

The Wild West of Enlightenment

Yakaboobis and his best friend Yakataboof had an urge to go on a journey.

“Where do you want to go this time?” asked Yakataboof. “We’ve been home for a while, what’s a good place to have some fun and cause some good-hearted trouble?”

“That last trip to the outer rings of Blue Tarn proved to be of some considerable fun. We could go there and explore the inner rings this time” Yakaboobis suggested.

“I heard there was a lot of construction going on there for the next few years” replied Yakataboof.

“Oh yeah, they have been working on the inner rings for decades now. The outer rings have all the action now a days.”

“And the best women” laughed Yakataboof.

“You mean the ones with the big drippy open hearts that will have you laughing five seconds after you walk through the door?”

“Yep, remember Saddlebag Ma?”

“Who could ever forget her! When the music started she moved those saddlebags of hers like there was no end to the quaking mountains.”

“Good times, so where should we go? Any great intuitive flashes Yakaboobis?”

“I have been keeping my eye out for Earth 2. It has some good attractions.”

“Yeah? Too bad what happened to Earth 1.”

“What do you mean, Yakataboof? Earth 1 was really cool towards the end. Do Feeling Whopper even lived there for a spell.”

“The Do Feeling! Man that God Man frog, wasn’t he the best?”

“Sure was, he even started a new world religion before he light-escaped out of there.”

“Where did he go?” Both men laughed and laughed.

“What’s going on on Earth 2?” asked Yakataboof.

“Everything is just starting up—everything is brand spanking new. All sorts of new manifestations. I heard it is the wild, Wild West of creative manifestation.”

“Any women there?” asked Yakataboof.

“Gotta be, if we are going there” laughed Yakaboobis.

Both men leaned over their maps of the universes of light contained formed places. “Here’s Earth 2, found it, Yakaboobis.” “Look, not too many light skip jumps from old Earth 1.”

“Yeah but Earth 2—got two of everything—2 suns, 2 moons. Must be a pretty interesting place” observed Yakataboof.

“Let’s pack, don’t forget your light sabers.”

Yakataboof did his silly waving-his-hips-around dance. “Never leave home without my saber” he laughed.



The goddess of motion picture movies felt that a movie of Yakaboobis and Yakataboof’s travel to Earth 2 would be a valuable teaching aid for all her children—of which she had many. Her children usually edited those crazy guys’ movie moves and her grandchildren usually composed the musical score. It was a family endeavor, a public service that kept her standing as goddess in good standing. The two crazy cohorts had heard rumors that they were being filmed and that their exploits were well known throughout the cosmic domain. They didn’t seem to care and even though they were quite famous because of the Goddess CineMa’s portrayal of them, they never attended any award shows, nor were they ever interviewed. They didn’t even give a shit about being famous. They had some cousins that had the family resemblance, so Maka & Taka usually paraded around as them and enjoyed the attention.

“Fame is so meaningless and so not cool” Yakaboobis quoted himself.

“Don’t care for it myself,” echoed Yakataboof. “I’ve got no problem enjoying the curvaceous.”

“You sure don’t, Yakaboobis.”

“How does CineMa do it?” asked Yakataboof. “I’ve never even seen a camera around—or a mic?”

“Man, CineMa is the goddess of subtlety. My guess is she uses nanobots—they are so small as not to be seen by the naked eye. Have to wear binoculars or microscopic lenses or something like that to even see them.”

“Oh these modern times, what will they come up with next?” asked Yakataboof.

"I don't know, goddesses can work in mysterious ways. Ever fall in love with a goddess, Yakataboof?"

"Yeah, but that's a long story. Ever been to CineMa's house?"

"Didn't she trick us once to a party at her place and then tried to premiere her latest dribble about us?"

"Yeah, yeah, we saw it coming and ducked out before we rang the front doorbell."

"CineMa's parties can be a lot of fun if we're not the guests of honor."

"She does have some amazing stories and movies she has shown over the years. Remember the one of Do Feelin singing opera in his underwear?"

"Yeah! Loved it! His veins were popping out of his head and he had all his lovely girls swaying—everyone was dripping in love with him!"

"Do Feelin is a classic, an actor's actor—the man or frog for all times."

"Yeah, CineMa's done some good work, especially when it comes to Do Feelin."

"There will never be anyone like Do Feelin."

"You're tellin me."

Yakaboobis and Yakataboof took pleasure in remembering their dear friend. They knew that Do Feelin was still hopping lively in his own frog like way. No one knew his whereabouts, he had jumped his most perfect jump—his final jump into Divine Translation. He was the guy that invented the road map to the Great Beyond that is at the Heart of the Big Nothing and the Big Everything. He had come and shown everyone how to get here and Yakaboobis suspected that he had never left for anywhere. His presence was always so tangible—you could eat it like a satisfying meal of sweet cakes and cream.

The two men slapped each other high—enjoying the presence of Big Do Feelin.

"Let's get going, Yakataboof. Earth 2 can't wait forever."

"Yeah, after what happened to Earth 1, we got no time to waste. Wonder if CineMa has any good movies about Earth 1."

"Well if she made any, hope we're not in it" laughed Yakaboobis.

"Ready, man, let's do our light swirl dance thing. Earth 2, here we come!"



The only girl who lived on Earth 2 was self-named. She called herself Ashen, as nobody ever named her. It was her chosen name and what it meant was obvious to her. As she never grew older as of yet, and her legend grew, her status as a living girl—as the only girl who existed on Earth 2—receded into the subconscious of all the living beings on Earth 2 and no one ever mentioned her by name. She was revered and felt in the minute space between heartbeats or the space and moment between the in and out of breaths. She was as tangible as the Earth was but one had to stop and feel the space that held matter together to know her and no one could do that without great training. Because Earth 2 was such a new place and parts of it were still just being imagined, there were no established mystery schools to train any acolytes. Earth 2, which she had named “My living Heart Rock” and became known as Living Rock, was her place where she held the power of her energy for the purpose of dream knowing her. The inhabitants who were living there were unaware of the true purpose of being there on Living Rock and were busied by the mighty pursuit of staying alive as long as possible. It was the wild west of procreation and the subtler bigger picture of a little girl’s whereabouts and a little girl’s power to dream alive—to Self-Recognize oneself—was just an uncomfortable impulse, a lapse into the insanity and uncertainty of letting go of one’s self. One had to be centered in a strong corral of instincts to be preserved here for any length of time. The gate of the corral could not be opened, not at this early time, not in the beginning of things, not in the beginning of the story. So Ashen, the only living girl on the Living Rock, was never seen or almost never seen by anyone. But she is very important to the story of Earth 2, of Living Rock, and she is the pulse of everyone and everything on Living Rock. How she came to be, no one, not even she can explain, but how she is known—that is the story or adventure everyone at some point must take up. Without her, no story can come true or be told, but the most obvious truth or knowledge is always overlooked until one is so befuddled and humbled by the failure of their own occupation with themselves that they finally and simply let go of their dreams of living and actually let life live them. That is when one begins to sense her.

Living Rock was truly a magnificent planet with many of the features that made Earth 1 so beautiful. Yes, mountains and waterfalls, great rivers and blue reflecting lakes, vast forests, meadows of grasses and naturally abounding sweet tasting fruits and nuts. There were an almost infinite number of plants—simple and complex—and food was available to be eaten just by knowing where to look and what to pick. There were differences from Earth 1—there were no mammals, no birds, no fishes, no reptiles on Living Rock. Birds chirping and singing in the wee hours of the morn were not heard, nor the sounds of beasts grunting and fighting or galloping across the plains. It was quiet of these sounds. The winds blowing through the trees and grasses, their songs and whistles

could be heard. The plant life on Living Rock—if one listened one could hear the sounds of their songs as the wind came through.

And there was another difference that Living Rock had from Earth 1. There were people and cities beginning to come up but the kind of people, or rather the sex of the people, were different from Earth 1. They were not entirely females and males, rather they were bipop. Bipops' strongest instinct was to stay alive indefinitely. The second instinct, to reproduce, interfered with their drive to live very long lives, and reproduction was a choice only a few people made. Reproduction occurred in their twenties (if chosen) and would hasten their aging processes. If reproduction was not chosen, the sex drive and its results were suppressed by the Mawoni plant and eventually disappeared altogether. Men and women developed after that period with all the strengths that were combined by co-joining male and female attributes. After 100 or 200 years no one could really determine the original determining sex of the person.

Mahoot and Yahoot had yet to determine their choice. They often went back and forth about it. Mahoot, the older sister by one year and four months, felt she wanted to stay as a woman and reproduce. Yahoot frequently argued with her about her leanings away from a long, long life. Yahoot was adventuresome—she wanted to see as much of Living Rock as a long, long life would allow. Having kids and then dying 20 years later was a waste of a life for her pursuit of fulfillment.

Yahoot wanted to visit the other peoples of Living Rock. She had heard of the South people's amazing inventions that helped them travel on the waters. She had heard of the North people's imaginative architecture and how they loved to tell stories and entertain. The peoples of the East loved to run and often had long distance contests. She wanted to run in one of them.

Mahoot and Yahoot were sisters of the West and the West was known for healing plants and taking plants for wild imaginative conscious provoking adventures. Mahoot often had visions when she took plants—and one plant called Yosum was her favorite. While under its influence she had a vision that the two sisters would meet two men and that these men had never undergone the “choice”. She thought about her vision at times, she tried to make sense out of it. Were there people, men on Living Rock, who weren't bipops? How could that be? Maybe this vision is just an imagining I have, she thought. She told her sister about the vision and they were both intrigued by it. Not all her plant-induced reveries made sense; the future is a strange place—wild and untamed, new and alluring, disturbing and frightening, she thought.

Yahoot was keeping a journal. She wrote about her plant conscious provoking adventures. Like her sister, she favored the Yosum plant but she combined it with two seed flower plants. While under the “bright 3” as she called the plants, she often found herself meeting different people from different tribes. Sometimes, but for only the briefest of intervals, she saw a little girl who would form from the sands of Living Rock

itself. The girl never spoke, only danced, hopped and smiled at her. Many times Yahoot danced and hopped with the girl and enjoyed herself till she was exhausted. Yahoot asked her where she was from. The little girl only smiled and laughed and danced even harder. Yahoot loved her spirit and finally the girl conceded her name to Yahoot. “I am the only living girl” she whispered into her ear. Yahoot didn’t understand what she meant by this. She just knew that her adventures with the girl made her feel top notch alive. Yahoot never told her sister Mahoot about her experience. She thought it would lead her sister down the road of reproduction and she couldn’t imagine a well imagined life without a long life with Mahoot. They enjoyed each other’s company immensely.

Yakaboobis and Yakataboof had landed. No one was there to greet them at their arrival as expected. They folded up their map of 1st place home and the 2nd map of where we are going here and put them in a well-sealed pocket in their shirts. The maps weren’t totally necessary for their travels but were helpful in keeping a thread of conscious intent of their whereabouts and where they have been.

“Already like it” Yakaboobis declared. “Not much mind matter.”

“Yeah, fresh and clean with no psychic pollution as yet.”

“Like a new born babe,” laughed Yakaboobis. “Let’s follow the yellow brick road.”

“Nah, that’s been done and re-done and retold. Let’s wander through the forest up ahead.”

The two men were excited about their travel to Earth 2. They had heard the tales that Big Shakti Mama of Earth had a little sister and she had a plan to run away from Earth. She had left right before Earth 1 had glowed into a bright aura of white light and melted away. “Ah, she was on to something, on her way” Yakaboobis thought. Big Mama Shakti had danced her last on Earth.

“Do you remember Big Mama Shakti?” asked Yakaboobis.

“How could anyone forget her? She was the very best in bed—Her energy was inexhaustible” answered Yakataboof.

“What happened to her? I mean after the Earth did its final glow?”

“Where do shaktis go after they glow?” answered Yakataboof.

Both men laughed. They both knew the energy of everything even when it was tied or combined to a place couldn’t disappear really. The old Consciousness=Light=Energy is Reality. All was always fine in their understanding. Still, they enjoyed the story of movement—of getting someplace. Earth 2, Living Rock, was in

their estimation a good fresh place, a good start. The shakti of the place felt irrepressible, playful, fresh-smelling like a baby's new body with the innocence of a little girl's spirit.

"Yeah, that's where Big Mama's little sister went—this is her place now. Yeah, taboo, she is here, energizing the way for all here."

"Big Whoop!" both men clapped.

CineMa was watching the live feeds from her studio. This is gonna be good, she thought. Earth 2 is really fresh, the two suns create such a dynamic light glow on everything. Yakaboobis' face radiated light. Dam, she thought, he is so handsome even in his middle to later years. And Yakataboof, well every woman wants him (including me). He has an undeniable full well of charisma—not as good looking as Yakaboobis but Yakataboof's charm, his personal chemistry, his absolutely photogenic presence—he is always the main attraction in the hearts and bodies of any women in any room. Yakaboobis was more reserved—his energy circled around his body creating a glow of self-contained presence. Yakataboof was always seen while Yakaboobis always seemed to disappear the more you looked at him. That led to some pretty interesting footage at times, thought CineMa. Her cameras followed the men into the deep forest and she saw that the men were singing (they sang and made up spontaneous diddies frequently). She turned up the mic controls so she could listen in on their latest madness. "Oh widdle de de da, a frog is hopping with me. My heart is open and happy, oh widdle de de, widdle de de da, the frog is hopping over me."

CineMa laughed at hearing their song. "I won't be able to get this out of my head." She was singing along with them on another planet—unbeknownst to them. Or did they know of her presence?

Yakataboof knew they were being filmed. Sometimes he improvised for the camera. He didn't mind that he was an actor in CineMa's movies. He was Self-Aware, not self-aware. He was Self-conscious, not self-conscious. He was an open secret, he was a walking contradiction or a paradox at its best. "I'm a gift, not the giver." He was a player in a play and a dreamer with no desires, except perhaps for one—his impulse to live was connected with his best friend Yakaboobis. He would live, he would stay as long as Yakaboobis lived and stayed. Yakaboobis was his heart reason to stay alive—he had to accompany his best friend, his spiritual master and heart—and Yakaboobis had to travel. He had great purpose and Yakataboof had to serve him in that purpose. And so he agreed with CineMa that for all posterity—and for all who existed—a true telling of their travels and Yakaboobis' mysterious purpose should be made into art in the form of the movies she secretly made and secretly collaborated with Yakataboof on.

Living Rock was delighted with the two travelers. The conscious principle was living and breathing and stepping with song through her forest. Ashen shimmered her

little girl form through the light beams that splayed in the forest. Their singing made her heart skip a beat. She wanted to appear to them but she had to be sure that it wasn't too early in the play of things, so she watched and shimmered. CineMa saw a strange glowing figure in the footage and tried to focus on it, but no focus was to be had. She thought that the two sons of Living rock were creating this glow that almost seemed to appear as a girl. This place is so beautiful, she thought.

Yakaboobis put down his satchel and was quiet. He surveyed the forest and breathed it in. He felt the forest spirits. The trees watched them with respectful curiosity and Yakaboobis communicated his heart recognition to them. Yakaboobis felt the living family of the forest—the related life of everything there—and they felt him as the living heart. They grooved on his transmission and talked among themselves about the two strange beings who were walking among them.

“These two are not from around here” the tallest of the evergreens said.

“No, they're different from the usual two-legged bipops” replied the 2nd-tallest evergreen, which was related to the 1st-tallest—every tree was related here. These two family members were the original, oldest trees of Living Rock. They have seen it all from the very beginning—well, at least what they can see from standing there—as they grew they saw more of the view.

“Unlike the usual bipops, these guys can feel us. They're not preoccupied with themselves.”

“Yeah.”

Yakaboobis smiled at the trees.

The trees got a bit giddy by that smile. Ashen watched from behind the biggest tree. She was the first and best hugger of trees on Living Rock and she too was giddy from that smile.

Yakaboobis and Yakataboof happily sighed and laughed when they noticed that they happened to do it at the same time. Sometimes those two guys were just so blissfully happy—most of the time on Earth 1 they had to hide it from the normals—the ego bounders. It felt like real naturally already happy bliss was outlawed on Earth 1 so they weren't given to open displays of how happy their happy is. Earth 2, Living Rock, offered more of an open space for open displays of free flowing feeling—well, at least in this forest, thought Yakaboobis.

“Ah, I could live here forever” Yakataboof remarked.

“That's good” replied Yakaboobis. “It is wonderful here.”

Yahoot was also on an adventure in the forest. She was on a plant-finding mission. Of course, it was her destiny to meet Yakaboobis and Yakataboof. CineMa would record this meeting and Ashen would shine through as all the light beams. The stage, the setting, the forest were set and all the players were eager for this moment that their hearts could imagine and would now manifest. Who saw who first? Was it Yahoot, who knew these whereabouts well? Was it Yakaboobis who lived to survey his surroundings to take in every moment of beauty? Was it Yakataboof who always kept up with his master and was ready with a jewel of foolery to offer up for Yakaboobis' enjoyment?

Yakaboobis saw Yahoot first and his heart recognized her as he did with all beings he met. What is it to be heart recognized by Yakaboobis? He saw not her physical beauty (which was impressive as she was a big woman—6 ft 5 in with attractive brown blue skin and short black blue hair and eyes). He gazed at her true beauty, her awareness, her openness and radar. He saw that she was very strong, brave and innocent of lower ego tendencies. He liked her immediately and knew she was the right one to lead them on their adventure.

Yahoot had her own kind of recognition of the two men. The older man was very powerful like he had ingested all the power plants of the forest. He knew the ways of the energy of livingness and beyond, she thought. The other man, the younger one, she blushed, "Is just so dam amude" (her word for our word *cute*). She was drawn to him like a magnet to iron. She had never experienced such an instinctual sensation like that before.

On Living Rock, particularly in the Western Sector, it was the custom for women to greet first in an encounter. She held up the customary right hand in greeting. Yakaboobis and Yakataboof responded similarly.

It was also the custom to offer food or water, to recognize survival needs as the common connection.

"Hello, I have some lazy-do-ots, hungry?" asked Yahoot. Both men smiled yes and the three sat down on a log covered with a moss blanket.

They ate first—again, this was the custom—and then it would be time to talk. Yahoot wiped her mouth with a spongy plant. "Haven't I seen you men before?" she asked. This was a trick question.

"We're new around here" replied Yakataboof. "You're the first person we've met."

Yahoot turned away and looked at Yakaboobis. She didn't want it to be so obvious that she could look at Yakataboof all day—that she wanted to look at him all day.

They introduced themselves to each other. Yakaboobis and Yakataboof left out the part that they were traveling through interdimensional doorways—they wanted to appear just as ordinary travelers, so they said they were from the North. They pretty much left out everything that was really true about them as they knew besides drawing undue suspicion on them, no one would believe them and just think they were dam crazy or worse, they might believe them. They weren't sure the evolutionary curve of Earth 2 was ready for that.

Northerner, thought Yahoot. They might have some good stories to tell, as the Northerners were famous for their storytelling.

"Is there a place we could stay for a few days, among good people like yourself?" asked Yakataboof. Yakaboobis usually kept quiet and let Yakataboof negotiate the social aspects of their adventures.

Yahoot volunteered the name of a local darmsitta—an almost free hut where travelers could snooze it up a bit. "It's about five miles from here. Wait, I'm almost done gathering my plants. If you wait for me, I'll show you how to get there, it's a bit tricky."

So the deal was set, the connection connected. Yakaboobis approved. This is too easy, he thought. He looked at his life friend, his eternal buddy of madness of the right bright kind. He was already bedazzling Yahoot with his charm and the gift of Yakataboof being Yakataboof. He smiled to himself and yes he smiled to the camera—just a little bit, not enough to give it away that he knew it was.

CineMa caught that turn up of Yakaboobis' lips. What? Does he know? She wondered. As much as she had recorded the wanderings of Yakaboobis and his friend Yakataboof, she still didn't know much about the man. He was almost unreadable. The more you looked, tried to get really into the man, the more you felt like you were falling over a cliff or into the void. She wasn't willing to risk her life or sanity to go that far into the mystery of Yakaboobis. But she loved to watch him and his buddy Yakataboof. As far as she was concerned they were the most fascinating men she had ever watched and recorded. They were the best of all buddies and buddy movies. She just couldn't figure out what their agenda was, what they were up to. She had her theories. They were all wrong, but sounded plausible. The problem was that her theories were based on her logic, her way of seeing and understanding life. She always overlooked the most obvious as all ego-I's tend to do. Good luck, CineMa. Her purpose of creating art out of their travels was a path—her traveling herself to understanding. It was good form and if done with love, maybe the prize of true art would be awarded her in time. By studying, creating art out of what she always overlooked she would find what is truly obvious. She would finally see what she always overlooked.

The darmsitta was a circular hut with several cots. Yakaboobis put their sacks on a couple of cots. Yahoot promised to come over in time for dinner with her sister Mahoot (if willing). Over dinner, Yakataboof promised to tell some stories of their home and travels.

Yakaboobis rested. He floated in and out of the awareness of his surroundings. Images of their walk appeared and he passed into a dream without falling asleep. He was walking with a little girl and she held his hand and smiled up at him.

“You are the wonder, the Shakti of this place. You are the only living girl,” he addressed her.

“Yes, and I know who you are too. You are the Heart and you are walking here to heart-recognize everyone and everything here.”

“Yes, that is who I am and what I am doing.” Oh, CineMa, if only your instruments could focus and record these subtle communications!

The dream and the communication faded. Yakaboobis could hear Yakataboof stirring about. He was putting on his shoes. It was almost time, the two sisters would be calling with some fine Western eateries.

Mahoot thought, what my sister has said about these two men is true. The younger man is so pleasing and attracting, the older man is so dignified. His eyes draw you in very deeply into where he lives, but it makes me nervous to go there, to go that deep. Mahoot found herself looking into Yakaboobis’ eyes often but when he held her gaze she could not meet it for long, it was too powerful and scared her in some way that she didn’t understand. It made her feel too vulnerable, she had just met these men and was not ready to be that trusting just yet. She hardly listened to Yakataboof’s stories, though he was very entertaining. Her sister Yahoot was really enjoying herself, listening to Yakataboof’s every word and hanging on to his every gesture. She had never seen her sister so giddy by a man’s attention before. Mahoot didn’t quite believe their story that they were from the North. She couldn’t figure out why these two men were different from any other men she had met or known, even from the few men she had met from the Northern territory. She felt there was more to their story and that the stories Yakataboof was telling them were well censored and crafted for their ears. She would wait her turn and question them in her own way.

The meal ended with sweet dessert that tasted like a pudding cake, which was made only from plants. The men were surprised by the lack of animals on Earth 2 but they were reconciled to it as animals were mostly and usually used as food or slaves on Earth 1. Yakataboof always enjoyed the companionship of a good dog when he wasn’t on his travels with Yakaboobis and to see that Earth 2 was free of the intermingling or sacrifice of animals made him wonder the how and why of no animals here. He couldn’t ask the women as this was their norm and any such query would certainly lead to

puzzling looks. He finished up his hilarious story and the women laughed a bit and he noticed Mahoot gazing at Yakaboobis.

Mahoot was about to ask the men something when Yakaboobis spoke up abruptly, “We’ll be leaving tomorrow to continue our travels.” Yahoot was surprised to hear this. She envisioned showing them (particularly Yakataboof) all the local interesting and beautiful landmarks. “So soon?” she asked.

“Yes, we must be returning soon” answered Yakaboobis.

Yakataboof was also surprised to hear of their soon to be departure. He was looking forward to enjoying the company of these two fine ladies. They had never left so abruptly before.

Yahoot felt frustrated. Had they been rude in some way? She felt they surely were having fun and she wanted so much to find out more about Yakataboof.

“Couldn’t you stay for a few more days? There is much beauty to see around here.”

Yakaboobis thought, poor gals. They have no idea what is coming in a few more days. It will change everything.

Yakataboof never interfered with his master’s plans. Still, he would have so enjoyed staying here. Yakaboobis seemed impatient to end the gathering. All gaiety now vanished and the women awkwardly got up and made their farewells.

As the women walked home they both kept their thoughts to themselves. As the men got ready for sleep, Yakataboof noticed that Yakaboobis looked strained but did not ask of it. He knew in due time Yakaboobis would reveal his intentions. He never asked, a master’s ways are mysterious, they work with forces that are truly cosmic and as he was only Yakaboobis’ apprentice, in due time he would learn these ways and also be a pivot for the forces and energies of change.

Again, as Yakaboobis lay in his cot, the shimmering energies formed into that of a white light form—the form of Ashen, the shakti of Living Rock.

“Master, we meet again” she held his hand and walked with him through all the scenery of Living Rock.

Yakaboobis heart-recognized the beauty of Earth 2. “Little one,” he spoke, “The core of your beautiful home is not maintaining stability.”

Ashen could see this too but she was puzzled as to what to do. “My energy holds here, Master. I cannot go, I am bound here like my older sister was bound to Earth.”

“This place is beginning and to achieve stability, for its energy to stabilize, it needs heart- recognizing force.”

“You are here, Master.”

“Yes, but your force needs to be bounded by Heart Recognition and I cannot stay as my work binds me to travel.”

Ashen felt disappointed and saddened, “Are there other Heart Masters who I can be Heart recognized and bound to?”

“I have come here to establish one. But, the instability here is quickened and in a few days’ time all forward continuity toward stability will abruptly end and all life will...”

Ashen look afraid, “I cannot leave here, Master, what can I do to hold stabilization?”

“I will work quickly to awaken one here to Heart recognition. This work is dangerous, done in so short a time. To awaken the Heart in any vehicle could cause cessation of the vehicle or madness. The signs, the timing of a truly good vehicle must appear. Guide me to such a one through your attraction to a living being here.”

“I will, Master” Ashen replied.

Yakaboobis fell into a mindless state. Yakataboof was awake, he listened to the deep breaths, then noticed the cessation of breath from his dear friend. He knew that their travel to Living Rock was no lark or vacation. He could sense in his master that there was work to do here and that there was an urgency to it and perhaps also danger. After all, he thought, everything about this place is new. It’s like the wild west of Earth in the settling of the west by European settlers. One could live a marvelous life here. The native people here are good stock, curious, straightforward and as his thoughts wandered to Yahoot—also good looking, fun, and vibrant. Too bad we are leaving tomorrow.

CineMa turned her secret cameras on to the two sisters, Mahoot and Yahoot. They were discussing their visit with the two men from the North.

“Do you really believe that they are from the North?” asked Mahoot.

Yahoot answered, “I don’t think so, but where could they be from then?”

“I don’t know. The younger man, Yakataboof (strange name!) is friendly, but the older guy—there is something about him—something strong and strange and...”

“Yeah, he seems worried.”

The two sisters would return early in the morning to satisfy their curiosity and begin an adventure that would change everything for them.

Yakaboobis sat up. The sun was just beginning to shed light into the darmsitta. The young girl Shakti, Ashen, was directing him to further go deeper into the western region. He could hear Yakataboof waking up—Yakataboof was always sensitive to his movements and was ready in a moment's notice. The two men did not speak, they gathered their few belongings and made their way down the road to pick up the trail west. They were destined to meet the two women at 7:34 at the turn where the meadow met the river. CineMa was posed at her monitors to catch the meeting.

Yakataboof was seriously happy to see the two women, especially Yahoot. Yakaboobis, on the other hand, wondered if they only living girl, the shakti, was leading them into the circle of their acquaintance.

Yahoot spoke first, "Good to see you fellows again."

Yakataboof bowed and gave the women a big grin. "And so good to see you again."

"Where are you headed?" asked Mahoot.

"West" answered Yakaboobis.

"Oh, to the town of Ripen?" Mahoot questioned. "We were both headed there, to get more supplies. Can we accompany you and show you the whereabouts?"

It was settled, destiny would not be discouraged. Yakaboobis felt the shakti of Living Rock was leading him back to these women. But he intuited that neither of the women were ready to assume the understanding or mantle of the Heart-Recognizing force.

Yakaboobis and Yakataboof kept up with the two sisters' lively pace and he (Yakataboof) kept it lively with his humorous banter. He was enjoying the company of the women, especially Yahoot, who actually gave a hoot at the end of his stories. He noticed that his friend Yakaboobis seemed weary, like he was carrying the weight of the world on his shoulders. This gave him the clue that this was no dam vacation, some serious matter was at hand.

The town Ripen was the largest town in all the Western Region. It resembled a western town of the 1800s on Earth 1, but there were no horses. People walked or rode a vehicle resembling a bicycle made from wood. People were friendlier too and gathered for drinks (alcohol free—but not plant-buzz free) to enjoy and exchange stories and information. It was hard to determine the age of the people and their gender seemed to have fused, male and female—older not younger, but not aged. No one appeared to be advanced in age. Yakaboobis appeared to be the oldest and he was in his sixties. Yakataboof had heard of the possibilities of bipops on other planets and wondered if Earth 2 or Living Rock held such a possibility. He wondered if the sisters Mahoot and

Yahoot were as young (around 25) as they seemed. He knew not to ask any female from any planet their age.

Yakaboobis gazed at the locals. He was not feeling any quickening in his heart-recognizing work. To openly demonstrate his transmission blast was not a good idea on this world. Transmission displays and receptivity were best done in a private location with people who were prepared. He had figured out that the people here were bipops so some of these people could be at an advanced age, though none appeared to be older than him. A long or longer life wherein the sex drive was sublimated and barely present could give the deeper introspection of the mysteries of life, but not necessarily the mysteries or receptivity of the Heart. The people here were good, natural, and camaraderie was evident. He was at a loss as to what to do next. It was an impossible job to create a Heart Recognizer out of these simple and good-natured people. An important element in their makeup was missing and he was not sure what that was. On Earth 1 there were always at least 10 possible candidates on each continent even though only 1 out of 10 would make the transition from ego-I to the true I and become a Heart-Recognizer. He wondered if any of the 9 remaining candidates incarnated here as Earth 1 had transcended its form. If he had years he could search for these prepared incarnations, but even if he found any he would have to prepare them from the beginning. This place, Living Rock, is a beginning place with no places of empowerment to create transmission links. This was the wild west without enlightenment links of place. It had to be created and begun. This was too much work to do for an aging Heart Realizer and his acolyte and there was no time to do it in. That kind of work took a lifetime and a co-joining of many spirit helper realizers, and a lifetime could only manage the beginning of spinning the wheel of enlightenment into motion here. The force here was a younger spirit, a good shakti but her force will run out and not be able to maintain stability. Yakaboobis felt that Living Rock was in a conundrum. The shakti must lead him to a Heart Recognizer soon.

Ashen knew she had called Yakaboobis here. She had hoped he could accomplish the stabilization of Living Rock but now she saw that his life force was diminishing and his life span was coming to its conclusion. She knew a great sacrifice would be required to stabilize Living Rock, and who would make it? Her older sister Blosen—she was once the shakti of Earth 1—had helped her to enliven Living Rock but was now withdrawing her energy so it could manifest for a new place where animals lived and duplicated without the association or dominance of human types. A course was set for Living Rock without animals and at Living Tree, another manifestation for life without humans. Both sisters were in a mighty struggle with stabilizing their planet. Blosen's work could build steadily without a Heart Recognizer for a long period as the humans and their dreaming/imaginative capacities wouldn't be there to interfere by their whims and dims of social change which often created upheaval on the planets they were on. Ashen's impulse was to hold the energy (her energy) to this place to allow the bipops to learn

and grow through the lessons of life. She did not want to fail in her work. She wanted to have the empowering power of her sister Blosen who had done excellent work on Earth 1—a place that was the center—a true school of creating Heart Recognizers. Out of the vast galaxies of planets, Earth had been famous as the place to incarnate to Realize True Self and be a Heart Recognizer for all of life. Blosen had worked with the Great Realizer Do Feelin Whopper and empowered a place of his transmission that would even exceed his lifetime and the lifetime of the planet. Do Feelin conferred with his great shakti Blosen and they both agreed that all who were ready would translate along with Earth (as it had done its job well) to the Divine Domain of Bright Light. This was the first time that a planet realized True I and this gift of Conscious Self Awareness was given to Earth by Do Feelin Whopper and Blosen for its great service to human beings. Earth 1 had been a living devotee of the great Heart Recognizer—the Great Heart Itself and it was given the supreme gift of True Union. Ashen was hoping she could attract a great Heart Realizer and Recognizer to Living Rock and she did when Yakaboobis arrived. But he was not attracted to stay and live with her as his shakti intimate.

Mahoot and Yahoot had told the two men, Yakaboobis and Yakataboof, about the festival that would begin in a few days. It would be a gathering of all the people from all the quadrants of Living Rock—a month of exchange, learning and socialization for (quite possibly) mating purposes. Mahoot was excited and anticipated looking and finding a possible mate. Yahoot wanted to hear about the other lands and decide where to travel first. The two men, the master and acolyte, wanted to be present to see the who and what of Living Rock. Yakaboobis was hoping that the only living girl shakti would reveal to him a true candidate for the Heart- Recognizing work among the gatherers.

Mahoot noticed how attentive Yakataboof was to Yakaboobis. It was a close relationship. She wondered if they were a father and son team, but the reverence Yakataboof had for Yakaboobis, even though Yakaboobis was always respectful their exchanges, were often tempered by hilarity and sometimes vulgar jokes which didn't have the feel of father or son—nor did they resemble each other. She was curious as to why no one, not even her sister, noticed the power Yakaboobis had. He noticed everyone and he sensed everything in his surroundings. Every time he looked at her she could not hold his gaze. It felt like she was too exposed and vulnerable. What would it be like to take Yosum with him? Would the trance it produced reveal his mystery?

Mahoot drank the brew slowly. The effects of Yosum came on best if allowed to enter your system slowly. She began to see sheets of spiraling swirling light—a sign that she was entering through her doorway of expansion. The swirling lights coalesced into the form of a hummingbird and the hummingbird flew to her face and merged into the center of her forehead—her 3rd eye so to speak. A vision or a deeper reality appeared her into a forest. This forest was very different from Living Rock and she had never seen such a creature before (what is that flying creature that flew into her?) She had heard

tales of flying creatures but no one on Living Rock had actually seen any. Where did I hear of such creatures? She wondered. She knew she was in a different experience, a deeper reality, and knew that all sorts of magic could live there. She looked around to understand the forest—this different place—to get her bearings on her journey of exploration. She felt happy in the forest, the place breathed her well. As she walked, her spirits lifted and she sensed she was being watched. The sound of her footsteps on the forest floor of pine needles bounced in rhythm to the singing creature she heard in the trees. “What a wonderful place this is, full of creature sounds.” Again, the sense of being watched returned and intensified. This did not make her afraid. She felt heart-attracted and curious, so curious that she called out, “Can I see you, where are you?”

A young girl appeared from behind a mighty tendren tree. Mahoot’s heart quickened at the sight of the girl. Her first thought was, “How marvelous she is, if I have a daughter I want it to be her.”

The girl heard her thought and smiled. “I am everyone’s daughter and in time I will be everyone’s mother.”

“I am Mahoot.” Mahoot offered her introduction to the girl who she was beginning to feel must be a deity.

“I am Ashen, the only living girl. I am the living energy. I am the moment of life.”

Yes, she must be a deity, thought Mahoot. She felt inadequate to be with such a one, but Ashen with her innocence and smile came forward to hold her hand.

Mahoot felt the warmth of Ashen’s hand permeate her body and then she had a vision inside her vision. Her forehead opened and blinked. The hummingbird fluttered inside her and squares of light-bordered boxes appeared and her consciousness moved through it. As she was experiencing this she still felt Ashen—the only living girl was holding her hand. This reassured her and she let go deeper into her experience. Moving through the slices and boxes of bordered light made her feel she was traveling through many realms. She felt that she would be lost in chaos if she wasn’t holding Ashen’s hand. She also felt that she was traveling at such a great speed that her physical body, that lay inert, would not be able to survive this wild journey of consciousness. Again, it was Ashen’s hand holding her hand in her trance experience that kept the sanity and continuity of her life and awareness intact. When the means of travel, of being tossed through endless numbers of realms subsided, Mahoot took a deep breath, or did she breathe out? The realm she was in was of the purest, most vibrant light. She felt both at home and strangely out of place, if one could call this realm a place. No falsehood could exist in the bright place. A form, almost too bright to be seen, a form so dazzling that her heart wanted to explode with its unbearable attraction to be contained by this form. The form appeared very close to her and touched her spirit form where the hummingbird

had initiated her into this experience. The dazzling brightness of his form and her love attraction to be lived in his form settled into a manageable quality.

He began to talk to her. “Your shakti brought you here. I am Do Feeling Whopper. I am the Heart of all hearts, the place of all places. You have important work to do. I am heart-recognizing you to do it and will empower you to do it.”

Mahoot was shocked at the Bright Being’s words. How, she wondered, and what is it I must do?

“Do not be afraid, you must and you will. There is one you have already met, the work and journey will reveal itself. To begin the journey you must leave all your ties. Everything will change for you. You are being prepared.”

Mahoot was shocked at his words, but before she could ask for more of an explanation she felt a tugging of her hand and she felt she was slipping away from the Being of Light and that tugging moved her back into the forest, still holding the hand of Ashen.

Ashen smiled, “I am always with you. I am your little girl and I am also you power to return. Take care, my Ma.”

Mahoot came out of her deeper experience and looked at her room. She remembered everything as her heart was imprinted so profoundly and her mind could not interfere with it. She didn’t know why but she must see Yakaboobis right away.

There were many circles of gathering. The bipops had come from the north, south and east and began to form circles around the bonfires that had been prepared for their gathering. Mahoot found Yakaboobis sitting in such a circle. She recognized his face—it was shining in the blaze and warmth of the fire. Yakataboof was sitting across from him in the circle. Her sister Yahoot was sitting on his right. Mahoot motioned to be allowed to sit in the circle to the left of Yakaboobis. The opening song was beginning with a light tapping of the drum and a deep oming coming from the men and then the women. A soft wind was blowing and the sweet smell of the Macan trees filled the air. She had an impulse to grab hold of Yakaboobis’ hand and to hold it in her lap. The effects of her trance from the Yosum were still felt and she needed to be touched to help ground her. Yakaboobis allowed the touch. Mahoot was the quieter sister and he knew that she wanted to know more of him.

He thought, she has been touched by the only living girl—the shakti here. This surprised him. I must see what the shakti wants from her. Yakaboobis looked at Yakataboof who was oming louder than anyone. His Om sounded more like a BOOM! The two men caught each other’s eye and smiled. Yahoot looked flushed and ready and willing to get up to dance. Yakaboobis heart-gazed and then heart-recognized everyone

in the circle. Everyone in the circle was feeling pretty good, hearts were open and the magic of being alive was felt by all.

The other circles of men and women shared in the good movement of what is good in life and everyone was ready for the activities of the days ahead.

While everyone slept Yakaboobis stayed awake. Yakataboof and Yahoot paired off together. Yakaboobis had not confided into Yakataboof the true purpose of their travel to Living Rock. He knew that when the collapse would come, it would be terrible, it would be like the planet was eating itself—collapsing from the inside out. Time was running out. He heard a light knock at the door of the darmsitta and opened the door to see Mahoot standing there.

“Can I talk to you?” she asked Yakaboobis.

He put his coat on and went outside to greet her. “Yes, yes,” agreeing to her request.

They found a log to sit on and Mahoot began to open up.

“I know that there is something different about you, that you are not from the North.”

Yakaboobis nodded his head yes. Mahoot revealed to him what occurred in her trance, her meeting with Do Feelin Whopper and the strange words he spoke to her.

Do Feelin has heart recognized her, how can this be? He wondered. She certainly is not ready to take on the great work with the shakti here. Not in so short of a time. And yet Do Feelin’s instructions to her must be filled with his empowerment. This is a good sign—that Do Feelin wants the work here to continue—for the shakti to stay, grow and fulfill its work here. This gave Yakaboobis assurance that the accomplishment of his work would succeed.

“What does all this mean?” Mahoot asked Yakaboobis. Yakaboobis gazed at Mahoot for an uncomfortably (for her) long amount of time. He cleared his throat and spoke, “I see you have met the little girl—the only living girl—she is the energy, the shakti of Living Rock. This place is a new place with all such possibilities, but for it to grow it must become steadied and stable—and for that to happen it must be heart-recognized and bound by the Heart Realizer.” Yakaboobis watched Mahoot’s face to see if she was able to take in what he revealed to her.

She knew that what Yakaboobis was telling her was bigger than her mind could comprehend, but her heart accepted it. “The Great Being told me I had work to do. What did he mean?” asked Mahoot. “I knew that I must ask you what am I to do and what does all this mean? I know that somehow we are linked.”

Yakaboobis answered, “So it seems, as both the shakti and the Great Do Feelin have answered. Will you be ready when I ask?” asked Yakaboobis.

A million questions were racing through her mind but she knew it was not time to ask them. She simply said, “Yes.”

Yakaboobis took her hand and held it in his and told her, “Go and rest, come with your sister tomorrow at noon, be ready.”

Yakaboobis returned to the darmsitta. He was weary. He was a man without a plan, but he knew with Do Feelin’s stamp on the situation all would be revealed soon. He slept fitfully and dreamt of his friend Yakataboof—of them traveling in good humor and form.

Yahoot had grabbed Yakataboof’s hand and motioned him to follow her as the meeting was breaking up. She revealed her concoction of the “Bright Three” herb drink to him, she drank some of it and handed it to him to finish. He pretended to drink deeply, but in reality only took a small swig. They wandered down the trail and Yahoot brought him to a large flat rock and they laid down on it. Immediately both of them could feel the effects of the bright three and Yakataboof was surprised at this as he had barely swallowed a gulp. As the two moons were rising full in the sky, their journeys began. The only living girl appeared to both of them but their journeys were very different from each other.

Yahoot was enchanted by the sight of the only living girl. “Who are you?” she asked.

“I am Ashen” she giggled. The girl began to jump from rock to rock and then from boulder to boulder. Yahoot found to her delight that she was capable of this fun game of hopping and followed the girl. Ashen, in one very big jump seemed to land on a very long and wide rock that appeared to be laughing itself open and Ashen went inside. Yahoot didn’t hesitate to follow her and when she landed on the rock, the rock became jelly like and she found herself sliding into it. The rock was lit from within and there appeared to be many rooms in it. She continued to follow the only living girl and they landed abruptly in an empty room. The girl turned to her with a big smile and motioned to her to follow and she opened the door and they both walked through it. Ashen turned around and showed Yahoot that the doorway that they just had gone through was the opening to the trunk of a mighty tree. Yahoot was surprised that inside the rock was an enormous tree. Were they inside a rock, and how was this massive tree inside the rock? She didn’t have time to think about this as Ashen was now playing another game. The tree that was inside the rock, Ashen was pulling at its root and the roots were popping up, exposing tendrils that were changing, growing in front of them. Yahoot saw the tendril move and appear as forms. The more roots Ashen pulled up there were more forms. They were the forms of bipops—children, more and more

children, and they were smiling and dancing before her. Her vision began to break up and the last thing Yahoot saw was she was dancing and singing with the root tree children.

Yakaboobis also saw Ashen and followed her. He had an intuition of who this girl was and knew she would reveal to him something both marvelous and perhaps dangerous. He thought as he followed her, how could anyone resist this marvelous creature of marvelous energy? She brought him to the edge of a massive crater and as they stood at the crater's edge she spoke to him, "You know who I am, don't you?" she asked. Yakataboof said, "Of course." She was very happy with his response. "I am Ashen, you have met my bigger sister Blozen."

"Yes," Yakataboof replied. "I see the family resemblance."

Ashen leaned forward as to look into the big crater that was showing hissing of heat and steam coming from it, but instead she allowed herself to fall in. Yakataboof watched her fall, she was gliding into the center and bottom of the hot heated fiery center of the crater. This was the impossible moment that would make it possible. He didn't let any thought arise but the most impossible one—only that one was allowed, he followed her in like a child that has an innocent trust, a conviction that could only be true. He was conscious even as the fire burned him alive. Ashen also burned away and he found her inside the fire and heart of Living Rock and picked up her ashes and put them into a place where they could continue to live—his heart, his heart of recognition. When his awareness returned to the rock where he lay with Yahoot, he couldn't resist kissing her lips. She opened her eyes and was eager to be kissed and kissed by this crazy man who she already was crazy about. She did not speak of her vision, not yet.

Yakaboobis' heart was heavy. He had mind-linked and dream-searched among the gathering for any potential candidates to do the work of heart recognizing, bonding to the only living girl, the shakti Ashen, to stabilize Living Rock. How am I to do the impossible out of the possible? He thought of Do Feelin's instruction to Mahoot, he knew that everything Do Feelin had said to her—that his instruction was filled with his empowerment for it to occur. Do Feelin always wants the impossible out of the improbable. It is too late this time, this planet will perish. Yakaboobis felt very torn, he had enjoyed this place and its people and the two sisters Mahoot and Yahoot. If Mahoot has important work to do, he thought, she must survive. I must see that she survives, that is the impossible possible that I must accomplish. Can she survive the transmission travel? He wondered.

He gathered his things and went to meet Yakataboof and the sisters for their final meal and farewell. He had much to tell Yakataboof to prepare him for their exit and the sad turn of events. His best pal was waiting for him ladling out a sweet concoction with

the two sisters by his side, joking as usual. As somber as Yakaboobis was, Yakataboof was as giddy as a young man in the fire of love's passion. They hug patted each and Yakataboof whispered something hilarious into Yakaboobis' ear. "My dear friend," Yakataboof spoke up. "You know you are the only One for me, my heart. You are the best man among all men so what I must tell you gladdens my heart—because of all you have given me, all you have done for me I am finally able to give you something that will gladden your heart and do the impossible for you as you have done for me in every way I needed. I have accomplished the work that has so burdened you since we got here. I am the Heart Recognizer who has bonded to the marvelous girl—the living shakti here. I have her ashes with me and she is growing strong as I hold her to me.

Yakaboobis looked at his dear bestest friend and his heart of course knew no bounds in how much he loved his dear Yakataboof. But he also knew that this was a parting of their wonderful friendship as constant traveling fools for the evolution of cosmic consciousness. So we must take our parting from our companionship on this place called Living Rock—where it is the frontier of enlightenment. "So Yakataboof—you are the new sheriff in this wild, wild west." Yakaboobis shook his best friend.

Yakaboobis looked at the two sisters. Yahoot would be his best friend's companion now. Mahoot, he saw in her, her need to become what she must do—learn how to make possible from the impossible. Yakaboobis knew she was ready for transmission travel with him. Living Rock, its shakti was giving up this woman to be his acolyte, to be grown and learned in the living heart of understanding. This was Living Rock's first candidate.

Parting is such sweet sorrow and destiny has changed everything again and again. But has it? Could Yakaboobis and Yakataboof every really be separated? Of course not, that possibility cannot ever exist. The Great Do Feelin could not even conceive it, some impossibilities will always stay impossible. We have not heard the last of these two friends and for myself I would never want to. I have loved these two guys as if they were my very real Self.

CineMa couldn't believe it. The end of the travels and daily hilarity and companionship of Yakaboobis and Yakataboof. "No! No! She yelled as images of those ones faded out. The credits rolled and she got really emotional and cried along with her audience. Then, she got up, scribbled something into her notepad. It said, "New movie, write a script about Yakaboobis and Mahoot's travel and training or a movie about Yakataboof as sheriff and lover." Oh, how she loved to tell stories, that would never end, her shakti always saw to that.

Santosha Tantra 12:33 Feb 9, 2017