

IN MEDUSA'S MIRROR

A tragicomedy in six acts ~ by maia

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IN MEDUSA'S MIRROR: A tragicomedy in six acts

A collection of essays, poems and miscellaneous bits of wonder-whys by a writer who's part Billy-Graham-minus-Bible, part David Copperfield-without-wand. Mama's chicken soup for the soul is served up here, while the author does battle with our worst enemies...our long-deluded selves.

IN MEDUSA'S MIRROR contains philosophical/inspirational essays and poems on social problems and human behavior from both First World and Third World perspectives, the poetry maïa aptly calling "philosetry."

A global phenomenon in the making, readers the world 'round claim that maïa is just what this sorry, sick world needs most right now. Nothing escapes her scrutiny and absolutely nothing is sacred...least of all, what we hold *most* sacred. This is an angry Earth Mother, chewing us out, while lovingly setting us straight.

This mirror makes one see *everything*...gives us a whole new way of looking at life and how we live it...to really see ourselves, for a change. This work gives a startling new slant on everything we think we "know" about us...it's a mirror into the human mind...and into our souls. This is a must read...fan or foe, no one touched by its unique, powerful outlook will ever again see things as they used to. This new era we've just entered *needs* a new vision...you'll find it *here!*

As we explore our future in this new millennium, maïa will change our minds about the past ones...and our present. If the next cataclysm *is* overdue and we soon will have to "face the music" for bad behavior, what she has to say will convince us we deserved it! Those who wish to live on well into this century would be wise to heed her advice.

Are you brave enough (& *honest* enough) to look into **MEDUSA'S MIRROR?**

Go ahead, I dare you!

E. M. Fay, Writer-Animal Rights Activist

In Medusa's Mirror

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Overture / Reality Fix

Reality Fix

I see
fake people
living **fake** lives
in **fake** stone houses
with **fake** wood roofs
and **fake** frogs
in their **fake** ponds
make **fake** sounds
when anything moves,
to make everything else seem *real*.

I meet
phony people
with **phony** ideas
of **phony** ideals
that **phony** minds
and **phony** souls
in old **phony** bodies
made **phony** truths
when anyone asked,
to make everyone else *feel* real.

I know
bogus people
living **bogus** lives
in **bogus** lifestyles
with **bogus** relationships
and **bogus** jobs
in big **bogus** rackets
make **bogus** excuses
whenever I ask,
“How do you *know* what’s real?”

...*do* you?

A Voyeur Confesses

I begin to wonder why I watched every minute of the OK City bombing coverage; every day of O.J. Simpson's travesty of a trial; 24-hours-a-day, minus only a few for sleep, of the TWA massacre; and all major human awfulness since—and I KNOW why I can't turn it off. I DO know why CNN has become my lifeline to death and destruction. The reason? So my pain will NOT abate. So my rage will stay pure and white-hot. So I will not—as most will—forget what mankind is all about. So I will not be able to ignore WHAT WE ARE.

“Love, brotherhood, sisterhood and unity...” those words were spoken by an Atlanta politico-cum-promoter about his city's golden prize, the Olympics—which began just hours after 230 humans were blown to bits in the sky by some other human, regardless of whether through carelessness or design. Hot on its heels, even more game-playing carnage was accomplished right in the midst of those “games.” The message? Above all, let's not let the billion-buck business of “pure” sportsmanship be disturbed or diminished by merely the latest of man's bestial acts against his fellow men. Which, like many another commission of horror, was most likely done at the behest of one particular god whose war against other gods must be waged at all costs—to us.

Let's just spout platitudes of puerile sentiment like those above, that mean zip to those hundreds of dead bodies or to their grieving loved ones—or to those zillions who preceded them in undeserved death and grief. Or to those who've since followed them or to those who will be next. Why do I not just “go on” with my life after shedding a tear or two to show I “care,” you ask? Why don't I look at all the “good” things in this life and simply “accept” our human burden? After all, it's “Original Sin-earned” isn't it?

Why? Because to me, it is all completely, totally and 100% absolutely UNacceptable, that's why! I WILL feel each and every victim's pain and terror. I WILL ache with the grief of all who are left bereft of a loved one. And I WILL rage and demand vengeance along with all of them! I will NOT let this power of an outraged soul wane, as the horror fades from its first shockingly potent moments into the non-stop media coverage and official cover-ups that invariably come next.

Let others “accept” what they convince themselves they can't change/prevent/stop. They lie. Comfortable with their conscience-calming lies, they can go about their ordinary lives in ordinary ways, say an absolving prayer or three and cop out with that classic CYA maneuver, “...of course, I care.” I can't lie to myself or to others that easily. I have to make sure I never learn how—and TV's a great reverse-teaching resource. Seen in warts-'n-all fine detail, mealy-mouthed hypocrites, sensationalism-supported news dispensers and the self-deluded “sincere” provide a nonstop parade, a vaudevillian array that maintains my lie-less state. Seeing all, I can deny nothing. As a lifeform, we really stink. With the stench kept full-force before my nose, I may gag—but I don't have to worry about mistaking a skunk for a rose.

Pain and sorrow—gut-wrenching, soul-twisting. Tears—sporadic, sobbing torrents of sadness. And rage. The constant, deadly wrath of a mind that despises who/whatever was the cause, both immediate and original. Someone somewhere must keep them fresh. Why me? That’s a question I don’t even ask. Someone just has to, that’s all. Perhaps I’m preempting man’s conception of god by being a jury of one, a judge of all. But because I can, I guess I’m supposed to. So, I do. I will speak for the dead. I will plead for the suppressed. I will protest for the abused, ill-used, tortured. I will judge and condemn for the weak, the timid, the silenced victims of mankind’s past, present and future. Who dares to stop me, let them try!

Words once committed to ear and eye, like energy of any kind, can never be destroyed. And, the thoughts they convey, unlike energy, canNOT be form-changed, no matter how a written/printed/taped entity may be manipulated. Once expressed, my words live forever, leaping mind-to-mind among those who grasp their meaning—and any recipients who are to come after. While there is speech and language, there will be my “voice” raised in objection to injustice, humankind’s inhumanity, any and all waste. And also calling for retribution. Demanding reparation for the crime of creating us in the image of such a bloodthirsty, anguish-loving control freak!

I will not be silenced by my own human-fueled cowardice nor by any influence of others’—earthly or celestial. Reaching just one accepting, concurring, possibly validating intellect is enough for me to continue and reason enough to not stop. In truth, I suppose I, myself am that “one.” What turned me loose with my avenging pen doesn’t matter, for what I have to say needs to be said. I WILL speak for the dead. And plead, protest, wail, accuse, judge and condemn. Expecting it to make no difference, I nonetheless seem to have no choice in the matter.

If, “...in the beginning, was The Word...” (of God or whoever), at the end are these, my words. No holy Bible, Torah, Koran, or such purporting to speak for one god or another, mine are merely the puny words of a seeker of truth at the cost of comfort, a verbal mirror that discloses the face of man and his divine excuse— exposing our creator’s not-so-noble aspect, in whose image we may indeed have been made. Mirror, mirror, on the wall..... “Fairest of them all?” So—who promised “fair”?

I do believe in “playing fair” however, so here’s a “reality check” for us both...

Attention All Kooks!

On the slim-to-none off chance there may be a few more out there, I'm issuing a call to all (or any) nuts like me. Hard to believe there could be, but these days, you never know. Strange things are happening all over the place. Really, really weird "connecting" stuff's been going on in my life for going on two years, now. Chains of what should just be accidents or coincidences— but can't be. Too, too many "clicks" to ignore. And they all sort of drew me into doing this—whatever it is.

So, I'm looking for company. Anyone else out there having a weird life lately? Find yourself doing "180's" in all the courses you'd set for yourself? If some drastic changes seem to be "being made" for you and even the newest and oddest aspects of your lifestyle feel as "right" as if you'd been born doing them, we may have a lot in common. So many people I've come across in my travels lately, have a definite firm "sense" of our world's days being very few, that I can't help but take my gut feeling of a soon-to-be doomsday seriously. Should any of you with other similar-to-mine funny stuff also share that one, it's a cinch there's a connection somewhere. Let's check it out together.

Write to me at the address you'll find tagged onto the very end of this book and put "Clicks" above your return address, so I'll know it's about this and can get to it right away. I'd like to say I'll answer everyone, but if there's more than 2 or 3, I'll have to let what you write tell me which ones to get back to. That's the way this weirdness works. I don't make any decisions any more about anything. Crazy as it sounds, things just decide for me. All I can say is—it works. So, why fight fate, right?

Whatever is going on in (and beyond?) this world of ours, there's a "good" and "evil" feeling to it. And we're way overdue for a "good"-side victory, I think. The trouble is, this human race of ours doesn't really deserve one, to judge from the evidence so far presented. Maybe, though, a few will get to go on to the next level, like in those useless, stupid game shows and all those electronic video things. It's a nice thought. Let me know what you think, if any of this sounds familiar, okay? Till then, finish reading all this stuff, keep on reading all kinds of things, and keep taking a long, hard, good look at everything.

Ooops!

If earth is a living organism, humans would be its brain, right?. And when conscious, deliberate behavior/actions directed by your brain damage the body, your body sickens and dies, killing you (your brain) along with all the rest of it. Still right, right? It's the same with earth and us humans, dummy! When we finish finishing her off, she's gonna take us with her. 'N it's not her fault, is it?!

[You'll notice, before you go much further, that this book is a kind of thinking out loud exercise that I neglected to keep to myself. While on first glance it may seem to be heavily salted with questions, you'll soon find answers sneaking up on

you—from the depths of your own mind.]

Self-Abuse

Introspection has been likened to a form of mental masturbation. The analogy, if it were bilaterally accurate, would have one diddling oneself through zipped-up jeans, with work-gloved hands, neither of the involved bodily parts thus able to enter into the spirit of the enterprise by either feeling or response. Such is also the unsatisfiable nature of contemplation, when the “part” you seek is so heavily clothed in acquired layers of data that your fumbling probe, itself similarly swathed and swaddled, can’t even tell if it’s made contact. And when it has, the itch can’t ever be scratched in just the right spot, anyway.

But those of us who bear the curse, go right on reaching for that unreachable devil anyhow, scrabbling around in our brains for that elusive germ of a thought. That idea that will click right into the place we were saving for it. When that does happen... Oh, momma! It’s an itch scratched. An orgasm reached. A hearty sneeze delivered after eight false starts!

Masturbation of the mind? Not on your life. The result of thought, when at last achieved, doesn’t immediately cease to exist, as does the product of that purely physical exercise. An idea once hatched, a conclusion once reached, are intellectual tangibles. They remain just as you thought them up. Forever. Thinking is never a waste of time, nor of energy. And it’s portable, non-polluting—and private. Try it.

...an endless sea is beckoning, urging me to hidden ports reached only by dead reckoning. Think on this:

Cross-Ventilated

“She’s got a hole in her head!” That perforated noggin has, for ages, referred to a mental state significantly less stable than is considered “normal” by the normal. How it came to be that, is a matter I’d rather leave in the able hands of William Safire. The point here is that it implies insanity. In marked contrast, the Hopi people of Arizona tell of advice given them way back in their history by visitors “from the stars” to, “*Always leave the door in the top of your head open.*” This, they were told, would bring wisdom and thus, a good life.

Who do we believe? A hole in the head means either being a nut-case or a wise and happy-as-one-can-be human. How about both? Maybe a lot of the so-called mental patients crowding our asylums and all the homeless’ humble homesteads on our sidewalks just left those doors open and couldn’t keep their mouths shut about what got in! The genius/insanity fine-line divider may be invisible to those whose gap is much wider.

As one who follows the Hopi-kachina dictum, convinced by experience it’s a better way than closed-minded paths, I may be certifiable by “normal” standards of sanity, simply because I cherish that hole in my head. I will fight to the death, any—singly or officially co-joined—who dares try slamming it shut!

Selective access to our minds is exactly what brought on all humankind's evils. Deciding what to let in and what to keep out limited humans' ability to live up to their genetic potential—mentally, and by the brain's bio-control, physically. That we actually allowed others to decide what made the IN list and was to be kept on the OUT, shows how damaging and insidious a closed mind is.

The “real kachinas”—those other-worldly advisors to the Hopi—have as their counterparts kindly, beneficent beings mentioned in virtually all of our earth's primitive peoples' histories. Too many, and much too much the same to be coincidence. Yet those of supposedly more “advanced,” more “civilized” levels of humanity scoff at them, finding laughable the idea that there could be a better, wiser, or more capable variety of beings than themselves.

Take it from this holey head with its door wide open, all of you whole-headed ones out there— “She who laughs last...”

P.S. And don't close my door on your way out!

FYI: Why must Sappho's observations and musings on humans and life be called “poetry” and Sybil's be labeled “oracles” while only men, like Socrates, Plato and Sartre have their wordy views called “philosophy”? Does the form in which it is passed on limit its worth? Or should content alone determine value? Why should poets and seers/sages be consigned to the common, foot-trodden world, while philosophers are elevated to the most highly exalted of realms, next to the gods themselves?

Who can name me three universally respected and revered woman “philosophers”? Not because there are none, is that difficult or impossible to do, but only because the labeling system has been skewed in man-kind's favor ever since such things have been written down. What I turn out is just plain, everyday philosophy—you can save the “good” stuff for company!



Sappho

Common Senses

blinded by your need of one
you fail to see you need another
 deafened by a Father's silence
 you fail to hear a pleading Mother

so touched by the need of one
you fail to feel the love you had
 tasting all that money bought
 you fail to judge the good from bad

smelling fear's rank scented breath
you fail to savor what's sweetly given
 common sense should tell you now
 that by others you've been driven

what you've lost is so much more
than what you gained in all those years
 that you'd be blinded should you see
 by torrents of sad, too-late tears

five senses we're all provided with
to see, hear, feel, to smell and taste
 five ways to know what's going on
 five senses you let go to waste

a sixth is said to be there too
in those whose sense of self is true
 you may feel lonely when I'm gone for good—
 the child you once were would...
 will *you?*

Act I / *What Are We, Anyway?*

Objections From a Glass Hut

In regard to alien abduction claims, evidence and outrage at the idea, who are we to complain, if we are merely some other beings' experiment? We do it all the time. We should count our lucky stars we're not just part of "their" food chain. Yet. It's got to filter down eventually, that we can't simply pass a law to guarantee for ourselves, exclusive rights to lifeform supremacy. All that most humans can do, is cling to one version or another of some supposedly god-given elite status among the life we know about. And that's not gonna be much comfort when it finally dawns on even the most hidebound hold-outs that we're not high man on the totem pole, cosmically speaking—most likely, never were! Nor, least of all, the first ones on it.

After all, folks who can zip rings around us for ages couldn't get that advanced by being "started" after us, could they? Well, all right, they could if we're as slow-developing as it appears. But odds are, we're relative newcomers to the cosmos. Maybe even the youngest, most undisciplined—brats on the block? So to have to admit there are among us from time to time, if not always, "others" who have more of a handle on us than we'd like to know about, might be hard to do. Might be? Try a half-century of total denial!

What/who-ever our co-existing friends or foes are, it's obvious they're not desperate for publicity (which proves their non-humanness!). But neither are they shy. From what's been demonstrated so far, they could've given us chapter and verse on their whole program in full-spectrum neon *a la* Vegas, anywhere in the nighttime sky whenever they felt like it. Or run it by us in broad daylight with a squad of Goodyear blimp-like UFO's sporting posters and trailing banners.

That they choose to let only bits 'n pieces of events and highly selective accounts of their activities in our midst be dribbled here and there instead, only shows that probably our wildest guesses about their purpose on this planet wouldn't even come light years close. You'll notice the reference was "this" planet, not "our." That was on purpose. Mine. I just can't get arrogant—or stupid—enough to assume we have dibs on it. Not when it's evident somebody else can treat it as a rest stop on the road to the rest of the universe. But who'd dare to agree with me? It sure won't be the good ol' boys who run our big cheese US Gum't. Or any other masters of our "private" little universe. Guess which president, prime minister, monarch, despot, God-appointed pontiff or ayatollah would willingly self-destruct by admitting the human race has betters—even if coming face-to-face with same? If wagering, it's a sucker's bet. No one would dare. Power dies hard. Once acquired, it acquires a life of its own within those who hold it. Like holding a tiger by the tail, they can't let go or it'll devour

them. And the most powerful of people—controllers—are never suicidal.

Look at Yeltsin as he clung to his seat in the coachman's box with a death grip on the reins, despite his own body's betrayal. His physical heart gave out, but he'd die never having given up his power, which is the real heart of the man. HRH QEII pretends her family still is one, even though no one else can ignore the muddled mess her own kids and kin have made of it—and why? Just to keep her power intact. Clinton breezes bull-headedly through one fiasco after another, hoping he'll squeeze the truth enough to make it—and him—pass the test so he can stay where only the gods are allowed. At the top. Popes, ayatollahs and such other above-worldly rulers have it easier. They have their catbird seats for life. The view from the top of the top is just great—who'd be crazy enough or even smart enough to give it up voluntarily? None of 'em.

It's a pretty safe bet to assume these masters of the world's fate have more than a clue that we're somewhat lower down on the ladder of living things than we'd all like to believe. It's also safe to assume they'll never in a million zillion years ever admit it. All that power would go "Poof!" the very second humankind realized that we, the inmates, only thought we were running the asylum. Once your superiors have to face being inferior to something else way, way up there, it kind of tosses them right back into the fishbowl with the rest of us guppies, don't it? My, my—what a shame that would be!

As soon as our "betters"—those of our own kind, that is—can no longer ignore that as a species of life in the universe, we do have overall "betters," their power over us will diminish in direct ratio to the power others can exert over them and all of humankind. Power they very likely have been exerting for a very, very, long time. "Better," however, doesn't necessarily mean "good." Our betters may, in fact, be bad. From our point of view, anyway—good and bad being rather subjective determinations. Depends on who's doing the determining, doesn't it? Such as: When we study a lower class of life and subject some to what they might consider indignities, were they capable of doing so, we certainly don't consider ourselves "bad" do we? Enjoying the beauty and interaction of tropical fish in a well-appointed aquarium is something we'd consider harmless *vis a vis* the creatures we capture and breed to decorate our environment. But what if *we* were the *fish*?

If we are the studiers, the experimenters to benefit our own kind, the zoo-goers or the tropical fish lovers, then we are "good"—or at least benign, higher-class beings with self-granted rights of superiority. If, however, something higher than us is doing the studying and experimenting, watching us in our sacrosanct "zoo"? Well, that's a horse of another color then, isn't it? "How dare they!?" and "It's wrong!" we scream. How dare we? If fancy fish, zoo specimens, white rats, rabbits and ants in their farms could speak...?! Poetic justice would be served perfectly if "alien" beings are doing with us as we have been doing with other live creatures.

Not one of us 6-billion-plus dares argue with that. Not Chinese who keep crickets in tiny, fancy little cages for good luck; not Maylasians, whose bulldozers and cranes happen to be elephants; not Eskimos, whose dogs provide

motor power; nor anyone who's ever ridden a horse, kept a turtle in a dish or won goldfish at a carnival. All of us who've taken an aspirin or had tonsils out, derived some benefit from the capture and breeding of other animals. So don't go acting "holier than them" at the thought we're maybe being done unto just like we've always done unto others.

What's okay for humans to do, by way of our "natural superiority" over others can't suddenly be not okay when the tables are turned. If it's truly been okay for us to do, then it's got to be okay for another to do to us. Can't have it both ways, guys. With our rose-tinted glasses off and a dose of truth serum under our belts, we just don't look so "good" any more. Pretty shabby, in fact, as I see it. What we like to call "morality" is a funny thing. Like chameleons. Many my age will remember getting them at carnivals and wearing them pinned on our lapels. The poor lil' lizards would change color to match whatever they were near, in a vain attempt to hide from us, their cruel captors. Our concept of morality is just like that. We change its color to match wherever we put it, change black to white whenever we need to hide the truth of what we do from ourselves and others. On our own lapel, what would on others be black as sin, can be as white as the driven snow. We do it so effortlessly, we hardly notice.

Here's a tough but inarguable example: Where's the "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you" rule stand when it comes to using and eating fellow animals? That's where the chameleon-factor kicks in. We claim the dictum should apply only to "others" of our own particular species, regardless of how intelligent some of those other "others" may be. We pin on our captive morality and it turns human-colored in the wink of an eye! Some even do a double-dirty turn by exempting dogs and cats and such. "Morality" may be just something we invented so we could conceal our true selves as easily as those tiny reptiles do. Doesn't sound very moral at all, does it?

We probably haven't a monopoly on that, either. It's only commonsensical to expect that anything diddling with us would take the same conscience-saving route: They're bigger or smarter or fancier than us somehow—ergo, have a moral right to preserve themselves at our expense, if necessary. Sound familiar? Throughout our not-so-many ages, so far, we've pretty much used that formula to death. To our own imminent demise, as well as to the already-caused end of gazillions of our fellow creatures because now we face extinction as well. If there's any justice in the universe, our mother earth will just shrug us all off her beaten-bloody shoulders, before we take her with us.

Many whose interest in what's happening is seriously directed as opposed to frivolously or sensationally (redundant?) wonder first and foremost—"What and why?" Whether or not these people—why not "people"?—have some level of cosmic "right" to do whatever they're doing, it would be nice to know a little something about what it is they are doing. And, close on that's heels, "Why in blue blazes are they doing it to us?"—blue blazes being apropos, seeing as how supposed abductees see bright bluish lights a lot. "It's no joking matter!" you serious types say? Think of it this way, ladies and gents—when something this nutty-sounding starts proving to you that it's real, it's going to go

on being real, and we can't do a thing about it—laugh is all we *can* do!

Speculation re any “message to mankind” theme that may or may not be evident in our visitors’ otherwise mysterious game plan seems to run a narrow gamut between weakly hopeful and out and out wishful thinking. Of the numerous bona fide reports detailing abduction and verbal (or at least mentally verbal) interaction with these technically superior beings, “moral” superiority does not, to this neutral, never-snatched (that I know of) inquirer, leap out begging to be noticed as one of their strong suits. In fact, despite an incredible freedom the critters reportedly have to play around in the minds of those they grab, only a handful of victims reported being shown rather stagy scenes of the danger we represent to our planet—and none I read of were lectured on or otherwise indoctrinated against war, religious hatred, rape, incest, child sex abuse, and the other endemic horrors of humanity’s basic, base nature.

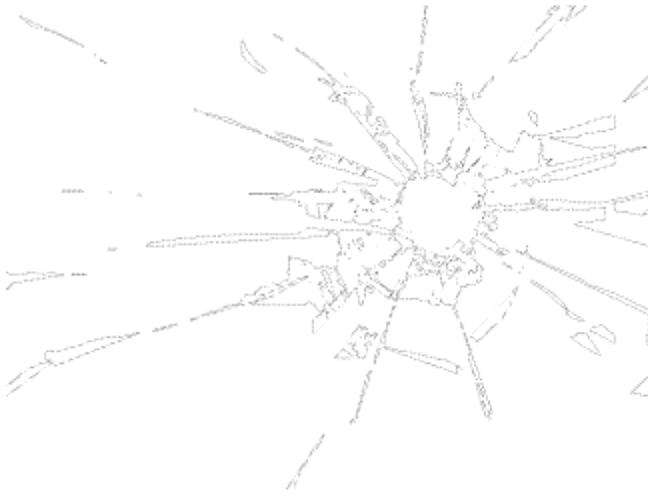
On the other hand, cattle and sheep have been mutilated for who knows how long, at least one abductee was made to “eat only cow things” and shown genetically or surgically altered beef cattle, and human subjects are seemingly treated much as we treat our own lab animals. Cold-bloodedly. No reports mention any “sanctity of all living things” emphasis and certainly such an outlook is noticeably absent in the callous disregard shown for abductees’ feelings, as usually recounted. Yet despite all obvious evidence to the contrary, the most common supposition regarding the basic character of our visitors is that they are “concerned” for us and our planet’s welfare, are attempting to get us to mend our ways and be model members of the universe (if not “masters” of same, as we’d wish). That just doesn’t square with what few facts we do have, folks! The technical razzle-dazzle we’re treated to proves their ability to do much more than serve up a watery conscience-striking soup with only one or two chunks of ecological meat in it. They could, without a doubt, force-feed us a whole 7-course banquet—if they wanted to.

It must be apparent to all with minds not clouded by an actual manipulated experience and to those who can drop “wishful” and do *serious* thinking, that what some of us here consider to be the most pressing moral and life-preserving issues, simply don’t amount to a hill of beans with those guys from out there. We who share a healthy respect for freedom, as being an inalienable right of all animal life, surely can’t find even a soupçon of such regard for us in the reported behavior of ones who’ve been fiddling around with human bodies, human minds, human feelings—and evidently, our very human “be”-ing!

It’s no surprise that most specimens return home with some degree of stars in their eyes, else claims of rape, torture, kidnapping, bodily mutilation and assorted other criminal acts would be screamed to all and sundry, with unignorable demands to “Do something!” The biggest puzzle to one not picked up yet (or doesn’t know it, if was), is why so many who’ve investigated both the subject and subjects tend to ignore what we mere humans would—or should—see as the “amoral” nature of the perpetrators. That a few quoted among many at least entertain the idea we’re not dealing with just Glynda the Good here, gives me some assurance I’m not entirely alone in seeing the emperor’s naked

ass—and a crafty old confidence man behind the marvelous throne of Oz, The Magnificent. Without the gimmicky resources of our “friends” from wherever, though, we’ve no way to force-feed an antidote of logical reasoning into those who’re addicted to the poison of “I wish...” Too bad. For all of us, maybe.

Regardless of their intent, be it fair or foul, it still cannot be denied that we asked for it. Refusing to mend our bloodthirsty, self-destructive ways, who are we to bitch about anything that anything or anyone does to us? Just how many old saws like “...chickens come home to roost,” “...a dose of our own medicine,” “Do unto others...” and “People in glass houses...” will it take to convince you to drop that rock?



While on the subject of “others” and things otherworldly, try this on for size...

Once Upon a Time... (?)

...in a place as far from here and now as space and time can be, a lovely world was laid waste by its own chief inhabitants. The same greed and envy of one toward another, responsible for the raising of its prime beings’ civilization to heights of which we humans cannot even begin to imagine, was equally as effective in bringing on its downfall. Not to mention the near total eradication of the fools themselves. As it happens, the “intelligent” population of this far-away habitat was, as are we, dual-gendered—and not too dissimilar in form. Their “she’s,” however, had retained much of their original status, though not, as it proved, enough of the initial control they’d once had over the parties of the second part to impede their self-destructive bent and thus stave off species-wide

annihilation.

The upshot of an unfortunately fatal series of events (blunders, to be honest) was, the guys fouled their own nest, their space-rock retaliated with fast-forward self-immolation exercises—and the “women” wanted off. Being, as they were quantum bounds beyond our fondest dreams, it was a simple enough matter for most of these maids from beyond to just bail out in the latest-model cosmic conveyances, leaving their ever-lovin’s behind to the fate they’d worked so hard to earn. The gals went so far as to make sure none of their number harbored any potentially (inevitably!) deadly male-life within, as all had vowed not to repeat history—not if they could help it. Perhaps they’d hoped to devise some uni-gender scheme for the future they literally leapt into the void to acquire, or maybe they just crossed their fingers, wished on a star, and figured there had to be something better out there. Anyhoo, off they went into the wild, black yonder to seek their fortune elsewhere ‘n else-wise, having picked the prettiest lil’ ol’ blue marble of a rock in the whole wide, orb-filled universe, as a good place to begin. There was a valid and very practical reason for their choice.

In the last millennia or so of their own home’s life-curbed existence, what remained of their kind had been forced to retreat beneath the cool purple seas. All land-based living things underwent such hideous changes due to their dominant males’ misuse of every single means of sustenance, that the underwater environment was the only one still sustainable for a few who’d escaped mutation. So, when looking for a new and unfouled nest, naturally, the ladies’ first choice for a habitat was a wet one, having known none other for ages and ages. The orb they picked was nothing, if not loaded with water!

The space chariots those goddesses from heavens above came down to earth in were total and complete, self-contained survival capsules. Capable of expanding in a sort of non-mechanical “growing” fashion, they could splash down in our deepest oceans’ depths—and stay there. Virtually for ever! Thus spawning timeless legends of “lost” Atlantis and sea monsters, as well as fanciful fairy tales about mermaids and such. Arriving sans mates as planned, the orb’s uninvited visitors’ top priority was obvious. *Cherchez la femme!* Reversed. Well... they were immediately disappointed to learn they’d arrived an eon or two too early. Oops! Too late to go back to square one, home base checked out soon after they’d said a timely “*Sayonara!*” So Plan B was trotted out to save the day and their particular lifeform’s particular way of life, if possible.

Hitch # 2 didn’t exactly wreck Plan B, but sure put an unforeseen kink in any chance for success. You see, the fallback scheme involved settling for a less-than-fully-evolved species’ second-gender breeding stock and then waiting out the hybrid results’ development. The primal-gender travelers could easily continue indefinitely with the one-sexed methods they’d been making do with—no problem. A form of cloning, as we know it, it ensured that a wait of a few hundred thousand years’d be doable. The problem was, the best-available within their time frame was still so remote from intelligent life, that odds on any resultant hybrids’ ever evolving into something worthwhile were, to tell the truth—slim, to none.

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