

Goosemonk

ROLAND MUENCH



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Published in Australia by Roland Muench through <http://www.thebookofsen.com.au>

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ISBN 978-0-9876221-1-2 (electronic version – first edition published 2018)

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1. Birth (Rising Sun)

'# GM1234 ready for sequencing', proclaims the monotonous voice of Anna, the world's first DNA writer at Numan laboratories. Little is known, that at this moment of time, the 31st of May 2031, a genetically engineered 'wunderkind' is about to be born. A child destined to rule over a nation of geese in the very north of Australia, just before almost all of life dies on planet earth. The place of his conception, known as Evo, fifty kilometers inland off the coastline and home to some thirty thousand re-settlers from the old Darwin, the former capital of the Northern Territory, has no features. It is an area of flat open and clear felled woodland with only a few odd anthills and remnant gum trees providing a stark contrast to rows and rows of shiny new prefabricated living boxes to form the settlement that looks more like a mining camp.

Only a few foresaw the sharp acceleration of climate change in the year 2021, when the Great Barrier Reef died, when temperatures rose by almost another degree in a single year, when crops failed across the world and when monsters of storms ripped into the fabric of civilization in Europe, America and Asia. It had been called the day of reckoning when the 'methane bomb' was forecast to go off in the arctic, the thawing of huge volumes of frozen methane at its shallow bottoms, when the jet streams high up in the sky erratically slowed down, the day the people all over the world got scared and angry, the day when religious fanatics of all persuasions build on the fear to stir up the hatred against each other, to lay blame to the scientists, the technocrats, the politicians and the multinationals. In the years that followed the chaos got worse. Many low lying coastlines were known to be threatened as the seas set to rise by the runaway meltdown of large swaths of permafrost areas in Siberia and the Greenland ice sheet in the arctic. The arctic ocean had become ice free in the summer of 2021 for the first time in three million years. What made the ecological situation so serious is that climate change was not occurring as a gradual process, but was undergoing a sudden acceleration. The tipping points of major amplifying feedbacks such as the rapid melting of arctic sea ice and its resulting reduction of the earth's reflection of solar radiation due to the replacement of bright reflective ice with darker blue sea water, was then known to lead to greater and accelerating absorption of solar energy and thus increased temperatures, followed by more melting of the frozen methane at the bottom of the East Arctic Shelf. The permafrost tundra areas in the northern regions too, showed signs of thawing, in turn releasing methane, a greenhouse pollutant gas much worse than carbon dioxide and was adding to the warming. The rapid rise of greenhouse gases was further amplified by the drop in the efficiency of carbon absorption of the world's oceans due to their growing acidification. The extinction of species also accelerated due to the changing climate zones in turn leading to the collapse of entire ecosystems

dependent on these species and so to the death of still more species. Columns of millions of people across the world in panic rushed inland desperate to find a safer place to live and to weather the coming chaos. In Australia, Cairns a once vibrant tourist town in the north of Queensland was the first to be scheduled for evacuation in its entirety when its business district threatened to go under within just a decade like any other land lower than one meter above sea level. The rise of sea level had been a mere four millimeters in 2020 but it kept rising faster and faster, doubling its rate every few years. Today, ten years later, two thirds of the Top End wetlands are imminent to be taken back by the now accumulative rise of a foot but the sea just keeps rising, some experts say up to two hundred millimeters per year on average by 2060. The good news is that this process will stop at just under a rise of seventy meters when all land based ice has melt. It is clear that the amplifying feedback loops of climate change became unstoppable and would keep accelerating until the final conclusion had been reached, a planet of perhaps ten degrees Celsius hotter, the loss of all ice and with it the possible loss of all life.

Back in Evo it gets quiet, as the sun sets and the blistering heat of the day subsides. Some thirty thousand souls, that's mostly all that is left of the former Darwin residents. Others have moved south with Tasmania a popular destination and some still remain in town of Darwin. When the first low lying suburbs were scheduled to go under, evacuation of the town, bar the military and vital industrial installations, had been ordered. Today only this essential infrastructure remains, the army base, the airport and the Illfac plant the latter protected by a massive concrete seawall. Everyone knows that even that will be taken by the sea. The leaders of the world concede the coming chaos and the likely collapse of civilization as we know it. There is nothing they can do although they would try, but it is likely too little and too late. Most of the remaining residents that stay at the old Darwin now live at Palmerston some 20 km south of Darwin, as the rest moved to Evo, the planned new capital of the Northern Territory. As the people in Evo head home they tend their tiny vegetable gardens. Not much grows well here. It's the heat and the humidity that chokes the live out of all living things. Some days, there are restrictions of all kind such as no water and no power. At Numan laboratories in Evo there is the constant humming sound of giant air coolers at work. Elsewhere, one has to get by with fans. No one really knows why Numan set up shop in this forsaken corner of the planet. Perhaps to avoid scrutiny. It caused a world wide uproar when it became known that Numan gained a world's first license to genetically engineer humans with their invention of Anna, the worlds first DNA writer. It is rumored that Numan found a way to turn humans into heat resistant cyborgs with an added ability to absorb the sun's energy just like plants do. When the reckoning of 2021 happened, the worlds ruling elite realized that business as usual is over and that the beginning of the end of fossil fuels, the end of consumption and the end of transport and travel has arrived. They argued, that the human race could only be saved by direct intervention on the very fabric of life, carbon based double helix, known as DNA. As a consequence restrictions for genetic engineering had been loosened in China, Japan, Europe

and the USA.

Madonna, the principle genetic engineer of Numan, also known as Madonna of the Lilies as she was living near a lily pond, flips one of the switches of Anna and with a hum the machine starts removing and inserting genes into the DNA of embryo #GM1234. The digital lights indicate the progress, a new genetic sequence for heat resistance taken from bird DNA that of the local tropical Magpie Goose, sequences for chlorophyll metabolism taken from the banana plant as well as from the fire salamander and a sequence dubbed the “enlightenment genes” promoting tissue specific metabolism of nerve transmitters, thought to be responsible for the expression of universal love and empathy. As the gene insertions flash by, Gemma of aboriginal decent and Madonna's trusty assistant, sitting across the desk asks, 'What is it like to play god?' 'Well, the machine algorithms writes, not me', says Madonna. 'Hm, what if you shoot someone with a gun? Is it the gun that kills or you?' 'Aahm, must be both. Humans are part of and created by nature, hence everything we do is natural. If god exists at all and has created us, he would need to take responsibility for everything we do, wouldn't he?' After a pause of silence, both ponder the question of responsibility, Gemma goes on, 'did you hear about last nights sermon in Evo hall?' 'What sermon?' 'Well, Amene, from the “Undead”, the extremist religious sect that had formed after the reckoning, said evil had befallen us when humans started to play god. They are getting more and more followers in Evo and have made some aggressive threatening calls to shut down Numan.' 'Don't worry, we have guards 24/7 outside', Madonna laconically remarked. A sudden whizzing sound and a flashing red light and Anna has finished, announcing '#GM1234 ready for implant in the incubator. Madonna gently places the vial with the embryo in the shiny egg shaped incubator. 'We are done for today, fingers crossed. Another day another little soul, lets go home.'

Meanwhile, at Evo hall, the community center, a crowd of 400 gathers in the main auditorium. Huge big ass fans are drowning out murmurs and whispers of the crowd. All of the followers are eager to see Amene, the enigmatic leader of the Undead. The sect had quickly obtained a reputation and large following for their aggressive vigilante actions against looting and violence in both Evo and Darwin following the chaos of the reckoning in 2021. Then as now, many people simply sought order, safety and leadership against the backdrop of social and economic confusion. In Canberra amidst political chaos of a government without majority, a battle erupted between those that clung to big business and those that argued for radical change. Those that had monetary interests in the establishment prevailed and forcefully maintained an order to retain Australia's traditional money makers; coal and gas, iron ore, beef, sheep and wheat. The other side argued to follow the leadership of Europe's most advanced nations who had begun a swift and radical but painful process of overhauling their industrial systems and living styles. Amene, dressed in a black robe now slowly makes his way to the podium, then after a long pause begins his speech.

'Friends of the Undead, praise the Lord. Amen. Amen. Once again we are here to gather strength in unity, to serve the almighty, incomparable and supreme father, our immortal and infinite creator. Today I point to the evil that has come over the world, to shame the lord, I point to these men who see fit to mess with our lords creation, the men in white coats, that have brought the wrath of god to all of us. They brought the machine that bends and distorts life. No longer will there be humans created by god in his image, no, only the so called "Neuer Mensch" of Numan's factories, the new slaves to serve the rich and powerful and replace us, the flesh in his image. They say we no longer need god because god does not exist. What blasphemy! Who created the world, the universe if not god. To say god is dead is to deny the creator, is the sins of all sins. It's like telling your father, go to hell you don't exist. We have to stop this evil. We have to stop Numan, we must stop the men in white coats that play god. Brothers, it is time. Only we, the Undead know the will of god to fight this evil. Do you agree?' A thundering yes erupts from the crowd and chants of Undead, Undead, Undead. 'Brothers, lets take up arms and lets undo the shame of god in the name of the shepard.' The crowd gathers around their leader who makes his way to the exit door. It's only a few hundred meters from Evo hall to the laboratory of Numan. Some light up their torches and grab sticks and bats on their way out. Yes, at Evo now everyone carries some kind of arms, it's the new way of life in a world of uncertainty. The army may still have control of the country but they do not have a presence in Evo as yet and are fifty kilometers away at their barracks in Darwin. Security in Evo is barely upheld by private contractors and a scant presence of police.

'Madonna, Madonna, quick, the mob is coming', Gemma shouts outside, 'Get up'. Madonna, barely awake throws a coat over her half naked body and rushes outside to meet Gemma. 'What happened?' 'My boy friend phoned, he listened to their meeting, the Undead, they are coming, they are on their way, they have axes and torches. They said they burn down Numan. Come. We only have a few minutes.' Madonna nods and says, 'we have to save the incubators, its all of our work.' 'But they are heavy, we don't have time.' 'Get at least one. I get the car.' Madonna rushes into the laboratory and grabs the egg shaped, self powered incubator of #GM1234. As Gemma brings the car and opens the door, she asks, 'you take only one?' 'Yeah, #GM1234.' 'Why this one?' 'Because, because it is mine.' 'What?' 'Your egg?' 'How could you? Its illegal.' 'I explain later.' 'Where do we go now?' 'Come, let's go to my grandfather's hunting cabin at Newangelo Rock. It's got supplies and solar energy. We can hide there.' As the wheels spin they can see the crowd knocking out the guards at the main entry, torch lights and moving hectically into all directions. Madonna anxiously watches the violence unfold in the back mirror of the car. A few seconds later explosions light up the compound. 'That was Anna, she is gone', Madonna quietly remarks. 'Do you think they would have harmed us?' 'I think so, there is no law any more.' 'We could drive to the army base. What do you think, Madonna?' 'No let's go to the cabin. The incubator is powered up, right up to birth. It's my baby. You understand. If they find it they may kill it. This DNA is very special. What a setback. Anna cost billions to develop and build, there may never be another chance, the way the planet is going. #GM1234 is all that is left now. Don't say anything to

anyone? Do you understand, Gemma?' 'My lips are sealed.' As they drive past the gate of the compound some of the rioters spot the car and fire shots towards them, but luckily they miss.

'Does anyone know about this cabin', Madonna asks. 'No, you know when my grandfather died and my mother moved back to her traditional country, grandfather gave me the key. He was a very good painter. There should still a few paintings lying around in the cabin. I haven't been there since he died last year. Should be fun to chase the redbacks.' 'Redback spiders, oh my god, I hate them.' When they finally arrive at their destination at Boomboom Billabong near Newangel Rock they quietly roll out their swags, lit a small campfire and put the billy on for a coup of tea. 'Lets clean the cabin tomorrow when we have light.' 'Don't worry all be OK, it's always OK. The sun will rise and shine like she always does.' 'Lets put up the mozzie tent, it looks like another starry night.'

'Wow, just look at this sunrise and listen to the honking of the flocks of the many hundreds of Magpie geese. It sounds just like a grand concert in one of the famous classic opera halls in Europe', Madonna remarks cheerfully. 'That reminds me on what a friend of mine said many years ago. He said the geese are the most vital expression of the ancient relict power of life in the Top End. Did you know that ancient Egyptians called the goose "Gangen Wer" or the "Great Honker", the creator of all of life.' 'No, I didn't know that', said Gemma, but it's interesting, sounds just like one of my grandfathers stories. Let's go check the cabin.'

The tiny twenty year old prefabricated cabin looks almost lost among the profusion of re-growth of paperbark trees and weeds. A flock of noisy lorikeets feasting on some flowering shrubs take to flight after making known their displeasure about the disturbance. Inside the pair looks at a couple of stacks of neatly lined up bark paintings, a box full of paint jars and pigment powders, a fridge, a battery box, a gas cooker, a table, two chairs and a bed. With a loud clang, Gemma opens the sliding windows to let out the stinking hot air while Madonna drags in a battery to connect to the solar panels on the roof. 'Wow', lights flashing on the fridge, we have power', Madonna announces with a sigh of relief. 'Ok, what's the plan Madonna?' 'Well, there is no mobile coverage here. I need food supplies and one of us has to go back to Evo to check out the situation. Probably you, because everyone knows me. I'll write down a list of what I need. Be careful when you go back, don't let anyone see you.' 'Yeah, I go back to community first, my boyfriends place. They don't know where we have gone. He's probably dead sick worried already.' Madonna now carefully jots down the items on her notepad; 20 kg rolled oats, 20 kg lentils, 2 kg sunflower seeds, 2 kg pumpkin seeds, 4 kg linseeds, 10 kg coconut flour, 2 kg phsyllium husk, himmelayan salt, tumeric, dried chilli, 20 liters of coconut oil and 5 ltr of honey, 'that's it.' 'That's it?' 'No meat, milk, eggs, bread, canned foodstuffs?' 'Didn't I tell you? I'm a vegan.' 'Oh! I can't imagine going without meat', says Gemma in disbelief and shaking her head. 'What made you turn vegan? I've heard of them but have never met any. It's so odd, don't you feel weak?' Madonna laughing, 'humans

are not meant to eat flesh, our ancestors from the cradle of humanity in central Africa never ate meat, they lived on fruit, nuts and roots and perhaps some insects. It took a million years of evolution for our species to adapt to this vegan only diet. Our intestines are longer than those of carnivores, we simply cannot properly digest meat. It's only in recent times of our history when humans expanded into other environments where there were no fruit and nuts, that they were forced to eat cadavers of killed life. Our teeth are not those of carnivores to rip flesh. They are perfect for fruit and for grinding seeds and nuts. Some of the most brilliant minds of humanity turned vegetarian because they understood.' 'Who were they?' 'Well, there was Einstein, Gandhi, Leonardo de Vinci and Tesla to name but a few. Then there is the question of greenhouse gas pollution. Meat eaters create over twice the amount of emissions from what they eat compared to vegans. We all know what human induced emission is doing to the planet. Then there are the health facts. Vegans don't get many of the chronic diseases of meat eaters. The blood of vegetarians is more alkaline, which prevents cancers and cardiovascular problems. To think of it I have not been sick once in the last twenty years, not once.' 'Yeah, I noticed that you never take sick days. But you never talked about your diet. Why?' 'Well, all people have preconceived ideas in their heads. You tell them you are a vegan and straight away the flashing lights go in their minds. They say, aha, she is one of those crazy arty fancy animal loving nut cases. So I don't like to talk about it, well except to you, forgive me for my sermon.' 'It's no big deal.' 'Anyway here is the list.' Gemma gives her a hug and then disappears leaving a bowl of dust behind.

Madonna awakes the next morning after a good night of sleep to the honking of the Magpie Goose. Those geese. There must be over a thousand. They will have to move to the more elevated lagoons and billabongs when the ocean swallows their low lying coastal habitats. They and their ancestors existed for over seventy million years an almost unimaginable span of time. Getting up, checking the incubator, green light still on, boiling some water for a cup of tea, rolling out her yoga mat and then starting her morning set of breathing exercises, following the ancient practice of the yoga of breath. When she finishes her routine she thinks, 'I have plenty of time for yoga, I wonder what else I can do here. Maybe go for a walk. And so she grabs her back pack, GPS, camera and water bottle. The first hour after sunrise is the only comfortable period during the day, then the sun will bake the land to the high thirties. The walk is a few kilometers around the perimeter of the lagoon. At this time of the year in June the water has receded and the dry edge makes a good walking surface. The lagoon is fringed by paperbarks and swamp mahogany and home to a whole universe of birds. The Magpie Goose dominates, it is the umbrella form of life in the wetlands. With her background in biology Madonna is all too well aware of the ravages that climate change had on tropical waterfowl. Avian botulism, avian cholera, high pathogenic avian influenza and aspergilliosis were some of the diseases on a sharp increase as a result of global warming and was believed to threaten waterfowl to extinction by amplifying the effects of hunting and habitat loss. But here all seems to be good. It's an oasis, a garden of Eden. Nobody comes to this place as electric cars had taken over following the reckoning and this

place is simply out of range here with no recharge stations in proximity. Fuel is now too expensive and in any case many people abandoned their cars when they moved to Evo. Only but a few still own the old petrol guzzlers. Numan still has a few of them. I wonder how Gemma went. She is a good person. I can trust her. Madonna takes a few photos of a group of Burdekin ducks and marvels at their distinctive calls. They come in close pairs and are a picture of domestic bliss. After a while she sees glimpses of the cabin. I will have a look at those paintings now. Not much else to do for the day.

'My man, my man, where have you been?' Gemma flies towards the door and hugs her love and friend Gummi, whose name derives from the Magpie Goose which the locals call Gumang. The geese, their eggs and their nests are sacred to his skin and the nests are thought to be the resting place of the dead. His tribe felt devastated when the geese took a hit in the years after the reckoning, when their population shriveled from a once proud 3.5 million birds to less than an estimated few hundred thousand. Nobody knows for sure of how many are left. 'Gem', the way Gummi calls Gemma affectionately, 'I thought you were gone. You freak'n scared the shits out of me. What happened, where did you go?' Gem tells the story of the ransacking of Numan and their flight to Newangel Rock and then asks Gummi if he heard any news about Evo. 'Jaah', Gummi goes, 'they burned the place down good. The next day the army turned up, poked around in the ashes but found all but nothing. The Undead too all evaporated in thin air. I don't know where they hide. Nobody talks, they are all afraid. I keep out of that joint, it's a freak'n madhouse.' 'Where is the other staff of Numan?' 'I don't know. All the houses are empty. Maybe they fled like you did or got killed. Who knows? You stay here with me girl.' 'I have to get supplies for Madonna. Here is the list.' 'Yeah good. You stay put.' Gummi turns to his old rust bucket and fires up the motor. A black cloud of smoke blasts of the exhaust and he is off.

Madonna checks her electronic mini weather station. Wow already 35 degrees Celsius and high humidity. This kind of weather can be lethal if the wet bulb heat gets to this level. We are getting closer and closer to this limit every year now. There is not much difference between the wet and dry season any longer. It's simply hot all the time. She can hear the hum of the incubator fans to keep temperature at a steady level. It's powered by a solar chargeable long life battery. As with hormone initiated contractions of the muscles of the uterus wall in mammals the incubator will contract and expel the fetus at developmental stage when it is ready to feed and breathe. Its a marvel of a machine. The incubator will simulate all of the gestation period from fertilization to birth. The expelling portion of the process of giving birth takes several hours and starts with the burst of the nutrition sack at the heart of the incubator. Then when the sack is fully dilated, strong contractions of its walls and pushing by the compressor expels the baby out through the incubator birth canal. The process finishes when the umbilical suction cable is cut. This is the moment when the baby takes its first breath and blood from the right ventricle starts to flow to the lungs for gaseous exchange. Oxygenated blood then returns to the left atrium which is pumped into the left ventricle and then pumped into the main arterial system. A

new soul is born. Life starts when the heart beats on its own. It will be a long wait. It's almost like I feel pregnant, the anticipation. Madonna is now reminiscing, it's been such a long time from my beginnings of studying the marvels of the workings of the double helix, the magic of the four pairs of DNA, Adenine, Thymine, Guanine and Cytosine, the four famous bases. Combined they are a single set. Put them into three sets of four and you have a codon ($4 \times 4 \times 4 = 64$) with sixty-four possible combinations just like the Chinese I Ching. What a marvelous language to build the life. The helix makes one complete turn around its major axis every ten bases. The number ten as in Pythagoras mystical Tetractys his secret geometry of the universe just as in #GM1234 with the numerals 1,2,3,4 adding up to ten. What will he be like when he's born. My own creation of my own blood. He is the first and may very well be the last of his kind. He has all the goodness of all the people who have ever lived, unleashed right from birth. Every single atom in his body as with all other life on planet earth is billions of years old. We just had to change our programming, as without that 'mutation' the human is driving himself and everything else to extinction. It is our natural programming that is at fault, our seemingly boundless greed for material wealth and power, constantly constructing egos that run out of control. The moment we are born, we turn into killing machines to survive and to obtain nourishment. We kill plants and animals and whatever stands in our way. #GM1234 will be different. He can live from the sun and the earth just like plants. He will radiate love from the day he is born as there are no obstructions to the flow of compassion in his heart. His power of empathy is enhanced to extend to all of life indeed to mother nature itself. Wow, how time flies. I better check those paintings of Gemma's grandpa. Let's see.

Madonna carefully separates the stack of bark paintings in the corner of the cabin and leans them against the wall. One bark catches her eye. It shows a baby rolled up in a nest and holding on to a big clutch of eggs. A serpent swims around the nest and winding its way around the bits of floating vegetation the latter representing lily tubers, rice and water chestnut. I'm getting goosebumps. The nest almost looks my incubator. The baby is #GM1234 and the location is the lagoon with its vegetation and the Magpie geese nests. Madonna studies the flickering patterns on the baby's body, It's like a shimmer, a vibration made up of criss cross lines and dots of four colors; yellow ochre, red ochre, charcoal black and white. It's almost as if it speaks to me. Madonna takes the bark and puts it up on the wall next to the incubator. This is for you little one. When you come out you will rest on it.

The distinct rumbling of a vehicle tells Madonna that Gemma is coming back. She steps out of the cabin door and looks into the direction of the driveway, a wallaby runs away. There she is, Gemma with a smile as big as it could possibly be, coming to a halt hard up against the cabin's veranda. There I'm she says. I have the lot, all you wanted. 'Girl, Evo is a mess, the army is there and a curfew is in place. Everyone is afraid. Numan is charcoal, all staff are gone, no one knows where to. There seems to be some trouble overseas too. Apparently there is unrest in the US and Europe because of the food

shortages. Communications are down and only the state channel transmits any news. Can't trust them as you know, its all spin and to stay in control and keep us shut up like sheep. We may be better off here and lay low for a while. The Undead may come after us if they knew where we are since they witnessed our escape. Gummi gave me some vegetable seeds, potted Moringa trees and tools just in case we have to extend our stay. Gummi will check up on us later. He'll help us to get the garden up.' Taking a deep breath', Gemma finishes talking, 'that's it.' 'Ok, lets unload and then have a cup.'

Week after week passes, the garden is up and the two women settle into a daily rhythm of exploring their surroundings, tending the garden, cooking, cleaning and watching the geese on the lagoon. Every day the water is receding as a complete lack of rain in tandem with an unrelenting sun parches the land. As the country dries out and shrivels, more and more wild animals seek refuge near the lagoon and surrounding woodland. 'It's hard to belief, looking at this', Madonna pointing at the flocks of thousands birds. 'Humans have killed ninety percent of all wild animals in the world today, yet here, it looks like there is nothing but wild animals. It's marvelous, a living treasure house and it gives me hope, that not all may be lost. Don't you think so?' 'Yes,' Gemma replied, 'but one animal is missing?' 'Which one?' 'Gummi, he, he', Gemma cracking up in laughter. Both laugh. 'Yes, men, they are useless but we still love them.' 'He should turn up soon.' 'Probably still sitting in front of his distiller and looking at his dick either at one of them.' Another round of laughter.

11th November 2031, 'Gummi, Gummi you son of a whatever, where have you frick'n been.' As usual Gummi has his own calendar, own timetable and own agenda and is a couple of weeks late. But he has a big heart and Gem loves him for it. With a big smile he jumps out of the car and gives Gem a firm hug, Gem is struggling to get loose. He just doesn't let her go. 'Nah, guess what happened. Big news. The army is gone. There is some incursion by foreigners. They headed north to the coast to fight them. Amene has come back to Evo and they are now armed and in control. They are still looking for you. They say the end is near and they must stop the rot, the infidels, nobody is safe from them frick'n god botherers. Most of the Asians and Muslims have fled Evo. These Undeads, frick'n dickheads, they are like the Ku Klux Clan now. They have rounded up a lot of cattle south of Evo and drove them to Evo. They have got hold of the stockpiles of food. There are hardly any supplies coming up through the highway anyway and the airstrip is closed too. Only the railway works. They rationing fuel too. The blackfellas in town have also left, gone back to community. The elders told us to go back to the old ways, back to culture. I have to head back soon and help them but I have spoken to Marilyn, my little sister, she wants to join you. What'a you think? Little sis knows how to live from the bush.' 'Yeah, we'd love to have her', says Gem. Gummi laughs, 'he, he three sheilas, womans country this now is'. Sheila is of course an Australian slang for woman, derived from the Irish girls name Sile, meaning bludger, a name given to a person who avoids working.

31st January 2032, the big day is getting closer. The three girls had been toughening it out during the build-up to the monsoon, and what a build-up it has been, temperatures in the high 30's with high humidity and barely any rainfall. Recent days had been spent horizontally in the hummocks in the shade with the fans going at full speed. They ran out of gossip long time ago and talk is now all about the baby to be born. Madonna contemplates, 'this baby, I tell can tell you, will be a new kind of human being, in whom the art of understanding will no longer have to compete with and be controlled by raw instinct. In a single radical sweep, it will kill in itself the source of desire for dominance. DNA really is a truly remarkable substance, it not only contains the memories of our entire species and the ancestors of all its life lineage before it, and goes back billions of years to the seeds of the first carbon based cell itself. This baby has a few new genes activated that will catapult its perceptive functions to go beyond sensory information, it will have the power to feel with another person, animal or plant and so be inside the other. It can do this by dissolution of ego. It will have the power to cut itself off from his own life and reveal the background awareness of the other living form'. That is like sympathy with another person like me and Gummi, isn't it asks Gemma? 'No', Madonna says, 'it's going far beyond that. Sympathy requires two, but true empathy is the process of one. It's the sense of life itself but it can only function through being one with life, in tune with the background awareness that surrounds all living forms. This power is centered in "heart space", the bio electromagnetic field that surrounds the heart. This field expands and flows fully in very few people, the ones that live universal love and have no energetic obstructions whatsoever in the nervous system within that space. There is a normally dormant natural biological process in all humans, that is called the enlightenment, in a few it may be triggered by cultivating it as in yoga practice and in a few others it is spontaneous, but in both cases a dormant genome is activated. These genes when activated pushes raw electromagnetic power through the spinal pathway and up to the pineal gland and in its process remove all obstructions that have accumulated in this persons life time. At Numan we have discovered the genomes that cause this process of enlightenment, the burning and healing of obstructions. In most of us the genome lies dormant and so we tense up more and more as we get older. If we are threatened as a child we tense our muscles in anticipation of the blow. It leaves us with memory imprints in that tensioned muscle. If repeated those imprints accumulate and you end up more or less with chronically tensed muscles throughout adult life and related psychotic patterns. The process of enlightenment or illumination is like a volcanic eruption that washes away those kind of imprints and you can start again, it's like dying and being reborn. It's underpinned by a chemical process the code of which lies deep within our DNA, its a combination of genes and when they activate the neurological process of enlightenment is triggered. It cannot be triggered by what you do on the surface of body and mind or by practice only by activation of these genes. I tell you, #GM1234 will be born with activated enlightenment genes. His heart will radiate love to all creatures from his heart space and all creatures can do no other than to respond in kind. Well, at least, thats what I'm praying for. Well this is the secret of this baby.'

The three are gather around the incubator at sunset as the digital clock indicates the arrival of the baby any minute. Madonna remarks, 'its important for the infant to be placed in the sun to activate his photosynthesis chemistry in his skin. He is the first human being to be able to synthesize sugar from both pathways, the oxygen and carbon dioxide paths. At night he will be more like a normal human and during the day when he is resting in the sun he would be more like a plant. There are only two or three living organisms in the animal world that have this ability and we have sourced the DNA from one of these. Girls, you should be aware we now stand on the very threshold of the great transmutation of the human race', Madonna prophetically proclaims. 'The old will leave while the new light emerges. The old world will be sacrificed and with it all the trappings that led us astray. #GM1234 is destined to become a vibrating light of such power and frequency that it becomes the point of the great awakening in humanity, a permanent mutation at a physical level, resulting in a fundamental change in the perceptive apparatus in the body to him and any of his offspring. We will not need the old world.' Here we go, the incubator starts beeping, birth is eminent, then with a clack the birth canal opens and a head emerges. It's a boy! Madonna gently pulls the infant out of the incubator and places it on the old mans bark painting out into the sun on the grassed area close to the water. An eerie sound emerges from the mouth of the tiny infant then a silent happy giggle. 'Gee', he looks well, Gemma remarks. All sit down on the veranda and watch the baby wriggle and giggle. Then suddenly one of the magpie geese, a strong and vigorous gander, appears out of blinding sun and lands next to the infant. 'Christ', Madonna, 'look'. The three girls jump up in panic but before they can rush to the rescue they witness the first miracle of #GM1234. His right hand reaches out to the goose and touches it gently on its knobbly head. The goose responds by lying down next to the infant and gently places its beak on the infants navel. 'Look', Marilyn said, 'the geese.' A group of geese slowly walk up from the water edge and form a circle around the the baby and the gander, but keeping the distance. 'This must be the alpha male', as none of the other geese dares to go close, expect a couple of small geese, a male and a female, Marilyn goes on. 'Those two are probably the alpha's offspring. The little infant seems to have a good time.' He turns on his bum and keeps gently touching the alpha who responds with a soothing low pitched sounds to the giggling of the infant. This goes on for a few minutes until Madonna decides to intervene and walks up to the infant. The gander gives a honking signal and all the geese take up flight and then land nearby on the water. Madonna holds the infant gently in her arms who looks her straight in the eyes. 'Look, his bright blue eyes sparkle, he shines,' Madonna remarks. 'We have to give him a name', Gemma says. 'Yes, he needs a name.' 'How about Gumang, flock of geese. Gumang, gumannk, goosemannk, Goosemonk. Goosemonk, that's it. Let's call him Goosemonk.' 'And his first name will be Orlando, after my grandfather's first name' says Madonna. 'Orlando Goosemonk, O(h)G(eez) for short.' 'Like Oh Jesus', Gemma jokingly remarks.

2.Learning (Mercury)

A few months pass and the infant quickly gains weight, learns to crawl and eventually walks, all well ahead of what could be expected from a baby at this stage of development. The three girls spend time playing cards, cooking and tending the gardens oblivious of what going on elsewhere in the world. There are no communications here just the rhythms of life of the creatures that call this place home. The geese had bred and many of the young hatchlings follow their parents around lagoon which quickly filled with the rains. Thick patches of wild rice line adjoining less inundated areas and deep saturated greens dominate as far as the eye can see. During the day young Goosemonk spends his time in the little walker at the jetty that the girls had built for him. A patch of large paperbark trees next to the jetty provide deep shade. He is fascinated by the sounds of the geese, ducks and other wildlife. It's almost like he understands the calls and reacts to them. Lately he started to imitate their calls and to the amazement of the girls, the ducks and geese respond to him. The gander with his two offspring that nipped him in the belly at the day of his birth now visit him every day. The girls name them Zeus, Aphrodite and Mars after Greek and Roman gods. They are real characters, Zeus the laid back dominant gander exudes a sense of purpose and power while cheeky little female Aphrodite always gets heckled by her brother Mars. Watching the young boy, Madonna tells Gemma, 'did you know that most of the creation myths of man say that in the beginning was the word? It's true, in the first few years, as the human brain grows, we first learn the words and the concepts that go with them. Look at the little bugger he learns goose talk, I wonder what they say to him and he to them.' 'Probably, what'd yah say you silly goose', Marilyn jokes. Madonna smiles and continues, 'fact is bird brains are highly developed, their brain to body ration is one in twelve for most of their species whereas it is only one in fifty on average in humans, just about the same level as rats.' 'So that means our brains are four times smaller relative by weight to birds?' 'Yes that is true, but because bird brains are smaller overall it helps them to think twice as fast as human, for the speed of thinking depends on absolute brain size. For them, we humans move in slow motion.' 'But they can't think and reason like we do, can't they', Gemma asks. 'No they don't have intellect for all we know but they never needed to develop it, because they are perfectly adapted to life as they are in their specific habitats. We humans on the other hand needed to develop tools and the use of fire, because we were so clumsy, too slow and too weak without it. Our tools are our crutches, we don't survive without them. Bird vision is better, look how their eyes are placed to the side whereas ours face forward. They have full panoramic vision while ours is limited to a mere sixty degrees angle. They can see more colors than we including ultraviolet. We humans are just so full of ourselves starting right at the bible which claims we are a creation in the image of god himself. How silly. All living creatures on earth are perfect and worthy in themselves, adapted and developed to fulfill their purpose in a specific niche of a specific habitat and in harmony with all the other creatures that share its space. Look at the billabong in front of you, here all is in perfect balance,

complete, nothing can be added to improve it and nothing taken away in any moment of time, ouch, except for the flaming “mozzies”!’ The girls laugh and enjoy the sunset and the daily orchestra that always comes with it.

It's the dry season again. Although humidity has dropped, it's still hot every day as the sun torches the land. There are no real dry seasons of the old time anymore and even night temperature rarely drops below twenty-seven degrees compared to the twenty-four degrees as it used to. 'We need to get our supplies topped up', Madonna remarks. Gummi was meant to come last week but as usual he's late. Eventually they see his familiar rust bucket appear at the horizon like a 'fata morgana' in the glimmering heat of the day. Gummi's car comes to a screeching halt and the young lad jumps out through the open side of his car, a car with no doors. 'Heey sheilas, how are we today? Gooooood news. The curfew in Evo is over, they've formed a new provisional government. Some supplies came through from down south. They have been bulldozing all around Evo and plant fruit trees and greens.' 'Wow', Gemma remarked. 'Do you think its safe to go back?' 'Hmmm, not sure about that. The Undead are still there, they are armed to the tilt and so are the other vigilantes. Everything has guards now. People are desperate, they have shortages on everything.' 'What about Numan, are they back in Evo?' 'Naah, I've heard they moved out of Australia.' 'Gee, what are we to do now', Gemma says. 'It ain't matter, we have Goosemonk, that's all that counts, to keep him well', Madonna answers. 'He carries the hope.' 'Yah, how is the little bugger', Gummi asks and looks towards the jetty. 'Mate, he is without compare.' 'He talks to the animals, he's got some sort of connection with them, just look at him now.' Goosemonk standing on the jetty flaps both his arms up and down and Zeus in front mimics him. 'It's his dance class,' Marilyn jokingly says, 'just like a couple of Brolgas the two of them.'

Later at dinner, Gummi asks, 'what's the plan, did you make up your minds girls.' 'Well, I and Gemma were thinking of going back to Evo with you and check things out', says Madonna. 'Marilyn can stay here with the baby. Nobody must know about him. Nobody must see him until he's grown up.' Marilyn who has come to love the little toddler like her own blood nods and smiles at the prospect to have him all to herself. 'He has such a presence', she says, 'I always go blank when I look at him. I can look at him for hours.' 'Don't get lost and drown little sis', Gummi comments.

The next day, Gummi, Madonna and Gemma are on their way to Evo. It's a long dusty drive and slow going on the corrugated dirt road. They don't fix the roads anymore as there is not enough traffic to warrant the expense. It has become the norm in the back country to let go all non-vital infrastructure while essential services are made a priority in the new settlement. 'What will Goosemonk be like when he grows up Madonna', Gemma asks. 'You said he has the enlightenment genes activated in him. Will he be like Jesus?' 'Oh, he'll be like me then', Gummi jokes. Madonna goes on, 'nobody can know for sure, because the state of enlightenment cannot be described in words at all, according to Yoga

scriptures. He will not know that he is enlightened because he is not present in mind to experience anything when he is in the state of it. The state itself is the death of experience. It is the state of the mysterious nothingness.' 'So the mind stops in him?' Gemma asks. 'Correct, in the state of enlightenment, the sages say, there is no mind, only the ecstatic state of living from the heart, the true nature of man. At this level of consciousness the realization of his true nature will be such that it automatically silences his mind which is no longer needed and opens up the heart which attunes to every experience it can perceive at any moment in time.' 'How can he live then, we need to think to learn and to act in every day life', Gemma says. 'Well, when the mind is needed his state of no mind and bliss of the heart will come to rest and the mind then bubbles back into activity. He will see-saw constantly and in that effortlessly switching between the mind state and the bliss state.' 'A bit like Gummi then', Gem states with smile and a glancing eye on her boyfriend referring to his fondness of the brew. 'Totally,' Madonna laughs, 'we all have the ability, but it manifests in different ways. True bliss of the heart is rare though, it cannot be forced or learned, its a kind of inner grace when certain genes are active.' Later in day as the sun starts to set they finally see the dim lights of Evo in the distance. They have arrived.

'Lets see if uncle is home', says Gemma, referring to Gummi's uncle Leonardo, a local aboriginal healer with knowledge in western medicine, as he works as a nurse in the only clinic in Evo. He has a big house just outside town. Leo, as he is known to his friends, sits cross legged on his veranda, seemingly expecting his guests, a full jug of coffee and four cups ready to be poured. All sit down, just what we needed, a good brew, uncle. 'You knew in your heart we were coming, didn't you?' 'So this is Madonna, uncle', Gem's boss. 'Ah, heard of you before, how can I help you mob? You live out in Gummi's grandfather's country, with the geese mob.' 'Yeah, its so beautiful out there', Madonna replies and goes on, 'I need to top up supplies and pick things from my old house, books and stuff.' 'Gummi would have told you they flattened Numan, but the staff quarters are still standing, seen some wild dogs there lately. Got to be very careful', Leo sternly remarks. 'Not to worry uncle, I'll be with them,' Gummi pointing to his bulging biceps. 'Ahh, get out of here,' Gem bursts out laughing.

Later that night the three get into Madonna's car and slowly make their way into town. Madonna drops Gem and Gummi at the supermarket and then drives a little bit further down the road where her home is located. Gummi checked it out the day before and it had been locked, a sign that it was not broken in. Madonna slowly turns the key and walks inside, switches on the dim solar powered lights and carefully observes her possessions, furniture, bookshelves, bedroom and kitchen. So far so good. She walks towards her beloved library of treasured books. Let's see what we need for the child. She packs the human body atlas, the atlas of the world, the biology of waterfowl, Gods of Egypt, the book of yoga, the Macquarie dictionary, Classic Latin, Plants and wildlife of the Northern Territory, The Renaissance, Gandhi, Einstein and Tesla. 'I wish I could take everything with me.' The books have

filled the box together with clothes, a laptop and other personal possessions. She then drags the box to the back of the car. After checking the phones she makes her way back into the car driving back to the shop where Gummi and Gem stand waiting. The car comes to a halt. Bang! A sudden whizzing sound and a big thumping noise! Gem covers her mouth in disbelief, Gummi drops the two bags he was about to carry to the car and Madonna slumps over the wheel with a hole in her forehead. Gummi races to the car, opens the door and lifts Madonna's head and stares into a pair lifeless eyes. 'She's dead', he shouts back to Gem. As he turns, another whizzing sound and Gem collapses on the ground. He runs over, lifts her up and drags the body to the car. Another bullet whizzes past but misses. With one swift action, he pushes Madonna out of the way and hits the pedal speeding away with screeching wheels. It only takes a couple of minutes to Leo's house, he shouts out to him and they both move the limp bodies inside. Gem is still breathing. Gummi grabs uncle's rifle and get's back into the car, yelling 'I get the bastard.' Leo just nods and turns back inside to take care of Gemma and the dead body of Madonna.

Gummi's mind is racing, why and who the hell was that. What a coward to shoot two girls out from the dark. Little did Gummi know, that Amene had a standing watch on Madonnas house, well knowing that she and her assistant were the only eyewitness of him leading the torching of Numan. He saw them escape on that day. Amene, a hunter, in his cunning knew all he had to do is to put surveillance on the house. His hatred of Numan and what they stood for had no bounds, in fact in his delusions, he saw them as the work of the devil that had to be eliminated in the name of the true god, his god. Priding himself as the best shot of Evo's new gun club, he had no hesitation to pull the trigger. In fact, he felt pleasure, like he felt thousands of times before when shooting hunting prey over the years. Amene was long gone when Gummi arrived back at the scene. Gummi, though well trained as a tracker by his father, carefully examines the ground where the shooter would have stood and sure enough soon found three discarded shells. He carefully examines the boot imprints on the soil that the killer left behind and tire marks of his getaway car. I swear I get the bastard, he stands up and turns back to Leo's house with a grim and angry face. 'Just a flesh wound for Gem', Leo remarks. He had her all banded up and then says, 'take her back to community. Nobody needs to know that she is still alive. Did you find anything?' 'Only these uncle' and gives him the shells. With a glance Leo says, 'it could be anybody, lot's of people have that type of gun now. We'll find this bastard later. You go now. I'll take a few days off and look after Marilyn out bush.' 'Are you good Gem', asks Gummi with a worried look at her. 'Yeah I'm good, don't worry'.

At Boomboom Billabong, Marilyn takes the six month toddler down to the lagoon at sunrise to collect some herbs and plants. Unaware of the tragedy that happened the night before in Evo, she blissfully plays with him, trying to make him repeat some of the words she whispers into his big ears. Guuumang, Guuumang, goose, goose. Goosemonk intensely listens, then tries to mimic the sounds but can't quite get it right. Guuuuummmaa. Marilyn laughs and Goosemonk smiles. His first teeth

have just appeared and he's gained a lot of weight already. He had learned to crawl and dragging himself up on the walker, wobbly standing against the rail. It's the first time in Marilyn's life that she takes care of someone, usually it was the other way round. She had a bit a reputation to be a little bit of a loose girl at high school and being too cheeky with the boys. Although well educated in the western way, she knows quite a bit about life in the bush too and had been taken there on countless occasions by her old granny which died last year. Granny always took care of her and she never heard her utter an angry word. It had been traumatic to lose her, almost like she had lost her direction in life with her, the guiding force in her life. On her deathbed Granny whispered into her ear. 'Love, I will always watch over you, don't be sad when I'm gone.' In a way this is true, whenever she is feeling alone lately almost magically granny arises in her memories with her big wrinkly smiling face. But all the sadness of the aftermath of granny's death changed when little Goosemonk entered Marilyn's life. She feels his presence, his peace and tranquility and can't help but feel happy near him. He is so pure, nothing touches him, not even the mosquitoes. He barely needs to eat any food as long as he is out in the sun where his skin quickly changes from the rosy pink to a darker tone with a greenish note. The little bugger with his curly hair almost looks indigenous at times.

Uncle Leonardo pulls up at the cabin and looking at him Marilyn immediately knows that something is wrong. 'Uncle, what up?' 'Sit down' Marilyn and continuing after a long pause, 'Madonna is dead, Gem is wounded and Gummi is with her.' 'My god, how?' Well, someone shot at them at Evo in the dark. We don't know who. Gummi and Gem are in hiding with family. How is the baby?' 'He's inside, wait I'll get him.' Leo is struck at the sight of young Goosemonk, he's never seen such a bundle of joy and these sparkling yet piercing huge blue eyes. 'Oh, so much vigor he exclaims.' 'What are we to do now?' Marilyn asks. 'Nobody knows he exists.' 'How do you feel about him, Marilyn?' 'I feel like I'm his mother. He has no one and is alone in the world. If we surrender him to authority, god knows what they do to him, especially those bastards the Undead. I love him uncle with all my heart and I'm sure so does Gem and Gummi.' 'Well, then, keep him, Leo warmly said. 'We tell people he is yours. He looks quite dark. I'll get him a birth certificate from the clinic. But you have to live here on your own for a while. We will tell the truth when it is time.'

And so it is decided. Marilyn takes care of the toddler, occasionally visited by uncle Leo, Gem and Gummi and eventually by other trusted members of the clan. Years pass and the toddler slowly develops into a beautiful young boy. At two years of age, he is able to walk alone, drink from a cup and comprehend questions. By year three he jumps, walks, runs and handles objects. Then he also starts talking and seems to comprehend complex concepts behind the words. His education begins. First, Marilyn reads the books that Madonna collected on the day of her death, then she begins to explain all the plants and animals of the billabong and the nearby escarpment. At four he is able to read and write spending hours and hours every day at the jetty to get lost in the books that the girls bring him from te

Evo library. But his favorite activity is to be with the animals of the lagoon especially the geese. It takes him no time to learn and mimic their language. He often explains his conversations with the geese to an amazed Marilyn. The geese he is with for most of the time are of course, Zeus, Aphrodite and Mars. Leo had built a little bark canoe for him and was delighted when a deliriously happy Goosemonk takes off in it with his geese. Leo then says, 'this boy is more black then anyone I know.'

When Goosemonk turns six, Leo, one day turns up and tells him, 'young fella, it's time for me to take you up to Newangelo Rock.' Marilyn knows she has to respect the wish of an elder just nods her head. However like any good mother she is worried about the child and imagines all kind of dangers lurking out there away from her protection. 'Don't make such a worried face Marilyn, it won't be ceremony like with our boys', referring to the practice of initiation, 'I just explain the meaning of culture to him.' 'You know girl, Newangelo Rock, this place, is like blackfella university, all the culture is there for those who can see it, all the stories from the time before time.' Goosemonk listening intently asks, 'uncle, is this the place where you became aware?' Leo, now somewhat perplexed, says, 'exactly'. 'How do you know?' Goosemonk goes on, 'awareness can expand by looking at knowledge. It simply is.' 'Wow, I don't need to take you there, you already know,' Leo said. 'Uncle, I love to go there and look at the galleries that mum talked about so many times.'

The two hikers, the gray haired wiry old man and the young lanky boy with shoulder long hair, make steady progress towards the towering rocks of Newangelo Rock in the distance. While on their way, the old man questions the younger on the type of trees, when they flower, what they are used for and so on, and is surprised about the depth of knowledge the young boy has acquired at this young age. Marilyn has done a great job with him he thinks. Now they get closer to the first ancient gallery, a series of figures with some weird looking wedge shaped hair dresses or hats and above them a woman with big legs. Both of them sit down and marvel at the colorful display. Leo explains, see how they have used only four colors and points to the white, black, yellow and red in the painting. 'White fella calls them the four elements, earth, fire, air and water and says that water is like blood, fire like death to turn life to ash, air like the spark of life and earth is earth, the mother of all of us.' Goosemonk nods. 'What do you think the figures are?' Leo asks. The boy now grins and says, 'they are the water lily girls from the blood of the mother.' Leo shakes his head and smiles, 'I haven't heard that one before. He He.' Nonetheless he marvels at he boys power of observation. The wedge shapes really look like an expression of the leaves of the waterlily when they raise out from the water. The woman with the big legs really looks like a menstruating woman. Perhaps he is right. Who really knows what the artists thought thousands of years ago when they produced this art. They walk further along the galleries and enjoy the depictions of wallaby, barramundi, goose, long-necked turtle, emu, an insect like creature that Leo called the lightning man, hand impressions and many other animals. 'That lightning man looks like an insect', the boys remarks. 'Hm maybe', Leo answers. 'He is called Namarrgon, one of the creation

ancestors. See, how that arch that runs from his ankle to his hands and over his head, it is the lightning he creates in the build-up storms. See, those are the axes on his head, elbow and feet to split the clouds. During the build-up, his children, the “Alyurr” or what white fella calls Leichardt's Grasshoppers, call their father who gifts them the storms and lighting to make tucker grow for them.' 'Insects', the boy reminds Leo on his theory. 'Yaah, yaah, you are right.' Then as they walk further he goes on, 'good tucker that one', Leo pointing at the depiction of a goanna. 'Nooooo', the young boy bursts out with a laugh. He knows Leo is just teasing him. From his birth onwards the girls tried to feed him eggs, turtle soup, barramundi and even roasted meat but he always resolutely refused. He just wouldn't eat anything with a taste of animal. In the end the girls gave up, putting it down to his genes and besides he grew well on his diet of rice milk, rolled oats, lentils, vegetable and seeds. In any case he didn't eat a lot at all, instead preferring so sit in the sun to recharge. Leo goes on, 'do you think it is wrong for us to eat meat, what about the dingo, the goanna, the goshawks, the wedge tail eagles and the many hunting animals. Are they all bad?' The boy ponders the question for a while then explains. 'No, the hunting animals are all good. Mother earth has created them out of mercy for the weak, the injured and the old, to stop the hurt. She doesn't like seeing their children suffer. Brother goshawk and goanna never kill for fun, they kill because it is their purpose. The healthy animals have the skills to escape them. There is always balance and purpose in nature. Your ancestors killed the animals that are shown here too, but they only took what they needed to stay alive, never out of malice or for fun. They killed but with respect and with some remorse in their hearts.' 'Why then, don't you eat meat', asks Leo. Goosemonk turns around, and walks a short distance away from Leo and sits down. 'I show you why. You just stay still.' After a while, to Leo's amazement a small flock of noisy Rainbow Lorikeets land near the boy. Goosemonk starts to whisper to them with a soothing tone of voice. Then a few more arrive and within a few minutes there were some thirty birds all over his body. The boy gently rubs one of them under its beak, the bird bending his neck into his fingers almost like asking to be massaged there. 'I'm preening him because he likes it, Goosemonk says, it is a sign of friendship and respect. And soon all of the lorikeets started preening the boys exposed skin and licking his skin with their long tongues, Goosemonk giggles with delight. 'It tickles' he laughs 'as their claws are really sharp like needles.' It is a spectacular sight. 'Here is your answer, uncle.' 'Are you saying they love you because you don't eat meat?' 'Yes, absolutely.' My heart is clear and in unison with theirs. Meat eaters have a shadow over their hearts, a kind of a barrier that stops their love from reaching out to another being. You cannot love and kill at the same time. Those lorikeets are a little bit like me in as they live from the nectar and pollen that plants freely offer. Killing means stopping the love in your heart. Some animals can sense the shadow over the heart and also because predators have an odor out of their skins. Its called ammonia from the digestion of meat, a bad smell. Thats why those birds not go anywhere near you.' 'So I stink, is that what you saying?' 'Naaah, just a tiny bit of odor, he he.'

After a couple of days exploring Newangel Rock the two make their way back to Boomboom Lagoon.

Ironically, Leo's intension had been to teach the young boy his considerable knowledge of the bush and culture, but in the end it is the boy who taught him. He truly is somebody really special and Leo vows to himself to do everything to support him. 'Hi, maa', the boy affectionately calls Marilyn and runs towards her. 'Did you miss me little darling?' 'Naah, I missed you a lot.' 'How was it?' 'Ohhh sooo great. I want to learn to paint your peoples way', he says. 'Uncle will help me, he promised.' 'Sooh, Leonardo said so', Marilyn nods. 'He'll better bring some brushes next time he comes.'

It is December 2038, another year comes to an end. The monsoon arrives with the soothing sounds of steady downpours. Many of the geese have returned from other feeding areas. They are here to breed. Goosemonk, now nearly seven years old, is in good spirits, sitting cross legged on the front porch of the cabin, brush in hand and covered in a splattering of pigment. He sometimes paints in western naturalistic style and at other times in the aboriginal abstract way of patterns. Marilyn sits behind him busy with indigenous handicrafts and occasionally watching the young boy paint. It has been freakishly hot leading up to the first storms and both Leo and Gummi had brought some frightening news as of late. People now say that global warming has reached three degrees and the antarctic is steadily moving towards an accelerating meltdown just as the arctic did years ago. Already large tracts of floodplain are being lost in the Northern Territory through saltwater intrusion because of rising sea levels and as a consequence many waterfowl species are loosing habitat with only pockets of populations remaining. It will only be a matter of time before the great flood will reach even as far as Boomboom Billabong. The scientists had been warning about co-extinction the process when the extinction of one animal species causes the extinction of many others and ultimately the collapse of entire ecosystems. They say this will occur at five degree warming. Methane had been steadily bubbling to the surface from right back in 2021 when a large earthquake near Greenland destabilized the frozen methane hydrates.

Goosemonk who had listened to Leo and Gummi now thinks out loud and says, 'when the geese go everything goes. I must talk to them.' 'Talking to whom,' Marilyn asks. 'To the geese of course. I must ask Zeus what he sees when he's up there, pointing his finger to the distance skies.' 'How do you ask Zeus?' 'It's not really like talk, but I can zoom in on him. I can't explain. It's like dreaming, yet I know what I think is real. It's like a special state of consciousness that allows me to experience unity with other creatures, all creatures in a direct way.' 'But what can you do, even if you know what happens in the wetlands? Surely it would be too late to stop it, Marilyn says. 'You are right ma, we can't stop it. Although many people will die and land will fall silent we need to help mother earth to heal herself. I need to know where the geese go when the flood comes. I can help the geese, if I know where they go.' 'Ahhh, you are such a nut, you and your geese,' she jokingly remarks.

Goosemonk in his bark canoe joins up with Zeus and his flock out on the lagoon. Zeus as usual, honks loudly at the sight of his friend and one can hear him from miles afar. Aphrodite his little female companion is just as noisy but with a different more high pitched tone. One cannot mistake them from

the other geese as their plumage is exceptionally clean and white. Zeus exudes his dominance just by the way he holds his head. Both of them jump aboard. 'Come for a ride, are we?' Looking at Zeus, it reminds him of the story that he read last week in one of the books that Marilyn gave him back at the cabin, that of Gengen Wer, one of the ancient Egyptian creation myths. Gengen Wer the primeval Egyptian goose god who's name meant Great Honker was considered the original force of creative energy. In the myth, he carried the egg from which life emerges and that every deceased person reverts to the egg inside the Great Honker, waiting to hatch from that goose again. It would have been just another story, but Leo told him that his people the Aboriginals in this area also believe that the nests of the geese are the resting place of the dead. Zeus honks again and looks up into the sky as another goose was about to arrive and land on the water. At that very moment Goosemonk feels an internal vibration of such force that it jolted him out his body and then instantly finds himself looking seemingly through the eyes of Zeus. The colors, they are incredible, unlike any of what I've seen, so sharp and clear with a full panoramic view yet at the same time focused ahead. And just as sudden as this vision came it disappeared and he is back looking at Zeus. I have just seen through the eyes of Zeus, he thinks. The experience fills him with an incredible flood of joy, being able to see and feel through the eyes of his best friend, Zeus, the king of the geese. I wonder if Zeus can see through mine too. The experience repeats on and off and for several hours, the boy with his two geese in the canoe drifting between the visual worlds of human and bird. With every switch it becomes easier and more enjoyable for him, a new and more advanced kind of empathy, perhaps projected, between kindred spirits, a new kind of seeing for humans. Later that day he explains all to Ma who speechlessly listens to his description of what happened yet can't quite comprehend it yet, thus says nothing.

The next month the family gathers to meet at the cabin to discuss future of the young boy. Leo, Gummi, Gem and Marilyn surround him to celebrate his seventh birthday with a feast in honor and in memory of the late Madonna. Marilyn explains to everyone the boy's new found talent of seeing through the eyes of Zeus, all of them listening with a mixture of disbelief and amusement. There is no real material explanation for it and so they find it too far fetched. Finally Leo says, 'there are three types of people, those who see, those who see only when they are shown and those who do not see, just as there are people who are awake, those who sleep and those who are blind. Perhaps we are all asleep and only young boy is awake and in that case we simply can't understand. Let's leave it at that.' Then they discuss all options for the boy, if he should go to school, join community or stay. Eventually the young boy stands up and in great clarity and with a firm voice says, 'I must stay, I must stay with Zeus and the others. My heart is connected to his. Leo nods his head and says, 'very well you heard the young master', bursting out laughing. Everyone joins in. Gem who had fully recovered from her shot wound asks Marilyn if she and Gummi could stay here for a while with young boy to give her a break and go back to community to catch up with all her other folks. Everyone has started to ask questions where Marilyn was, as they thought she'd become suicidal after her grandmas death. Marilyn somewhat

reluctant agrees but it be only for a month.

The month just flew by and Marilyn is back again. The young boy as usual spends time with his geese, especially the young goslings that are swimming around everywhere, like little bundles of unbridled joy and curiosity. The boy had kept up his reading especially of books of neurocardiology and neurology which Leo borrowed from the clinics library. He displays extraordinary abilities for a kid of his age where others just barely learn the ABC in primary school. Pondering on what he learned from the science of the heart, Goosemonk reasons that when he looks through the eyes of Zeus that he is really looking through the heart rather than through his eyes. He figures that the heart really is a sensory organ and a sophisticated center for receiving and processing information and that it has its own “brain” and “consciousness”. The heart generates the largest electromagnetic field in the body, a field measured by an electrocardiogram (ECG) about sixty times larger in amplitude than the brain waves recorded in an electroencephalogram (EEG) and even more remarkably the magnetic component supposedly about five thousand times stronger than the brain's magnetic field. It latter can be detected over one meter away from the body with a magnetometer. The heart is seemingly so much stronger than the mind and is able to perceive through bio-electromagnetic currents just like a brain. That must be it, the boy reasons, that together with some kind of projection of brain consciousness. Perception through the brain somehow resonates with perception through the heart. And when the heart is open, empathy and compassions flow without obstruction. That's exactly what he feels when he is with Zeus and Aphrodite a kind of unconditional reciprocal love, a kind of unity and bond. It's not the same with Gem, Gummi, Ma and Leo, there seems to be kind of a restriction on their side something that blocks the flow of energy. It's because their hearts are not truly open yet. Maybe this has to do with our inborn self defense, that of inner protection out of fear. Ma always comments on him having no fear of anything. Even the ferocious lightning strikes and thunder of violent tropical storms just make him giggle. Where does fear come from? Is it because all creatures are afraid to die or fear pain? Do all fears arise from the fear of death or of pain? Ma always calls him my little enlightened one. He has read the book of Yoga that she gave him and knows about the concept of enlightenment and the powers that spark it. The gurus say enlightenment is a form of death and if fear arises from the knowledge of death, then all fear is lost at that moment when enlightenment occurs. That must be it. The experience of death somehow kills the fear of it.

As the years pass, the climate gets hotter and more violent. The young boy has morphed into a handsome tall teenager. He has learned to look after himself and goes on long excursions into the surrounding bushland. Zeus recently had some offspring with Aphrodite and so a young Zeus was born. Goosemonk was present when it hatched and the first thing the hatchling saw. Since that moment it followed him everywhere even to the hummock on the veranda at night. Goosemonk named him Apollo after the Roman god of light. The two became inseparable. Marilyn had changed a little bit too

and her excursions to community became more frequent. She is growing fond of a nice young man that she had met at a meeting of related families. Gummi and Gemma also got closer to each other and had married. They never found out who killed Madonna, there were no traces and no clues. Amene became lord major of Evo and following that the town seemed to turn even more neurotic than ever, made worse by the Undead now firmly in control of business in town. People were trying to get more self sufficient but this was not very successful given difficulties from the heat and humidity as well as water rationing. Many residents also started brewing grog which in turn kills more people than any other of all kinds of rampant diseases. Others left town out of desperation. They had sanctioned euthanasia in Australia but even so hospital space was scarce. Old people troubled to keep alive given the merciless heat were increasingly inclined towards this option of a painless departure. Worldwide people were dropping like flies as successive crop failures, coastal inundation and flooding, drought and fires took a toll.

Uncle, uncle, Goosemonk shouts out at the familiar sight of Leo. It's been a quite a while since he had a visit. It is the year 2048 and he's just turned sixteen. His rather inquisitive mind increasingly longs for company especially since Marilyn had returned to community last month after discovering she was pregnant to her boyfriend with whom she's got engaged. 'Hello my boy or should I say young man. Gee, you've grown like a rocket since I saw you last time. I'll stay over for a few weeks if you like.' 'Oh, I love you here. What have you got here?' he asks when Leo pulls out a long piece of wood. 'That's my didg' (short for didgeridoo, a kind of aboriginal wooden trumpet), he says. 'Ah, I have heard about that, so that's a didgeridoo, to make the droning sounds for ceremony and dancing, isn't it.' 'Would you like me to show you how to use it?' 'I'd love too, Leo replies and promptly sits down and blows his didg in an eerie high pitched droning sounds interrupted by short trumpet like lower pitched sounds. 'Wow, old Zeus would love to hear this.' 'Ok, this is how it works', Leo goes on. 'You play it by continuously vibrating your lips to produce the drone, while using a special breathing technique that my ancestors developed, called circular breathing. This is you breathe in through your nose, at the same time expelling stored air out of the mouth using tongue and cheeks.' Leo begins demonstrating. 'So in other words the air is continuously replenished and you can go on play forever.' 'You try' he says as he hands Goosemonk the tube. It takes the young lad a few tries interrupted by Leo's hilarious laughter at every failed attempt, but suddenly he gets it right. 'Wow, that's really good', Leo nods his head. 'What a talent', he exclaims. After a while, Goosemonk who's been in thought, says 'I reckon this is a like a form of pranayama, the Yoga art of breath control.' He'd been practicing yoga, learning from the book that he found in the cabin. 'There are many vibrational exercises such as the bee's breath and the mantras. The shape of your didg looks like the long neck of Zeus when he's chasing geese girls, he, he. At times he sounds like a didg too.' 'Good old Zeus', Leo smiles, 'where is he anyway?' 'Oh, he's gone for a walk with Apollo, his junior.' 'Ok, tomorrow I show you how to make your own didg.'

The next day they go off into the nearby woodlands, armed with an axe. At some places Leo stops at a stringybark, or what the botanists call, *Eucalyptus tetradonta*, and peels back a small section of bark then knocks the blunt end of his axe against it. 'I'm listening for a hollow sound', he explains, 'a sound of the right resonance. The tree must be hollowed out by termites. They only eat the dead heartwood in the center of the trunk.' 'Why?' 'Ah, the living sapwood on the outside contains a chemical that repels the insects.' Suddenly Leo finds the right tree, he lets Goosemonk listen to the hollow sound and then proceeds to cut down the tree. The younger man shoulders the tree and they walk back to the cabin where they sit down on the veranda. Leo then proceeds to clean out the hollow of the five foot tube and takes off the bark, finally trimming the ends. 'You must shape the exterior yourself' and hands Goosemonk a batch of sandpaper. Leo walks to the car and comes back with jar. 'This is sugarbag beeswax' he says 'from native wild bees for the mouthpiece.' Goosemonk tips his finger into the jar and tastes a tiny sample of the black wax. 'Yeah, it has a very distinct aroma, I like it.' Leo applies the wax to form the mouthpiece. 'That's it. You can paint it if you like with your symbols.' 'I will, uncle it will show Zeus and all his family.' Try it out see how the sound comes out. 'Drrrrrrrrmmmmmm aaaaaaummmmm, beautiful, a sweet high pitch and a very low drone. Perfect. You got it.'

3. Love (Venus)

It is the 30th January 2050, the day before Goosemonk's 18th birthday. As was predicted some thirty years ago, sea levels have risen above the two meter mark and Australia's northern coastline retreated sharply. The once mangrove lined shores no longer exist and even inland Boomboom Billabong is under treat from saltwater intrusion. It had been a bumper wet season so far and the water almost reaches the cabin. The geese and ducks love it. However, last week had been dry and the water again is slowly retreating. Goosemonk had been busy over the year before and the cabin is now full with painted didgeridoos and canvases. Zeus is well despite his twenty odd years of age, close to the end of his time, after all not many geese go beyond twenty. Goosemonk always spares his rather simple meal of rolled oats, other grains and pulses with him during the dry season when feed is sparse and that had kept the gander in great shape during these difficult periods. In any case Apollo, his offshoot had taken over as the king of the billabong. Gummi and Gemma had a baby boy and Marilyn brought a lovely girl into the world. Uncle Leo took it up with Goosemonk like a father to son and thought him everything he knew about culture whenever he found time to come and visit him.

'Uncle, you made it', he now greets the old man who arrives just before sunset. 'Yeah, not too bad, would have been quicker with a canoe I reckon. Some of the road crossings are tidal now and I had got stuck at one last night. Anyway I have plans for you.' 'You do?' 'All of us talked and we want you to come to Evo and stay in my house for a while. The others will come too, Gummi and Gemma, Marilyn and her husband and their kids, you'll finally meet them, those little bundles of joy.' Goosemonk turns his head to the lagoon. Leo notices and says, 'your geese will be right, they start to breed. No need to baby sit them.' 'Yeah you right, of course.' 'So we pack your gear and leave tomorrow. All good?' 'Yeah.' The next day, for the first time in his life the young man sets foot in a car. He's a bit anxious to leave his home and his cherished geese behind to venture into the unknown. His heart is connected to the country he has become a part of and he feels attached, after all, we are but memory of our life gone past. But he also knows that wherever he goes he becomes. Leo now starts the car and states 'we should be there in a couple of hours if all goes right.' Goosemonk takes a little sniff inside the car and says, 'uncle your little odor is gone walkabout, he, he,' to which Leo replies, 'well, I thought about what you said at Newangel Rock and have given your diet a try lately, just to see if you were right. Rolled oats for breakfast, lentils for lunch and coconut pancakes for dinner, for the last three weeks. I now feel very light almost like a feather.' Goosemonk finds it funny and mocks blowing at him. Leo goes on to say, 'but I must admit I do feel a lot better especially sitting on the "crapper". He He. But I do miss proper tucker for sure and I think I'll go back to the old ways, you won't mind, won't you.' 'Nah, of course not.'

As they get closer to Evo, Goosemonk can't miss noticing a large herd of cattle crammed up in a huge

yard to the side of the road. Leo says, 'there you have your odor' and both break out laughing. Because of fuel shortages and dis-function of ports around the world that had been brought about by sea level rise, there were no longer any livestock exports out from Darwin port and as a consequence meat had become cheap locally, 'they simply don't know what to do with', Leo says. 'Many of the pastoral leases will go broke and have to sell off their cattle. I have heard this now happens all over the world but people are not too fussed with it because it will reduce greenhouse emissions after all,' Leo goes on, 'Amene our frick'n major together with his cronies built a new slaughterhouse. They sure make some dough out of it.' 'The cattle are not happy.' says Goosemonk and puts his hand on Leo's arm. 'Can we stop there, please?' and he points at the main gate to the stockyard. As he gets out of the car, he grabs a bolt cutter from behind the back seat and then resolutely cuts open the padlock and opens the gate. The cattle sense a smell of freedom and start streaming out of the yard and into the open bushland on the other side of the road. 'They'll be alright,' he says, 'plenty of water and feed around this time of the year' as he climbs back into the car with a grin on his face. 'They are sentient beings, they feel like us and like us they avoid imprisonment and death. We have no right to deprive them of freedom.' Leo says nothing but just nods his head and they silently continue their journey to Evo.

As they get closer to Leo's house, they notice Gummi's car parked out at the front. 'They are here', Leo says. Marilyn flies out the door and gives Goosemonk a big hug. 'You are such a big boy now', she says with watery eyes. 'I've missed you. Happy birthday.' They unpack the car and then gather in Leo's big living room where Gemma prepared a table full of delicious dishes and plenty of fresh fruit for the birthday boy. As they settle down and rip into the food, Goosemonk gets examined by Gemma's and Marilyn's offspring. Both, the boy and the girl probe his olive shiny skin and long wavy flowing hair. Goosemonk imitates the various noises and calls of waterfowl which in turn delights the toddlers to no end. When all are fed, Leo stands up and after a moment of silence speaks, 'Orlando, you are eighteen years old now and under the law an adult. We have never talked to you about who you really are and I think now is the right moment to tell you the truth. You have been such an enrichment to our lives and we all would have wished to have you as our own child. In fact I always look at you as my own blood and in my mind you really are. Son, your mother's name is Madonna. You probably don't remember her, she died in tragic circumstances after you were born.' Leo pauses to let the words sink in. Goosemonk then says 'I do remember a tall lady with long blond hair holding me and I sometimes still dream of her.' 'That was her, your mother. I have kept a box for you in the back room with some of her belongings, photos and letters and the like.' 'Who is my father,' Goosemonk then asks. 'Your father well there is none. Gemma will explain.' Gemma puts her arm on Goosemonks shoulder and softly says, 'I worked for your mother at the laboratory of a genetic engineering company named Numan in Evo and though you came from one of your mother's DNA, it had been edited with some other strands of DNA. You are thus more like a clone of your mother with modifications. As you know, your skin is different, because it has to ability to absorb the energy of the sun by photosynthesis, your immunity

from the disease is enhanced, you have a much higher tolerance to heat and a few special genes that normally are dormant have also been activated. You my dear, are far more advanced than any of us, any other humans on the entire planet for that matter.' Then Gemma stops to judge the reaction in the young man. To everybody's amazement Goosemonk stands up and then says, 'my friends, my family, this surely is the will of mother earth because everything that exists comes through and from her. I am that of what exists to the extent of my seeing and you are what exists to the extent of your perception. As we have different perceptions we assume that we are different entities. However in my case I feel I'm part of you, part of the trees outside, in fact part of everything I can see, smell and touch vibrates, it vibrates in me, and all of this is me. Thus I'm part of you as well, but you are not fully aware of that yet and that is why you think that I am different.' He then stops talking. Leo asks, 'why don't we feel that way?' 'Because you did not learn to feel that way in your childhood, uncle. When you witnessed the killing or the pain of another living being for the first time in your life, you also had to suppress your connection to that being, to subdue the love in your heart connected to that other being, the heart which was in pain when this being died or suffered. Also whenever someone in your past tried to hurt you, tried to beat you, you also had to suppress the love for that person or creature. Whenever you ate a meal of flesh you had to suppress the love for that animal. As the same action repeats many thousands of times in a person's life, like it usually does, the heart becomes enclosed in a permanent black cloak completely unknown to yourself'. I can see these black cloaks as emotional energies trapped in physical tissue around the heart in particular, thus I know. Only the power of a liberated love can break through this barrier, like when you fall in love with another person, the cloak can soften for a while and the love streams forth towards the other, and becoming the love of the other, a mixing of vibrations occurs.' Leo in thought then asks, 'what happens to you when you meet someone evil? Does the evil mixes with you?' Goosemonk answers, 'evil is the absence of love by denial of the latter. I cannot become the absence or the denial of something.' 'How about anger, Leo asks. How do you deal with anger directed towards you and threatening you?' 'Anger is a vibration just like any other vibration. The love in my heart for all of life is also a vibration but at a much higher frequency. True love is stronger and more powerful than anger, it neutralizes it by resonance'. The conversation then turns to Goosemonk's immediate future and together they discuss his options. Eventually Goosemonk agrees to Leo's suggestion to stay with him in Evo for the wet season to further his studies in the local community library before making any decisions.

Another monsoonal low makes its arrival the following day and brings rain pouring down on Evo. The incident at the cattle yards had made it into the local media and Amene sure was scathing in his blame of the irresponsible scumbags that put the community at risk of starvation or rather his own pocket. Goosemonk eventually finds his way into the communal library and is overwhelmed by the variety of books and media on every conceivable subject. He loses no time to commence his studies focusing on the two subjects of his current interests, that of the question of animal rights and nutrition. The

librarians get a bit curious about the young man that arrives at opening time, chooses a book and then reads non-stop until closing time. He is always very courteous with the front staff inquiring about material for his study and one young lady in particular bends backwards to find his attention. And that girl is Venus, named after the Roman goddess of love and sex, indeed not just by name but also by looks. She is a young biology student is on her semester break visiting her family in Evo and at the same time trying to earn a little pocket money by helping out at the library. She is struck by the appearance of the young man but also curious about the focus of his studies. After a week she finally makes a move and walks up to him. 'Excuse me sir'. Goosemonk laughs and says, 'please drop the sir'. Venus continues, 'we just got this new book in, it's called the "The Meat Perversity", I couldn't help to notice your interest in the subject. Are you a vegetarian or something?'. 'Yes, something like that' he answers politely, 'in fact I have never eaten any kind of animal product in my life'. 'What, no milk, eggs and cheese?' 'Nothing'. 'What about honey?'. 'Nothing'. 'Not once', Venus, asked in disbelief. 'Nope'. 'What about you?' 'Well I grew up on meat, but now, that I'm on my own, you know, it's very expensive and hard to come by, so naturally I live mainly on grains and pulses and sort of got used to it'. He now takes a closer look at the girl in front of him and can't but sensing a certain lightness in the expression of her face and a strong field around her heart space. She looks really cute with her milky porcelain like skin, rich earthy hair and a pair of sparkling green eyes. Goosemonk puts his book aside and points to the chair opposite. Venus sits down. 'Please ask anything you want to know about me so badly' he says and laughs. Both of them break out in laughter. 'What do you do when you are not in the library reading books?' 'Hm, I make didgeridoos, paint and listen to the geese'. 'To the geese, so you live near water do you?' 'Yes, at Boomboom Billabong.' 'Ah, I've been there once with my dad, it's near Newangel Rock isn't it?' Goosemonk nods. 'But isn't that aboriginal land?' 'Yes, my uncle Leo's family who have adopted me, has a cabin there.' 'Is that the Leo from the clinic?' Goosemonk nods again. 'Wow, that a wonderful place.' 'And what do you do, Goosemonk asks.' 'I'm a biology student.' 'Biology', he says, 'that's one of my favorite topics, especially the biology of birds, you know the one with wings.' By now, Venus is feeling quite happy to find common ground with the young man she is attracted to and the two continue their conversation for a while before Venus is called to the service desk by another customer. Goosemonk too is delighted to find a friend with like interests and inclinations and looks forward to see more of her in future days.

The following day they talk a bit more and Venus eventually asks Goosemonk if he could bring one of his didgeridoos and demonstrate the pre-school kids how to play. As promised he turns up with his beautifully decorated six foot instrument. He sits down in a circle of children and plays. He also explains to them how to breathe just like Leo did to him years ago. The children really enjoy this a lot and there is much laughter and fun when everyone has a try. Goosemonk then mimics the sounds of animals with and without his instrument. This is most impressive to everyone around and many of the library customers and staff also watch in amazement. They had never heard anything like it before.

When time is up, Goosemonk says, 'remember this, all life on the planet started with a sound, that of Aum, Aaaaauumm and also with onk onk,' imitating the honking noise of Zeus, and that, he continues while squatting down 'is the sound of the "Great Cackler" when he laid the egg that started life.' 'Everyone brakes out in laughter.' 'Orlando Goosemonk, I'm impressed, truly impressed, you are so good at that,' Venus says to him later. 'Nah, it's easy', he replies. Venus continues, 'listen tomorrow we have the monthly Vegetarian group meeting here at the library. I told them about you and they have invited you to speak to them about your own experiences and views. Would you like to come?' 'Yes, I'd love too.'

Venus accompanies Goosemonk to the "Veggies", as they are known by the Evo community, a small group of people from old to young and all kinds of skin shade. Most of them had brought some dishes made from their own backyard produce and recipes. The group had been petitioning the council to provide them with land for a community garden to draw in people that either don't have a backyard or are new to the concept of self sufficiency. As they settle down to their plates Venus introduces Goosemonk. 'Hi all, this is Orlando Goosemonk, he's been a vegan by birth and never touched any animal product or any kind of processed food in his entire life. He is very knowledgeable on animal welfare and I can assure you he also knows a plateful on vegan nutrition as well not just in theory but also in practice, well just look at him. I have asked him to come in and talk on the subject you all love that of animal welfare in relation to Veganism. Here he is.' 'Hello all, thank you Venus to speak of me so kindly. I thought I just answer any questions that you may have. Just go ahead.' One old man raises his hand and as Goosemonk nods, says, 'recently our group had a dispute with the new government and council about the effects of livestock and also shooting of native animals. We all know by now that humans have killed over ninety percent of all wild animals worldwide and that livestock is responsible for a great portion of human induced greenhouse emissions. How would you argue with these people?' 'Well,' Goosemonk answers, 'the core of the problem in my mind is the assumption that we can treat "nature" as a supermarket and take from the wild what we want. This assumption led to an attitude that it is quite all right to slaughter animals because they are inferior and are here to serve us, us humans, who god has supposedly created in his own image. However when a human kills an animal for food, he is suppressing his own sense for justice and harmony and undermines his own capacity for love and compassion individually and as a group. We need to learn to care about how I and you treat animals, because ultimately it determines directly on how we treat each other and the cultures and communities we create. A great German philosopher once said that misuse of animals is wrong for a human because it deadens in him the feeling of sympathy for their suffering, and thus weakens our natural morality in relation to other human beings.' Justice, the old man, raises his hand again and posts his second question. 'You seem to suggest we must work on our assumptions and attitudes first and foremost. What specifically is wrong with the attitude of hunters?' Goosemonk continues, 'well, we know from research undertaken, that those people that hunt for sport in particular have an egotistical admiration of

one's own attributes and a lack of compassion, that is they are narcissistic. They are also very deceitful, cunning and manipulative, that is they are Machiavellian and finally and more importantly they have a complete lack of remorse or empathy and are prone to impulsive behavior, that is they are psychopathic. They are not born like that, no, but its their upbringing that creates such a personality. Those people that hunt to fill a hungry belly however, are a little different from a psychological viewpoint, as may still be the case with many traditional Aboriginal people. Hunting there is deeply integrated in social and cultural upbringing and the necessities for survival. They tend to take what they need and no more, whereas modern hunters take whatever they can. The traditional hunters also tend to be both remorseful and grateful to the animal that they have taken. What we also know from previous scientific research undertaken is that there is a link between children hurting animals and violence in adulthood. Research has shown that the majority of adults who commit violent crimes have a history of animal cruelty in childhood. Up to seventy percent of the most serious and violent offenders in prison have repeated and severe episodes of animal abuse in their history. So could it be that when hunters introduce their own children to hunting that these children are scarred and traumatized early on and develop a callous to cruelty inside? Make no mistake, all hunting and all industrial animal farming inevitably involves cruelty. Science has made it clear since the 1980's that animals suffer and feel pain. In waterfowl hunting for example, according to Australian studies twelve percent of birds will be wounded but survive, however they will be maimed and or crippled with the likely outcome a slow and painful death. Overseas studies on hunting on geese determined that twenty-eight to sixty-two percent of individuals were found to contain old embedded shot. Birds suffer pain and stress when they are wounded by shotgun. Shooters may leave at least as many birds wounded and not taken as they kill and capture. Shooting causes disturbance and stress to all other wildlife in the hunting areas and birds may die by neurogenic shock alone. I could go on and on with arguments like these, that have been well researched over many centuries but simply do not register in a hunters mind.' Another lady raises her hand. 'I'm Ophelia Goodall. So everybody knows that livestock farming and hunting is cruel and that we shouldn't eat meat or abuse animals for many other reasons. How can we convince people to drop their filthy habit of devouring what is essentially cadavers?' Goosemonk ponders the question and than answers, 'in general, an adult person cannot change itself or by another person because such a habit is deeply ingrained in his brain. I call this the gravity of mind, the sum of all memory of a life's experience. The memory and the beliefs that have formed from them will hold the person captive. There simply is no way to cut through this or erase it easily, though it is possible in some individual cases. The brain has plasticity after all. A meat eater's chemistry is set to tolerate his diet, if such a person would change abruptly it would cause all kinds of physical, physiological and psychological withdrawals symptoms. The discomfort that this could cause would make him find a thousand excuses not to give up meat, his drug of choice.' 'Does that mean we should not promote our cause and convince people to change?' Goosemonk smiles, 'mother earth has shown she has her own ways to achieve change. It is through suffering and subsequent mutation of DNA in all its living parts. Be assured, there

will be generational change for the best of the future of all life on this planet. The suffering is already here. Look at the world today, the world that we created. How much more we can possibly take? To answer your question, the best way is to lead by example, that is eat your fruit and vegetables and be happy, be like sunshine to all around you, peaceful and kind.' Everyone nods in agreement. From there on they discuss other questions on the health benefits or other of certain fruits and vegetables that people grow in Evo and to their amazement Goosemonk demonstrates his wealth of knowledge. The meeting goes on and on and at end all agree it had been a very enjoyable and informative night.

Week by week pass, the two, Goosemonk and Venus meet at the library and discuss books, films and issues and as they discover more and more common ground they become intimate friends in the process. Goosemonk however appears at times somewhat absent minded, his mind is with his geese at Boomboom Billabong as he wonders how they are doing. 'Hello, hello where are you,' asks Venus standing right in front of him and not getting noticed. 'A sorry girl, I was thinking of home, of my feathered friends. I think I'll have to return soon.' Venus nods, 'I'll understand it must be hard after all those years on your own out there. You should go back if it makes you feel better. I can visit you if you like before I go back to uni.' 'Yes, why didn't I think of that before. I'll show you Newangel Rock and we'd spend time together without those nosy girls behind the counter,' he laughs and points at the two girls who had been listening in. 'OK, when do you think you want to go back then.' 'Umm, don't know have to discuss with uncle Leo, I'll tell you tomorrow.' Back home Goosemonk asks Leo's advice and he too agrees that it might be a good idea to go back to the cabin. Why waste time, we go tomorrow. It was like a sudden weight has been taken off Goosemonk's and starts packing with eager anticipation. He also writes a note for Venus and goes to the community store for supplies. Venus had let him use the walls at the library to display his work and he had sold quite a bit. For the first time in his life he has some cash in his hands, his own money. Most of it he spends on gifts for Leo, Marilyn, Gemma, Gummi and their kids but also on a nice necklace for Venus. He meant it as a surprise parting gift after she visits him at the cabin.

It is now mid April and Leo and Goosemonk take off in the early morning, the sky is clear and the stifling heat of late has calmed down a little bit. 'Leo starts the conversation by asking, so how did you enjoy your time in Evo? From what I've been hearing you have done nothing else but to study the books.' 'No, I had a really good time and made friends, all the girls at the library were very nice to me and the veggies fed me well.' 'I bet they were nice, such a good looking boy, they don't come across that every day. Any hanky panky?' 'What you mean uncle?' 'I mean sex.' 'Did you get close to any of the girls?' 'Nah, you know me, I'm a little shy. I do feel attracted but it comes from the heart and not from the knob down there', bursting out loud while pointing at Leo's bulge between his legs. 'Oh, my tool. Yes, the chemistry of this stupid tool, it has gotten me into trouble many times', says Leo. And so they carry on talking about this and that, and finally at no time they arrive at the familiar sight of the

billabong. The cabin is hardly visible from the head high spear grass that surrounds it. As they step out of the car and walk toward the lagoon, Zeus in all his glory is already waiting for them. Goosemonk kneels down and Zeus comes charging towards him with wings outstretched and trumpeting as loud as only he could. Even old Leo can't contain his tears at the display of joy of man and animal towards each other. It isn't long before Aphrodite, Apollo with another small female goose and a whole set of goslings also make their way onto the jetty. 'I see Apollo you've been busy.' Goosemonk pulls out a small bag with a his special grain mix that he always carries on him and throws a few handfuls on the planks. The geese start feeding in a frenzy. 'They are always hungry,' Goosemonk exclaims with a smile. Leo, who has to go back to the clinic in Evo, abides his farewell and wishes him well. 'Don't worry uncle, all of this and pointed at the landscape in a big arch, all of this is me and has been even without me.' What a strange thing to say, Leo thinks and then turns to car and leaves.

Goosemonk keeps busy a few days by cutting the long grass around his cabin and checking up on the geese breeding areas at the lagoons periphery. He is now counting the number of eggs in each nest and keeping a record of locations in his laptop with the help of his new GPS receiver that he bought in Evo. It doesn't take long for him to tune into his surroundings again as before and once again he is able to see with the eyes of Zeus and the other geese. Sitting at the front veranda and looking out over the billabong at sunset he realizes like so many times before that he is always looking at himself, being one with all of life to the extent of his seeing. He's almost forgotten about Venus and is somewhat surprised when she turns up one day.

'You won't get rid of me that easy,' she bursts out reaching out to Goosemonk and giving him a big hug and kiss. She looks at Newangel Rock in the distance and the beautiful lagoon with its many hundreds of birds. 'I can see your point though,' she says, 'that's a million dollar view all for yourself.' 'Which has just become even better,' Goosemonk jokingly says while looking at Venus. 'Let's go inside.' Venus takes her swag from the back of the ute and they both walk to the cabin. Inside Venus could not but wonder how meticulously clean the place is. Simple and clean. The wall is lined with his paintings, there is a small single mattress and next to it the box that Madonna had left to her son, untouched and unopened, a cupboard with foodstuffs and his painting easel with a box full of paint tubes. No fridge, no cooker and no television just a laptop on top of the battery box. A door leads to the toilet and shower and ventilation is provided by a couple of solar powered ceiling fans and cross ventilated fly screen windows. 'Well and truly a bachelor pad out of the books,' Venus laughs, 'except its too clean and has no fridge for the booze. But yeah, I know you don't drink. It's about time you have some fun in your life and poking at Goosemonks belly.' Goosemonk senses the sexual attraction that Venus feels for him but he knows it is still a bit one sided. He knows that sexual attraction cannot just switched on or off at will, it requires a special chemistry and that chemistry was just not yet active in his body. Although Venus senses that the boy she fell in love with is still somewhat reserved she thinks he'd come round

soon to succumb to her beauty. She feels he just has to be awakened to the joys of sexual love.

Another car makes its way to Boomboom Billabong. It is Amene. He was already away on a business trip to Darwin when his daughter Venus decided to visit Goosemonk but a close associate of him, one of his fellows of the Undead and business partner of their slaughterhouse came across the note on his partners desk. 'Hi dad, I'm going to visit a friend of mine at Boomboom Billabong, Love Venus'. What friend, I didn't know she had a friend in Evo and who could live out there on Aboriginal land. It must be a black. What the hell is going on? He also remembered that it was Madonna who hid at Boomboom Lagoon and the alarm bells starting to ring in his mind. It fills him with fear and anger. Such were the thoughts of Amene when he decides to cancel his trip and turn back to check up on his daughter. Oblivious to the fact that her father is on the way, Venus spends the morning with Goosemonk having fruit for breakfast and enjoying the most spectacular sun rise. The two make their way to the jetty where Zeus and his geese wait in the water. Venus suddenly strips her cloths and jumps into the water for a refreshing swim. She laughs back at Goosemonk, 'come on, don't be shy, its lovely.' Goosemonk somewhat reluctantly follows suit and both get into the act of splashing each other with water and mud just like a couple innocent kids. Goosemonk than suggests to show Venus the lagoon and they decide to go for a hike before the morning cool disappears. As the pair gets swallowed up by the lush green fringing vegetation in the distance, Amene just missing them makes its way to the cabin. Being the hunter he is, the car had been left further behind and he is making his way to the cabin, like as in stalking a prey. When he realizes there is nobody there, he examines the cabin and shed in the back. And it is in the shed where he discovers the dust covered incubator. Immediately it dawns on him that Madonna had managed to rescue at least one of them. What if there was a child, it would be about eighteen or nineteen years old, the same as my daughters age. My daughter is with a freak, he concludes and a wave of cold anger rises in his gut. He goes back to his car to gather his hunting rifle and then waits on the cabins porch the return of his daughter.

'Oh my god there is father on your porch,' Venus says, when she spots Amene sitting on the veranda. 'You didn't tell him about us?' Goosmonk asks. 'No, he was on his way to Darwin and besides he didn't need to know about you. You don't know him he can be a real pain when it comes to the choice of my friends, especially boys.' 'Like all fathers,' Goosemonk laughs. 'Belief me this is no laughing matter by the way he stares at you.' As they approach, Amene shouts aggressively, 'get away from my daughter you filthy bastard.' 'Father!' 'You shut up, I deal with you later. Did he do anything to you?' 'No, nothing, father.' 'We are just friends.' 'Step away from him, go back to your car,' as he picks up his gun and pointing it at Goosemonk. 'Father, are you crazy? Stop it, don't shoot him, he's done nothing, it was all my idea to come out here.' Goosemonk than says with a very calm voice. 'Venus, do as he says, get away.' As Venus reluctantly leaves, Amene continues, 'now to you, who do you think you are to mess with my daughter.' 'My name is Orlando Goosemonk,' the young man replies politely and with a smile,

which enrages Amene even more. 'I tell you, who you are, bastard, you are a dead man.' After a long silent pause he continues, 'I knew your mother, I know what you are, you freak.' It dawns on Goosemonk that there is more to Amene's theatrical display than just an overly protective father. He can sense the enormous amount of anger directed toward him but stands silent and firm. 'I found the incubator in the back, clone.' All of a sudden a flash of a vision streams through Goosemonk's mind as he remembers Gummi's story of his mother's assassination and he calmly says 'So it was you who killed my mother?' 'Yes I killed your fucking mother', Amene says with a grin on his face and great satisfaction and then almost out of his mind says 'and now I kill you' lifting his rifle to point at Goosemonk's head. Wham, at this very moment, with the speed of light, Zeus bolts straight out of the sun to hit Amene's head, his claws digging into Amene's face with the birds beak poking deep into the eyes again and again. A shot goes off but only crazes Goosemonk's shoulder. Amene in agony drops the rifle and grabs the legs of Zeus, smashing the bird into the ground and killing it instantly. Venus who heard the shot comes running back and sees her father on the ground holding his bloodied face in agony while Goosemonk holds up a limp Zeus in both arms. Goosemonk's complexion has turned from his usual olive tan to an ash white and now his voice is almost down to whispering when he tells Venus to pick up her father and leave. In tears she guides her father to her car and drives off without saying another word. Goosemonk remains silent and buries his friend Zeus at the very spot where the two first met. The love of his heart had been replaced by infinite emptiness as it seemed. He is shattered by what had just happened and now sits down at the birds grave with an expressionless blank stare into the distance of the setting sun.

Leo is on duty as Venus rushes her injured father into the clinic. The nurses only take one look at the blood stained face and rush him straight to the operating theater. Venus who stands back tugs Leo and briefly explains what happened, well knowing that Goosemonk is his adopted son. 'He is shot', she says you'd better look after him. Leo nods and leaves without delay. When Leo arrives at the cabin hours later he finds Goosemonk in the dark still sitting at the grave of Zeus. 'Son,' Leo says and putting his hand on the young mans shoulder. Goosemonk turns around, then stands up and says. 'The one who killed my mother, has also killed Zeus and is the father of the girl I love.' Leo just nods and then takes care of the wound. As they sit down, Leo says. 'Son you have to get out of here now. Amene's mob will be coming after you soon. They will want you dead. I know a place nearby, a cave, to which you can go by canoe, they will never find you there even if they use tracker dogs. I'll tell Gummi to look after you there.' Leo explains the location of the cave upstream from Boomboom Lagoon and so Goosemonk goes, he takes a few basic supplies, a yoga mat to sleep on, mosquito netting and the box that his mother left him then steps in his canoe and slowly disappears into the dark.

It is not a minute too late as indeed Amen's henchman arrive at the cabin. Leo had just collected Goosemonks paintings, laptop and other valuables and had got onto the road to community unseen.

When they realizes that their prey has escaped the mob of the Undead torch the cabin in anger and leave. Meanwhile at Evo the surgical team at the clinic were successful to keep Amene alive although he is now condemned to be blind for the rest of his life. Venus is heartbroken and dis-drought, she leaves the family home and even her mother cannot not get a word out of her. All she said, 'if you want to know what happened,' ask father.

Goosemonk arrives at the hidden cave. Unknown to him, Aphrodite, Apollo and the three little goslings had silently followed him on the water when he made his way past their roosting spots. As he drags his canoe out of sight, Aphrodite's penetrating high pitched greeting honk instantly cheers him up. 'Ahh, come on girl and there is Apollo as well and his little ones.' They all sit down as Goosemonk pulls out his little bag with grains to feed his friends.

4. Withdrawal (Earth)

Goosemonk walks toward the cave past a large sandstone overhang and notices the large depiction of a red and yellow ocher rainbow serpent painted onto the ceiling of the overhang. It looks ancient, perhaps thousands of years old and some parts have faded away. The cave itself is quite small with a vent hole at its far end. Someone had been here before, Goosemonk reasons, as the floor is quite smooth and it looked like having been levelled with a tool. There is an old fire place at the side of the cave. The air temperature in the cave is quite comfortable as the draft picks up cool air from up the shaded creek below. Aphrodite and the gosling walk back to the water while Apollo sits down at the entry of the cave. Goosemonk hangs up his fly netting and sits down on his mat fronting his mother's box. He takes a breath and then opens the padlock. What a curious collection of items, there is a shiny silver Jesus on a cross, photographs of her, an enormous shiny egg, a book titled "Ancient Naga Yoga", a script titled "My practice", a replica golden mask of Tutankamun and an envelope with a birth certificate, a letter and a disk. He reads the letter.

Dear son,

If you are reading this letter I may not be alive to tell you the truth about you and where you come from. I'm your physical mother as the egg that grew into you came from my womb. The DNA in this egg has been enhanced by genome editing to make you better and cope with a different world from that which we live in now. I have modified the functions of your genes for improved heat tolerance so you endure in a world destined to be ten degrees hotter than mine and by selectively knocking out proneness to the most infectious diseases that have afflicted humanity in hot climates. Other genes of yours have been modified to permanently activate otherwise dormant genes. Although all you are, you have mostly inherited from myself, a part has come from other humans and even other organisms. The DNA of all living things goes back to the same cell and many of the codes of other lifeforms are retained in ours. Human DNA is fifty percent identical to that of many plants. However you are the first human with skin capable of synthesizing sugar using chemical photosynthesis just like plants do. It means your need for food is substantially reduced and you may never grow hungry in a world with little or no crops. Your DNA is primed to further your spiritual advancement which has been called illumination by the ancients. This DNA is present in everyone but lies normally dormant for their entire lifetimes. In you it has been activated at birth. It will boost and enhance your power of empathy not just for other beings but empathy for the entire living world. I hope you can forgive me, I did this not for my gain but for the benefit of humanity which is in dire straits and on the verge of eliminating all of life on planet earth. We must change to safeguard life in an otherwise uncaring inorganic universe and the answer and my hope is you and others like you. It has taken millions of years for man to evolve

from ape but it took only minutes to edit your DNA for this giant leap in mankind. The disk #GM1234 contains the complete genetic record of you. There is no other copy other than that in every one of your own cells. Be kind to your fellow humans, I know you will, be kind to the animals, I know you will and be kind to the world of plants. I know you will be like no other human before you.

Love you always

Your mother

Goosemonk looks at Madonna's photographs closes his eyes and says, Mother I'm grateful to you, I'm of you and you are alive in me and always will be.

The next morning he spends a little bit of time with the three gosling and ponders about the names he should give them. In the end he settles for Freya, Odin and Thor after the great nordic gods of an ancient past. He then walks back up to the serpent rock art from where he could keep an eye on the geese below and examines the other items of Madonna's box. The egg, almost the size of a football, is resting on a piece of timber that has an inscription at one side reading Giant flightless goose – “*Bullocornis planei*”. Goosemonk remembers seeing a photo of that bird in a book at the Evo library, a photo that had been taken of a skeleton fossil specimen that had been kept in the former Darwin Museum. He gently taps on the egg and it sounds hollow. Somewhat curious he looks at the next item a book called “Ancient Naga Yoga”, and opens it at a random page and starts to read. “In India the serpents are known as naga which is the Sanskrit word for serpent (male naga, female nagini), but the word is also used to describe spiritual adepts with advanced kundalini development.” A few pages further it continues, “Naga are mythical creatures who dwell under the earth, within the naga loca (patala) watery realm. They can also exist in the sky and in the heavens, water naga are said to be located at the bottom of rives, springs and lakes. The sky naga are said to come from clouds. Water is symbolic of the primeval water of creation in the Hindu creation myth.” And a bit further, “Vasuki is the king of the nagas and he is the serpent that shiva wears around his neck. In China nagas are known as the long dragon and are responsible for rain that brings fertility to the land.” Goosemonk then closes the book and recalls uncle Leo going on for hours to tell him the stories of the Aboriginal creation myths of the Rainbow Serpent and concludes that his descriptions are almost identical to the description of the nagas of the yogis. Of course he knows the creation serpents don't exist literally and never have, no one had ever seen such creatures, but on the other hand he feels there is always a kernel of truth in the myths of ancient people. The stories have to be understood as a metaphor and the rainbow serpent as a symbol of a natural creative power. What were they? Hmm, I have to study this book. He puts the book aside and then examines the golden mask of Tutankamun, a famous Egyptian pharaoh. On the backside there is an engraving which reads: “I'm guarding the egg of the great Honker, The egg is sound so I'm well, The egg lives so I can live, The egg breathes so I can breathe”. The mask

is really heavy and made of metal, I wonder if this is gold. He lifts the mask and presses it against his face. Oh, it's a perfect fit. 'How wondrous,' he exclaims in astonishment and delight. Then he puts the mask back into the box and takes out the script plainly titled "My practice". Page one starts with the title: "Notes on Kundalini Yoga by Madonna." Goosemonk is delighted to find his mother had an interest in Yoga just like him. He now reads, "the quick way to kundalini is raw food, long de-arming stretches of the spine and immersion in nature energies that of earth, sun, water. The coccyal body gland at the base of the coccyx is an irregular, oval shaped gland between the rectal wall and the tip of the tail bone. It is several millimeters in diameter. Removal of this gland creates nervous derangement. It is linked to various body mind systems, hormonal, blood, sympathetic and parasympathetic and the immune system and therefore it is a key to homeostasis of the body and to shifting metabolism over to the enlightenment state. To Yogis this gland is also known as the Kundalini gland. Yoga has devised a variety of techniques to stimulate and awaken the gland into activity, including Mula badha (root lock contracting perineum and lower abdomen) Asvini mudra (contracting the pubo coccygeus muscle of the perineum) Tada mudra (knocking the buttocks upon the ground, sending rhythmic shock waves rippling up the spine) and rolling on a cotton ball placed under the tip of the tail bone. Kundalini is a natural bio-physiological bodily process to eradicate encrustations connected to the limbic brain from the formalized repression of emotion. The Kundalini process achieves this by various detoxification pathways. Going on a raw diet awakens kundalini because the body receives the energy and resource to bring about a detox crisis. It is a chemistry, part of the human program and sitting dormant in his DNA." So this is what my mother meant when she wrote the spiritual advancement through activating certain genes in human DNA. The notes then continue, "when the Kundalini nervous energy is activated it pushes its way through the obstructions and muscular tensions of the nervous system (particularly heart space and solar ganglia or what the scientists called the second brain) and then hitting the positively charged pineal gland, in the process erasing the wiring of childhood conditioning. The average modern human has a pineal gland the size of a small grain while in advanced yogis its the size of a peanut. In normal persons the pineal gland shrinks with age and calcifies while in yogis the gland get constantly detoxified and increases with age." Here he pauses for a moment and then with a nod thinks out loud, 'so that is what I see as a black cloak over peoples heartspace, it is the darkening and numbing of their bioelectromagnetic field brought about by chronic muscular tensions throughout their life time, tensions that are created when love is denied or rejected. Now I'm getting clearer' and for a moment enjoys leaning back, relaxing and glancing at the serpent above him.

Later on he continues with the next page entitled "Pranayama". It reads, Prana is 'breath' and yama is 'extension'. To extend the breath is stilling it and allows for a longer assimilation time of the energies it contains, which in turn strengthens and balances the sympathetic, parasympathetic and central nervous systems. Diseases can be reduced during kumbhaka (breath retention) when mentally concentrating on

a particular area so prana flows to that area and thus fixates it to that part. The sympathetic nervous system is activated through the right, solar, male nostril. The parasympathetic nervous system is activated through the left nostril and enables us to recharge, rest, sleep and experience pleasure. The left nostril governs the incoming impulses and has an anabolic/nurturing character. The solar right nostril has a catabolic/breaking down character. Life force resides in the right nostril. Mind dwells in the left nostril. The ratio of one (duration of in breath) : four (breath holding) : two (duration of out breath) is very important as it is the main known method of cleaning nadis but it will only work in conjunction with reduced food intake of the right kind of foods such as fruit, vegetable, seeds and some grains. Done with the correct methods pranayama destroys karma and is the only known way to silence and stop the mind as well as being the prime means to extend life span. Control of breath leads to peace of mind. The text then continues with a detailed description of several methods that formed Madonna's own daily yoga practice.

So over the next few weeks Goosemonk sits in his cave and practices his mothers yoga routine three times a day. He becomes very light and quiet in his heart and mind. He almost forgets about why he ended up here. The young geese grow fast and learn to fly skillfully and access different food sources. The cave is the most comfortable place to be during the heat of the day and thats where he and the geese retreat to on very hot days. As usual, Goosemonk finishes his yoga session of pranayama and asanas in quiet meditation with closed eyes and sitting cross legged on the bare soil. Nothing signals him for what was about to happen now. As usual his streams of thought dry up into nothingness and he loses track of time only to awake when his head is nodding forward. All of a sudden he hears an incredible deep hissing sound that seems to fill his head while a hot streaming sensation shoots up through his spine. It just feels like a giant glowing spiraling power had come up through his feet to the base of the spine and than pushing and pushing through each segment of bone. The power than hit the area behind his eyes and continues out through the palm of his hands. Then the noise sensation disappears and he remains in complete silence seeing visions of infinite star studded space in his mind. His body drops forward and he collapses face down with his legs and arms stretched out and touching the soil. He feels a stream of energy flowing in and out of his body. He knows he'd finally experienced the rainbow serpent, the power of life.

The following day he feels invigorated yet calmer than anytime before in his life. He had experienced the true nature of the rainbow serpent. He reasons that there is no such thing as a rainbow serpent or naga or dragon, rather the serpent is an enormous body of power, the free flowing electromagnetic energy in the soil, water and air. When a person connects to conductive ground, millions and millions of electrons flow into the body, nerves, blood and cell. It's like a battery being charged up to the tilt. The electrons come from the lighting strikes when the earth is charged up again and again during storms. The electrons also enter the waters and the moist air in form of negative ions. Goosemonk feels

this charges of electromagnetic fields expanding and projecting out through his eyes and hands. Now he almost sees the charge streaming out of his hands and he also feels how this charge comes in through the soles of his feet. Even the geese relax on the spot when he gently touches them. The winding and hissing energy feels serpent like and that is why the ancients called it that way.

And so as the days went by, young Goosemonk learns to control his new found power, re-energizing wilting plants and a few injured animals. Yet inside he feels that something is still missing, a vision for his life, as he ponders what to do next. Sure he could become one of those saintly yoga hermits locked out from the world and live in harmony in a small patch of the wild. But that was not what his mother would have wanted. Suddenly, in the distance, he hears the warning calls of Apollo, something must be coming. He rises up and walks to the creek and makes out the lanky standing silhouette of Gummi in a canoe. 'Hey, here is my man', a laughing Gummi yells out from the distance. 'No getting away from me.' The two embrace and Gummi pads the other on the shoulders. 'You have got a bit skinny my friend, not enough turkey he he,' Gummi jokes. He had been here before with his uncle Leo years ago and remembers the site very well. The two go up to the cave where Gummi drops his swag and then pulls out a bag with goodies that he knew Goosemonk would appreciate, a few juicy oranges and apples, the most recent editions of the daily Evo News and least but not last his box of brushes and natural paint pigments and Goosemonk's didgeridoo. 'Leo thought you might want that.' 'So whats new, Gummi?' 'Well, guess what, Amene killed himself, shot himself right in his ugly mug. Guess couldn't take it being blind and that. The government has finally re-located from Darwin to Evo and there will be elections in a few months. Not many are left in Darwin other than the airport and the army. A new party is in the running, they call themselves the Nulander Green Coalition Party with a lady leadership, uhh her name is Ophelia Goodall.' 'Ah,' Goosemonk says 'I know her, met her at the library at the vegetarian community group meetings.' 'Oh yeah, they are up against the Righteous Christian Liberation Party mostly made up from the Undead. He, he veggies versus the deluded.' Laughing, 'of course there are still the others but they are largely redundant now, people don't listen to them after all the disasters of the past thirty years. Oh, yeah we've got our land council to press charges against the knuckleheads that burned your cabin. They have fled south. Leo reckons it's save for you to come back. Boomboom Billabong may go under soon so there is no point to build another cabin there.' Taking a breath, Gummi finally asks, and 'how are things here?' 'I have been looking for turkey,' Goosemonk laughs, 'nah all fine, just look at Apollo and his minions here, pointing at the group of his fine geese specimens that have been listening in on the men's talk.' 'So what do you wanna do my friend.' 'Ahmm, I'd really like to stay a little bit longer,' Goosemonk says, 'may be until September when the creek dries up upstream. Ok, I let Leo know.' The next morning Gummi leaves and Goosemonk once again is by himself.

He unpacks the pack of Evo News and starts flicking through the pages one by one until his attention is

hooked by the headline “Hunters push for ban overturned” As he reads through the article he learns that following significant flooding and saltwater intrusions into waterfowl habitats during the last two seasons, a total ban on hunting had been re-instated last year together with a tightening of land development controls, which in turn caused an outrage amongst the hunting fraternity, Mango growers and property developers. The hunters argued the Territorian lifestyle had always encouraged people to hunt, fish and pursue outdoor activities, and that hunters play a valuable part of food self sufficiency in remote Evo, particularly considering the new restrictions imposed by the economic and climate crisis. Ophelia Goodall who had also been interviewed alongside the hunters argued that such a small majority as the gun wielding shooters clique that constitutes less than one percent of the Northern Territory population do not represent Territory lifestyle. On the contrary the vast majority of Evo residents loves their unique wildlife as being one of the last remaining congregations in an increasingly desolate world and recognizes their duty to do everything in their power to protect it. The hunters then also argued that there is absolutely no scientific evidence of cruelty in their activity and they hunt now for food and not for sport. Ophelia replied, of course there is no evidence because there had been no research on it. Taking such a stance is blatant obstinacy against what is established truth that everyone knows. Does being shot cause pain and suffering? If you say no to this, shoot yourself in the face. Hunters are either seeking to diminish responsibility and escape it, by throwing up excuses such as “I’m hunting for food”, “hunting is NT lifestyle”. “my parents did it”, “the aboriginals do it”, “its just an animal” or perhaps because they are just mentally diminished in some way. Hunting for the most part is totally the opposite of what hunters say it is. They are proud that they can sneak up on unsuspecting animals and shoot them from a distance. Really, hunters need to put themselves in the animals place, see how they would like to be killed for a mere 'sense of excitement'. Hunters and their supporters, she then followed her argumentation, deny the fundamental principle that all animals are beings that have a good of their own and that this denial is based on their attitude of lack of respect for nature, and that it is exactly our lack of respect for nature that has got the whole of humanity into the mess we are in now. Hunters like so many other members of our industrious culture have this exploitative attitude towards the natural world which is of course utterly incompatible with respect for nature. Nature is seen here as nothing but a vast repository of resources, mineral, plant or animal, to be used, developed and consumed for human ends. History has shown us that the progress we made as a civilization was really just one of eliminating wilderness. From what we left in wilderness we are now guilty of turning that too into instruments or objects denied of inherent worth only unless they have value insofar as they can be used, subdued and eaten. The article then continued with some intricate legal considerations of proposed new acts. Goosemonk then puts the paper down, pauses and reflects on Ophelia's words. Ophelia has spoken as it was from his own heart and he feels that her argument would be his cause too, the protection of wild animals and to help humanity become more compassionate to what is left of the wild. He also remembers Albert Schweitzer's words, a French philosopher and Nobel prize winner “Until he extends the circle of his compassion to all living things, man will not himself find peace.”

The next day temperatures reach the 40's early on and Goosemonk decides to stay in his cave for the day. Even the geese just rest in the shade to conserve every bit of energy. Goosemonk ponders about Ophelia's call for more compassion and a more biocentric rather homocentric outlook. Surely, he thinks we must base our ethic on the belief that we are just another member of the of the all of life in the same way as other animals are. The all of life is the organism and humans are one cell just as the geese or any other animal, just one cell in that organism. All is equally important and dependent on each other as well as on the wellness of the whole itself. Just as in the human body each cell is enclosed by a wall and is independent and pursuing it's own good it is at the same time also pursuing the good of the whole. In such a system nothing can be superior to any other. Given this outlook, the attitude of respect is the only fitting ethic to take toward the natural world and all its components. Humans as a free cell in the fabric of life have the capacity to bring peace to the whole or make it a place of destruction just as a healthy cell can turn cancerous and annihilate the entire organism. Humans are the only animal with the willful power to tend and nurture this once beautiful garden of Eden or terminate all species and so ourselves. Only we can decide. Goosemonk intuitively becomes conscious of himself as the organism known as the all of life. His heart floods with an oceanic feeling of being everywhere at once and he sinks back into deep sleep.

It is September and Goosemonk is about to pack up and paddle back to Boomboom Lagoon when the familiar face of Leo appears out of nowhere. It had been mid April when the two had last seen each other. Leo is quite surprised how much leaner yet stronger Goosemonk has become. This is not the same carefree boy he knew. You could drown in his shiny blue eyes he thinks. With these eyes he can see right through me. The two shake hands. Goosemonk immediately feels there is something wrong with uncle and closes his eyes and after a while says 'you have cancer uncle.' 'How do you know?' 'I can see it, the shadow in your right lung.' It dawns on Leo that this young man was no longer an ordinary human. 'They have given me ten months but I feel still ok, don't worry. That's just life.' Goosemonk who had been bare footed all his life looks at Leo's shoes and then says. 'Uncle take off those plastic shoes and throw them away. They have disconnected you from your mother, mother earth.' Leo does so and then both sit down. The young man continues, 'it's not too late, you can turn it uncle, but you have to do what I tell you. All of nature's particles are either acid or alkaline. Blood needs to be slightly alkaline. When blood gets too acid, the DNA in your cells get damaged or mutated and cancerous. When you walk in your plastic shoes you are insulated from the flow of electrons or negative ions from the earth or water, the grounding energy of earth. It is the negative ions that help to keep your blood in balance. Always connect to the mother and the mother will see that no harm comes to you. Electrons and ions also come from the foodstuffs. All foods have either alkaline or acid effects on your blood some a lot more than others. Meat is the most acid forming of all and so are nuts and grains at least most of them. Cancer cannot survive in alkaline blood or tissue fluids. That's all, it's that

simple. Stay here with me uncle for week and you may be get better.' Leo who had given up any hope when the doctors brought him the news a month ago, is baffled. He didn't expect such a resolute and firm response from his friend so much younger than him. It dawns on him that the young man had obtained knowledge beyond his understanding, just as Madonna, his mother had predicted. Goosemonk instructs Leo to lie down and then proceeds to scan Leo's chest with his two palms hovering an inch above. Goosemonk whispers, 'I'm now projecting the rainbow serpent into your lungs' and smiles. 'Does it bite' Leo jokes. 'No, but you should feel a slight tingling and deep relaxation. See, the earth's power, the free flowing electrons come from the lightning strikes, they enter the body through the skin and then power up our electromagnetic field through your nervous systems. I can boost this power field in your tissues and help you to return to your natural state. Leo indeed feels a light warming of his chest and a pulsating sensation.' After the session is over, Goosemonk then prepares a meal of sprouted pulses and grains mixed with herbs and remarks, 'grains and all the stuff that's made from it like breads have an acidic effect on the body but when grains are sprouted they become alkaline.' With a broad grin he gives the bowl to Leo and simply says 'eat.'

The next few days the procedures of projecting the serpent as Goosemonk calls it and the dietary regime continue in the same manner interspersed by periods of specific breathing exercises on Goosemonk's instructions. The two also have lengthy discussions on the differences and similarities between religion, yoga and Aboriginal culture. Religion, Goosemonk explains comes from the Latin word "religare" which means union while Yoga is a Sanskrit word and also means union. The true meaning of union had been lost long time ago but essentially means union with the "rainbow serpent" or "naga" that is the grounding electro magnetic power within the earth. Indeed after a week Leo starts to feel wonderfully relaxed and grounded yet revitalized. Leo remembers that he felt like this when he was a just a boy carefree and without desire, yes, back then he was barefoot too with his father out in the bush. We lost our way, he realizes now, all that "balanga" lifestyle with its plastic shoes, carpets, mobiles, electric gadgets and concrete floors, it has taken away the connection to mother, the earth that has born us, that is all we need. Goosemonk seems to read his uncle's thoughts, he starts to speak, 'yes our mother,' pointing to the ground, 'she is all that we need. When you are connected with mother you have no other desire. Look at all the people you know, look how they are full of desires that cannot ever be satiated, more money, more possessions, more sex, more grog more of this and more of that. That's all people all over the world can think off all day but it does not help to connect to mother. Take global warming. We can see what damage our lifestyle and our consumption is doing to our planet, we can see it clearly, but still our desire to consume material objects and what brings us comfort outstrips to do what we know needs to be done. We know the truth and the consequences yet still we don't change our behavior. The needs of our desire always comes out on top, yet the desires are never really satiated just the opposite, they seem to grow bigger, until the day when we truly connect to mother because then we realize she is the only one we truly needed. When you are grounded you actually

become the mother, an extension of her.' Leo nods, 'I can see this now. But the cancer cells aren't they part of nature, part of mother too?' Goosemonk smiles, 'yes they are, they are the means that mother uses to point out your errors in life. Just as there are carnivorous animals who kill the weak, diseased and the old. And that's how mother improves the fitness of the species.' 'Hmm,' Leo says, 'so you say that eating meat is an error because it makes our blood acid and that invites the cancers, but all my ancestors hunted for meat their main source of food since time immortal, were they all committing errors?' 'Hm,' Goosemonk then answers, 'humans came from the ape family and were fruit eaters originally for over a million years. Only recently in our history we became omnivores when our ancestors ventured out from the jungle and where there was less plant based food and little fruit. But even today we have retained our good vision for picking fruits unlike carnivores who have much better smell and hearing to locate prey. The carnivorous animals also have short intestines to be able to digest meat whereas our systems are longer made for fruit, nuts and vegetable matter. Carnivores are faster than us and have powerful jaws and teeth made for ripping flesh. We however are slow and comparatively clumsy and have molars for grinding nuts and seeds. Every which way you look at humans, we are not meant to eat flesh just as carnivorous animals are not made for eating green fruity matter. Think of what I said before, the predators do help their prey to evolve and improve but how does the human animal help in that regard. We just kill everything, the healthy and the sick. No animal can ever become fast enough to evade a bullet. How can animals adapt if the human machines bulldozes their habitats, their homes. We have failed as a species to improve nature in any way whatsoever. We depend on nature but nature does not depend on us. Only time will tell if vegans or vegetarians evolve further than meat eaters and what turns out to be best for the planet. Perhaps we must suffer to see our errors.' 'I see the point' Leo nods in agreement and looking at you, 'I would have to agree you have evolved without meat, grown strong and smart on your rabbit tucker, he, he.'

It is now nearing the beginning of October and the two decide it is time to make their way back to Evo. They load both of their canoes and slowly drift down the creek with five geese in tow. When they reach Boomboom Lagoon, Goosemonk notices large groups of withered trees in some areas and he points in their direction. Leo who notices, shrugs his shoulders and says, yeah this is happening everywhere now, much worse on the lower reaches of the creek past the billabong. The heat, saltwater intrusion, who knows. They say the sea has now risen by almost three meters and will be up another twenty meters within our life time. They call this abrupt runaway warming. The waterfowl, the turtles, the crocodiles and all the other animals of the flood plains had nowhere to go but upstream, but there is not enough of the right kind of food for them. So they die by the thousands now. My people are very sad. Most of our communities will have to move inland soon, the traditional hunting grounds no longer exist and our sacred sites are gone or soon will be. As they arrive at the cabin or whatever charcoaled remains had been left, they sit down by the jetty and decide to stay there for the night. Apollo and the geese settle back to their flock. I have to find you a new home soon is Goosemonk's thought as he is

looking at his geese and the dead trees in the distance.

'How are you feeling, uncle.' 'Actually great. Almost blissed he laughed.' Both sit down and have a small piece of coconut flatbread, that Goosemonk had prepared the day before. 'You are at stage four' Goosemonk remarks. 'Stage four of what.' 'Stage four of bliss.' 'Didn't know that bliss has stages.' 'Ok, Goosemonk, said, 'at the first stage the mind is stuck in dullness, greed and violence, the majority of people. Yes, there is even bliss in gulping down a big Mac. In the second stage the mind is full of chatter and activity which it uses to pursue recognition and fortune. At the third stage the mind becomes conscious of itself and wants knowledge because it now knows there is more to life than just possession of objects. Now to the fourth stage, the mind becomes quiet and happy and reflective of its inner unconscious calling. The veils of ignorance sheds off one by one until at the final stages it enters the nothingness and becomes absorbed in its eternal bliss. The last stage cannot be explained but needs to be experienced.' 'The veils of ignorance, what are they son?' 'The veils of ignorance are most of our beliefs. There is no absolute truth. When we have the insight that most of our beliefs are based on error they simply drop away until none are left. At this stage we become spontaneous again and act from our heart and from direct experience, almost like a child, innocent and direct.'

They pack up and make their way to Evo. Passing the cattle yards, Goosemonk is pleasantly surprised that they are empty and points his finger at them. 'No more cattle,' Leo says. 'When Amene killed himself, the slaughterhouse went bust and the whole show closed down. While you were away the government has introduced a tax on meat and now very few can afford to buy it. People are not happy about it but many now keep their own animals, sheep, goats and chickens. My own people are back on to roos, feral pigs, dogs, buffalo and the like, anything they can get their hands on. But even these animals are hard to come by. Fuel is expensive and is rationed. So its too hard to get into the areas for hunting. They are driving on and soon the familiar skyline of Leo's house appears at the horizon. The two are enthusiastically welcomed by Gemma, Gummi, Marilyn and the children. All are surprised how well Goosemonk looks. 'We were getting a bit worried about you two, what happened uncle, you are running late. Do you feel ok, uncle, you know what I mean.' 'Nah, sorry about that, me and young guru here,' pointing at Goosemonk, 'had some business out there.' 'Ok, now, all of you settle and have some tucker. I'll check up in the clinic and come back later and so he leaves.' Of course everyone knows about his terminal lung cancer and just find it a little difficult to handle to see him, their elder and healer suffering himself. Goosemonk, as usual politely declines to partake on the smorgas board of breads, cheeses and chips. Marilyn, his foster mother, like all mothers is always worried, watchfully examines her boy inch by inch but has to admit he'd done really well by himself.

Later the day Leo returns from the clinic and calls everyone into the living room. 'Well, he says, the doctors examined me and have put me through all the tests. The cancer is gone.' 'Whhaaat, Gummi

burst out with a look of disbelief. How?' Leo points at Goosemonk, 'he has the power to heal. It's a miracle.' 'No, no' Goosemonk says, 'I don't heal, mother earth heals, I'm just a channel, mother's tool.' Goosemonk then explains to the others what he now knows about the true nature of the Rainbow Serpent, mother's electromagnetic power of earth, the need to walk barefoot and to connect with her.

Over the next few days, Goosemonk goes to the library to catch up with news and media and as it happens bumps into Ophelia Goodall. They exchange formalities and soon are drawn into a discussion on conservation topics, especially on the recent controversy with the hunters on their push to allow hunting to return. Goosemonk is shocked to learn that the recent survey of the coastline and magpie geese habitat had only returned an estimate of one hundred thousand birds remaining in the Northern Territory, that's a huge drop from the 3.5 million from forty years ago. Clearly the birds are facing extinction together with just about all of the other wildlife of the wetlands. It is almost beyond comprehension how anyone could oppose the proposed ban on hunting. Habitat is continuously lost to salt water intrusion and many birds and reptiles are migrating to inland swamps or along rivers further upstream. Of course the government of the day is preoccupied with the emerging human disaster, the need to re-locate all of Darwin and to build up infrastructure in the new population centers quickly amidst a real threat of inundation and threat to life. Politics however are still controlled by the elite of the rich and powerful of the corporate world and technocrats hanging on to their wealth and power by any means, however there are now also emerging progressive political groupings that seek a future away from the old ways of doing business. It had always been obvious to any thinking man that the capitalist system would eventually run the planet into the ground, it always had this inbuilt flaw. Yet even in the face of the obvious crisis the capitalist elite is not to admit fault and so use their control of media in concert with corrupted politicians to sway public opinion to uphold the consumerism of old thus keeping the system going as long as they can. Goosemonk and Ophelia continue their discussion on these matters for little while and in the end agree to meet in her office the next day.

5. War (Mars)

Ophelia's electoral office staff welcomes Goosemonk. The receptionist can't resist glancing on the young man. Rumors are circulating about him to have powers such as being able to communicate directly with animals and that of curing illness by just laying hands on the diseased part of the body. Ophelia appears from the adjoining office and invites the young man in. 'Now, my friend,' she says 'what are your plans?' Goosemonk replies, 'I'm afraid I don't make plans, I just live, but if you ask me what my heart wants, I could answer that I seek to nurture life in whatever I do.' 'Ah, what then is this life?' Goosemonk continues, 'life is everything that has sprung from the original first animated cells in other words the totality of microbes, plants and animals. We have all come from these original cells which divided themselves again and again with small alterations and so have changed over three billion years into a multitude of expressions. I believe it is the destiny of man, our only destiny, to become conscious of the natural balance of all of life and to maintain it. Oddly, our history, the history of this strange naked smart human ape has shown the opposite, we have just about destroyed everything that lives and severely impoverished what remains, but maybe we needed to go this way and suffer such dysfunction to discover our true mission and that is to uphold the balance of life and the habitat life needs to flourish.' 'Yes, yes, Ophelia said we all know this now and nobody apart from a few small groups of madmen purposely aim to destroy life, but how would you change and improve the world for the better if you had the power,' of which Goosemonk answers, 'never mind improving, the world when left to its own is always perfect and cannot be improved. Nature doesn't need us humans but we humans need nature. Man has disturbed the balance by disconnecting himself from nature. What disconnects us is our excessive desire for power, possessions and dominance.' 'Do not all living things have this desire,' Ophelia questions. 'Yes, the animal world has desire for food and security and just like us acts out of instinct, instincts written into the programming of all living things, however their instinctive actions are in complete balance with all other life through checks and balances whereas our are no longer. Animals do not think the way we do. Our greatest achievement, our intellect has also become our biggest downfall. Our intellect invented the calculated use of fire, designed the weapons to kill, the mobile phones, cars and computers. What we need to do as a species is to temper our desires from all its excesses as well as our unrestrained ability to multiply. At the same time we must use our intellect to heal the damage we have caused. Really we only need one desire and that is to re-connect with mother earth.' Ophelia then asks 'how can we heal the damage we have caused?' 'We must return large tracts of the world to habitat so that wildlife can return, so they can breathe again,' and at the same time reduce our own numbers or alternatively reduce our consumption to the level that the planet can sustain.' After a pause of contemplation, Ophelia says, 'hmm, we do have a vacancy for an rehabilitation coordination officer. Would you be interested?' 'What is it about' Goosemonk asks. 'Well, part of our policy platform for the upcoming election is the systematic promotion of the restoration of

all pastoral leases and other damaged lands. We are particularly interested in finding habitats that help to transition wildlife coping with climate change. We need a person that conducts investigations on the lands in question as well as on current research and has a practical understanding of the animals of the Top End.' Goosemonk nods in agreement. 'I knew you would come on board, I'm happy you will, Ophelia says and shakes his hands.

So over the next few weeks, Goosemonk buries himself in maps, books and research papers to study the potential of a number of areas deemed suitable for rehabilitation. Most of his time he spends in the state library but he also interviews stakeholders, representatives of industries and researchers of the conservation department. During breaks his favorite place is outside the library under a enormous leafy Banyon tree. It is been the only tree that had been retained from the original site, a rocky hill. Goosemonk can feel the grounding power at the base of the tree, it's roots must go deep right into the groundwater table he reasons. Leaning against the smooth silvery bark he closes his eyes and mentally travels back to Boomboom Billabong, connecting to his geese in his minds eye. He can see or perhaps imagine the young geese growing up under the protective wings of Apollo and Aphrodite. One day when resting under the Banyon tree a group of young students from the nearby college approaches him and asks if they could sit down in the shade next to him. 'Aren't you Orlando Goosemonk' one of them eventually asks. 'Yes, indeed that is me, can I help you?' Ahmm, we have heard stories about you and just wonder if they are true.' 'What kind of stories?' Well they say you are some kind of guru and have the power to heal.' Goosemonk brakes out in a healthy laughter. 'Everyone is a guru' he then says. 'Everyone is without exception, but very few are awake enough to know it.' 'When you are awake you know that youself and everyone else is a guru.' 'That sounds interesting' another student said, 'but how do you wake up?' 'It cannot be forced by will or what you do. Awakening happens by itself when the guru inside decides you are ready. But certain circumstances can speed the awakening.' 'What are they?' 'That's easy' Goosemonk says, 'raw food, barefoot walking, breathing properly and relaxing.' 'That sounds boring' another student remarks. Goosemonk laughs and then says, 'well, if you prefer to stay asleep you can also try booze, donuts, meatpies and chips. Knock yourself out.' Everyone laughs. The questioning continues for a while until the school bell rang and the students go back to class.

Some of the students return to the Banyon tree the next day. Their leader finally asks Goosemonk if he could give them advice on spiritual awakening practice. Goosemonk says, 'well I'm not a teacher and never had a teacher myself. But I know awakening reveals itself to your body when you are ready to for it. It's not about technique or what method you use. Its about the flow of power inside. You are probably familiar with the term “Sakti”, the word the yogis use for “kundalini”, “Kali” or “life force” and which they belief to be seated at the root chakra, waiting to be awoken and to rise to meet “Shiva” the primordial light at the top of the head or crown chakra. However I tell you, I do not belief in these chakras, I do not belief in this Kundalini, the serpent that is coiled up down there and I do not belief in

most of yoga stories that have been repeated and told for thousands of years without ever been questioned, I do not believe in the bible or any other religious texts that no one ever dared to question, all I believe is in what I have experienced myself.' Now curious, another student asks, 'what did you experience then?' 'There is only one kind of power apart from atomic and gravitational and that power is electromagnetic in nature. Every living cell is powered by it. Every single chemical reaction is based on the exchange of either electrons, photons, ions and even smaller quantum particles all of which are manifestations of electromagnetic phenomena. All of human experience and sensation ultimately relates back to exchanges of these tiny charged particles. There is a gigantic body of free flowing electrons in the earth, water and air as well in our bodies and wherever we have conductive matter, liquid or gases. The Australian Aboriginals unknowingly called that body the Rainbow Serpent or Creator Being. They did not know about physics but they could physically sense the presence of this power near waterholes where it is strongest. That body of free flowing electrons and ions is constantly re-generated by lightning strikes and it flows into all living creatures which in turn experience it internally as a grounding and relaxing force. The yogis call this force "prana" and the Chinese named it "chi". When this force flows freely through our nerves, blood and other tissue and up the spine and into the brain it may manifest as a kind of supercharge of nervous substrata, that is felt as self realization or enlightenment. However this process almost never happens in the majority of people, because almost all people have blockages in their nervous system, or as the yogis call it obstructions in the "nadis". Most of spiritual practice is therefore aimed at removing those obstructions. All I have ever experienced is simply this body of power, the flow of electrons and ions from the earth.' 'Is that it', the student then asks, 'all we have to do is to remove obstructions within and touch the earth.' 'Yes that's all there is to it.' 'How does yoga practice remove the obstructions?' 'Well the practice removes the stiffness of tissues by stretching through postures for one thing. Western psychologists call this kind of stiffness "body armor" and it manifests differently for every person depending on experience or "karma", upbringing and physical constitution. Pranayama, the yogic practice of breath control removes obstructions in the nervous system which includes our brain, by softening mental encrustations, erroneous beliefs and attitudes. Almost all humans have rigidity in their emotional and mental outlooks. So this body armor and emotional rigidity is located in different locations of the body and nervous system. Tomorrow, if you like I will tell you how to recognize it, but for today I think I should stop talking now or being crushed by the weight of my knowledge and self importance,' at which point Goosemonk explodes in a healthy laughter. Everyone follows suit and soon the discussions turn to more important matters such as where to have fun in a place like Evo.

The following day a small crowd turns up at the Banyon tree, as news had spread among the students about Goosemonk. It wasn't so much what he talked about, it is more about his presence, his sparkling and piercing eyes and unusual looks. It is almost like if his aura is capturing the imagination of the young students, like a ray of sunshine in a darkening world. Everyone settles now down to sit in the

grass in a big half circle around Goosemonk whose back is leaning against the giant Banyon tree. 'You have all experienced the changing climate and biosphere and by now very well know of why this happened. But really, do you? 'You', pointing at a young female near him, 'can you tell me.' The young student than says, 'well, we have been burning too much fossil fuels and releasing carbon dioxide in the air which in turn changed the climate through the greenhouse effect. We have also cleared over half of our forests and killed ninety percent of wild animals leading to widespread extinctions and finally we have been choking our land, oceans and air with gigantic piles of rubbish and millions of kinds of pollutant substances.' 'And why have we been doing all this', Goosemonk inquires again. 'Surely we knew these problems for a long time, for at least a hundred years and yet have not taken any real action just kept on polluting to this day. So why do we continue with this madness?' 'I'm not really sure' the girl then says. Goosemonk continues, 'well, I tell you why, it is because of our desires deep down are fueled by fear, fear of death mostly. Our desire for material possessions such as food to avoid death and control of all living things to feel save. is the fundamental root cause of our misery, the desire that perpetuates itself for ever bigger possessions and is never satiated. It gets into our way of straightening our selves out and doing what is right out of respect for nature. Lets for example look at the catholic concept of the seven sins and seven virtues. In the antiquated catholic view of the world the seven sins are human desires gone out of control and they called them wrath, gluttony, greed, pride, envy, sloth and lust. The great Italian poet Dante however called the same seven sins perversions of love. For example he thought that gluttony is the love of too much food and so forth. But in my view gluttony as the desire to eat to excess, is neither a sin in the catholic sense nor perverted love, but is caused by an obstruction to the flow of power in the nervous system of the digestive area out of fear of having not enough to eat and as a consequence to starve or die. When the power is flowing freely there, then there is no fear and the virtue of temperance manifests itself naturally, a kind of natural habitual moderation out of love and sense for and of a healthy body. Similarly greed, the rapacious desire for wealth is caused by obstruction in the solar plexus out of fear of not having enough. In a freely flowing energetic state it would turn to the attitude or emotion of charity, the benevolent love towards those in need. Likewise, lust, the excessive inordinate sexual desire is caused by obstruction in the nervous system that regulates our sexual glands, or what the yogis call the base chakra and a blockage is caused by fear of not having offspring. Without blockage in this area, excess sexual energy is constantly sublimated up into the spinal nerve and the person can be said to be chaste as the excess dissipates to another area of the body. Blockages also occur when natural sexual feelings are denied expression and are being held back perhaps through a repressive society or a feeling of guilt which again fires up the fear of no offspring. The act of withholding creates the tension in the nervous system and when chronically repeated permanently blocks the entry of the earths grounding power into the spinal cord. All obstructions are really just contractions of tissue and nervous strata, generated out of a fear. So if you contract a muscle or a nervous tissue often enough it naturally shortens and tightens. Wrath or anger is a deeply resentful indignation seated in blocked heart space our center of love perhaps sparked by the

fear of not being loved. The emotion of anger is physiologically expressed through an increased heart rate, elevated blood pressure and increased levels of adrenalin and noradrenalin. When habitual it creates a kind of dark cloak in the heart muscle and connective tissue that surrounds it. The cloak then prevents our natural expression of love that is known as kindness, the benevolent disposition to all of life. Kindness relies on an expansion of our natural electromagnetic field around our heart towards another and an encrustation or armoring will prevent this expansion. Pride, the high inordinate opinion of ones own importance or superiority is caused by obstructions in the glands of the throat area or what the yogis call the fifth chakra. It manifests through our speech. An obstruction there may be fueled by the fear of ones speech becoming ridiculed. A person with a free flowing power in this area displays humility. Envy or the feeling of discontent at another's good fortune seems to be caused by a callous veil in the nervous system of our sight, the sixth or third eye chakra, but without obstruction would normally manifest as diligence, that is the careful persistence in ones efforts. And finally the last of the seven sins, that of sloth or laziness is caused by a kind of dis-function of areas in the brain which is caused by a lack of flow of energy from the nervous system. A charge of this area, that the yogis call the crown chakra, would normally manifest as all encompassing patience. So you can see how in my view the seven sins are in reality all but the seven virtues obstructed and mostly caused by the fears we harbor. And this is the challenge for humanity, the challenge that has plagued us for as long back as humans can remember. I explain that with another symbolic. A sinful life is an acidic, contracted aggressive life based on fear and a virtuous life at the opposite is an alkaline, relaxed and respectful life based on the flow of love. Our blood needs to be slightly alkaline at all time to maintain the health of the body in its optimum state so, likewise we have to become more virtuous by being less "sinful" that is less obstructing to the flow of the earth's grounding energy within ourselves and as a consequence become more loving towards our environment. Then our desires will moderate and allow our inborn and natural love for all of life to manifest. Fear dissipates when we experience grounding, real grounding. As fear dissipates so does desire. We cannot overcome fear with material objects, the fear of death remains even if we are surrounded by a ten foot concrete wall. All we need is to touch the earth and our blood will turn alkaline and the fear is gone. This is the real meaning of yoga or union, it is the union with earth because we are earth ourselves in every sense of the word. Are there any questions?' Everyone is in deep thought, then someone raises the hand and asks. 'We know of many other negative emotions, are they all based on obstructions and desires underpinned by fear?' Goosemonk replies. 'All negative emotions have a purpose as they are a natural part of our instinct and our genetic make up. But when those emotions become excessive and acidic, they become destructive or sinful if you wish. Living means to find a balance, just like our blood needs to be in balance between acid and alkaline. So in regards of climate change and pollution we as a whole have lost our balance and turned the entire world into acid literally, we lost the balance as a whole and as an individual. It is now like a war zone between the acidic portion of humanity and the alkaline portion, and also within every individual between virtue and the obstruction of virtue, only time will tell which side prevails,

acid or alkaline, death or life. We fight that war on many fronts, terrorism, economic wars, social wars, excessive exploitation of nature, the cruelty to the animal kingdom but really all these are but an externalization of this internal war in all of us. The yogi talks of ego death when this internal war is won. Other questions?' 'We have heard you can heal by laying hands, is that projection of the electromagnetic fields through your hands a way to soften obstructions in a patients body?' 'It is precisely that. Some peoples fields are now very much weakened by acidic lifestyles. Laying hands means the fields of the healer and patient merges and the weaker field usually tunes into the stronger field. But you can see for yourself. Put your own right palm against your left forearm and instantly feel the heat flow, thats the infrared component of your field. The center of the palm emits a more concentrated field and of a different electromagnetic potential, than the top of the forearm hence the flow from strong to weak. The more grounded you are the stronger the flow will be. As the tissue of the forearm warms it relaxes and becomes more alkaline. Rigidity or obstruction within tissue softens and as a result the nervous energy flows more freely.' Another student asks, 'can anybody be healed that way?' 'No, some people have accumulated so much tension, their tissue has literally calcified. It will take a mighty shock to break up those kind of lesions but as long as the nervous system within that tissue is alive there would hope for healing. But even so just laying hands would do nothing by itself, it needs to be done in conjunction with correct diet, movement and mental disposition. There is no point in laying hands over the diseased liver of an alcoholic unless he gives up drinking. Remove the cause of the problem first then start healing or even better teach people to heal themselves.' Goosemonk then brakes up the session and lets his little group of followers know that he would shortly go away on a work trip into the country side for a couple of weeks and so they parted.

'There is the area,' the indigenous ranger points ahead, 'we'll do a cruise around on the firebreak to give you an idea what this swamp is like.' Goosemonk switches on his camera to record the landscape they are about to enter. They had been driving for a couple of hours to get to this group of waterlogged upland depressions west of Evo. It is another stinking hot day in the middle of December 2050, the so called "troppo" season is in full swing. The monsoon rains again are forecast to be late this year and most of the Top End had been burned out and blackened. Even the central depression in this area named Littleyard Swamp have almost dried out, only the patch of lush green at its center hinting at retention of moisture there. All kinds of birds are present, a pair of Brolgas, groups of Magpie Geese in the shallow margins of the swamp dabbling in softer soils for tubers and roots, Great Egrets stalking for frogs and crustaceans, a variety of ducks feeding on aquatic weeds and many other smaller birds seeking shelter from the heat and feeding on the flowering fringing paperbarks. 'How long have you been looking after this area' Goosemonk asks. 'Some twenty years' the ranger says 'but I was born nearby so I have known this area for all my life.' 'Has it changed much?' 'Yu bet, man.' 'We get more rain, it comes down in buckets when it's on and takes longer to dry up. So there are heaps more birds during the dry. The vegetation of the swamp is changing too, the birds bring in seeds from other far off

areas. We have given up on the weeds now. There is no money for anything these days. Besides some of the birds eat some of the weeds when there is nothing else. This whole swamp is very shallow all the way but it holds water nicely.' 'Do you think it could support water chestnut and wild rice.' 'The ranger nods, yeah I noticed some of that too lately.' 'What's the plan', the ranger turns to Goosemonk. 'Well, there is no definite plan yet, but we are looking of identifying future wildlife refuge areas when we loose the remainder of those massive floodplains along the coast. You know there are not many upland swamps that could transition the animals for a future if they have any at all.' 'Wouldn't they just move with the coastline as the ocean rises?' 'Yes in theory,' Goosemonk answers 'but you see the changes are now happening far too fast for the landscape to adapt and transition.' 'The sea is predicted to rise close to a meter next year and this rise will be increasing every following year. In 2056, in five years time it will probably over a meter rise per year year and by 2070 the whole of Darwin will have submerged.' 'What!' 'Yes thats right, the highest point of Darwin is only about 20 odd meters above sea from the 2021 level when climate change accelerated. Who would have thought that a rise of a mere 3.2 mm a year in 2018 could turn into a sea level rise of almost half a meter a year now.' 'Bloody hell', the ranger laughs and then says 'I heard some of our wildlife scientists talk about the sixth extinction back in our office. It couldn't be, could it. There is only some much ice to melt and then it would be over for sure.' 'Well,' Goosemonk answers, 'firstly two thirds of the sea level rise comes from thermal expansion of the water as it heats up and only one third from the melting of land based ice and snow. It's not just about putting up with the temperatures and sea level rise but also about crops and the chemistry of the ocean. Would you like to know more?' 'Yes, go ahead.' 'Take carbondioxide, the preindustrial value in our atmosphere was 280 parts per million or ppm gone up to 410 ppm in 2018 and has reached 600 ppm now and is still rising and more quickly then ever. You know 390 ppm had been considered the boundary to avoid long term rise in sea level. The carbon gas literally stays there for a 100 to a 1000 years before it breaks down completely. Then there is the breakdown in biodiversity. You know, the natural annual background of species loss had been one per million at the most for millions of years but where we are heading is into over one thousand per million thats a thousandfold increase. The scientists consider a rate of 10 per million the threshold definition of global extinction. Then there is the question of the nitrogen removed from the atmosphere for human use. Before industrialism it was zero tonnes now it is well over 130 million tonnes with scientists warning that as little as 35 million tonnes per year will lead to long term irreversible degradation of the earth system. So there you have it, we overstepped these three tipping points to fatal environmental destruction even long before 2020 and have been bearing the consequences for decades as you know. But not only that, we have also overshot boundaries of other critical ecological processes such as the phosphorus cycle, acidification of the ocean and freshwater use to name but a few. Of course, temperature is the one that every one can feel and it has caught everyones attention. When the oceans warm up too much they can turn anaerobic and produce large amounts of potentially lethal sulphuric gases. There is no getting away from that because we all breathe the same air which knows no borders.' 'So we could choke to death, is that it?' 'Precisely.

We know that during the Permian-Triassic extinction some 252 million years ago, ninety-five percent of species known from fossils went extinct in a very short period of time. We still don't know exactly how. It has been explained as the process of co-extinction when the loss of one species can make more species disappear and ultimately bring total systems to a collapse. It is thought that this process can occur at around five degrees of global warming. As you know we have reached this bench mark. How high can the temperatures go up. Well, perhaps as high as ten to twelve degrees. There is a point where temperatures combined with high humidity become fatal and people would just drop by heat stress. So extinction is a possibility, although I look at those predictions with caution. When scientists predict they generally make a distinction of between what is possible, what is probable and what is certain. The variables that lead to an outcome can be quite complex, are not always known and can therefore change at any time. So extinction is now a distinct possibility but is not just yet very probable and definitely not certain.' 'Ok, we have arrived' and the car stops near the edge of the swamp. They both get out and sit down under a shady large paperbark tree to quietly observe and document the type and number of birds. Then later Goosemonk picks up his auger and drills down to take some soil samples at a number of locations. They also take some levels and measure the depth of water along a profile. 'That's all done', Goosemonk sums up and the both of them get back into the vehicle and leave the site.

Weeks later Goosemonk meets Ophelia in her office and presents his report on the various sites he had visited. The new state elections were only a few weeks away and Ophelia is proposing a public meeting to present her Nulander Green Coalition Party's new policies. They are radical by any measure, a make or brake approach to the environmental and economic crisis of the day. Of course, the risk is a complete rejection by mainstream public. Many people even at this stage remain ill-informed on the true underlying causes of the chaos that grips the world and are inclined to oppose any significant impositions on their lives. For decades they had witnessed public riots and disorder about the cost of bare necessities, power and fuel largely incited by the far right wing groupings. Martial law rules now in some countries of the world. Nations at large increasingly display a deep rooted self centered unwillingness to adopt new UN initiatives to halt climate change. Why us? America first, Europe first, China first, it echoes around the world. Countries are holding on to resources and positioning themselves for war over water and minerals. The truth is clear to every thinking man that only a unified world government would be able to solve world wide problems but there is no will by the leading nations to pursue such a path. Ophelia knows that the social systems of the past to this point had failed to respond effectively to the planetary crisis, because of the prevailing capitalist economic core belief of no limits to economic expansion. The capitalist drive to accumulate ever more capital had never recognized boundaries of exploitation of resources in its entire history and all obstacles were always treated as barriers to be surmounted. They even regarded climate change as a blessing in disguise to further increase private riches. Ophelia regards this election as the only and last chance for democracy to overcome the exploitive insane capitalist system by the new organic human and this war, if won

locally could then spread and perhaps ignite major social transformation throughout the country. 'Here you have our policies' Ophelia says and puts a memory stick in Goosemonk's hands. 'Study it and let me know what you think. If you agree, I want you to accompany me to our public media release next week. And thank you very much for your efforts, I have had very good feedback on you.'

It is Friday the day before the hugely anticipated policy launch when Goosemonk meets his little group of followers again under the large Banyon tree. It had been three weeks since he last spoke to them and he could sense a great deal of anticipation for today's meeting. 'Today I'll talk to you about how to improve your brain,' he starts and everyone nods with a smile, one student bursting out loud, 'Yeah thats just what we need.' 'Especially you' his friend next him falls in. Goosemonk continues, 'you see there is a method, that people have known for thousands of years and neurologists too have found it to be the most effective means to increase both the white and grey matter inside', Goosemonk knocking on his skull. 'In my mind it truly is a kind of a yoga or union because it not only helps to grow neurons but also helps to build connections between the left and the right hemispheres of the brain just like meditation does. Research has found that it improves connectivity and reliefs stress, fights alzheimers, dementia and sharpens concentration, increases dexterity and encourages nerve growth. It's a kind of un-boring meditation, it is interesting and improves learning. Once you have learned the practice of this method you only need it for ten minutes a day to get its benefits. You might also be surprised that it burns the equivalent amount of calories comparable to brisk walking and you may find it as stimulating as your morning cup of coffee. Now, what is it, does anyone know?' After a moment of silence, Goosemonk pulls three cricket balls out of his shoulder bag and starts to juggle. His action is fluid he doesn't even need to look at the balls and varies the juggling by throwing in a few special trick variations every so often. 'Yes, this method is juggling. Really nothing to it,' he smiles. 'Is it difficult to learn,' one of the student asks. 'Nope, you start out with one ball from hand to hand for a couple, then with two balls, throwing one then the other' and demonstrating, 'then after few more days use three balls. Once you got this you'll become proficient very quickly and never forget it. Its just like riding a bicycle.' 'Why is it so good to the brain,' the student asks again. 'Well, you see our visual processing of what we see or look at, is an enormously complex and data intensive process of the brain as it has to keep track of the balls in real time and at the same time fire out instructions in real time to coordinate the movement of your arms and hands for catching and throwing the balls. It is literally a gym workout for the brain and just as lifting of heavy weights stimulates the growth, strength and size of muscle so juggling grows and stimulates our brain matter in significant and measurable ways. You can do it anywhere at any time, it costs nothing and you can use rocks or oranges or whatever you like.' 'Doesn't the novelty wear off,' the student asks again. 'Not really if you challenge yourself by learning the more difficult tricks and then you can always add balls and use four or five. Try it out and see for yourself.'

The day had finally arrived when the Nulander Green Coalition is about to make it's debut with its

release of its party policy platform. A huge crowd gathers at the Evo community hall, it must be close to a thousand as they stand jam packed. Nobody had anticipated such a turnout but people are genuinely frightened by the recent turn of global events and keen to find solutions to the constant existential threats suggested by media accompanied by a meaningless spin of traditional party politics and by the technocrats and scientists that advised them. Here is a new party that offers hope through radical change. Ophelia and her team now make their way to the table at the podium. She tests the microphone in front of her and then lifts both hands to commence her speech. Territorians, our party the Nulander Green Coalition was founded in this territory, it is truly your party and we welcome you here. Some of what we propose is revolutionary as we no longer believe that the problems can be solved by those that have caused the problem in the first place. We propose the 'organic human' a concept of social and ecologic adjustment for the community, indeed for the human race on sound principles of sustainability. At the very heart of our plan is the proposal to fundamentally aim at economic shrinkage rather than economic growth, something that no other political party in the history of the modern world has ever even contemplated, and to that end we propose it to be in the form of a careful planned retreat, a retreat from the brink of self destruction. It means we find ways to moderate our population, we find ways to return damaged lands to its original state, we find ways to stop pollution, we find ways to improve our health and most of all we give our children and grandchildren hope for a future. Ophelia then stops for a moment and a thunderous applause of NGC chants erupts intermixed with a very focal booing from the back of the hall where a group of the Undead with their colorful black, red and white scarfs had congregated. Ophelia then rises both her hands again to quiet the crowd and continues with her policy speech covering wide ranging topics such as health, conservation, agriculture, energy, population control and law and order. Judging from crowd reactions the most controversial proposals include a radical overhaul of health insurance policies, that call for a total refund of premiums if a person has not used any services, thus providing an incentive for people to stay healthy rather than to abuse the system for the sole benefit of the so called sickness industry. There is also a strong reaction to the call for the accelerated phasing out of mining of all types of fossil fuels and simultaneous undertaking to satisfy the entire power needs of the territory by the construction of a new solar hydro electric scheme. The plan is to use solar power to pump water into a new dam that would then generate sufficient hydro power. But it is the radical proposal to overhaul land use tenure and land ownership that causes a ripple through the crowd particularly in the back of the hall. The NGC policy is to compulsively acquire all pastoral leases and return the lands to a conservation tenure. The idea is to offer the landowner compensation at a fair market price and the chance to stay on the land as salaried conservation manager. The land would be de-stocked and original habitat rehabilitated to allow wildlife to return. Such action reasons to substantially reduce greenhouse gas pollution caused by ruminant livestock and provide new opportunities for sustainable harvesting of natural products and other more environmentally benign uses. Ophelia then outlines further plans to change land use of some pastoral lands with suitable soils and water resources for horticultural use in order to promote an orientation

towards a vegetarian lifestyle coupled with the promotion of community gardens and other self sufficiency measures in all population centers. This however infuriates the group of the Undead in the back of the hall where they start to get visibly agitated. The security guards rush there to contain any threatening outbreaks of disorder and to calm down the situation. Undeterred Ophelia continues to outline ideas for population control which includes temporary tax incentives for childless couples. When it came to Law and Order issues for which Ophelia proposes containment measures for vigilante groupings, the vocal group in the back erupts and armed with sticks and knuckle busters force their way to the podium. Some of them also open the back door to the hall and let more of the Undead, that had been waiting outside, into the hall. Unknown to Ophelia and her party the Undead had planned to interrupt the meeting anyway as they were ideologically opposed to any progressive ideas that could undermine their economic foothold and control in Evo. Scuffles now break out center, left and right and Ophelia realizes the danger of this confrontation getting out of hand. A couple of the leaders of the Undead jump up on the podium armed with sticks with intent to harm. Goosemonk sitting behind Ophelia throughout the meeting now jumps up and steps in front of Ophelia just in time to touch the two men with his palms and as if asleep they instantly collapse. Another two of the Undead also jump on stage and they too are swiftly put to sleep. As if by magic, everyone quiets down after what they had witnessed. Goosemonk takes the microphone and calmly apologizes to the audience for the disturbance. He points to the four men sprawled out on the ground and with a smile saying, don't worry about them they are sweetly asleep in dreamland. No harm has come to them. He then hands the microphone back to Ophelia and helps the security guards to remove the unconscious men from the stage. At this stage the police had also arrived and the Undead seem to dissipate rather quickly from the scene. Ophelia then continues with her policy launch by pointing at Goosemonk who has resumed his seat in the back, and exclaims you have just witnessed the action of the new "Organic Human". At the conclusion of her speech many more intricate questions are being asked by the press about the policies which were all answered.

Predictably, the next day the local press ridicules NGC policies, particularly its underpinning tenet of economic shrinkage and consequently label Ophelia as a silly goose. Ophelia smiles when she reads the paper knowing only too well that people power can only truly awake when the ruling class actively works to eradicate their frontal challenge to the treadmill of production. It is only through confrontation a new ecological-cultural revolution can succeed. People are ready to confront the bastards she thinks, the war has started.

6. Power (Jupiter)

It is Monday the 31st of January 2051, Goosemonk's nineteenth birthday. Ophelia has assembled her team in the office for a review on the policy launch meeting from two days ago. She serves a special birthday cake made from sweet dates, coconut flour and rice milk. After a while they settle down to discuss what happened and where to go next with the election campaign. The election is to be held in six weeks time and promises to be the most hotly contested ever. Disturbing news had come in from the populated south of Australia as well as from overseas about the latest percussions on the climate change saga. The sea level rise now exceeds three meters on pre-industrial time in many areas of the world and numerous industrial harbor facilities face permanent shutdown. Most critical are the liquid gas, oil and coal processing hubs many of which are located in low lying flood prone coastal areas or at the ports. This is also the case with the port of Darwin which has seen an acceleration of the expansion of gas processing facilities when fracking operations started in earnest during the late twenties. Even then, when it was known that runaway climate change would threaten the harbors of the world, the ruling establishment funded by capitalist structures of the fossil fuel industries maintained that the problem of climate change could be reversed by mitigation locally and through geo-engineering solutions globally. Of course that never was the case. The most powerful nations had long cut funding to the troublesome UN and with the rise and support of right wing nationalistic political groupings pursue a path of protectionism and isolation. Global geo-engineering solutions never eventuated because of a lack of international coordination. International trade also had stagnated and many countries experience a severe and prolonged depression. This is also the case in the Northern Territory of Australia. The huge Illfac Gas Plant near Darwin had been forced to suspend its operations in 2031 as a powerful cyclonic surge flooded and severely damaged the plant. They decided then to build a gigantic sea wall to protect their investment a project rubber stamped by the highly indebted government of the time. In 2033 they re-opened liquid gas operations. Fast forward to 2051, the powerful gas lobby group in the Northern Territory commits massive funding to all major political parties for this years elections in order to persuade an alienated public to be supportive of its survival. The NGC who has postured itself to shut down the entire extractive fossil industry constitutes an immediate existential threat. However the public, after almost thirty years of repetitive reminders on the reality of climate change has developed a callous to even listen to the never ending political spin of national security, law and order, jobs and social advancement versus the climate change arguments for action and change. Climate change is no longer an inconvenient threat to living standards, it had become clear it turned into a matter of life and death. In reality there is now a deep seated pent-up anger with the political and corporate establishment that had for so long failed to heed the warnings and in fact ridiculed and even jailed the best advocates of climate science on the pretense of incitement of public disobedience. Ophelia and her co-workers know that they had now challenged the ruling elite

and were facing a barrage of adverse reactions to stop her party of getting a foothold in parliament. Ophelia starts the meeting, 'friends before we get into the nitty gritty of election business, I would like to ask Orlando to please explain what he had done to those four troublemakers, I mean every one saw it and was stunned.' Goosemonk nods, then says, 'I'm not quite sure myself, I just felt a surge of energy from my feet up through my hands the very moment they attacked. I touched their foreheads with my palm while looking into their eyes and whispering the word sleep.' 'That's just like crocodile dundee in that classic movie when he put the buffalo to sleep' says Ophelia. 'Yes, something like that' says Goosemonk. 'Now back to the election', Ophelia continues. 'As you all know, we are facing an all mighty opposition from the other parties, they will rip us apart in the media and some groups may even try to physically harm us. I'm proposing that we are not playing their game and respond peacefully and kindly to all challenges. There is simply too much at stake. We will stick to our policies but listen to and evaluate criticisms carefully. I have arranged two important meetings next week, one with a grouping of aboriginal elders in Arnhem land and another with the gas people at the Illfac Gas Plant. I do not expect any great outcomes but I think it is important for us to engage with all sides of the social spectrum. We will present our arguments in a calm and rational manner. Leave the spin, the rhetoric and the emotions to our opponents.' 'Orlando, since you have proven yourself as such a outstanding bodyguard', Ophelia smiling, 'I ask you to be by my side at those meetings. 'Besides I know that you can speak a couple of the local aboriginal tongues which may help to communicate to the old men.' The meeting then goes on for a little while and Ophelia assigns tasks to all of her team.

Later this evening Goosemonk meets up with uncle Leo and tells him about Ophelia's request to accompany her on election tour and asks him for his advice. Leo says that he knows some of the old fellas in Arnhem and they would be glad if someone could explain the climate misery to them. All our old man know is that the earth has fallen ill and some of them got sick themselves for this. These old men, they are still connected and it hurts them when country hurts. They know about you anyway, I let them know you are coming. 'Thanks uncle, but before this trip I want to go to Boomboom Billabong and check on Apollo and his flock. I have this feeling he is calling me. Good idea, I'll come with you.' And so the next morning they are on the way in Leo's trusty old ute. From the road they see many dead trees an indication that sea water intrusions are now well and truly advanced and may even have breached Boomboom Lagoon. When they arrive they both realize that their worst fears had come true. A wall of brown lined the lagoon and even the water had turned an ugly blackish hue from rotting vegetation. Tears roll down from Leo's eyes as he speaks, 'so quick.' Goosemonk then steps down to the half submerged jetty and with all his strength imitates the honking call of Apollo in the hope some of the geese had still stuck around somewhere. To no avail. But he doesn't give up so easily, in his heart he knows they are still alive. Then all of a sudden in the distance the call gets answered. 'That's them' Goosemonk says and is somewhat relieved. There they come, five geese in formation, Apollo leading out of the sky and landing before the kneeling Goosemonk, whose excitement now seems boundless.

Goosemonk who had brought a bag of grains with him now feeds his starving feathered friends. 'We'll take them back to Evo and put them up at my place' Leo says. And so they did. Back home Leo borrows a backhoe and digs a sizable pond in his backyard complete with a little sluice gate. They line pond it with clay and fill it with water. Goosemonk paints a little sign 'Little Boomboom Pond'. Leo's property at the rural outskirts of Evo is quite large, it used to be a mango plantation but had been overgrown with weeds. 'They seem to enjoy this' Leo remarks as the two men watch the little flock peacefully nip and taste the variety of the greens. 'They'll be good roosting in the mango's, and may even start building a nest on the pond,' Goosemonk adding, 'I'll get some water chestnut and wild rice seeds tomorrow and see if we can grow them around the pond.'

The day arrives when Ophelia and Goosemonk set off to Darwin to meet the CEO and head of the giant Illfac Gashub. The trip was almost canceled in the last minute because a low had been developing in the Timor Sea and is forecast to develop into a cyclone. However the low seemed to move into a northern direction and Ophelia decided to go after all. After a bumpy two hour drive over the pothole ridden highway which had been slipped into disarray because of recent road maintenance budget cuts, they finally see the huge gate of the famed Illfac seawall in the distance. 'Looks like the the wall of China' Ophelia laughs loudly. 'It won't help them though, Goosemonk comments, the sea is now rising even faster than anyone had predicted and will soon wipe away even this monstrosity. See how the nip tide is already leaping at the bottom of the wall. A category five cyclone can easily whip up unbelievable high waves on top of five to six meter storm surges. Then there are the winds of incredible ferocity with speeds of 250 to 300 km per hour.' As they stop at the gate a security guard checks the details, gives them an orientation map and then waves them through the giant gate. They had been invited to take a tour of the complex and to stay overnight for the meeting that was scheduled for the next morning. One of the engineers greets them at the main office and explains the various components and functions of the plant. It is apparent that an enormous amount of funds had been invested to get this facility up and running. The briefing is followed by a tour of kilometers of shiny structures and pipes. The sleeping quarters are simple but comfortable and both decide to go to bed early to be fresh in the morning. However nobody foresees the fateful change of events that were about to hit the city of Darwin. The low had turned into a category two cyclone early in the night and with an erratic U-turn started to turn back toward the coast. By the morning it had already been on direct collision course with Darwin and gathering speed. Staff at the Illfac Gasplant is now on alert and makes preparations to safeguard the industrial complex by systematically shutting down operations. There had been several serious incidents with lightning strikes from violent thunderstorm before and nobody took these events lightly any longer. By the time the meeting starts at eleven am the cyclone had turned into a category three and is moving closer at thirty kilometers per hour. At the start of the meeting the CEO presents all with a satellite printout of the current status of the cyclone and an update from the Bureau of Meteorology. Well, it won't hit before tomorrow morning he sums up, so lets sit down and discuss

your party's energy policy as planned. Ophelia now presents the lengthy policy document and systematically outlines its main settings and implications against the backdrop of recent dramatic developments in climate change especially sea level rise. She says, gentlemen, in a nutshell, if we win government we will immediately pursue legislation that all facilities within the Darwin harbor yours including will be dismantled on public safety grounds. We will also introduce a complete ban on further fracking operations on environmental grounds. All of the Illfac staff present at the meeting think Ophelia is joking and after pause the CEO smilingly says, 'good one, madame.' Cool as a cucumber Ophelia continues, 'gentleman it's not a joke. Fossil fuels, your coal, your oil and your gas has got us into this mess, we see no end to it. We belief that the madness must stop now.' The discussions and arguments then change to coax Ophelia into compromises with offers of financial support to the party and promises to fund certain of their proposed environmental initiatives but it soon becomes pretty clear that no amount of incentive, as they call it, could change the NGC stance. At the conclusion of the meeting the CEO thanks Ophelia for her frankness and their two guests leave the room. Once outside Goosemonk asks Ophelia, 'do you think that was worth it?' 'Orlando,' she answers, 'this was just the introduction of opponents before the boxing match. I planted a seed of doubt in their hearts. We'd better hurry home it looks like the rain is coming pointing to the pitch dark black wall of clouds in the distance.' 'Yes we better' Goosemonk says, 'something big is brewing there, I had a vision last night of this joint blowing up.' 'Did you?' 'My visions never lie to me, I'm certain, something very violent will happen here tomorrow. Take my word. Look around all the birds have left.'

A day later, even some fifty kilometers inland at Evo, preparations are taking place to secure structures from the potential impact of the cyclone. It is named cyclone Jupiter aptly after the Roman god of sky and lightning. Jupiter was one of the most common symbols of the Roman army known for its devastating military power. The bureau predicts Jupiter to grow to catastrophic category five before making landfall directly on Darwin later this evening. Anxious eyes follow the Bureaus advisory updates on the television screen in Ophelia's office. The whole team is gathered including Goosemonk. There is still a contingent of around thirty thousand residents in Darwin most of them employees of the gas hub, the army and the business district. The low lying residential areas had long been evacuated as far back as in the 20's and 30's as the sea threatened to encroach into storm surges zones but many of the new Evo residents still have friends and relatives in Darwin. 'The eye is gonna hit the harbor' someone says. 'It looks like a coiled up cobra just before it strikes' another person comments when an image of the spiraling mass of cloud is shown on the screen. 'I heard one of the old man say the rainbow serpent is angry with the white fellas for poisoning the sky.' 'Well you could easily see it this way.' Outside the rains had started and are now pounding the windows.

It is ten pm when all screens go blank. 'Television is out' someone shouts 'and so is radio' another one follows. Something must have happened. 'Everyone quiet,' Ophelia shouts out as she is trying to get in

touch with one of her Darwin friends by satellite phone. Eventually after an hour of repeatedly trying she is successful. Everyone in the room feels that something terrible has happened when Ophelia's face takes on a very pale complexion. When she lowers her phone, she simply says, 'Darwin is no more. There had been direct lightning strikes on the Illfac Gas Plant and it simply blew up into a giant fireball taking half of Darwin with it. The cyclone finished it off. What about the people? Only the northern suburbs, the ones furthest away from the gas hub survived and the people in some of the cyclone shelters. It's chaos there.' There is a period of silence in the office, the news comes as a shock for everyone as it was just utterly unbelievable. Later during the night and into the morning the army and emergency crews restore television transmission and the whole extent of the catastrophe becomes clearer. Darwin had literally blown to bits and a storm surge and waves of up to fifteen meters had swamped all but the high ground. The death count is unknown but is estimated to be in the thousands. The Illfac Gas hub is no longer, ironically only the wall that surrounded it, still stands. All surviving army units had now moved to evacuate the entire city or what was left of it. A state of emergency is declared and Evo is allocated as the center of operations. Both the port and the airport had been destroyed and so were the hundreds of warehouses and services of the business district. The response from Canberra comes slow as the whole country had been in a state of emergency for months with severe fuel shortages restricting air lifts of foods and supplies. At Evo the provisional government announces the new elections to be postponed in order to allow the return of a basic order of life. Most mining operations come to an immediate halt since there is now no way to ship the materials in the foreseeable future or perhaps forever.

Evo soon reaches breaking point. Not only did it have to cope with a sudden influx of thousands of evacuees from Darwin but also from many coastal indigenous communities across the Northern Territory. Many people are being sent to the small towns of Katherine, Tennant Creek and Alice Springs by rail but the problems there are the same as everywhere, particularly the lack of foods and services, the lack of housing and rampaging violence. Amidst the chaos, Goosemonk is busy to help Gummi and Leo build large shade houses on Leo's land for growing nursery seedlings of a variety of fruit trees. They know that food security is the number one priority in this future world if there was a future at all. They know that soon there would not be any food from interstate or anywhere and survival would then be dependent on local self sufficiency. Goosemonk is fond of a particular tree, *Moringa oleifera*, that his mother Madonna had grown at Boomboom Billabong, a tree that grows around the tropical and subtropical belts of the world. It is known to have a big reputation for its superior nutrition particularly the leaves that can be eaten raw or cooked like spinach. It is also known as one of the fastest growing plant species in the world and for this reason is widely harvested and cut throughout the year. One of its common names of the plant is 'Never die', it literally lives up to its name. In any case it has become Goosemonk favorite green. Gummi too developed an interest in growing foodstuffs. Given the prohibitive cost and shortages of fuel he finds it very difficult to go on

traditional hunting and bush tucker trips. After all, when one considers what is really important in life it boils down to air, water and food, particularly food since the other two are freely available. Self sufficiency is the new catch cry in Evo and Ophelia through the her NGC party provides advisory services and seed sources and is engaged in the establishment of a number of community gardens that had recently sprung up around Evo.

Gradually some sense of order returns after a few months and the government or what is left of it , announces the state of emergency to be suspended and elections to be held. Ophelia's team now swings back into action, editing and fine tuning policy statements, organizing press releases, public information meetings and meetings with various social groups. She herself takes up a personal door knock campaign in Evo and the other towns of the Northern Territory. Eventually in week four of the campaign the planned trip to Arnhemland to meet community leaders also comes to fruition. Ophelia, Goosemonk and the local candidate for this electorate, a young indigenous teacher arrive at a community hall at the in East Arnhemland and are greeted at the air strip by two white haired elders and guided into an old Toyota trouper carrier. The meeting is arranged for the whole of the community and to take place under a huge shady rain tree. Everyone just sits on the ground as is customary in such meetings. Ophelia introduces herself to the community and in simple words explains the purpose of her party, what it stood for and the importance of this election. The leaders are invited to ask questions. After a silent pause one old man starts to talk in broken English. 'We know country getting sick and balanga (aboriginal word for white man or foreigner) do nothing only say don't worry, we know he lie, but we want to know truth what will happen'. Ophelia, pointing to Goosemonk then says, this is my friend Orlando, he is honest, I will ask him to answer you. Goosemonk then stands up and walks over to the old man to sit down next to him. The old man raises his hand and touches Goosemonk's hair. Leo told me about you he whispers, little gumang (one of the aboriginal word for the Magpie goose) smilingly. We all know of you, go ahead you tell my people, we trust you. Goosemonk then speaks briefly in simple words on the cause and history of climate change, every so often throwing in aboriginal expression for better clarity, explaining that the sea is now rising faster because of the arctic meltdown and once that had been in motion of how the frozen methane had been thawing and venting from the bottom of the ocean had in turn further increased temperatures which in turn had been melting more ice and snow and that it won't stop until all frozen water is gone. He says that balanga had hoped to stop this but could not agree amongst themselves because of his greed and selfishness. The temperature has now become so high that it is now thawing the permafrost, the frozen soils in Siberia and Canada and that in turn would increase the global venting of methane and carbondioxide from the soil by a hundred fold. As the ocean gets too warm it will go anaerobic and suck in oxygen from the air and generate and release the extremely toxic hydrogen sulfide gas in huge quantities which will quickly kill many millions of people around the coastlines of the entire world. By that time temperatures will go up even further to eight to twelve degrees and eventually within a few years kill all life on earth

because the air would become too toxic to breathe. All life on the planet may be dead as soon as in twenty or thirty years time. Pointing at a group of children in the back, everyone will die, you, all of us, Balanga and country man everywhere. I don't have to tell you,' Goosemonk putting hand on the old mans shoulder, 'you old man, you know this all your life, caring for country and your people is your duty. Balanga society will collapse soon, you have to prepare your people to stand on your own. Move to high ground.' 'Will you mob help,' the old man asks. 'I will' and pointing at Ophelia, added 'and she will too.' The old man nods.

They arrive back at the office just in time to catch the breaking news coming from overseas. Four island nations had recently been permanently submerged and wiped of the map, the Maldives, Kiribati, Marshall Islands and Tuvalu, It only took a sea level rise of two and a half meters but rather to heed it as a wake up call, the United States, Europe and China in response are now proposing to blow up three of the worlds largest volcanoes as a last ditch technical gap measure to reverse climate change, the explosions which would presumably block and reflect a portion of the sun's radiation through a blanket of volcanic smoke and ash. 'What a stupid idea,' Ophelia remarks. 'This just has revealed the worst of capitalism, a fundamental disregard of mother nature. They stop short of nothing to safeguard their own utterly selfish interests even at the risk of extinction of all life on the planet. This is the powerful fossil fuel corporations at work behind the scene, fighting to monetize the trillions of tonnes of fossil fuel reserves they own and are still underground.' 'We should use this for our campaign,' Goosemonk suggests. 'Besides, I have read about this proposal before. There is no guarantee it could work. Even if it succeeds it would only be temporary and then what. They argue that volcanic eruptions are a part of the earths natural development processes citing the Krakatoa volcanic eruption in 1991 in the Phillipines that spit 20 million tonnes of sulfurdioxide high into the stratosphere where it turned to sulfuric acid and cooled the planet by half a degree as a result. But the effect was only temporary, a couple of years at most and then what.' Ophelia, agrees, 'it's time to start our revolution the birth of the organic man to stop all this nonsense.'

The election day had finally arrived, there had been a vicious media campaign by the major parties as well by commercial entities such as the mining councils and the livestock groupings, all on very negative terms to disrepute the NGC, not stopping short at personal attacks on Ophelia. The NGC in contrast had been focused on person to person consultation and objective fact finding true to their grassroots origins. The media and various snap shot surveys suggested a close result but when the count was underway it became very obvious that the NGC had pulled out a miraculous performance to achieve a majority result on its debut. What makes the result so surprising was that the aboriginal population had given the NGC their overwhelming support. It was thought that this was due to the commitment of the NGC to make the small towns, settlements and outstations self sufficient, reinstate the ban on fracking and promote a restraint on all mining activities. When Ophelia steps up to the

microphone to announce her election win, the noise of her crowd of supporters at Evo hall is deafening. Her team had been ecstatic for the past two hours and wave after wave of NGC chants express their overwhelming joy. Then all of a sudden a shot is fired. Goosemonk had jumped in front of Ophelia when he saw the rifle pointed from a high window and receives the bullet in his chest. Bleeding profusely he collapses to the feet of a shell shocked Ophelia. It is old uncle Leo who jumps on stage and drags Goosemonk out of the hall and straight to the nearby clinic. Not a minute to late, the doctors are able to stabilize the young man who had fallen into a deep coma and lost a tremendous amount of blood. Although the police arrives on the scene within a couple of minutes they had been unable to identify and catch the shooter. Ophelia is taken into protective custody and is now rushed to the clinic to stand by the bedside of the young man who had probably just saved her life by sacrificing his.

It turns out to be a nerve racking night in the clinic, most of Goosemonk's family is gathered, Leo, Marilyn, Gummi and Gemma. They are being tactfully reconciled by Ophelia she herself still shattered by the events of the day. In the morning the surgeon comes out to talk to the group. Everyone is fearing for the worst. He says, 'well the good news is that he is still alive, but what worries us is his physiology. We don't know what we dealing with as he doesn't appear to be entirely human. His skin contains chlorophyll like a plant and his blood is very alkaline. He should be dead by all we know. His heart is beating strong but extremely slow its almost like he doesn't need oxygen.' 'Before you carry on,' Gemma interrupts, 'I should explain something to you. Can I talk to you in private.' 'Yes of course' the surgeon answers, 'please come with me.' Gemma then explains the truth of the origin of Goosemonk to the surgeon, who agrees to keep this information confidential at least until Goosemonk regains consciousness again. Several days pass with Leo looking after his young patient who remains in coma but seems stable otherwise. Ophelia meanwhile turns her attention to forming her government and immediately starts to push the policies she had been elected for. There is an enormous resistance by departments initially for the implementation of her radical proposals, a resistance by means bogging down procedures through delaying red tape and other passive means. Ophelia and her team soon get the upper hand after several replacements of obstructive senior bureaucrats. Her pet project, the new solar city and hydro scheme however find immediate support by both the construction industry and administration. After all it meant jobs, promised energy security and has immediate funding support through the financial institutions.

Back at the clinic, Leo and Gemma sit by Goosemonk's bedside. It had been four weeks since the shooting and although the doctor told them that the shot wound had healed, they have no clue why the patient remained in coma. 'Perhaps he needs to sit in the sun' Gemma suggests 'and connect to earth' Leo adds. 'They won't let us take him out easily.' Leo then takes it up to himself to convince the medical team that are treating Goosemonk to let him take the patient home to his place. Reluctantly, after days of persistent attempts they agree and Leo takes Goosemonk home. Uncle Leo loses no time

and with the help of Gummi disconnects Goosemonk from the drip line and lowers him gently to the ground at the edge of Little Boomboom Pond. The geese, always curious immediately gather around the three. The number of geese had been steadily increasing over the past few weeks. Every time Apollo took to the air he came back with a few new companions, almost as if he was gathering them from around the neighborhoods. His offspring from Boomboom Billabong, had quickly grown and it was Thor who was the first to take to Goosemonk, gently nipping him on his hands. Then Aphrodite, Odin and Freya walk over too and sit down close to his body, Aphrodite gently lowers her head on Goosemonk's heart. Apollo is still standing as if guarding the body and keeping the other geese at distance, lowers his head aggressively and snaps his beak at any that dare to come to close. 'He's moving,' Gummi says excitedly. Indeed the head of Goosemonk moves, his eyes open and he looks at Aphrodite then at the others. Like nothing ever happened he sits up gently stroking Aphrodite, saying, 'hello my old girl.' Goosemonk has come back. Both Leo and Gummi now have streams of tears of joy running down their cheeks when they pull out their mobiles to let all of family know the good news. Ophelia too gets a call at her home and decides to come over to see and thank who had taken the bullet for her. When she arrives the medical team that just left had declared the OK for the patient. Ophelia brought her little granddaughter a beautiful young girl with wavy blond hair and the most sparkling blue eyes. 'This is my granddaughter Anita' she introduces her to Goosemonk. Anita is all eyes on the geese that still surround him as she loves all animals and even has a little pony for herself back at her grandmothers place. 'You can touch' Goosemonk says and guides Anita little hand on Freya's back. 'She is a young girl, like you, see she has no knob on her head like the boys have' and pointing at Odin and Thor. 'Naughty boys,' Anita shakes her little index finger. Everyone laughs.

Over the next few weeks Goosemonk and Gummi work hard in the nursery to get the many thousands of tree seedlings up and ready for distribution to communities and townships. Goosemonk resumes his studies at Evo library and his talks to the students who are deeply impressed by his miraculous healing and other exploits during the campaign. Ophelia offers Goosemonk a position as an adviser in her Chief Ministers Department, but he politely declines. His point of view is not entirely compatible with the everyday reality of hard nosed politics. In any case the NGC had attracted many new enthusiastic members and talents and this translated into a vigorous approach to govern. Goosemonk's studies now focus on nutrition with aiming to understand how to help the health of people in remote settlements. To himself food is not as important as it is to other humans because of his ability to metabolize energy directly from the sun in the way plants do. But he knows that food is the most fundamental need of human existence and that there is truth in the old adage "you are what you eat" because it is the foods that promote the evolution of consciousness. And an evolution of consciousness is the only hope to safeguard humanity, an evolution of consciousness that manifests as love for all of life. Foods that increase lifespan do so by reducing free radical damage, increase enzyme reserves and provide a high level of nutrition without creating the toxic sludge. He already knows from his own experience, that

proper nutrient dense food combined with calorie restriction increase the conductivity of the nervous system that allows the free flow of the grounding energy of mother earth which in turn improves metabolism and promotes the flow of lymph and thus detoxification. Such is his frame of mind for the content and theme of today's talk. Once again a large crowd turns up and gathers under the Banyon tree. And so Goosemonk begins. 'Friends, all of you think that you know about diet, because all of you eat. You may think what you eat is based on what you believe tastes good and is healthy at best or at least not seriously damaging to you. Every single person is like that. Consider you might be totally wrong and this is what I call willful ignorance that is anchored into the gravity of your mind. It is remarkable how your ego manages to protect you from the truth by blocking information, by rationalizing your beliefs and by downright lying to yourself, hence willful ignorance. Have you ever tried to offer help to a person that is dear to you or a friend who simply ignores good advice for change? Regardless of the hardship they are putting onto themselves they simply seem not willing to change and to accept the truth even if they wanted it badly. Your ego, your great protector will go to the greatest lengths to keep you away from the truth in an effort to hold you in your personal comfort zone in that space that is formed by what you think you know. Listen, I now tell you the truth, that what you eat is purely based on how much dopamine it gets to you, dopamine the addictive feel good hormone the master of your brain, most brains anyway. All foods trigger the release of this stuff but drugs such as coffee, alcohol, cigarettes, sugar, cheese and meat make your brain churn out huge amounts of it. That's precisely why drugs are that irresistible, they make you feel good, initially. Then you need more and before you know you are an addict and feel sorry for yourself. Just take alcohol as an example, it prematurely ages your brain, reduces your immunity and healing, increases liver disease and the risk of cancer, creates sleep disturbances, sexual difficulties, personality changes, sensory impairment, nutritional deficiencies, personality changes and emotional disturbances just to name a few of its effects. You know for certain that it is no good for you yet you still go out and drink yourself silly at every chance you get. You may think you are a super fit sports champion, rich, have understanding of medical knowledge or be very smart and that will keep you out of trouble, but I tell you no Nobel prize winner, no professional athlete, no billionaire and no bodybuilder has ever lived past one hundred years. Even a medical doctor's life span is on average eight years lower than average. The common factors that foster the greatest longevity have long been known and have never changed, that is to restrict your diet to under two thousand calories, eat only foods with a high nutrient density of a complete nutrient spectrum, eat only unprocessed foods, fats and oils, both cooked and raw and most importantly take responsibility for your own health and avoid all drugs. Consider this, the world's oldest ever human in documented history died at the age of 116 in Okinawa, all he ever ate was pumpkin and sweet potatoes three times a day together with some rice, grains and legumes and a few vegetables such as bitter melon. So there you have it, no meat and dairy, perhaps a little fish once a week and absolutely no processed foods. He lived a healthy productive life and worked his garden right to the end.' Goosemonk then pauses. 'What do you eat yourself,' a student then asks. 'Very little,' Goosemonk said, 'very little and every single day

the same, rolled oats with a spoonful of sunflower seeds, pumpkin seeds, linseeds soaked in ricemilk for breakfast, then cooked Mung Dal with Moringa spinach and spices and late in the day a piece of coconut flat bread and perhaps a couple of pieces of fruit in between. That's it, vegan and every day the same, all my life.' 'Don't you get sick of eating exactly the same, isn't that boring.' 'Just like the old shriveled up Okinawan my body learned to love it because it has become very efficient to extract its full nutrition. Eating something different every day stresses the body because it is not used to this level of variation of stimulus. Look at the animal world, aren't they mostly feeding on the same thing everyday?' 'What about the micro nutrients. What about protein.' 'No problem, if there was a deficiency I would know it by now, don't you think so. Let me talk to you a little bit more about the power of the ego. It is your ego that is asking these questions because of what I have just told you of what I eat, clashed with what you know and that sparked your ego to put up a fear to move you behind the safe walls of intolerance in self defense. Your ego will do this until you have been overwhelmed by the rationality and fitness of truth. It's a kind of war between two worlds. Only when this fear drops you will be able to enter a new reality and allow the truth in to make use of it. I do not say your diet is wrong, in fact it is likely in complete alignment with what you know, in alignment with the totality of your experience and belief, which the yogis call karma. Of course we are not static, we are quite capable to move and change and absorb a different truth at any point in time. A good dose of skepticism is healthy if it leads to further inquiry and only through rational inquiry are we able to allow more or a different truth to reveal itself. Always remember there is no absolute truth. You think you are at this very moment sitting upright, but put yourself at the moon and look back at you and you happen to sit at the bottom of the earth. Are you still sitting upright? No, you are now upside down. You can see that truth of what is to be said about something is relative to the position of the observer and only within a very narrow framework of definition. We both cling to our diet and we both may live the truth to the extent of our own reality relative to us as observer within our little universe inside. Some say eating white bread is really detrimental to our health and this may be true if you eat a lot of it on a regular basis, but it is also true that if you are stranded in a desert with just water and white bread it would be what keeps you alive.

7.Growth (Saturn)

Almost half a year post election Goosemonk runs into Ophelia on his way to the library. 'Just the man I was looking for' she says with a smile. 'I have something for you that you may be interested in. Remember your reconnaissance mission at Littleyard Swamp? We have now secured this area together with some funding for a pilot project to establish an insurance population of geese and other waterfowl just as we had planned. We need a project manager and who would be better suited than you? You'd be contracted by our Conservation Department for a couple of years to prepare the habitat and to bring the geese in. If you wish you could live out there.' 'That would be just like Boomboom Billabong and a new permanent home for Apollo and his mob' such are the thoughts that flash through his mind and spontaneously agrees. 'Count me in.' It is September, enough time to source wild rice and water chestnut plants prior to the monsoon and to form the ponding areas that these plants require for growth. 'Great, come back to my office I call the scientists in and we can discuss the plan.' Of course there is some urgency given recent accelerating salt water intrusions in the Top End floodplains. It is feared that the waterfowl could disappear completely together with the entire range of wildlife still holding out in the remaining pockets of this habitat.

It doesn't take long for Goosemonk to swing into action, he'd been supplied with one of the new electric utes and a prefabricated solar powered cabin at the swamp. Ophelia's government loses no time to radically phase out the use of fossil fuel use for the state fleet and establishes a chain of recharging units at all existing petrol stations. Such action comes in the nick of time as it turns out that fuel supply is coming to an end. Solar panels are purchased in bulk as are batteries for electric cars. The solar city which also includes a small manufacturing plant is almost up and running with stage one of the hydro scheme complete. The Northern Territory power supply is set to be the first state jurisdiction to run on zero emissions. The entire transport and energy sector is electrified to run on renewables only. Pastoral leases are de-stocked to bring down methane emissions and to re-vitalize land on a landscape scale. A sense of hope sweeps through the population, particularly the younger generation, grateful for the jobs that the new government initiatives are generating.

Goosemonk moves to live in a simple prefabricated cabin near the edge of the swamp. He oversees the drilling of a bore, installs large water tanks, kilometers of perimeter fencing to secure vital sections of the habitat and pipework for irrigation and drainage. A couple of machines are hired to carefully modulate the surface of a many hectares of future wild rice growing pads shaped to free flowing forms along the contours to allow shallow ponding and inundation at precise levels. Apollo and his three offspring Odin, Freya and Thor curiously inspect every single move of his while Aphrodite who by now is the equivalent of a hundred year old human prefers to sit in the shade near the cabin. She avoids

moving or flying as of late and Goosemonk knows she is close to the end of her game. Every evening at sunset he takes her on his lap to hold her and they together gaze into the setting sun, content of just being there together and to witness this beautiful spectacle of nature. They are into October now and the heat and humidity gets oppressive. Hardly a night goes by where the temperature dips below thirty degrees. Every day the solar powered pump fires up some sprinklers near the cabin, to grow green pick for the geese and to water groups of tree seedlings that had arrived from the Evo nursery to harden off. The sprinklers also provide a bit of a cooling effect through evaporation and the birds enjoy every bit of the spray and wash, they are waterfowl after all. Even Aphrodite and Goosemonk get into the act and so are scores of smaller birds from the surrounding bush. It is now a waiting game, the wait for the monsoon rains to unleash and soak the parched soils. Goosemonk knows that when this moment arrives he will have his work cut out to plant the many thousands of seedlings and get them established during the wet. For the next three weeks he is just content with digging a few hundred tree pits. Every single day of the week, like clockwork he rises at four am to practice his yoga routine, after which he takes in a small breakfast with a cup of herbal tea. That routine is followed by feeding the geese and then working from sunrise to sunset. Every single ounce of energy is directed and focused to establish a new home for the geese as if his own life depended on their welfare. He feels connected to them in a deep emotive way like he has been all of his entire life.

What a surprise, Goosemonk recognizes the familiar shape of Ophelia in the distance walking towards him in the company of Leo and her little grandchild Anita. 'What gives brings me the honor her majesty' he jokingly greets Ophelia. 'Ah, just looking after our minions' she replies with a laugh. 'Little Anita here has been hassling me all week to bring your geese some fruit.' 'Can I,' asks the little girl and Goosemonk just nods and says 'they are over there,' pointing into the direction of the cabin. And there she is off dragging the huge bag with mangoes behind her. It's been a very good season and without the export business there is now plenty of cheap fruit in town. 'People have mangoes coming out of their ears' Ophelia remarks. 'Would you please give an overview and update on your project, I could have sent my press officer out but I wanted it to hear from you. I'll make some notes for him.' 'It'll be my pleasure,' says Goosemonk. 'The project is designed to provide permanent habitat for up to five thousand geese year round. We have to plant large areas of their staple foods, mainly water chestnut or *Eleocharis dulcis* and wild rice or *Oryza rufipogon*. Both of these species usually grow on the flooded black soil plains, so we carted truckloads of that black soil and spread it over the planting areas which have been carefully contoured to hold the right depth of water. The magpie geese are true generalist herbivores and feed on plants including seeds, root tubers, grass blades and also some fruit. Its highly seasonal though, most of their feed is large amounts of a variety of grass blades following the first rains, then they switch to the more nutritious wild rice, particularly during the hatchling and gosling stages. Later in the season and throughout the dry they rely on grubbing the water chestnut root tubers as a main staple to see them through this difficult period. What we are creating here is similar to what

they encounter in the flood plains and in upland swamps. They are very adaptable birds and like their ancestors have been around for a very long time maybe 60 million years, in fact they are truly a living fossil and the only surviving member of the order of Anseriformis much older and distinct from ducks, geese and swans. During the wet monsoon month they become colonial breeders given enough rain and feed. We have varied contouring to create ponding areas of different depths in different locations of the year which appeals to variety of waterfowl species at different times. We have created some islands with trees and logs for roosting as well as perching. Despite all the work we rely on the rain and then plant out the many thousands of seedlings and tube stock as quickly as possible.' 'I'm intrigued about the water chestnut, is that the same the Chinese eat.' 'It's almost the same, a variety true to Northern Australia, it grows to about a meter tall, is very nutritious and can be eaten raw or cooked. We are planting the corms that were collected on the floodplain. They are not a water plant but grow naturally at the swamp edge so we plant the corms two inches deep into the soil just before the rain floods them to about two to four inches deep. The water needs to stay there for five to seven weeks and then dry or be drained off. When the tops turn brown they are almost ready.' 'Interesting, we should grow this stuff in our community gardens at Evo. What about wild rice?' 'Ironically the wild rice is regarded as a noxious weed in rice growing countries, despite its high ecological and superior nutritional values. I grew up on it just like the little geese do. As a perennial weed, it successfully competes against its white rice relative and cannot be easily separated as the plant looks similar however the seeds are different. We will transplant the wild rice seedlings into the paddies when they have filled to at about six to eight inch depth of water.' 'You need help for that won't you, Orlando?' 'Don't you worry about that, community will help out, Leo remarks.' 'What are those' Ophelia asked pointing at some shallow concrete slabs in the distance on the periphery of the planting contours. 'They are our dry season drinkers and feeding areas. They are made of a shallow concrete dishes with a drain valve in the middle. They drain into a perforated pipe underground. We see a need to provide extra water to the geese towards the end of the dry season when many parts of this swamp dry out. The dishes are filled in the morning by a water bubbler and drained before night fall, as a way to keep the water clean and to direct water via the drainpipes to roots of the shade trees. We can control the movement of geese on site by providing supplementary feed there if necessary.' Goosemonk then explains some of the finer points of his project as they slowly walk back towards the cabin where little Anita is still feeding young Odin, Freya and Thor. They can hear her commenting and laughing at the ferociousness of the attack on the juicy mango fruits. 'Time for a coup of tea,' Leo suggests.

Later that day, Ophelia brings the topic of discussion on the recent public demonstration by a group of cattlemen against her governments moves to close down the livestock industry by way of voluntary acquisition of all pastoral leases. Many station owners have taken advantage of the offer to accept fair compensation and be subsequently employed as conservation managers. It works for both sides, a way out of a marginal and polluting business threatened by climate change and a way forward for society to

substantial reductions of greenhouse emissions, simultaneously re-establishing natural carbon sinks. At last count there were at least two and a half million of cattle in the Northern Territory or roughly ten cows for every person, each emitting an equivalent of 2.3 tons of carbon dioxide per year in the form of methane. It meant that on a per head basis Territorians were emitting well in excess of twenty tons of greenhouse gases a year from cattle alone on top of their own personal emissions and that of the gas industry. Beef production is also wasteful on precious water resources. It takes almost sixteen thousand liters of water, a small swimming pool to produce just one kilogram of beef. A third of the world's cultivated land is used to grow a billion ton of feed with the total livestock production accounting for seventy percent of all cultivated land. The more a nation moves towards civilization the more beef it seems to consume, perhaps a sign of the degree of alienation from mother earth and its creatures. The demonstration at Evo led by a certain Adolf McDonutter had almost turned comically violent as they drove a large herd of cows through the main street, the cattle eventually getting spooked by cars and stampeding anything in its way. 'Luckily nobody got seriously hurt', Ophelia says. 'Over in Europe they are now taxing all meats really anything that generates pollution. Former heads of state are being sued by the International Court on count of crimes against humanity for having failed to act on climate change while they were in power and here we still have to deal with this bunch of hypocrites that purely out of egoistic motives stubbornly refuse to face the facts and deal with the problem in a rational way. They are hell bent to keep the machine going regardless, blind to the fact that on a world scale we simply can no longer afford these obscene numbers of cows and other ruminants as they significantly pollute the air. One kilogram meat from beef produces thirty-five kilograms of carbon dioxide equivalent greenhouse gas released into the air. And this is just one issue of many such as the massive direct damage to ecosystems and displacement of native flora and fauna. We live in the midst of an era of biological annihilation and the explosion of ruminants worldwide had a big part in it. And then of course there is the cruelty angle when the animals face the slaughter house. On top of all, humans are not even fit to digest meat and the shocking health risks that of cancer and cardiovascular issues related to the consumption of meat had placed a huge burden on the rest of society. I wish people wake up to it. There is no way to "unburn" the fossil fuels or "unbreathe" the methane released by cows.' Enough said. 'By the way the police is still investigating the shooting at election night. They have a lead and made an arrest. Guess what, it's a man linked to Adolf.'

There is very little rain throughout November and the state of affairs in Evo remains in limbo. The massive clean up works for the former city of Darwin, damaged port and gas hub, had plunged the Territory into financial ruin, but that is hardly any news, it's been a habitual state of affairs for the past thirty years. Shortages of all kind drive up the cost of living, people struggle even though there were plenty of paid jobs for everyone. The supply chain of goods almost entirely relies on the railway link to Adelaide, the most economical means of transport. Locally in Evo and in the other larger towns along the highway a switch had been made to small electric cars, buses and trucks. Although the airports in

Darwin, Tindal and Alice retain some functionality traffic volumes were down markedly, due to the collapse of tourism following cyclone Jupiter as well as the inordinate high cost of fuel brought on by worldwide shortages. Most tourism ventures simply closed down, sold the buildings, demolished or revamped their infrastructure for other purposes where possible, and in other cases left them vacant a stark reminder of the new reality of doom. Of course, economic chaos not only reigned in Evo but worldwide. International insurance companies and re-insurers failed to compensate for massive loss of life and business brought on by successive crop failures, heat waves, rampant wild fires, water shortages, more frequent violent storm and extensive floods. The huge global corporations too were desperate to save themselves by instigating mass sackings on a global scale to compensate for the collapse of trade. Unemployment exceeds twenty-five percent in most industrialized countries and a state of emergency is declared in almost all. Ironically the most disadvantaged portion of the human population, that of about a billion remote subsistence villagers living without electricity, sewerage and running water fare quite well. Nothing much changed for them as they have always been self sufficient in food, shelter and clothing and living simple lives in harmony with and respect for nature. In contrast fear and panic reigns the populations of the super cities of the world today. Many of the urban dwellers had a life of disconnection from the reality and meaning of habitat, they simply had no comprehension of why it all had to end. Civilization has always been a heat engine through all of its facets be it transport, food production, goods, warfare, heating, cooling and the building of its structures, all of which burn up more and more of earth's finite resources faster and faster and so as a result progressively weakened the entire habitat to the point of destruction. It is because of our human nature, our genetic programming to be this short sighted and because of our focus on the immediate gain or threats in front of us, rather than to see the bigger picture of the background. Our ancestral biochemistry is built for fight or flight as an instant solution to the problem rather than to understand the cause of the threat and be able to change it. Always reactive in the first instance rather than contemplative. Back at Littleyard Swamp, Goosemonk has a lot of time to contemplate this human misery and plight of the people. However he had done all he could to make a little difference in a world out of balance.

At last big black clouds appear in the distance, a burst of the monsoon makes its presence known. The 'rainbow serpent' has arrived. It comes down in buckets and even his geese seek shelter at the cabin. It is mid December and within a couple of days the swamp has filled. Goosemonk loses no time to start planting out by himself in streaming rain. The next morning he can make out a couple of large buses from the nearby road as they make their way to the swamp. It is a pleasant surprise. There is Gummi with a bus load of people from his community. 'I thought you need some help he greets his old friend.' The second bus has the group of students from his library lectures all chatting and being in a good mood. 'We are here to help you for the weekend.' 'Throw your swags under the shelter there.' Goosemonk gathers the group of about forty people and explains the method for planting the rice

seedlings and then they get underway without delay. By the end of the day more than one hundred thousand seedlings are in the ground and the group gathers on the lawns next to the cabin and shed. Goosemonk puts up two big pots to cook a Mong Dal rice dish. A couple of curious indigenous girls shyly ask if they can watch. Goosemonk pretends to be the late Jamie Oliver and imitating his voice and manners explains the ingredients. 'Here we have the Mong Daal, bring it up the the boil in this pot while cutting up onion, garlic, ginger, sweet potatoes, lots of Moringa and also Basil and Gotu Kola leaves. Bring the second pot with the wild rice to the boil. Add the spices Tumeric, chillies and sea salt. When the Mong Dal starts to boil add all the vegetables and take the pot off the heat. Just let it sit there for ten minutes. That's it, ready to eat,' Goosemonk says and starts filling the paper plates on the table with the spicy dish. Nearby Old Leo chases Apollo who has been watching from a distance, while shouting 'need some tucker, need some tucker,' just to poke a little fun at Orlando and his vegan ways. The laughs turn on him though as he is forced to retreat as an angry honking Apollo charges his legs. 'Watch it uncle, he wants some of your bony meat healthy tucker' Goosemonk says and bursts out laughing. The sky had been lifting a little bit and is producing a beautiful sunset. It's full moon tonight perhaps it may even cool down a bit, a good time for some gentle yoga in the morning. 'Count me in' one of the students remarks. 'Friends, anyone welcome to join in four am if the moon is up.'

Goosemonk runs his first ever yoga class on the lawn next to the cabin. There are a couple of dozen students including Gummi with a group of his indigenous friends. 'Sit down on your heels and place your hands on your legs. This is called the hero posture. It will stretch your thighs the largest muscle in your body and align your knees properly. If you feel tight, place a towel under your buttock. Now we start with "Kapalbathi" or skull purification breathing which really is a form of abdominal belly breathing. So the abdomen contracts forcefully on the out breath at one breath per second through the nose with the mouth closed while the in-breath is allowed to occur naturally with the abdomen relaxing. We do it for ten minutes', and starting, Goosemonk demonstrates the rhythmical belly movements. Everyone follows. At the end he explains that this type of breathing is beneficial for all kinds of problems and a good energizing warm-up to "pranayama", the yoga of breath control. 'It helps to oxygenate the body, to purify the nerves, to reduce the risk of hernias and to tone the abdominal area for weight loss. The next exercise focuses on outer breath retention. Slowly inhale for ten seconds and then exhale for five seconds, put your chin down and hold for half a minute and repeat this sequence ten times. If you feel short of breath just reduce the timing by half. This pranayama stimulates the sympathetic nervous system to a higher flow of energy, the yogis claim it is effective to raise the kundalini energy up through the spine. Then we continue with the bee breath or "Brahmari" the Sanskrit word for bee, breathe in for 10 seconds, place your thumbs on your ears and the other fingers on the eye brows and make an internal humming sound breathing out through the nose, repeating ten times. It should create a very pleasant peaceful feeling inside, it has a soothing influence on a spinning mind. This pranayama is followed by the "AUM" mantra. Breathe in ten seconds and out 20 seconds

while vibrating the sounds of A then U and M and concentrate each sound in the different regions of the body, that is A for the bottom part and digestive area, U for the heart space and finally M for the head. Repeat ten times. If done correctly it will raise your nervous energy up to energize the brain. Of course everyone is familiar with the term mantra, the Sanskrit word coming from 'man' which means 'to think' and 'tra' meaning 'support'. There is a deeper Hindu meaning behind the “AUM”, the A which stands for the Hindu god Brahma or creation (birth), the U for the god Vishnu or the preservation (life) and the M for the god Shiva or the disintegration or death just as the catholics have the trinity of the father, the son and the holy spirit of the Christian faith. A Hindu, when reciting the mantra thinks 'I meditate on the glory of that being who has produced this Universe to enlighten our minds'. Personally, I tend to think of the trinity of life, love and light when reciting and in that order. The AUM mantra purifies the environment around you, through its positive vibration. Internally it improves immunity and self healing while opening up the sinuses for clear airways. The next exercise is the last of my pranayamas for this session and involves holding the breath in as follows. Breathe in through the left nostril for ten seconds while blocking the right nostril with the thumb of the right hand. Hold your breath for forty seconds or as long as you comfortably can then switch your thumbs blocking the left nostril with the ring finger of your right hand and breathing out through your right nostril. Without switching your nostril this time breathe in through your right nostril for ten seconds then hold the breath in for forty seconds again, switch the nostril before the out breath for twenty seconds again. This constitutes one round and we do ten rounds of that. The method is known as alternate nostril breathing and it balances the two nervous systems of the body. It is a pranayama method the yogis invented to reduce cardiovascular stress by lowering the heart rate, respiratory rate and blood pressure. Now at last we come to a few postures. I demonstrate first, then we practice each posture for ten minutes. The first posture is a spinal twist, called Ardha matsyendrasana and it improves the functioning of your entire abdominal area and releases the stiffness of the hip joints while curing lower back problems, hold the posture for five minutes for each side. Then we proceed to the headstand or Sirsana, nick named the king of all postures. As its nickname suggest it has numerous benefits such as rejuvenating and vitalizing the entire brain, relieving diabetes by working on the pituitary gland and the hormones that control the pancreas. It also helps to calm the mind and so reduce anxiety. Other benefits include improved eye vision, hair growth and the metabolic function of the thyroid gland. I could go on for a while explaining its benefits as there are numerous. Now, the last posture is a combination of three, plow or “Halasana”, alternating with shoulderstand or “Sarvangasana” and the supported bridge pose or “Setu Bandhasana” each held for a minute for a total of ten minutes or as long as you like. The first two have similar benefits to the headstand that of stimulating proper circulation of blood through organs and the brain. Sarvangasana is also known as the mother of all postures and is said to bring peace and harmony to the body. I think of Halasana as the child because when you look at it from the side and bend your knees it resembles an embryo in a mothers womb. There you have the holy family the father, the mother and the child. If you practice nothing else practice these three. Setu Bandhasana strengthens

the legs, back and chest and relaxes the whole of the body while opening up the front of the hip. It's a nice finish and counterbalances Halasana. That's it, now you know my entire daily morning ritual, at this point I usually add 10 minutes of juggling which brings the routine to a bit over an hours practice.'

It promises to be an hot day with the sun out and steamy unbearable high humidity but later in the afternoon the clouds come in again together with a breeze and the group manages to finish planting the wild rice and water chestnut corms. It is an outstanding effort for many of the volunteers and at the end of the day the group photo taken shows many tired but smiling and happy faces, both balanga and indigenous, together. 'Now, we just have to get the geese in, but how,' Leo now asks. Goosemonk replies, 'well not quite yet, the seedlings needs a couple of months to get settled, fingers crossed. Then I'll get Apollo, Odin and Thor back to Evo to round up some of the geese mob and bring them to their new home.' 'You think they'll find their way back?' 'I'm sure of that, I have seen Apollo doing reconnaissance flights lately, he's mapped it all out.'

Over the next two months Goosemonk continues monitoring the fields and contoured growing paddies, repairing some and fine tuning others. It's been raining a lot, almost on a daily basis and the landscape gradually changes into a lush soft ocean of green. Although he himself is content with life surrounded by his companions the birds and geese, there is a growing concern for aging Aphrodite. She has become visibly weaker by the day despite Goosemonk's personal care and pampering. But such is life. All things must die as all of life is subject to change and decay. It is almost sunset and he gently picks up Aphrodite and sits down on his chair on the veranda with the goose on his thighs. He picks up the book on Egyptian myths that his mother had left him and opens the page on the Great Honker to read it to Aphrodite. She liked listening to his gentle voice and Goosemonk can feel her relax. It starts, "The golden egg was laid by a celestial goose called the Great Honker, the primeval goose associated with Amun who took this form as a creator god. When Re, the sun hatched from the egg, he created the world and everything in it. The goose cackled in the place where it was created, it alone. It began to speak in the midst of silence. It opened all eyes and made them see. It's cry spread about when there was no one else in existence but it. It brought forth all things which exist. It caused them to live. It made all men understand the way to go and their hearts came alive when they saw it." Goosemonk now contemplates the meaning of the passage. This just sounds a bit like the creation theory of the 'Big Bang' emerging from a black hole and creating the stars or suns of the universe. All planets came out of the the same substance, hydrogen gas. It began to speak in the midst of silence and opened all eyes and begun to see, means the creation of life and the beginning of sensory perception. The origin of sensory perception against the background of an uncaring inorganic universe is surely what has now evolved into the egg shaped pineal gland and seat of empathic consciousness. Meantime Aphrodite had fallen asleep and Goosemonk sits still for a while so as not to disturb her. He now remembers from the book of yoga, "when there is nothing to do, do not try to find something. Just sit silently and look. Just sit

silently and look at the stars. Just sit silently and close your eyes. Breathe in and breathe out and be completely relaxed. Stop breathing. Let the moment be. How nice it is to float in the universe doing nothing, just connecting with yourself. When you find this peace, then you know what life is". Now out of his peaceful heart Goosemonk channels his love through his hands into Aphrodite's body until he feels her breathing and her heartbeat as he himself dozes off.

The next morning Aphrodite is up with Freya scratching the soil for some hidden grains and behaving seemingly well. 'Looking good girls,' Goosemonk greets them and steps down from his veranda. Apollo and the boys, Odin and Thor are also around and so he decides that it is time to get them to Evo, in order to round up their fellow geese and bring them to their new home at Littleyard Swamp. It is the 29th of January 2052 just two days short of his twentieth birthday. He figures he could be back by then and re-unite with Aphrodite to surprise her with the arrival of few hundred geese. Surely it would make her happy to see her old friends from Leo's pond. So he leaves with the three male geese on the back of his electric ute and makes his way to Evo. It is good to catch up with everyone after his three month absence. Apollo, Thor and Odin also mingle with a few hundred or so geese at Leo's pond. 'I'll send them off tomorrow morning' Goosemonk says to Leo. 'How?' 'Remember uncle I can speak their language, the calls for gathering and departing to new food sources. They have calls for everything it's just that humans have never bothered to learn them. Dancing may appear strange to a person who can't hear the music.'

In the morning Goosemonk sits down on the big flat rock in front of Leo's pond and calls Apollo. He then relaxes with a focus on Apollo. Once again he feels a jolt in his heart and like so often before at Boomboom Billabong when he was looking through the eyes of a goose, but this time it's with Apollo. Go, he says mentally to him, go and take your geese with you, go home to Aphrodite your mother. Then again back to himself, he imitates a loud honking departure call to which Apollo responds with the same call. As if by magic in this moment Apollo takes off and many of the geese follow him swiftly forming a characteristic V formation and turning towards the direction of Littleyard Swamp. As they disappear in the distance Leo utters in disbelief, 'that's amazing.' Goosemonk then loads supplies on his ute, says his good byes to Leo and Gummi and heads off back to his swamp. On his way he passes the new experimental farms that are trialling new heat resistant genetically engineered tropical grain varieties. Goosemonk has read about this the day before in Evo news. Humanity on the whole is facing starvation as global warming is now severely impacting on its ability to grow grains. Many of the worlds grain growing areas are located in the northern hemisphere and require precise climate and soil conditions. While the warmer temperatures had shifted northwards the soils didn't. All civilizations throughout human history depend on its ability to grow, store and distribute grains and this now comes to an abrupt end. Successive crops cycles had already failed massively throughout the past few years and this in turn now forces humans to change their patterns of consumption. They can no longer afford

to waste grains to livestock nor distribute the grains through global trade because of the fuel shortages. A massive worldwide cull of ruminant livestock is underway to preserve the grains they could still grow. Global warming has passed five degrees Celsius, believed the threshold to lead to an inevitable collapse of civilization. The warming by now has completely exposed the East Siberian Arctic Shelf year round and this is leading to a heating of its shallow waters which in turn initiate the now unstoppable thawing and subsequent release of the huge volumes of frozen methane to what some believed to be ultimately up to a thousandfold of what was already in the atmosphere. The shelf is to be believed to store up to five thousand gigatons of frozen methane hydrates compared to the five gigatons of methane already in the atmosphere. The scientists considered the release of fifty gigatons thus far which led them to belief that the projected atmospheric carbon dioxide levels would jump from the 410 ppm pre 2020 level to well over a 1000 ppm in 2060 which in turn would push up temperatures to new highs. There is a time lag of ten years for a carbondioxide molecule from its release to getting high enough into the atmosphere to cause warming. Mankind is realizing that with the release of these huge quantities of methane there is no longer the possibility of mitigation. It becomes clear that extinction had turned from a remote possibility a few centuries ago to a probable outcome. The market economy had more or less collapsed and the giant fossil fuel corporations at last were forced to write off the fifty trillion dollars worth of assets in the now nonburnable fuel reserves still underground. Nonburnable also because the worlds ports and industrial distribution system has been taken out by the rising sea. Despite the dire situation the fossil fuel corporations were still arguing that accelerating the use of fossil fuels was our only change because it would increase the dimming effect and so cooling the earth long enough for us to find a solution to remove the greenhouse gases from the atmosphere. This for sure had been one of the most idiotic arguments they came up with as at this stage as man made interventions had no longer any effect. The corporations were not willing to go without a fight indeed war is looming between nations that were still dependent on burning up stored fossil fuels and those that had made the switch to a new ecological economics of the style that Ophelia and her party had applied in the Territory.

Goosemonk arrives back at Littleyard Swamp just in time to see the formation of Apollo and his geese arrive. They must have grown in number as flock after flock lands in the swamp. When he jumps out of the car, Aphrodite comes running and flying to greet him enthusiastically. He lifts her up and carries her to the edge of the water where Apollo is now munching on the green shoots. More and more geese arrive following Odin and Thor thus swelling the numbers on the swamp to perhaps close to a thousand. Goosemonk's heart lights up with a feeling of relief and happiness, clearly overwhelmed as he wipes of streams of tears of joy. Aphrodite too, can no longer stay still in his arms, he lets her go as she mingles with her old friends from Leo's pond. There is now an orchestra of sounds emanating from the swamp, a content honking that comes from the satisfaction of having found a good place. Goosemonk now sits down and let it sink in. He has achieved the plan and it was good. He closes his

eyes and listens to the sound of the geese, once again he feels the stars and galaxies, nebulae and interstellar clouds within his heart as if it was expanding like a revolving door to the Universe. He feels this energy as strong as never before and knows his life would now change forever. In this very moment he feels the real world is this space in his heart where the world was created, the place of creation. He opens his eyes again when he feels Aphrodite nibbling on his hand. It seems the old girl is overwhelmed like himself by the occasion and just wants to be close to him and share this hour of joy. 'Ok, lets go back to the cabin and watch the sun set, old girl,' he says to her. So he takes her back to his rocking chair on the veranda like so many times before. As they settle in, Aphrodite relaxes but after a while seems to get into some breathing difficulties as if she is gasping for air. Then with a final big gasp of breath she turned her head and locking into Goosemonks eyes she falls limp. He instantly knows in his heart that Aphrodite had just died. He can feel her energy leave into the sky and experiences a complete and utter stillness himself, the most incredible feeling of peace. Still holding her, he knows that this is what a living being feels when it dies, a sense of peace. He then remembers the lyrics of a famous Beatles song, "Blackbird singing in the dead of night, take this broken wings and learn to fly, all your life you were only waiting for this moment to arise, blackbird singing in the dead of night, take these sunken eyes and learn to see, all your life you were only waiting for this moment to be free, blackbird fly, blackbird fly, into the light of a dark black night, you were only waiting for this moment to arise, blackbird fly, blackbird fly, into the light of a dark black night, black bird singing into the dead of night, take these broken wings and learn to fly, all your life you were only waiting for this moment to arrive" That is a song about the nature of dying, it occurred to him now. Death is the greatest gift of life as it ends all suffering. Life is all about getting your wings broken and getting old and frail and suffer but in the moment of death we dissolve into other life or light. When Aphrodite departed she has learned to fly back to her origins, thats what he felt happened at precise moment of her death, and without any further thought he takes the dead bird and quietly buries her at the back of the cabin.

8.Bliss (Uranus)

The heart expansions that Goosemonk felt the day of Aphrodite's departure, came and went repeatedly like a revolving door to the universe that is opening and closing and while in this state he is able to catch glimpses of what seemed to be knowledge of astonishing clarity of insight. Gradually he gets into a routine of writing down reflecting thoughts after such periods in his notebook titled, "The book of SEN" the "SEN" subtitled "Something, Nothing and Everything", the trinity of the meaning of known existence or what can to be said to exist. The first chapter reads "The Something" and it begins with a definition of the "Something", as follows, 'A Something is an entity defined by space and time and in its form of matter and energy as existence is subject to change from and to nothingness at the respective beginning and end of its term.' Further down the text reads, "All perceived somethings in existence together form the knowable world. All somethings perceived through sensory perception forms the known world for this being. All somethings that have not been perceived by sentient beings form the unknown knowable world for this being. The nothing is the known unknown and the unknown unknown world. The principles behind the interactions of each and every event between two or more somethings, the principles of time, space, energy, gravity and change apply to all somethings. All events are defined by the principles and the fundamental laws of the universe. This is the world we know. Can god or the creator of somethings be a something himself? One can only furnish proof for what exists. It is not possible to prove that a given something doesn't exist because as finite beings we cannot comprehend the extent of infinity and eternity. There may be worlds upon worlds of a different kind completely unknown to us and we simply cannot say if they exist. All known somethings exist because our consciousness has collided with it and thus experienced an effect of the this collision and so the furnished proof of the existence of this something. Even a thought is a something in the human brain and exists because we can become conscious of it, our mind (another something) has collided with it in form of an electro chemical event. A belief that a god-something exists is just a belief, and is not god itself. God by definition is an infinite and eternal entity and thus cannot be a something because by definition a something is defined by space and time and subject to change according to the natural laws of the universe. Thus God cannot be a something by definition." What follows then is chapter two titled "The Nothing" and it again starts with a definition. "The nothing is the absence of all somethings as non-existence and or non-experience." It continues with, "The nothing is non-existence in space and time. Nothing exists in nothingness, that means the nothing in itself does not exist. Existence implies being of some sort. Because the nothing is conceptually infinite and eternal without boundaries, it is beyond human comprehension as the latter is finite to the limit of consciousness. We cannot and never will understand the nothing. Since we have no hope of ever comprehending the nature and extent of the nothing, all thoughts and speculations on it are a wasted effort. Can God be the nothing? The nothing has been defined as non-existence, that is nothing exists in the nothing not even

god as by definition. For god to be real it would have to exist and that is not possible in the nothing by definition other than as a conceptual potential of god to come into being as a something like all the other somethings. Thus god cannot be the nothing by definition.” The third chapter is titled “The Everything” and its definition follows, “The everything is the sum of all somethings in addition to the nothing.” followed by “By definition all somethings move in space and time and so are subject to change. The nothing has no motion it is stillness. The everything changes as a whole as it has the qualities of change of its component somethings. As the everything has the qualities of both the somethings and the sum of somethings in addition to the nothing, it follows it also incorporates of eternal space and infinite time of the nothing and thus since the nothing is beyond human comprehension so is the everything. All somethings are born and die by losing their form when dissolving into smaller somethings or are built into other somethings in a never ending circle. The sum of all somethings remains equal. There is only one nothing. There are many somethings. There is only one everything. Is God the Everything? God cannot be the everything because as was established previously it cannot be the nothing nor a something or the sum of somethings and since both make up the everything, God can therefore not be the everything. Hence in summary God cannot logically exist within the framework of both the known and the known unknown world or in other words within the perceivable nature of reality. It follows god or the creator cannot be said to exist other than in the unknown unknown.” There are seven other pages with headings only, such as space, time, energy, gravity, life, consciousness and union and below union it said, “Our responsibility in life is to be all of life because all of life is everything and it is me and you.” As he ponders on his notes, his thoughts are that the universe consists of an infinite number of vibrating entities all resembling light in the dark world of nothingness and that perception manifests where those bits of light collide, join or separate. The more collisions occur, the higher and more comprehensive perception becomes. However whatever amount of perception consciousness experiences, it can represent only a minuscule part of possible perceptions of collisions between somethings at any one time and always only from a specific vantage point. All perceptions are true because they exist and they are also incomplete or even false at the same time because they exist in isolation of within fragments of other sometimes opposing perceptions. What we perceive may or may not be accepted as reality depending on our minds inclination or gravitational pull towards previous perceptions. A bigot will ignore what was perceived and act like it had never happened because the perceived doesn't match his inner map of previous interpretation of perceptions, the delusional man will take his perception for face value and believe he comprehends its meaning and the fool will be confused and forever unsure to accept, reject or question on what he thinks he has perceived. Only when we accept in our mind of what we perceive as an incomplete truth as one out of many possible truths, then we may become able to adopt a stance of detached folly but still behave as if we were in control. When you act out of detached folly in your minds space, at this instant you have allowed your heart to take over, the heart that is directly connected to the single unified field of consciousness of all beings. And at this very moment you are no longer a separate something but part

of the everything and connected to all other somethings to the very extent of your hearts perception. Thinking, thinking, remembering, writing. For weeks Goosemonk experiences a roller coaster of endless streams of thoughts followed by note taking only to be interrupted by long periods of quiet stillness. He is well aware of changes in both his mind and body, of the fundamental shift of chemistry that had now taken a foothold. During the periods of quiet reflection it feels to him that he is no longer present, that a kind of death had been triggered and that he is loosing his agenda. Even bliss and ecstasy become meaningless. It seemed to him he is sinking into a kind of helplessness. He feels that what he has come to learn during these states of awareness can no longer be communicated and whatever he writes is likely to be misinterpreted. He feels he is somehow falling off the wheel of life perhaps only to take a leap to complete surrender to his innermost awareness. These tensions all come to an unexpected sudden conclusion when one rainy day, Goosemonk collapses into his rocking chair and instantly ceases to identify with himself, realizing that consciousness is all there is as he is now directly feeling the divine manifesting in himself and everywhere, becoming deaf to anything but the divine. He then slips in and out of states of bliss and ecstasy that make themselves felt through his heart and powered by the realization of his true nature while the mind is at same time confined to silence and witnessing. He loses track of time but when he feels a sharp pinch he opens his eyes and sees Apollo happily nibbling at the bottom of his feet. 'Ah you naughty little goose.' He knows he has transformed deep within the very ventricles of his heart. His body is still aching and feels it had burnt but at the same time he knows he had been reborn and rejuvenated, re-emerging like the shoots of green from the still smoldering ashes of a bushfire. He had died and rises as born again.

The dry season is on and the swamp is now surrounded by a head high sea of speargrass except for a few interrupting patches that Goosemonk had burned over the past few weeks while the grass was still green. Many of the geese had build nests, laid eggs and now look after the hatchling, the latter relying on an ample supply of nutritious wild rice. The geese are congregating to well over a thousand joined in by a similar count of other water birds. There are many pairs of Burdekin ducks, flocks of numerous whistling ducks but also egrets, darters and the graceful brolgas all sharing their new home, Littleyard Swamp. Goosemonk is delighted and seems to be everywhere with his pair of binoculars and a camera, counting the birds, taking photos and noting down location of nests and clutches of eggs. The park ranger, his only regular visitor had told him last night that a group of scientists booked a visit to check out the success of this project with a view to plan more habitats elsewhere. There is a renewed push for this as it becomes clear that many coastal habitats would disappear within a few years. Not only is there an urgent need to re-locate entire populations of wildlife but also all of the remote settlements and outstations in those low lying coastal areas. The new government is frantically scrambling for resources to plan and support these stock and barrel migrations. However, while funding is tight, there is no shortage of land since many of the pastoral leases have transferred to the control of government. Some of the land is earmarked to be handed back to indigenous groups under leaseback conservation

agreements. It is a win win situation for all stakeholders, de-stocking to bring down emissions while rehabilitation of land and conversion to habitat helps the environment and displaced wildlife populations, the traditional owners see a return to their sacred sites and alienated lands and last but not least the cattlemen get out of a tight and economically untenable business since livestock trade had collapsed some years ago. There is a view that these new conservation areas provide renewable resources such as hardwood timber and a variety of “bush tucker” that could be harvested in a sustainable way. Parallel there is a revival of traditional carpentry to build houses, furniture and sheds that make good use of local timbers, even a new sawmill had been built at Evo.

A car arrives at the cabin with the three visiting scientists. There is an elderly man who later introduces himself as Peter Silberkopf, an ecologist, a middle aged man with the name of Gregor Rosenbaum, botanist and a younger man of the name Lucas Tramweg and conservation biologist. Goosemonk smiles when he sees them stepping out of their vehicle like the three wise man coming for the adoration of the infant Jesus. After a few moments of introduction and the exchange of formalities, Peter who had been surprised to see a young man dressed in nothing but a loincloth and barefooted in charge of this project, asks Goosemonk to give him an overview on the works at Littleyard Swamp which Goosemonk kindly obliges to. Lucas then asks if he had read his work on the Magpie Geese and if so what his opinion was, which Goosemonk replies, 'I can't give you a you a correct answer on that because your science is based on historic measurements and besides I'm not a scientist myself. However I have read it with interest and most of your conclusions agree with my personal experience gained by living a life with the geese. It is as you say, the geese face extinction and many of your predictions will come true, albeit I suspect a lot faster than you have dreamed many years ago. However I object to the word harvest that you and many other of your colleagues use to describe the activity of culling, killing, slaughtering, hunting and eradicating the geese. They are an intelligent being and not a field of wheat. To sum up these activities under the umbrella of harvest is to denigrate the worth of their life which I know through my heart is just as our own connected to all living things in a way that science hasn't even begun to imagine. In my heart, I am the geese and I am also you in this very moment. When you look at the geese you use a magnifying glass to hone in on a single aspect and measure it and then conclude whereas when I look at the geese I become them and then I know.' 'How do you know you are not just imagining or dreaming of becoming them', Gregor now inquires. 'How do you know you are not just imagining or dreaming when looking through your magnifying glass,' Goosemonk answers with another question. 'In any case we are not here to philosophize are we?' Lucas then changes the subject and talks about recent incidences of large numbers of dead waterfowl in remnant populations of the remaining wetlands thought because of virulent outbreaks of avian botulism, avian cholera and avian influenza possibly brought on by the warmer and wetter conditions and starvation induced lowered immunity. It had now decimated and fragmented populations across the Top End and poses another serious immediate threat to the survival of waterfowl and the geese in

particular. 'There is none of that here', Goosemonk says, 'the geese are healthy because they have a plentiful of forage here and no stress.' And they are breeding, Peter asks? Yes, I have counted about 400 nests with about a dozen eggs per nest, Goosemonk answers. There are now over a thousand geese here, not counting the goslings. 'It's still not viable and large enough on its own to maintain genetic diversity', Lucas comments. 'He continues, we need at least two or three more populations like this one, close enough to allow them to connect.' 'It may be difficult to find suitable areas to grow water chestnut unless we transfer black soils', Gregory comments. And so the four discuss different aspect of habitat requirements but at the end of the day they had been impressed by Goosemonks efforts and thought of the project as a great success.

Goosemonk is by himself again. As he reviews his conduct with the three wise men earlier, there is no doubt in his mind that his personality had shifted since Aphrodite's death and that a rebirth of consciousness had taken place and that this is changing the way he deals with life and people. Although he had understood the probing of the three scientists he also felt from the heart that there was no way to explain what they really wanted to know because their logic would inevitable lead them to an endless stream of questions of why. When he created the habitat for the geese he did not plan with a rational mind or logic, he simply felt through the geese what they needed. It could not be understood intellectually nor explained and so he simply refrained to try to do so and explained what he had done rather than why and how. He understood the clash between the intelligence of the heart and the intellect of the mind. The intellect is obsessed with facts and facts are borne out of names of concepts, measurements and interpretation of measurements. The world of science and the intellect cannot exist without names. He however, that is his heart does not use words but intuition, the power of empathy which is nothing but emotive resonance and direct comprehension of vibrational fields. He did not find it necessary to find words to express workings of the heart. Knowing of the heart creates certainty of the nature of reality and purpose. In any case it rather seems to him that he had lost this sense of self importance and with it the fear of being misunderstood, it simply didn't matter to him. He knew that it was his loss of fear what had allowed a mystical divorce from all sense of separateness in the first place. The greatest human fear, the fear of death and its repression from consciousness is precisely was puts the brakes on the flow of oneness that is desensitizing human life from the time we are born. However when he had embraced the shadow of fear when Aphrodite died at this very moment this fear dissipated and so created the space for injection of an inflow of life, the universal love that flows through all of life. This universal love is but an oscillation of a spectrum of energy waves close to the border of stillness, from the very lowest frequencies on one end to the very highest on the other. When the frequency of energy is so close to these borders that nothing separates its oscillation from it, this would then be called the experience of bliss. In a state of bliss you are really sitting outside of all vibration and thus fear can no longer reach you. The state of fear itself is but a frequency somewhere between the extreme ends of the entire spectrum of energy. In the state of bliss the individual element

of the I or its awareness of it, the ego is eliminated and replaced by the wonder of simply being there. Goosemonk found the capacity to feel so deeply connected with the sensory experience of his surroundings that he literally becomes a tuning fork, indeed it is as if his electromagnetic field had been plugged into the electromagnetic field of the earth pulsating at ten Hertz and simultaneously responding to even the slightest variations of field changes brought on by the cycles of the sun, the moon and the planets. Night has fallen, indeed the stars reveal themselves in all their magnificent glory lit by a full moon. As Goosemonk drifts into the shattering silence of this star studded universe, the solar system reveals itself to his inner eye, the sun and its nine planets mercury, venus, earth, mars, jupiter, saturn, uranus, neptune and pluto woven into the symbols of the ancient sacred number ten. Each planet in turn now starts to connect to its corresponding part within his own body and responding to the most subtle field changes like a cosmic timing device. He even feels his ethmoid bone with its magnetic crystal structures deeply buried in the sinus next to the pineal and pituitary glands, responding to magnetic field changes from the outside in sync with a crazy whirlpool of polarizing cells and organisms, ionization and ion charges, polarization and firing of nerves, hormonal and receptor changes and pulsating glandular systems. Suddenly however there is just nothingness. He had fallen asleep in his rocking chair on the veranda at the little cabin at Littleyard Swamp. When he awakes the next morning even the geese sense his manifestation of pure universal awareness and realization of reality. He arises and just stands there sparkling with a kind of pureness and divine power as the geese congregate in silence to move closer to him. Goosemonk now recalls a passage from Homers Iliad and speaks it to his assembly of geese. "Any moment might be our last. Everything is more beautiful because we are doomed. You will never be lovelier than you are now. We will never be here again." Last night he had seen a vision. a glimpse into the future. the coming of the end of all life on planet earth just as the warriors in Homers saga were aware of the end of their lives and the reality of death for all that lives. However like these doomed warriors, he knows he is compelled to act from his heart, neither out of fear nor of hope, but out of love for live in the present.

The dry season comes to an end while the wet announces itself through a small violent thunderstorm and spectacular lightning displays. The temperatures are reaching boiling point close to the high thirties and low forties but what makes the heat so difficult to endure is that it comes with unprecedented high humidity. The geese however are in good shape as is their habitat thanks to the extra water that the bores deliver to watering points and irrigated green pick areas. There are almost daily new arrivals of all kinds of birds as more and more flocks and individuals find their way to the swamp. It is Monday the 30th of October 2052 when Goosemonks joyful co-existence with the geese and waterfowl is suddenly interrupted by the arrival of a small television crew that Ophelia's media unit had sent. Word had spread in Evo about this young recluse who had created a paradise out of nothing, a thriving wetland oasis against the odds of a background of heat driven desertification and environmental decay. The film crew is here to create a good news story, a glimmer of hope for a disillusioned if not

frightened population. When they step out of the car, they were not prepared for the exuberant expression of vitality of life in the swamp. The two thousand or so geese generate an almost constant and deafening background hum, an orchestra of a sea of happy little souls. 'This is so beautiful' the camera man comments despite sweat streaming down his chest and back. 'Yes, earth is still alive in some places', Goosemonk adds. He is then asked to step in front of the camera and to give an introduction on why he had dedicated himself to the geese. Goosemonk then speaks, 'the geese like all beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights without distinction of conditions of any kind. They, like all of animated life have worth to exist to be unrestricted and secure. They have been driven to the abyss of annihilation along with all the other creatures by the stupid actions of a single species – humans. It is therefore an obligation of humans to apologize, to be sorry and to repair, I have made this obligation my own. We humans as a whole are but like a monkey who is sawing off the limb of the golden tree of life that he is sitting on. I repair because I must. Life on earth is sacred, all of it, including us. We must repair so we repair. It is very important for the future of humanity to form deeper and more personal bonds with the few wild animals that are still here with us. I'm not talking about appreciating the sight of a beautiful bird in the wild, I'm talking about bonding and seeking company of the other creatures. We cannot see clearly the other until we get close and we cannot cultivate in our hearts the necessary deep reverence for the sacredness of life until we understand the other.' Goosemonk then demonstrates his communications skill with Apollo, Odin and Thor directing them to fly to certain trees or in directions that the camera man is pointing to. This demonstration of Goosemonk's power to enter the eyes and direct the minds of the geese creates huge excitement and at the same time a sense of utter disbelief. Again and again they ask various randomly picked geese to repeat specific actions, finally conceding that there is no logical explanation other than some kind of telepathic mind control. While this magic is happening one of the assistants, a sufferer from a chronic asthma falls ill with severe breathing problems. She had forgotten her ventilator and is now in real difficulty seemingly choking to death. Goosemonk swiftly and spontaneously acts by putting his hand on the assistants chest, closing his eyes and breathing deeply. There is an almost instant reaction as her breathing steadies and synchronizes with Goosemonk's and soon she is able to get up again like nothing ever happened. 'How did you do that', she asks? 'I connected you with mother earth', he says with a smile. 'Any other ailments?' The camera man raises his hand and then points at his aching arthritic knee. Goosemonk obliges by laying his hands and again it results in almost instantaneous relief to the disbelief of the sufferer. When the crew is leaving at the end of the day they are in complete awe of Goosemonk, shattered by the witnessing of what seemed to be miracles and a kind of touch of divinity.

The documentary soon shows on national television and becomes known as “Goosemonk's Coming”. Not long thereafter many sick, both young and old inquire to locate and find Littleyard Swamp on a maps with the intention to go there and receive a healing. Ophelia who is the first to see a problem coming, that of people swamping and hassling Goosemonk and his geese at Littleyard Swamp loses no

time to raise her concerns with Leo. 'Perhaps we should get him out of there for a while until the hype dies down', she said. 'Perhaps he wants to go anyway', Leo adds. 'You know he's achieved what he set out and the geese are now fine without him. The wet is here and the swamp will be just fine.' 'He may be of greater use if he comes back to Evo.' 'Great idea', Ophelia, said, 'I can't wait to have him back.' 'Thinking about it you know we soon host a conservation conference in Evo, maybe we could invite him to give a talk.' And that is exactly what was going to happen. Goosemonk agrees to move back to Evo and give a hand to help organize the conference, the rains had started, a ranger had been assigned to look after the habitat and all seemed to work out just fine. Life in the swamp had physically changed the young man into a more matured and radiant person. His complexion had darkened to a shimmering olive green caused by accumulation of the chloroplasts content in his thickened skin the genetically engineered mutation. Like in plants Goosemonk's skin is now fully capable of photosynthesis a process used to convert light energy into chemical energy stored in carbohydrate molecules. Synthesized from carbon dioxide and water, in plants oxygen is released as a wasted product but not in Goosemonk where the oxygen diffuses back into the bloodstream. As a result he is able to lower his breathing rate to almost standstill which in turn aids his stillness of mind and calm expression. Another of his genetically engineered mutations is his enhanced heat resistance. He hardly ever sweats as his body is able to make use of a unique assembly of layered insulating pores during hot humid days. The heat resistance also comes from his extremely low metabolic rate, he simply does not generate as much heat as a normal human where it has to dissipate of the body. The metamorphosis he experienced with Aphrodite's death and the subsequent euphoric periods had turned into a mild physical burnout which in turn is now followed by a kind of re-wiring and re-building of nervous and other tissues. He comes out stronger than he was before and it is this new found strength and vitality that is becoming more and more apparent. He enjoys visiting Leo in the clinic and assisting and humoring his patients. The upcoming conference however takes up most of his time assisting with coordination of delegates from southern states who come here by rail. Ophelia deliberately assigns roles for Goosemonk to interact and get exposed to the countries leading conservationists as she feels the he has unique qualities and knowledge that these people lack.

The conference finally gets underway in Evo hall. It is overshadowed by recent accelerations in catastrophic weather events such as a prolonged drought in the south and east of Australia, relentless heat waves followed by fires as well as floods. Ophelia provides the opening address by outlining the radical policies that her Government has successfully implemented against fierce resistance by the corporate world and against the backdrop of Darwin laid to ruins. The Northern Territory in fact became the worlds first state jurisdiction to successfully neutralize the most polluting components of the economy, the mining and processing of fossil fuels, the pastoral industry, international tourism and fossil generated power supply. It was a most successful revolution that Ophelia and her party had started with former residents heading back into a reformed and almost self sufficient Northern

Territory. While life is tough and simple in Evo and in the other towns of the Territory, it keeps improving. Ophelia had asked Goosemonk as her choice speaker to represent the ordinary people, to deliver a simple summary of his view on the world's environmental problems. As Goosemonk steps onto the podium Ophelia introduces him as the true organic man. He is dressed in a simple white robe, walking barefoot and with shoulder long hair. His dark sun burnt complexion is in stark contrast to the pair of sparkling blue eyes. He lifts his right hand with all five fingers raised while holding up a crystal ball in his left. Suddenly and deliberately he drops the crystal ball which in turn busts into a thousand pieces of glass. There is complete silence. Then he speaks. 'This was the earth, the fragile living earth of ours, the earth we have destroyed because we withdrew our love that supports it. Love is the one and true basis of all of life, love is empathy and resonance. The earth is sacred, love is sacred and the light that shines on it is sacred. Look at this hand with its five fingers, the five human curses that are killing life on planet earth. I start with the most fundamental that of the "earth" element, that's our ring finger here. Soils are fundamental to our food security. Look at what we have done, we have failed to keep soils in good condition by overgrazing, planting our mono cultures, allowing erosion, by compacting our soils, by dumping huge amounts of chemicals and by converting land to the concrete and asphalt jungles that we now live in and move around. We have turned mother earth to dust. Do you know there are more individual living organisms in a handful of healthy soil than the total number of all humans in the entire world combined? Do you know that it takes 2000 years for mother earth to build a four inch layer of fertile soil that plants can grow in? Without soil there is no food. Soil is the foundation life stands on, which brings us to the middle finger the "life" element. Life started with oxygen producing blue green algae which later morphed into plants and our forests. What have we done to our forests? Within a thousand years we have destroyed seventy percent of these species rich wild forests to make way for pastures, soy, palm oil and our other crops. Didn't you know you are destroying the diversity of life, our carbon sinks and source of oxygen that we need to breathe. In the last thirty years another fifteen percent has been cleared for bio-fuel alone. Why? We knew exactly what we were doing. Well, it looks it is now too late to replant our forests but we ought at least to try it regardless, don't you think so. We are the earth's child born out of the deep tropical jungles of ancient Africa, our true womb. Then we left the womb and multiplied and invented fire and tools, our crutches to keep us alive in a habitat we didn't belong. We entered the 20th century with 1.6 billion people, 1970 we were 3.7 billion, in 2020 there were 7.5 billion of us and now in 2052 we have reached over nine billion people. And now people are dying by the millions of hunger and thirst. Yes we have run out of the "water" element our little finger here at the very heart of our chemistry, what are we but a bag of water. There are simply too many people for too little water. This brings me to the next element that of "fire", the thumb and seat of our universal consciousness, the consciousness of all of life combined. We are after all an animal and we are still connected to this realm even though we have forgotten it. And how have we treated our family. We destroyed the habitats of our sisters and brothers the wild animals of the world, we have hunted and killed them and fished them out of existence. We unleashed a

tsunami of extinctions unprecedented in that it was caused by a single specimen – humans. We have done this in the full knowledge that all species deserve to exist and in the full knowledge that they have always provided us with numerous benefits essential for our own survival. How did we thank them, yes, we thanked them with bullets between their eyes. Not only that, for many we also tortured them by the trillions before culling and then eating their cadavers. So it is 2052 and ninety percent of all wild animals are now destroyed. Soon everything will be dead. Don't you think we ought to stop this madness and start protecting and restoring the habitats and return them to life. In fact this is our duty, our only duty that of nurturing all of life. And how do we know it is our duty. Listen to your heart, the true seat of intelligence and source of love. Only when you wake up to this universal love will you know your duty. There is only one way to waking up and that is by stop killing other life. If there is no genuine love in your heart for mother nature and all of its creatures including ourselves then you have nothing. When you experience this love then you are connected to all of life. You may like things a lot but liking is not loving, liking things is materializing things into objects of desire, whereas loving things is becoming them. Now to the last finger, the index finger or “air” element, the element of individual consciousness our ego. Humanity has caused climate change brought on by the changes to our air in the atmosphere. We have overloaded our atmosphere and oceans with carbon which absorbs and re-emits infrared-wavelength radiation and leading to warmer air, soils and surface water. Burning of fossil fuels, deforestation and our industrial activities have pushed the carbondioxide concentrations alone from 280 parts per million from 200 years ago to over 1000 parts per million recently. We knew that the 350 ppm level was the point of no return as at that point it the non human feed back loops such as the “methane bomb” go off. We knew the 500 ppm as a level threshold to catastrophic extinction yet human greed got the better of us, those zillion dollars of unburned fossils still in the ground, we just couldn't resist to dig them up because our leaders that to this day control our destiny have been making a lot of money from it. Warming wasn't the only outcome of burning the fossil fuels but there was also the poisoning of the air. Back in 2012 one in ten human died from air pollution, today this has doubled, twenty percent of us now die from poisoned air. Air doesn't know borders we all breathe the same stuff. Shouldn't we prosecute past and present political leaders for crimes on humanity as they have failed to leave the fossil fuels in the ground and replace them with renewable sources of energy to stop emissions getting out of control. So there you have just five of the human curses and yet there are many, many more. We still think that the future of the planet and the future of the human is the same thing. How arrogant we are. We need the planet but the planet doesn't need us in fact the living biosphere is better off without us. Yes most of life will now die because we have failed, but even in this worst case scenario, in a few millions years the earth will heal itself after us. Nothing is any longer under our control, my control or your control. So we have become fearful and then we are also still hopeful. Out of fear arises hope but that hope in itself is just wishful thinking and extends the torment within us. Let's get on to neutralize the curses that we have unleashed but leave your hope aside. Hope doesn't do anything but to encourage inaction. You may think who am I to tell you what to do. Aren't

you the experts? But maybe you should consider that all experts are paid salaries from somebody for one and as specialists you tend to be only geared up to understand one aspect of a problem. There are many forms of sciences, pathological science, fraudulent science, junk science and sudo science, its a mine field. My words come from the heart and it's love for mother earth. As I look at you I have also become you. My only wish is that you ask yourself, does what you are doing come from your heart. Earth is sacred.' Thus Goosemonk concludes his little speech and with a smile quickly walks off the stage and out of the back door. He had said what he had to say.

The conference is now officially open and continues for another day. Like all other climate change meetings no agreement is reached just as was with the Paris agreement from forty years earlier that had turned out to be an agreement to do nothing. Goosemonk knew from the onset that such events were nothing but big public relations exercises that hardly ever result in legally binding and practical actions as the real decision makers are sitting in the corridors of Washington, Moscow, Paris, Bonn, Tokyo, Canberra and Beijing.

9. Emotions (Neptune)

After the conference Goosemonk immerses himself in visiting communities together with his friends Leo and Gummi to supply the establishing community gardens with tree seedlings. During those trips he manages to learn about language and culture of some of the East Arnhem clan groups. Wherever he goes he draws attention in his white robe, walking barefoot with sparkling blue eyes and peaceful sense of humor. Leo and Gummi always show the documentary of Littleyard Swamp to the clan seniors and one can sense the wonderment light up in the eyes of these gray bearded warriors of old. The geese had always played a big part in life around the Top End coastline, but now they are almost gone after the saltwater came in to inundate the coastal swamps. Although there are still some small dispersed flocks of birds hiding in the more elevated smaller waterholes and swamps, these too are struggling and just barely surviving on the herbs and other tuberous plants that grow there. The elders had decided to refrain from hunting the geese, they understood their sacred duty to care for country. The old men view the geese as their body as they do all of the land and the animals and plants that live in there and so they see wisdom in Goosemonk's work to create a new habitat for the animals. They understand that the pace of climate change has surpassed the powers of the creatures to adapt on their own and see that man created this mess and therefore has a duty to fix it. Goosemonk is shown sites and asked for advice on how they could be turned to new areas for displaced animals. There are many such prospective low water holding depressions high up on the Arnhem plateau but very few are big enough and have clay soils of sufficient depth to hold water for the full length of the season in order to support the right kind of forage. One of Goosemonk's solutions is to look for gullies suitable of being dammed up and so creating water storage during the rainy season that could be used to pump supplementary water into these newly created swampy areas upstream and there grow wild rice, lilies and water chestnut not just for the animals but also for humans. His idea of moving people high up onto the plateau still seems a bit strange to the old men, that had lived on the floodplain and coast for theirs and their ancestors lives. To Goosemonk who knows about the coming annihilation of life particularly of that placed in low lying coastal lands, it makes sense. The temperature gets cooler with elevation, a full degree Celsius for every one hundred meters of elevation. Then there is the issue of hydrogen sulfide. Nobody but a few scientists see this problem coming, the gas that is produced from the microbial breakdown of organic matter in the absence of oxygen. Slightly denser than air it is a highly toxic and accumulates at low altitude especially in confined spaces. As a broad-spectrum poison it can damage several different systems in the body, although the nervous system is most affected. The toxic gas binds with iron in the mitochondrial cytochrome enzymes, thus preventing cellular respiration. As organic matter decays under low-oxygen or hypoxic conditions such as in dead oxygen deprived zones of oceans, sulfate-reducing bacteria will use the sulfates present in the water to oxidize the organic matter, producing hydrogen sulfide as waste. Hydrogen sulfide had been implicated in several mass extinctions that have

occurred in the Earth's past. It is believed that a buildup of hydrogen sulfide in the atmosphere may have caused the Permian-Triassic extinction event 252 million years ago when ninety five percent of life had been wiped out in a relatively short period of time. Organic residues from its extinction boundaries had indicated that the oceans were oxygen-depleted then just as what is happening now, and had species of shallow plankton that metabolized hydrogen sulfide. Its formation back then may have been initiated by massive volcanic eruptions, which emitted carbon dioxide and methane into the atmosphere which in turn warmed the oceans, lowering their capacity to absorb oxygen that would otherwise oxidize the gas. It is thought that the increased levels of hydrogen sulfide could then have killed oxygen-generating plants as well as depleted the ozone layer, causing further stress. Small hydrogen blooms have been detected in recent times in the Dead Sea and in the Atlantic ocean off the coast of Namibia and all of them are now rapidly spreading. History repeating itself, that exactly is Goosemonk's thought, but this time, it is not volcanic activity that emits the carbon dioxide and methane into the atmosphere to initiate processes leading up to extinction, but the human. The methane bomb had gone off in the arctic in turn driving up the heat but it is now getting to a stage where the massive permafrost land areas in the northern hemisphere also shows signs of rapid thawing. The world is holding its breath for they know that it could be the death sentence for all life on earth. It would be the life at lower elevations first to suffocate almost instantly.

The clock ticks over to the midnight point and there comes on the little bell ringing in the year of 2062. Goosemonk has gathered his circle of friends at the cabin at Littleyard Swamp. Some of them are of indigenous decent lead by Gummi and the others are balanga's and former students at Evo College. The students graduated last year and follow Goosemonk's example to be actively engaged in habitat restoration as are the Gummi's little group. Goosemonk brought them together to make an announcement and all ears are now keenly focused on him. 'Friends, I have received a number of reports on updates to the current situation. The unthinkable has come to fruition, the arctic is now completely ice free which is warming the shallow ocean and particularly the heat absorbing waters of the arctic shelf where trillions of ton of frozen methane hydrates are now freely venting into the atmosphere and in turn leading to further abrupt and steep rises in global temperature. This self reinforcing feedback loop is made worse by another event that of a significant reduction in global dimming, the reduction in solar radiation through diminishing aerosols and sulphates from the industrial processes of burning oil and coal. When successive crop failures and worsening sea water intrusions led the economic collapse and shrinking gross domestic products worldwide, emissions were also sharply reduced as a consequence. For many centuries human induced air pollution had masked the true extent of warming by reducing the amount of solar radiation reaching the earth's surface. The pollutants or aerosols had the effect of scattering and reflecting light and were so acting like an umbrella. As these aerosols are now reduced, the umbrella effect has been lost within a short period of time and temperatures have again. Another feed back loop is the increased water vapor caused by the

now more rapidly rising temperatures which in turn amplifies the greenhouse effect of carbon dioxide and methane. Ironically the global dimming effect or rather the reduction of it as a result of reducing the burning of fossil fuels has now added another one to three degrees to the warming depending where you are. The temperature has now increased by seven degrees on average, two degrees more than the level that caused the Permian extinction 250 million years ago and that had wiped out 95 % of life. The tipping point has therefore been breached and as a result the permafrost areas in the northern hemisphere are also going in accelerating meltdown thus freely releasing huge volume of greenhouse gases. The governments of the world have realized that the end is near and have initiated massive and secretive construction undertakings to move its essential services such as health, emergency, law and order as well as the military divisions underground. Abandoned underground mining tunneling systems, subways and cave systems are transformed for future emergency provisions to evacuate as many people as possible. It is estimated that a billion of the world's population have died in just a few years in the recent regional armed conflicts over water and resources and also by starvation. A further two more billions are on the move out of desperation to flee from the worst affected lands particularly low lying coastal areas. The rule of martial law is in place for all countries of the world with armed units protecting grain storage and distribution. The US army made a last ditch attempt to turn around the warming and has blown up three of the largest volcanoes of the world including Yellowstone by drilling deep bores and dropping nuclear bombs. They argue that it was volcanic eruptions in the deep history of the earth that allowed the planet to cool by dimming it from the sun with its volcanic ashes. However it turned out a failure and only contributes to more psychosis amongst their already paranoid population. Until recently the Northern Territory has escaped such turmoil relatively unscathed thanks to the foresight of Ophelia and her government to focus on simplicity, self sufficiency and independence. However the temperatures have now become almost unbearable particularly in the monsoon season and especially when it is not raining, reaching into the low forties during the day and not dropping below the low thirties at night, humidity staying high. I have heard Ophelia talk to move the entire population of Evo and the Top End towns to new constructed earth covered housing precincts in Alice Springs and high up on into the ranges as the last measure to save guard precious life.

'My friends', Goosemonk continues, 'we have gathered perhaps for the final time. You have asked me to elaborate on matters related to the nature of existence. Thus I will present a few thoughts on seven concepts that humans have wrestled with for thousands of years in order to explain life and its purpose. Think of the seven concepts as the seven colors of the rainbow. Understand them and you understand who you are. The concepts are space, time, energy, gravity, life, consciousness and union. Who are we really? Well, you are "space" for one? You occupy space that is defined by volume, shape and position in relation to other entities within their own defined spaces against a background of infinite nothingness of space. The space that you occupy is confined to a specific position at any given moment in time. This space that you occupy is your only true property because it cannot be shared with anyone

else, it cannot be taken away from you. The location of the space you occupy is your decision unless you let it make by others and where you are determines to a great extent of how you feel. In fact you resonate the space that you have placed yourself in. Space is a great equalizer as our material body can occupy only that what is within the confines of your skin and that is the same for everyone, even for the president of the United States. He may at this moment walk the corridors of the White House in Washington together with a bunch of other crazy egocentric maniacs while you at present relax amidst the wonders of Littleyard Swamp in the company of good friends. There is a second kind of space and that too is related to your material body. I'm talking about your electromagnetic field that extends out of your physical body. If you are sensitive enough you will be able to sense it just like you can sense your physical body. On top of that there is another additional and completely different kind of space too, one that our mind creates and I call this our virtual space. Relax and close your eyes and imagine you are back in Evo. It can appear and feel as real as where you actually are. Internal space can have the same effect on our body than real external space. So that's who you really are, body, energy field and virtual space at the same time. Virtual space could be anywhere but only body and energy space is real and you must face it. We are at our best when these different spaces relate and its location in the universe have been chosen well. Open your eyes and look at the geese in the swamp. All what you can see now has become your internal space directly connected to the space that you occupy and combined that is now the "you" at this very moment in time. It brings us to the second concept that defines who we are, "time", which never stands still. In basic physics time is defined by what the clock reads, but in my mind, time is the span of perceived memory. It takes consciousness to perceive time or progress and existence of events that occur in apparently irreversible succession from the future to the present into the past. But here is the thing, we are actually not capable of perceiving the present because there is a delay for electric impulses to flow through our nervous system to create perception. The very moment that we perceive has become the past, hence the present is unknowable. For a human to be, is to exist temporally in the stretch between birth and death and that stretch is recorded as memory. Our being is time and is finite as it ends with death and dissolution of memory of this stretch of time. Again our time as a being of memory is against the background of nothingness since time has no beginning and end. If you don't believe this go back in time and tell me when time started and then tell me what was before that. Your time, the recorded memory of span of your consciousness, is your personal property and your decision. Unless you have been deprived of your freedom, it is you who decides how and where you spend your time. What time is more valuable, the time filled with the memory of boring mindless activities or mindful awareness of exiting meaningful activities. What is it that leads to a fuller and richer record of your time in life. Perhaps love making or eating a tasty meal, or saving a bird with a broken wing and help him fly again. The happiest memories are those when we make somebody else happy. So that is who you are. You are time as the memory of your gone by span of consciousness. Now lets move to the third concept that of "energy", that is the underlying unknown nature of electromagnetic phenomena that nourishes and moves the "you" through space and time. It may

surprise that despite our scientific knowledge of electromagnetic energy, electronics and quantum physics we still know next to nothing about what is causing it. I have spoken to you about the importance of earthing many times before, that is the practice of connecting a part of your body with conductive earth to allow the flow of electrons and ions from the earth to stabilize and synchronize the electromagnetic balance of blood and cells in your body. That then is also what you are ultimately, charged electromagnetic energy in its many different forms of manifestation. Touch the earth gently and you will maintain perfect equilibrium, a natural balance between the positive and negative poles. The fourth concept, that of “gravity” is understood as the earth as the source of the main force of gravity or that what pulls us towards her. Other much weaker gravitational forces are from the moon, the sun and the planetary bodies of our own solar system. Indeed we ourself or anything that has mass exerts gravitational force as the force is directly proportional to mass accord to Newton's laws. Before I have talked about virtual space created by our mind. In a similar way our mind is also influenced by a kind of gravitational force, not in the physical sense but in a virtual sense. Our thinking is drawn to the gravity of our memory and beliefs. Our individual compulsive habits and core beliefs draw us to more of the same in future actions. In fact it is very difficult for us to behave in a new way, as we are always drawn to our past, just as our body is always pulled back to the earth when trying to jump away from it. We start life with a clean plate but as the brain develops and consciousness turns into memory, we create a sort of a mass of information of beliefs and thought processes, a kind of a planet of itself, that like the earth has gravity to draws us towards it. And just as there are planetary bodies that try to pull us away from the earth so do other people that have different mindsets, influence us and trying to pull us towards their own mental universe and there own gravity of mind. I'm talking about the gravity of mind because it is precisely what has prevented humanity to act on climate change, to reduce pollution, to re-establish biodiversity, to control its sexual urges so to stabilize our out of control population and to nurture the health of the habitat for all of life. There is now such a huge collective body of inertia and resistance of mind structure built up by thousands of years of egocentric living and development, that has created violent tensions between what we have become and that which is still trying to manifest from the love in our hearts. If you want to know who you truly are try to understand your gravity of mind and how it prevents you to live from the power of love of the heart. The fifth concept of who you are is that of “life”. We still don't how life has started but we think it was around four billion years ago out of the cells of blue green algae the first organism to create oxygen from photosynthesis. We know there are, perhaps not any longer, about one trillion species of life and we 'homo sapiens' or the 'wise man' are just one of those species out of a trillion. The genetic information or the program of all species goes back to the very first cells and their original DNA chemical molecular structures and language which has remained the same for almost all known living organisms. The classic definition of what constitutes life consists of seven elements; the ability for the organism to maintain homeostasis, to be capable of metabolism, to be capable to grow, to adapt to the environment, respond to stimuli and to reproduce. Since our DNA underpins all of these elements of life, you could say life is synonymous

with DNA. That's then what you are. You are your DNA unfolding under the influence of change either sexually by combining with the DNA of your partner or by mutation in successive replications. All of DNA unfolds into consciousness, the sixth concept of who you are. I see "consciousness" as the awareness of change. I see thoughts and thinking as a flurry of electrochemical changes within neural substrates of the brain and that they have in some way become aware of itself. The classical definition of consciousness is the state or quality of awareness, or, of being aware of an external object or something within oneself. The Cambridge declaration on consciousness signed by eminent scientists in the presence of the late Stephen Hawking states: "Convergent evidence indicates that non-human animals[.]including all mammals and birds , and other creatures,[...] have the necessary neural substrates of consciousness, and the capacity to exhibit intentional behaviors." It means that not just humans but also animals are conscious, have emotions and feel pain, it means that animal life has as much value as a human life from an independent neutral moralistic viewpoint. Many animals have also shown to have self-awareness that is consciousness to be aware of itself, just as have humans over eighteen months olds. Consciousness is the talent of the animate world to focus awareness on change in a world of somethings in order to enhance their ability to survive and increase knowledge of its environment. What we need is to become better aware of our of sensory perception and apply human reasoning and deductive powers to ethical behavior for the good of the everything that is the totality of somethings in the universe. We are but a tiny part of the everything while alive. Look at your body, it consists of trillions of individual cells each with it's own level of consciousness and all serving for the good of the greater you. Now look at the entire world, it consists of zillions of zillions of cells, each with it's own level of consciousness and all serving for the good of the greater us, the all of life. Can you now see it. We were created from the everything and we return to it. All of our effort should be directed towards nurturing the all of life which is connected to our creation mother, the conscious empathic totality of life against the backdrop of an uncaring inorganic universe. Look at every single organism in the world, every single species and how they all connect and support each other through consciousness. That's also who you are, a tiny speck of self awareness in an ocean of consciousness of the all of life. In neuroscience the evidence from brain imaging indicates that all processes of the mind have physical correlates in brain function. It seems to reason that when the physical dies the processes of the mind stops and that there is no soul, no afterlife and no re-incarnation. Quantum physicists have concluded that the soul concept has no basis from quantum physics and there is no evidence whatsoever of spirit particles or spirit forces that interact with regular atoms. No attempts of parapsychologists to establish by scientific experiment, whether a soul separate from the brain exists, have succeeded. So this is it. I said before time is the memory of consciousness and stored in the neural substrates of the brain. When your body dies and thus your brain dies, time and consciousness likewise die. However if you see yourself but as a tiny speck of consciousness in a sea of consciousness of the all of life then only the tiny speck dies. When a single cell within your body dies, it doesn't matter because the body lives on. When you die, it doesn't matter because the all of life lives on. This brings

us to the last concept, the most important one that of “union” or yoga as it is called in Sanskrit. Internal union depends on the unrestricted flow of the grounding effect of negative charged electromagnetic energy from external sources in the form of free electrons towards the positive light powered energy centered in the pineal gland of the brain. When the restrictions within the body brought on by many years of errors of living have cleared, the heart is ready for union with the consciousness of the all of life. Empathy is the capacity to understand or feel what another being (human or non-human animal) is experiencing from within the other beings frame of reference, such as the capacity to place oneself into another's position. The word empathy is derived from the ancient Greek 'empathia' meaning physical affection or passion and pathos 'passion or suffering'. Empathy as the ability to share another somethings emotions is distinct from compassion (emotions we feel when others are in need) and sympathy (feeling of understanding for someone in need) and also pity (feeling that another is in trouble and needs help). Empathy is the emotive and cognitive resonance with all of life within and through the extent of one's sensory perception and manifesting as knowing from 'heart space' or union of the all of life. When you experience this union of the all of life you will no longer fear death. Your personal ego will have been subdued. Your heart will be the heart of your mother, the field of consciousness of life itself and so the love in your heart will be the love of your mother and of all creatures on earth and beyond. This is also who of are, the capacity for union. When you have reached that point, your thinking and your feelings will follow your sole concern the wellbeing of nature and all of its creatures. Only when the people of world find this kind of union can they hope to have a future. Union is the finest and highest achievement of conscious life. You will know when you are ready for it.' And so Goosemonk ends his last sermon at Littleyard Swamp.

Over the next few days Goosemonk and his friends dedicate their time to extend and improve the habitat. The rains had come and the geese are preparing to breed once again. As they are building new nests there is a steady stream of new arrivals of geese. The colony is increasing to over three thousand birds close to the long term carrying capacity of the swamp. News had come in from Evo that a low had formed in the Arafura sea and is predicted to turn into yet another cyclone. Goosemonk, Gummi and the crew decide to break up the camp and head back to Evo and to make preparation for the storm.

By the time Gummi and Goosemonk arrive at uncle Leo's, a cyclone warning had been put in place. The cyclone is named Chronos after the ancient Greek god of the personification of time or father of time. Chronos is still stationary and feeding of the warm waters of the Arafura Sea and is predicted to develop into a category four. Gummi has grave concerns for the coastal community in which his relatives still reside and they decide to go there now and fetch them for a re-location to Leo's place at Evo. Goosemonk hasn't seen his foster mum Marilyn for some years now and looks forward to joining up with her again. Marilyn had born three children and so did Gemma and all of them live together in a big elevated house at the their coastal community of a couple of hundred. Like all low lying coastal

settlements along the Northern Territory theirs too is threatened by projected sea level rises but it faces a cyclone now and the threat of a storm surge that can come with such an event. The traumatic memory of what happened at Darwin a few years earlier is still fresh. 'Gather the little kids and pack up everything' Gummi yells out to them when they arrive at the community. There is sense of urgency as the cyclone has by now intensified to category four and is heading towards the coast. They frantically load the three pickup trucks and then head straight back to Evo. By the time they get there Chronos had turned to a full strength category five and is skirting the coastline, bringing with him torrential rains and destructive winds. The radio connection to their community is lost. Even fifty kilometers inland at Evo there has been half a meter of downpour during the past 24 hours and vast areas are under water. The next morning Ophelia comes over and invites Goosemonk to accompany here on a reconnaissance flight in a small airplane to get a handle on the storms impact. It is horrendous, broad sections of remnant coastal thickets and woodlands are flattened, not a tree standing for many kilometers. The superstorm was as bad as cyclone Jupiter and produced a storm surge with waves an estimated ten meters high. The wetlands between Darwin and the old mining town of Jabiru were no more, taken back by the sea forever. As they fly over Gummi's community there is little other than a few a few poles and concrete stilts to indicate there once was a small town. All is washed away and the lives of those that stayed are lost. Nothing is alive, all has been lost. Ophelia's face pales and is awash with tears. Goosemonk gently and quietly puts his arm over her shoulder. No words can express the shock that both of them feel. Back at Evo radio communications are running hot, the coast has been devastated in one swift hit. Ophelia gathers the heads of her government and announces there is no longer any point in trying to hold back or fight the tide of climate change. Chronos had been the last straw, with worse predicted to come. She and her government decide to evacuate the whole of the north to Alice Springs. Meanwhile news had come in from overseas that millions have died at the Mediterranean and Black sea, poisoned by plumes of toxic hydrogen sulfide that had drifted landwards. The intense heating of the Mediterranean Sea there led to the development of intense super storms of equivalent ferocity comparable to Chronos and subsequently causing widespread devastation and chaos in both Italy and Greece the cradles of western civilization. Locally the Australian Bureau of Meteorology had forecast an extremely warm body of water moving in from the Pacific ocean towards Top End waters and it is feared that it could wipe out even more life near the coast and in its waters.

At Evo, as the clouds clear in the aftermath of Chronos and the sun comes out in force, temperatures quickly breach forty degrees. Marilyn who had been working hard all day to prepare uncle's house for their forced stay complains from headaches and dizziness, eventually suffering a seizure. If it wasn't for Goosemonk quick reaction she may have fallen to the same fatal consequences of heatstroke like so many of Evo's residents did on this day. Quick as a flash he had emptied the fridge of ice and filled a bathtub with water to immerse the unconscious woman while her kids were running around frightened and screaming their heads off. Goosemonk knew of the dangers of heatstroke, that thermo regulation

of the human body is quickly overwhelmed by the combination of metabolic production of heat, excessive environmental heat and impairment of heat loss due to the high humidity. The humidity of course reduces the degree to which the body can cool itself by perspiration and evaporation to the point where overheating shuts down cellular respiration and the functioning of major organs. He sighs with a relief when Marilyn comes back to her senses and simply says 'mum, hello again.' She hugs her kids and Gemma and they all end up in the bathtub and splashing the cooling liquid on each other. The unprecedented heat brings all kinds of new problems, electronic devices malfunctioning, vital electric installations shutting down, power supplies overloading and the old and sick people collapsing and dying. Evo is in lock down for a number of days with the majority of people simply staying at home while schools and government agencies shut down during the heat of the day. Finally when the rains return everyone sighs a relief. Henceforth working hours change by decree to early morning and night time. The government is working frantically to push development works for earth covered housing and emergency shelters in Alice Springs, destined to be the location of the last 'livable' habitat for Territorians.

Goosemonk loads his car trailer with many hundreds of tree seedlings. They decide that all of Leo's, Gummi's and Marilyn's family would re-locate to relatives on a rural property near Katherine three hundred kilometers south. Goosemonk however wants to check up on his geese at Littleyard Swamp before making a decision of where to go. In his heart he feels more being a part of the geese rather than belonging to humanity which had managed to make such a mess of the entire planet. After all he grew up with Zeus, Aphrodite and Mars and their offspring from the moment he opened his eyes, when Zeus nipped at his belly. He now feels if the geese were to stand a chance to survive the coming annihilation they would need more shade to shelter. The swamp is at two hundred meters elevation perhaps high enough to be out range of the toxic fumes that are predicted to hit the coast. He knows the geese are tough birds, having survived the last extinction some fifty odd millions ago. The ranger who had stayed at the cabin is packing up, like all government personal he had been given the marching orders for the southern evacuation. 'Hey mate, I didn't think you were silly enough to come back here. Anyway all the best, I'm off now, the geese are OK. There is a thousand more of them straight after the cyclone. See yah', and off he is. Goosemonk settles in his chair and now looks out over the swamp listening to the cacophony of sounds that he is so familiar with and learned to love. There is Odin walking up to the veranda with his distinct loud continuous honking calls. Goosemonk gets on his knees and replies with like calls and thinks with a smile on his face 'it's good to be a goose again. They have no worries just living in the moment.' He then stands up and walks towards the swamp to check up on the nests of Apollo, Thor and Freya. There is Freya the beautiful little female goose with her brightly orange beak and distinct high pitched call, a spitting image of her mother Aphrodite that had died in Goosemonk's arms some years ago. 'Hey my little girl let me see what you've got.' There they are, hidden under her white plumage, ten healthy looking eggs. 'Well done girl' he says and pulls out his little bag of grains

that he knew she liked so much. The rains had filled the swamp well and forage is growing fast. I'll have to plant more trees to give them more shelter from the sun. He brought hundreds of paperbark seedlings with him and now needs to get them into the ground before the end of the wet. And so he plants tree after tree over the next few weeks.

He didn't expect any visitors but there is a car coming. Who could that be he thinks? When Venus steps out the door, he is stunned. She is the last person he would have expected. After all those years and there she is, the only woman he ever had a desire for and yet the daughter of the man who had killed his mother in cold blood. Without a word he walks up to her and silently hugs her. The chemistry is still there, his heart seemingly exploding. 'Did you miss me', she asks. 'No, not at all' he replies with a grin. 'What brings you here my little bird?' 'Well I have been collecting the stuff from mothers house and help her to get ready for the move. I have just finished Uni and now have a job with the Wildlife Department to help establish a new habitat at Glen Helen gorge. You know that place closed when tourism died but its perfect for us. I have been reading about your work here and knew I had to come and have a look at it. Can you forgive me?' 'Forgive me for what?' 'For letting you go, I felt so ashamed for what my father had done.' 'What your father did had nothing to do with you and I always felt that way. We were both victims of circumstances.' 'Are you staying for the night?' 'Yes, I love too. You have to tell me all about the geese. Of course you know better than I that they are the only big remnant population apart from some smaller groups in East Arnhem. Your geese may be the last stand this species has before extinction. I'm amazed there are still so many of them and thanks to you.' 'What is the latest situation with climate change' Goosemonk asks. Well, its now pretty clear that all of the ice, the Arctic, Greenland, the Antarctic and all of the worlds permafrost areas have gone into rapid meltdown which will ultimately bring up sea levels by about seventy meters while temperatures will be at least ten degrees higher on average compared to pre-industrial times. One third of the sea level rise is due to thermal expansion and two thirds due to the melting of land based ice. It takes a while for the melt to get into the ocean and we don't know exactly how long because the time lags with melting can be large. The great ocean conveyor belt also has become unpredictable. It is the stream that takes cold water south from the Atlantic ocean to the pacific ocean and then back via the southern ocean and back to the Atlantic ocean. The round trip of that water can take between five hundred and two thousand years. However now the whole system has become crazy there are stationary hot water lenses forming everywhere. We do know the final outcome but we are still in the dark when and exactly how it will unfold. We must prepare for the worst, don't you think so?' 'Don't worry too much love', Goosemonk replies, 'whatever may be, the earth will ultimately heal itself. Even if all of life dies, some of it will survive somewhere and start again and who knows there may even be another kind of 'wise' ape roaming the earth in a billion years. Some life still has a chance perhaps underground and at higher altitude. Not all life had been wiped out at the Permian extinction 250 million years ago, indeed five percent survived. Let's go over there.' Goosemonk then walks Venus to show her the nests Freya, Odin,

Thor and Apollo. Some of Freya's eggs had started to hatch and both now watch the process unfold as one after the other see the the light for the first time in their lives. We better leave them alone now and the two keep walking while Goosemonk explains the finer details of the habitat and how it had been built. The two walk back to the cabin as the sun is now setting. As they settle down to a cup of tea, they watch the lightning displays of a distant storm. 'Why did father try to kill you', Venus asks out of the blue. 'Oh, I thought he would have told you back then.' 'No, he never spoke to me again.' 'So you don't know my secret.' 'What secret.' 'Ok, listen now, there should be no secret between us. He tried to kill me, because he knew my secret. I'm a genetically modified human. My mother was a genetic engineer at Numan Corporation many years ago. She had created me by writing my DNA based on a template of her own embryo with the help of a computer, just like a writer creates a novel. Your father, the leader of a religious sect, the Undead could not tolerate the idea of genetic engineering on humans. He and his sect set out to destroy everything that had to do with it including my mother which was eventually killed in cold blood by your father. They were successful except with me. As you know, my life was saved by Zeus, the goose. That is all.' Venus stood still, speechless. She then asks, 'how are you different from naturally conceived humans?' 'I'm DNA unfolding just like you, I'm normal in every respect, but I do have some modifications, some gifts that my mother had added into me.' After a moment of silence, Venus says, 'I don't care, because I love you I always have and I always will.'

10. Death (Pluto)

Venus is oblivious to the barrier between her and Goosemonk. While she is merely in love, Goosemonk is love. The kind of love that Goosemonk is comes from an open body and heart with a kind of energy that pushes against all that which is not open. He however, is aware he had opened her heart but he feels that it was not him or her who had decided to enter this relationship but it was the 'all of life' itself, that had brought her back to him to align in purposeful communion. In other words he knows that they were simply meant for each other. Nonetheless they are both in love she because she desires him and him because he obeys the spirit that made this meeting happen. Goosemonk tenderly touches his lover with such affection that her heart instantly fills up from the outside in, syncing with his and they both surrendering to something that seems infinitely larger than the both of them, a kind of holiness of sex through spiritual, mental and physical communion of their two bodies. They make love all night into the morning in complete merger of both of their spheres of being, loosing their identification with separation of itself. Goosemonk had always been that way but for Venus is was an evolutionary step into the world of merging with the 'all of life'. The 'all of life' which for the most in reality is nothing but sex, the play of the yin and yang, electric charges and chemistry. We are relational beings after all and our highest form of such relation to one another is that of loving sexual embrace. The two lovers are by now so consumed into their sexual alchemy that they no longer notice the subtle inner marriage that had taken place and the combined energy is now pushing and forcing their collective awakening by perfect love. Anything that had been dead by now is raised and awakened and allows both to perceive reality by direct perception of the heart. Goosemonk had been in such a way for a long time but Venus is now blown by her new found clarity of vision and realizes that for all her past she really only lived in an insane body capable of all but distorted vision. Now for her sexuality had moved beyond the merely physical and into the blissfulness and stillness of an awakened mind, verging on the border of unconsciousness. For the first time she feels the complete loss of fear and ego as her heart surrenders to love, living the moment without doubt and wavering. Goosemonk too allows his energy to identify and merge with his lovers in unquestionable thrust. The loving heart of the all of life as a third force had taken over the couple, the kind of force that resides in the two hearts entrained in one. They had now both sacrificed their sense of self to this new force in their life.

In the morning they both are a picture of love but not merely in love. The desires had been satisfied and their pent up energies spent, given way to a more relaxed state of body and mind. Venus had brought a box with fruit and both are now indulging and so are the geese around them. 'How do you feel dear', asks Goosemonk. 'Oh, great, like a weight has been taken of my shoulder. For the past few years I felt so contracted and preoccupied with good and bad and right and wrong every day and all of this mess has lifted in one big swoop. I can't really explain what happened, I had sex before but never like this.'

Goosemonk replies, 'perhaps this contraction is a condition of a feeling that something is not quite right and it stays in the background no matter what we do. The contraction is physical but is also rooted in both the mental and emotional bodies. When we were relaxing into the ocean of love last night, the unified force pushed through the obstructions in both our bodies and now they are gone.' 'So we are one force now, are we', Venus cheerful questions which Goosemonk answers, 'we have always been, the day we met.'

'What are we going to do? Will you come with me to Alice Springs or can I stay here with you', Venus asks the following day. 'Neither, I must stay with my geese and you must go to Alice Springs.' 'But why?' 'I cannot leave the geese I'm them as I'm you. You must leave because the red center may be the safest place and possibly the last battle for humanity. It's too close to the coast here and not high enough in altitude to avoid the toxic wave of gas that is to come. You must go to Alice because you now carry my seed. You are pregnant, I can sense it, I can feel it breathe. You will have a little Goosemonk that will care for you.' Venus replies, 'but if you stay here you may die and I will never see you again', to which Goosemonk answers, 'all of us will die. Even if I do, I will always be with you, don't you see, I'm in your heart now, always.' 'But why stay with the geese, it makes no difference if they die with or without you.' 'Yes there may be truth in that, but it makes a difference to me. The geese thought me to see through their eyes they have bonded with me like they have never with another human. I grew up with them and they have become my family. I would be of no use for you in Alice because my heart would be back at Littleyard Swamp. I cannot leave. I want you to take Freya and her hatchlings and also Odin and Thor with you to Alice and set them free at the new Glen Helen habitat. They will carry the genes for the geese should all else die here. I want them there when you give birth to our baby. He or she may be they only hope for humanity because he will carry the gene of universal love, that my mother planted into me. She put into me what she thought humanity still lacks. He or she will be borne with it and must pass it on if there is any of us left at all.' 'How can you be so sure of it? I have seen a glimpse of the future just as I always have. Perhaps Glen Helen Gorge may be the true Armageddon. You know the one.' 'Yes, yes, my father read me the book of revelation in the New Testament of the bible as the prophesied location of a gathering of armies for a battle during the end times. But that's just a little stupid story to scare the kids, isn't it.' 'Well don't take the story literally. You know, some scholars claim the word comes from the Hebrew "moed" meaning "assembly". Thus "Armageddon" would mean "Mountain of Assembly". The story also says, under the leadership of Satan, the dragon, the beast and the false prophet gather against God's children for the final battle when suddenly Christ will appear on the clouds of glory to deliver his people. After the destruction of the beast at the second coming of Jesus, the promised kingdom is set up in which Jesus and the saints will rule for a thousand years. Look at the seed that you now carry in your belly as the savior and Satan, the dragon, the beast and the false prophet as the worst aspects of humanity. The worst of humanity has always been in battle with the best of humanity, but look where we ended up. The final battle is yet to

be fought.' And so it is decided. Venus stayed at Littleyard Swamp for another two weeks then loads her truck with the three geese and goslings on board heading to Alice Springs some 1400 km away to the south, the so called red center of Australia.

A few months pass as does the monsoonal rain. Goosemonk's satellite phone is still working and he is able to keep in touch with Venus, Leo and his friends. They had all arrived at their destinations and more or less settled in as far as this was possible. Venus indeed is pregnant to the delight of both of them. Their happiness however had been dampened by horrible news from overseas. The industrial civilization of the world was no more and billions are now starving, the armies of the world barely maintaining some sense of order in a world turned lawless. Everywhere there is movement towards higher elevations and hurriedly built earth covered buildings now replace the previous standards. Humanity moves underground to live like rodents, hoarding food and hiding from a merciless summer sun. The cessation of almost all industrial activity in vacated cities and areas causes the global dimming effect to drop away completely and driving temperatures rapidly up even further. Broad scale cropping is no longer possible since the soil micro organisms that had evolved to their specific locations and micro climates over thousands of years could no longer adapt to the now rapidly changing environment. The jet streams, the winds in the upper reaches of the atmosphere that help to redistribute heat away from the equator to higher latitudes, had also slowed and were moving in increasingly erratic directions, which in turn allowed enormous hot-humid heat lenses to become stationary. Heatwaves near wetbulb temperatures of over 35 degrees Celsius recently killed many millions of people near the coastal equatorial regions as a result. Humanity had lost control of their destiny, the control it perhaps never really had. It was now only a matter of time when all communications brake down and even the armies of the world run out of fuel and supplies.

At Littleyard Swamp even the geese start to get in trouble from the heat. Unlike humans they don't have sweat glands as a cooling mechanism but you can see them panting and spreading the feathers to allow air flow. Most of them spend their day time resting in shady areas on wet soil. The temperatures had reached the forties and even Goosemonk who had seemed immune to hot humid temperatures is now covered in dripping sweat. His favorite treat is filling a large tub with a bag of ice and submersing to bring down his body core temperature. Apollo is always with him and he too enjoyed the dip in the bath when Goosemonk finished. The geese cope by feeding at night while resting during the day. More bad news comes in from Venus when she tells Goosemonk that the Arafura Sea had now had become dead with large plumes of hydrogen sulfide gas detected at it's shallower shorelines. She pleads with him to leave the swamp and join her at Glen Helen Gorge. Goosemonk again re-assures here that all is still fine and she shouldn't worry for the sake of the baby, it's all good and he will be coming for the birth of his son. Unknowing to both, that was the last time they had a chance to talk by phone as all satellite communications brake up.

Even Goosemonk didn't foresee what was about to happen. It dawns on him as he wakes up to a slightly foul odor, that of rotten eggs, hydrogen sulfide, his first thought, it's here. Goosemonk knows it could have been generated in the swamp naturally through the breakdown of organic matter or it could have come as a gas bloom blown in from the ocean. His eyes are not yet irritated a sign that the concentration levels are still low. The sense of smell of humans can detect the odor of the gas at as low as 0.00047 parts per million air concentrations, while the danger threshold is believed to be much higher at twenty parts per million. It is said that ten to twenty parts per million are the borderline for eye irritation. He now runs outside to look out for any effects of the gas on the geese but all seems normal. Hydrogen sulfide is lethal to most animals and only a few highly specialized species ranging from bacteria to fish thrive in habitats that are rich in this compound such as in deep sea, ecosystems that rely on chemosynthesis rather than photosynthesis because of the absence of light. The smell appears to become a little stronger and Goosemonk now notices a slight itch in his eyes. I must act quickly, running back to the cabin to gather an inhaler with amyl nitrate and injections of sodium nitrate the only short term treatment to support his oxidative enzymes that break down the gas in the body. He knows that at increasing concentrations of the toxic gas symptoms would ramp up to a sore throat, a cough and fluid in the lungs, a level of over 500 parts per million leading to pulmonary edema with the possibility of death. A level of over 1000 parts per million would cause the immediate collapse as it does for all organisms with a loss of breathing. His first concern is now for the geese. I must find Apollo to lead them out of here this is his only thought. He then runs over to where Apollo is roosting and stands in front of him focusing his mind to see through the eyes of his friend, traveling down the Stuart Highway and right down to Glen Helen Gorge. Go now, he commands, 'Apollo take them with you.' He then imitates the danger calls until Apollo falls into sync. The geese around are all alarmed by now and intently listening and falling in with the sounds of warning and danger. When Goosemonk suddenly throws up both his arms high in the sky, Apollo and the geese react and take off in flight led by Apollo in formation and heading into the direction of the highway. A few other flocks follow but many stay. By now Goosemonk feels slightly nauseous, aware that the gas concentration is going up quickly at this stage. He no longer has a means of communication and knows it is too late to leave by car. The geese that stayed are now dropping to the ground gasping for breath. It's time to prepare for death he says to himself. My time has come. He walks over to the abandoned nest of Aphrodite and lies down on top of it, all curled up like an embryo in a mother's womb. Death is the cessation of all biological functions that sustain a living organism. Funny he thinks how many words humans have generated out of the fear of the concept and word of death such as passed away, passed on, expired, are gone and deceased. Roughly 150,000 people used to die around the world each day and perhaps many millions each day for the past twelve months. He now mentally reiterates what uncle Leo had told him about the stages of death from a medical view at his clinic. Death commences with respiratory arrest that is breathing stops and followed by cardiac arrest that is the heart stops beating and finishes with

brain death of all neural activity ceased at which point a person is declared dead. Then comes the 'Pallor mortis' or paleness about fifteen minutes to two hours after brain death, followed by 'Livor mortis' a settling of blood in the lower portion of the body, 'Alger mortis', the reduction of body temperature until it matches ambient temperature. Finally there is 'Rigor mortis' when the limbs become stiff and are difficult to move or be manipulated and at last decomposition the reduction into simpler forms of matter accompanied by a strong unpleasant odor. The same kind of odor that I'm smelling now Goosemonk says to himself with a smile. He starts to cough now and knows fluid is building up in his lungs. Well so be it, he thinks, and focuses his mind and his heart to be with pregnant Venus the love of his life. Just when he thinks it is over and stepping into the light of the night at a moment he has waited for all his life just like all other humans, he barely registers the fluttering noises of the rotating blades of a helicopter. He opens his sunken eyes barely able to see the shadow hovering above him. A man in a white suit and a gas mask reach for him and pull him into the helicopter. Then he loses consciousness.

When he awakes he faintly hears a familiar voice, that sounded just like Leo, saying 'He's coming back.' Goosemonk's eyes, in fact his whole body burns like hell and is bandaged. 'Is that you Leo? Where am I?' 'Yes its me. You are in the Katherine hospital. The army got you out. You can thank Ophelia and Venus for it. When the satellite broke down Venus became very scared and begged Ophelia to use her influence to send in an army helicopter. The gas plume nearly got you. All life is now extinguished along the coastline below the two hundred meter elevation mark. We too will be evacuated shortly. All of us will be evacuated to Alice Springs. How do you feel?' 'I feel like a bird with broken wings.' 'He, he thats what Marilyn calls you a big bird. Don't worry, you'll learn to fly again in no time. Marilyn and Gemma will be coming for a visit tomorrow. Try to sleep now.'

Ah, here are the cheerful voices of Marilyn and Gemma, 'how is my little darling bird' says Marilyn gently touching Goosemonk's jaw. The doctor will be here shortly to take the bandages off. I brought you some melon. Come open your mouth, that's good isn't it, here hold it.' 'Are you feeling any better' Gemma inquires. 'Yah, I'm good except my eyes still burn.' A little while later the doctor comes and carefully removes the bandages and asks him to open the eyes and Goosemonk obliges. 'How is it', he asks. 'I can't see, nothing at all', Goosemonk replies. 'Close and open your eyes' the doctor then instructs and tell me what happens. 'Nothing just a change from black to grey.' 'I'm afraid your eyes are seriously damaged. There is a chance you may be blind for a long time until your nerves repair if they do at all.' Marilyn, Gemma and Leo who stand close by are shocked, their joyous feeling of Goosemonk's rescue dampens. 'Well, thats just how it is', Goosemonk, brakes the silence. 'Life moves on.'

A few days later they all depart Katherine by railway to Alice Springs. Charging stations for electric

vehicles are only available in the towns and cities but not in between while fuel supplies for conventional vehicles had run out for all but the army and emergency services. The railway is the only viable transport link to the outside world at least to Alice Springs in the center and from there further south to Adelaide the capital of South Australia. Goosemonk and his friends had never been on a train and he enjoys the rattling and vibrations of the moving carriage. When they arrive in Alice Springs, Venus is already waiting with her truck to pick them up to move to the new settlement at Glen Helen. Uncle Leo is guiding Goosemonk to step off the train under the anxious and probing watch of Venus. She knows her lover is now blind but it really didn't matter to her as she knows she is lucky to have him back at all. He can't see the tears in her face when she gently hugs him and as his hands now feel her belly he remarks, 'it's growing quickly, the little hatchling. How are Thor, Odin and Freya and their offspring?' 'They are great and have settled in well in their new pond.' 'Have any more geese arrived?' 'What do you mean?' 'Before the gas came to the swamp I sent Apollo and his geese to come here but its such a long journey and they may resting somewhere.' 'Do you really belief they find their way, that would be a miracle.' 'I entered Apollo's mind and showed him the way. Let's wait and see. When is the baby due?' 'In a couple of months. Let's move home.'

Leo, Gummi, Marilyn and Gemma had never been to the red center before and are astonished by the sights of the majestic mountain ranges. Venus playing tour guide explains, 'we had some rain recently and the flower meadows are in blooms as far as the eyes can see. The temperatures had been relatively comfortable just below twenty degrees Celsius during the night and in the high thirties during the day, it is winter after all. We are trialling out low humidity GM bananas, paw paw and mango at the habitat would you belief, the tropics have moved south. All new housing is earth covered construction in the hillsides using the big army bulldozers to dig up terraces, utilizing the excavated rock for the walls and covering the roofs with soil to grow vegetables on top. Makes one think why we haven't done this before. The windows are kept small for insulation to keep the cool air in. All the irrigation water is recycled through a sand filtration system and pumped back to the top with solar. Nothing is wasted. When they arrive at the Glen Helen pond they can hear the honking of the geese amidst a cacophony of other screeching birds in the distance. Goosemonk holds up his hands and imitates the greeting call of the geese and amazingly like a flash light three geese take off and come flying straight to him. Goosemonk lowers himself on his knees and gently feels Freya's head as he is going into deep trance. Unknown to the others, he can see now, through the eyes of Freya. As tears flood down his cheeks, Venus senses that something extraordinary had just happened. 'It's beautiful' he says, 'this tree over there is just amazing' and pointing at a distant huge old twisted River Red Gum. Venus put her hands on her heart with sheer excitement and says, 'oh my god, you can see again.' 'Calm down my love, I can, but only through the eyes of Freya, it's foggy and more like a dream, but it sure is better than not see at all.'

Goosemonk relaxes at the pool with the geese while Venus now in her last month of pregnancy has time off in the home preparing for birth. Gummi has a job at the habitat growing and planting trees while the girls exchange skills with local indigenous woman in the settlement nearby. Goosemonk frequently enters the eyes of Thor sending him flying far and into the north to perhaps find and come across Apollo and his flocks. But nothing. Yet, he had not giving up on Apollo, as something deep in his heart makes him feel that they are still alive. The toxic fumes made their way further inland in the north killing everything alive that came in contact with it. The government of the Northern Territory lost all communications with the outside world bar some widely dispersed remnant military units in the southern high country of the blue mountains, Victoria and Tasmania. Since last week there had been no further news from overseas and it is speculated that the only humans to survive were those placed inland at high altitude. A sense of despair spreads. Food becomes scarce as it is restricted to what could be grown locally for people that have access to water which runs now short in the town of Alice Springs. Everyone is aware that the coming summer could turn out to be lethal with temperatures forecast to pass fifty degrees Celsius easily. There are no longer spare parts for broken down electrical equipment and many people go back to school to be thought traditional bush skills that had long be forgotten. Keeping livestock too is no longer an option as even the toughest of cattle breeds cannot adapt to summer temperatures above 50 degrees nor could fodder be grown to get stock through summer droughts. Growing food is now restricted to drip irrigated crops under shade cover and only on land protected from the relentless drying winds. Many of the older people had died last summer and much of the population at Alice Springs is starving, living of scrapes of stored grains and are looking at envy at the outlying irrigated habitats that had been set up by government away from town. The habitats are located near natural water holes and are protected by army units for they are regarded as the last reserve and source of fresh food supplies. The situation is fast becoming dire for everyone outside these habitats and it was under these conditions when Venus bore the son of Goosemonk.

The family gathers in Goosemonks house, the midwife assisting the contractions of a laboring Venus. Then there is a cry of the newborn and everyone breathes a sigh of relief. 'It's a boy' the midwife shouts out and places the baby in the arms of the sweat covered and exhausted mother. Despite the ordeal her face shines, Goosemonk supporting her head with one hand and feeling his son with the other. He bends his head to the newborn and whispers into his ear, 'you may feel you are born into this world, but the truth is this world is born into you' and then kisses him gently on the forehead. Uncle Leo helps Venus into the wheelchair, Marilyn carries the newborn and Gummi guides Goosemonk as they slowly make their way down to the pool where the geese are. There they place the baby on the grass. Gemma notes that he looks just like his father when he came into the world at Boomboom Billabong, with the same olive green skin complexion, the same giggle and the same sparkling blue eyes. All of a sudden Goosemonk turns around and looks north at the horizon of the distant range. 'He is coming', he bursts out with excitement. 'Who is coming,' Venus asks. 'Apollo, the son of Zeus, I can hear him.' All look

into the direction Goosemonk points and yes there it was in the far distant a flock of birds in Vee formation coming from high over Mount Sonder and heading straight towards them. 'Oh, my god it really is them,' Gummi says with watery eyes, 'son of a gun, I'll be damned.' Goosemonk falls deep into trance and they all know he is now one with Apollo and looking through his eyes. All the geese. Frey, Thor and Odin trumpet the greeting call towards the sky and Apollo is answering now. With one swift gliding swoop he lands next to the infant and gently nibbles on the tiny tummy just like Zeus did with Goosemonk many years ago. They are all stunned to have witnessed such a miracle. More and more geese arrive, a few hundred perhaps. One can easily see the hardship they had been through on their long journey through inhospitable country with little if any to eat Starved to the skin and dirty, but who cares they had made it. Goosemonk now back to himself, pulls out his special bag of grains and feeds the hungry travelers while Gummi drags a couple of buckets filled with water from the pond. The baby seems to enjoy the spectacle giggling his little heart out at the sight of the birds. 'The water chestnuts will come in handy', Gummi remarks. A few months back, Gummi had sourced a warehouse in town full of large plastic boxes and they had decided to use them for growing aquatic plants in one of their shade houses. Now they had some food for the geese at least enough to get them back to condition.

The geese settle in over the next few weeks with some moving further out to other waterholes in the nearby ranges. They prove to be a very hardy and adaptable animal making use of couch grass and various sedge plants that grow near the waterholes in the deep gorges. Goosemonk's eyesight gradually recovers. By now he is able to distinguish the shapes of shaded and lit objects and he also can now move unassisted. He spends more and more time in the sun which in turn seems to fire up his unique ability to use photosynthesis to increase his energy for self healing. Apollo follows him wherever he goes, the two almost becoming inseparable from each other. Venus is now back at work, while Marilyn looks after all of the children including little Goosemonk who had been named Helios, after the Roman god representing the sun. He is a most happy little baby when they place him outside in the sun despite the heat and he also has very little need for food. The army had been excavating a tunnel into the range and plan to divert water from the Finke River to fill it up as a reservoir for future irrigation works. However trouble is brewing to boiling point in the town of Alice Springs, with the population ballooning to nearly fifty thousand people mostly evacuees from the north. The frequent power blackouts caused by heat damage to switching stations and transmission lines makes it difficult to keep stored food supplies and as a consequence violence and food riots become the norm in town. People had planted their backyards with fruit trees and vegetable crops but it soon became apparent that the water supply and distribution system in place could not keep up with the extra demand placed on it. The army in control of stored grains and other food stuffs is tightening handouts as supplies were no longer coming in from Adelaide. It is clear that summer is coming with a threat of annihilation and the only hope for long term survival now rests with the success of the habitats away from town.

The summer of 2063 has arrived with day temperatures easily passing fifty degrees Celsius. The Undead have regrouped under their new leader Adolf McDonutter, the former manager of the cattleman group and plans measures to overthrow the government and cease control of the army. Their aim is to control the vital food supplies, storage and distribution facilities. Already they have broken into an army weapon storage shed near Alice Springs and are now in possession of high grade explosives, hand held grenades and automated guns. As the group grows in number so do the assaults on the streets and government offices. Within weeks they have overwhelmed all opposition in town. They now rule by the fist and daily executions of people that oppose them become the norm. Ophelia is forced to flee and is shot on her way to the Glen Helen habitat by a sniper guarding Larapinta Drive. However she and her daughter who was driving the car and Anita her grand daughter all had escaped and bring the news to the army camp at the Glen Helen base. An emergency meeting is called by the officer in charge and both Goosemonk and Venus are asked to attend. Also present are old Leo, Gummi and a number of indigenous community leaders from Hermansburg.

And so the officer begins to speak 'We have lost all communications with our units in the Alice and the rest of the country. We assume our units in Alice have been captured and killed. There could be about a thousand armed fanatics under the banner of the Undead in control of the city. We don't know how many people are left overall but in any case, a lot will likely to be facing slaughter, starvation and the threat of communicable disease. We suspect these terrorists, the Undead and there leader Adolf are coming for us because it is here where most of the food is produced and stored. There are only about a hundred armed personnel of us to guard you. They will come through valley, the only way in. We will do what we can, this I can promise. 'The battle of Armageddon after all,' Goosemonk whispers into the ear of Venus. 'Do they have drones' Gummi asks? 'No, there were no military grade drones with the army in Alice, besides we can easily shoot them down.' 'Helicopters?' 'No helicopters, they had all been moved to Adelaide last year. I have deployed two machine gun posts with radios on either side of the ranges to watch the road coming in. We can blow up the road to stop all traffic as a last resort.' 'They could still come in on foot.' At this moment Goosemonk rises from his seat and speaks. 'I will deal with them, leave it up to me.' 'Please don't' my love, Venus says now tugging on his sleeve to sit down, 'I'm begging you, they are out to kill anyone in their way. What can you possibly do?' Goosemonk now says, 'I will shine a light into their darkened hearts. Let me, the only way out is the way in.'

The next few days they are waiting for the inevitable, the arrival of Adolf and his gang of killers. Goosemonk is very relaxed and occasionally enters the eyes of Apollo and flying down the highway to scout out the road in. He knows that he needs to deal with Adolf only and other than that has no plan. He trusts his heart and his ability to penetrate the all of life, both good and evil. The battle is not between an army of the righteous and the army of the beasts in human skin but between love and that what denies love. Love from the heart reaches out and becomes one with the other while that what

prevents love pulls up a barrier of denial of the other. He knows that his mother had permanently erased the ability to build walls deep within him. His love is to conquer the wall of the other not by destroying it but by penetrating. How, that was not quite clear to him but he trusts himself like he always has.

It is another stinking hot day, the sun is high up at noon when Goosemonk asks Gummi to drive him down the road. 'They are coming he says' and Gummi just nods. When they get past the army checkpoint he asks to get out and tells Gummi to go back to the checkpoint and leave him here. 'Don't worry' were the last words he said as he sat down on the middle of the road. Sure, soon thereafter a convoy of ten army trucks appear in the distance and stop when they see him sitting on the road. Goosemonk stands up when Adolf gets out of the first vehicle with a couple of his heavily armed henchman. 'I remember you from Evo you freak,' he says, 'now get off the road before I squash you like a cockroach.' 'I'm here to save you from certain death my friend,' Goosemonk kindly replies, which must have sounded a bit bemusing as Adolf and the other two brake up in a hilarious laughter in response. 'And who would be causing my death?' 'None other than yourself,' Goosemonk answers followed by 'The truth is that you have been killing yourself since you were born and you know it. You have denied the love in your heart because your daddy told you to be a man and not be a little crybaby isn't that so.' This now infuriates Adolf as he realizes how close to the truth Goosemonk had hit. In a flash he now remembers how his father had forced him to slaughter countless animals for the family table to teach him how to be a man and how he had come to enjoy this task later in life. Little crybaby, that's exactly the term his father had used, countless times and how much energy he spent to overcome his fathers conviction craving for his approval and love. 'Hand me the machete,' Adolf now says to one of the henchman next to him. 'I guess I have to chop the head of this stupid goose.' 'I must warn you, Goosemonk,' says, 'killing me means killing you' of which Adolf replies, 'you fucking cunt, here you go, raising the machete with anger in preparation to chop off the head of Goosemonk. Adolf didn't see it coming, the claws of Apollo dropping like a flash straight out of the blinding sun overhead, his beak hacking deep into Adolf's eyes again and again with ear chilling honks of fury. Adolf drops on the asphalt in agony, bleeding profusely out of both of his eyes and ears, his two henchman bending down to him in confusion of what to do. 'You have made your choice my friend, eternal darkness for you,' Goosemonk softly remarks, turning and walking away, guided by the eyes of Apollo, the goose named after the Roman god of light. Gummi in the meantime had summoned the soldiers at the checkpoint and all of them hurried back to surround the intruders. 'Drop your guns or die,' the officer shouts through his megaphone. The terrorists who had just witnessed their leader being reduced to a quivering mass of despair by a little goose are still in shock and taken by surprise, now drop their guns. One by one they are handcuffed and taken into custody. Adolf had lost both his eyes just like Amene had many years ago. As with all blackened hearts and souls there comes a point when the light can no longer penetrate perception and darkness kills itself. Life is light and death is the absence of it. When Goosemonk gets

home later on, Venus literally flies into his arms and cries with joy whispering in his ear, 'thanks the almighty, you are back', to which Goosemonk smilingly answers, 'may be it's time for the little Helios to get a sister, lets try'.

And here is where the story ends, the life of Goosemonk, a genetically modified human, destined to save both the Magpie Geese and the human race. Mother earth had finally created the mutation in humans that was needed to save the menacing man from itself by replacing 'homo sapiens' the 'wise man' with the organic human a new species of the homo family, 'homo pectore' or 'man of heart'. The gene had been placed in Goosemonk, who placed it in Helios who in turn is destined to place it into all future generations if there were any more to be. The sixth extinction made it happen, earth appears to cleanse itself like she always does.

Is death the end of life? “Do not look to the end, for where the beginning is, there the end will be. Blessed is he who looks at the beginning for he will know the end and will not experience death”.