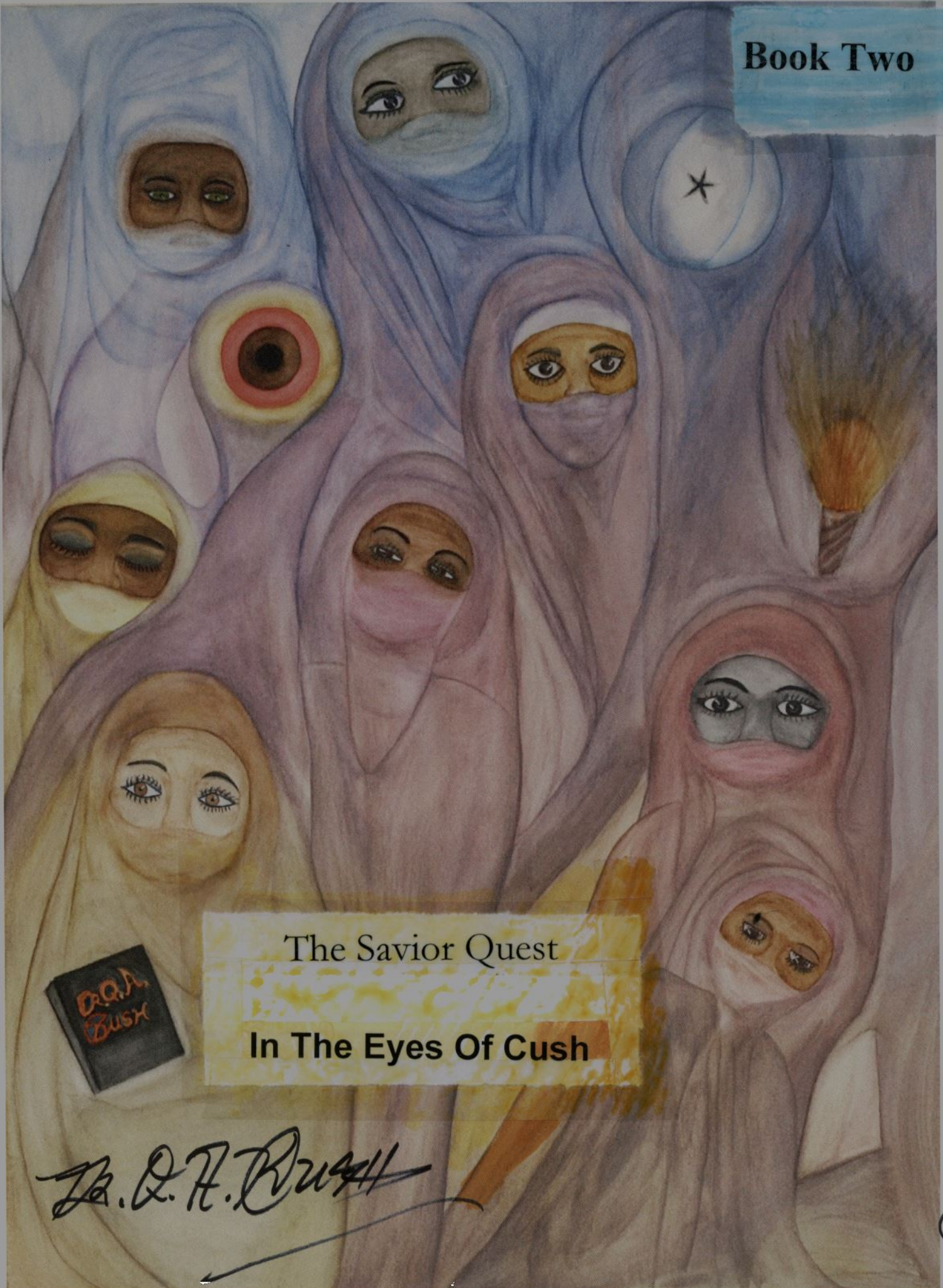


Book Two



The Savior Quest
In The Eyes Of Cush



D. Q. H. Bush



"THE SAVIOR QUEST"



There are men who strive to accumulate wealth in money, or a breast full of medals denoting military honor, or reach the pinnacle in the judiciary and wear the Black Robe. Then you have the selected or chosen man. He is a person who accepts the most difficult position of all to acquire and succeed in. It is this man who dreams the Savior Quest and becomes the Savior.

A deep desire is what gives birth to the Savior Quest. Just as sure as the rising sun follows the night's dream so does the power of desire for liberation grow with each succeeding Savior Quest. The cumulative needs and wants of a family or class of people is the implanted seed of desire within the Savior. The Savior's desire is nourished and cultivated by the collective sacrifices and prayers of many Fathers and Mothers hoping that their offspring is the one who fulfills the Savior Quest. As this desire grows to its maturity there is a life and volition of its own given to the Savior Quest.

Measuring with the Universal Calendar, the Savior Quest takes little time from its inception till the completion. From the time that the first injustices begin to tip the scales of Universal Laws onto an evil cant, till the uprising of the masses to set the scales straight and usher in a revolution to return the world to PEACE, our Sun would not have completed one revolution in the galaxy's time piece.

Never is there only one Savior born in the world in the times of needed change. Each section of the world and the various peoples in it receive a Savior to direct them to liberation from inequality and evil. Just as nature produces new life in a season but on no designated day or hour so it is with the coming of the Saviors.

For some people it is easy to accept the changes that occur in nature that are violent and bloody which maintain the equilibrium in the universal scheme of things, but when it comes to a need ~or a Savior or his followers to shed the blood of enemies for the existence of equilibrium in the human species they are repulsed and shrink back from the responsibility of cleaning their own home (earth). All of nature, not only the oppressed people of the world, are suffering from the abuses of a minority of selfish, greedy, and toxic specimens of the Homosapien species. It is the duty of the people that are true to the spirit of being made in God's (Allah's) image to fight against oppression. As it is written "Oppression is worse than slaughter." For those who don't know how to come to terms with the human and world dilemma that we face, I ask you to see through nature's eyes the Savior Quest.



Chapter 1

The Turtle

Never is there only one warrior born in a time of needed change. The forces amassed against any new and upcoming warrior are astronomical. His early life's perils are very much analogous to that of the sea turtle, thus warriors come into this world in a cluster like the turtles.

The parents carrying their history on their back, 360% of protective armor designed with bonded squares. Each square denoting a year gone by, some being smooth without blemish but the majority show scars from the many years of torture and fighting for survival. Deep within the Mother are secreted the numerous lives that hold hope for the continuation of a most ancient knowledge and creation, lovingly placed there by the Ancient One himself. This ancient Father is the source of life for the developing embryos and it is his blood and encoded blueprints that they are made of. He alone has plied the deepest and most dismal depths where troubled waters run. There he fought battles that are hardly known but the wisdom learned is transferred without limit to the future generations.

The Mother's contribution to the life giving of future generations is not without inherent perils. For her the dangers lurk not in the depths of her ocean home but on its bordering beach. She leaves the water under the cover of darkness at night and travels across the warm sand. Traveling far enough from the ocean so that its rising and falling tides along with the creatures that come and go with it will not be a threat to her offspring. Each successive foot that takes her further from the ocean adds a measure of safety to her clutch, but measure for measure adds danger to her own well being because she is out of her element. Once a suitable spot is selected, she begins to dig a deep hole in the sand to deposit the secret lives she carries within herself to their new secret incubator. Ironically, once again she is laboring, measure for measure, with each successive foot of advancement adding security to her unborn progeny and simultaneously lowering herself into danger. If she digs too deep or too long then she may not be able to return to the surface and mercifully finish the journey back home. When the excavation is completed she lays the delicate eggs, about the size of a child's heart and each pulsating with life, into the warm womb of Mother Earth. With, seemingly, her last portion of might she covers the eggs, which are rapidly hardening and acclimating themselves to their new environment, and levels off the surface into the semblance of the surrounding ground. Exhausted, she lumbers back to the ocean, at the same time taking care to camouflage her trail, and slips beneath the outgoing tide as the sun rises pushing back nights cool dark covers.

While incubating in the protective sand the developing life forms follow, without the slightest misstep, the directions and wisdom encoded by their Ancient Father on their genetic outline. As they develop their sustenance is derived from the enriched yolk, a gift from Mother, encased in the protective micro-system of the egg-world. All of the Mother's developed immunities against the sicknesses of the outside world are passed to the partakers of her golden formula. With these two gifts from their parents the embryos begin to grow.

The embryos grow mentally, physically and spiritually at an urgent rate because they are racing with nature's clock. If they are too slow in development there is a strong possibility that they will be eaten alive by their natural enemies. They must rise from the hot sands at the same time as the hundreds of other developing turtles that are in other nests. If they are too slow lit rising and moving across the hot sands to the ocean then they will be still under the sands when their enemies discover the nesting grounds by the signs of the exodus of the timely risers. Life and limb depended on being on time and in time with the Universal Clock/Calendar.

Once the turtles are fully formed inside the eggs they must rend their protective egg shells and begin life in the next world. Nature has equipped them with an egg tooth, a weapon

and tool, to begin their work of cutting and breaking. Driven by the encoded directions of their forefathers, the young turtles cut through the egg and battle their way up to the top of their sand world. The struggle is not easy and there are ones who are too weak physically or mentally and they give up the struggle and die buried in the very sands that had once bean their protection. For the strong who do sake it to the tap there is still the perilous journey across the sands on the open ground to the protection of the watery deep.

As the hundreds of younglings race along the very course that their mothers has crossed some are attacked by the various scavengers of the area. Because the young turtles are so small and vulnerable the serpents, canines, crabs, and other small scavengers assail them with impunity. Some of the youngling escape unscathed, while others are caught temporarily until they have fought so vigorously that their captor releases them and they continue their dash to liberation. Unfortunately there are still a number of lives lost to the wiles and laws or nature and they fill the jaws and belly of their enemy.

Bobbing on the surface or the waters for just a moment the little turtles say goodbye to their land cradle and dive into the welcome waters of their ancestral universe. There will be challenges ahead but the young turtles have met head on and overcome the first life and death challenge of their lives. Any battles to come will be no more than another hurdle to overcome for them. The spirit of survival tells them that struggle is a constant reminder that life, liberty, and peace are not to be taken for granted.



Chapter 2

PARADISE VALLEY RETURNED



Aiyah was standing on the appropriate overhang, that was not too far from the base of Black Mountain but high enough so he could see clear across Paradise Valley to the forest called Black Woods which stretched across to the west many miles. This was his thirty-fourth trip to Paradise Valley, which coincided with the years he has been living. The previous year here at Paradise Valley had been the most memorable of all.

Aiyah had been so excited during that thirty-third winter in the Black Mountains, a mountain chain that got its name from the highest mountain, Black Mountain, in the chain that spread across the middle of South Africa running north and south, because his horns had reached full circle giving him a cap of 360%. This achievement is very prized within the sheep community and gave him new respect amongst the other rams. There were many appraising stares and nods of acknowledgement. It had been a long time since he had gotten this type of complimentary attention.

When Aiyah was a lamb there was plenty of perustration of him because of his rare golden brown fleece. His fleece being very thick and nappy was evidence that he came from Royal Raman heritage. The novel golden brown hue was out of cinque with the coveted glossy black of the others in his lineage.

The Monarch Ram Aba had examined Aiyah during his First Year and Sprouting of Horns celebration. It was then that verified Aiyah as undeniably his beget. Later, when Aiyah had matured and joined the community of mature rams, Aba gave him special lessons and assignments. Aiyah initially mistook the hard assignments as an indication of Aba's disfavor and he would buck Aba's orders. This misbehavior on Aiyah's part brought swift retribution in the form of Aba's head cracking butt that would send anyone rolling several yards. With the growing of his horns and the passing of time Aiyah began to see how the other young rams his age and even a few older rams envied his assignments and the strict attention that Aba paid to his every move. It was then that he came to the understanding that his father's treatment was favorably special and not abusive nor malicious. All the lessons and training paid off in a big way for the flock and Aiyah but it was late in coming to save

Aba. In an ironic way It was Aba's death and the circumstances surrounding it that catapulted Aiyah into the Monarch Ram position. He was only 33 years old and enjoying his first Paradise Valley season as a Full Circle ram when destiny and tragedy struck.

During that climatic Paradise Valley season all the sheep had enjoyed the spring rutting, which Aba won, the long sweet summer fattening themselves with succulent grass, and then the feast of ripe fruit during the fall. there were a few casualties throughout the whole season as happens every year: two lambs were lost to wolves, one ewe, Bama, was bitten by a snake and died slowly over a 3 day period, and one young ram, Ahab, was killed in a boar rush. When the attack was launched against them Aba had given his warning call from the overhang, which was his watch post, and all the sheep ran for the rocky base of black Mountain and began to climb its sloping face. That is, all except Ahah. He chose this day to fight and die as is a ram's free will to do so. Usually it is a choice made by an old ram who has seen many winters and decides to stay in paradise Valley and return to its essence and not die in the cold mountains. Ahah was only 21 years old and had a little more than 180% of horn on his cap. He was characteristic of the few young rams Aiyah had seen die fighting boars over the years. They each

were burning with desire to reclaim Paradise Valley as sole sheep domain, as it once was before the boars got the upper hand and begun the Ram and Boar Wars.

The Ram's lost the Ram and Boar Wars and were forced to flee Paradise Valley and take refuge in the black mountains where they continued to run for many generations. Three Monarch Rams had reined during the humiliating years of running. There had been at least twelve King Boars during this same era who ruled the swine herds that lived in Paradise Valley and Boar Woods, which was called Green Woods before the wars. The Boars killed each other with impunity and only the most tyrannical and blood thirsty qualified to be a King Boar. The last three successive King Boars had been albino boars with white hairs growing out of ruddy mangy skin and gray-blue eyes that appeared empty of life and sense. Hulk was the King Boar on the day that Ahah returned to the essence of Paradise Valley.

It didn't take long for the four boars who converged on Ahab to kill him. He fought bard with the first boar he made contact with, breaking one of the boars tusks and crushing its snout. The remaining three boars slashed him open brutally and emptied his warm innards onto the ground to feast upon. Hulk didn't bother with the minuscule attack on Ahah, but continued to lead the thundering herd across the valley floor to the base of Black Mountain and halting there. He pranced the length of the base till he was right below the cliff Aba stood on. Turning one of his myopic gray-blue eyes to Aba, he issued several raucous grunts and piercing squeals challenging Aba to come down and fight for Paradise Valley. Aba in response, and according to ritual, issued a blasting bleat while charging into a boulder, which was pre-positioned along the edge of the overhang, and sent it crashing into the valley. This was Aba's way of saying: "My strength is here in the mountains, so come up here if you really want to fight me." The boulder had plowed through the very spot that Hulk was profiling in when Aba gave his charging bleat. Hulk had vacated the spot, a few seconds before the boulder came, already knowing the ritual being acted out and the parallel moves.

Hulk was sure that he along with his swine herd would rip Aba and his sheep apart in Boar Woods or on the flat grounds of Paradise Valley. The swine would use their gargantuan size and razor sharp tusks to an advantage on level ground, but on the rocky and sloping face of Black Mountain they would easily break a leg and be rendered immobile for a ram to crush their skull or break their neck with a well placed butt. To show his disgust with Aba's cowardice, interpreted in a hog's eye, Hulk unloaded a heap of dung, then proceeded to use his hoofs to kick it into the general direction of Aba with his flock. The swine herd romped, rooted for tubers, and churned up parts of the valley floor for two days straight without leaving during the heat of the day and returning to the woods. In the past they had always taken a heat break whenever they decided to take control of the valley for a day, at their whim. Aba should have given serious note to the seemingly small change in the routine of the swine. Hulk should have been reassessed as an enemy who needed to be guarded against with more scrutiny.

Late into autumn, when the best grass in Paradise Valley was cropped to the near bitter roots, the flock moved to the fringes of Boar Woods to eat the grasses that had been guarded from the summer's scorching sun by the trees. This grass was left for last because of the fear the sheep had of the boars and their raids. But the boars' raids had begun to lessen after Ahah's death and for the last two weeks there had not been a single raid. Aba and the flock had been lulled into a trap that would cost several sheep, including Aba, their lives.

On the fatefully tragic day it seemed that all the elements had conspired with King Hulk and the swine herd to entrap the sheep. There is a brook that runs into and out of Paradise

Valley. A tributary runnel from the brook fills a small pool off the center of the valley which gives the sheep a still body of water to drink from. Everyone had easily jumped across the brook, even the youngest lambs in the flock, to get to the Boar woods outer fringes where they were eating. Aba, Aiyah, and several of the very old sheep were the only sheep still on the Black Mountain side of the brook when the sky began to rapidly darken and fat rain drops began to leak from the clouds. It was an inexplicable flash storm that had crept across the mountain behind them bringing with it howling winds and torrents of rain water. As the rain began to fall, the flock slowly made its way across the valley towards Black Mountain. Before the sheep were halfway between the brook and the Boar Woods the ominous rain clouds burst open and their torrents of water cascaded from the sky, saturating the valley and swelling the brook into a rushing and gurgling stream. By the time the flock got to the stream only the rams and the bravest ewes were jumping over the restless stream to the other side. This left many ewes and all the lambs forsaken on the Boars Woods side of the stream and bleating in fear.

There was a flash of lightening accompanied by earth shaking thunder. In that twinkling of salient visibility Aba saw a ball of white followed by many forms separating themselves from the Boar woods. Immediately he bleated his warning to the flock for them to flee to Black Mountain and without hesitation he wheeled about and took off, like a black meteor, down the side of the mountain to help his imperiled sheep, or more than likely to die fighting for them. Hearing Aba's warning call, many of the sheep who were fearful of crossing became terror stricken and leapt across the stream and quickly bounded up the mountain side. But there remained at least ten ewes and fifteen lambs still frozen in fear on the doomed side of the stream. As Hulk and the other boars closed the distance between themselves and the bleating sheep a stunning and furious bleat cut through the din of the rushing stream, pouring rain, crying sheep, and pounding hoofs of the raiding boars. Hulk knew who had issued the challenge and he immediately altered his course to the direction that the call came from, while heralding his own counter challenge, consisting of rumbling grunts and piercing squeals, to his adversary Aba.

It was through the bleats of Aba and the grunts and squeals of Hulk that they closed upon each other in the portentous semi-darkness of noonday on the Black Mountain side of the stream. The first trike of this ill fated battle was in the favor of Aba because of his superior vision of Hulk's white hide which facilitated Aba's seeing his mark. Aba's first charge brought him horn to tusk dead center with Hulk and drove Hulk's snout savagely into the dense muddy ground. Hulk's momentum and amassed center bulk caused him to flip head over heels across Aba's smaller form and low position of attack. Aba was used to butting heads with rams but had never fought a boar, and having his opponent flip over his head after he struck a blow was very disconcerting for him. By the time he had gotten himself into position to ram Hulk again, Hulk had not only recovered but was coming back at Aba in a offside rush, slashing with his tusks. At this moment Aba made a crucial mistake that no seasoned fighter of the historical Ram and Boar Wars would have done, he charged straight at a boar coming on sideways. Unfortunately, Aba had never been in a real battle with a boar, he only knew the history of it and had did his part in the ritual skirmishes. Now he found himself on flat ground with a deadly opponent who has killed many times, victims being sheep and boars, and knew his trade well.

As Aba came within range to strike Hulk he lowered his head for impact, but Hulk had expertly timed him and whipped his head to the side at the last instant and Aba's blow landed on Hulk's massive shoulder. Simultaneously, as Aba's horns met Hulk, so did Hulk's tusks meet Aba's rib cage. Neither blow was instantly fatal, but each would prove decisive to the outcome of this battle to the death. Hulk felt and heard his shoulder give way, snapping like a dried tree

branch succumbing to unbearable weight. This caused him to lose use of his right front leg and his ability to remain standing cost him much pain. Hulk felt vindicated when he heard the sucking sound of Aba's punctured lung as he withdrew his tusks from the deflated right chest cavity. As the two combatant's tried to draw just far enough away from each other, to strike another substantial blow, they found it impossible to move more than a few inches from one another. Hulk had enmeshed his tusks with Aba's steel like black wool. Finding no hope of separating themselves for better positions to strike ideal blows, they contented themselves with ramming and slashing from close quarters. After a time, Aba had succeeded in turning Hulk's shoulder and lower neck into pulp, and Hulk had done a devastating job in shredding Aba's right side and breaking most of the ribs on that side. The pounding of Aba's horns against Hulk eventually stopped because Aba's blood and life had mixed into the mud of Paradise Valley, but Hulk continued slashing. Hulk's slashing of Aba's carcass continued not out of the ingrained meanness in him, nor from some ever flowing river of power in him, but because he felt a strange indescribable peril welling up around him. He- was working hard to sever himself from the dead weight of Aba. Now that the one on one battle he had been engaged in was over he could hear not only the terrorized and dying bleats of sheep, but there were also fear filled and dying squeals of boars being carried to him by the winds. Then as the squeals seemed to fade into the distance he could only hear tile plaintiff bleats of sheep. The uneasy feeling of peril that he had felt around him was beginning to permeate his hide and was roasting him with flames of fear inside. That is when he heard a high pitched keening wind like the sound of his tusks cutting through the air as he delivered the many death strokes to the past victims in his life. But his snout was hopelessly ensnared in the black steel coils of Aba's lifeless fleece so the sound couldn't be of his doing. Just when he decided that his ears were deceiving him he heard the bleat that Aba always used, before sending a boulder crashing down in to Paradise Valley, for him only ritualistic until this day. A split second later his grey-blue eye caught site of a golden brown blur which was his last thought eve, because the golden brown blur was Aiyah and he rended Hulk's head in two with a realistic stone crushing butt.

As if the death of King Hulk had broken some mysterious spell the rain slackened and the sky began to lighten. Within minutes the rain had completely stopped and the sky cleared up. The sheep who had reached refuge In the security of Black Mountain looked out across Paradise Valley and saw a sight that would no down in paradise valley history and passed on to every sheep in the world. They saw dead boars scattered from the brook to the edge of Boar Woods. Most intriguing of all was the sight of the golden fleeced Aiyah standing over his father Aba's body nipping at the black wool to extricate King Hulk's cloven head from the bloody and torn Royal Fleece

Aiyah later explained to all the sheep what he remembered of that strange and unforgettable afternoon. He told of how. When the lightning had flashed and the thunder rolled the earth under their hoofs he heard unfamiliar voices shouting to him right when Aba had shouted his warning to the sheep. But the voices he beard didn't shout warnings, they shouted a wool stretching ramming bleat much like the ritualistic one he had heard Aba use. But to his mind the shouts he now heard were more real and moving. He had ran down into the valley right along with Aba but they somehow became separated and he made a straight course for the loudly crying ewes and lambs. The boars had already begun their slaughter of the, thought to be foresaken, sheep when he got to them and this only served to add fervor to his battle drive. His first kill had been a boar that was pursuing an ewe across the stream. His ramming bleat had shocked the boar into temporary paralysis long enough for Aiyah to split his pig head like a ripe fruit. When he got to the main body of boars he found himself surrounded on all sides with bloodthirsty and over confident boars. They had always made quick kills on solitary rams who

stood up to them and fought. Aiyah lit into them like a tornado of golden lightning bent on breaking the swine's necks, backs, and rending their heads in two. Each time that the boars slashed at him trying to gouge him or at least snare his wool and slow him down to get a cross cut, their tusks only pulled away puffs of golden fleece and the next instant he was crushing the head of the offender. Aiyah could bear in his head the ramming bleab shouted by the unfamiliar voices right before every strike he made. It was like a surreal dream but he knew it was real when he heard and felt the bones crunch and smelled the running blood of his enemies as he dashed them with his horns. As the surviving boars turned in an attempted to retreat to the Boar Woods he gave chase and continued to thin their ranks. Upon his passing the borders of the Boar Woods still executing swine, he heard a voice in his head that was familiar and it came to him clearer than the others. It was the voice of his father, Aba the Monarch Ram, telling him that he was now the Monarch Ram.

Looking about, Aiyah sought to put a body with the voice in his head. He sensed where the dead body of Aba lay and knew that King Hulk still remained alive. That is when he turned out of the Black Woods, no longer Boar Woods, and ran as he had never run before. He felt as if he had sprouted the wings of a Golden Eagle and was flying across Paradise Valley to destroy the last spoor of a infestation that had stood between his repossessing Paradise Valley and the surrounding lands for not only himself, his flock, those sheep to come, those that had passed, but for all the sacred lives that the swine herd had disrupted with their filth and lickerish destruction. He knew that he was flying to his destiny after having survived the tragedy of his fathers demise in this Ram and Boar War to end all boars. When Aiyah split King Hulk's head he felt the rupture of the evil power that the Boars held on Paradise Valley and the Black Woods. From that day forward Paradise Valley would be in peace nestled between Black Mountain and Black Woods. The remaining swine were driven into the ocean where they drowned.

Aiyah's musing of last years events was broken and he was brought back to the overhang and his station by a group of frolicking lambs. He took notice that there were several golden brown lambs, many black lambs, and various shades in between. They were all the last that his father, Aba, had begotten. He smiled thinking about the peaceful future and speculated that the next Monarch Ram could be Black, Brown, Red, or Gold and they all would be in Paradise Valley.



Chapter 3

ANIMAL COURT

The four Weimaraners herded the ram into the courtroom. Each held a position to keep the ram tightly encircled as they led him past the jury box and witness stand to the defense table on the other side of the room away from the jurors and witnesses that would soon be brought in. They were coming from the jail in the back of the courthouse where the citizen animals, who were accused of various infractions against the United Slaveowner's Association (U.S.A.), were caged to await their trial or sentencing.

The jail was a cesspool of animal waste, sweat, and all pervading miasma of fear and hopelessness. The pigs and dogs who supervised and maintained the jail loved and thrived in the decadent conditions while their captives crumbled with despondency and depression eventually wasting away. Many who could not or would not consider fighting their charges at a trial, which meant staying in the jail for years waiting for a mule or jenny to hear their case, signed themselves into the big slave prison camps for life. The ram had not signed a plea, bargaining his liberation to the U.S.A. without a fight. Because of his hard headed (as the slave system described him and those like him) ways he was constantly abused by the pigs and dogs within the jail.

Now the ram's long wait was over and his day in Animal Court had arrived. Sitting at the defense table he swiveled his head taking in as much of the courtroom scene as he could. There were many animals in the room because his case was the talk of the slave states. U.S.A. vs. Star, which was the ram's name, was posted everywhere for months. He was a Black Ram accused of killing a Blue Doberman pinscher.

The Blue Doberman pinscher was an attack dog trained by the state as one of its killer dogs. Everyone knew that a lot of money paid by the slave and half-citizen animals went into the Institution of Attack Dogs (I.A.D.). On the rare occasions that a Full Citizen who was protected by the Animal's Rights Constitution (A.R.C.) was killed by a slave or half-Citizen it was always expected that the U.S.A. would kill the accused animal. No one wanted to complain openly about the many non-A.R.C. protected animals who were killed each day by tyrannical pigs and dogs who ran amuck under the cover of law and order. Those who complained and were caught usually died under mysterious circumstances or found themselves before an angry mule or jenny who despised any one who attempted to claim being victims of the U.S.A. The mules and jennies considered themselves as having served as the world's last ultimate victims of tyranny and they tolerated no competition. So the slaves and Half-Citizens suffered and died without much resistance.

Star took note of all the animals in the Courtroom. If not individually, he at least mentally acknowledged all the representations. There were the regular court staff of: two Labrador Retrievers to bring the mule his books and papers (most mules preferred female retrievers because they were not only keenly attentive to the fickle whims of their master but they were intelligent enough to do most of the mule's work and let him take the credit for the hard labor); one Irish Setter (which mules and jennies report are: dogs who work harder than mainland bread dogs and for less reward just for the opportunity to show that they are as good a dog as an English worker dog) to point out and/or flush those who disturb the courtroom; a Mockingbird was perched in front of the mule's high platform.



There were two rows of Signifying Monkeys (they made a lot of grandiose gestures about the freedom of speech but they dared not signify anything that would offend the U.S.A. or they would be news themselves in the next days obituary) who took pictures of Star and asked him incentive questions in order to get a violent response from him to justify the hateful and demeaning articles they had been writing about him for months in their state regulated News Papers.

The largest representations in the room were the Institution of Attack Dogs and the Fraternity of official Pigs (F.O.P.). The I.A.D. had over a hundred dogs in the room consisting of: a majority of Blue Doberman Pinschers (who like to be referred to as Dogs in Blue because of their blue hued coats), next in number were the Red Doberman Pinschers (these were called Red Necks because of the all metal Z-spike link collars they wore around their red furred necks); a few token Black Doberman Pinschers, Rottweilers, and some mix breeds showed up; and most importantly, two White Belgium Shepherds Sat In the back of the court room (they were a sign to everyone including the mule that there had to be a conviction and sentence of death in this dog killing case). The Official Pig were: four wild boars with Foreign Dignitary status who had fled South Africa after the Paradise Valley routing they received by the horns of Aiyah the Monarch Ram (they seized every opportunity to see oppression in action in order to stoke their nostalgia for the old South Africa in Boar Woods in Paradise Valley), the Mayor Ham Hog and his Fire Chief brother Razor Back where there with many swine from the Swine market where they sold carrion and other pig delicacies, and then there were the many pigs in blue (they were artificially colored in blue to work in U.S.A. law enforcement). The Official Pigs wore their fancy ribbons and other regalia in their usual effort to dazzle the eyes and try to keep animal's attention off of the smell which the pigs were certainly notorious for. Destroying olfactory functions of those who spend too much time close to them was a common occurrence. The pigs and dogs were trying to out do each other with their foul mouths and cocking their legs to urinate or defecate on themselves and each other. They relish being dirty dogs and filthy pigs.

Directly behind Star sat his twenty family members and supporters. There would have been more but the mule had put a limit on his number of attended supporters and Star felt that even they who showed up would suffer for their being overtly on his side. Those who showed were both his parents (his father a ebony Black Ram with thick well groomed black wool and a full circle of horn on his cap and his mother a Golden Brown Queen Ewe with glittering brown eyes, that peaked out from under her close cap of golden wool) five sisters and four brothers (a mixture of royal colored fleeces from golden brown to ebony black, and ages varied from lambs to rams and ewes with lamb's of their own), a Monarch Ram, named Omar (who drew many barks and squeals because pigs and dogs working for the U.S.A. resented any ram that possessed a cap of Double OO horns and was not bowed from the weight he carried on his head, Omar had capped 360% of horn by the time he was sixteen years old and had doubled it by the time he reached 32 when others were just getting their first full circle), four aunts and two cousins (ewes with intelligence, strength, and radiating love), the Flock Matriarch (smiling and giving encouragement she had no fear at all of those in the court or outside of it for she had Spiritual faith and strength that was palpable), and sitting in a position that put himself between the sheep and anyone who might try to harm or intimidate them was the Godfather a Black Pitbull terrier (he had knowledge, wisdom, and understanding of all they taught at the I.A.D. and a lot more that was a natural part of him).

The Irish Setter barked an order and pointed rigidly at the door to the hallway. A pig separated himself from a group in back of the court and pushed through the swinging corral doors. In short order the court doors burst in and there was a flurry of bright feathers and a lot



of clucking. The U.S.A. had assigned two of their best fighters to prosecute Star. He knew their reputation as top flight murdering Cocks for the government. They were a rooster and hen team named Rend All and Barb Sissy. The rooster, Rend All, was infamous for his dirty prosecution tactics like soliciting perjured testimony through bribes or threats, paying mules or jennies to give him total sway in cases before them, and he had murdered defense witnesses to prevent them from coming to court. It was said he would spur his own mother for some chicken feed. Barb Sissy was a dull plumed, obese, and ragged mouthed hen that used her barbs to bloody the opposing team. She was notorious for hitting the heart after dragging herself across the ground like a broke wing chicken in front of the jury evoking their sympathy for her and the pitiful condition she cast herself to be in, while making it appear that the accused is the cause of all her woes. Her barbs are poisoned with all sorts of corruption and her wins seldom stand up under later scrutiny by qualified and less corrupted judges. Star and his family could not afford to hire a real fighter for his defense like the unbeatable Black rooster Jay Cock Run who had run more government cocks into the dirt than anyone else. Even if his whole family sold all their wool and were completely fleeced, they could not be sure to hire Jay Cock Run. Since he could not pay for the fighter he needed Star had insisted upon representing himself in the fight but the mule had denied his request at an earlier hearing and assigned two chickens to speak for him in this case. They were not game cocks at all. They were two roosters that were commonly referred to as "oven stuffer roasters" or "parts birds" because of the many cases they lost and sent their clients to death (ovens) or slave prison camps (were they came apart). A wooden decoy duck hand more mental reflex than the two defense birds. Both were all white and had big red protrusions hanging in the center of their faces. They were obvious alcoholic birds and came from the mass production chicken farms were they rubber stamped the lack luster attorney birds and sent them to do low rate services for slaves and Half-Citizens. One was named White Bird because of his color and it was a popular generic name and the other was called Big Rose because the red growth on his face sometimes looked like a drooping rosebud. There was a lot of paper ruffling and indignant clucking as the birds prepared themselves for the judge's entry.

The Irish Setter barked orders for all to rise and went rigidly pointing to a stall door at the front of the courtroom behind the big oaken platform. Everyone in the room stood except for Star. The Weimaraners moved to attack him but froze in their tracks as the stall door opened quickly and the Judge, a large beige mule, stepped smartly onto the oaken platform and the only parts of him that were showing was his head and shoulders because the rest of the body was covered by a heavy black horse blanket fastened in front and back. His semi breeding (horse and jackass) was evident in all his features and color. According to the Mule Law Journal his pedigree papers read: Mule, sex-male, sire-Saudi Jackass, dame-White Palfrey, stud servicing-N/A (sterile). Like many mules his name, Obas Freedhorse, exemplifies his preoccupation with slavery and his insecurity about his semi breeding.

Observing that Star did not stand up Judge Freedhorse snorted his disapproval and tapped his hoof once and called Court into session telling everyone they could be seated. Looking down his nose at Star the mule asked him why he didn't show the proper respect by standing as everyone else did. Star told him that he was not going to participate in this farce of a trial nor show any honor to a wannabe-horse, jackass. This caused the mule to explode into wild kicking and braying. The whole court was stunned into slack jawed and wide eyed uncertainty about the mules insanity. After some of his fury had subsided the mule ordered the Weimaraners to get Star out of his courtroom. Each of the four Weimaraners grabbed Star by one of his legs and they wrestled him to the filthy courtroom floor. There were excited barks and squeals from the many dogs and pigs, and the monkey's were vying with each other to take a picture of Star being unceremoniously dragged across the court floor and out the door he had



been brought in. The twenty supporters of Star decided to leave the courtroom also because they refused to sit through any proceedings Without Star being there. As they left they were jeered and snapped at by the rabble sitting near the isles and those closest to the doors leaving exiting the room. After giving the crowd a few minutes to vent their enthusiasm the judge hammered his hoof and brayed for order in his court. Once the court had come to a semblance of order the much used machinations of conducting a counterfeit trial were continued. The jury was composed of a majority of Full Citizens, then a few fearful Half-Citizens were put in to give the farce a token appearance of fairness. The defense chickens raised a few objections to some of the pigs the prosecutor selected for the jury but the mule overruled the objection and let them be on the jury.

The prosecuting chicken, Rend All, gave his opening statement to the jury and it was packed with lies, contradictions, and obvious fabrications of physical evidence. Rend All was good at doing a lot of crowing and beating the air and his chest with his wings. White Bird tried to make an opening statement but the rowdy audience, which went uncorrected by the judge, constantly interrupted him. He eventually gave up and sat down.

The prosecution brought in each of their apparently well rehearsed witnesses, the majority of whom were dogs and pigs who claimed to have saw it all. The few witnesses that may have really been on the scene of the killing were clearly saying anything that would help the prosecutors case and prevent themselves from being ripped apart by the dogs who had interrogated them at the outset of the investigation. The defense birds questioned none of the dogs or pigs who took the witness stand, and the few questions they asked the other witnesses were worthless. All of the delusive physical evidence was allowed into the case and the defense chickens made no challenges to it. When the prosecutors rested their case the defense team offered no witnesses or evidence and said that they rest their case too.

Getting bored with the charade and games, the mule decided that he would speed things up by asking the jury to give a yeah or nay vote right there in court, because there was no need to deliberate about what was surely an open and closed case. Everyone in the courtroom cheered the mules decision and then quieted down to hear the jurors' vote. The mule asked that all those in favor of finding the Black Rain, Star, guilty of the heinous crime of murdering a Blue Doberman pinscher who was carrying out his duty to say "yeah." One by one the jurors stood up and said "yeah." One black had hesitated for a moment with tears in his eyes before he voted yeah, but his tears were ignored and all were happy that he said what he was supposed to say. The mule hammered his hoof arid said that after a unanimous vote of the jury of Star's peers finding him guilty of murdering a U.S.A. Full Citizen in cold blood he had no choice but to sentence the defendant to death. The rabble in the courtroom burst into uproars of "Kill him! Kill him! Killll himmmmm! ! ! " The mule smiled, showing his rotten jackass teeth, being very pleased with himself. Rend All and Barb Sissy added their crows and loud clucks to the pandemonium overflowing the room. White Bird and Big Rose figured it would be in their best interest to use the rampant delirium as cover for them to slip out of the courtroom as quick as possible. They didn't want the mob to decide they needed some bloodshed to tide them over till Star was delivered to them.

After a considerable amount of celebrating the mule signaled to the Irish Setter and it gave one long howl. The noise in the courtroom slowly quieted till all that could be heard was the howl. All were waiting to see what was going on. When the howl had ended the mule nodded his head to the Irish Setter, who wagged his tail in delight at the mules approval of his work. The mule then explained the congested courtroom that he planned to make a lasting



example of Star so that all slaves and Half-Citizens would know how they were going to deal with anyone who went against the U.S.A. There was to be no mob beating or killing of Star that day but a public execution would be held where they could invite their family and friends to watch and enjoy. There were murmurs of agreement and a few dissents which were immediately hushed. A guillotine was to be placed in the historical Society Hill Square so everyone would know where to meet and the event could be historic in connotation and setting. The execution was to take place thirty days from this day and this would give time for the Signifying Monkeys to get their media casting done and publicize to as many animals as possible. The monkeys were nodding their heads vigorously in agreement. The mule then dismissed the court with three stumps of his hoof and the Irish Setter came to attention and barked "all rise." Which didn't have to be said because everyone had been on their feet throughout the celebration and had never sat back down. The mule turned from the platform and went through the stable door in the front of the courtroom into his chambers.

On the day of the planned execution there was much fanfare on the part of the U.S.A representatives from all over the country: the Bush's (bush hogs from the mid west) were there as a clan; the Ridge's; (ridgeback swine from the mountainous areas) came with an appropriate Governor's I.A.D. escort; the New Yorky's (Yorkshire terriers mixed various other small dogs from the east coast New Dogland areas) came with much ardor guided by their Governor, a guinea pig, who was riding on the back of a white mule; the Tex-Asses (jackasses, mares and their begotten mules) were easily distinguished with their ten gallon hats covering their big ears; the Pelican's (deformed gray birds from the west coast who ran the largest and most abusive slave camps on that coast) were there with a token entourage of Gate Mouthed porkers; there were many local and national I.A.D. members with black ribbons around their necks instead of their usually leather and metal collars; local and national F.O.P. members showed up in masses with their sows and piglets in tow (the monkeys had reported that there would be plenty of free food in order to get the biggest turn out of pigs they could); the Sea Hawks (who were really scavenger gulls that renamed themselves hawks after the forming of the U.S.A. and they never missed an opportunity to rally at a politically correct event) were the elected officials from the Riverside, Eastern Shore, and Bay Area slave districts; the Bald Eagles (who were really vultures that scavenged and fed on carrion and only raised to prominence after the establishment of the U.S.A. then reclassified themselves as eagles) were the national leaders over the whole U.S.A. and they were also the birds who sat as the Congress for Innovation of Animal Acquisitions (C.I.A.A.) (where new laws were constantly made to change and improve the wealth of Full Citizens while depleting any semblance of rights or values that the Half-Citizens and slaves still clung to.

Three hours before Star was to be brought to the Society Hill Square for execution there was a big change in the proposed festivities of the day. It all began during the awards ceremony being held in the square, as an opening event before the actual execution. First a Greyhound had come running into the square, from the River Front road, barking an alarming message. He was saying "They're coming!" over and over again as he passed the milling crowd in the square. But before anyone could slow him down to find out who was coming and why he was so panicked, a pigeon alighted in front of the perched Bald Eagles and began chirping his own distressing news. It seemed that he had been traveling three days trying to catch up with the leaders to warn them that the pigeon informant network had been sending news from all over the country that animals were gathering together and fighting against slavery and the execution of slaves and Half-Citizens. He also said that as he traveled across the land he saw many animals herded together and moving all in this general direction. Right now he estimated that there were several million animals who were already mobilized against the government. Before this

terrifying news could even sink in there was a burst of alarms being sounded all around the hill, not just inside the square.

The pigeons who had been turning in reports, for several days before the event, were mostly dead by the time the final report had reached the Bald Eagles. But their reports were true. The masses of animals throughout the U.S.A. had finally decided to do something about the government that had been running amok and killing and enslaving the domestic working animals of their country. All the petitions and peaceful marches had not only failed to bring about a positive change but it had only served to give the tyrants reason to enslave and kill with more impunity. Now they were doing what they should have done when they had first saw signs of their natural born and constitutional rights being taken away by the new laws being instituted by the C.I.A.A. Each slave and Half-Citizen were now going to fight for their rights and freedom. No longer could they remain in a state of passive acceptance of the cold blooded murders and forced slavery perpetrated by the U.S.A. against the animals who lived inside the country or those outside of it. This time they would succeed because the rebellions did not start or end in one spot where the citizens could be easily isolated and crushed by the I.A.D. and F.O.P. Every area that had a prison slave camp or an urban labor district were in revolution to overthrow the corrupt and oppressive Full Citizens and their enforcer forces. Because the national leaders were concentrating on the upcoming execution they had not been in place to call on the army animals to murder the uprising masses.

The Half-Citizens were the most important front line fighters in the success of the Revolution to win back the full citizenship rights for all the animals. When the slaves learned that there was serious fighting being done by the Half-Citizens to help them get their freedom, they too stopped working and began to use their tools as weapons to fight against the dogs and pigs holding them captive. When the dogs and pigs tried to call for reinforcements, no help was forthcoming because each district was swamped with fighting or running from the animals in their areas that they had abused and enslaved for years. The herds and flocks of animals and birds that were seen moving towards the Society Hill area had already liberated the prison slave camps and urban sweat shops in their own districts and were now banding together to remove the lead tyrants of the U.S.A.

By the time that the Birds and animals within the square realized the true magnitude of the situation and decided to flee, it was too late. The sky above them was filled with layers of birds of various species and they were circling at different altitudes and there was no escape for the scavenger birds who had fed on the weak for generations. All around Society Hill there could be seen multitudes of animals crushing through the ranks of pigs and dogs that were trying in vain to stop the juggernaut of liberated animals who were casting off the stigma of slavery and Half-Citizenship. As the masses pushed closer and the circling birds began to lower the living roof they formed over the hill, the once arrogant scavenger birds, swine, mules, and dogs began to plead for their lives and make all types of promises about changes that would be made so that all animals would be equal and there would be no more slavery, imprisonments, and certainly no more executions (of course the idea of killing was the last thing they wanted on any animals mind at this moment). but the masses kept coming on ever closer and as the U.S.A. leaders began to look into the faces of the former slaves and former Half-Citizens they saw them as real individuals. To their horror they recognized the masses as no longer being animals but actual HUMAN BEINGS!

Chapter 4

THE ACOLYTE



The Acolyte had sat by the sea for quite some time. During his vigil he set and learned from many a Sage and Holy-person. He sat on a rock at a point on the border of the lake called "The Golden Gate Bridge". It was at this point a learned master of various schools would walk across the water of the lake at its widest point and not sink into the water.

The Acolyte had watched the crossings in awe at first. Then he began to question the various masters and learn what he could of their various faiths. He knew that there was no trick of the mind or eye involved because he had seen the charlatans almost drown in the water and need rescuing. In the beginning when he tried his feet at walking the waters there was someone to pull him out to keep him from drowning and school him on the necessity of further studying. Now he was able to walk several yards into the lake before the motion of the waters would pull him in and he would wade back to shore.

Then came the day that changed him forever. It was the year 2,000 by one calendar, 6,000 by another, and year 1 by the New Nation calendar. Only the top masters of very known and some unknown teaching in existence were crossing the lake for the Big meeting in the East.

It was quite a sight to see for the acolyte. There were Masters so advanced that they actually took off from the beach and flew across the water with several yards between them and the water below. Others walked on the water and wherever their feet touched steam would rise because the water dissipated wherever it touched their Holy being.

The line for crossing was substantial and the acolyte took this opportunity to question as many Masters as he could. He learned more in this one day than in all the years of his being at lakeside of the "The Golden Gate Bridge" crossing. He felt within himself that he could at the least cross the waters without sinking or getting wet and at the most fly at a moderate height. These thoughts were not only his but several Masters had commented that they knew he was capable.

With these reassurances the Acolyte got at the end of the procession right behind an elderly Blackman. They had a cordial conversation as the line advanced and the acolyte learned that the gentleman in front of him is called Elijah. Then Elijah came to the edge of the water he offered to allow the Acolyte to proceed him across but the Acolyte politely declined this gracious offer. Elijah stepped into the water and began walking deeper and deeper into the cold currents. The acolyte was aghast. He began shouting in earnest pleading for Elijah to come back. However; Elijah proceeded on calmly and called over his shoulder to the Acolyte that he would see him on the other side. Then the water engulfed him. At the sight of Elijah disappearing under the waters the acolyte looked around in utter confusion seeking help or advise from anyone, but the shore on this side was empty. After a minute of indecision and seeing that Elijah had not surfaced he began walking into the water to attempt to save him if he could.

The water was cold and very salty. He dove under to try and see where Elijah was. To his surprise Elijah was walking under the water as easy as a person walks on land. Swimming within reach of Elijah he touched his shoulder to get his attention. Elijah turned to the Acolyte and said "Peace Be With You," in a clear voice without distortion. Elijah's demeanor was as if he expected to be interrupted on his stroll under water. Elijah reached out for the Acolyte's hand with his right hand and with the left he gestured before himself inviting the Acolyte to take

the walk with him. The Acolyte took the proffered hand and putting total faith and trust in this little Blackman he began to walk with him through the water.

As they walked through the waters going ever deeper into the lake Elijah instructed the Acolyte about the Creation of the Universe and all creation. He explained that the waters of the world remained yet a mystery to all of the other masters who walk on the water and fly through the air. The Acolyte knew that the lake, which he sat at for years, was called the Dead Sea but he was now learning why it was so called. Elijah taught him that it was the deepest body of water on the planet and it was said that the 'Finger Of God' had touched the earth at this point when Sodom and Gomorrah was destroyed. Elijah explained that it was his job to awaken the dead and bring life out of these troubled waters. As they proceeded through the lake Elijah would point out different areas that were showing definite signs of having been uplifted and exhibiting life - forms and regeneration. The life -forms were odd looking but beautifully exotic in their own special way. Elijah took time to demonstrate his recreation powers and taught the Acolyte how to breath life into the fossils on the lake bottom and teach the new life-forms to be self sustaining and reproduce more life and multiply to fill the lake.

Time passed by almost unnoticed for the Acolyte. He was enjoying the lessons Elijah was instructing him in and the recreation work was beyond mere words to express. The Acolyte became so wrapped in the work and the progress that was going on that he didn't notice the emergence of the opposite shore of the "Golden Gate Bridge". When they stepped out of the water he was feeling really good about himself and everything in the Universe. Then he looked at his surrounding and remembered that this was the opposite shore and he was expecting to see the many Masters that had made the crossing before them. There was no one in sight and this shore was much different than the shore he left. On this side there was beautiful plant and animal life everywhere. It seemed a virtual paradise. He turned to Elijah and said "Where is everyone and why is this side so different from the other?" Elijah smiled at him pleasantly then gently took him by the shoulder and turned him to face the opposite shore. The Acolyte let out an expulsion of air and began to tremble uncontrollably. Elijah took him into his arms and said "Peace Be With You My Son." The Acolyte stopped trembling and with a steady hand he pointed. For before him was a lake unlike any he had ever seen in his life. The waters were clear from shore to shore and life abounded throughout. The air itself seemed to shimmer with a life - force of its own. Looking about like a newborn babe the Acolyte asked another question, "How could this be?" Elijah taking the measure of his words and waiting till the right time answered, "We have made all things new and regained our position as vicegerents of this world and the Universe that holds it."

The Acolyte shook his head from side to side, still in a state of uncertainty about the wonders that surrounded him. Seeing his confusion Elijah began to teach him the meaning of what had transpired. Elijah explained that the year 2,000 marked the end of the Judeo/Christian era, and the year 6,000 that coincided with the year 2,000 marked the end of the Gentile times. The Masters that walked on to the waters had failed to bring Peace and healing to the world. The planet and its creation where on the brink of total destruction and it was time for the Supreme Master to bring everything back to the Original way that life was intended. The Acolyte began to move his head up and down in understanding. He was able to put the rest together for himself. He understood that there was only one teaching now and he had been walking with the Supreme Master and doing the work that was now manifested all around him. The true master walks within the troubled waters to set things straight and not on top of the waters or flying above the waters. No longer was he the Acolyte but he had become....