribbons from her hair and threw them into the sky, so they became the longest red carpet the world had ever seen. For it started at the boy's feet and unrolled and unrolled, and went up and up.

The carpet finished at the doors of a palace that was made of clouds, and the clouds were guided by the sun.

Then the palace doors opened. And twenty horses made from white clouds galloped out with all the power you have ever seen. They pulled a cloudy carriage that was as tall as a cumulus. And they stopped at the sleeping boy. Then the carriage door opened and there was a dazzling brilliance, because the Sun stepped out.

The Sun was magnificent. And his smile was the most tranquil and warm that had been seen. Then he withdrew a sword from beneath his cloak. And the sword was as long as a bolt of lightning. And his cloak was as big and as blue as the sky.

And the Sun spoke with a voice that could be heard across the Universe, and he said: "Wake up little boy!"

The boy did not move, for he was still asleep. But his soul flew from the top of his head.

And his soul was not as light as it should be, for it was burdened by the fetters of despair.

And so the Sun said: "Poor child, now come with me."

The boy's soul climbed into the carriage with the Sun, and went to the palace in the clouds. And the huge cloudy doors closed behind them.

After a short while, the Sun's carriage flew back along the red carpet. And the boy's soul was no longer heavy with despair, because now it was golden and as fast and as pure as a thought. And as everyone's pure soul is too nimble to be deceived by the

limitations of the body, the restrictions of intellect and the heaviness of despair, his soul was pleased to see all that had been forgotten, which was light and knowing.

And the boy's soul said: "Thank you, Sun."

And the Sun said: "Now you have seen what is, and you have seen what will always be, and you have seen what is not and you have seen what will never be, and so you will always be able to know your way."

And the boy's soul went back into his body, which suddenly shone like a sun, for it was now inspired.

Then the carriage of clouds galloped back into the sky and took the Sun back to his palace.

And a gentle breeze slowly broke up the palace of clouds, and the sky was cloudless and blue. Then the red carpet fell from the sky and became two red ribbons, which the girl put back in her hair. And she hid in a tree to watch the little boy wake up.

And the boy was no longer sad, for he had a big smile, and there were no more tears. Then he ran off through the forest, singing a song he had learned in the Sun's Palace:

*I have learned to be,  
That which can see,  
All the sun in the hills,  
The agony and the ills,  
The star beyond the stars,  
The light beyond the light,  
And that gloom in the heart,  
Is but a walk in the night.*

And so the boy understood Hope. And I *hope* you liked that story.’

## 24.

Randy was affectionate and said: ‘Thank you for that lovely story.’

Ajiksoon also thanked her.

‘That is all my pleasure,’ said The Child. ‘Now I have to say good bye, because my classes are starting again.’

Then The Child who had told this wonderful story turned and ran to her class, where she was welcomed by her teacher.

Randy and Ajiksoon flew away.

## 25.

And they flew high in the sky where it was all blue, like a bright sea in the air.

Then there was a sudden glow that approached at the greatest speed, and grew brighter and brighter. And it was a horse of white fire with a rider who was wearing flames, and his tunic was golden. Across his back was a bow, and there were arrows that were burning with eternal fury.

And the rider was a youth who was full of agile power. His arms were strong enough to shoot his arrows beyond the horizon, and his thighs were strong enough to ride the most restless horse. And he was suited to a restless horse, because he was himself restless, and saw movement and humour in everything. And in his face there was fun.

But Randy was afraid because he had never before seen such a powerful figure.

And the youth understood his thoughts and said: 'Hello, Randy and Ajiksoon. Now, Randy, listen to this: you only fear me because you can see me. But know this: you would be unable to see me if you did not have me within you. So try to be happy and light and open to my presence. And I want you to laugh.'

And so he farted.

And then they all laughed very much until tears came to their eyes, and then the flaming youth said: 'Now we are relaxed enough to talk. So let me introduce myself. I am The Messenger who can go above and below, inside and out, here and beyond. And I carry messages. And I have a message for you, Randy, because you have asked the question: *What is good and evil?* And some may say this is a good question and some say that it is bad, but it is merely my job to deliver it and not to judge.'

Then The Messenger took a scroll that was made from a sheet of white fire, and he said: 'Now please listen to this little tale.'

And he read from the fiery scroll.

## 26.

'There was a hollow tree that was very much alive and its leaves shone in the spring sun. And its roots went deep into the world.

And it was where the butterflies were born.

As soon as the butterflies were born they saw the light at the top of the hollow tree, and they wanted to fly away. So they dried their wings and prepared for their flight and were full of enthusiasm, which they did not yet understand.

Then from the darkness at the bottom of the tree a scarlet butterfly appeared. And it was as big and as powerful as a crow. And this butterfly wore a scarlet crown that was so polished it flashed in the darkness. For this was indeed a divine creature. Yet, although it was a divine creature, it could not fly. And it could not fly because its wings were as thick as velvet, and very heavy, but very beautiful.

And the scarlet butterfly spoke to the new born butterflies in a deep voice. And it said: "I am the Scarlet One. And you must not fly. You must be like me."

And the young butterflies looked at the Scarlet One and saw that its wings were a hundred times bigger than theirs. Then they saw its crown and realised it must be an authority. And they thought that if this magnificent scarlet butterfly says they must not fly, then surely they must not fly.

Then the Scarlet One said: "Do not be deceived by the light at the top of the hollow tree, for it brings great peril."

And the butterflies believed this.

Then the Scarlet One said: "We all have wings, but they are sent by the Devil to tempt us into flight, and we must turn from this, because all flight ends in death and pain. And it is our duty to resist this temptation. And when we follow our duty to resist temptation, we shall become pure."

And the butterflies believed this. Then they became sad and believed that sadness was happiness. Then they began their lives, and they ate only dust, for there is no honey in a hollow tree. And butterflies like to eat honey more than they like to eat dust. But, as they had never had honey, they believed dust was the best food for them.

And there were some *individual* butterflies who wanted to fly, and they said to each other: “We shall go against the Scarlet One and take off!”

But there were followers of the Scarlet One who were always very close by. And they always heard these words of rebellion, which made them angry.

And they said: “You filthy butterflies! Unworthy of the name butterflies! Have you not heard the Scarlet One say that it is wrong to fly and use your wings? Do you not remember that the Scarlet One has said that our wings have been sent by the Devil to *tempt* us? Now we shall *punish* you!”

So they hit the rebellious butterflies with blades of dry grass until the rebellious butterflies became good.

*And the Scarlet One smiled* happily, and without hate. And this was because the Scarlet One saw that its followers were suffering and that they *chose* to suffer, otherwise they would surely fly away.

*And the Scarlet One smiled* because it was aware that it had told lies that had to be heard, and these lies would soon be understood by everyone, and would therefore disappear.

*And the Scarlet One smiled* because it knew that the Golden One would soon come from the light above, and free these frightened creatures into the joys of the infinite skies.

And as soon as these thoughts entered the Scarlet One’s mind, the most glorious butterfly that had ever been seen appeared at the top of the tree. Its wings were as fine as light itself, for they shone and reached into the sky. And this butterfly was as powerful as the Scarlet One, and it was called the Golden One.

And the Golden One looked down and said: “My dear friend, the Scarlet One, I hope you are well.”

And the Scarlet One looked up and said kindly: “Thank you, Golden One. I am well, and I hope you are happy. But I do believe it is time for you to show these young butterflies freedom to do as they truly wish.”

None of the other butterflies heard this conversation. And they did not yet know that the Scarlet One and the Golden One loved and understood each other.

Then the Golden One talked to the other butterflies, and said: “Now it is time to be free to do as you truly wish. And it is time to eat honey and not dust. So come into the skies, where you will be *free* from both me *and* the Scarlet One. Then you will know *both* me and the Scarlet One.”

And some of the butterflies in the darkness of the hollow tree said: “We *are* doing as we truly wish. And we do not wish to fly, because the Scarlet One has always said that there is death and danger in flying. And the Scarlet One also says that if we use our wings we are being tempted by the Devil.”

Then the Golden One said: “If that is what you truly wish then do it. But perhaps you are just staying with what you know. So let me say this: I realise that you do not yet know me, but you will all know me one day. And when you know me and come with me into the skies you will then know me *and* the Scarlet One. Then you will *understand* that there is *more* than just the hollow tree, and you will *understand* that there is *more* than merely the Scarlet One’s words, which are also hollow. You will also know that there is more than just my words, which are hollow without the Scarlet One’s words. And when you understand this you will know that you can return to the hollow tree to talk to the Scarlet One whenever you wish, and you will know that you will always be free to leave whenever you wish.”

Then the Golden One flew away.

And many butterflies were inspired by this speech, for they took off for the skies, and none of them died, and none of them had pain. But they all soared in the sky and beheld the wonders of a world of flowers and rivers and mountains and winds and sun. And they all knew the joy of eating honey, and realised that dust was the most foul food.

\* \* \*

Then the vigorous followers of the Scarlet One wept in the darkness of the hollow tree, because they wanted everything to be as it was.

Then a butterfly called down to them and said: “Stop your silly tears, for they are self indulgent. Now come into the sky.”

But the followers of the Scarlet One said: “You are the voice of the Devil, and we are comfortable here, and we are afraid to fly.”

Then the butterfly said: “Then do as you choose, but you will not do it for ever, because I tell you it is very wonderful here.”

At these words many followers of the Scarlet One were suddenly inspired and realised their misery. Then they left the hollow tree, and flew in the skies.

And as soon as they realised how wonderful it was they called down to those still in the tree, and they said: “They are right, it is wonderful here. So stop your tears and come with us.”

So the last ones slowly walked away from the Scarlet One. And the Scarlet One made it very difficult for them, by pretending to be sad. And when these last ones took off, they realised how wonderful it was to fly and how wonderful it was to have known to the Scarlet One.

And so all the butterflies thanked the Scarlet One for his lies, because they knew that without the lies they would never have experienced the true joys of being outside the hollow tree.

And so all the butterflies were free and they all understood fear.’

## 27.

Then The Messenger said: ‘I hope you liked my story. But now I must be on my way. And I wish you a glorious time in your Tent of Imagination.’

Then The Messenger galloped into the sky.

And Randy said: ‘That was the most glorious youth! And a very exciting story, full of more than an answer.’

And as he spoke, the rug of light took them down towards a wood. And they arrived at an open air theatre, and sitting in front of a silk curtain was a young man, who said: ‘Welcome to the Outdoor Theatre, where life is watched, and so life is known, for to know is to watch. And I am an actor, so please call me The Actor. And you have a question for me to look at, and the question is: *What is the point of existence?* And as it is such a good question, I shall perform a play for you.’

## 28.

And The Actor snapped his fingers and suddenly it was night and the moon was in the sky.

And The Actor said: 'In the play I shall be The Man Who Exists, and it is a great part to play because the play is called *The Point Of Existence with The Man Who Exists.*'

Then he said: 'Start the play!' And he vanished.

Ajiksoon and Randy remained on the rug of light.

Suddenly the curtain was lifted to reveal the most remarkable scenery.

## 29.

Then The Actor *was* The Man Who Exists, and he was on a plateau of a golden mountain. And on this plateau was a stone seat. And in the distance there was the white light of infinity.

The Man Who Exists was very dramatic and said: 'I am here to ask: *What is the point of existence?* And lost in an eternal question, I ask this a million times, and flounder in despair! And as I flounder I wish I did not exist.'

Then he sat on the stone seat, and mused at the eternal distance, and said: 'Oh, help me and grant me the all that I seek!'

And suddenly there stood a tall wizard, who said: 'I am The Wizard and I am here to help you answer your question.'

The Man Who Exists was pleased and said: 'That is good, because I need to know the point of existence.'

And the Wizard said: 'Then perhaps that is *the point.*'

The Man Who Exists said: ‘Well that is too simple.’

And The Wizard smiled, before saying: ‘Do you know, there was a young man who bought some flowers?’

The Man Who Exists replied: ‘Of course, many young men like to buy flowers to give to young women.’

And the Wizard laughed and said: ‘You are right. And flowers are beautiful. Now explain that.’

Then The Man Who Exists answered: ‘They are beautiful to make the bees go to them.’

And the Wizard laughed and said: ‘So practical! And are the women you love bees? Of course not! Now let me tell you this: One day there was something that did not exist, and it said: “I do not exist.” And there was a young man who said: “I do not want to exist!” And *I* said: “You *both* exist!”

Then The Man Who Exists was angry and very dramatic and said: ‘Wizard, you talk such rubbish. Please never talk rubbish again.’

And The Wizard spoke firmly: ‘You are very insolent! So now I shall put you on a trail of madness and then I shall see what you have to say!’

And The Wizard threw a silver ball at The Man Who Exists, and there was a flash and all was dark infinity, and there was green slime, and The Man Who Exists fell in the slime, and prickly plants grabbed at his limbs, and terrible birds screamed and pecked him. And The Man Who Exists laughed and laughed with an excitable noise of horror as he splashed about in the slime. And the years passed, and The Man Who Exists became an old man, and very thin, living under a tree, and shouting at wispy ghosts. And then The Man Who Exists, who was an old man, died, and all was light again, and he was back on the golden mountain with The Wizard, just as before.

And he looked at The Wizard and said: ‘That was horrible. You made me mad for a whole lifetime. And what was the point in that?’

The Wizard replied: ‘Aha! Now you have returned from madness to ask about the point of madness. So perhaps the reason for your existence is for you to discover the point of madness.’

And The Man Who Exists was dramatic and said: ‘So the point of existence is the point of madness?’

The Wizard was growing impatient, and replied: ‘If you like.’

‘Then make me mad again, so I can know more.’

At this The Wizard threw the silver ball at The Man Who Exists. And so he once again went mad, and died, and came back again and said: ‘That was quite funny, because that time I had some idea about what was going on, and so it was not as painful.’

So the Wizard rubbed his chin and asked: ‘Then you think that the point of existence is *to avoid pain by knowing what is going on?*’

And The Man Who Exists leapt up onto his stone seat and said: ‘It must be! Now make me mad again!’

And The Wizard said: ‘*I am now tired of you asking me to make you mad. So, why do you not do it for yourself?* You can if you like. In fact, you can do anything you want. Now take my magic ball.’

Then The Wizard tossed his silver ball to The Man Who Exists.

And here was the end of the first act, and the curtain fell.

### 30.

The curtain went up again and the golden mountain had gone, because there was now a dawn of pink light that came from a billion miles away, cast across a calm lake of infinity.

Then a shore emerged on the right side of the lake. And there were trees and shrubs and bushes and wild flowers.

And there sat The Man Who Exists, who held up his hand to show the magic silver ball that The Wizard had given him.

And The Man Who Exists spoke to the magic silver ball and said: ‘Magic silver ball, you now know that I *have* to find the point of existence, so I have left the golden mountain and I am now at the calm lake of infinity. And The Wizard said that I can do what I like to find my meaning of existence. So, as you are magic, create for me a clever man who will give me the answer I seek.’

Then The Man Who Exists tossed the ball into the air, and it landed on a stone. And there was a huge flash and the stone became a clever man, who paced around.

And the clever man said: ‘Hello, young man, I am The Very Clever man. I know everything, and I will give you the answer you need. And the question is: *What is the point of existence?*’

When The Man Who Exists heard this he was pleased and said: ‘Now I *shall* have the answer - please tell me what it is!’

And The Clever Man said: ‘Right, now hear this: the point of existence is to *serve God.*’

And The Man Who Exists said: ‘Then I *shall* serve God.’

So The Man Who Exists tossed his magic ball into the air, and it did not come down because it became God, which was a giant golden sphere that glowed in the infinite sky above the shore.

And God said: ‘The Man Who Exists, now serve me.’

Then, in the face of such a glorious sight, The Man Who Exists went on his knees and said: ‘Please, God, tell me what You want.’

And God said: ‘Please sweep the shore.’

The Man Who Exists was delighted to sweep the shore because he was serving God; so he made a broom and swept for a week, after which he said: ‘Dear God, the shore has been swept very clean. Now, please tell me what You want.’

And God said: ‘Clean all the leaves on the trees.’

The Man Who Exists was delighted to clean all the leaves, and it took him three days. And when the task was finished he said: ‘What else can I do for You?’

And God said: ‘Clean the lake with your broom.’

But The Man Who Exists did not know how to clean the lake with a broom, for it was infinite, and water cannot be swept clean with a broom. So The Man Who Exists became irritated, and said: ‘God, I know You are God, but cleaning an infinite lake with a broom is a very silly task, even for Your servant. So, I shall ask You to go away. Now go away.’

And the great golden sphere that was God vanished and once again became the magic silver ball.

\* \* \*

Then The Man Who Exists spoke impatiently to The Very Clever Man: ‘*Serving God is not the point of existence* - so think again, and give me an answer before I turn you back into a stone!’

And The Very Clever Man paced about in thought.

Then he had an idea, and said: ‘Aha! I know what the answer is. Existence is all an accident. And there is nothing but *chance*, so the point of existence is to live by chance.’

Then The Man Who Exists rejoiced at this answer, and said to The Very Clever Man: ‘Then I shall be a set of dice!’

And he tossed his magic ball into the air and he became two dice. Then he rolled about and cried: ‘I want to land on double six!’

But he never landed on double six; so he tried again and again, and you could tell he was enjoying himself very much, rolling around, because he was laughing and saying: ‘Oho! It’s funny! Oh! So funny being two dice, because being two dice gives me no idea why I exist beyond that of *wanting* to be a double six. It is also very funny because I am beginning to see myself, just like Randy and Ajiksoon can see me. And that is as a foolish set of dice.’

And The Man Who Exists went on rolling about for a while, but soon became bored, and he said: ‘I no longer want to be two dice.’

And The Man Who Exists once again became The Man Who Exists.

Then he looked at The Very Clever Man and said: ‘You are not as clever as your name suggests!’

And The Very Clever Man was angry and said: ‘I am *very* clever indeed.’

So The Man Who Exists laughed and said: ‘Then being clever is very unimportant. Because I do not need to be clever to know that existence *is not* all about madness. And it *is not* all about serving God. And it *is not* about chance, nor is it about being two dice. So, as you were once a stone, you shall return to being a stone, so enjoy being a stone, while you can.’

Then there was a flash of bright light and The Very Clever Man turned back into a stone.

And The Man Who Exists sat down very happily and said: ‘I am not mad, I am not God’s servant, I am not two dice, and I am not the Very Clever Man!’ Then he laughed. ‘And the stone was not the Very Clever Man, but was the stone. And so I am The Man Who Exists! Yes, but what is that? And what is the point of being The Man Who Exists? There is still no answer. Or is there? Let me see: now I know that I am The Man Who Exists, and I know that it is fun *not* being The Man Who Exists, and I know that it is even more fun *being* The Man Who Exists *after* each time I am *not* The Man Who Exists. So perhaps that is it?’ Then he started to laugh. ‘And it is very wonderful, for I am not The Man Who Exists. I am The Actor! Which means that I know who I am! And there is joy in that because I am laughing!’

And then there were trumpets, coming from afar in the infinite lake, and there on the horizon, moving swiftly on a giant golden skull, was The Wizard.

As The Wizard approached, he said: ‘The Man Who Exists, I see that you are laughing! It is good to see you laugh! *For life is very joyous, and so existence is too.*’

Then the floating skull was on the shore.

And then The Wizard turned to his audience, which was Ajiksoon and Randy, and he said: ‘Now listen to these lines:

*And the point of existence,  
As you can see,  
Is so much fun,  
And so much to be,  
So drink your drink,  
And laugh a while,  
Because you’ll find the link’s,  
In all that beguiles.’*

Then the curtain fell.

### 31.

The Actor appeared and said: ‘I must go now, for I have more plays to act, so please have a wonderful time in the Tent of Imagination.’

And Ajiksoon and Randy said farewell.

Then they went on the rug of light away from the Outdoor Theatre to an island that was in the middle of a lake.

And the sun was rising slowly so the island was lit with increasing light. And this light reached back up to the sun, then down into the depths of the lake. So the island was the centre of an infinite sphere of light.

When they arrived at the island there were ten golden herons. And there were flowers growing and spreading their petals in all directions. And there were trees full of leaves that were as green as summer’s leaves have ever been.

Then the herons took off, leaving a golden trail behind. And the rug of light followed this golden trail through this world of luminescence and colour.

### 32.

It was very strange because the island was such a small island, Ajiksoon and Randy were following the ten herons for so long that it seemed as if the island was not an island, but a continent.

And as they went on their way, the surrounding light became brighter and brighter, but the temperature was neither cool nor warm; and it was such a perfect temperature that there was no temperature at all.

### 33.

Then suddenly the ten golden herons led them through a tunnel of trees, and there was a barrow of vegetables and fruits and bread and fish that must have been made in heaven, for they were all fresh.

And this barrow was in the middle of a circle of trees, and was at the centre of the island.

Then the golden herons flew away.

Ajiksoon and Randy jumped off the rug of light, and they were very happy because they were enjoying this wonderful journey in the Tent of Imagination. And they were so happy that they started to laugh.

Then Randy said: ‘Are you sure you should be laughing when we are in such a special place that must surely be Heaven?’

And there was a voice that said: ‘Of course you can laugh. Especially when you have come with a question, and it is a very important question, because the question is: *What is God?*’

And there stood a man wearing a white apron. He was neither small nor big, nor fat nor thin, nor old nor young. But his face was very alive and his eyes shone as if they were seeing new wonders every moment.

But Randy did not at first notice these eyes. Instead he thought: this man cannot know about God, because if he does, he is too ordinary for it to be true!

But the man read his thoughts and said: ‘No, no! Randy. A sack of doubts never made any bread - only pure ground flour makes a good loaf. So you might try thinking: *it is all too true to be ordinary.*’ Then the man said: ‘Anyway, welcome to you both. Now, I am a grocer, so please call me The Grocer. And listen now, for I shall tell you a story.’

So they listened.

### 34.

‘Imagine that I am climbing a mountain, and at the top I find a castle that has walls of golden mist. It also has four turrets, which are very high. Then I find a silver door.

There is an old woman sitting outside, who is spinning wool of all colours. The woman is happy and has very nimble fingers and many rings, and each ring is a galaxy.

So I ask her: “What is this building that is made of golden mist?”

“Why, a building of golden mist. What else? Now ask me another question.”

Then I ask: “What is it for?”

She replies: “It is a place where things are made.”

So I ask if I could go inside, and she says that I can - but only if I also make something. And I say, of course. And she asks me what I will make. And I say I will make a loaf - because I know how to make loaves of bread. And she says that it will be very boring to make a loaf, and she adds: “I shall tell you what you must make - you must make an answer to a question.”

And I ask her: “Please, what question?”

And she eyes me with a lovely feeling: “The question is: *What is God?*”.

I am amazed by what I have to make, but I know I could never have thought of a better thing to make than this.

Then she lets me pass through the silver door.

And the silver door disappears.

And I say: “Old woman, it is remarkable, because the door has disappeared.”

And the old woman laughs and says: “Has it, indeed? I never saw it as being there in the first place.”

A lovely answer, I think. Then I pass into a square that has no bottom and no top, for it goes on and on, up and up into infinity, and down and down into infinity. I am surprised that I do not fall because I am floating on nothing. And everything is peace and calm. And I am also surprised to see that in the middle of the square, also floating on nothing, is a roundabout that is slowly going round and round.

And this roundabout has a cross in the middle so that it is cut into four segments, and two opposing segments are white and two are black and there is a circle in the middle.

And sitting on the roundabout there are three babies who are wearing crowns. And they are happy making things, which they toss into the air when they are finished. And the things which they make go either up or down.

And some are cities, and some are seas, and some are worlds, and some are suns, and some are mountains, and some are gold, and some are silver, and some are air, and some are light, and some are dark.

I ask the babies: “Who are you?”

And they say: “We are the Babies of the Roundabout Of Creation. We are eternal babies because there is never an end to creation so we are always at the beginning, and our potential is limitless. Now, please tell us what *you* will make.”

And I tell them that I have to make an answer to this question: “*What is God?*”

And they say: “Well that is a fun one!”

And I say: “Why is it a *fun* one?”

And they answer: “Well, it is the *best* thing to make, because in its making you will find understanding and understanding is everything, so you will have made everything and you will be at the beginning of making everything else. And as understanding is

infinite and as creation is infinite, you can have an infinite amount of fun with this question.’

And I say: “Then is it impossible for me to *make* an answer?”

And they say: “Yes, very impossible. And that all you need to know, because when you know this you are on your way to realising that there is *no answer*. And to help you with this, we shall give you three stories that we shall create on our Roundabout.”

### 35.

Then one baby says:

“Upon the highest place under the lowest caves in the widest field and the narrowest stream, where the sun glitters in the moonlight, and the sea covers the driest desert, there is a man with a woman’s look. And this person is as beautiful as ugliness itself, and as big as small can be. And this person knows all this, but would like to find out more. So a tune has always been played, unheard by the most musical people. And the music has a rhythm and a melody that changes and develops - so it goes on and on and on and on. And this is a very happy thing, because the suns, moons, deserts, caves, fields and oceans all change and dance to the sound of the endless, beginningless music.

But before the music started, or so it seems, there was a man and there was a woman and they were asleep, because they were everything. Then the music woke them, and they saw it glide by, so they made a boat that floated away with them in it.”

\* \* \*

After hearing this wonderful story I thank the baby, and another baby says: “Now here is my story:

There is a place, a lovely plain, with beautiful grass and all the sun and rain it needs. Then a traveller arrives. And the traveller loves the plain and wonders at its beauty. And he decides to stay, so he makes a hut. Then he finds a wife. And they have children. And more huts are made, and then a city, and the plains are buried beneath lots of huts and people and horses. Then one day they are invaded and everyone is killed. And the place is desolate, so all the huts are empty and start to fall down. And then there is wind and rain and snow and ice and much time passes. Then all the huts disappear without trace. And the plain is just as it was before the first man arrived - there is beautiful grass and all the sun and rain it needs.

But the man who built the first hut returns in a vision to see the city of huts he started a million years before. And, as we know, the city is no longer there, for it has been torn apart by the ice, washed away by the rain and blown away by the wind.

And it is as it was when he arrived a million years before. So he rejoices at what he has remembered. Now that is the end of my story.”

\* \* \*

I thank this baby for his story and the last baby says: “Now here is my tale:

There is a village by the sea. It is a very happy village and all the people who live there eat fish. And one day a fisherman catches a very big fish. In fact it is the most beautiful fish he has ever seen, for it is glowing and colourful and golden and silver and has a wonderful pattern of scales that keep changing into other patterns as he hauls it aboard from the right side of the boat. He enjoys pulling the fish from the sea so much that he can hardly stop, and only has a few rests - that is for water, or food, or a read of a poem - he likes poems, you see.

But there is a really special thing: the fish can talk, as it says: “Hello, kind fisherman, do not kill me, for I am the most beautiful fish you will ever see.” And the fisherman says: “Yes, indeed you are, but I will have to kill you as we eat fish in my village.” And the fish says: “I know you are an honest man, so let us agree on one thing. You can kill me and eat me and bring me back to your village in triumph, but only if you can get to my tail. Your part of the bargain is that you must never stop taking me out of the sea. And I shall see to it that you have enough water and food and poems to keep you going - for I am also magic.”

Well, the fisherman was very happy with this, for he could not lose, as both of the choices were wonderful. And it is true that even now he is pulling this glorious fish from the sea. And it is also true that as he has been doing it for so long that he is now very good friends with the fish, and he knows that even if he gets to its tail he loves it so much that he could never kill it.”

And I love this story, too, so I thank the last baby, and I am filled with a great feeling of simplicity. Then I thank them all at once and say good bye.

The old woman is still spinning her colourful wool outside. And she looks up and says with a smile: “Well? Tell me: *What is God?*”

And I say: “Listen to my story:

There is an old woman. She is sitting, spinning wool outside a castle of mist. Inside the castle I see a place that has no top nor bottom, and in the middle is the Roundabout of Eternity. And everything is peace and calm. And on the Roundabout are the Babies of Creation who are infinite potential, and know that they are infinite potential, for they told me so. And they tell me some stories. And these stories leave me with a great feeling of simplicity and understanding. And I say good bye to these babies. Then I go outside and say good bye to the old woman. And she says I have understood the spirit of the question. And that is my story.”

And the old woman who is spinning wool says: “You have understood the spirit of the question very well. Now look up.”

I look up and there is no castle of golden mist, and I wonder where it has gone. Then I look back at the old woman, but she has also vanished. And all that remains is a beautiful scenery from the top of a mountain. And the horizon is a million miles away. And that is my story.’

When this story was over Randy and Ajiksoon clapped their hands.

### 36.

And as they clapped their hands they found themselves taking off into the bright sky and could only manage a quick thank you to The Grocer.

But The Grocer waved and said: ‘Have a wonderful journey!’

After Ajiksoon and Randy had been flying in pure and deep thought through a beautiful light, Randy said: ‘That was a good story, and it makes me wonder.’

Ajiksoon agreed.

Then they landed softly in a great plain, where there were trees scattered here and there, and the grass was long and green.

### 37.

Randy was startled when he heard someone say: ‘Randy and Ajiksoon, come over here and sit down, for you have asked a question, and I have a story to tell.’

Randy then saw a man who was sitting cross-legged under an old tree. The tree had thick roots, and must have been a thousand years old. The man was wearing a tunic that was cut short at the sleeves. And he had powerful arms. His hair was long and tied back. Next to him was a sabre that was polished and curved like a crescent moon. Then there was a bow that was as tall as Randy. And there were a thousand arrows.

The man then said: 'I am a warrior, so please call me The Warrior, for it is an easy name to remember and suits me very well. Now please come and sit down with me.'

So Ajiksoon and Randy sat down next to The Warrior.

Then The Warrior said: 'The question you asked is: *Should we fight in the name of God and Religion?* And as this is such a good question I shall tell a good story. Now please listen to what I have to say:

### 38.

There was a man called Fear. And Fear could not live within himself, so he lived without himself. And that meant he needed as many people around him as possible, and he needed to control them. And as he needed as many people as possible under his control he needed to have a plan that would secure as many followers as possible. And when he had these followers he would need their undying loyalty.

So Fear sat down under a tree and wondered what he could do to make everyone obey him. And as he sat down a spider fell on his face, and this frightened him very much, so he recoiled and banged his head on a rock. And when this happened he suddenly realised that the spider had made him do what he did not want to do, and the reason for this was that the spider had terrified him.

And so the spider made him realise that fear was a good way to make people do what *he* wanted them to do.

\* \* \*

Then Fear thought for a while and many dangerous realisations came to him.

He realised that many people would rather be saved than save themselves. For to rely on being saved means that individual responsibility will be cast aside, and many people would prefer to avoid their responsibilities.

And he realised that if an individual were to cast aside his or her responsibility, that individual would live according to the so-called saviour, who would think *for* the individual.

Which means that the individual would *not* think; which means he or she would *not* create; which means he or she would *avoid* the divine within. Which means he or she would no longer be an individual; for he or she would *belong* to the masses; and he or she would *belong* to whomever claims to be the saviour.

And he realised that, without individual responsibility, there could be atrocities, for the so-called saviour could use his or her powers and say: 'In the name of me, the saviour, atrocities *are* necessary. For I have *thought* on this, and as I *think* for *you*, you will do as *I* say.'

\* \* \*

So those who wish to be saved are *always vulnerable* to the ideas of someone who can tell them what to think.

And when people live *through* the ideas of someone else they will be *afraid* to turn from these ideas. Because then, without the ideas of someone else, those people would believe that they were *nothing*.

For if they *only* believe in the ideas of someone else, they will *never* believe in themselves, and so they will believe that they themselves are *nothing*. And they will believe that their so-called saviour is *everything*. And so they will live in *great fear*

that their so-called saviour will leave them or punish them. For their so-called saviour is *everything* to them.

Thus people who do not think for themselves are open to being controlled by fear.

\* \* \*

So Fear decided to pretend to be a saviour. Because he knew that people had always *clung* to the *words* of saviours and prophets and divinities, *without ever thinking of their true meaning*.

And Fear would use his words to say that he had a fearful message.

\* \* \*

And as Fear wanted to control as many people as possible, he would say that *only he*, the self-appointed saviour, could give the answers that would save the world from the effects of The Fearful Message.

And then Fear decided *what* The Fearful Message would be.

And The Fearful Message would be this: *the world is a bomb*.

And so he would tell *everyone* that the world is a bomb.

For he knew that such a terrifying warning from someone who was known to be a saviour would be an effective way to spread fear. And spreading terror in this way would give Fear all the control he wanted.

And then Fear decided that he would tell *everyone* that if they followed *his* teachings they would be doing all that was necessary to *save* the world from exploding.

\* \* \*

And so Fear devised a series of rituals and rules. And he would say that by following the rules and rituals each person would be doing their *divine* work towards preventing the world from exploding.

And then he realised that with these lies he would create a huge following, and with his huge following he could create a huge army that would rampage over the world, spreading his news that the world could only be saved if everyone followed *him*.

\* \* \*

*And he knew* that his army would be called the Holy Army.

*And he knew* that *only he* would think for the Holy Army.

*And he knew* that his soldiers would fight well, for they would be continually running from their fears and this would give them great violence and energy against any foe.

*And he knew* that his soldiers would be filled with the *lie* that they were *right*, so they would believe that they had a divine mission to prevent the world from exploding.

*And he knew* that when an unthinking soldier *believes* that he is *right*, he would be a very *fierce* soldier. For an unthinking soldier who *believes* he is *right* would be very savage, and would invade whoever he wishes, would kill whoever he wishes, and yet always be doing what he would say was "*right*".

And so any foe would be killed.

\* \* \*

And all those who did not follow Fear would be killed, and so there would be no one left with a different idea to his.

And so the world would eventually be under the control of Fear, and that control would live through *terror*.

And Fear would have *everything* that was without himself.

\* \* \*

So Fear went to the city and told everyone that the world was a bomb. And he told them that *he* was their saviour. And he told them that *he* had been chosen to save the world from exploding.

And when the people heard this they believed him, and they were all afraid, looking to him for guidance.

Then he said to them: “To prevent the world from exploding, there are things you *must* and *must not* do. And here are the rules:

**One**, you *must* obey me, for I am the only link between you and a safe world.

**Two**, you *must* pray to me seven times a day, every day of the week.

**Three**, when you pray you *must* lie on the floor, for you are nothing.

**Four**, there will be no violence in our streets, and everyone *must* love each other, for this will keep the peace, and keep all demons away.

**Five**, there is no one who is right about anything except me, so you *must* know that you are wrong if you *disagree* with me.

**Six**, you *must* form an army out of the strongest and fittest men, and that army will be The Holy Army, and it will go from here to tell the world that the world is a bomb, and those who we conquer *must* do all of the above.”

When the people in the city heard this they all cheered because they believed all the rules gave no benefit to Fear, and so he must surely be a selfless chosen one who was enduring a divine duty to save the world.

But alas they did *not* think, so they did not see that the rules actually gave Fear more power than any man has ever had on earth. And they did not realise that this power would be used to control them.

\* \* \*

Then there was a huge Holy Army, and Fear led the Holy Army from the city. And Fear started to spread his words around the world, and many people were killed, and many places conquered.

\* \* \*

One day the Holy Army came to rest, and tents were put up and regular prayers were said. And there were great celebrations, because everyone now believed that the world was safe from exploding.

Then three soldiers from the Holy Army went for a walk into a wood, and they were pleased that they were saving the world.

And as they walked they found a cottage which had a thatched roof made from such beautiful straw that it was gold, and shone in the sunlight.

And one of the soldiers knocked on the cottage door, for it was a very attractive cottage.

The door was answered by an old man, who had strength and wisdom in his eyes, for he had seen a lot of the world and had lived his life true to himself. And he was a fit old man, for he was upright, and supple.

And the old man said: “Yes, my friend, what can I do for you?”

And the soldier said: “Hello, old man, I like your the golden roof on your cottage.”

And the old man said: “Thank you. Everyone has a golden roof over their home, but some of them refuse to show it.”

And the soldier did not like these poetic words, for he had been told that poetic words were the words of the bomb, which made him assume that the old man was a demon. So he asked: “Old man, have you said your prayers yet?”

And the old man was polite and said: “Indeed, I do not need to say prayers, for I have lived my life so that I am continually with the universe.”

And the soldier became angry and said: “Well, if you are as with the universe as you say, then you must know that the world is a bomb, and it will explode if selfish people like you do not say your prayers and follow all the rules of Fear.”

And the old man was polite and said: “I know none of these things, for they are not true. And I am no follower of rules, except those of honesty, wisdom and understanding.”

And the soldier called over his friends and said: “This old man is saying that Fear’s truth is lies. And I have never seen such impertinence in the face of soldiers from the Holy Army. So we shall execute him here and now.”

But the old man was polite and said: “I warn you that I have lived an honest life as a great warrior, for it is a noble path to understand the divine warrior that lives within. And as I was a great warrior, I know how to fight a fair fight that I shall win. And I can see that *none* of you are warriors, for you have come to brutalise me, saying that I must be beholden to this leader of yours who is called Fear. And as you are not

warriors, I shall have no trouble defeating all three of you. Indeed, even if there were thirty of you I would still defeat you. So go on your way, and leave me alone.”

The soldiers were now outraged, and fear was in them, for they had heard the first truth in years, and truth is a sword that cuts deep into self-deceit.

Then the soldiers drew their swords. But the old man was faster than lightening and he had a sword in his hand. And then he injured all of the soldiers in the blinking of an eye.

Then the warrior put his sword aside, and said: “Do not fight on, for, as I have said, I shall always defeat you.”

And the soldiers did not fight on, for they had never seen anyone with such martial skills. So the old warrior put away his sword and took the injured soldiers into his cottage, where he nursed them until they were well, and when they were well, they thanked him and said: “Old warrior, you have worked tirelessly to heal our wounds. Please tell us why you did not kill us.”

The old warrior then said: “Because killing is the last thing I want to do to any living being, man or animal.”

\* \* \*

And one of the soldiers said: “But what if we had continued, and you were in great danger?”

The old warrior then said: “I would never be in great danger from you, for you are not warriors. You are merely soldiers who do not think for yourself.”

\* \* \*

Then a soldier said: “What is the difference between a soldier and a warrior?”

The old warrior smiled and said: “I see a soldier as someone who is given weapons but has no idea how to respect them. And I see a soldier as someone who is merely trained to kill, without any understanding of what it means to kill. And I see a soldier as someone who is not whole and lives only by his weapons, so that he himself becomes a weapon. And I see a soldier as someone who is not in pursuit of wisdom.

Whereas I see a warrior as someone who first of all loves wisdom, and wisdom is that which does not create fear, and wisdom is that which comes from within.

And to be a warrior is *first* to *understand* martial skills, and *second* to maintain them. And to be a warrior is to know that martial skills are not life, they are merely one of the many tools for living: just as music is one of the tools of life for a musician, and poetry is one of the tools of life for a poet.

And to be a warrior is to act only in honesty. And to be a warrior is to know that on the eternal journey to wisdom there will be those who will attempt to control the warrior. And when that happens he will use his martial skills. For a warrior knows that wisdom comes from within, which means wisdom does not come from without. And to be controlled by others is to move from wisdom, and to do this is to be moved from himself, and to be moved from himself is to go towards fear, which is to be blind, which is to live in death. And there are no warriors who love to live in death.”

\* \* \*

Then a soldier said: “These are fine words, but what would you do if you were attacked by warriors like *you*?”

The old warrior then replied: “This would be impossible, for as I have said a warrior has wisdom, and in wisdom there is no fear, and to attack without reason is to create fear. And I say *attack without reason*, because there are times when a warrior will attack while acting in defense.”

\* \* \*

Then a soldier said: “All right, but what if there were hundreds of us and you became tired and were in danger of being killed?”

The old warrior replied: “Although I live in peace and had not used my weapons for years before you came to brutalize me, I will use my martial skills when I am threatened. And if it is necessary to kill to protect myself then I shall kill. But it is a great responsibility to kill, so a warrior will always choose very *carefully* before his actions. And when a warrior has to defend, a warrior may become angry; and when a warrior becomes angry, even more care will be taken, for anger is a powerful and constructive force when it is harnessed and understood; and anger is just as powerfully destructive to the warrior when it is misunderstood and allowed to run free. And so a warrior will direct anger wisely, and will not be vindictive with anger, and will work to understand anger.”

\* \* \*

Then a soldier said: “But what happens if there is *no doubt* that you will *lose* a fight and you will suffer greatly as a result?”

The old warrior replied: “As wisdom is my guide, I will never suffer greatly at any loss, because a warrior never loses. And that is because a warrior knows that when something is lost, something is always gained. Even in death the warrior will gain, for in death there is always more life. And a warrior will never chase after that which he has lost, but will be always grateful for what he has gained.”

\* \* \*

Then one of the soldiers said: “We come from the Holy Army, which has hundreds of thousands of soldiers. We have taken many countries and turned them to our way of thinking. And we have done this because we have the power of disciplined soldiers working in a single and powerful unit. And, as a powerful unit of thousands of

soldiers, we would easily crush any single warrior, no matter how skilled he is. And we would do this because you say a true warrior is an individual, which by your definition means that warriors will never be strong in numbers, and so a nation of warriors would easily be overwhelmed by our Holy Army because they would only fight as individuals.”

The old warrior then said: “So you do not think that a nation of warriors could not work as one unit?”

And the soldiers had to think for the first time in years, but they could not think well, so they could not give an answer.

So the old warrior continued and said: “Then let me say this: if your Holy Army were to attack a nation of warriors it would be defeated as swiftly as you were defeated by me. And I say this because, as I have said, a warrior knows wisdom, and so he will know how best to work as *one unit with other warriors* when it is *necessary* to do so. Now, think of this: just as a stream has its own identity while it is part of a powerful river, so a warrior has his own identity while being part of a powerful nation. And so if a nation of warriors is attacked, that nation will become the supreme warrior, and the supreme warrior will flow as fluently and with as much power as the biggest river.”

\* \* \*

Then a soldier said: “You are truly an extraordinary man.”

And the old warrior replied: “I am as ordinary and as extraordinary as you.”

\* \* \*

Then a soldier said: “I have imagined saviours, divinities and prophets in my time, and they have always been very frightening, but I now realise that you are one of these, for they must be like you. And you are very peaceful and I feel no fear when I am with

you. And as you must be a true saviour, please tell us how we can save the world from blowing up, for, as we have said, the world is a bomb.”

The old warrior replied: “First, let me say this: we are *all* divine. But I am not a saviour, nor am I divinity, nor am I a prophet.” Then he laughed and said: “As for the world being a bomb, well, it is only a bomb if you think it is a bomb, and you think it is a bomb because Fear has told you it is. Which means that the world *is* a bomb, but *only* in your eyes.”

The soldier was bemused, but he was beginning to think, and so he said: “If you do not think it is a bomb, then what do you think it is?”

The old warrior replied: “It is a beautiful place where everything lives for itself, which means that everything lives for everything else.”

\* \* \*

After their conversation with the old warrior the soldiers experienced thinking for themselves for the first time in many years.

And because they were thinking for themselves they experienced respect for the first time in their lives. For they now *knew* who the old warrior was, and they *knew* that they could not change who he was.

And they respected him because he had nursed their injuries.

And they respected him because, although they were injured and vulnerable, the warrior had never at one time tried to control them, nor had he made any demands on them, nor had he frightened them.

And they respected him because he had shown them the meaning of respect.

And because they experienced respect, they respected themselves, and so they started to *know themselves*, and were quickly healed.

\* \* \*

When they were healed they went on their knees and thanked the old warrior.

But the old warrior said: "Please stand up, for it is difficult to look you in your eyes when you are on your knees."

So the soldiers stood up, and they said: "We revere you."

Then the old warrior smiled and said: "If you revere me you are trying to make me into what I am not; and you are having expectations of me which I cannot meet, and which I do not desire to meet. So please treat me as you would treat yourself, which is with wisdom, honesty and understanding."

Then the soldiers said: "We thank you, and wish you well."

And they went away.

\* \* \*

When the soldiers arrived at their camp, they no longer wanted to attack any more countries and they no longer wanted to spread the lies that the world is a bomb. So they gathered their belongings and went on their way.

And when they were going other soldiers said: "Hey! Where are you going? And why are you not saying your prayers?"

And the three soldiers told them what had happened at the house of the old warrior. And it was such a powerful tale that those who listened were immediately filled with

peace and freedom. For when anyone is struck with a realisation, everything is changed in an instant.

And many listened to the tale of the old warrior. And all those who listened departed from the camp. And they took their swords with them, for they *knew* that one day they may themselves be attacked.

\* \* \*

After a while every soldier had heard the tale of the old warrior, so they *all* began their journey home.

Now there was *no more* Holy Army and *no more* war, for there was no one remaining who was afraid, and there was no one who believed that the world was a bomb.

\* \* \*

Fear was the only one left at the camp. But he did not know what had happened, as he had been sleeping. And when he awoke, he ran out of his tent to chase after his army. When he caught up with them he shouted: “Where are you going? You filthy cowards!”

Then a young soldier turned around to look Fear in the eyes and said: “Lord Fear, yesterday I followed your lies. But now I do not follow them, because I have my own ideas.

And I know that I am *responsible* for what *I* think and do, and there is great joy in this, because now I know that when people are *responsible* for what *they* think and do, they begin to know *themselves*, and that is to know the *divine*.

And I *know* the world is not a bomb. And I *know* that if you were a true saviour you would never have made us fearful, and you would never have had us under your control. Now leave me so that I can go back home, where I can live in peace.”

And Fear was furious and drew his sword and said: "I shall execute you now!"

But, as the young soldier now had a will of his own and had been inspired into wisdom by the story of the old warrior, he was also becoming a warrior. And, because of this, he was as fast as lightening, and he injured Fear before Fear had time to move.

Then the young soldier said: "Now come with me, and I shall nurse you back to health, but I warn you that I am who I am, and I shall defend myself if you try to change me."

But Fear was also Pride, and he became angry, but his anger was not understood, so he spoke wild words, and said: "I do not need your help."

The young soldier said: "Then so be it. But if you become very ill, please do not hesitate to come to my door, and I shall help you."

Then the young soldier went on his way.

\* \* \*

So Fear's lies were now understood by the whole world, and because of this Fear was humbled. And because of this he realised his true self, and so he lived within himself, and so he found peace. And so he was loved. And when Fear is loved, there will be no more fear. And because of this there were no more wars.

And, of course, the world did not explode.

\* \* \*

What happened to the old warrior?

Well, he lived to a fine old age in his cottage with its golden roof. And when he died he saw that there was even more beauty in the universe than he had ever imagined, and

so he had more to defend should he be attacked. And so the warrior lives in all of us for ever, and with the warrior there is always peace.”

#### 40.

Randy and Ajiksoon had listened to The Warrior’s tale with attention, excitement and thought, and they thanked him very much.

And The Warrior said: ‘Yes, it is a good story, and thank you for listening. But now I wish you an inspiring journey in the Tent of Imagination.’

When The Warrior said this Randy and Ajiksoon were back on their rug of light and were flying through the sky, where they discussed The Warrior’s story.

When they had finished their discussion, they went through a cloud, where they stopped.

#### 41.

A minute passed and the cloud dispersed to show that they were on a huge lotus leaf in a huge crystal dome.

Then they saw a woman running towards them, and she was carrying a bunch of flowers.

The woman had a round face like the moon, and she was covered in compost and soil.

And she said: ‘Hello! Randy and Ajiksoon! My job is to grow flowers and plants and to get life from the earth with the help of nature. So please call me Nature. And here is a bunch of flowers as a welcome.’

Nature handed the bunch of fresh flowers to them, and Ajiksoon took them, and they both thanked her.

Then she said: 'This is my special green house, and as you can see the loveliest flowers grow here.'

Then Nature sat down, and said: 'Now I know you have come to ask a question, but you have no need to ask it, because I know what it is, and it is: *What was the point of Religion?*' Then she laughed and said: 'This is a very good question indeed. For Religion is to mankind like a toy is to a child. It is the seed before the fruits, and fruits make more seeds for more fruits. And so it goes on.'

Then she said: 'Now listen to this story:

## 42.

One day, when the sun shone and the country was full of the warmest scented air there was a big barn that was black and dark and full of spiders' webs and mice and rats and bats and hideous things. But it was also full of an infinite amount of flower bulbs, because they had been stacked there by the farmer, then left there for years and years and years - so many years that time had no idea how many years it was.

And these bulbs soon learned to talk to each other in quiet little whispers, because they were afraid that their voices sounded very silly - and, as you will know, all bulbs have very lovely voices, like singing birds, in fact.

The bulbs were also afraid of rousing the spiders and bats and horrible things. So, as I said, they whispered to each other.

But it was strange because nothing that lived in the barn really minded at all when the bulbs whispered.

One day a bulb said: 'I have a feeling that something is going to happen soon.'

And he was right, because that day the farmer came in and picked him up, took him outside and planted him in rich soil by his house.

Of course all the bulbs remaining in the barn assumed the worst and said: 'Poor old Bulb, he has had it. The farmer has probably made a big pie out of him and eaten him. Goodness, gracious, imagine being made into a bulb pie and put into a fiery oven!'

But Bulb was very happy with himself because he was certainly not a pie, and was most definitely not in an oven, for he was in the rich soil and the rain and the sun and the wind had made him grow. And as the summer came, he was a very big flower, with the loveliest petals of yellow and red and pink and blue, and he had such a long stem, that would be the envy of any other flower in the world.

Then, when the winter came, the flower became very dry and fell back to the soil, but the bulb did not mind, because he thought to himself: 'My, my, my what a lovely thing I am. I have been a flower, and so I will always be a lovely flower, and that feels very wonderful. And indeed, all the other bulbs are flowers - deep down inside! How lovely it will be to tell the others about it, for truly they have no idea what is inside them. And truly when they know this they will not fear death, and they will not be afraid of turning back into a bulb.'

So Bulb once again became a bulb. Then the farmer pulled Bulb out of the soil and returned him to the pile of bulbs in the dark barn. Of course all the other bulbs were very excited, for they had believed Bulb was dead and had been eaten in a pie.

'What happened?' they asked in their lovely voices.

‘Well, I became a flower, and I realised *we are all flowers*. And it is very nice to be a flower I can tell you. It is much better than being in the barn in the dark, for there is rain and sun and wind and soil to enjoy. And you can see what is inside you - the beauty within!’

Of course many other bulbs did not believe him. But many of the others said: ‘Show us what it is like to be a flower! Show us what we are like inside ourselves!’

To show them, Bulb took hold of some coloured chalks that he found in the barn. Then he lit a candle and in the darkness of winter and then he drew a great big flower on the black barn wall. When he finished he said: ‘That is *almost* what we are like inside ourselves - look at that, such *lovely* flowers! But it is only *approximate* - the real thing *when you see it for yourselves* will blow your minds.’

Well, most of the bulbs were very excited to be shown what was inside them, but still some were doubtful.

And so the bulbs regularly pondered upon what was inside them, and discussed it in their beautiful whispers. And as time went on almost all of the bulbs decided that there must be at least some truth in what Bulb had told them about flowers and petals and soil and wind and rain and sun.

So, next spring, they were very ready to be planted into the soil. And much to their excitement they were. Because the farmer came in and put them all into the soil. And indeed they all grew into the happiest flowers. And they would no longer need the chalk picture of the flower that Bulb had drawn, because, in truth, it was very far from what it was like being a real flower.

But they all acknowledged that if it had not been for the drawing of the flower that Bulb had done, many of them would never have wanted to become flowers, and would have preferred to stay with the rats and bats and spiders’ webs. Indeed, most of them would have hidden in the darkest holes there were in the barn.’

43.

And when Nature spoke the last of these words, she said: ‘There is your story and I hope you enjoyed it. But now I know that you have another question, and I have my flowers and plants to attend to. So you must continue on your way. But before you go, let me say this: Randy, I have noticed your clothes, and I suggest you change them, because they are not very nice and are not very clean. In fact, they are very dusty.’

And Randy said: ‘But *your* clothes are covered in compost.’

Then Nature replied: ‘Yes, that is because I am *becoming* a woman of the earth. And you are becoming a man of understanding. And I say *becoming*, because no one is ever *completely* anything, as we are always growing. Even the wisest person is always *becoming* wiser. Anyway I suggest you wear some lighter clothes, rather like Ajiksoon’s. So I think you should take a trip to the Cleaning Lady right away.’

And when she said this Randy and Ajiksoon were already on the rug of light with the flowers that she had given them.

And Nature continued: ‘The Cleaning Lady is at a riverside. When you meet her, offer the flowers to her and she will give you what you want, which is the response to your question *and* some new clothes.’

Then the doors to the crystal dome opened and Ajiksoon and Randy thanked Nature.

And the rug of light took off.

And Nature called: ‘Thank *you!*’

44.

They came through a cloud and saw below that the trees were changing to the colours of autumn.

In the distance there were some hills, and these hills became mountains, and between the mountains there was a river. And the river was flowing fast with swirling pools and bubbles.

There was an old woman on the bank who was washing clothes in the water on smooth rocks. And next to her was a pile of laundry, and behind her there were many white and gold garments hanging on a line between two trees.

Ajiksoon and Randy came down from the sky on Randy's rug of light, and the old woman looked up and smiled.

Then Randy said to Ajiksoon: 'This must be the Cleaning Lady.'

Before Ajiksoon could respond, the rug of light had landed next to the woman, and she said: 'Yes, my friends, I am the Cleaning Lady, and I have been expecting you. You have a question to ask, and the question is: *Where will people get their guidance after Religion has died?* But before I say any more, you have something to give to me.'

And so Ajiksoon and Randy leapt off the rug of light and gave the Cleaning Lady the bunch of flowers.

And she was delighted, putting them into a vase that was on a rock nearby.

Then she said: 'See, those lovely flowers make my work place even more beautiful! And when they die they shall return beauty to the world, for I shall return them to the earth, whence they will give nourishment to more flowers.' Then she pointed to two stools and said: 'Now, please sit down and I shall tell you all you need to know:

My husband died many years ago, and since his death he has talked to me every day from the Realms of Life. And he has said that in the Realms of Life everyone has more understanding, and so he has been helping me understand.

And one day I realised that Religion was dying, so I asked him the same question you have asked me.

And he told me this story:

#### 46.

There was a place by the river, much like this one here, where clothes were washed. And it was near a road, so many people passed by.

The clothes were washed by a very happy child, who had flaming wings and was golden.

The child was so good at washing clothes that many people came from afar to have their clothes washed by him. And when they put on the clothes he had washed they were always happier and lighter, and they went on their way with a peaceful mind and a readiness to laugh.

Then one day he had some important people who needed their clothes to be washed.

The first was a Catholic. And the Catholic had her church clothes in a wash bag, and said: "Young child, please could you wash my clothes?"

And the child replied: "Of course. Now give me your bag and I shall give your clothes a good wash."

So the Catholic did this and she departed, saying: "I shall be back tomorrow."

Then there was a Muslim. And the Muslim had his mosque clothes in a wash bag, and said: “Young child, please could you wash my clothes?”

And the child replied: “Of course. Now give me your bag and I shall give your clothes a good wash.”

So the Muslim did this and he departed, saying: “I shall be back tomorrow.”

Then there was a Hindu. And the Hindu had her temple clothes in a wash bag, and said: “Young child, please could you wash my clothes?”

And the child replied: “Of course. Now give me your bag and I shall give your clothes a good wash.”

So the Hindu did this and she departed, saying: “I shall be back tomorrow.”

Then there was a Buddhist. And the Buddhist had his temple clothes in a wash bag, and said: “Young child, please could you wash my clothes?”

And the child replied: “Of course. Now give me your bag and I shall give your clothes a good wash.”

So the Buddhist did this and he departed, saying: “I shall be back tomorrow.”

Then there was a Protestant. And the Protestant had her church clothes in a wash bag, and said: “Young child, please could you wash my clothes?”

And the child replied: “Of course. Now give me your bag and I shall give your clothes a good wash.”

So the Protestant did this and she departed, saying: “I shall be back tomorrow.”

Then there was a Rabbi. And the Rabbi had his synagogue clothes in a wash bag, and said: “Young child, please could you wash my clothes?”

And the child replied: “Of course. Now give me your bag and I shall give your clothes a good wash.”

So the Rabbi did this and he departed, saying: “I shall be back tomorrow.”

And so the child had plenty of work to do for the following day. But the child did not know toil, because when he worked he sang and this helped him do the washing at great speed.

And he was by no means amazed that the clothes of all these religious people were rather dirty, because everyone’s clothes get dirty every now and then.

\* \* \*

When the clothes were clean, the child flew about and put them all on a very long line to dry in the wind and the sun.

And when they were dry the child asked the clothes some questions:

“Now, you, the Catholic clothes, why do you follow your religion?”

And the Catholic clothes said: “I do so because I have always been told it is right to be quite long and black. And being celibate is a test for all men.”

“What about you, the Muslim clothes?”

And the Muslim clothes said: “I have been told from a very young age that mats are very nice to kneel on. And if you go to proper Muslim countries there are loud speakers very high up.”

“And what about you, the Hindu clothes?”

And the Hindu clothes said: “Well, as you can see, our clothes are very bright. So we are best worn as much as possible. And I like rituals and cows are very nice.”

“And what about you, the Buddhist clothes?”

And the Buddhist clothes said: “Nothing. And I like total extinction. I quite like difficult sitting positions, too. And little bells sound very nice indeed.”

“And what about you, the Protestant clothes?”

And the Protestant clothes said: “Work, work, you had better work. Yes, we are very good to work in.”

“And what about you, the Rabbi’s clothes?”

And the Rabbi’s clothes said: “Fridays are great to be worn on. Every Friday is good. Every single Friday. All are very good.”

Then the child said: “Well, well. You all have lovely little whys and wherefores. But there is one thing about you all, and that is *you have all been worn and you have all been dirty, but now you are all clean*. So, you are all *the same to me*. Now go and tell your owners to *enjoy* themselves, and when they are enjoying themselves, tell them to *know* they are enjoying themselves, and when they *know* they are enjoying themselves, tell them to know *why* they are enjoying themselves.”

\* \* \*

Then all the religious people came to collect their clothes, and each of them was very excited indeed, because never before had their clothes been so clean.

And when the religious people were at home they put their clean clothes on, and they felt very light and very happy - more happy than ever before.

And this was because the clothes were repeating the words of the fiery winged child, and whispering: 'Go and enjoy yourselves, but *know* you are enjoying yourselves, and know *why* you are enjoying yourselves.'

But this was sad for the clothes, because after their owners had listened to these words, they were all placed aside and never worn again.

But, then, after all, they were only clothes. So it did not really matter.'

#### 47.

And so the Cleaning Lady finished her story, and said: 'I hope you liked that story.

And I believe it means that all we have to do is develop our inner teaching, our intuition, which comes from a very high place and that is the child within. And from the child we can develop our awareness. And then fear, restriction, remorse and regret will be understood, and we shall not be bound by them.

But that is *my* interpretation, and you must make *your own*.'

Ajiksoon and Randy were very pleased with story and they clapped to show their appreciation.

Then the Cleaning Lady said: 'Thank you. But I have not yet finished, because when you gave me the flowers I had to do two things. One was to tell you the story, and the other is to give Randy some new clothes, because Randy's clothes are very dusty and very old.'

Then the Cleaning Lady stood up and took a white robe with a golden collar from the washing line. And she said: 'Now cast away your old clothes and bathe in the river.'

So Randy did as she said, and she handed him his new robe, which suited him well, and made him seem taller. And the river had made his hair clean and his beard tidy.

And Ajiksoon said: 'See, your Tent of Imagination is doing so much for you! You look like a king!'

And Randy said: 'But I do not want to be a king.'

And the Cleaning Lady said: 'The greatest king is not a king of nations. The greatest king is someone who rules himself with wisdom, honesty and understanding. And you are becoming one of these kings.'

#### 48.

Randy and Ajiksoon were on the rug of light and they thanked the Cleaning Lady, who thanked them for the flowers.

Then they took off and waved good bye, and Randy was thoughtful and said: 'She was a wonderful lady. In fact everyone is wonderful on this journey.'

Then Ajiksoon said: 'Then you are wonderful, because everyone here is in you.'

Then Randy said: 'I find it so difficult to believe that we are still in my Tent of Imagination.'

And Ajiksoon replied: 'Oh yes, we are still in it, and it is exactly where it was at the beginning.'

Then Randy looked at his new robe, and said: 'But will I keep this robe when this journey is finished?'

And Ajiksoon replied: 'If you remember all that you have seen, then of course.'

Then Randy said: ‘And *will* I remember?’

Ajiksoon said: ‘Everyone who has been in their Tent of Imagination will remember all that they have seen and realised as long as they have the *intention* to do so. So, do you *intend* to remember all that you have seen and realised?’

And Randy said: ‘Of course.’

And Ajiksoon said: ‘Then you will remember. And that means you have changed. And as you have changed *within* yourself, you will have changed on the *outside*, and that means you will keep your new robe.’

Randy was very pleased with this.

## 49.

And down below there was a mountained landscape, and there were trees that were the colours of autumn.

Then Randy and Ajiksoon arrived at a cave, and in the cave was an old man. And the old man came out of the cave, and they saw that he was upright and bold, and that he held a staff in his right hand.

And the old man smiled and said: ‘Ajiksoon and Randy, I have been expecting you and I am pleased that you are here. My name is The Healer and my job is to help make whole all that which is not whole. Now, Randy has asked a very good question, and that question is *What is compassion?* And let me say this: to know compassion is to become whole. And so compassion is important for understanding, because when you are whole you are everything, and when you are everything you will understand. Now please sit down, and I shall tell you a story.’

Ajiksoon and Randy sat down, and The Healer began his story.

**50.**

‘One day there was a wealthy man, who was married to a beautiful woman, and everything was well, for they had many friends, and they lived in a comfortable home.

And the man was well-known for his generosity and kindness, because the man helped pay for the poor to be housed when the weather was cold, and he helped pay for the old when they were hungry and he helped pay for the children when they were lost.

And it could be said that the man and his wife were rewarded for all the good they did, for one day they had a beautiful baby. And this baby became a beautiful girl.

\* \* \*

And when the girl was born she was visited by a High Spirit, who said he would always be with her and that she could summon The Magic Cube whenever she wished, and it would appear in her hand.

And he told her that The Magic Cube had all the powers of the Universe, so it had to be treated carefully. And then he explained how the magic cube would work. And the girl always remembered everything about The Magic Cube

\* \* \*

And then the High Spirit said that the girl would know herself well. And because of this, she would have insight and would know others as well as herself.

And the girl remembered these words; and they were true, for she always immediately knew everyone she met, and one of these people was her father. So she knew her father very well.

And to know so much about yourself and other people is a great power. And it is best to use such power with great wisdom.

For there are many who do not use their wisdom in their actions. And so if they have great power they will have even more opportunity to deceive themselves into thinking that unwise actions are for their own good, when in truth they are not, and so they are not good for anyone. And so there is no progress and energy is wasted.

\* \* \*

One day the girl and her father were walking through the streets of the town and they came across a beggar. And the beggar said: "Please give me some money, and I shall have a meal."

And so the father gave the beggar enough money for eleven meals, for he was very happy to show his daughter his generosity.

And he said: "My dear daughter, now you have seen how to be generous."

But the beggar walked away, none the happier.

And as they continued on their walk they met a sick man, and the father gave the sick man money, for he did not like to see sickness.

But the sick man was none the happier after the donation.

And then they went to a school, and the father gave money to the school, for he liked to see education and did not want it to end.

But the children were none the happier after the donation.

And the father and his daughter went to many places and met many people. And the father gave away much money, and was very pleased with himself.

\* \* \*

But as they walked on, the father's observant daughter said: "Father, I can see that you think you are making everyone happy by giving money, but I know that merely giving money is not enough."

And the father was shocked to hear this, for his daughter was saying a truth that was too true for him to face.

So he became angry and said: "Please, hold your tongue. I shall give to whoever I wish."

But the girl was steadfast in her beliefs, for she knew herself well, and so she said: "But father, each time you give anything, I see that you harm yourself, for you do not know why you give."

And the father was enraged and said: "How dare a young girl speak to her father like that! I shall punish you when we are at home!"

But the girl was steadfast in her beliefs, for she knew herself well, and so she said: "Father, I do not want to see you do any more harm to yourself, for, believe me, I *understand* you and I *know* you. And because of this I know the truth that you hide behind your illusions, and I know that your illusions keep you away from acknowledging the truth. And the truth is knowing the *real* suffering and knowing the *real* joy in anything *else*. And as you hide from seeing the suffering and joy in *others*, you hide from the suffering and joy in *yourself*, and so you cannot truly heal others and you cannot truly heal yourself. Because to be healed you must be whole, and to be whole is to know everything."

But the father was still angry. And so he said: "Now hold your tongue!"

But the girl was steadfast in her beliefs, for she knew herself well, and so she said: “Father, I shall not hold my tongue, for I understand your true self. And as I talk to you, I see you as myself. Now let me say this: money is very good, and we must use it as best as we can. But your donations are only good if they truly help, and you can only truly help when you know your real intentions. And that means you must know the illusions that hide you from the truth. And when you know them you must be honest with yourself and acknowledge that they are illusions. And when you know them as illusions, you will know that there are times when merely giving a donation of money misleads both you and the person who takes the donation. And when you do this you prolong the hurt, because you have not yet understood.”

And the father looked at his daughter, and was very shocked at her powerful speech, and he said: “If you know so much, then show me how I can do as you suggest. But I am warning you, if you fail, I will punish you.”

And the girl was pleased, so she said: “Then you will not punish me, for I will not fail. And I will not fail, because I will use The Magic Cube.”

And so she summoned The Magic Cube, which appeared in her hand. And she knew what to do, for the High Spirit who had given her The Magic Cube was speaking quietly to her mind.

And the father was amazed at his daughter; but he was afraid, for he thought that evil magic was afoot.

So he said: “Please throw away that gold cube, for I believe it is evil!”

But the girl was steadfast, and she looked into her father’s eyes and said: “Please trust me, father, for when have I ever been evil? And why would I want to start being evil when I want you to help others help themselves?”

And so the father believed his daughter and said: “So what will this magic cube do?”

And his daughter replied: “It will help you know others as yourself. Which means that when someone next asks for your money, you will see them as yourself, and so you will know them as yourself, and when you do this you will truly know their suffering or their joy.

And so next time we see someone who is either suffering or joyful, you will truly be able to help them. Because The Magic Cube will allow you to know the suffering or the joy in others, and so you will see that there are times when donations of money will be destructive. And when you know this you may even refuse to give money, for a refusal to give is sometimes more generous than giving, and so a refusal to give can be the greatest gift. And when you know this you will know the true meaning of generosity.”

Now the father was curious, so he said: “Then show me how The Magic Cube works.”

“I will be very happy to show you,” said the girl, and they went on their way.

\* \* \*

And soon they came across a beggar, and the girl said: “Father, it is now your chance to receive the power of The Magic Cube. All you have to do is hold it when you talk to this beggar.”

And the father said: “Then let it be so.”

And she gave him The Magic Cube, which made him calm in his soul.

Then the beggar approached and said: “Please give me some money, for I need a meal.”

And the power of The Magic Cube now made the father afraid, for he suddenly became the beggar, and so he saw himself as the beggar. And so the magic cube gave him insight, which made him silent.

But his daughter helped her father, and said: “I know it is painful because you have seen that you must not escape this situation with a mere donation of money, for you know that to do that would prolong this man’s pain, and so prolong your own pain. So now you must now be honest with yourself, and do what you know you have to do. For the true power of The Magic Cube only works with honesty.”

And the father was very sad and wanted to weep, for he knew the beggar’s pain.

And there was no doubt that he wanted to give the beggar some money and have done with it, but The Magic Cube had shown him that a quick donation would prolong the pain.

And so The Magic Cube had given him insight. It had caused him to know that he could only truly end the beggar’s pain by *refusing* to give any money. For if he gave money he knew that both he and the beggar would be running away from the agony they now shared.

And the father then knew that the greatest gift he could give was to refuse the beggar any donation, for this would help teach the beggar the first lesson of happiness, which was that the beggar is the only one who can begin to end his agonies and disillusionment.

And so he gently refused to give any money to the beggar; but the beggar became angry and cursed the father; but the father understood the anger, and was steadfast in his decision.

And so it came to pass that the beggar became a happy man, for he realised that any real changes within himself could only be made by himself, and that there was no use relying on anyone to do this.

And when he knew this he thanked the father for being so truly generous.

And he said: “As you have seen me for what I am, you have understood me and you have known my needs as if they were your own, and this is more generous than giving me any money, for I know the pain you endured, as it was my own. And you could have avoided it and left me here, holding a coin in my hand, but still unchanged and still desperate. But now I am full of joy, and I like joy very much.”

As The Magic Cube had helped the father know the beggar’s sorrow, it now helped him know the beggar’s joy. And this made the father very happy, for it is as wonderful to experience other people’s joy as it is to experience your own.

Then the beggar went away and found his way in the world.

\* \* \*

Then father and his daughter came across another beggar, and the beggar said: “Please give me some money, because with a little money I could find my way in the world.”

And the father held tightly onto The Magic Cube, and he looked into the beggar’s eyes and was suddenly very sad for him, because once again he became the beggar.

And when he was the beggar he knew in all honesty it would be helpful to give the beggar some money, for the power of The Magic Cube had caused him to know that this beggar had been robbed, and all his belongings had been taken. And he also saw that the beggar was not a lazy man, and was a man who had suffered a great misfortune that was beyond his control.

And he knew that the beggar was willing to help himself, but needed the chance to do so.

And so the father was very pleased for he knew that if he gave this beggar some money, the beggar would take care of the money, and he would not lose it or waste it and would be happy in the world.

And if the beggar was happy in the world, the father would be happy in the world.

And so the father gave the beggar some gold, and the beggar was delighted; and he invested this gold and became a happy man in the world, and was loved by himself and a million others.

And the father experienced his joy, for he was also that man, because The Magic Cube had shown him how to be that man.

\* \* \*

And then the father was smiling very much and was feeling very strong in himself. And he said to his daughter: “You were right, I will not punish you, because you have made me see the value of being everyone else.

And you have helped to show me that to punish anyone would be to punish myself, for punishment is a way of showing others that I do not understand them, therefore it is a way of showing others that I do not understand myself.

And I now know that everything is me. And so, to be truly kind to myself, I must be honest with everything, and act in a way that I know I must act, for only then will I have understood my fears that prevent me from being whole.

And so you have also helped to show me the value of honesty. And I am honestly glad to have you as my beautiful and wise daughter.”

Then the girl was moved to tears of great happiness, and she said: “Father thank you for all these words. But I have to say, if you are going to thank me, then please also thank The Magic Cube, for The Magic Cube is all the power in the universe.”

And so the father thanked The Magic Cube, and then it disappeared and would always be ready to use in the future.

And then the two of them went home.

And the girl smiled and thanked the High Spirit who had helped her. And she knew that the High Spirit was smiling and very happy indeed, for the girl had also helped him.'

## 51.

Ajiksoon and Randy looked at each other because they were very pleased with this story, and Randy said: 'That was a very powerful story, and at first I was finding it difficult to accept that it is generous *not* to give. For this is a very new idea indeed.'

And Ajiksoon said: 'Yes, but this can only be done with honesty and an understanding of everything else.'

Then Randy said: 'Of course. So now I have a greater understanding of compassion. It is only a shame that I do not have a magic cube.'

'We all have a magic cube,' said The Healer, who was very happy to see that his story had started a lively discussion. 'But now I know you have an important part of your journey, for you will soon be confronting death.'

And when Randy heard this he was afraid, but The Old Healer felt his fear and said: 'Death is often feared, but you will soon understand that Death is part of everything. But that is all I shall say, for it is time for you to leave.'

Then both Ajiksoon and Randy thanked The Healer and said their good byes.

'Fare you well,' said The Old Healer.

And so the rug of light took Ajiksoon and Randy into the sky, which had become full of clouds and was grey and dark.

## 52.

There was a cold wind, and it was so strong that it was difficult to stay on the rug of light.

And below everything was covered in snow, and Randy and Ajiksoon could see frozen lakes and landslides of ice that uprooted trees; and never before had Randy seen such a bleak landscape.

Then suddenly there was a break in the clouds and there was a beam of light that shone down. And this beam of light became very powerful and Randy and Ajiksoon gazed at it and wondered what would happen.

And their wonders were answered immediately because a glorious baby glided down the light beam, and looked at them with great compassion.

The baby was as tall as a mountain and was adorned in gold. On its head there was a crown of brilliant light, and in its right hand was a diamond staff that cast a billion rays about the landscape. And the light that scattered from the diamond staff caused the wind to be silent, so there was peace.

And Ajiksoon and Randy hovered in the sky and gazed at the baby that was now before them.

And the baby said: 'My name is The Awakening, because I bring the birth of awareness.

And now you are close to the end of your journey in the Tent of Imagination, but before your journey ends, I know you have a question to ask: *What happens at death?*

And this is an important question that has been asked since the beginning of the dance of illusion and the quest for understanding. So, listen to me now, for I am happy to inspire you with what I say.'

And so Ajiksoon and Randy listened as they sat on the rug of light.

### 53.

The Awakening then began:

'Death is the veil that covers life,  
And just as a husband removes the veil to kiss his bride,  
So we must remove the veil of death,  
To embrace life.

And because a bride's veil is beautiful,  
We can know that there is beauty in death.

And just as there is union when the bride's veil is removed,  
So there is union when the veil of death is lifted.

And just as there is joy when the bride's veil is removed,  
So there is joy when the veil of death is lifted.

And just as there are tears when a bride's veil is removed,  
So there are tears when the veil of death is lifted.

For when a daughter leaves her mother,  
The mother's tears will fall,  
And when a son leaves his mother,  
The mother's tears will fall.

And when the mother first sees her new born child,  
She will think of the marriage veil,  
And she will look ahead with excitement and joy,  
For her child's marriage will help make her life complete,  
Just as it will help complete the child's life.

And thus the veil of death helps to complete our lives,  
And so with life there must be death.

\* \* \*

And when death comes,  
All is still;  
And when death comes,  
We see the Guardian of the mirror.

And the way will be shown as we return to life,  
And we shall have the joy of union,  
And we shall have the joy of awareness,  
For we shall see all that we created,  
And so we shall know creation,  
And so we shall understand the illusion,  
For the creation is the illusion.

But to live in illusion,  
Is to live in death,  
And to live in death  
Is to misunderstand death,  
And to misunderstand death  
Is to live in pain.

For the illusion is the storm,  
And reality is the eye,  
And the eye of the storm is always watching,  
So it is always in peace,  
And so we watch in peace,  
For then we are not in the storm.

\* \* \*

And we are passionate to create,  
For we need to know more,  
For with the illusion,  
Is always the truth,  
And so the more illusion,  
The more truth there is.

And so the more death we have,  
The more truth we see,  
For with every illusion,  
There is death,  
And so to know this,  
Is to know pain,  
Because with death,  
There are always tears,  
And so to live without pain,  
Is to live without death,

And to live without death,  
Is to live without life,  
And to live without life or death,  
Is to be aware of this.  
And so aware is what we shall be.

And when we are aware,  
We shall create without pain,  
For death will die,  
And life will live.

And so we ride our eternal journey,  
Which will never end,  
For we expand like an ever increasing light,  
Which is brighter than the Sun,  
And becomes brighter with death.

But we begin to know death,  
And we begin not to fear death,  
For in knowing this there is no pain,  
For pain is a creation,  
And thus an illusion too,  
And so we must one day pass it by,  
Then it will shine with us,  
For all Eternity.'

**54.**

And when The Awakening had finished it said: 'Now come with me.'

And so Ajiksoon and Randy followed The Awakening up the beam of light and they went beyond the clouds. And there was an eternal plain of light, which could be watched for all Eternity, as it was everything, and would become everything else.

And The Awakening said: 'Now you have been inspired to the Truth, it is time for you to return to your Tent of Imagination. And when you return you can begin your journey. But I must now go, and I shall always be with you, for I am you.'

Then The Awakening waved the diamond staff and he vanished, and Ajiksoon and Randy saw that they were inside the Tent of Imagination. And then the rug of light vanished. And they were in darkness.

## 55.

Then a spotlight suddenly shone on the miniature Randy they had met at the beginning. And the miniature Randy was once again standing on a plinth, and was once again balancing on his toes. But the difference was that Randy and him were now dressed in the same clothes and Randy now looked as healthy and alive as the miniature Randy.

And the miniature Randy said: 'Welcome back both of you! And, Randy! Didn't you have a wonderful journey in your Tent Of Imagination! You have realised so much that the Temple has become merely a stitch in the weave of your existence. And I know that you know Life has only just begun, but for you to know this is to know everything you can know, because from now on you will seek according to your own rules.'

Randy said: 'Thank you. I am pleased to see you again. But I now know that everything in the Tent is me. And so you are me, and so I am talking to myself. And as you are very happy and agile on your toes, so am I.'

Then the tiny man leapt from the plinth and was followed about by the spotlight as he danced and stood on his hands. And he said: ‘Yes! Yes! You are exactly right. And you have passed into a new world, which is *your* world.’

Randy asked: ‘What do you mean?’

‘Well, let me ask you this: do you want to go back to the Temple?’

Randy answered very quickly: ‘No, I do not.’

Then the tiny Randy said: ‘Let me ask you this: do you want to return to the *world* where you left the Temple?’

Randy thought for a moment, and saw that his mind was clear and that he now knew himself well. And he said: ‘I have no reason to return there, except that I need to eat, and the planet we are on is a rocky one and a barren one, where there is no food.’

‘Ah! Well, let us have a look and see if what you say is true.’

And when he said this, the tiny Randy opened the Tent and there was a sight that was beyond all words and all descriptions of beauty. For outside the Tent where it had once been hot and barren, there was a beautiful sky, a flat lake, and trees and flowers and a million colours. And it was cool and calm, and no longer rocky and barren.

When Randy saw this he turned to Ajiksoon, who had been patiently watching Randy’s discourse with himself.

And Ajiksoon said: ‘Randy this is your planet and it will give you all the food you need. For it is your world, which you have created with your Tent of Imagination. And you are free to roam it in peace and without fear. And you can take your Tent of Imagination wherever you wish. And so you can create whatever you wish, whenever you wish, for now you have mastered the Tent, you are God, because you now know the *essence* of God. And with this awareness, you will know that when you are God,

you are also the child of God, just as you are the father of God. And so humility and greatness are one. And when you have understood this, you will see even more.'

Then the tiny Randy said: 'What he says is true. And you know it to be true. So, for the time being, my work is done. And I shall go, but I will always be with you.'

Then the tiny Randy disappeared.

And Ajiksoon said: 'It is also my time to leave.'

And Ajiksoon was immediately inside the Bright Light, which was outside the Tent.

And Randy was very happy, because he knew that any parting from anyone was no parting at all. And he knew this because he was whole.

And he said: 'It was good to meet you, Ajiksoon. But before you go, can I ask you one question?'

'Of course you can.'

'Well, it has always been said that *everything* in the Tent of Imagination was *me*.'

'Yes.'

'But *you* were in there with me.'

Ajiksoon laughed and said: 'Precisely! And now that my work is done for the time being, I must go.'

'Will you ever return?'

'Whenever you wish,' said Ajiksoon. 'But now I know you are happy to be alone to look and watch and simply exist in the bliss you have created. So, good bye for now.'

And at this Ajiksoon became a light in the sky.

Then Randy looked about and he knew that happiness is only a tiny part of everything.  
And he knew that although he was everything, he was also a tiny part of everything.

And so he knew himself. And he could see and understand himself.

And because he understood himself, he had a *passion* to understand more.

And because he had a passion to understand more, he had a passion to *create* more.

And because there is always more to create, so he changed his name.

And his name *is* Eternity.