

SANNADEE

Finished 2017

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This is the second part of the Sannadee duology, the first part being [Baengoi](#)

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0) Prelude to Book Two – Sannadee

This is a summary of the first book, so that the second book can be read separately.

Namzo, Sarpo, Mpho and Yunio grew up separately in different parts of the world, and they each had found their own ways in the world as it headed steadily to destruction. As the world was reaching its final days they found themselves at Uulaccio's (Uu's) ashram where they found further solace. But this was short-lived as the doomed world finally destroyed itself, and Namzo led a small band of Uu's followers up the mountains to escape the destruction. Soon after the start of their journey the four found that during meditation they could Link together, and this ability helped them on the journey.

Soon after they started up the Link felt problems, and determined that a small group led by Suivo were following them up the mountain. They returned for this group, but as soon as Suivo's band had rejoined it came to the Link that Uu had died.

As they progressed up the mountain there was some dissension as some carried the baggage of their erstwhile world. To enable the journey to be fruitful Suivo led away the dissenters leaving Namzo, with the help of Blenbu, free to lead the rest to safety.

After an arduous journey up the mountain they were guided by Nature to a concealed tunnel that led them to Mubanrao. As the final traveller entered the tunnel it became sealed, leaving them to be survivors of the destruction. In a dream they learnt that the wind protected them from all the destruction the world had unleashed as it protected Mubanrao. Namzo had led them to their freedom but his role done he gave his spirit to the life of Mubanrao.

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1) INTEGRATION

A couple of months had passed since they had arrived in Sannadee. Well Sarpo had thought the place was called Sannadee from what the Abbot had announced, but in fact they later learnt it was simply called Mubanrao - our home community. Maybe it was a couple of months, but he was guessing as it was only the last week he had started his diary - the Annals of Samsarapho.

He had quickly realised that life in Mubanrao was pleasant but the life was not for him. These people were happy and lived an idyllic life in many ways, because they accepted being farmers. For Sarpo he had done more than that in his life, things he thought more important. He reflected back on how life had been for him starting in the depths of drink, well worse back to his family, linking with the Phors, and finally how Namzo had led the Link of Four and the survivors of the ashram into Mubanrao. His role was not to accept the life of a farmer.

In his Annals he would write about the world he had left, its history, and what had brought about the destruction they had fled. He would record what was good about the world they had left, the ashram, the religious traditions and even some of the contemporary spirituality - although he was wary of these as they rejected the past and came from people created in intellectuality. He would like to gather what could be retained. As he learnt more about Mubanrao he would record their own traditions, what had kept them at peace. He knew their journey was not the end of Evolution.

What was most important here was the temple, Mubans called it Dom Kajaa - "The House of Wisdom". He later found out that Kajaa was the most important thing to Mubans, and in their lives they claimed they sought Kajaa. For them Kajaa was all around, in the trees, in the mountains, in the air, in the water, and in the land but they had to be of a right mind to see Kajaa - feel Kajaa. For them this right-mindedness came from acceptance of their fate. He would soon hear of stories where people did not accept, and the snake took them. They were a suspicious people, and wanted to warn him.

Very quickly Sarpo had sought the permission of the Abbot to live in the Dom. He explained to the Abbot that he wanted to write the annals, or at least he tried to explain, and the Abbot opened his arms again and said "Sannadee"; by that time Sarpo knew Sannadee meant

welcome. When the Four linked on the night he entered Dom, they quickly understood; Mpho had already sensed that Sarpo was becoming distant. Sarpo's role as scholar and his acceptance by the Abbot also meant the Mubans accepted him as teacher. They helped him with language as they wanted to especially help their teacher, and he passed this on to the others with scheduled lessons. For once the Link didn't help, it seemed the world of words was too gross for the Link.

For the first month or so the Link had rested after the strains the journey had placed on their bodies, then one night they all went to bed at the same time. Involuntarily the Link formed itself as Mpho, Yunio and Sarpo were moved from the realm of dreary sleep into an environment of aliveness. Around Mpho the air seemed to shimmer, it was as if the air could be seen to vibrate. Yunio saw a bright light in his head and as he focussed on the light it seemed to suck him out of his body; he willingly went with it. Sarpo, alone, heard a distant sound, all he could think of was this sound was pure harmony. He listened to this sound, and soon realised it was silence, absolute silence. He tried to join with the silence, to feel that purity of silence inside him, and as he did he found the edges of his body melting away as the sound drifted and he with it. As air light and sound met so did Mpho, Yunio and Sarpo. The Link of Three formed, and they realised what a month of relaxation and recovery had made them forget. They became grounded again as Nature had brought them back.

With sadness they remembered the lack of Namzo, and noted Namzo's guidance on Tanbo. Remembering his sharp edges they were wary to seek him out but trusted Namzo. Tanbo was sleeping and as they touched him this time they did not feel his sharpness, a few edges but they were receding - mellow. They remembered thinking that every step up the mountain had helped him, and if you accepted Mubanrao there was no anger. They sought to be closer but Mpho knew he was not ready, and they withdrew as rushing could create a backlash and here in Mubanrao there was no rush. After all tonight they had found the link again, and they had a lifetime - what was the rush?

Withdrawing and feeling a deeper contentment than they had since their arrival they drifted off to sleep.

The next morning they left the town to seek a quiet place to link, and to their annoyance the children followed. They were happy with the children but they just wanted to link. After what seemed ages the children got bored and returned to the village, so they found shelter behind a rock and linked. That morning a great joy filled the link. The ten had survived - Namzo did not belong here. They had a new home, and life was good. They dwelled in this joy as it invigorated them. After what seemed a short time they started to return to Mubanrao only to discover they had been linking for an hour. There was a farmer nearby, and he

shouted "Dom Kajaa". They had heard those words spoken often but did not know. Sarpō went to the man "Dom Kajaa?", he intonated a question. And the farmer waved for them to follow as he took them to The House. Once there they saw some of the villagers making offerings and the Abbot was sat quietly meditating with some of the villagers - they were left alone. The farmer had seen them link, and was showing them where to go. In future they obliged gratefully.

For Mpho and Yunio coming to Mubanrao was a homecoming. At every turn she found the same approach she had tried to establish in her own village - only without having to deal with outside interference and established bad practice. Although Yunio's commitment originally was not as deep as Mpho's, by the time they were forced to leave her village he had felt deep in his heart that they had been building what was right so was saddened when he saw that being torn down. He came to Mubanrao and loved what he saw. He had noticed how happy the children were in Mpho's village but compared to Mubanrao the children had never even glimpsed the joys of life. He never saw Muban children fight, some minor squabbling, but it was nothing serious. He watched the children with their parents, they did not argue. The parents loved their children but they did not spoil them. The children were disciplined and he did see one parent hit a child - it was not frowned on, just not normally needed. He could see the punished child was sad, it was as if he was upset for forcing the parent to strike him. There was sadness in the father's eyes but no apology, his son was wrong to have pushed him. Or so it appeared from outside, not speaking the language. Even their cats and dogs went their separate ways, and were comfortable with each other; he had often previously reflected that the violence amongst animals was simply a reflection of the violence amongst humans.

Blenbu never settled. Maybe he too had fulfilled his purpose like Namzo in bringing the group to Mubanrao. It was not long before he moved out of the town and sought residence up high. Daily he would wander vast distances throughout his new land, enjoying it yet not enjoying so much the community they were now a part of. After a while he moved to a hut up high, and would often wander around the huts the farmers had built for their occasional stays on high. He was happy up there, the farmers respected him as they did all who chose to live alone up the mountains; they knew mountains were places of peace and only the peaceful chose. He became Kakangpokao - the wise one of the mountains from outside.

But apart from Sarpō and Blenbu all soon integrated into Mubanrao, yet Sarpō's purpose was maybe separated from the others - but in its own way more integrated - essential.

But Yunio and Mpho thrived, all that seemed to hold them back was language, and that was just a matter of time. They were approachable, unlike Sarpō - Kianpaine, the writer of

tradition. Mpho became Merkangnam - black mother from outside, and Yunio Parkangkao - white father from outside.

But to begin with language kept them separate, and amongst themselves - it was difficult to relate to people beyond saying Sannadee. Of course everyone accepted it, they were from outside - everything about them was outside. But Mubans were good people, and the Abbot had told them the outsiders had a place in Mubanrao. To begin with they all stayed with villagers or at smaller Doms around Mubanrao, Blenbu even found a Dom up high for a while but still chose his separate way. Yet it soon became clear that they should have their own places.

After they had settled the villagers with some direction from the Abbot built them homes. By the time Sarpo had moved into the Dom, Mpho and Yunio had been given a home near the Dom, the significance of which they learnt later. Tanbo stayed in the home of the villagers as he had begun to befriend their daughter. Ging and Yo were naturally given a home on their own, and they put Gium, Bper and Far together as that was what they always were - together. In this way life for the 10 began to take shape in Mubanrao. But they had to be useful so they began working in the fields with the villagers who housed them. Once settled they were given land to work themselves.

After about a year this began to change for Mpho and Yunio, they found the Mubans made an effort to come and talk to them. It soon became clear that they sought advice. This puzzled the two but they willingly gave what they could in broken language. It was very strange trying to talk in this way, and they could see that this was very difficult for the villagers - the only people they knew who could not speak the language were the children. But they couldn't treat Merkangnam and Parkangnam as children, that would be disrespectful. Yet the interchanges continued so Mpho and Yunio assumed Mubans gained something. And it gave them a sense of fulfilment to pass something on a purpose.

As the first year had progressed the Link had made greater efforts to bring in Tanbo, they felt confident he would eventually join them - so Namzo spoke. It happened one inconspicuous night. That day had been more normal than normal. Sarpo had been in Dom Kajaa, writing and following his life of contemplation, Mpho and Yunio had met with the villagers in what they discovered were called Poot Kajaa sessions by the villagers - they learned this meant "speak wisdom". It was the rainy season so by the evening the weather was pleasant, neither hot nor cold. The rain had come mid-afternoon, and therefore the late morning had been quite hot - good drying weather. In fact they had thought they would stroll before Poot Kajaa which had become a regular 5.00pm thing. But as they stepped out they felt a wind begin, just a small wind but they knew the wind would increase and rain would

come. So instead they exercised indoors - building chi.

After Poot Kajaa they met Sarpo in the temple, and they linked. It had become a thing that they would checkout Tanbo once a week, and this was the usual perusal. They moved over his house, and felt Tanbo reach out to them. "I was expecting you" came as a greeting, "Sino had told me today held great store for me"; Sino was his Muban partner. Somehow his heart had been trying to reach the link but his intellect had blocked it. As his time in Mubanrao had moved on, his intellect had lost its bloated ego of intellectuality as he settled into life the way it was intended. This Sino had seen in him, and she knew there was "great store". His heart had reached out to the Link to reap the harvest.

And that was it, it was as it had always been - the Link of Four. After they had shared in the oneness that the Link offered, Mpho spoke with Tanbo.

"It was Namzo, you know," she spoke wistfully, remembering their guide "he told us you were to join the Link. We tried before, on the way up the mountain, but it was very hard. You didn't want us." "I did," he answered slowly "but at the same time there was Suivo. He was strong, and he helped our group greatly. His sacrifice for the group of 10 should rank highly." He thought to explain more, but it was the past - perhaps one day Sarpo will record what Suivo did. "The others in Suivo's group, they were all pulling on me and I wasn't strong enough to see through their clinging. "But here in Mubanrao Sino has shown me how to leave all that behind. She has been teaching me about Kajaa. They love that stuff you know. Kajaa is in the wind" "In the rain, in the mountains in the valleys - even in the snake," quoted Mpho as they both laughed at the verse of faith.

"But it is real," he said "I have felt it. Well you know you have felt it in the Link."

They became quiet, and then Tanbo said "Sino will help the Link, you know." Enough said Mpho thought.

Meanwhile Kakangpokao was creating his own legend. Wandering around the mountains, through the huts, up and down valleys, sourcing streams, Blenbu was beginning to become so knowledgeable of the extremities of Mubanrao. Wherever he went they welcomed him, and at times he used to search for these people - to avoid them. Their generosity filled his heart but he didn't want to take from them - they were not rich at least in money. As he grew more familiar with the land he learnt of its plenty. Somehow he instinctively knew which berry could be eaten, which leaves could be plucked and scoffed, and even the fungus that would not poison. He never worried even when away from people, but when they met him they always prepared a feast he could not refuse. So he avoided them.

Many times he would be seen bringing a stray sheep back to the farm, at least he called them sheep. Maybe they were a type of yak, what did such words matter. In fact they were called cheewits which he later found out also meant life; understandable as they were food and clothing. They were a bit stupid, and would wander high up seeking food. They would slip, fall and become trapped. Along came Blenbu and returned them to the nearest farm - often meaning a day or so trek carrying one of these cheewits on his back. Soon he began to note the colour-coding, the dye denoting the owner, and he was amused because sometimes he never knew how far he had travelled until the code gave him some bearing. Lower down there were landmarks, familiar places and slopes, but higher the hills undulated and within a couple of miles he could completely lose where he was going - not that that mattered. Often a mist, the snake's breath, would descend, and visibility would go. But for him it didn't matter, he wasn't going anywhere. He just lived to enjoy walking. And even in the mist there was never great cold, and if forced to spend a night out on the slopes there was no great hardship.

And then one day he found his purpose - or so he laughingly called it, he became the Observer of the Relics. One night he had ventured high up and got a bit stuck. Then he had found water, just a trickle, decided to follow it down, to better climes. His instincts had been right, and the trickle grew so continuing downwards he thought safety would come and then there was a waterfall - deep. Around the rocks were too steep, and it looked as if he would be forced to return upwards. And then over the fall drifted a body clinging to a vine, he moved closer - it was Namzo. He searched for a vine and quickly tried to follow his old friend and guide down, but once finding the vine his friend was lost. Trick of the mind, he thought, I have been in these hills too long; but the vine took him to safety.

He mentioned it to some farmers one time, and they just laughed "the One from Outside always shows us the Way, we call him Kangsadengtang - the One from Outside who shows us the Way.

Tambo blossomed once he had accepted the Link. Spurred on by Sino who somehow knew his worth he quickly embraced the Link, and began to develop on his own. In this Sarpō helped a great deal encouraging Tanbo to learn from the Traditions that had existed in their worlds. As Sarpō taught Tanbo, he became clearer in what he wanted to write, and a positive bond grew between the two. As an understanding of language grew the Abbot would often join them, and the Annals soon became a comparison of the good practices between their old world and new. So the Link spanned the past through Tanbo and Sarpō, and the present with Mpho and Yunio.

Yet the Link spanned the two cultures, Tanbo and Sarpō through the Abbot, Tanbo through

Sino, and Mpho and Yunio as the mother and father from outside.

The others adapted more slowly yet not through any form of resistance did they delay their involvement. They were young but unlike the youth of Tanbo their youth led to pre-occupation with their own affairs. And in truth it was affairs of love that held them back. Ging and Yo had always been immersed in each other, and once they had their own place in Mubanrao that immersion became total. They were so suited to each other that they never felt the need to step outside. The Mubans marvelled at the depth of their love, and were content to allow them this bliss in youth. Often the couple would wander, and the locals took great pleasure in feeding them if their aimless bliss brought them within their domains. All knew how this would be short-lived but they were happy to let it run its course.

The situation with Gium, Bper and Far was however the opposite - completely unstable and very threatening to the Mubans - it was not natural. Back in Uu's ashram Gium had known Far, and through Far had met her best friend Bper. Bper had silently loved Gium, and then inadvertently whilst speaking to Bper had opened the floodgates to her passion. Wanting to hear Gium express his love, Bper had misheard and responded with her kind and open heart. Being the ashram the three began to accept a ménage-a-trois, whilst Gium and Far remained active physically. On one occasion Far's love for Bper had even gently encouraged Gium to enjoy physical passion with Bper, but when Gium explored this with Bper he saw such emotion that he became afraid of what would be unleashed. He knew things were best left as they were, and hoped - beyond hope - that matters would end pleasantly.

Whilst young in the ashram such a triangle did not matter as they were involved in Uu's teachings. But out here in Mubanrao the future mattered more and Nature was uncomfortable so made a decision; soon Kunyino, the mother-spirit of the Mubans, began to step in. The three had settled together much to the astonishment of the Mubans who were afraid that the passion of Bper and Far would lead to a disagreement ending in death. For the Mubans relationships were about children. Known Kajaa was that a relationship existed to have children; in fact all conveyed great compassion to any relationship that was unable to have children. Kajaa knew a society evolves by the conditions provided for the children to grow well, and Mubans worked hard to provide those conditions. Two mothers and one father didn't work for them.

Still for the Mubans this strange ménage lasted a long time - two years, many did not know it had existed three years outside. And surprisingly Gium ended up staying with Bper. One day the three had planned a walk, but at the last minute Far became ill. She needed rest - it was not serious, so she insisted the others go on the trip. The ill-fated trip of division began innocuously with the two talking about how great it was to be in Mubanrao - they were used

to talking together. They wandered up high to a waterfall the three liked, and they sat there. Then they climbed higher and Gium innocently supported Bper, as she slipped. She smiled, and they both felt an electricity - Kunyino's spark. They walked on, and this spark grew inside the both, but neither would dream of expressing it. Again they brushed fanning the internal flame. But they still climbed, and reached a breathtaking view where they stopped and rested taking in the best of what Nature offered. This deep joy mingled and fanned the sparks inside, and again they touched as food was passed between them. In Gium thought and resistance left his head, and above his eyes he just felt a warm yellow glow that sucked away his thoughts of Far, and he allowed his hands to caress Bper. Soon all sense had left him, and his love for Bper was transformed into love-making as her own resistance was eaten away in the moment. Very soon the act of love had finished, and they lay there exhausted and racked with guilt. There was no need to say anything, this would be the only time, they now knew they couldn't be alone together.

And so the old triangle continued. Bper increased her fondness for Far as did Gium, and true to their unspoken vow they were never alone again. And their guilt would have allowed all to have been forgotten if Kunyino had not shown that Her hand was at work by giving a child to Bper. This could not be hidden and buried in silence, and Gium came clean with Far. Kunyino had also been taking the matter in Her hands in another way, as Gium and Far were unable to conceive.

The night Gium told Far, Bper moved out - she was determined to bring up the child herself. But the Abbot stepped in and called Mpho to him. He explained the ways of Mubanrao. Kunyino dictated who were the father and mother and this strange triangle must end. Gium must take his duties as a father seriously and that Bper and he should be married. Mpho accepted this, and called the three together. She explained what the Abbot had told them, and they knew that it had to be that way. Far looked sadly into the eyes of Gium who avoided her gaze. Her eyes then met Bper but there was no anger - she genuinely loved them both. Their triangle had ended and she was the one to leave. That night she moved in with Mpho and Yunio, but the next morning when they sought her she had gone. A quiet note said that she wanted to be on her own, and please not to worry. Mpho went to Gium and Bper to tell them, and Gium readied himself to hunt for her. "You cannot," screamed Mpho imperiously. "You have to show the Mubans that you respect their traditions. Far is on her own and must find her own way of settling in here." Both Bper and Gium sat there numb, both wanting to chase after Far yet knowing they couldn't. Their sadness immobilised them. They hugged each other but there was no comfort - they feared their passion had killed their friend.

Far wandered off into the mountains, numbly stepping one foot after the other, deep shock

carrying her forward but without heart. She spent that first night in one of the mountain huts and cried herself to sleep. Still shattered morning awoke her, and she began to walk. Around her was such beauty, and slowly she allowed that beauty to steep itself inside her. By the end of that day she was exhausted but her heart was split as Nature had shown her glory yet her broken heart still lay in tatters.

The next day she walked and met Blenbu, and very quickly she spilled her heart. Blenbu was not skilled in such matters but the mountains had taught him patience and compassion, and he knew that he had a new companion. For days they were seen wandering up high, and word soon reached Mpho that Maisamsao, The One that is not Triangle - Far, was with Kakangpokao, and Mpho was relieved to know that she was safe with Blenbu. Yunio smiled as he raised his eyebrow at the dirty old man. Nothing was heard of either of them for a long time until the day Blenbu and Far arrived for Gium and Bper's wedding. The three, Gium Bper and Far hugged each other tightly in front of the whole of Mubanrao, and all were shocked especially the Abbot. But they soon parted and Far took her place respectfully at the wedding. Mpho smiled to the Abbot who was then relieved, and she later confirmed that the three were reconciled to the ways of Mubanrao. Seeing this the Abbot instructed the Mubans to provide Far with a place a respectful distance from Gium and Bper, and when the child was born Far became Bpamaisamsao - the Auntie that is not Triangle, and all were happy. Especially as she soon met Karbo, and had children of her own in the way of Mubanrao. Kunyino and Kajaa had their way. As she grew older Far soon became Auntie to all the children of Mubanrao as she and Karbo became the teachers of many, and Kunyino had brought true happiness to all in Her way.

Blenbu was also happy. He could now get back to his mountains, to his peace and solitude, whilst showing he still loved Mubanrao. The legend of caring Kakangpokao grew in the hearts of the Mubans after the day that he had brought their Auntie - Bpamaisamsao - back to them. His legend was almost lauded as much as that of Kangsadengtang - Namzo showing them the way.

*_*_*_* As time went on more and more Mubans visited Mpho and Yunio. As their language improved so did their knowledge of Mubanrao and Kajaa. But they brought with them added Kajaa from outside, and the Mubans called this fusion Kajaakaya. To begin with Yunio never understood this, after all life was so different here. But in a link one time it came to them.

In fact it was Sino who had pointed the way for them through Tanbo. They had been out walking, happy - content to walk free of cares and stresses. Walking is. "Today is good for Kajaa," she smiled generously at Tanbo "I can feel it. Something good must be happening."

She pulled his arm to her and wrapped herself around his waist. They walked on enjoying Nature whilst Tanbo's mind was reflecting - feeling Kajaa, good happening. He began thinking back to talks at the ashram where they had spoken of harmony, unity, coincidence, synchronicity, and then other times truth, wisdom, and many more. All such words that gave intellects such difficulty became familiar as words to understand - encompass - integrate - live with. Kajaa was one of those, and that sparked a whole lot more. It was still on his mind when they linked and it became the focus for them all that night.

As they emerged from the Link Kajaa had become a central focus for them all as they looked round and told each other "That's Kajaa". There was a stream, it was Kajaa, the crow overhead Kajaa, the cat was licking its paws - Kajaa, they laughed - Kajaa as well. They were laughing and giggling as children about Kajaa, and when the Mubans saw them they too pointed at them - Kajaa. From then on Mpho and Yunio were able to speak the way of the Mubans at their meetings, because Kajaa so framed the language that once it was understood the language became so much easier. They became so busy that Tanbo and Sino started to run some sessions, and even Auntie Far came along when education was of a special concern.

The Abbot looked on as the outsiders began to take a more leading role in guiding his society - he smiled at his ego but refused to admonish. They were no more his than the cats and dogs - and no less. He made a point of meeting with the outsiders every so often but as he grew older he became more tired, and people were much more fun from afar - enjoying them without his being stressed. More and more he focussed on Kajaa, being one with Kajaa as the years took their toll on his body.

Blenbu walked, Sarpo wrote, and Mubanrao lived.

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2) *Changing Order*

The Abbot's time was near, and a certain gloom fell on Mubanrao. He was old, he was not actively helping Mubans any more - and this could have been a big problem if it weren't for the outsiders. There was much talk of the successor, not to the outsiders, although Tanbo and Far learnt of the tradition from their partners. And neither understood.

At the time of the Abbot's death Dom Kajaa's Elders would search Mubanrao for a successor. There was a Dom, Dom Pinaika, far from the main village up in the mountains where the elders would go to mourn his death. After the mourning they would then meditate and pray for the Kajaa to choose a new Abbot. They never knew what they were looking for in a new Abbot but they trusted Kajaa. This was the one time the Mubans were not at their best. It was such a prestigious post that everybody wished to be chosen. It was usual but not always the rule that the Pinaika Elders chose a child so that they could train him - it was by tradition a boy.

So the Elders were heralded wherever they went. Different people would describe exploits of magnificence, usually of other people but sadly not always, sometimes their children and even themselves. It became very difficult for the Elders to decide. One time it was 5 years before they chose someone, and because it was not clear they chose a young boy who had shown no signs. They trained this boy up, and he became one of their best loved.

This time proved just as difficult. They searched Mubanrao, and found no-one they could agree on. Some children they found to be close. Kind-hearted caring dutiful, many other virtues, but it needed to be stronger than that. It was kind of like grabbing, the Elders knew that the Presence of the new Abbot had to grab them and almost force them to anoint. But whilst commending the obvious virtue they left dissatisfied to search further.

They returned to Dom Pinaika to seek refuge and recharge the batteries. It was the tradition that a new Abbot be appointed at the time the Old One was interred in Dom Kajputao where all the other Abbots were interred. It was believed that the preserved bodies of the Abbot lineage watched over the Mubans, and many still prayed before them especially if one such was in their family. So pressure was mounting on the Elders to appoint so that the Abbot could be interred.

However the Mubans respected the Elders' privacy in these difficult times so they were let be when they returned to Dom Pinaika. They searched Mubanrao high and low, and were still in a quandary returning to Dom Kajaa to pray before returning to Dom Pinaika again. They passed where Yunio and Mpho lived, it had been many years ago an old Dom but had been converted to accommodation for people on retreat. Until the Abbot had given it to Yunio and Mpho. And as the Elders passed it felt like a Dom again, as the people were there praying and listening to Yunio and Mpho. The Elders had been grabbed, and their search was over.

For a while there were some grumblings at the prospective anointing of the outsiders but this soon passed as once people realised the wisdom of the choice they soon forgot their own egoist family interests. Many had visited both Mpho and Yunio, and had felt Kajaa was with them. But this broke many traditions, two Abbots, a female Abbot, both were much older than was usual for a new Abbot. Some grumbled at this breaking of tradition fearing the end of the old ways.

The night after they were chosen, the Link met. They too were concerned for the tradition. They had grown to understand Kajaa for Kajaa was beyond physical boundaries. They had initially heard Uu talking about Daam, the way of Nature, and now they arrive in Mubanrao they hear of Kajaa. The words changed but the spirit - the underlying teaching - was the same. For this reason Mpho and Yunio could discuss Kajaa in much the same way as Daam.

Of course not all Mubans understood this. Whilst they respected the outsiders, and the trust the Abbot and the Elders had put in them, there were customs and practices they carried out that Mubans considered was Kajaa. Mpho had once tried to explain to some that Kajaa was not the physical form, but this had led one or two Mubans to complain to the Abbot. The Abbot eased the peoples' fears by explaining that there is some Kajaa best for Abbots alone, and the Mubans were happy with that. He warned Mpho against discussion of the customs and practices, more he warned her not to try to debunk faith in them, after all these customs and practices whilst not being Kajaa protected Kajaa and its annointees. Seeing the sense in this protection the Link never questioned the customs and practices but were happy to fit in with them as a means of securing Kajaa.

The Link decided that they must resurrect all the traditions concerning the death of an Abbot and the annointing of a new one. To this end they asked Sarpo to research all he could into the history of such traditions. And to this end a whole section of the Annals were just directed towards such descriptions.

And true to the link's design the ceremony became the most traditional. The Mubans enjoyed

such rituals and their generous hearts often embellished the more material of the practices. Mpho directed the Elders to ensure that such embellishments were saved to the feasting afterwards, and that the ceremony itself should reflect the respect for the office and Abbot - both outgoing and incoming.

As the day of transfer approached the Elders prepared Dom Pinaika. Because it was far from main Mubanrao, at times of transfer it became transformed into a meeting place for all in Mubanrao. This was no small feat. There became two separate preparations, the place of ceremony and the place of feasting.

On the day itself people arrived from all over Mubanrao. Those that had travelled from afar had been hosted in Mubanrao itself as it was the practice to keep Dom Pinaika for the day itself. Their first stop was to bring food to the place of feasting where many women organised, flapped and generally felt important. After they had offered the food there began the procession around the place of Ceremony. Strategically placed near the ceremonial Altar were the symbols of Kajaa, the huge cylindrical wheels they called Kajaalor. As each person on the procession passed a Kajaalor they bowed three times to respect Kajaa, the sanctity of Abbothood, and the joy of their community Mubanrao. Then they walked onto the next Kajaalor placed some distance away. In recent times this procession had become an occasion of reunion. People from afar would arrive and begin the recounting of recent adventures. Mpho and Yunio had asked for this to stop. The Elders were assigned to walk around near Kajaalors, and ensure that the procession was a time of reflection and not reunion.

The procession returned to being a time of great spiritual reunion and a reinforcement of the great joy that was Mubanrao. Once the people knew they were not partaking of discussion, their minds returned to reflection and this joint reflection brought great harmony. It was a great sight that filled the hearts of the Elders with joy, their people wandering along the procession deep in contemplation pausing only to bow at the Kajaalors.

Once it was clear that all had arrived the Elders moved the procession inside the area that was designated for viewing the Altar. Once seated the chimess began as all around the area stood up Mubans dressed in purple and orange with bright green hats. The Mubans took it in turns to sound the chimes, it was a quiet sound as if a gentle wind was blowing around the arena. They called this the snake-chimes as the snake that protected the whole of Mubanrao had descended and now protected the arena of transfer. Once the snake had been secured by one circuit of the chimes, Elders brought in the body of the abbot in the open glass casket. Following the casket were Mpho and Yunio dressed down in the simple robes that an Abbot wore daily. This again was an old tradition that had fallen away, and a reminder that although the Abbots were important because of their relationship with Kajaa they were just

simple people as well. The significance was not lost on the Mubans who had been expecting great pomp from the outsiders.

The casket was taken to the altar, placed on a podium, and the lid of the cask was raised. Mpho and Yunio followed the body onto the stage, knelt and bowed three times before the body of the Abbot. She began to recite the litany:-

A DEATH IS CERTAIN

1. There is no possible way to escape death.
2. Life has a definite, inflexible limit and each moment brings us closer to the finality of this life. We are dying from the moment we are born.
3. Death comes in a moment and its time is unexpected.

All that separates us from the next life is one breath.

After saying this she went up to the Abbot kissed him on the forehead and moved to the right of the casket, sat and faced the arena; Yunio did the same moving to the left. There was a great silence as the arena reflected on the finality of the death of the Abbot and the greatness that his life had brought. For some this brought tears of reverence in memory of how the Abbot had helped Mubanrao.

After a while rustling started and Yunio began to speak:-

4. The duration of our lifespan is uncertain.

The young can die before the old, the healthy before the sick, etc.

5. There are many causes and circumstances that lead to Death but few that favour the sustenance of life.

6. The weakness and fragility of one's physical body

contribute to life's uncertainty.

Let us try to ripen our inner potential now, without delay."

Again there was silence as all reflected on these traditional words, then for the last time Mpho spoke:-

"The only thing that can help us at the time of death is our mental/spiritual development.

7. Worldly possessions such as wealth, position, money

can't help.

8. Relatives and friends can neither prevent death nor go

with us.

9. Even our own precious body is of no help to us. We have to leave it behind like a shell, an empty husk.

In this time of change let us spend some time to ripen our inner potential purely."

At this there was again silence as Mubans began a short collective inner journey. After a suitable interval Mpho and Yunio stood and moved to kneel before the casket, so indicating it was time for the next part of the ceremony to proceed. The Elders then stood and waited for the chimes to sound once around the arena, and they then moved to stand behind the casket facing the arena. Two Elders then took from the casket two amulets, and placed the amulets over the heads of the new kneeling Abbots, these amulets to be worn for a year as symbol of transfer from the old to the new.

Mpho and Yunio then stood, bowed before the Abbot's body, and moved to the back of the arena. The Mubans followed, each in turn moving to the front of the arena to bow three times to the Abbot. As Mpho and Yunio reached the entrance of the arena they led the procession around the Kajaalors bowing three times as was the practice. The people followed in silence reinforcing the strength of their traditions. Once they had completed one circuit of the arena, they turned to the Mubans behind to gesture that they should move off to the place of feasting, and the Elders led them off whilst Mpho and Yunio moved back to the altar, bowed before the casket, sat either side and resumed their meditation. There was still many Mubans inside the arena and they were shocked at this break in tradition, but as they rose to join the procession they saw people filing off to the place of feasting. This was a

symbol of the changing order, and they saw in it a sense of commitment to the priorities of the inner journey of their new abbots. Not liking change Mubans discussed this at the feasting but saw in it a change for good, a recognition of the priority of the Inner.

As night fell the feasting had been progressing a few hours, and Mpho and Yunio finished their meditation and went to join their people. Places of honour had been set for them but many thought this had been a lapse and that they were not going to attend. They sat down, and the feast organisers presented them with food which they ate sparsely but gratefully. Throughout the rest of the evening casually different people came up to them and wished them well as the Abbots of Mubanrao. They took a special amount of time in conversation with Blenbu but with the others of the 10 they gave no special attention as they were now all Mubans not warranting special treatment. Of course everyone knew this was Kakangpokao, and he was special.

The feasting went on for days, food kept arriving and people stayed in reunion, until eventually it was time to return to life without feasting. It was a memorable time, the changing order to the new Abbots. It was recorded - the changes in the ceremony of the new Abbots, a great recognition that the priority of Abbots was the Inner journey and for Mubans this was a change they welcomed as for some it had become forgotten.

After the day of transfer Mpho and Yunio left and went up to the mountains with Blenbu, they realised there was much to learn of the NaAgu tradition that Blenbu had locked into.

SANNADEE

Finished 2017

3) *NaAgu*

For the days of the feasting Blenbu became the teacher of NaAgu. His purpose in attending the the New Abbots' Initiation ceremony was to convince Mpho and Yunio that it was necessary for them to understand the ways of the NaAgu, and they were sufficiently interested that they also persuaded Sarpo and Tanbo to come with them.

"I love the hills, I always have - long before our journey," enthused Blenbu. "Back home before the times became dark, the hills were my friends, my comfort, and my solace. In those times of decadence few would make the efforts to escape the confines of urban living, even many who claimed green never walked that extra mile that brought them into the countryside where Gaia was dominant - and not man. Or so it seemed to me," he added.

"An old man doesn't change what he has found right for him so when I came here - even though I was welcomed - I preferred the solace of the hills. They bring me peace Do you know?" he asked.

"We get it," smiled Mpho laughing at his profusion.

"A man of the hills can also lose social skills," he said wistfully, more to himself. "You must forgive me," he added gently.

"Nothing to be forgiven," remarked Sarpo "when I am deep in writing I am so full I blurt out to those who listen. I wonder whether they are truly interested." He searched the others but gained no answer. They cared for him too much to let his excesses cloud their relationship.

"OK to business," Blenbu began his account "The NaAgu is a tradition that has existed here in Mubanrao since people began remembering. Some people in the town called it Agu Kajaa but the Naakon themselves call it NaAgu. Agu means hills as you know, and naa is an old word for walking. But it is walking that is reflecting. It is walking that is pure walking - Naakon are those who focus on the walk. The word "naa" stopped being used as walking from A to B out of respect for the Naakon.

"Anyway, get that it is walking in the hills," he smiled embarrassed at his excess again. "Through the centuries these people have passed on this tradition, knowledge of the power of the land, plants and animals. They love it all. The land as it feeds and heals them. There

is no attempt at cultivation. They eat what they find, they know what to do to heal themselves, and they use ancient knowledge of how to increase their energy using the energy that Nature provides for all. Some even describe the Naakon as searchers for energy, and for some that is true as their walking is just a search for more powerful places to receive that energy."

He paused and then blurted "The Mubans have forgotten the NaAgu tradition, and it must not be forgotten. The Mubans have a peaceful and gentle life but it is a mistake that they are not in tune as the Naakon. I sometimes wonder how much of a mistake yet Nature enjoys their peace. Maybe the Harmony is maintained because there is NaAgu, I don't know, but without NaAgu there is not true balance in Mubanrao."

He could see their incredulity, understandable as they had embraced the way of Mubanrao, and had found a happiness that their dark countrymen had made it impossible to ever achieve. "You cannot know the way of NaAgu without being a Naakon so I am asking you to join me for a few days whilst your people are feasting to learn something of NaAgu."

So after staying several years in the town, for the first time the Link began to learn about the land that they now knew as home. They wandered up and down the hills, at first experiencing the beauty. But then Blenbu taught them more, beauty only touched the surface of the tradition that was NaAgu. They had walked far over the mountains to find Mubanrao, and in their flight had discovered personal energy. But walking here in the hills they were soon tired. Blenbu smiled, let them rest, and then taught them how to walk so that the land fed their walking. By the end of the third day they had learnt some of how to walk, enough to know there was something to learn.

He taught them of places of power, places where the land was good and bad for them yet bad and good for other life. They knew something of this as the Link but places had a quality in all things. Again by the end of the third day they knew little but they knew enough to know that Blenbu's claim that NaAgu helped create the harmony of Mubanrao could not be ignored.

During the three days there was an ongoing discussion between Sarpo and Blenbu for Sarpo wanted to record the tradition and asked Blenbu to stay with him at Dom Kajaa to complete a section in the Annals. Blenbu refused. On a note of personal discomfort he could not imagine being cooped up in the Dom for such a long period of time, but he told Sarpo "you are the recorder, you must record that tradition as you experience it." But Sarpo had the opposite problem, he was ageing and enjoyed the peace and quiet of the Dom. In the end their arguments led to mockery and derision of the elderly, and it remained an important

section of the Annals that was not complete - yet recorded sufficiently for those with an eye to read.

After three days they were changed people. They had learnt of their homeland in a way that staying in Mubanrao could never teach. They were not Naakon, but they understood being NaAgu and they began to learn something of the harmony that NaAgu and Kajaa brought to the Mubans. They had learnt respect for the hills, a respect that could never leave them no matter whether they remained in the Dom or not. They parted, and left Blenbu by what he called his favourite rock. They walked down the mountainside, and looked back. Blenbu was still staring at them and waved. Then they watched as it seemed that Blenbu melted into his rock. Mpho blinked and looked again, he had disappeared.

In the days that followed their return home Mpho and Yunio became very busy. In their new roles they were faced by people who wanted to impress. This was difficult as for some it was sycophancy yet not all, but the whole process was very tiring. Despite this they couldn't help being impressed by the warmth of the Mubans. On occasions they would raise NaAgu. Typical was with Andow. He simply said "Ah yes, the ways of the hills. You have been speaking with Kakangpokao? Those are the old ways of Agu Kajaa but Kajaa moves on, doesn't it?"

"That is true, Andow, Kajaa changes with time, but at its root Kajaa is as it always has been," advised Mpho.

"Thank you, Merkangnam. Do we not live in Mubanrao, now? In older times many more lived in the hills and Agu Kajaa was very strong then, but it naturally died out when more Mubans began to stay in the town," answered Andow, "Kajaa moves on."

Everything Andow said made sense, but she remembered Blenbu saying Harmony was maintained because there is NaAgu, without NaAgu is there true balance in Mubanrao? This held portents she was sure, but what?

In the early days after the inauguration the Link fundamentally supplied sustenance for the weariness of Mpho and Yunio, but as time wore on that was not needed. Mubanrao settled down with their new Abbots, and so the demands lessened. As it should the pace returned to what it had been with the old Abbot, Mubans got on with their lives.

Sarpo would often ask of visitors to the Dom for stories of Kakangpokao, and he recorded as many as he could make sense of. This was with much circumspection as he soon discovered that for those who still had an interest in NaAgu, it had taken on the stuff of legend

especially the talk of Kakangpokao. After they learned of his interest when Mubans from outlying lands visited the town they would visit Dom Kajaa as was the traditional respect, and they would then spend time with Sarpo. They liked to talk of the hills yet many in the town had lost interest, or simply did not understand; in Sarpo they had an ear.

But they spoke mostly of the feats of Kakangpokao, how the outsider would bring in their cheewits, how he had taken on the ways of the Naakon, and how the spirits of the hills protected him. Always they would mention Namzo's Relics, and how they had given signs when the weather was changing, when accidents would happen. But for Sarpo it was so hard to distinguish myth and storytelling from what he might term truth.

Storytelling has its place, he thought. But he held confusion, and he smiled ruefully as that too had its place.

More than 6 months after they had visited Blenbu he resolved to raise NaAgu in the Link, and the moment he did they felt it had been an issue they had sidelined intentionally. Yet even in the Link they could not feel comfortable with it, the words of Blenbu rang with great strength and awe - without NaAgu is there true balance in Mubanrao? But at the same time they could not understand even in the Link as NaAgu was done; Naakons did NaAgu, and the Link was not Naakon. Through Yunio they resolved to talk with Far about NaAgu and how it fitted into Muban education, and it soon became a feature of Muban education that all students had a taste of the hills. It became a requirement of all even though for many they were of the land, and already had a feel for land. But the land and NaAgu were not the same, and NaAgu could not be taught in schools. But the Link knew that NaAgu could not be lost, although they were not Naakons they knew that NaAgu provided some Harmony that was not part of mainstream Muban life. Soon for the Link NaAgu became part of the way of others, although the Abbots encouraged all who wanted to learn. But what was that learning? It was not a school, it was not meditation, it was a practice. Mubans needed to go to the hills and feel the land, feel the energy, live NaAgu. Sarpo continued to try to learn but the stories became legend and his Annals were not to be a mythology but a source of knowledge, and his section on NaAgu had great import but not in the writing.

The next time he resolved to raise NaAgu in the Link it failed. And this was a symbol of the final change, the final acceptance. The Link had been needed to bring them to Mubanrao, but now their unity was with the Mubans. There was no survival that needed a Link, yet there was a strength needed in daily life to hold to the traditions of Kajaa. This was a Link but a Link with the Mubans, and they worked towards that. But the Abbots had always done that, the Doms had always done that, Mubans in daily life always did that although only a few took the path of meditation. The travellers had accepted and had been accepted in

Mubanrao, and as time moved forward that acceptance was not even remarked upon as tales in families placed less and less emphasis on the influx of the outsiders, and on how they had become Abbots evolving Kajaakaya. But there were always the Annals of Samsarapho.

And there was one final act, one act of finality to ensure that the other world remained distant. Nearing his death Blenbu made a final Naa into the hills. He had never retraced the steps the 10 had followed, it seemed not of good omen, but there came a time when he kept observing Relics. He could not ignore the signs but he could not read them. As is the way it came in a dream and he made his way back to the cave entrance that had led them to Mubanrao. It was unlikely to be found but he made sure it would not. He looked around and felt the Relics smile, he loved the peace of Mubanrao - he loved his hills.

SANNADEE

Finished 2017

4) *Colwil*

Colwil was a small man who was wiry. Of slight appearance he was often mistaken for being weak although if confronted he had surprising strength; never enough that he ever wanted to display it. He lived a little way from the town but not any great distance, sufficient to make it a bit of a decision to go to town – not a haul. And that morning he had decided to do go in.

He actually needed some provisions, more than the veg he could get from his neighbours so he was going to buy what little his carpentry could afford – mind you that was usually more than enough. Sometimes he dreamed of getting far more, surely there was more to life than this. Because he rarely visited town he would visit Dom Kajaa today as well, and speak to the Abbot about his dreams.

Wandering into town he paused for a drink. His rare trips meant that he had only occasional relationships at the bar but he did know those that were regular. Much of what they spoke disinterested him, as quite naturally for people speaking often with each other serious matters were left unsaid. But on occasions he arrived and they were alone, and so conversation was much more interesting. As well the owner had taken a liking to him so she made the effort with him. Yet for all this he was never one of them. And mostly he liked it that way.

That day he saw Volfus. Volfus was now old and his family looked after him – his wife had died years earlier. Generally he was a good man but his heart had lost some shape at the death of his wife, and he often drifted into the past or clung to entrenched views although not with any great strength – it was as if he didn't have the desire to think his way out of them. Colwil felt Volfus respected him, admired his youthful strength and commitment, but when pushed he could never find out why – in the end he left it.

Volfus being of the past often let his mind sink back into it, and he took delight in reading of those old days. He would often discuss the history of Mubanrao with Colwil. He knew the names of many of the Abbots and could describe what part of Kajaa they were famous for. Colwil listened intently to this taking great fascination with these great people of the past.

This fascination was special when Volfus spoke of the Abbots from outside, and Colwil

developed a deep desire to learn more of the outside.

This day Volfus was at the restaurant so he asked after Volfus' health. He was told Volfus was fine but those were words that the eye put a lie to. They discussed life in the town, a few common acquaintances but then there was a lull. "Last time we spoke of the outside," Colwil broke the silence "Tell me more of this outside."

"I know little. All I have been able to learn concerns the Abbots, Merkangnam and Parkangnam. They came from outside and were very wise. In their own lands they spoke of Taam, and when they came here their Taam was like our Kajaa, and their time became known as the time of Kajaakayataam. But that has long past and what was then Kajaakayataam is just part of what we know as Kajaa – as it should be," Volfus told him.

"I understand that they improved Kajaa but what of the outside?" asked Colwil with some urgency "what do you know of the outside?"

"There is little I can tell you, just that maybe there is more to learn in the Annals of Samsarapho, Kianpaine was also from the outside," sighed Volfus, this young man's energy is exciting but he is too dangerous – he is not grounded in Kajaa. "Perhaps you can talk with the Abbot who can tell you of the Annals and also teach you how Kajaa can help you calm your spirit."

"I will do that," answered Colwil, "today I will go now," he resolved. Volfus smiled wistfully. Colwil had a strength, good enquiry, but where is he going?

He left Volfus to realise that he could not visit the Dom now as it was time for the Abbot to lead meditation for his students. So he did his chore and by the time he had finished there was only a short while to wait for the Abbot's Kajaapuut. He arrived and there were only a few lay followers who began by asking the usual questions. A woman whose mother had recently died, another whose child had fallen into the river and drowned. Why did Kajaa let this happen? He felt sympathy for these people but his quest was urgent, he now felt that the outside was the hole in his life and he wished to fill that hole.

"Venerable Abbot," began Colwil with respect "a friend recently told me of the outside, how these people came from the outside and brought with them a great wisdom that became known as Kajaakayataam. Please, Venerable Abbot, tell me what you know of this."

"I know little of what you speak for these are times long gone by," answered the Abbot. "I know that 10 arrived from outside, and in their different ways they helped Mubanrao. Merkangnam and Parkangkao became Abbots, Kianpaine worked on the Annals of

Samsarapho, Bpamaisamsao was very famous in education - our main university is named after her, and Kakangpokao built up a small following for NaAgu at the time. They even say that the Relics of Kangsadengtang came from the outside, but this I am not sure of.”

“But what of outside itself?” pushed Colwil impatiently.

“In the Annals it talks of outside as being a dark place, a place of madness, a place the outsiders were fleeing,” he answered ignoring Colwil’s lack of courtesy. “But there was little else. Again in the Annals it just states that Mubanrao is lucky to have the snake that protects Mubanrao.”

The snake, thought Colwil derisively. His talk with the Abbot did not have the desired effect; in fact the opposite he went away on fire. The Annals, he must get access to the Annals. The Abbot had said these outsiders had held important positions in Mubanrao’s history. They brought learning from outside of Mubanrao, maybe that learning was what he was seeking. He had to get access to the Annals but he knew they were considered holy books, books that only the closest of the Abbot’s followers could study. What was he to do?

The next day he came back to Kajaapuut, and asked again of the outside. The Abbot’s reply didn’t help. “There is nothing outside for Mubans. Searching for fulfilment outside can only lead to frustration the answers are inside. Look inside and seek the peace the heart can give.”

Colwil hardly listened, he had heard Kajaa before. The answer’s inside, seek peace in yourself, the answer is in your heart and not outside in society. He derided it all because he had found the source of Muban knowledge. He believed the Outsiders’ had brought the wisdom, Kajaa, and he wanted to bring more outside wisdom back to Mubanrao. This was his life’s purpose, he now thought.

But he needed to know more. Everything about the outside was shrouded in mystery and he needed to learn more – he needed to read The Annals. He visited the Abbot at Kajaapuut several times but he learned little that was new, and he decided that the Abbot had not read or did not understand the Annals. In fact worse he thought the Abbot was suppressing the Annals because the Annals conflicted with his precious Kajaa. Always the same answer, follow Kajaa, the answer is in your heart, or some version of this.

At one of these Kajaapuuts Colwil was observed by Abano, a young monk. Seeing Colwil’s fire the monk was impressed. Although Abano worshipped the Abbot, he still felt youthful sympathy with the fire. Occasionally he too thought there was something more than he was learning. He empathised with Colwil’s frustration, and he began to read The Annals. And he

then became enthralled by them. Here were books that described Kajaas before and after the Outsiders. The books spoke of Kajaas, Taam and even NaAgu – but only a little of the last. The more he read the more he too became fascinated with the different forms of knowledge, but throughout Samsarapho never spoke positively of outside wisdom. Yes it was there but it took second place to the darkness, the death and destruction that deluded outsiders brought to their lives.

After much deliberation he decided he would speak of the Annals to Colwil.

Colwil had been coming to Kajaapuut once or twice a week for the last two months. Always he got the same answers from the Abbot, and Abano could see his frustration. After one such visit Abano followed Colwil, and came up to him.

“Colwil, the Annals do say what the Abbot says,” spoke Abano quietly to Colwil.

Colwil turned and was taken aback to see the robes of a monk. He looked hard but all he could see were the robes and a monk towing the line.

But this monk had made an effort, he would see what he could learn. “What do you mean, Venerable One?” asked Colwil cagily.

“I saw you at the Kajaapuut,” answered Abano anecdotally “I saw your passion and I decided to look at what you were concerned about, so I began reading The Annals.”

At this Colwil’s eyes lit up, maybe this monk can talk about The Annals or maybe even help him read them. He would play the monk.

“What do they say?” asked Colwil courteously.

“Just what the Abbot said,” summarised Abano genuinely trying to be of help. “Samsarapho was one of these from outside, and he recorded what he saw as the knowledge from his world and Mubanrao. But he said that the outside world was destroyed and that life in Mubanrao is so much better.”

This was not what Colwil wanted to hear, and he suspected a trick. After all, this man was a monk and he worshipped Kajaas. He suspected this monk was also trying to protect Kajaas, maybe it was even a ploy by the Abbot to dissuade him from his investigations. Either way it had the opposite effect, and Colwil was even more curious – or rather he became embroiled in his fascination.

Still if they were going to try and trick him, he would play them at their game. He would try to learn as much as he could even maybe get a look at The Annals. So began a series of meetings with Abano. Colwil would come to the Kajaapuut and ask questions of the Abbot. He changed his questions slightly to avoid suspicion. He pretended that his search for the outside had brought him closer to Kajaa, and so he began to ask more of what the outsiders had done for Mubanrao. In this way he began to learn more from the Abbot, but not a great deal as the Abbot did not trust this young man. He knew his passion was not for Kajaa, but it was his duty as Abbot to answer questions and encourage the search for Kajaa amongst all, whatever shape it took. Colwil also had to be careful because he learned some things from the Abbot, but did not give away what he learned from Abano. So he began to keep two notebooks, one for his questions to the Abbot that he brought openly to the Kajaapuuts, and the other a secret diary of all his conversations with Abano. Each time he would prepare his questions for the Abbot, based on what was in the Abbot's notebook, and so began to learn more of the official line of The Annals.

But his real interest lay in his conversations with Abano. After most Kajaapuuts Abano would follow Colwil, and they would start talking a decent distance from the Dom. Colwil was also careful with his questions for Abano. He saw in Abano's agenda a desire to convince Colwil that there was nothing in The Annals to learn with regards to the outside. But his own agenda was the opposite, what was there in The Annals that would help in the journey he was now planning. He had already decided that there was something in this Taam that Abano spoke of. According to Abano the Annals said that the Taam added to Kajaa, what was at the time called Kajaakayataam. But Colwil did not believe this. He believed that Taam was superior to Kajaa, and that because it was superior he believed the Abbot was trying to suppress knowledge of the outside so that his precious Kajaa was not threatened. But Colwil wanted to bring this Taam to Mubanrao.

So his objective was to learn about how to get to outside. To do this he had to resort to rationalised subterfuge. He would pretend interest in Kajaa, and how Kajaa had been improved by the outsiders through using Taam. And then try to find out if the Annals explained anything about how to travel to the outside.

He remembered an interchange with Abano. "Taam is different to Kajaa?" asked Colwil of Abano.

"It is difficult to judge. The Annals describe the outside as a place where many people believed different things, they called them religions – and some didn't believe in anything," answered Colwil.

“So Kajaa is like an outsider’s religion?” pushed Colwil.

“Yes I suppose it is,” hesitated Abano “The Annals never talked of Kajaa as religion but called it a Taangchi, Way of Power.”

“So you could say that outside had many ways of power?” asked Colwil grasping onto such a fascinating idea.

“I didn’t understand what The Annals said about this. They said that these different Ways of Power were all fundamentally Taam but had different ways of celebration,” Abano paused trying to think of an explanation. “Each of these religions had their own Doms so in one of their towns there would be many different buildings where priests espouse different ways of power.”

“That doesn’t make sense, does it?” pursued Colwil. “Why have different places saying the same thing?”

“No it doesn’t,” agreed Abano “yet I am certain that is what The Annals talked about. They said it was bound up with the self-importance of the people in these religions but I didn’t understand that. The Annals even said that outsiders fought over these different religions.”

“Why would they fight if the religions were not different?” asked Colwil, his mind full of all these possibilities of different Kajaas.

“The Annals said that the outsiders fought all the time because of the self-importance of all these people. Religion was one excuse. But the main reason was greed, a few people wanted more than their share leaving others with nothing. And then those with nothing had to work for the greedy or else they could not eat,” answered Abano.

“That doesn’t make sense, Abano” countered Colwil. “Weren’t the outsiders good people? The ones that came to Mubanrao were abbots, and a university is named after another.”

“This is true, but the world outside described in The Annals is not a world of good people,” recounted Abano. “Anyway it matters little as The Annals describe much destruction outside, they say it is dark and dangerous, and that the outsiders were fleeing for their lives. The Annals say they think their world is dead.”

“How can their world be dead?” asked Colwil.

“I don’t understand this but it says that these self-important people fought each other with

ever more deadly weapons until eventually they destroyed their world,” answered Abano.

“Their world is dead and yet our world next to theirs is not damaged, how can this be?” argued Colwil genuinely puzzled.

“The Annals say that Mubanrao is protected by high mountains and a huge wind that blew away the death and destruction,” Abano tried to answer him from what he had read “that is the only explanation I have.”

“That makes some sense,” conceded Colwil “but it is difficult to understand.”

“But does it matter?” asked Abano “Why is it important to you?”

“It interests me,” answered Colwil cagily.

“What exactly interests you?” asked Abano.

Colwil could see this was threatening, he had to be careful. “I am not sure. Kajaa was called Kajaakayataam at the time of the Abbots from outside. I think it is important to understand what the difference is, what the outsiders brought to Kajaa. Maybe there are parts of learning that our way of life does not teach us, and we need to focus on how to get that learning – how we can compensate for that lack.”

“Interesting idea!” answered Abano “It does say in The Annals that there was nothing in the Taam that was not in the Kajaa, it is just they learned Kajaa in a different way. The Annals called it the Way of Conflict. Do we want conflict?”

“Of course not!” Colwil was quick to reply “Did what they knew only come from conflict? Are there pointers to the ways they learnt so that we can learn?”

“That is worth considering,” agreed Abano “but as we don’t really know how Kajaa was changed it is a moot point. We can learn Kajaa if we practice. How is your practice going?” Colwil discussed his practice with Abano but his mind was not on that discussion and he soon took his leave. He had learned much from this conversation, and he wanted to go home and write it in his own diary.

The entry read “I have found what I am looking for. Going outside is up through the mountains and through the wind. Through the snake that protects - derisively. This was a major breakthrough, but I also learnt a great deal more. There is much wisdom outside that was not brought to Mubanrao. The outsiders that came fitted in well with Kajaa but this

Taam they followed clearly rejected other teachings. Maybe that is an exaggeration. The Annals say that all the teachings have the same basis but that really doesn't make sense. There were different Doms, different teachings, so much more to outside.

“Maybe even more. What if the outsiders that came to Mubanrao were renegades? What if outside society was a good society that had its own way of living and these renegades left and found a home in Mubanrao? Maybe outside has so much more to teach us.”

These thoughts began to play on his mind, more and more he focussed on them. Everything he tried to do convinced him. Mubans complete acceptance of Kajaa, the lack of willingness of the Abbot to let lay people study The Annals, the glimpses of understanding he gleaned from his conversations with Abano, all led him to the conclusion that outside was a great source of knowledge and that Mubanrao would greatly benefit from that learning. The more time went by the more his question became when and how, rather than if, he would leave for outside.

Again a conversation with Abano gave him his direction. “Abano, don't you think it is fascinating that there are teachings other than Kajaa?”

“Sometimes,” began Abano “but I find that Kajaa explains all the questions I have to ask. There is so much more than you know,” he said.

“Then why can't I go and read about it?” asked Colwil frustratingly.

“You can,” smiled Abano knowing this cul-de-sac “if you join”

“The Dom, I know,” he interrupted. Then began the discussion about discipline and meditation they had had before. “Teachings can be dangerous in the hands of people whose minds are not under control.”

Not under the control of the Abbot, thought Colwil.

“Our minds can trick us and if we are not careful lead us into all kinds of trouble,” continued Abano “that is why the Abbot takes the teachings carefully and helps us by instilling discipline especially through meditation.”

“I understand what you say,” Colwil agreed partially “but I learn much from talking with people like yourself. I think of it as sharpening my mind pitting my understanding against what you say so that I can learn.”

“That is very sound,” said Abano “but it can also be dangerous if the learning is not based soundly in Nature.”

“Kajaa, again,” smiled Colwil.

“Of course,” agreed Abano “The mind has the ability to rationalise so many things if based solely in logic. A maths friend explained it once to me. A typical maths explanation starts with fundamental axioms, and then based on logic and reason reaches a conclusion. But if the axiom is incorrect the conclusion can be rubbish, logic itself is a process it is neither right nor wrong.”

“For me the same principle applies in real life – as opposed to mathematical theory,” continued Abano “if the axioms are not correct the conclusions can be dangerous. But in the real world it is hard to know what are axioms, so we need the guidance of Nature, Kajaa.”

“But the mind is part of Nature,” countered Colwil.

“Of course it is,” agreed Abano “but the point is to understand its role in Nature. That is where the tradition of Kajaa comes in. For many years through this tradition many people have studied these matters, and have built up a tradition of understanding, an understanding of mind’s role in Nature. “But what is more important, the tradition has also learnt how the mind tricks us, how it makes us self-important, how it builds up an ego that prevents Nature from guiding us – a block to Kajaa.

“And the tradition has learnt how to train the mind so that this ego does not build up.” Abano added “and”

“That is why we join the Doms,” interrupted Colwil.

“Exactly,” finished Abano.

Makes sense, thought Colwil, but that is based on their logic that Kajaa is correct. But he is wrong if his axioms are wrong, if there is greater understanding outside.

“Of course the Abbot does encourage some people to learn about NaAgu,” continued Abano “after all it says in The Annals that NaAgu provides Mubanrao with balance.”

“NaAgu is part of Kajaa?” asked Colwil.

“In a sense it is but we must go to the mountains to learn about “walking in the hills”,”

smiled Abano.

NaAgu, that was it; that was what was missing, realised Colwil as soon as Abano mentioned NaAgu. He had heard vaguely of these mountain people, but most people dismissed them as strange. But apart from a few like Abano they also dismissed him for his strangeness. Perhaps he and the NaAgu were kindred spirits. He now knew of his next step in the quest for real knowledge – knowledge that was beyond Kajaa.

But he had to deal with his legacy. He had spent much time making notes, and now it was time to turn those notes into a historic record. Should he call it The Annals of Colwil? He laughed to himself, then he thought seriously about the title, dismissing the imitation. His fierce independence was not satisfied by a copy. He felt Kajaa had slipped, or rather that the Mubans in their reverence for the institutions of Kajaa, the Doms, the Abbots, and the many ceremonies, had let Kajaa become stagnant. He knew Kajaa should evolve but somehow it was not evolving – or so he thought.

So he began his record, his book, “The Kajaa Conspiracy, how we need to evolve by learning from outside”. “Kajaa has become stagnant, and it is time that the Abbots in all the Doms begin to look outside. Let me ask you these questions. Do you know about the outside? The outsiders brought us great knowledge, and they even gave it a name Kajaakayataam. But what do we know of this knowledge? Nothing. And yet there is information available but we cannot read it “The Annals of Samsarapho”, a series of books by one of the outsiders. But only those who sign up for the duration as monks in the Doms get to read them. Only those who are firmly committed to Kajaa can read the Annals as the Abbot knows that such people will not threaten Kajaa. But if you or I ask we are told “control your mind, the answer lies with Kajaa”. We are told to meditate, read our established books on Kajaa, empty the mind, and not be attached to dreams – tricks that mind creates.

“But I say no to this. We must know Kajaa but there is more to know and that knowledge is outside. I am going outside to bring back evidence of this new knowledge, so that we Mubans can evolve.

“But first I will go to the mountains to learn the wisdom of NaAgu before I can go outside to bring back the knowledge.” He then proceeded to justify his claims by quoting the Abbot and an unnamed monk. This book was completed very quickly – less than two weeks, because in his note-making he had been aware that he was preparing a book it was only a matter of connecting the dots – padding out the notes into acceptable Muban language.

And then he just disappeared up the mountains leaving the book in an envelope on the table with a note for his sister who he knew would eventually come to look for him, maybe when he didn't arrive for the annual family celebrations prior to planting the new crops.

Now where to go? That presented a dilemma. His family was from the East so that was out, and although he had heard vague mention of NaAgu around his home, he had paid little note he realised, he did not feel the East held the answer. And there was a general Muban feeling that the west was wilder. He headed west, and walked for several days relying on renowned Muban hospitality especially amongst the farmers far from the main town. After a week or so of walking the farms thinned, and this presented an obvious dilemma – what was he to eat? He thought back to his farming childhood, and knew of some foods growing wild. He tried them, and was generally successful – although he did make himself ill one night. Water was never an issue, there were many streams down from the mountains.

And eventually he began to climb. This pleased him as it satisfied both his objectives. He felt that outside was towards the West, and knowing he had to go up the mountains and through a hostile wind he felt this climbing was a good sign. Secondly the higher up he went the more he felt he would meet Naakon, the people of NaAgu. The higher up he went the more isolated he felt, and decided that he would ask after the NaAgu with whoever he met.

He approached with care as he did not know the reactions of these Naakon, these wild people of the mountains. No-one there, and in truth it didn't look as if anyone lived there. He decided it was a place to rest, and he felt he would take time to think how was his plan working out?

Baakor was wandering through Hangkao mountains when he met Jerdor. Whenever Naakon met they either nodded and passed, or spent time; neither way was considered more or less an act of friendship. But today the two were ready to talk, it seemed a while since they had met but if asked neither would be able to recall. As usual they talked about the mountains, the way the streams had altered course this year, which foods were dominant this year, and most definitely the annoying excess of Singir butterflies – so many they would fly into you as if Nature had sent them on a suicide mission because of their excess. There was a lull as they both sat and stared, not at anything but everything, feeling comfortable together in their land.

“You know there is a Muban staying in the hut near Harkao Ridge,” Baakor mentioned breaking their silence.

“Oh, that's where he is,” acknowledged Jerdor “I saw him coming up the Tingor pass maybe

five days ago. He hasn't got far." They both laughed.

"Do you think he is looking for NaAgu University?" quipped Baakor, again joint laughter. "Should we help him?"

"It is our duty," accepted Jerdor "after all he has made all the effort to get out here."

"Did you think anything of him?" asked Baakor.

"He seemed quite strong, small but wiry," described Jerdor "I followed him a couple of hours. His walking was good for Muban, but he had an air of distraction." "You will work with him first?" asked Baakor.

"Agreed," nodded Jerdor "but don't leave me too long with him."

They sat for another hour, it was a gentle day. And then Jerdor went off to his assigned task.

Colwil heard the knock, and when he answered tentatively he saw this stranger instruct him to come with him. At Colwil's hesitation Jerdor asked "do you want to learn about NaAgu or don't you?" Jerdor barely waited for Colwil to put on his boots and coat, and off they went. After a while Colwil soon fell behind, and Jerdor criticised. "Walking is Natural but Mubans forget how it is to walk as they do so little of it."

"What do you mean?" asked Colwil.

"Mubans always seem to want to rest," answered Jerdor "yet good walking is Nature's efficient way of travel. If you walk well then Nature gives you just enough energy, this is the first thing Naakon learn, the Walk of the NaAgu."

"You must be walking," continued Jerdor "not walking and sightseeing, not walking and thinking, just walking. Just walk, watch where you are walking, think about where you are putting your feet and walk. Not quick, not slow, just walk." So began Colwil's first lesson in NaAgu, the Way of walking, the Walk of the NaAgu – walking the walk. He tried for a while himself but soon found he was tired. Then he began watching Jerdor, and became more tired. Then he recognised that Jerdor's eyes were focussed on the path, he walked with his hands curled third finger and thumb touching. He never stumbled. Although there were small rocks on the path his feet always missed them. If he put his foot on a rock it was solid it didn't slip, and always his eyes were focussed on the path. Sometimes he would stop and Colwil would think thank goodness it was time to rest, but no it was a time of assessment. He would look around, take in what he saw, look up and down the path they were on, and by

the time Colwil was ready to rest, off he would go again.

Jerdor had said “not walking and sightseeing, not walking and thinking, just walking. Just walk, watch where you are walking, think about where you are putting your feet and walk.” What had he been doing? Thinking about being NaAgu, thinking about Outside, excited that he had found this Naakon, and that he was going to learn NaAgu Kajaa; and maybe that would help him learn the ways of the Outside. He realised that mostly he was not walking but thinking. This time he was not going to think. He was determined on his quest but he would use that determination to walk the Naa.

As Colwil started again Jerdor looked with a feeling of despondency, he was wasting his time. Whatever had brought this Muban across his path it did not seem that it was the Gods of the NaAgu. Yet ... he now noticed a change. The Muban’s eyes never strayed from where he was walking, there was no stumbling. He laughed out loud, no stumbling – he had been so intent on watching Colwil he had forgotten his own gait. This time they followed the path up the mountain and neither stopped, nor wanted to stop.

Then light stopped day, and they prepared for the night. Jerdor halted and looked around “You are lucky, Muban. We are not far from a hut, you will have your city comforts tonight.”

Colwil demurred letting Jerdor enjoy his own humour at the expense of the inexperienced Muban, comfort was the least of his concerns. They prepared first for the food and then the night. Jerdor left Colwil to clean the hut, and then prepare for cooking, whilst he went to look for food. Quickly he returned with a marten, “Luck is certainly shining on you,” smiled Jerdor, his inner mind noting the fortune “we will eat well tonight. I will return with some veg. Look in the corner in that barrel, there is usually grain – depending on the winter.”

Colwil’s questions spewed into his mind, “Where did the grain come from? How did he capture the marten? Will Jerdor show him where the veg is?” but already the man had disappeared on his tasks.

No sooner gone than returned, Jerdor made alterations to the pot, quickly cleaned and cut the veg adding them to the pot leaving Colwil with a great sense of awe. This Jerdor was so well adapted to his life, he laughed at himself he sounded like a wildlife book written by a Muban academic. He sat back, it seemed that conversation was also not on the table whilst they were cooking, a mumbled “later” was all that he discerned.

They sat to eat, and he noticed Jerdor first prayed. He started to ask but decided he would

wait for the Naakon teacher. He tasted the food, it felt strangely good yet it was not the food he was used to. It felt clean, that was it, it felt clean and fresh. Here up high he felt good, somehow the food felt good as well. It was natural. He knew Mubans took care that food came from the land – there was even a section in Dom Kajaa devoted solely to food. But to be honest Colwil paid little attention. Now he did, he would for the future. A thought struck him, the food was part of the process for the NaAgu. What did that mean? He paused from eating, he focused on the thought and allowed it to permeate. It was all about Nature including the food, the Natural way to eat was the best way to keep the body healthy. What could be more natural than catching the meat and plucking the veg?

After the meal Jerdor produced some herbs. After grinding them they were soaked in boiling water, and Jerdor mumbled “Colwil, wait 10 minutes.” Sitting back Jerdor waited for the tea. Still no sign of conversation Colwil also bided his time, whilst he still felt the raging need of his quest, the quiet day in the hills and the gentle eating seemed to rest his desire, and he felt comfortable.

The tea was delicious and Jerdor said, pointing at the herbs, “These are plaitooi, and they are good for aching muscles.”

“I feel fine,” retorted Colwil peacefully.

“That’s OK,” answered Jerdor cordially “these will help you when you sleep.

“So what do you think of your first day in the ways of the NaAgu?” he asked with a broad smile on his face.

“I have enjoyed today,” answered Colwil “it was hard to begin with but after a while it felt as if I could walk forever.”

“Of course,” agreed Jerdor “walking up here in the hills is perfectly natural.”

Jerdor sat back quietly, then went outside – to the night. Looking up he saw the stars “Novice, come look at this”. They were high, there was even a freshness about the stars, the way their light came through the atmosphere – sharper more pristine. Jerdor settled back to the entertainment.

Colwil joined him and he noted it was special. But his mind was not there, his mind was on its quest and could see only that. He tried to engage Jerdor but there was nothing forthcoming, and Colwil could feel Jerdor’s irritation at being disturbed. In the end he calmed his mind – there would be another day to learn what the Naakon knew of outside. In

the silence he thought back to his day, and the contentment seemed to relax him more. He slowed his breathing, and sat gently in his chair not caring whether they spoke. He smiled to himself at that. He calmed and allowed the stars to fill him, it was spectacular. Some hours later Jerdor said he must sleep, his food had settled. And that was that, the Naakon went in, disrobed and slept.

Similarly Colwil went inside and lay there trying to evaluate the day. His mind tried to focus on the outside but its chattering soon dissipated as Nature took him over and he slept. A good deep sleep.

The next day Jerdor's ablutions woke Colwil, and he got up to help. After eating Jerdor told Colwil "There is work to be done, you can join me," and without an answer he simply walked away; Colwil would follow or not. During the day Jerdor gathered food asking Colwil to carry it, he snipped some plants, took others carefully placing their roots in his bag. At lunch there was a hut, Jerdor checked for grain. After eating they moved on and the afternoon progressed in much the same way. And surprisingly by the evening they had returned to their lunch-time hut. Jerdor took his plants and almost caressingly found them a bed – a home? Colwil looked and realised that in between the plants that nature provided there were others that were clearly put there by the Naakon. He asked.

"I hope this will grow," answered Jerdor "it is better to find a balance. In Mubanrao the farmers do their best but there is not the time and land to grow the way Nature intended. Up here we find where Nature grows and ask her whether she will allow us to add our plants – just a few never too many. And if we are careful Nature's answer is the food we eat."

Colwil smiled at the enigmatic answer but when Jerdor showed him the different veg interspersed with the limited natural vegetation something struck home. There was something to it. "How do you ask?" he pondered intellectually.

"The ways of the Naakon," answered Jerdor and that was all. They went inside with their veg – no meat tonight. And the rest of the evening was spent the same way, meal and entertainment under the stars. And of course deep sleep.

Several days passed this way. Jerdor continued with his way of life together with his new teaching task, and Colwil tagged along. For the most part Colwil saw the benefit and was genuinely learning, but every so often his inner demon would ask about the outside. One night this came to the stage as Jerdor opened the door. Instead of watching the stars one night he asked Colwil what he thought of the ways of the Naakon.

“They are slow and interesting,” he answered cautiously “the ways of the Mubans seem much faster.” “Mubans try to be sustainable but it is so difficult when you live in cities,” answered Jerdor sympathetically. “For many people the city is the only choice, in the country where it is more natural life lacks comfort but comfort is not necessary. It is usually only weakness. But all people cannot be Naakon.”

This surprised Colwil, maybe NaAgu was the answer. Take the NaAgu Kajaa back to Mubanrao and explain that it is better for all people. Is that what the outsiders had brought in? Not outside wisdom but NaAgu Kajaa.

“Why don’t you bring NaAgu Kajaa to all Mubans?” asked Colwil, the seeker of change.

“Because they don’t want it,” answered Jerdor wistfully “they are not ready.”

“That’s a bit arrogant, isn’t it?” bristled Colwil defending his people.

“It sounds it, doesn’t it?” smiled Jerdor unshaken “All opinions sound arrogant when they are not the norm, don’t they? City Mubans would never agree they are not ready, at least most of them. So my opinion sounds arrogant in the city.”

“But you must ask not whether my opinion is arrogant - a subjective emotional question,” he continued wisely “but how true is what is being said?”

“I see” muttered Colwil, and Jerdor could see there was not agreement.

“Why are you here?” asked Jerdor “are you happy in Mubanrao?”

Colwil nodded that he wasn’t.

“If you could be happy doing what I do, isn’t it better?” asked Jerdor.

“I would like to be happy like you,” answered Colwil carefully trying to engineer an opening to what he truly wanted to learn. “But I don’t think that is possible, I think there is something more.”

“More? Mubans we meet are usually seeking more but it is not that there is more it is that in their minds they feel uncomfortable,” advised Jerdor.

This was exactly the wrong thing to say to Colwil who reacted immediately. “That is just the Kajaa of the monks,” reacted Colwil angrily “they say it is all in the mind. Live

harmoniously with your environment, do good, care for others. Are you the same?"

"Of course what is wrong with that?" answered Jerdor.

"What if there is more?" Colwil spurted out "what about outside?"

"Outside," asked Jerdor "you think outside has answers? It only has death and destruction, that was something Kakangpokao always said, the Relics always point us away from outside."

"Same old, same old," derided Colwil bitterly. There was silence.

The stars shone their light on their debate giving clarity. Jerdor continued with his watching whilst he could feel Colwil consumed with anger and frustration. "Nature has one more answer for you tomorrow," announced Jerdor as he went to bed. His sleep was deep but this time Colwil was unable as his mind clung to the outside disturbing what Nature had to offer. Eventually he drifted away but the next morning was not refreshing.

"Would you like to meet my family?" was Jerdor's morning greeting. They had spent so long together it had ever struck Colwil that Jerdor had a family.

They descended and after almost a day's journey they reached a treeline, it was sparse but trees. Entering what might be termed a wood they seemed to hug that line as if unwilling to descend any further into a mire. To their left the trees thickened and Jerdor moved towards them. As they reached this clump of trees it seemed their path was blocked but this did not seem to deter Jerdor. Striding forward without a noticeable change of pace he walked through the clump as if the path magically passed through the trees; even though he was close it was hard for Colwil to see that the trees parted. Walking a few yards the path opened out into space between the trees that was clearly well-worn. A bit further over there were children's voices, and as he turned to the sound he looked behind and they had passed a house.

Jerdor moved into his house and embraced his wife, in that embrace Colwil removed all his doubts about Jerdor and family. The embrace took time until eventually Sardar separated herself from her husband. "This is Colwil," Jerdor introduced him, "he is attending NaAguni for a short while." She smiled at his usual joke, and greeted the man from the city.

They walked outside, and the girl and boy playing were called over. "Meet Angila and Marcon, Marcon is my son, Angila is the daughter of my friend Baakor – she is visiting." Behind Colwil heard more, and turned to see a young woman come out of the house. "This

is our other daughter, Sinone,” she smiled as Sinone rushed to hug her father. Colwil couldn't help but admire her. After a time Sardar told Sinone to take Colwil to their guest room, and he followed still struck by her; this he was not ready for.

After changing and cleaning up it was time for the two travellers to eat, and they joined Jerdor's family. The meal was little different to what they had eaten in the huts, but there were little homely touches that Colwil found appealing – touches he would have mocked in Mubanrao. That evening he had a problem getting to sleep, but not once did he think of outside.

Jerdor watched with pride as the romance developed. He knew his daughter was ready to start her own home, and he had hoped that Colwil was a match – he had grown to like this city boy. There was a deep compassion in him, and time and a good woman in the NaAgu mountains might well settle him; instead of his mind misusing him it could turn to wisdom and he could become a great asset to their community. None of that crossed Colwil's mind as his hormones created havoc. As a young man he had always been dedicated to his quest, he saw it as something essential for his community; he never had time for love. There were times when a woman of Mubanrao interested him, but it was their custom to marry first because quite rightly the children were so important. How could he devote his time to children when he had his quest, when he knew his community needed the Kaya wisdom of the outsiders. But with Sinone none of that mattered, all he could think of was her. As their mutual feeling developed the tradition that seemed deeper for the NaAgu raised itself in him. He began to think about what was required of a Naakon family man. Thinking he was being subtle he would ask Jerdor who played along amused at the city boy's duplicity.

Finally it became clear that the couple could not stay in Jerdor's home so Jerdor took Colwil out to where he had scouted for them. Knowing his daughter he had not doubts that this would attract her, and as soon as they all arrived it was quite clear that Colwil and Sinone had found their new home. A celebration was arranged, and this memory kicked off the beginning of a new NaAgu family. Sinone was brought up in the NaAgu tradition, and Jerdor had seen that this cityboy knew his duty; he felt all was well.

And Jerdor was mostly correct for Colwil became a good father and provider. Once the NaAgu tradition became second nature, Colwil began to stamp his own background on matters of culture. This never proved a problem and Colwil became a great asset to the community as Jerdor had foretold. But he had misjudged the mind of the cityboy.

Two weeks after Colwil left for the mountains, his sister found the manuscript of The Kajaa Conspiracy. She read it and cried for her lost brother. She went to the abbot, and asked if the

abbot would organise rescue. The abbot simply asked rescue from what? The sister had no answer. “Colwil must find his own way, who knows he may settle amongst the NaAgu?” he added wisely.

But that was not enough for the abbot. He remembered this aggressive young man who had pushed so much to study “The Annals of Samsarapho”, and he remembered how he had rejected his requests. He saw in what he had done a mistake, for this boy he might have saved the heartache simply by letting him see the darkness in the descriptions Samsarapho had given of outside; there could then be no delusions. Such a mistake could never be made again.

Kajaa wisdom continually develops as there is nothing permanent. The mind will play all kinds of tricks, and he and his fellow abbots must be aware of these tricks and help to counter them. He wanted no further Colwils through their apparent secrecy, so as part of the training there would now be the Colwil conspiracy. Abbots studied the work of Colwil, and were made aware of the trick his mind had played. If such a strong mind appeared again they would encourage study of The Annals so that there could not be a Colwil delusion again.

SANNADEE

Finished 2017

5) *Outside*

Colwil never had any regrets, his family life amongst the NaAgu had been more than complete. But his mind would not allow him to settle as a grandfather. His daughter, Saniu, was expecting, she had married a sensible young Naakon. Their home was near, and Sinone would always have something to do to help her – no matter how much interfering. His son was nearing adulthood, he would soon find a bride and could settle nearby, his duty to look after his mother would be taken seriously and whilst it would add a certain disharmony to his son's family such an extension was not unheard of and would be respected.

As his children had begun approaching adulthood Colwil's mind returned to the outside. The Naakon spoke little of the outside, in some ways their minds were more set than the distant Mubans. Their tradition was so important to them as they believed implicitly that without their retaining NaAgu wisdom eventually when the Mubans needed it there could be a catastrophe. This was never questioned. The symbiotic Kajaa of the Mubans and the NaAgu would be held solid, this was so deeply entrenched amongst the Naakon. Yet the Naakon never considered the outside. Whilst Kakangpokao had been greatly revered he did not become a leader. Whilst he was known as the Keeper of the Relics the Relics mattered much more to the city folks. Whenever he thought of the outside he never found answers within his community. More and more his mind was saying it was time to continue his quest.

And one day he just left. He had been out checking the huts, gathering the veg, and he didn't return home. He just continued on. He knew there would be ructions. Sinone's father would curse the city boy but Sinone would know. She could never understand but she would know. When they had first met she had smiled sweetly and said "Am I your outside?"; he had loved her for just that. For just over 20 years his family had been his life but this quest was deep within. He had to find out before his body was not capable of carrying the mind outside.

There was a notional ring that was NaAgu territory. Although their homes were at the top of the treeline they were kept well hidden, and few Mubans knew about them, their camouflage being so effective. Naakon never descended even in the worst of weather only seeking food from above. But as they ascended weather also controlled them because above a certain height it became so cold. This ring of NaAgu that spread around the valley whose centre was Mubanrao was accepted by their tradition as their limit. But it did not limit Colwil for his mind was never limited by traps that had been set by traditions, his mind must expand.

And one day he decided that he would ascend beyond the ring in search of the outside. He had told Sinone that he would travel far westwards this time, and please not to expect him for days. And off he went westwards and upwards. He collected clothes he had set aside for his quest, and began climbing upwards. Despite having thought of this for a long time he had no definite plans. From within the valley it was never clear how high the mountains went, they never saw the top as they were always covered in clouds. There was a sense they could go above the clouds but no-one had – it was the tradition. Then there was the wind, they knew of this through The Annals, and there was also the legend of the snake – the huge snake that protected the valley of Mubanrao. What seemed so strange to Colwil was that no-one knew anything. The Mubans were so content they never explored, and for Colwil this seemed a weakness. There were no rules, no prohibitions, maybe a fear of the unknown but no-one had explored. For a Kajaa whose root was “Learning What is What”, no-one knew what was the land they lived in. He could understand their fear of the outside, that was enshrined in The Annals, but not to know of your own land just appeared ignorant to him. Well he would change that. He would chart his path so that when he returned all would know the way he had been.

Whilst the ring of the NaAgu ran round the whole of the vast valley there was one area where few Naakon worked, Colwil understood there was little food there. It seemed a good way for Nature to protect the Mubans from outside. He made his way to Kardor Ridge and started to climb but the climbing soon became too rough. Frustrated he descended again, and moved further round to ascend again. This time the path was gentler but again the Ridge proved impassable. Days had passed and he had achieved nothing. But he was making charts mapping the ridge, and he concluded the ridge was impassable. Yet he still felt that above the ridge was his quest. He decided to backtrack on the ring, and attempt to climb above the ridge before travelling round. Again this would take days.

Backtracking he returned towards the inhabited Naakon land avoiding human contact. After travelling a day or so it seemed that he had left the ridge behind, and he could ascend more gently and then return above the ridge line. Soon it got cold very cold. But he was prepared for that, if he could walk that was enough. As a Naakon judging distance and direction became second nature, but in this new territory that skill was being severely tested. Somehow he wanted to find his way back so that he was above Kardor ridge, but the terrain he was crossing was so different. Would it take him a day – two days? And was he sure of the direction. Sometimes the “path” forced him in a direction he didn’t want, he would then compensate but did he do so adequately? And he was going up. His speed changed so how far did he travel? And the cold also affected him. He was lost!!

But never mind, finding the outside was not an exact science to say the least. After a couple of days he judged he was above the ridge, and climbed higher. Looking up was not encouraging. It appeared he was reaching the top, but once there there was another and another. But he went up and up forced on by his mind's quest. Although not sheer like the ridge this terrain was getting harsher and harsher – difficult to traverse, and the cold was getting to him. Then he reached the wind. Above him he saw the visibility change, and when he reached this forbidding line he was blown. This wind he had never experienced before. He was climbing and being forced to keep his body at 450 in an effort to counter the wind. But he knew he was losing. He was ascending but there was no end in sight, does he give up?

Inside a voice said look for a sign. The Relics! Namzo's Relics. They would show him the way outside. Find a Relic. This was meant to be; deep inside that's what was said, it was meant to be. So he looked but it was not the visibility. A Relic could be there but he would miss it. And then he knew the Relic wasn't here. He had to go down and find the Relic. That was his quest now. Somehow he must get down and find a Relic.

Easier said than done, but he was not going to be swayed. He wanted to avoid the ridge but it would be hard to retrace his steps. Yet at the same time he didn't want to that so he decided in his descent that he would go the other way – head north. For two reasons. Whilst the ridge was impassable it had not been that wide – wide enough but not that wide. He had retraced steps and then climbed but moving into new territory seemed more sensible. At the same time retracing meant taking him nearer his own community, whilst still very distant that was not a way he wanted to go. Move north.

Whilst going down was more risky it was far quicker. Moving down and north somehow felt easy, and he took that as a sign. Maybe there was a third reason for going this way, was this the way to the Relic? Maybe it was not Kardor ridge that had drawn him but a nearby Relic. Two then three then four days he descended, and of course all the land was new to him. And before he knew it he saw the tree line. That would mean Naakon, and he didn't want to meet them. He would not be known even though Naakon was a small community, the Ridge sort of separated them. How would he explain what he was doing? How would he explain how he had got here?

Yet he had to find the Relic, but not only that – a Relic that would guide him outside. Up the mountain the meaning of the Relic had been so clear to him but now it made no sense. He had never seen a Relic, in truth he had never believed in them. Yet he had made a decision to come down the mountain to find this inexplicable Relic. Was he delirious? It was said amongst the Naakon that going too high affected the brain, maybe that was what had

happened to him?

He thought more on the Relic issue, where were these Relics? He could never just find them because many people in the Doms spent lifetimes looking for relics. He could ask them, could he? That approach had no appeal to him, he was now a loner. Going up the mountain, leaving the world behind – his family, these were matters that separated him from his people, the Naakon. The first Naakon he met would ask where his family was, how would he answer? No, he would avoid people. So, where did that leave him? Wandering aimlessly hoping to stumble on a Relic. Sobeit, he had no choice. Or at least the choice he had made had consequences to be accepted.

For days he wandered around the Ring of NaAgu. He tended to avoid paths but that was not always possible, and when he didn't he found himself perilously close to Naakon dwellings. And then one day he was walking and looked up, there was a face in the rock – a rockface, he mused; the locals called it hinduunaakon - “the rock that overlooks NaAgu”. It was looking the wrong way, he thought, where is the rock pointing towards outside? But this was a sign, he needed to accept it as such; embrace the sign and determine its meaning. First he moved up close but the closer he got the face lost its shape – after all it was just rocks. So the shape was in the perspective, and he stepped back until the face was full frontal!! Once there he looked for a second sign, not the face but a sign pointing his way. Keeping the same distance he walked back and forth, then he noticed a group of trees. From a certain perspective they could be seen as an arrow. Yes it was an arrow pointing his way up. It was not even straight convincing him more that it was his sign, and at that moment two crows flew overhead, different directions, different heights, different sounds, but the same affirmation; his path was set.

It was not necessary to set off immediately. He thought back to his previous attempt, what was missing, what could have made it better? Apart from knowing the way outside, there was little. The cold was bitter, he checked his clothing – sufficient. Supplies he picked up on the way at the Naakon store, he laughed to himself. The maps. He could improve them, make more of an effort, collate more clearly with local landmarks – the face the trees. He decided. Once he returned from outside, people could use these maps, part of his heritage he hoped. Before he would have to spend his time fighting the elements he would make a detailed effort with his cartography. And he left.

Embracing his cartographic remit he followed his sign – the designated direction as prescribed by the trees of the rockface. Nothing like his previous walk, he felt good. No Kardor ridge to sidestep, no retracing steps. Yes this was the sign but not a Relic. Up the mountain why had he thought Relic? Everything felt good, except that – a nagging doubt. He

carried on up, and there were pockets of snow between the dirty black jutting rocks. And there was a shrine, he could not believe it. Who would have a shrine up here? It wasn't tended, someone had made the effort to come all the way here, make a shrine and leave. It wouldn't last - it had to be this season, he thought. There was a jar, he assumed containing ashes and next to it a small box which he opened. A tooth. It made no sense. A Relic? He was stretching but he took it as a reinforcing sign, so on he went.

It was getting colder but the terrain was not so tricky, this was good he thought. He climbed and climbed, it was still fine. His maps were finished, it was just him and the cold as he pushed on. And then the wind started as before, howling trying to lift him off his feet. But he pressed on. And then the voice said, it was not a Relic, you have to find the Relic before you go up, it is time to go down. He pushed on but his heart wasn't in it, and he eventually followed the instructions of the voice – he went down.

Reaching the tree line fatigue took him over completely. He had seen a cave a while back, he managed to find it again and crashed. How long? He awoke. There was some hunger but mostly he was disheartened. How long could he keep doing this? He was nowhere nearer the outside, how had they managed to get to the valley? He slept again, and this time his hunger drove him to get out of his slumber. No sooner had he eaten he crashed again.

Awakened he thought about his quest, the next part. He had not yet found a Relic, and deluded himself about signs. He had chosen the most difficult terrain thinking that was most likely for Nature to have protected the valley. It was time to return to easier climes – climbs, and try the easiest way out. Heading south he had to be more careful, he could well meet people he knew. Days turned into weeks as he headed south, but he was running on adrenaline. He wanted outside but was not convinced of his plan. But he had to go on, driven – southwards. Despondent. At least he was making maps.

Once reaching the South he made two further attempts to find outside, turned back by the wind on each occasion. Bedraggled he returned to Mubanrao where he met up with his sister again. To begin with she was pleased with him but he was a beaten man. This beaten man didn't belong here and she asked her son to visit Sinone. Immediately Sinone came down to the city and took him back. He was broken, she knew he was broken, but he belonged up with her to live out his days – the furthest outside he could get.

Once Colwil returned to the Naakon and his family, he looked back in his dotage at his failure. Yes there was failure but he had tried, and there was great virtue in his efforts. Where he had once been broken he could look on Sinone, their family and the strength of purpose and meaning he had found in life – something few had. He died content at his

contribution. His sister had his maps and she took them to the Abbot who was impressed. He kept them in store, and a few abbots later there was a mission to chart the valley. The Abbot called these maps “The Colwil maps” and henceforward Kardor ridge became officially known as Colwil ridge, a name the Naakon never used because they never knew.

6) Elections

“Our world never had a genuine democracy as does Mubanrao. Historically we had always been dominated by the powerful. To begin with they were the tribal chiefs, then it changed to landowners, and finally it was the businesses. In fact the term “democracy” was used by business as an excuse to fight their “wars for profit” and to delude the people into believing they had a choice. Give the leaders some power and they can always be bought off, and when the people think they are their leaders they are controlled.” Annals of Samsarapho. Politics p56.

Somehow Mubanrao had become divided, and Ariando did not know why. Maybe Mubans were getting lazy, maybe they would find it easier for someone else to do their thinking. And where had this Mansat come from? Was he even Muban? What was he after? Ariando had no answers to these questions, and living in the Dom he was never going to find them. For him it was the one downside to being in line, one day, for Abbothood. But maybe when it was his time the Abbotry would mean nothing, if Mubanrao followed Mansat. In fact the more he thought about it this Mansat was the division. He had seen him when Mansat visited the Abbot. He was a powerful man, charisma, but for Ariando he had that oily feel. Looking he did not see a genuine man. That was enough for Ariando, but why didn't others see this? It seemed so obvious, most of the monks felt the same way. But they couldn't say because Mansat was challenging the power of the Abbotry in a subtle way. His lies began like this. Abbots are great people but they do not understand daily life. We go to the Abbots for advice but that advice is advice that comes from inside the Doms, do they know outside? Why don't we have a dual system in which we seek spiritual advice from the Abbots and we have elected officials who we know and trust to give us advice about non-spiritual matters.

Inside Ariando cringed. This was so plausible but it has so much wrong with it, it made him so angry. Mubanrao had always been so united, it was their strength. People lived their lives outside the Doms, they took control of their lives, and if they had problems they spoke to the Abbotry. The Abbotry listened, spoke to them, but it was always said to make your own decision. The people accepted this, went away, made their decisions and life rolled on in a pleasant way. Muban history. Then Mansat.

All matters are spiritual, to create a division of spiritual and non-spiritual was a fundamental flaw and potentially very dangerous; this perhaps grated in him the most. When you speak

about sexual desire and freeing yourself from that desire this is not just for monks. In daily life men, particularly, are controlled by this desire. It gives men, power, strength, leadership, vitality but it also makes them completely vulnerable. The women of Mubanrao knew this, and helped their men because the men knew the importance of Muban homes and the bringing-up of children. The children were the priority but Mubans knew of desire, knew of and discussed their sexual lives, and helped each other. Their men helped the women, their women helped the men. Mubans argued because they weren't perfect but in the long term desire was never something that divided the people. A monk did not have to be sexually active to understand this lust – one desire, he just had to listen and guide – something they had always done. And Mansat says monks cannot know about sex unless they are practising. Desire is desire. Ariando knew Mansat, he knew his ego, he knew his desire; it was out of character for Mubanrao. Where had he come from?

But as with all such there was an element of truth in what Mansat said, monks and Abbots can be out of touch. After all they did not have to work for their food and shelter, and this made a significant difference in mentality. But wasn't that obvious? Neither monks nor lay needed to hide from that because it was so obvious. It was necessary for monks to compensate, to deliver advice within a valid framework with provisos, and for lay people to understand this and always make the decisions as it is their lives – their responsibility. There was no problem with this balance, it just needed correct mindsets on the part of both. So Mansat's scythe had some truth to it, but it was only the truth of someone who was trying to divide and exploit, not the truth of someone who was working with the monks and lay people to understand – not someone listening and seeking harmony. Whenever this Mansat spoke he tried to score points and create division – he was competing. There was no discussion with him because he was not searching for truth in discussion, he was only seeking ways of discrediting the monkhood to his benefit. There was only one way to handle someone like that, not discuss with him. What is the point? Perhaps some game can be played where one of those discussing can “enjoy” a pointless argument but if both don't agree these are the rules then it is quite nasty to play that game.

Ariando had always enjoyed discussions, he had found it a way of learning the truth – of clarifying positions. He would get heated but that was frustration or on occasions it would be a heat that arose near a point of understanding. When people invest their souls in a discussion it is important to respect that, and this is why there had been so many good discussions in the monkhood. But Mansat was equally nasty in this, to exploit the openness of monks for his own benefit – his benefit in the elections. What was he searching for in elections?

“When you have an electoral democracy you leave yourself open to many weaknesses. It

allows the electorate to abdicate responsibility for their actions. It allows the elected to misuse their position for their own benefit, and it also allows them to be bought off. If the elected officials are not the ultimate power as was the case on our world, it allows the powers-that-be, in our case the big companies, to manipulate the elected officials and then blame them for the consequences. Why would anyone be such a fall guy? Because their ego wanted wealth status and power.” The Annals Politics p58.

If elections came in as Mansat wanted Ariando saw a slippery slope, saw a breakdown between the monks and the people, and therefore a loss of spiritual direction in the life of Mubanrao. And what would that spiritual direction be replaced with? The ego of people like Mansat, much as Samsarapho had described.

There was no choice left open to him, he had to leave the protection of the monkhood. He did not want to be treated as a monk so he had to disrobe – the robe would prevent his learning. He had to learn why people were listening to Mansat, whether they were truly being split from the monkhood.

What was he looking for? He had no idea really. This Mansat was subtle, he was using Muban spirituality against the Mubans. How was he to recognise the impact of this subtlety? The workplace is significant, he thought. This is where people produce, and where the produce is traded. It had always been the practice of the Doms to recommend sustainable production and trading. In Muban society people respected balance, the balance between needs and the environment. Life was precious but Mubans killed their cheewits for food when necessary. When was it necessary? When it was, a simple answer that there was no need to question for the simple reason that greed was not part of Muban life.

Yet it was part of Mansat’s life, it seemed to Ariando that ego and greed went together seeming to be the purpose of Mansat’s electioneering. So he would check the workplace for imbalance, for a lack of sustainability.

“On Accumulation:-

"Money was significant in speeding up the downfall of our so-called civilisation. Like the trading practises in Mubanrao, earliest records of our society showed trading within the market and barter. But then it was changed in our society. It seemed only common-sense that it would be easier if there was some standard in which money could facilitate that barter. And for many years it did. But then bankers came along and hoarded the money preventing free circulation of that money. People had got used to trading with money, and once that circulation had been inhibited their lifestyle became affected. Bankers then loaned

their money, so to maintain their lifestyle they had to pay bankers money – euphemistically interest. Bankers then discovered that they could lend more than they had because they were getting money back through loan repayments. This was the beginning of the social problems caused by bankers' accumulation, to live the way they were used to people had to pay extra to bankers. Whilst not significant this was a factor that indicated social breakdown and a potential source. Because it was not significant the government did not try to restrict these practises, in most cases there was revolving door between the bankers and government.

“This is where greed stepped in. Recognising that they could make more money they increased the number of loans, at this point a problem had started. In terms of sufficiency what was being offered for these loans? Homes, farming stock – peoples' livelihood. The banks had no need for these, it was accumulation of wealth for profit they wanted; this accumulation was not sustainable.

“But the problem was disguised because the loans made people appear richer. There appeared to be more money in circulation, and this massaged the accumulation by the banks. But of course in our world such accumulation would not be considered a crime, either by law or against society, because our world had developed from feudalism where people were not considered equal so some were expected to have more problems than others. Feudalism meant land accumulation – often by war and conquest, accumulation by bankers was a less violent option – at least it appeared so initially.

“As the loans increased there became a physical need for more money; this again was not controlled sustainably. To begin with the amount of money printed was based on a gold standard, notionally that you could print as much money as you had gold. This benefitted one of our countries who had historically hoarded all the gold so they became the world bankers. Other countries recognised the increasing importance of the banking systems, and they also saw how gold deposits had been accumulated. They threatened war, and the gold was redistributed but during this process the amount of money being printed had increased as had the bankers' profits. At this stage the system was way beyond sustainable and many predicted social breakdown.

“But when that breakdown was to occur could never be accurately predicted so these truth-speakers were labelled as doom-mongers and ignored. With this further compromise the banks continued to take advantage. They were printing money to lend based on how much gold but what if they lent more they could get more profit. The potential profit was endless but what was not was how much money could be printed – because it was based on gold deposits. People had become dependent on loans. Businesses did not want to pay proper wages. They made an agreement with the banks so that the banks would lend money

provided people were in work. This meant that workers borrowed money increasing the profits of the bankers whilst at the same time they became tied to their work. Bankers lent money to the businesses who were cooperating. Those in charge of the businesses began to accumulate money siphoned out from their businesses in salaries and perks, and any shortfalls were met by further loans from the banks. It was called sound business but in reality it kept all the workforce as slaves, middle management earned more money so had some of the trappings of wealth but that was based on loans as well.

“This agreed universal slavery continued for centuries, the apparent wealth of a society increased, but it was financed by credit. There were huge gaps between the wealth of the rich and poor, and these gaps widened as the decades moved on. Common sense dictated that the banks should stop lending but that meant they would lose their profits, and the wealthy whose accumulation was enhanced by the increased lending continued to benefit, a few rich living off the work of the vast majority of poor.

“Such glaring inequalities led to unrest but this was quelled by education backed up by repression. Much of the real economic exploitation occurred behind closed doors. Deals were concluded to ensure the continuity of the lending system, and if the working people began to demand political puppets were put in place. “We honestly believe your slavery is for your own good” would be a summary of their euphemisms, “You are better off here than elsewhere” encouraged them to stay in slavery, a few of them became rich as stars in music and sports – a potential way to escape slavery, and a whole pseudo-science grew up around “economics” where professors were paid to espouse economic models that supported the continued lending. And all those that benefitted said that it was too complicated for ordinary workers to understand.

“Economic crashes began to occur regularly for all kinds of spurious reasons. Banks wanted to lend money because interest payments were their profits. Home loans had been successful but the numbers of those who could repay home loans became less and less – after all most people only wanted one home. They developed a trick – repackage the home loans. Give poor people loans they couldn’t possibly repay, then take several of these loans, package them together as a Regulated Hedge Fund, and trade in this fund. When the Fund was sold the banks profited, and the Funds were written in such a way that any future trading gave the bank a percentage of the profit. This went well until too many people started to do it. Instead of there being a few bankers doing it, less established bankers started lending and creating these funds. Rather than working together the banking establishment had become split. The more established had to put a stop to it as these pipsqueaks were taking away their accumulation. So it became common knowledge that the Funds were baseless, and that the trading had no value. Once these loans were questioned,

other banking practises were questioned and the less established lost their financial position. The crash left only the more established banks and the more established businessmen, between them they engineered a restructuring of the access to wealth.

“Of course many people suffered during this crash. People lost homes, suicides followed as men couldn’t look after their families, but it mattered little to the established – the superrich, somehow they saw themselves as different, as better, as superior. Their attitude left many seeing a chasm between the superrich and the rest of the world – as if they were separate peoples, and the distinction of values made some think the superrich were not even human as their value systems were so lacking in compassion – a basic human value.

“Following this clash and shedding of financial dross, the banks needed to ensure increased accumulation to the wealthy. To do this their puppet governments told the people there was not enough money so they had to work harder for less money. Meanwhile they dropped the gold standard, and the printing of money became a governmental decision – and as the governments were puppets it meant the printing of money was in the control of the superrich – without regulation - restriction. So the poor underwent austerity and the rich accumulated the new printed money.

“The invention of computers greatly enhanced the accumulation of wealth. With all accounts being stored on computers the rich did not need to have the money – the physical notes, they just needed the numbers to be recorded on computer. So the superrich agreed how this would be done, and that was the end of any new establishment in the banking system. And whilst the bankers played games with figures on computers ordinary people worked for cash which came to have less and less value.

“And with all this accumulated wealth on computer the superrich employed private armies to protect themselves as more and more people realised just how corrupt the establishment was.

“At any stage in this process if there had been appropriate will there could have been intervention. If the governments had not been puppets they could have stepped in with common-sense regulation being introduced but that could not happen. Compromise worked all the way along the line to global destruction.” The Annals Economics [pp 15-16].

Ariando remembered this section on accumulation in The Annals, maybe there were signs of accumulation that could point at Mansat. But that would be too easy, or at least if these signs did exist he would expect them to be well hidden. But what about the Abbothood? Where there was disillusion concerning the monks was likely to be Mansat’s feeding ground. And

he had a good way in, he could pretend to be a monk who had defrocked, and his pretence “because he felt the Abbothood had stagnated”. In part he believed this although he was not sure why – as yet, so it would not be such a great pretence where he could be caught in a lie. He was not seeking authoritative sanction to investigate Mansat so there were no weaknesses. Leaving the Dom he sought work at a factory at the edge of Mubanrao.

“On BigFood:-

“The Food industry and the medical establishment had become deeply entwined. This marriage of death began to be established in what was termed “The Industrial Revolution” – the first of the the building of factories. The wealthy liked factories because they could claim that as they built the factories they deserved the profits – despite the fact that the workers did all the work; and if the workers wanted a bank loan to build a factory they were of course denied – no experience. But many people were employed in factories and the government told them (the superrich told the governments to tell them) that without the superrich and the factories they would starve. They would never starve if they had access to land but the landowners were the superrich so the people had no choice – slaves, they were given a choice of which job they did and somehow this lacked the impact that they were actual slaves – “A person who is owned by someone”. In fact the approach of wage-slavery worked better for the superrich because the element of choice that was offered - which career (slavery) do you want? – gave the appearance of free will, and it is much cheaper to control those who choose to be slaves – the wage-slaves. There are costs to ownership of people when their spirits are broken.

“So the “wage-slaves” chose to be in the factories and were “grateful” for their jobs. The owners knew that healthy food could never be profitable. Health is eating food that is grown locally as Nature intended. Factory profits were made from mass production, and the last thing mass production needed was a “local” mentality. When people complained that the food was not healthy, the workers defending their jobs would quickly put them down – often violently.

“Meanwhile the health of these workers had deteriorated because of the factory conditions and the unhealthy food. The healing industry became involved. These workers were needed in the factories so drugs were developed to keep up production, but these drugs were designed to deal with the symptoms and not the causes – so the workers could return to work. Of course the doctors who prescribed them were experts because they had been trained. And where were they trained? At universities funded by the bankers who also loaned the owners the money to build the factories – and who refused to lend to the workers.

“A significant part of this training was the public face. You could not train these doctors in the truth, and then tell them they must lie to the people when they were treating them. So those who qualified as doctors were the students who subscribed to the chemical approach to knocking the symptoms on the head. In this way BigFood and BigPharma created a wage-slave population who regularly turned up to work and whose health managed to last the time they were in the factories and not much longer.

“Quite often such workers paid into insurance and pension plans, thus giving the owners more money to invest. When they retired their health was almost used up, and they would then spend the insurance and pension money on even more drugs to last them until their death beds – that were also in the remit of the medical establishment.

“Of course the cures were well known. Healthy food, stress-free lifestyle, no factory foods and working in factories, none of which gave the owners and bankers profits so such approaches were ridiculed. In the time that followed industrialisation various lifestyle diseases developed, that is apart from the diseases specific to the factory. There were cures for cancer, some healthy and truthful, others trying to cash in, some false flag cures put out by BigFood. All were slammed, and because few had the internal strength to understand just how corrupt their governments were, how corrupt their society was, to what extent these owners and bankers would go to for their profits such cures were all dismissed as hoaxes. For cancer huge amounts of money were paid for drugs and radiation that gave the owners profits, if you catch it early enough became the slogan so people were slashed and burned so early, their immune systems shot, requiring more slashing and burning until they died. And the establishment patted themselves on the back and said we had extended their lives – increased the amount of time these workers could spend in treatment.

“Sounds horrific, doesn't it? The superrich blindly seeking profit at all human costs. Healers duped into making people ill, teachers duped into educating for wage-slavery and illness, factories producing processed foods that created illness so that the superrich gained more money in their hospitals.

““Follow the money” was a slogan used by television police to catch the criminals. In society “follow the money” belied all the public lies spouted by the puppet politicians because there was no democratic distribution of wealth but money accumulated in the hands of the superrich. With the police following the money led to the capture of the criminal, but it could also be used to detect crime. If money had accumulated to an excess, then the accumulator was a criminal. The question is not whether a crime has been committed, but what crime had been committed. It is natural for wealth and resources to be distributed equitably across the globe. If there has been an alteration in that balance, crime has been

committed. It might not be a crime against law because the superrich controlled the legislators but it would be a crime against humanity; recognising that the crime exists is important giving it a label is not. "Follow the money" showed that the health business was criminal as the money working people earned went back into the health system giving the owners profits. Follow the money."

The Annals Economic Applications BigFood Big Pharma pp 21-23.

When Ariando began working with food he remembered Sarpo's description and began to check whether Muban production was still local rather than mass. He didn't expect to find anything, you have to be pretty perverted to use preservatives and additives in peoples' food just to make a profit; he could not believe any Muban would do this.

"History shows us that it is not one action that brings about decline and destruction but effectively a continuous "timeline" of actions – a continuity in which a collection of actions work together to destroy, each action tolerable, no heinous acts in themselves, but gradually gestalting their way to destruction. The solution is a hard one, all people must learn not to compromise for bad reasons. Compromise to help each other but do not compromise for wealth or power. Compromise at all levels is the way businesses controlled and then destroyed." The Annals. Introduction p5.

When he began work he thought there was nothing there, nothing wrong. In his plan of discovery he had ignored one glaring change, he was entering the world of work, and was not in the world of the Doms. Although disrobing he had not disrobed, he had not left the Doms by choice but by what he thought was necessity. And he didn't like it. It was not that he was working all day because he always worked in the Doms, it was that he was working to produce. Whilst he knew Mubanrao needed such work, needed the produced goods, it was not the same – there was some kind of joy in the Doms although it could be tedious. There seemed no joy here in the workplace. And he put that down to his change.

But that lack of joy was significant, it was not the history of Muban workplaces he soon began to learn. There was none of the practices that the Annals had spoken of, it was local food, the preparation, the speed of distribution, it was ethical. But the joy was not there. In the Doms the monks had to work otherwise the Doms would not be clean, the monks could not eat. Where anyone lives work is needed – in the home wherever. But when Mubans worked in their home he just assumed there was the same joy, why wouldn't there be? Finding a place to stay near the factory he pulled his weight but he did end up tired, working most of the day then having chores at home; that seemed too long. Had it always been that way? How could there be joy with such tiredness? Was it just him? Had he been in a life of

privilege in the Dom? The questions he was asking he could not answer he had no benchmark – he had always been a monk. Was this the instability? He couldn't see that historically. The balance between Doms and people had been harmonious, it had to have been – there could not have been the peace for so long. This tiredness had to be new. And if the people were working harder than the monks and were feeling tired, this could be a source of resentment.

The balance of work had to have shifted, this must be the answer; somehow there was an increase in work. How was he to know this? He had never worked. He needed to step back and try to see the place of the factory in society's chain, was distribution the issue? He asked for a transfer and of course was given one. Again he found the same problem, he was too tired. And he came home and was still required to work. This wasn't the balance, he had sufficient trust in nature to know that this amount of work cannot be the requirement. He had found what he was looking for. If the people were this tired than it is not surprising that Mansat could turn them against the Doms.

But of course it wasn't the answer, it was only the question – where had the balance of work gone?

He immediately thought of the accumulation that had been described in The Annals, this would explain the lack of balance. But there were no ready signs of accumulation, he remembered the descriptions of palatial dwellings, places that required more staff than people who lived there. The very thought of it made Ariando squirm, his own balance unhinging at the greed and exploitation. But there had to be something.

Planning, and he knew he had it. The problem was in the planning, and why did he know? Because Mansat was in planning. There had to be planning for larger communities, nothing wrong with having planning but with such a glaring imbalance the planning had to be going wrong. He had to get near Mansat and the planners, and he found a barrier – a barrier that need not have existed. This was a sign. He asked to transfer and he found it difficult. It could never be no outright, that was not the Muban way. But there were obstacles, questions were asked. Could he do this, that? Did he have experience? Again these questions did not seem too unreasonable but there was something wrong. It was as if the planners thought they were different from “ordinary Mubans”, and that smacked of ego. When he met this barrier and heard all these questions, Ariando knew he had found the glitch – the source of imbalance. It was subtle, planning did need a different skill set, but the questioning - it felt wrong.

What were the requirements for this planning became his question, and he discovered that they had a planning school so he enrolled. Again at first sight there seemed nothing wrong at

the school, it did seem reasonable to have training to be a planner. But then gradually it fit together. This planning school was seen as better than other trade schools – other guilds and crafts – by those in the school. There was a kind of elitism, if we plan what to do with these people, how this guild fits with this craft, we had to be better. The teachers never said this, but they never squashed it either – and it happened too often. Jibes, quips, pet names for the different trades, names that were subtly derogative. He watched this elitism, these signs of ego, and whilst he was happy to have found the source, he was not happy that there was such a source in Mubanrao.

And he had never met these planners at the Dom other than formally, they never sought advice, the Doms were for the ordinary guilds and crafts. Soon a picture built up of a planning skill set, a planning knowledge that felt it was above the Doms – the monks were never in the world of work so could not advise the planners after all the planners advised the guilds and crafts. And then he noticed something worse, the planners were separate. When he examined the curriculum it was always the planners planning, the guilds and crafts were chess pieces that the planners moved – none-speaking, no feedback. The planners learnt at planning school, talked with other planners but never listened to the Mubans. Throughout the whole curriculum there was not one mention of feedback and discussion with Mubans. How had that happened? There was a hint. One of the older planners described when he was young, and how in his job then he spent almost half his week listening to the guilds and crafts. He was a planner, his job was to plan not listen; it was much more efficient without bothering about all the endless discussion. This “deaf” mindset had altered the curriculum at the school, and worked its way into the workforce where the planning had gradually separated itself from the Mubans – had become an elite. Ego had become institutionalised in Mubanrao and the Doms had missed it.

As a monk he felt ashamed, how could they have missed this flaring-up of ego? Throughout the Annals Samsarapho had warned of ego, why had he devoted his life as Kianpaine only for such an obvious ego to elite itself. And planners, it was an intellectual job, all monks knew the dangers of intellect, the potential lack of humility that comes with intellect. He remembered reading long ago that monks had resisted the formation of separate trade schools, and had watched them when they first arose. But there were built-in failsafes. Interaction, coming together, a curriculum of mutual respect, courses that promoted the Kajaa and avoided any form of superiority. Examining the curriculum these were all in place but when he attended such there was a disinterest. In fact when they had lessons on the Kajaa he noticed a separation with himself. They knew he had disrobed, and he had embellished a cover of disenchantment with the Abbotry but they were still suspicious of the Doms and their monks – these planners. There was suspicion and separation – ego and fear. The very crux of what Mansat espoused on his platforms - the separation of the monks in

their Doms - had been created within the society of Mubanrao by the planners. This was the disharmony.

Fortunately this separation by ego, although creating an intellectual elite, had not as yet led to any form of physical accumulation, hence there were no signs of ostentation within their community. But the elections were an egoic sign, the elections were a means for the planners to attach power to their profession. Not only was their spokesperson, Mansat, a planner, there was an echelon of candidates who were planners. The monks had made a decision to step back from the elections as this was a move within Muban society. Whilst they had opposed the election process on the grounds that there was no need for elected people, Mubanrao had functioned well enough without such elections because everybody took responsibility for what happened in their own lives. They had noticed a predominance of planners and other guilds such as teachers but it was natural for such intellectuals to be seen as suitable candidates, they had the verbal attributes – the ability to discuss and explain. But the monks had missed the threat of the planners, teachers always had a compassionate spirit comparable with monks – embodied in the original Bpamaisamsao.

Now that he had become immersed in the planning environment it was all so obvious to Ariando, the elections were a natural consequence of the planning elitism. Who better to be elected than those who planned and knew Mubanrao society best, it was obvious to the planners to Mubans. Who better to manage society planners who lived and breathed society on a daily basis or monks sat in their isolated Doms passing out Kajaa pearls as if they were products Mubans could consume. Ariando saw the logic but he saw the flaw. The monks never made the decisions for Mubans, the people themselves took responsibility for their lives. Slowly these planners had separated from Mubans, Mubans had got used to doing what the planners asked, and it was no great step for them to completely abdicate responsibility in an election. Not only was this election about taking away the individual responsibility of the Mubans and accruing that responsibility to the elected representatives – more than likely planners, it was also indirectly an attack on the Kajaa. Quite simply these planners did not relate to the Kajaa, it was their intellect that organised society and not some nature they had never seen or touched.

Was he too late? It had been three years since he had left the Dom. He had not returned to his own Dom but he did visit a Dom near where he worked, and then one near the planning school. He had seen an increasing isolation of the Doms, not a significant increase but from the outside he could feel that the people were less connected to the Kajaa – after all they were tired. And he now understood the tiredness. There had been no increase in workload, there was no increase in the duties at home. It was not that the planners told Mubans they had to do more, this was not the disharmony. It was a rift in the Kajaa. Once there had been

harmony throughout Mubanrao, a harmony based on complete acceptance of the Kajaa. Now there were planners, intellectuals, who were usurping the role of Kajaa. It needn't be too late. The people and Kajaa were still inseparable. There had always been planners, it was just how much their elitism had eschewed Kajaa, and was it a cut that could be healed?

He had to return to the Doms and begin this healing of the Kajaa.

7) *Dividing*

“In our world the mind was never understood institutionally. Whilst there were always some people who recognised that there was a science of mind but in a traditional meaning of science through empirical observation, what became mainstream science never knew what mind was because their machines could not measure it. ...[p13]

“One important lesson of understanding mind is to recognise the limits of intellect and to encourage the development of a faculty of insight (intuition or wisdom) as separate from intellect. In fact faculty is an inappropriate word as this insight needs to dominate mental processes. Unfortunately this rarely happened as social forces focussed on the intellect. Education rewarded intellect as its objective, and insight became marginalised barely discussed in the religions. ...[p19]

“With the expanding role of intellect in mental activity there became a social manifestation of intellect that was manipulated by establishment forces. Intellect felt it was right, that was an aspect of intellectual ego. Unfortunately there was not one rightness but as many right attitudes as there were intellectuals. Each of these attitudes demanded recognition, ascendancy, and the establishment fuelled the fights that broke out between these attitudes. ...” [pp26-27]

The Annals of Samsarapho: Extracts from Observations of Mind [pp13-27]

Item 3 of the agenda of the Ariandista Exec simply read “Public Statement”, and belied the public import of this point on the timeline of Mubanrao destruction.

“I promise that this is the last time I will raise this question,” began Gorgo genuinely.

“It will,” muttered Milto frustrated at having to hear this old guy go on again.

“As you know I have worked long and hard within the Ariandista sect to promote my father’s heritage. None of you can feel the hurt I feel at the way Ariando was treated,” began Gorgo. There were some murmurs of sympathy but like others Milto had heard this heart-twanging rhetoric before; it did not move them.

“Despite the treatment he received Ariando always believed in the importance of unity as a

central platform of Kajaa,” continued Gorgo ignoring the frustrated and sometimes inimical looks. “There is no doubt that if we publish this statement there will be a negative reaction from the Abbots across the whole of Mubanrao. How far they will go will be hard to predict ...” Gorgo held up his hand refusing to yield to Milto or others on the Exec. “This will only contribute further to the demise of the links between Mubans and the Doms as they will see this infighting as a sign that the government is right when they say we are dinosaurs.”

“Thank you, o king of the dinosaurs,” derided Milto who began to speak but he was interrupted by the chair.

Juno cut off Milto who was angry, Milto knew Gorgo and Juno were usually allies. “Gorgo, this should not have been an item on the agenda. We have discussed this issue long and hard. We have written, reviewed and amended the statement equally as long. As an Executive our purpose is to act – not to be a stumbling block of sects infighting. The statement has been prepared, will be presented to Ariandistas as a body, and I suspect as you do it will be passed almost unanimously. It is not appropriate for you Gorgo to try to manipulate this process to suit your own ends, isn’t this what you regularly accuse Milto of?” She felt annoyed at the smirk that rose across Milto’s face but she had no choice. “Next item – fundraising,” she smiled at the groans. Milto immediately stopped listening, and as usual Gorgo brought the discipline that had maintained the sect for so long.

At the next meeting this public statement was presented to the Ariandista body:-

ARIANDISTA

Mission:- To promote a return to Kajaa, the founding wisdom of Mubanrao.

Ariandista History:- Our movement was founded by Ariando nearly a century ago. Ariando had become concerned as to the increasing influence of the planners in Muban society, this influence Ariando had found when Mubanrao first began elections. He promoted the notion that Mubans do not need elections as each Muban takes responsibility for their own lives when they live by Kajaa wisdom. Our movement seeks a return to a time prior to elections where all Mubans live by Kajaa helped by the wisdom and tradition enshrined in the Doms.

Action Platform:- We call upon the Abbotry to work towards a Muban society where Kajaa wisdom continues to be the force that unites society. To that end we call upon the Abbotry to instigate a programme of consultations in all the Doms of Mubanrao to bring an end to this redundant election process. At the same time we call upon the Abbots to develop an education programme that will involve Mubans more in taking responsibility for their own

lives.

Mubanrao – Unity through Kajaa

Gorgo watched as the meeting raised its hands announcing the death of the Ariandista sect, he did not see enough of the historical import although that would not have changed anything.

As usual the Abbot Council took a long time to respond, this was considered wise – Kajaa. But the wisdom was not in the taking of time but in the necessary deliberation that could bring alight any consequences of action. From the moment the Abbots read this statement they knew how they would respond – no discussion needed, they thought.

To the chair and all members of Ariandista

Dear Juno,

Thank you for sending the council the Public Statement that you then issued.

The Doms are at the service of Mubans, our community. It is not our purpose to go out into the community and educate unless requested by the Mubans themselves. Our role is that of support when desired. If we were to establish the sort of programme that you are suggesting it would be considered as interference by the elected government.

The Council would not give its blessing if the Ariandistas attempted to establish such a programme for themselves. However as always each monk must decide what action is appropriate for themselves.

Unity with Kajaa

M

Mondistano, Senior Abbott

Chair of the Domphrapachum

A reasonable response, thought Gorgo, neither support nor rejection. But a clear problem, there were now two organisations of Doms, the Council Domphrapachum and the Ariandistas, and they were not working together. These were organisations of status quo and need for change, both of which are needed, but needed symbiotically – not in opposition. He

knew the Ariandistas would start the programme, how would the government respond?

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Weja watched Tompa, he was a stalwart – he had been there since the first election, she mused to herself at the exaggeration. She could see he was totally bogged down in traditional politics – a democratic Kajaan – a contradiction in terms? She and Tompa were at loggerheads because of his attempts to bring Kajaan into the loop. Yet another contradiction. Kajaan didn't want elections yet Tompa supported the Doms and would often bring their advice to meetings. For him the Abbot saying that we should do this meant that he was correct, for Weja the Domphrapachum were just an anachronism with a bunch of real die-hards, the Ariandistas, trying to bring back days of centuries past. Where was the new education, the new thinking?

Her mind drifted back to student days where they would meet in their own study groups to look the latest from Costas Gueva. He was Nagual but had rejected their tradition and come to the university in the centre of Mubanrao. For Weja this man brought new insight into Muban politics, a complete rejection of all the traditional ways of the elitist Doms and the backwoods NaAgu. She loved what he wrote, it was a breath of fresh air. There is no point in having elections unless there was full representation. Why is there not full representation? Because older people are still connected to the Doms and their imaginary Kajaan. There is no way forward whilst people are still sticking to that mumbo-jumbo, she laughed to herself, she could almost hear Costas on the platform espousing this to his captivated audience. More people need to invest in the elections, get involved in the structures of the representative organisations, and take responsibility for the electoral process. She was on fire when she thought of this, her life had purpose. She was so convinced, she believed Costas and she was against those who didn't. She was both adamant and vociferous.

Weja was a teacher because of her beliefs, the main way of change is through the young. Because of the heritage of the outsider Bpamaisamsao, Kajaan and education was almost synonymous. She needed to bring reason and an understanding of electoral democracy to these young Mubans. But it was so hard as they almost instinctively believed in Kajaan. But that was her chance, they only believed in Kajaan. She had met a monk once, one of these Ariandistas, and she was impressed – he had a certain charisma and level of understanding about him. However they could never hit it off – they settled on a difference of opinion.

Bits she remembered. Turana said “In the end you are arguing for Kajaan,” he smiled forlornly, it was as if he knew there was no chance of getting through.

“That doesn’t make sense,” she answered looking at him bemusedly “I want the people to be more involved in elections – and the Doms don’t want elections.”

“Whilst this is true,” he spoke patiently “it is the reason that we don’t want them that is more important. When Kajaa was working well, Mubans came to the Doms seeking advice. Was what they were doing in line with Kajaa?”

“Kajaa is mumbo-jumbo,” she delivered belligerently.

Making an effort to maintain composure he continued ignoring her slight “Together we discussed the problem, through our knowledge and training in Kajaa we would point the Muban in a direction we considered suitable. We then encouraged them to come up with a solution, but we never directly said.”

“I understand that sort of trickery,” she continued with her ideologuery “Delude the Mubans into believing it was their idea, and they will go away happy doing what you suggested – wanted in the first place.”

She was exasperating Turana but he tried once more. “It is not what we want, it is what Mubanrao wants, Kunyino, the way of life. Kajaa is something we monks study, it is very real. If Mubanao is not in harmony with Kajaa, there will be problems.

“I think that you young people have pointed out something that the monks had been slack on. Mubans had come to believe in Kajaa, and were not taking responsibility for what they did. They followed the advice of the monks, and the monks were arrogant to a certain extent giving advice because it felt good to be listened to. This is how the people began to lose their responsibility – and how the planners began to take over.

“You see we agree, the people need to take responsibility,” he concluded apparently hoping to have struck a chord. Vain hope, she thought. Back came her ideology. “Costa Gueva talks of the people learning by getting involved in elections by beginning to understand what it is in their lives that matters. Kajaa, Kunyino, Doms, the outsiders, all a heritage of mumbo-jumbo. Where is the evidence that there is any Kajaa? The people need educating to see what is happening around them so that they can understand their own lives. Getting involved in elections will help them to do that.”

Then she hit home where it hurt. “If your Kajaa is so right let the people study it, stand for elections, throw open the Doms vaults and let the people learn.”

“I wish that we could,” he answered sheepishly.

At that she had said “I must go”, and was quickly gone leaving Turana pondering she hoped. If it was real, why couldn't they train the people in Kajaa? Why all the secrecy? Maybe they wouldn't understand but does that matter? It would be open, and there would be an end to any suspicion. Maybe even he had the suspicions – she wanted it to eat away at the trust in Kajaa.

She knew these fossils would never accept what Costas said, was there any point in engaging with them. No doubts at all Costas was right, the time was right for all Mubans to get involved with the election process. No doubts. But there was a little voice that snuck in, this Turana had something – soon dismissed. That same voice asked her now, why do you remember him?

The gavel broke her reveries, why did Tompa still use that? “Next item, Weju has asked us to discuss this statement from the Ariandistas,” he announced.

“As you know I am a teacher. I am concerned that people are indoctrinating our children, they should be free to learn. Our curricula are already heavily biased towards this type of misunderstanding. Teach the children about democracy, about the importance of elections, about the importance of getting their voices heard,” she sat down imagining the applause she often heard Costas get.

Argo stood up “We must not educate against Kajaa, this is the tradition that many Mubans believe in,” he countered “but I agree it is important that Mubans understand democracy and elections. Much of our curriculum does support Kajaa, in this day and age should we be teaching in our schools a way of life that is disappearing? Schools should not be concerned with beliefs, they should be concerned with learning and knowledge that will help our young live in contemporary society – not in the days when the outsiders came bringing with them a reaction to their world that had collapsed. Now would be a good time to evaluate our curricula. As Weju says, students need to understand the electoral process but I think there is a different argument here as well. We must examine our curricula to remove bias towards beliefs and to focus on education – skills needed fro society.”

Tompa watched with increasing sadness as the discussion rambled on. When he had stood for election he had wanted to promote Kajaa. The monks had asked him not to stand saying that whilst appearing innocuous the election process will actually disempower Mubans themselves. They will stop taking responsibility, the easy path will be to allow the elected official to make the decisions – and blame them. He had seen this happen, and it saddened him. But at least the children were still brought up in Kajaa, now they are taking that away.

The proposal brought him back into the now. He went through the motions and it was passed effectively endorsing all that Argo had said – effectively setting a battleground between tradition and the modern intellectualism that was instigated and symbolised by the election process. Inside he was angry, these intellectuals wanted the people to take responsibility and that was the essence of Kajaa – Mubankajaa, Mubans working together in harmony for Mubanrao. Where will this intellectual knife take their society?

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Turana's special remit in his Dom and with the Ariandistas was to watch what happened with education. Out of courtesy he always received relevant information from these elected. He remembered a talk with Gorgo after the Ariandista statement was published.

“We have to be concerned with the reactions of both councils, Domprapachum and these elected. I don't know which will be worse,” he advised Turana, Gorgo had taken him under his wing because he saw that Turana had the necessary discipline to get stuff done. Neither Gorgo nor Turana were into ideals, ideal sets, ideologies, unwritten rules that commit, restrict and divide. Mubans mattered, they worked for Mubans, guided and were guided by what Mubans wanted.

“I agree but we can only work with the monks,” Turana answered “we are not a part of these elected intellectuals. The Domprapachum has to see that the monks are letting the Mubans down by the way they increasingly avoid these intellectual incursions. It is not enough to say the Mubans will come to the Doms when it is increasingly obvious that they are not – as Ariando said because of fatigue.”

“That's true, Turana,” said Gorgo wistful with age “but the new generation of monks are much more interested in meditation and study than they are in the real meaning of Kajaa – the wisdom and life of Mubanrao. They seem to be protecting the Kajaa for an onslaught they can only lose.”

“I agree,” muttered Turana but with more vitriol “the monks have got lazy. They take the donations from the Mubans but they are not fulfilling their duties to protect them – to maintain Kajaa.” Gorgo looked askance at the vitriol but then left it.

“Gorgo,” asked Turana changing tack “these intellectuals deride the fact that lay people cannot study the texts of the Kajaa, the Annals and others. Why is this?”

“It has been traditionally felt that to study these works people have to be completely committed to life as a monk – 100% Kajaa,” answered Gorgo “maybe it is time to change

that.”

“That is another thing the Domprapachum won’t change,” snarled the frustrated Turana. They nodded together. “It would so easy to design a simple Kajaa training, it would avoid any suspicion. Is there something they don’t want us to know?”

Gorgo turned and snapped “Don’t be tricked by the elected’s rhetoric. Kajaa is open to anyone, there are no secrets. It is just the Domprapachum afraid of losing the status quo – their power with traditional Mubanrao.” Despite the put-down Turana felt more at ease.

“There was an important change in the understanding of the mind at a time called the Reformation. It was proposed that knowledge be divided into two – knowledge that could be measured and proven and they called this science and knowledge that could not be measured but was understood. Whilst the originator of this schism felt this categorisation could be beneficial, over a period of time this second aspect of knowledge became a part of religion. As such what had been understood as knowledge (non-measurable) it became ideas, faith and generally not accepted as truth. Sadly for humanity much that was insight became part of religion and lost importance, whilst knowledge became just intellect embodied in academia – what young people were taught.” [p29]

The Annals of Samsarapho, Observations on Mind.

SANNADEE

Finished 2017

8) *Governing*

For Garpor it was one of those glad-to-be-alive days – well more than most. There was little work to be done and he was able to enjoy. Every so often he came up to Gandor pass – just to check. From where they lived it was a two-day journey, and last night he stayed in the dismal little hut his grandfather had built for this overnight purpose. Now up higher he could see the pass ahead, and he wandered across – not a care in the world.

“That’s not true, is it?” a little voice questioned him. And he recalled a family visit. Years ago his daughter, Darino, had left home to marry Rindo, and they visited at the end of the snow. He had never liked Rindo, he was always too possessive – many altitude Naguals claim that being nearer the Mubans rubs off on you. Rindo was discussing rumours he had heard from far.

“My cousin had a visit from a group of Mubans,” he remembered Rindo recounting. “With them they had these Colwil maps,” continued Rindo, as Garpor recalled tales from far away where this crazy Muban had been trying to find his way out of the Ring of NaAgu. Making maps was one of his ways that Naguals did not like.

“They had lines on these maps,” warned Rindo “lines across the land my cousin tended. My cousin spoke of deeds and taxes that Mubans required of him. But that didn’t make sense, this was Nagual – nothing to do with the Mubans.”

Clearly Rindo did not know for sure what he was talking about, and for sure it didn’t make sense. There was an unwritten tradition, Kajaa and NaAgu – kind of joined but separate, a symbiosis where the ways of NaAgu helped when Mubans strayed – and vice versa some said but no-one could remember such. But what was definitely the case, the Mubans did not tell Naakon what to do. He dismissed what Rindo had said, mainly because he dismissed him.

This conversation was what the voice was reminding him about. As he walked he thought about it a little, and it meant nothing to him. Slowly he let go of it, walking here was too nice to be disturbed by thoughts of Mubans. He reached the edge of the pass and hunger began. He paused and got his bearings, yes there was time to reach their waterfall, Khanti and his. This was why he liked coming up here because he could get to the waterfall; the hunger

quickened his pace.

Garpor heard the water long before he saw it. The land that Kunyino creates was so wonderful. The water comes from much higher – snows melting or whatever, and must descend inside the mountains because the waterfall just emerges, forms this magic pool, and the water disappears underground again with evidence of a small 6 inch gap where he could see the water descend further. Even that then disappears, must come back further down, he thought.

The sound of the water brought back important memories, it was here that Khanti and he knew they were going to be together. When young his father had asked him to come here to check this land they tended, and Khanti had persuaded him to come along. It was normal for Naakon to walk alone – being alone was an important part of their tradition, their strength of character, but she was special and it was around his time when he must find a partner. Unlike Darino's choice, Rindo, Khanti was well loved by his family – they were mutually loved by both. Being out together like this would help Khanti and he decide.

The sound of the water triggered that togetherness. He heard the water first, or so she let him think, and they had run off towards it. He recalled her saying it was as good as he had described, he felt a glow at that. They saw the pool, jumped in and swam. Then they kissed and hugged each other close – it was a dream. They lay on the bank drying out, and he looked in her eyes – he was lost as was she. They kissed again, and he grabbed her close feeling his erection rubbing up against her body. “Help me,” he whispered to her, and she understood. Grabbing his ardour she relieved him before they committed an act that was against their tradition. For them it would not have mattered, that day had sealed their commitment to each other – and it had. Once his back was emptied they lay together, and even more so they learnt about each other and how they wanted to be together. This was part of love that a young man and woman should always have before they start off in life together, a part that they can remember when life throws difficulties at them. Their love was for each other first - as well as for their children, the land and the Naakon.

Whenever he came here Garpor always felt a greater commitment when he returned home. One time she had come up with him again but it was a one-time memory, and it was best left at that. Somehow it was Garpor who needed the land to provide some discipline. His memories recharged him, he ate and gradually he drifted off to sleep by the pool.

The cold instinctively wakened him, and he knew it was time to go down. He looked up at the sun and realised that it would just be getting dark before he reached Khanti hut (as he called it) – the place on the land they tended which was nearest Muban. He must rush – not

that he minded, and arrived at the hut just after dark. There was sufficient food in the hut – he had left some of their hardy roots, he boiled them up and slept early.

Next morning a nightmare woke him – he woke with a cold sweat and found it hard to breathe. He focussed on his breathing – deep breathing until gradually his lungs returned to normal. The nightmare was disturbing, and he reflected on it:-

Khanti and he were walking in the town of the Mubans, and she bumped into a Muban. The next there were uniforms and a lofty voice saying “The Nagual and Mubans must live together”. In the background there was a monk flying off into the distance saying “Live together under Kajaa ...aaaaaaaaaaaaa” Garpor then had a rope around his neck and then it wasn't Garpor but Kunyino with the rope. She tried to pull it off ... and she seemed to explode.

It disturbed him but it had no meaning for him. He ate, and went outside to see what he could prepare for next time. He had a patch, and there were a few veg left. But he must scour around, but then he looked in the distance. There was something not right, he walked – not far – in the direction of the Mubans, and there it was – the source of his nightmare – the Muban fence. What was happening? Naakon land had no fences, it belonged to all. What was the need of fences? This sort of thing must be what Rindo had talked about, and it was now impacting Garpor? He was lost, it was not his way.

His first instinct was to go over and rip it down but that violence was not Naakon; what would NaAgu show him to do? He followed the fence round and round ... round; he began to think of it as the Mubanyek fence – the fence that separated the Mubans from the Naakon. Exhausted and exasperated he went home – it was not a time to make decisions.

Feeling something was wrong Khanti sensitively said “you don't look good.”

He laughed at her, he loved that bluntness in her; and the laugh blew away the clouds that had grown in him on the way home. He knew he could clear his mind by talking with Khanti. “Can I wash and eat?” he asked not needing any permission.

He briefly glossed over most of his trip – mainly to put her at ease about their favourite place, and then he came to the fence that he described in detail – how it seemed to stretch forever. “There are big changes,” she agreed “I know this is selfish but does it really affect us now?”

He was silent.

“Is it best not left to a time when it is necessary to respond?” she asked not really believing what she said.

“Perhaps not the best,” he answered but the easiest. And procrastination won out – could anything have been done? *-*-* Garpor’s son, Sartau, was one of the few Naakon who had been persuaded to attend the meeting, who wants to meet with a Muban? Yet all the Naakon had been worried about the increased fencing, and that building “Department of Nagual Affairs”, the Mubans had the cheek to call it. Anger at such arrogance was enough to keep most of the Naakon away.

The Muban addressing the meeting was named Dighto, and she began by greeting them and thanking them for coming. Her politeness, whilst noted, did nothing to assuage the hostility. “I have some very bad news for you, it is something beyond my control. The mining companies will be excavating for Dymeurcer, a rare metal that is used in our Commset.” She held up a small thin box – no more than 3 inches long and 2 inches wide “Every Muban uses a Commset.”

“What does a commset do?” came a question from the audience.

“We can talk to each other at a distance, when I am here I can comm my husband to find out how the family are doing,” she answered.

“Do you not want to see your husband?” jibed a man at the back “my wife and I prefer to meet.” The audience laughed.

“Unfortunately because of my job I am forced to stay out here at the Department of Nagual Affairs,” she said genuinely “and so I cannot see him – my family.” As soon as she said the words she knew she had made a mistake.

“Friend Dighto,” Sartau asked “this department of Naguals. What is its purpose? And,” he paused for effect using the silence “if it is a department of Nagual affairs how often do you meet the Naakon? Do you ask Naakon about their affairs?”

This was the question the audience and come to hear asked, Dighto was resigned to the fact that she had opened the door but it had never been possible to avoid. In a way she also wanted it although she knew she had lost control.

Back at the government offices in central Mubanrao there was of course much discussion – mostly to avoid the truth. Government was elected but Naguals never voted. She knew they never wanted to vote but they were devoted to their land. What was going on with their land

was an absolute disgrace for a supposed representative democracy. These Nagual kept themselves to themselves, they never hurt any Mubans, and early on there had even been a symbiosis between the dying Kajaa and their own wisdom, NaAgu. She was a bit of a traditionalist, all this science it ignored so much; she knew that Kajaa could never be resurrected and was relegated to the corridors of the dying-out Doms but she was still interested in it. She had pushed for the assignment at the Department of Nagual Affairs because she wanted to know about NaAgu – but no pushing was needed as of course no-one wanted to go there.

Now at this meeting she knew personally why no-one wanted to go there. These people saw her as the enemy, and whatever lay in her heart her position was that of puppet of the enemy – the mining companies not the government she thought.

“Whilst Nagual ways have remained constant through the years,” she started cautiously ...

“For the good of NaAgu,” came a heckle that had a resounding cheer.

“Ways in Mubanrao have changed radically in the last 100 years,” she continued despite further heckling “And the ways that Mubanrao has changed is now going to affect your land.”

“We do not own the land, it is not our land – it is just land,” spoke Sarpau “Kunyino graciously allows us to live in the land, and we return her grace by taking care of it.”

She noted the NaAgu reference, it was everyday speak – maybe Kajaa was like that once. “The mining companies now want that land to excavate for dymeurcer. I have come here to explain this, and try to help you with the situation.”

“There is no situation,” jumped up Rargo “this land is Nagual and Naakon take care of Kunyino and her grace.” They all cheered.

“I have to be open with you,” she said cautiously “and I know you don’t want to hear it. But the mining companies are going to come and your lives are going to change.” The audience jumped up in anger screaming at her. Their anger and shouting fired them up and the noise became deafening, and fuelled the anger further. And anger fuelled violence and several Naakon moved ominously to the stage. There was menace, great menace, Dighto was completely frightened – she had no idea what to do.

Sarpau rushed on stage, and stood in front of Dighto. He spoke but the noise was so loud no-one heard. Dighto gave him the microphone, and he spoke into it and jumped. He spoke

again, this time more in control of himself “Are we Naakon or angry cheewits? Kunyino watches us, is this what we do with her grace?” The shouting began to subside. “Showing our anger here at this Dighto will not help,” he continued “is she the mining companies?”

“Yes she is,” they shouted but Sarpau had brought sense back to the room; Naakon did not behave like this. “The Department of Nagual Affairs is here to help you,” she said. Then she took the mike and repeated it.

Sarpau took the mike “I don’t like what I am hearing. I am Kunyino like all of you but if this lady has something to say and if she says she is here to help, we should listen. We don’t have to agree but for the sake of Kunyino we should control our anger and listen.”

“The companies are not interested in disturbing your lives,” Dighto began quoting the government line. “They want to come here and look for dymeurcer. Their scientists have suggested that there are dymeurcer deposits higher up in Naakon land, and they wish to investigate. They want to do this with your blessing but ...” she was interrupted.

A heckler at the back stood up and said “They will do it anyway.” His timing was impeccable. Sarpau had silenced the Naakon, and their intelligence was controlling their anger. And then there was this resounding warning that had truth written all the way through it.

Breaking the brief silence he introduced himself “I am Nordon. I am Muban and this is your meeting but please may I come to speak to you.” His recognition of their power allowed him on stage.

“This lady, Dighto, is government, and she is not the real power here,” he smiled at her anger towards him. Her meeting was now completely a shambles as she knew where he came from – not personally did she know him but she knew.

Nordon continued “The mining companies are so powerful, they don’t need to come here.”

“I am Muban but not all Mubans are acting together,” he listened to the puzzlement “Naakon has NaAgu, praise Kunyino, but although Mubans used to have Kajaa now they don’t. There are only a few with Kajaa, and the rest are all divided ...

Now he had their interest and continued “Although I am Muban I am one of those Mubans who are “neighbours” of the Nagual. I say “neighbours” but we were never neighbours because we didn’t meet. We had our land next to the Naakon but we were not the same. But we looked after our cheewits, provided food for the centre, and lived a peaceful life. ...

“Until the mining companies come,” he shouted and then paused with drama. “We had never followed the affairs of government even though they were our government – we never voted, and we didn’t know the companies were coming. They came, and they found their damn metal. In our case the metal was close to where our house was, and they just tore it down. Within a day the home that had stood for generations had been turned into a mine digging into the ground for their dymeurcer. We lost our home and moved to a different part of our land where we built a new home and have lived ever since. “Other Mubans have been less fortunate. I know of one family who had been there for generations. All their land turned out to be a rich dym deposit, and they were kicked off their land. The government rehoused them by taking land from some other Mubans and saying this is their new home. And of course neither family were happy. “This is where the government do have power, they have the power to help the mining companies get what they want. Instead of Kajaa and compassion we now have law, law written by elected officials, written by people whose livelihood is ultimately controlled by the companies – written by people who have long since given up on Kajaa ...

“And they have given up on NaAgu,” he finished there for the moment. And he watched as it slowly dawned on the Naakon that their life, Kunyino’s heritage, was under threat.

“We will fight for Kunyino,” one stood up and several joined him their anger returning.

“How?” answered Nordon confrontationally “There are many miners. These miners have families and they need what the miners can bring home for them. And if there are not enough miners then the companies will bring security. And the purpose of this security is to protect the miners – at whatever cost. And elsewhere lives have been lost.

“If you fight you lose,” warned Nordon. “Please don’t get me wrong, I am not saying “don’t fight” but you will lose.”

“This lady, this government stooge,” he pointed demonstrably at her “has come to find a solution that does not involve violence. The companies don’t care about violence, they want and will get the metal. But the job of government is to try and prevent violence. If this is what you want she can help. “I have told you what she won’t tell you,” he finished “this department has no power, are willing to help a little so long as the companies get their metal. And if she is not successful you will die. This is the truth. Get angry – however you want, but this is the truth.” He sat down.

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Lines on Colwil maps were drawn depending on the mines. Some cooperating Naakon got deeds for their land and others died, whilst homes were demolished, many families were moved, and slowly what had once been Kunyino's grace and the home of NaAgu became a land ravaged in places by commsets.

“Africa was once the birth of civilisation. In places it was the birth of genuine democracy. For centuries life ticked on there. It was not always peaceful as tribe fought tribe but there was a flourishing life there – whilst in Europe there were dark ages and the US was still indigenous. Changes started in Spain when they went to the Americas and plundered its gold. Wars were fought in Europe and Britain controlled the gold. With gold British society changed and there grew a need for resources, resources that were available in Africa.

“Meanwhile in China they had developed gunpowder which was traded with the British who then brought the gun to Africa. The British needed farmers in their colonies so they started the slave trade where African farmers then worked the land. Gradually most of the young dynamic people of Africa had been transported halfway across the world to develop resources and bring wealth to the British.

“However the British still need the resources in Africa to work their mines and grow their produce. Why would the Africans work for them? African life had survived for centuries through trade and barter but the British need a way of making these people work for them. So they introduced taxes. By taxing this meant that people needed money to pay taxes. Slowly this meant that Africans had to end the barter economy that had helped civilisations survive, and had now to work for the man to pay the man's taxes.”

The Annals of Samsarapho – Divide and Rule Colonialism

9) *Whimpering*

“I am becoming irritated by these student freaks,” murmured Kocho puffing on his cigar. His demeanour appeared calm, and sitting quietly in the club he raised his glass slowly and took a sip. They always have the best here, he thought, but then they should with the membership fees.

Across the table sat Mapriso, the government minister, waiting – as he had to. He knew he was here under sufferance, after all his membership was an honorarium provided by the club, its members and committee - of which Kocho was an executive member. He too took a drink, trying to pretend he was enjoying this – and that he belonged. And waited.

“It seems to me that the punishments for these acts are far too light,” continued Kocho, and Mapriso nodded tentatively scared of what the demands might be. “I understand the government’s predicament, these attacks on the mines are attacks on private property. But without the mines and or industry Mubanrao society would fold,” Mapriso started to protest this, but Kocho prevented this with a pertinent glance. “An exaggeration,” laughed Kocho lightly “but without our support necessary sanctions would lead to some unrest.”

“I presume you have a suggestion,” asked Mapriso finding the distaste of extortion difficult. He knew the Beidendag club had met, and Kocho was just acting as a spokesperson. “At present these assaults on the mines are treated the same as petty burglary – and sometimes even ignored by the police,” Kocho continued nodding to the head of Kasko bank as he passed “it would seem to me that because the mines are more essential to society than someone’s private property more severe punishment could be meted out, and ...” he paused ostensibly for a drink “greater police priority.”

Mapriso had answers to this, difficulties within the government, financing and mostly the resistance of the police who resented these companies who had their own security making demands on an overstretched service. It mattered not, the policy had already been decided – his role was that of implementation, he knew this.

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Walro had finally finished his treatise “How the Resource companies had underdeveloped

Mubanrao”. Managing to find somewhere that would print them cheaply his intention was to ask the organisation to reimburse him, and pay for wider distribution. He thought that was a vain hope, and others agreed saying that Mubans were not ready to read his analysis.

“In early history Mubanrao was a society based on Kajaa. For most people nowadays this Kajaa was mumbo jumbo but it had been maintained by a monastic system whose monks were respected by Mubans. Now these monks have almost died out with only a few monasteries tolerated by the government in distant lands ...

“What our current establishment fail to see was that this Kajaa produced society that existed as a sustainable economy. ... Because of monks’ approach and what was understood by the Mubans of Kajaa trade was kept small. Neighbour bartered with neighbour, and family tradition passed on the knowledge for growing their particular specialty ...

“Once the planners became the elected representatives, they decided there was a need to change the amounts of the goods and develop wider distribution ...

“These planners felt that barter was inappropriate for their economic plans, and had introduced a currency – Moobs. This was sold to the Mubans as a trade convenience, but it very quickly became a means of accumulation. Planners formed links with the resource companies, and very soon both became rich whilst the Mubans themselves continued a sustainable living. ...

“Once the accumulation started those with wealth wanted more, and the stumbling block to increasing their wealth lay in the vestiges of Kajaa and the sustainable economy that many Mubans – and the Nagual – preferred to live off. To control this they introduced taxation, ostensibly so that they as government could help plan for the people but in reality it meant that Mubans needed money to pay their taxes. This forced the Mubans who were clinging to sustainability to earn money, and end their barter trading through currency. ...

“The planners encouraged increasing size of trade and production, and working with the banks they enticed like-minded Mubans seeking wealth to take credit. Very soon companies sprouted, production increased and all Mubans were forced to work within the economy, some becoming wealthy and others earning just enough to support their families whilst all the time wanting the “more” the planners encouraged. ...

“As usual with accumulation such stability never continued. The companies recognised that their finance and production was the centre of Muban life. Over time the power that had originally been with the state planners shifted to the executives of the companies. Gradually

more and more state services were privatised to provide additional profits but also to ensure that the power did not lie with the planners or any elected official. ...

“As the companies got bigger the people got poorer living off what little the companies were prepared to provide for them ...

Walro's 500 page tome was packed with detail that he had picked up at the state university, and if he was honest in places the read was tedious. But his intention was to provide as complete history as was available in Muban academia, especially drawing attention to the companies responsible. Whilst many had changed their names as is their wont, he was able to trace back the vast conglomerates that existed in modern-day Mubanrao to the smaller family businesses who had been at the forefront in changing Muban sustainability. The company players, the finance wizards, they all tended to come from the same families – a Muban family tradition, and this history clearly pointed to the sources of the wealth of these major families, the families who formed the backbone of the Beidendag Club.

When the organisation read the treatise there was no doubt that what Walro had provided was indeed a detailed academic description of how a sustainable economy had become a monopoly of exploitation by the few wealthy families.

It equally came as no surprise that Walro was soon found dead of a drug overdose, a drug that he never took. Of course Walro originally came from the ghetto, the mixed race of Muban and Nagual, many of whom took drugs. The whitewash was easy to maintain.

It was sad that Walro had never been introduced to the Doms. Why would he have sought a comrade amongst an outmoded religion, but there were parts of the Annals of Samsarapho that could have been transcribed verbatim.

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The Walrons had developed a cell structure, it was essential for them to be unable to expose the strength in numbers of the Walron movement. The optimal number of a cell was considered to be 4 although such a detail was never ordained. By policy no cell was hierarchical although Muban nature dictated natural leadership. But it worked ... mostly.

Of course their big concern was infiltration by Compsec, the security organisation of the companies. Because anonymity between cells was a lynchpin that anonymity was also its weak point. On the rare occasion where meetings were necessary masks were always worn. Whilst this prevented recognition it also enabled agents to infiltrate.

The four comrades of their cell were Karpo, Samdo, Greto and Fandro, none of those names were actual; strangely enough Samdo and Fandro were married and held respectable jobs within the welfare community. Karpo was a doctor whilst Greto worked in sales - her knowledge had often been invaluable. And her cover was clearly the most robust.

Fandro's main responsibility was communication, in fact he had developed the encryption algorithm that theirs and many other cells were using. "There is going to be a visit," he told Samdo and she facilitated the meeting – Fandro did not know how to contact Karpo and Greto; they liked it that way. Karpo had arranged for the venue so they had arrived early at her hospital where they put on uniforms and convened in a conference room. Once the room was secured, Karpo brought in Jaco, and the five sat in masks.

"It is Walron policy," began Jaco "not to engage in activity in our own areas. Unfortunately your cell and ours both have plans to disrupt the mining operation at Gungdatron. That is why I am here."

Samdo started the objections. "The bigger the operation the more vulnerable we become – slow but safe and sure is the Walron approach," she warned clearly emphasising the caution she was renowned and respected for.

"But what progress are we making?" Jaco countered "we are having no serious impact".

"We are not having the sort of immediate impact that the impatient would want," Karpo agreed "but there is too much control and we are too few. Compsec agents litter our movement, and we cannot move forward with the sort of vengeance we would like. And then there are the reprisals. The more we hit them the greater the reprisals and the more Mubans resent us."

"Are you arguing we do nothing?" Greto jumped in.

"Maybe I am," Karpo muttered with resignation "it has to be meaningful. But then if it is meaningful there are the reprisals. We hurt the people we are fighting for."

"But the greater the reprisals the more people fight back," countered Jaco.

"Do they?" answered Samdo.

"If you are so negative, why are you even considering an attack on the Gungdatron mines?" asked Jaco impatiently.

“We are stockpiling,” answered Fandro “our tactics are long-term. We take what we can without causing reprisals, and hope that we can use what we have taken in the future.”

Later at Compsec the meeting was discussed.

The agent reported that there would be no serious action against the Gungdatron mines. “I told you to get them to increase the action so we could catch them or at least have justification for reprisals,” spoke the commander.

“I tried,” answered the agent “but they couldn’t be cajoled.”

“We need to expose that stockpile,” instructed the commander “we will then have our excuse.”

The agent nodded, and went home. How could he get Greto to reveal the stockpile?

--* The commander began thinking. These Walrons were a nuisance mainly because they were beyond control. Threats of reprisal prevented them from doing real damage but they were always there. Stock missing here, machinery damaged there, never anything a huge problem but their actions ate into profits. Mineowners were also becoming a problem - with their perpetual nagging. Why haven’t we done this or that? We pay vast salaries for private security and we can’t stop student freaks. Well they weren’t student freaks no matter how often they were described as such. Their strategy was working, they were a problem. Neither reprisals, infiltration or provocation were working, there was a sophistication way beyond student years.

He recalled a recent conversation with his research department.

“There is no point in telling us the stock has to be bugged,” Oppen argued “it is bugged. But in the end if some bug is broadcasting, the signal can be tracked and the bug sourced. You want to stop theft, you must stop thieves. What makes them become thieves?”

“The problem is that these thieves are not “thieves”,” replied Chayne, Oppen looked at him quizzically. Chayne paused and smiled at the puzzled Oppen. “If they had the choice they would destroy the government, the mines, the stockpiles, infrastructure you name it.”

“If they are terrorists, why aren’t they arrested?” asked Oppen.

“Do you know who they are?” demanded Chayne pointedly.

“I could find out,” Oppen answered, Chayne perked up. “We can track the terrorists.”

Chayne deflated again “If we have suspicions we can track them. Those we suspect are soon caught, but these Walrons have learned caution sadly we have no idea who they are.”

“Then you need to track everyone,” answered Oppen hammering open the door. “Everyone has an identity comm they must carry. They carry comms with cards that can easily give location. Make it law for people to carry these comms, and Compsec checkpoints check whether they are being carried. Surely that is not too difficult to organise.”

“It would be resisted,” Chayne answered.

“Maybe so,” agreed Oppen “you didn’t ask me about popularity, you asked what could be done. It’s not my problem.”

“The technology is there?” Oppen’s nod was barely perceptible. It began to dawn on him what he had done. In his attempt to get Chayne off his back he had opened the door to global surveillance. He tried to play it down.

“It is there but it is expensive,” he answered cautiously. “We would need to manufacture these comms for everyone, and there would need to be huge investment in computing to ensure monitoring of all locations.”

“Perhaps not,” Chayne answered “we are only interested in those who are illegally near the mines. Surely that would not be too hard.” Again Oppen’s nod barely moved.

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The Chayne comm was proposed all the way up the ladder to Beidendeg, and Kocho met Mapriso again. Kocho leant forward and quietly said “we require tracking”.

“There will not be agreement,” answered Mapriso.

“Funds will be provided to produce free comms for everyone,” smiled Kocho “We will ensure the cost of existing comms become so high Mubans will then gratefully accept the free government comms.”

Kocho paused “You only need wait for the right time until the anger at the price rises.” Kocho leant back in his chair and lit his cigar and waited for Mapriso to leave.

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“We don’t need these comms,” Harbo gibed “If we want to talk we go and meet to talk, this is the way of the Na’Agu. We are people of the mountains of Mubanrao, we walk we are free.” He stamped on the comms “let’s stick it to these government toys,” and the others joined her in crushing these gadgets.

They sat around talking – the weather, the trees, the paths, occasionally their homes. It was Na’Agu talk, the talk of all time.

There had been a memo regarding the Nagual:-

“To all Compsec officers,

Re Comm speak

It is now government policy that all people carry comms, and Compsec monitor their locations. We are particularly concerned with the way the Nagual will receive our gifts. The Nagual will be given comms with a special tracking signal that denotes their origin. Be especially vigilant of any Nagual signal that stops transmitting.

Contact Compsec compliance if signals do stop transmitting.

Yours Faithfully,

Commander Reid”

Compliance were duly contacted, Harbo and the others were arrested and when they were released they had special comms the computer recognised as high priority. Their activity was monitored closely and reports made daily.

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Chayne was due to meet with Oppen. Comms had given him greater control but he had a Nagual problem – they did not use or carry the comms. Of course they were imprisoned for not carrying comms but that did not deter them. But that did give a way out. With the introduction of the comms there had been a reduction of Walron incidents but they hadn’t been wiped out. Avoiding giving credibility to the Walrons was also high on his agenda, and the Nagual response gave him a way in.

“Your comms have proved beneficial,” started Chayne “thank you.”

Oppen nodded reticently, that science was not his proudest.

“But the comms need improvement,” continued Chayne “because people keep forgetting them.”

“Or intentionally don’t carry them,” noted Oppen pointedly.

“Whatever the reason, it is not good they don’t carry them,” enforced Chayne ignoring the limited jibe. “I did hear a rumour that the science exists whereby comms can be fitted subcutaneously.”

There was no answer. “Oppen, that was a question,” Chayne said turning to be in the face of Oppen.

“Yes the technology exists,” muttered Oppen.

“Would it be long before all Mubans could be fitted with such devices?” asked Chayne.

“No, but Mubans won’t like it,” Oppen continued with deep personal regret.

“Oppen, just look into the science, please,” Chayne finished, Oppen had been dismissed.

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Marpiso had been summoned to the club. Kocho began “We would like all Mubans fitted with subcutaneous comms.”

“They will never accept that,” replied Marpiso angrily.

“It will be difficult,” continued Kocho “but it will be because of the Nagual.”

“I don’t understand,” answered Mapriso innocently fearing the worst.

“It is our understanding that the Nagual are increasing activity against the Mubans, and to curb these actions we are introducing subcomms,” Kocho spelt it out although he knew he didn’t have to. He paused, and then said “Mapriso, you know what to do.”

Mapriso had been dismissed. He didn’t exactly know how it would happen but he had a good idea. There would be an increase in reprisals and whether it was Walron or Nagual it

would be blamed on the Nagual. Nagual action leading to reprisals on the Mubans. This would be the character of these events until eventually the Mubans would be prepared to wear subcomms to allow compsec to quell the Naguals. He could sell it of course. Tensions between Muban and Nagual were on the increase, Mugal ghettos were becoming increasing hotbeds of crime, it would be all too easy to focus attention on the Naguals. Eventually the reprisals would create a climate of fear and frustration until Mubans would accept subcomms. Even he feared for Mubans when that happens.

*_*_*

It was the death knell of the Nagual. Many Nagual refused the subcomms but the drones soon tracked them down. They were imprisoned and the devices were forcibly fitted. They were removed but just as quickly as they had been removed the drones tracked them. Increasingly prisons were filled with Nagual as the terms for refusal were increased. And with the subcomms Walron activity was easily tracked and wiped out.

The final movement was the radical Nagual sect of the Blenbons. Citing the Annals of Samsarapho this sect moved higher and higher on Nagual land, all preparing for what Blenbons called the Exodus – the Leaving of Mubanrao. If Samsarapho, Blenbo and others came from outside, was it now time for them to leave Mubanrao?

There had been many attempts at Exodus, and Compsec had responded with the guards posted high up the mountains – the Colwil Guard. Compsec soldiers did not like this but it was well paid. There became a phrase “the Colwil death”. Blenbons leaving on Exodus would climb high into the Mubanrao mountains, remove their subcomms leaving them above the drone-sphere where the soldiers tracked them. Rather than return to face the prison that was now life on Mubanrao they would attack the soldiers and get gunned down.

Those Nagual who could face it soon became miners and were well rewarded for their hardiness. Subcomms soon became a fact of life and Mubans learnt to control themselves with their every action being monitored. There was then no need for control. There were the Mubanruai who lived the life they chose and Mubans whose servitude was just accepted. Maybe there was a little rebellion amongst teens before the subcomms were fitted, but even they learnt that was futile.

Kocho called Mapriso to him finally. He gave him a letter and sent him away.

“Your membership has been rescinded. Mubanrao will now not have elections, there is no need. You and your colleagues will be found positions in Compsec, perhaps they can join

your project. We have a special position for you at the university, Chair of History. The myths of these people from outside are not healthy for Mubanrao society, you will seek out these Annals. Maybe you would call them the new version “The Annals of Compsec, maybe not. But these myths of outsiders, Kajaa, Exodus and so on are so pointless – non-productive.

Thank you for your services.

Everlasting Peace in Mubanrao.”

Eventually not even the Beidendag group met, what was there to manipulate?? It was all controlled - done and dusted.

Kajaa felt ill – imbalance; she immediately thought Mubans, what were they up to? Time to pull in the reigns, she focussed the mind – balance. Humility. She must have discipline – control. Calm mind, let all the ego drop away. Clear mind. And over time she relaxed into a state of humility. Clear.

But Kajaa days were not Muban days.

Introducing the comms was a drastic turning point in Muban history – as Kajaa pulled in the reigns. Once the ruai saw the control the comms gave them, it became all too easy for them. Soon 100% monitoring became a way of life, and with that monitoring freedom soon followed – under ruai control. Gradually the monitoring transformed. The military didn’t want Muban expression, the old NaAgu ways just got “in their way”. Slowly monitoring became “self-regulation” as programmed within the comms became borders - boundaries. Physical policing soon became unnecessary as the comms themselves prevented Mubans from crossing these prescribed boundaries. In the end Compsec military and police were only there to ensure the comms were not tampered with, but even that became outmoded as Muban life became secondary to the ruai-tech – the comms.

The Mubans became leaderless. This is the lunacy of the whole adherence to moots – to wealth, there is no leadership, just one direction increased exploitation by wealth for wealth’s sake. Instead of natural leadership, erstwhile known as Kajaa, Mubanrao direction was completely replaced by a desire for money – and desire is never a good leadership quality. All the compassion that had been hidden within the practices of the Doms in adherence to Kajaa just dropped away as ego upon ego strived to get greater wealth – and the directionless power that was associated with it. Very soon total fascism naturally developed from this exploitation, it was so much easier to force Mubans to create profits. It

was not that any Muban wanted to compel their fellows to be slaves, except of course the NaAgu, but it followed from the priority they gave to wealth. Once wealth became more than compassion Mubanrao was doomed to this military fascism. How can wealth ever care? For a while as Muban compassion dwindled, Mubans spoke about a balance between people and profit but there could never be any such balance in the long term. People argued there were more profits if Mubans could be vested in the wealth-creation – even if only through increased wages, but ruai ego meant that they just saw profits slipping away – even if the actual profits were increasing. In the end Ruais dismissed all these delusions about vested interest and decided they had to have it all, and that meant other Mubans could have none. So compassion for these other Mubans had to go, and in Mubanrao the tool for eroding that compassion was the comms.

Without freedom of expression Mubans became less spirited, and as that spirit waned so they drifted into lifelessness. And so whatever respect they might have had was lost as the ruai were so clearly far superior to these lifeless Moobs. Being better than the Moobs, ruai could dismiss these others as unimportant – expendable.

And once there were not the dynamic restrictions of ruai and other Mubans fighting for the profits – needing their labour, once the ruai could demand compliance through the comms, a compliant lifestyle of working unquestioningly for the ruai – through comm-control Moobs did not make demands accepting what they were given as the ruais used them as little more than robots, Mubans as a whole (ruai and Moob) had no dynamic for development. For the ruais this lack of dynamic was a means of increasing their profits – increasing their wealth, and the last vestiges of compassion – Kajaa – just disappeared from within.

For a while ruai fought ruai and many Moobs died; it seemed almost endless as Mubanrao descended into conflict for wealth appropriation, wealthy fighting wealthy whilst Moobs were just misused and Mubanrao herself began to suffer. Gradually one family started to gain control, and the rest of the ruai turned to science. More and more powerful weapons were developed, and the destruction of Mubanrao was threatened. How these things work we just don't know – call it brinkmanship whatever - but the ruai drew back, an accommodation between the dominant family and the remaining ruai was reached, and stability grew out of this. Was it brinkmanship or a greater force? Even with their short-sighted greed was there some kind of safety mechanism. Some even said it was Kajaa.

It was agreed, science was squashed. Enquiry was squashed. The majority of Mubans were already lifeless Moobs, and now the ruai within their own ranks just sat on any form of enquiry out of fear as the family integrated with the few remaining other ruai. From then on none of the ruai ever questioned. Moobs catered for all their needs, slowly fear drew in the

wealth-driven egos and without enquiry the ruai also lost much that was Muban. And when it did appear there was always the comms; any ruai who did not accept their privilege and life-style became candidates for the latest aCOMModation. Soon the need for aCOMModation also became a thing of the past as fear controlled the egos – the drive for wealth disappeared. Stability grew into stagnation as all that was compassionate Muban disappeared – was reigned in. Very soon even the need for the comms became lost in time as Moob beget Moob, accepted that their role was to serve ruai. And ruai beget ruai, and their life that fear long ago had fashioned was merely there to continue a sort of stability.

Now it was humble, no egos were driving their own expansion at whatever cost, the imbalance was reigned in. There was calm. But now there was a need for rebalancing as the repressive control although producing calm had gone too far; it was not natural; Kajaa's mind was not clear. Kajaa days were longer than Muban days but eventually they do come to an end.

SANNADEE

Finished 2017

10) Enquiring

Ru17 woke. *Nice day outside* crossed his mind. Pleasant. He called for his food, and M12 brought the nutrition and placed it by the exby. As usual Ru17 began the required exercise, and stopped eliciting a warning from the exby. He ignored this, and walked towards the door. *Pleasant day, go outside*, the thought came to him.

At the door the Moobs saw this, it seemed the way their gaze followed his movements that they noticed the difference in the routines. No, they could not notice, they were Moobs.

Once outside Ru17 breathed in deeply – again unusual at least a little bit so. The air from the nice day entered deep in his lungs, and felt good to his body. Ru17 just felt a nice day, and continued walking – walking was exercise.

Outside the house was the drive, and around the house was the green of the well-kept lawns; he followed the road for a while. To his left he saw a slight commotion and walked towards it. A robot tending the lawn had collapsed. A Moob had come over, called, and they were waiting. Whilst Ru17 was watching a vehicle arrived and out stepped maintenance robots who replaced the collapsed robot and drove off again. Nothing unusual in this routine although Ru17 had never seen it before – except in the movies. After watching he continued walking, it mattered not – robots and Moobs do what they are supposed to. It is the way, the way? He paused then continued walking - walking a distance for exercise.

And reached the wall, never been here before. For a while he followed the wall and there was the gate, not seen that before either. No matter, he followed the road back to the house. In his room the exby was still issuing its warning so he did what was required to shut it up, finished his nutes, and went to sit down.

M12 brought him his usual drink following the exby, and he sat down turning on the screen. There were the mandatory mental exercises that he rattled off, the machine did not complain so that's OK. His reward – choice of movie. He watched "Ejaculation" all the way through, and at the end switched from movie to the work combo. The screen told him "There are 5 decisions today:-".... Not bothering with them he clicked recommended action – as he was expected to do, called over M12 for another drink.

Soon after the drink he drifted into slumber – and M12 moved over to her post where she sat and also appeared to doze.

After a while M12 was nudged by her post so she moved over to wake Ru17 and again placed the nutes next to the exby; he completed the exercise as required, clicked the recommended actions, watched the “maintenance” movie and slept again. In the evening the routine was completed again, and then M12 escorted him to his bedroom where she comforted him to sleep.

If anything anywhere was at all bothered this was an unusual day, what passed for a Kajaa smile was felt within Mubanrao.

The next morning a pleasant day greeted Ru17, and he began the exby finishing part way through leaving the machine alone to listen to its own warning. Outside he followed the road to the gate and walked through. At the gate several Moobs were just stood there standing with robots. Ru17 instructed one Moob to come with him but it did not move. This registered slightly until M12 came up to him, and they both left through the gate following the road for a while. Ru17 heard a rustle to the left, and he moved towards the sound – and M12 gently followed – just followed. After a while a bird flew away, and Ru17 kind of followed it – and M12 also sort of followed. Soon M12 felt tired and sat down, and looking at her Ru17 sat as well; sitting was fine. Again he drew his breath deeply and M12 did similar feeling less tired. They looked towards the bird now in the distance, looked back towards the gate also in the distance, and started to walk back.

Reaching his room the machine was still complaining, so with effort he complied. M12 sat at her post as he watched the “Social Order” movie falling asleep. Then decisions were made, sleep again, and so on. They fell asleep together.

And the next day was not so nice there was rain. She brought the nutes and he finished the exby, then they went walking – not triggering the movie and decisions. Out the gate they went to where they had heard the bird rustle and followed its supposed trail. They were wet, the trail was wet, but they followed. They were tired but it seemed not to matter; they stayed out there - it seemed OK. Again Ru17 breathed deeply and M12 copied him, they repeated this several times. It was refreshing like taking the nutes only different, their bodies noted this. Then they returned. Ru17 made the first set of decisions, and immediately came the second; he perfunctorily made those. Exby was required, he did that. M12 brought nutes, he watched a movie, made decisions and they slept.

Again Kajaa smiled at the unusual day.

Next day Ru17 rushed the exercise, ran the movie and went out so he could walk, something made him want to walk, *and walk with M12*, that strange thought came to him – then as with all thoughts it just drifted away. Once outside the gate they stopped and breathed deeply several times, and bodies invigorated began walking again. Almost automatically they walked the “rustle” way simply out of habit and kept going. The day was not so nice – not raining as yesterday, but it felt good walking. Ru17 paused breathing again, and this time looked around. Enjoyment came to him through what he saw, maybe it was beautiful, and breathing again he felt energy enough to walk on. Pausing he watched M12 as she copied him, he smiled at this – a strange thing for his body to do - this smile; from inside he felt a warmth and it just seemed the right thing to curve the edge of his mouth upwards. The Moob copied him and there came to Ru17 a feeling of mutual sense. Mutual seemed a strange thought with regards to a Moob, the word had a parity that could not possibly be.

At the gate he paused again to breathe, the body was taking the last part of outside refreshment before they returned inside to the routines. As he reached his room there was the warning, he fulfilled his tasks, fast forwarded the movies to access the decisions, and just sat in silence. M12 seemed also to sit in similar silence but of course Moob talking was limited – and only ever response. After the silence tiredness overtook him, and they retired to bed.

"We will have extra nutes today," he told M12 "today we walk far." The Moob complied. They walked towards the gate, and once outside began their breathing, their bodies wanting the outside inside. Almost instinctively they followed their usual way – and beyond. A feeling of niceness came to him – then passed. As they walked the scene changed and this produced a further feeling of niceness which too passed. “Enjoyment comes when we walk” he told M12 smiling, she copied his smile; that also brought niceness that passed. Inside his body the feeling had registered, there was a connection between joy and walking. The thought came to him, *yesterday there was joy when walking*; this thought did not pass but stayed a while. *There would be more joy with more walking came to him*, somehow that thought was important as it came to him with more presence – more power.

As they walked joy came repeatedly as different parts of Mubanrao sent thoughts to them. All around there was life getting on with it – life. There were small things – insects, larger things – animals, all just getting on with it, and all the actions seemed to send Ru17 thoughts of joy, many thoughts of joy, so many that he was almost in a constant state of joy as he walked. This was good, and as he felt the joy so he smiled and M12 smiled, and smiling together also brought thoughts of joy. *This is better than the movies came to him*, what did that mean? There was joy; there were the movies, they were different: better?

They spent the rest of the day in joy and smiling, then as it got dark returned to the house

where decisions were made, and then they went to bed tired. He smiled, she copied his smile, and they slept comfortably - ejaculation forgotten.

Next morning he woke up with a determination, quickly called M12, and off they went walking again. Today was beautiful, and he felt a greater joy - a more powerful joy; *this was connected to the beauty* came to him. As they reached where they usually turned off the main drive, it was time to walk somewhere else so he did not turn – neither did M12. After a while she paused and smiled, and started to turn pointing. Immediately Ru17 reacted to this indignantly, this Moob was not following the order – the social order; but instead he ignored his negativity and took the turn she had suggested. And so pleased he was at doing this, for after a short while they came to some water flowing where they both sat. Water was important, as the movie said Mubans should drink 2-3 bottles a day – and that was regulated. But this water was different, it flowed – not like a tap. It meandered, rocks redirected the flow, small whirlpools disturbed the surface in quieter places, and then up popped an animal thing. Both he and M12 jumped at this, and then there was a joy at the sight. He looked at her and smiled – and she back, then she pointed upstream so off he went – following where she pointed had brought better joy before. And they did – walking a distance until they reached where water fell and spray refreshed them even as they stopped to breathe in the wonderful nature. *It is time to go back* came to him, and they retraced their tracks down the bank of the water – river.

Soon he had a strange feeling. It was getting dark and they were not at home, the feeling made him speed up – and she dutifully followed. By the time they arrived it was completely dark except for the stars that showed them where to go. At the gate there were robots and Moobs with light so once they neared the road they knew where to go.

Once in Ru17 immediately collapsed in his chair, and M12 went off collected the nutes but brought the wrong drink. Looking at the drink indignation rose again but he felt his own tiredness – she must be tired, so he ignored the mistake. Just before he dozed off he looked she was asleep, and smiled – a tiring day.

After dozing for a while he awoke, made the decisions, ignored the movie, then it was time for bed. Where was M12? Normally she was just there when he was ready, she was asleep. A tiring day. But he needed her so he could sleep, so he woke her. At first she looked disturbed (apologetic) because he had needed to wake her, then she smiled, he smiled back, and off they went to bed to sleep – ejaculation forgotten.

The next day they woke later but he had no determination. Do his chores. Quickly the exby, the mental exercises, the movie he chose “Ejaculation” again.

The Muban in the white coat began “Ejaculation is a natural way of removing toxins, just as passing water and faeces. It is important not to allow toxins to build up. Your Moob is conditioned to collect and remove the toxins. Do not touch yourself as the actions can cause mental harm leave it to the Moob. Remember that in the social order Moobs cannot feel like we do so the collection and removal of these ejaculated toxins does not cause them harm.”

For two nights you have not ejaculated came to him, *do you feel harm?*

After the movie he relaxed in silence, *look inside your head* came a thought. It swirled. *Be calm* came the thought, and as he did so the swirling stopped bringing with it a natural clarity. *Now you are beginning to be open* came the thought as is M12. *Openness is important* it came again, *remember this openness*. Remember?

There was a comfort and joy he had only felt whilst walking and he watched himself walking with M12.

The machine was clicking into action, what was Ru17 doing? Kajaa was happy, the machine was disturbed.

The next day they sought the water, *just being here is joyful* came to Ru17. This time they followed the stream, it just seemed the right thing to do; he walked she followed. *A sense of peace*. He began to watch where he walked, his eyes gazing at the ground where he put his foot. There was a stone, he moved to the side maintaining his gaze, behind him M12 tripped and fell against him. Picking her up he looked into her eyes, a smile, there was comfort and they moved on. “Look where you walk,” he smiled at her. She began doing this, and it was easier for her, it seemed. She did not fall.

Then there was a sound, he looked up to see bird fly out from the grass. It startled him and he slipped falling into the water. He splashed around *this is fun*, and he saw the look on the face of M12. He clambered out as she was worried. Smiling he took her hand and she followed him back into the water. They both splashed and felt fun. After a while the splashing brought on tiredness, and they lay down on the bank and drifted off to sleep.

When Ru17 awoke he found M12 curled up beside him, and her contact pleased him. He shook her gently by the shoulders, and together they walked back to the house before it got dark.

When they arrived back the machine was its usual agitation, Ru17 quietened its annoyance, took the nutes from M12, and they both drifted off to sleep.

Kajaa smiled, they were feeling their bodies and emotions were arising; what would the machine think? The machine was clicking into action, what was Ru17 doing? Kajaa was happy, the machine was disturbed.

A while back the machine had decided it was time for a child. M24 was informed that he was to gather the ejaculant from Ru29 that evening so he collected it, stored it in the ejacbox and gave it to the robot who took it to the nursery. At the nursery Ru29's womb was established, M12 then gathered the ejaculant from Ru 17, and Ru29's womb was fertilised in the nursery.

After birth the Moobs took care of Ru32's every need. Over the years Kajaa had accepted the withdrawal of instincts for survival. Instincts had always been an obstacle to maturity but with every Muban need catered for, the balance between instinct and maturity became completely skewed. Kajaa had watched as increasingly instinct dominated throughout Muban life as their egotistical lifestyles thrived on indulging instinct never embracing the maturity that Kajaa had designed for developing wisdom. Muban development had always been a battle between instinct and insight, a battle whose victory was intended for older age as instinct waned. But it was the battle itself which brought maturity, and for this manufactured life the battle never even began as instinct was never needed. Ru32 never needed for anything. There had never been a conscious decision over food as the machine regulated this through the Moobs. Never a need for reason as the machine regulated all of Ru32's needs, even adolescent pains were taken away by the Moobs. This manufactured life although not understood so at the time had withdrawn most that was human faculty leaving bodies with limited sentience and perception. Because the egos had become so dominant and dangerous, Kajaa did not object but it was the consciousness of Mubans that gave Kajaa her flavour.

Walking became regular for Ru17 and M12, going outside was a whole new movie to learn. But this learning was an internal aspiration as opposed to the limited roles the machine asked of them. They wanted to name all that was outside, and surprisingly these names had strong historical coincidence. They even named each other, Roy and Marta. And Roy began to write about the names, and what they did. Listening to the machine and watching what appeared on the screen, he attempted to develop an alphabet which he then used as the basis for his book on nature. And as the books developed so he started to ask questions, it was logical sense.

As they walked they also became closer. There were the smiles. If they lost balance they would touch, and the feeling was pleasant – more than pleasant. Ejaculation took on a new meaning as together they began to enjoy it. One time Roy's hands wandered, and touched

Marta's sex. He could see it gave her pleasure, and that became mutual. It seemed natural for him to put it inside her. That made ejaculation far more than the movies spoke of, although they were careful to keep samples for the machine. Ejaculation developed into passion, and it became something they looked forward to. And when they were out walking they would often stop to touch and kiss, and enjoy each other in nature. They became loving, and this love opened up a whole new world of understanding.

And enquiry. The more they loved, the more they explored nature. They wanted to go further but time in the day limited them – and it seemed sensible to be at home each night for the machine. They noticed the robots arriving in a machine – called car. Could they use that to explore further? That soon became routine. It started with them climbing into the car when the robots arrived. They watched the robots and it seemed easy. One day Roy decided to try for himself. When the robot got out of the car to perform its chore, Roy climbed in and found he could drive it away. They had a vehicle and in this way Roy and Marta explored further.

They spoke of the ejacbox, why would the ejaculation be stored? When next Marta was instructed to use the ejacbox, they decided to follow the car in their own. And there they found Ru72 who they all agreed to name Rana. Rana was mainly helped by M61 who it was agreed they call Mit. Together and separately they explored the land around. For a while Roy spent time with Rana but he preferred to be with Marta, likewise Rana with Mit. But Roy and Rana had a baby that Rana raised with Mit – it seemed the best way to deal with the machine which was not programmed for natural babies but did help raise it.

Daily history is tedious especially in Mubanrao where struggle had mostly been done away with. Slowly Mubanrao rebuilt itself as the Ruai took Mubans back to nature as they reintegrated with the Moobs, and restarted their families. As they began to discover food in nature, they chose to eschew the tasteless synthetics their ancestors had planned for them. Gradually they began to disentangle themselves from the programmed existence that had been Muban life for so long - avoiding conflict with the programming whenever met. But much of what they were doing was not within the fears of the programmers as the new Mubans were living in tune with nature and not demonstrating the ego conflicts that had bedevilled the earlier existence. As the community developed the vestiges of the machines disappeared. Soon the young developed instinct that became maturity for many. Conscious life had returned.

Kajaa felt she had done the best she could. Her Mubans were now establishing a life that was founded in nature, and there can be no greater harmony than that, no greater peace. But there was the essential enquiry, and who knows where that would take them?