

The Feminists from Outer Space and the Appearance of the Bodhisattva

Ayra didn't have a strong sense of belonging to anyone or anywhere. She is the woman who walks forever. She once stayed in a small town for twenty years. She became familiar with the local hangouts and the local people who visited them. She was friendly to everyone and everyone was friendly to her. She knew that it didn't matter how long she stayed in one place—it would not change her sense of feeling that she was not meant to be a part of the lore or story of belonging there. Her strongest sense was the feeling that she was meant for movement—for walking—and that's what she did every day. As long as she was in movement, she was happy. Though she felt she did not belong to anywhere or anyone, she was not a sad person because of it. She was free and those who belonged and enjoyed a deep sense of belonging to and with, wouldn't understand her freedom. Very few people longed for freedom. People longed to belong and to be a part of. Ayra was apart—a loner not looking to belong, and that is what her freedom was about. Those who were acquainted with her enjoyed her company but were not able to see her and feel her as she was able to feel them. They called her the “walking woman” around town because she walked everywhere, every day. No one ever inquired into her background story—where was she originally from, was she once from a wealthy family perhaps from the central coast? No one gave her a second thought or speculated about her background. It didn't matter to them to solve her mystery, to understand her freedom. She walked and was cordial and that was enough. She belonged to their town and that was enough to know. Belonging isn't a very complicated matter for most people.

As Ayra walked, she loved to watch the natural world live and breathe and move around her. The energy of livingness was all around her and she loved how animated everything was. Everything was breathing in light, growing and decaying and this movement of growth and decay was a delight for her. She noticed the changes in the nature around her, sometimes to the minutest details. This would surprise and sometimes bore acquaintances as they never noticed or cared to notice the livingness that was around them. They had more important things to notice, or should we say think about. Most people loved to think, and felt the art of noticing was way overrated and too subtle for their tastes. They were interested in making their passing thoughts into presentable knowledge for others to hear. The art of noticing was too quiet, kinda boring and not interesting for people who cared about belonging and belonging in a way that made them the special ones.

Ayra was not special. She did not belong to belonging. This is how she is free. Those who thought special thoughts and were the special ones at belonging never noticed how free she was, well, because how could they notice such a truth? You have to be interested, you have to be open to such a possibility, to such an inquiry. Ayra is the walking woman, the free woman, the woman without a sense of belonging. She noticed everything, everything that everyone overlooked as just background scenery or noises to their primary noticing of their own thoughts. She didn't notice her thoughts much. She felt and was as natural as everything around her, living, breathing, growing and decaying. She was not apart, she did not need a sense of belonging.

Her favorite walking route was through a forest that opened to a rough, rocky basin in which the Sessamep River flowed. It was there that she saw a flying vehicle appear. It appeared and glowed and then disappeared. She stood there, transfixed and wondering what she had just seen. She wanted to doubt her senses—that she actually saw a vehicle of some sort appear and disappear—but instead she laughed to herself and said, “Well, why not?” The ground where the spaceship appeared and disappeared and tried to land showed no signs of disturbance. She sat on a rock, closed her eyes and visualized what she had just seen. It was a small craft, circular in shape, well lit up from the inside and outside. She wondered if this was some kind of new design, some covert prototype that the government was experimenting with. There was an Air Force base about an hour and a half drive from where she lived. She wondered how it could disappear without flying away. This inquiry led her to wonder, “Maybe it is still there and I can’t see it. Maybe it has some kind of cloak of invisibility.” She decided to approach the place where she saw it appear. She picked up a small stone and threw it in the direction of the appearance. She heard a small thud, the rock had hit something—something she could not see. So, it’s still there and I cannot see it.

Three women, three women who were also not to be seen watched Ayra with concerned amusement. “Well, at least she had the good sense not to throw a larger rock,” one commented.

Another laughed and said, “I wonder what she will do next, now that she has verified that there is something there that she cannot see.”

The third woman commented, “We’ll see soon enough.”

Ayra thought of throwing a larger rock but cancelled on that idea, as she didn’t want to dent, wreck, or wreak any havoc on the invisible vehicle. It occurred to her that someone could have emerged from the vehicle and already left the scene or was watching her now. She looked over her shoulder and then circled to take in all the directions, the landmarks of the basin. She saw no one but she did feel a presence, that she was being watched. She called out, “Hello, is anyone there?”

The three women smiled at each other and the oldest (by two minutes) shook her head in a positive affirmation. The women turned off their invisibility cloaks.

Ayra saw three beings, three females wearing clothes she had never seen before. The clothes were almost transparent and took on the colors and shapes of what was around them. It was a perfect camouflage. If it wasn’t for their heads having no similar material on them she couldn’t be sure of what she was seeing at all. She stood transfixed and when the women waved to her she felt a twinge, a feeling she was not accustomed to. A wave of belonging overcame her and she began to walk towards the women, slowly at first and finally she burst into a sprint.

The women were shocked, not at the woman madly rushing towards them. They were shocked that the woman’s face was the same as theirs!

Ayra stood dumbfounded in front of three women who had features identical to hers. The three women also stood mute, not knowing what to reveal or not to reveal to the woman who stood

before them. Finally, one of the women stepped forward and touched her, greeted her by placing her hand on Ayra's chest. Ayra did not move away from the gesture.

"I'm Ayda," she introduced herself, "and these are my sisters." She pointed to the woman to the left, "Ayma and Aysa," pointing to her right. Ayra tried to take it all in and spoke her name out loud. "I'm Ayra Primal." All three women gasped at hearing her name.

Ayma stepped forward along with Aysa. "Who are you?" she asked. Aysa added "How can this be?"

"What do you mean?" asked Ayra. "I don't understand what is happening here. Where are you from and why are you here and why do all of us look alike?"

Ayda thought it over. "I and my sisters look alike because we are clones. We used to think I was the original, but now I just don't know. We might just be clones of you. Perhaps you are the original biological prototype. If that is the case, what are you doing here, on this planet?"

Ayra answered, "I've always lived here, though I wander. I am the walking woman."

Aysa asked, "You've always lived here? Do you remember your childhood, your parents?"

"Yes, very well. Very normal."

"Hmm, so strange," muttered Aysa.

"Yes, it was very normal but I never felt a sense of belonging with them and even at an early age I started to walk and my walking increased until one day I walked away from all that was familiar to me."

Ayma laughed, "I can understand your walking urge. We three have travelled very far. We must wander too, it's in our nature."

"But where are you all from?" asked Ayra.

"We are from a place that is both seen and not seen, very distant from this place you call Earth." Ayda answered.

Ayra couldn't fathom what they meant, and asked, "Why did you come here?"

"Now, I am not sure," Ayda replied.

"No," answered her sisters. "We will stay on mission."

"Mission?" asked Ayra.

"We've come to spark and aid the liberation of all women," they exclaimed.

Ayra was floored. "Liberate women from what?"

"From all their fears!" exclaimed Aysa.

“From all our fears?” asked Ayra. “I don’t understand.”

Ayma spoke up, “What we mean is, what we are here for is to bring the heart forward.”

“To end the subjugation of women,” added Aysa. “We are part of the Galactic Through the Doorway of the Heart Federation. We are intergalactic and interdimensional feminists!”

Ayra clapped her hands. “I didn’t know it, but this is what I have been waiting for my whole life. I’ve walked and walked, trying to make sense of why I never felt I belonged here. I couldn’t really accept that this patriarchy that we all suffer under is any way an answer to living here. I’ve lived in my own way, finding my way to live freely. I’ve found it in my walking and communing with all that is natural around me. I didn’t know what to do about the rest of it.”

“Well, sister, we have a plan and it’s already set in motion. Care to join us?”

Ayra only knew her walk, that is how she was free. What were her sisters proposing? “Does it involve walking?” she laughed.

The four women laughed, “That, and revealing many hidden secrets. Secrets that your Earth mother presence has protected and preserved. Come, we will all walk together.” All the sisters nodded and Ayra was both nervous and afraid. She was also excited and hopeful and yes, she felt a sense—a strong sense of belonging.

Bode, the Bodhisattva of this age and place, came out of his deep meditation. He wasn’t sure how long he had been in his deep samadhi. He noticed his nails were long, so much time has passed, he reflected. He had no idea it had been seven hundred years. With the return to physical awareness, physical needs appeared. He was very thirsty. He couldn’t stand very well; his muscles were weak. He had not lost any weight; his body had been sustained by the shakti of his feminine consort. She was always with him. She did not appear in the physical, though—her time was not ripe. She was the one who sustained him here. He had always been here as his work and impulse was to stay perpetually to serve the awakening of all beings. His consort, who was his companion and shakti, was also a Bodhisattva but she served in the spiritual dimensions. She could appear at will, but that was infrequent and only in dire emergencies. In his periods of deep samadhi they merged. It was she who refreshed him and pulled him out of his samadhi. They communed in the heart and sometimes talked by using language. This is one of those times.

“My love, I have emerged here.”

“Yes, my heart,” she replied softly. “I have awakened you here. Something has begun. The sisters have arrived.”

“The sisters?”

“The feminists,” she revealed.

Bode raised his eyebrows. "Is it that time? Already?"

She smiled, "Seems so."

Bode laughed, "This should be good. Are you sure this place, the people here are ready for the feminists? What have I missed since my last mission and incarnation?"

She filled him in on all the changes in the human race.

"That many people are alive now? Why are so many souls taking incarnation now?"

"It's the time," answered she.

"The final time?" he asked.

"No, it's the beginning time," she answered.

"Really? I've always enjoyed a good beginning. They are filled with hope, excitement and vitality."

"Yes, me too," she answered.

Bode reflected, "Will you be making your appearance, now that the feminists are here?"

She-Bode laughed, "You know my ways are mysterious. I will find my way."

"A secondary aspect?" inquired Bode.

"Perhaps," she answered, "I'm hoping for a few good surprises along the way."

"Yes," Bode laughed and agreed, "You are always the most creative one. For now I must find some water. I have a seven-hundred-year thirst." He walked out of the cave with a limp. What he saw before him in a valley in the near distance surprised him. He walked towards it.

As he entered the city, he surmised that the machine age and the technological age were well underway. But not quite the robot or clone age. The people he saw looked different from each other and there were no obvious walking-around robots. He needed to get some water and clean up his appearance. He was looking forward to his first sip of his favorite wet liquid, water, then a shot of high spirits (preferably whiskey) to get his mojo up and running. He panhandled for a few bucks and an elderly lady took pity on him and handed him some good currency. He knew he had to clip his nails. Interestingly, his hair hadn't grown an inch. He was as bald as he was 700 years ago. His beard was full, white whiskers, and they always stayed neatly on his face in a way that accentuated his attractive features. His smile (that smile!) could put even the most cautious at ease. He noticed that the woman who had given him the currency followed him into the store. She asked him, "Can I help you?"

Bode realized she worked there and said, "Where is the water?"

She pointed to large, clear refrigerator doors filled with beverages. He was surprised that water was sold—and in many containers of different sizes. He chose a gallon, opened it and started to drink it very enthusiastically. When he had his fill, he walked to the check out and noticed the spirits close by. He pointed to a bottle and the clerk (the same woman) handed it to him and rang him up. It came to all the currency the very same woman had handed him. She laughed, “You have just enough.”

“Yes,” he answered back, “thanks to your kindness I am hydrated and will soon be warmed by the spirits.”

The clerk smiled and asked him, “Receipt or bag?”

“No, not necessary.” Bode, feeling hydrated, enjoyed the scene. He never got tired of living (if he actually did, he retired into his essence). He never got tired of the dreams that played out in this realm. Very interesting all of it, he thought. She Is Bode’s handiwork. He walked to a local park, sat on a bench and sipped on his bottle of whiskey. He resisted the urge to delve into his essence and waited for the sign of what would appear next—that would indicate how his work would proceed. His body warmed from the spirits, he felt good and although he looked like a man in his mid-sixties, his constitution was like a man in his mid-thirties. He appeared to be an aging man, but his internal organs and chemistry weren’t aging all that much. The outward appearance of an aged man suited his nature and the nature of his work. He was, after all, the Bodhisattva of all the ages and the appearance of an aged man resonated with the fatherly idea of a patriarch taking care of his family. Humans wanted to be taken care of, and that conflicted with their urge to dominate each other. A whole lot of insecurity, he thought. He knew what lay at the heart of all the problems of humanity. His job was to set it right, to set a course where each one could find itself, come home and reside with She Is Bode. One soul, one person at a time, he thought. Eight billion people, I’ll never be out of a job! He also knew (as She Is Bode explained) a new movement was afoot—the feminists were here. I must look for the signs of their arrival. He pulled out his iPad from his bag (didn’t even know I had one of these—thanks She Is for providing). He figured out how to get it on and pursued the webcam sites.

Where should I start? How to find the feminists? He wondered. They must have left some clues. He sat on the bench all day, studying available web cams from different locations throughout the world. He could have used his power of all knowing, but that would take the fun out of everything. They had just arrived, so they couldn’t have gotten very far yet. He had a few hunches, but first he had to activate his pod of Bode helpers. Every time he reappeared (into the next age) a pod of helpers also appeared (got born here) to help him in his work of evolving human beings. They usually appeared near his reemergence site so he waited on the bench all day to see who would eventually show up. He always enjoyed this part of his work, reuniting with his team. They usually had different talents and skill from each other and it took a long time before those skills could be of use to him. He waited the entire day and was about to resign himself to a night on the bench when the same woman from the market walked by. She walked right by him, stopped, stared into some kind of

handheld device, talked into it and turned around and marched towards him. She looked like a woman with a mission, he thought.

“Hello again. I was wondering, do you have some place to stay? I’ve never seen you before in this town. Oh, my name is Lakshmi.”

Bode raised both eyebrows at the mention of her name, “Named after the Goddess of beauty and wealth.”

“Yes,” she laughed. “You have heard of her.”

“Heard of her,” he laughed inside. “Yes,” he spoke out loud. “Do you happen to be the same lady, the same Goddess?” he teased.

“No, no, I’m not the Goddess, but I do like beauty in all its forms.”

“Don’t sell yourself short. All women are forms of the Goddess.”

She laughed at this and Bode stood up. “My goddess Lakshmi, I am Bode and I am at your service.”

Lakshmi smiled warmly. Something so attracting about this homeless fellow, she thought.

“Can I ask you what you are doing in this town?”

“Certainly. I am waiting for some friends to show up. They should be arriving any time. It’s a surprise, though, they know I’m coming, but not exactly when.”

“That’s curious. This is a small town. Perhaps I know some of them. I know a lot of people in this town. Everyone comes through the store. I know all the locals.”

Bode tossed out the name, “The Rainbow Sage?”

“Is that a nickname?” There is a young man who wears his hair in dreads and dyes it the colors of the rainbow. Everyone in the store has nicknamed him, “Rainbow top.”

Bode laughed, “Sounds like him.”

“I know he lives on Cherry Street. He’s very quiet, doesn’t say much. I’ve tried my best to draw him out. He lives a few doors down from me. You can wait for him at my place. You hungry?” Lakshmi asked.

Bode gathered up his iPad and put it in his satchel. He thought of meeting Rainbow Sage again. He always dug that guy. He was always a very proactive member of his pod. Once the Rainbow Sage was found, the others come easily. Rainbow had the best clues, as his hands literally signed—spoke—all the info we might need to give a kick start to the mission. Those precious hands of his might sign-speak of where the feminists are.

Lakshmi pointed out Rainbow's house as they drove past it. "Here we are, this is where I live." She showed Bode a comfortable chair and he could hear her rustling up some food in the kitchen. He got up and studied her photos on the wall—family, he assumed. He noticed that she had three grown daughters. The middle daughter resembled her the most. He saw a picture he assumed was Lakshmi as a younger woman. She was a looker, he thought.

During dinner, he asked her about the photos of her daughters. He could see that Lakshmi was quite proud of her daughters. She was a very loving mother.

"Any grandkids?" he asked.

"Yes, I have three daughters and three granddaughters."

"Such a strong matriarchal line in your family," Bode replied.

Lakshmi laughed.

"What are they all doing now?" he asked.

"My oldest is an astrologer, my middle is a sculptress, and my youngest is a cartographer.

"Very interesting. Is a cartographer a map maker?"

"Yes, she works for the National Park system. She also enjoys making maps of her dreams. She calls them her astral travels, her journeys."

Now, that could be very helpful, thought Bode. "Does she live close by?" he asked.

"Not far, she is the only daughter who stayed nearby. She might know your friend, the Rainbow Sage."

"Small world, isn't it? Thanks for the delicious meal and all your help. You have been most kind. Can I do the dishes for you?"

"Oh, okay. I've got a meeting to go to in a few minutes. You can watch for your friends' return from here if you like."

"Thanks so much, we will meet again, I hope." Bode bowed and she made her way through the door.

Ayra accommodated the three sisters, the feminists (they called themselves) from outer space (she thought of them) at her place. They had ravenous appetites and they all agreed to second helpings. She offered them some ice cream for dessert and Ayma (as if she could tell them apart at this time) exclaimed, "Mm delicious, worth coming all the way just for this!" Ayra laughed and agreed.

Ayda, always the most serious sister, and the one whose mind never got distracted, asked Ayra if they could see pictures of her parents. She wanted to see the DNA lineage that they all resembled. Ayra agreed and went and got a box of photos from her closet that she hadn't digitized yet. She looked through and was surprised that she hadn't many (if any) pictures of her parents. She emptied the box onto the kitchen table and spread the pictures out. Finally, she found the picture she knew (she had always remembered this one) she had. "Here, this is a picture of my parents."

Ayda took the picture and studied it. There didn't seem to be much of a resemblance. She showed the picture to her sisters. They also couldn't see the resemblance. Ayma spoke up, "You don't look much like either parent."

Ayra replied, "Yes, everyone said I look more like Uncle Tob. I never knew if he was my mother's or father's brother."

"Do you have a picture of him?" asked Ayda.

"Maybe," Ayra fished through the pile of photos. "Here is one. This is Uncle Tob. It's not a very good picture, it's hard to make out his face with that big floppy hat on. I remember him as being very funny and kind."

Ayda took the picture from Ayra's hand and held it up for all the sisters to see. All the sisters recognized the man in the picture. They sent a wave of telepathic messages to each other.

"Gees, it's him!" Ayda's mind spoke.

"Yes!" confirmed Ayma and Aysa.

"Wherever we go he always makes his 'appearance'."

Ayda asked out loud, "Can you tell us anything about Uncle Tob? Is he still alive?"

Ayra thought about it, "I'm not sure. When I left home I never saw him again and my parents never brought him up. I asked my mother about Uncle Tob and she told me that he was never really my uncle, he was a friend of theirs. I got the distinct feeling that she didn't want me to ask her anything more about him, so I didn't. Why do you ask?"

The three sisters' mind-spoke again, "What should we tell her? We don't know that much about him except that wherever we go to do our work of restoring the feminine to its rightful position, he makes an appearance. Who is that guy, anyways?"

Ayma spoke up (and out loud), "We are not sure, we've run into him in the past."

"Really?" asked Ayra. "I'm confused, why would you have seen Uncle Tob before?"

All three sisters shrugged their shoulders.

Bode finished the dishes and wandered to the front porch and sat a spell. He liked the property. The front porch had a view of the neighborhood, a pleasant place with well landscaped yards. He eventually decided to stretch his legs and wander towards the house that Lakshmi had said was where Rainbow Sage lived. It was at that opportune time that a thin man with his characteristic rainbow dreads was riding his bicycle up the driveway.

Bode called out to him, "Beautiful evening, isn't it?"

The young man turned around to acknowledge the man who had called out to him. His palms were tingling and he looked down at them and the words, "Talk to him," were followed by the word, "Destiny."

He could barely manage the words, "Yes, it is a beautiful evening." He stared at the man, he was terribly familiar and his heart was beating wildly. He became very self-conscious and stammered, "Do you live around here? Have we met before?"

Bode laughed, "I've always lived here. Don't you recognize me?"

Rainbow Sage's mind said no, I've never seen you before, but his heart was saying, Yes! Yes! And then he added, "Can I help you? Do you need any help?" (He couldn't believe he just asked that!)

"Yes, of course. I'll need plenty of your help. My name is Bode," and Bode extended his hand to Rainbow Sage.

Rainbow shook his hand and said, "I'm called Rainbow."

Bode smiled but did not release Rainbow's hand. He reached for the other hand and clasped that as well. A surge of memories flooded Rainbow's mind. He remembered everything but didn't understand any of it. How can I be connected to this man? he wondered. He looked down at his palms and the words appeared, "It is true." Those words disappeared and the words, "He is true," appeared.

Bode patted Rainbow Sage's back. "So good to see you again, buddy."

Rainbow, not understanding anything, was really surprised when he spoke these words, "And so good to see you again, master."

"Where are the others?" asked Bode.

What others, thought the Rainbow Sage. His palms tingled and he looked at them. And read the words out loud, "They are coming soon."

"Good, the feminists are already here."

While Ayra slept, the three sisters consulted. They were here to uncover three ancient texts that revealed the lives and teachings of three enlightened women who had lived on earth during three

distinctive epochs. They had studied the herstory of the feminine, its struggle for equality, its long periods of oppression by the masculine and its present slow climb to equal rights and opportunities. Throughout this struggle, from time to time, extraordinary women incarnated (arrived from the higher realms) to further the evolution of women, to herald a call to greater need and expression of love and happiness and freedom. By finding and revealing these texts written by free-standing women, they would provide the catalyst and transmission for the healing of all women (and men!). It would initiate a global revolution in women to fight for, to live for their right to awaken the heart, to open the pathway of love. It would show women that they had the right to awaken. The sisters agreed that the first text to find was in the southwest of the United States. They believed that this text (still buried) was written by a direct disciple of the original White Buffalo Woman. There was a prophecy among the native people that White Buffalo Woman would return to right all the wrongs, heal the one true tribe, create the one true nation, and restore all beings to their natural place with their heart, our mother, the Earth.

The sisters talked about Ayra and the mystery of their biological lineage with her. All the sisters felt that the mystery of their link was not just biological (why they were all obviously sisters!). They also felt that Ayra had a part to play in their work. Perhaps, in their deep unknowing, she knew and was connected to the three awakened women who had lived and served on this Earth (her Earth!). They were sure that she would be of enormous help in finding and uncovering the ancient texts.

Ayra had also spent the night awake, unable to sleep in her room. She felt restless, she wanted to be in the movement but didn't want to disturb the feminist sisters (are they really related to her somehow? she wondered). She knew that she would go wherever they went. She had to go, she had to be with them, she knew that much. She took out the picture of Uncle Tob (not really her uncle!) from her drawer and studied it. She wondered why the sisters had recognized him. How did they know him? What did they know of him? She looked at the picture and recalled how Uncle Tob used to kid her about being an oddball in her family. He used to toss her curls and tell her, "No point in trying to fit in for you my gal, you'll always stand out and one day you'll just walk out of this door for good!" She never understood why he teased her in that way, but it did happen in just the way he teased her. She never felt she belonged and one day she just got up and left. That's when her life of walking began. She walked and walked and noticed everything, and everything (but no one!) noticed her. The natural world, slowly over a long time, revealed to her its many wonders. Her walking in this revelation of nature often became ecstatic. As she walked and marveled in her noticing of the light and livingness of everything, she wondered why she did not belong to others, only to the walk. That was until the feminists arrived. She turned over the picture of Uncle Tob. There was something someone had written on it. It was very faded and difficult to read. Ayra spent ten minutes trying to make it out but finally she did. It read: To Ayra, your sisters will come, be patient till then! Uncle Tob, who are you? she wondered. How did he know about my sisters? She knew he knew, but what is it that we must learn? Two things she knew she had discovered: the walk and now her sisters. She didn't yet know that all women have (are with) all sisters everywhere. The feminists knew that from the very depths of their heart and soul.

“Want to go for a ride in our spaceship?” (as earth people called such a vehicle) the three sisters asked Ayra.

Ayra asked, “Where to? Where are we going?”

Ayda explained their task of finding the three ancient texts.

Ayra was thrilled, “How do we find them? Where are they?”

“The first clue, the first text is in the Rocky Mountains. It is rumored by the natives to be hidden in the mountain range there.”

“How will we find it?” asked Ayra. “The Rocky Mountains are a vast range. Do you have any more specific information than that? That range of mountains stretches from Canada to Central New Mexico.”

“We will go to the southern terminus first, where the local stories are more prevalent about a wandering free woman, a native who forewarned of all the imbalances to nature that would occur by the naivete and avarice of mankind.”

Ayra thought, a wandering woman, I never heard of her. When did she live?

Ayda interrupted her thoughts, “Most (if not all) of the story of women, of our sisters, has been forgotten, or hidden here. Still, there are persistent clues, stories that have become folklore, that most people think are metaphoric.”

“They aren’t?” asked Ayra.

Ayda jumped in to explain, “Each of the epochs had a different magic of its own, so the stories (if any survived) could very well be accurate stories of what was done and experienced in that time. The present epoch here is the age of science. The inventions of this time would appear as a form of magic to people in other times.”

Ayda laughed, “Interesting that science cannot appreciate other arts of magic. But all times are like that, the previous magic of each epoch is disavowed by the present epoch.”

Ayda spoke up, “In the very early epochs, women were more free to wander and trusted their own innate abilities. They did not live lives in dependent subservient roles to men.”

“Why did that change?” asked Ayra.

Ayda answered, “Men could not control women and were afraid of their natural and supernatural abilities.”

“Supernatural abilities?” asked Ayra.

“Yes,” answered Ayda. “If we find the texts of each epoch, they will describe the abilities of the free women at that time.”

Ayra looked at her sisters, “Do you three have any, what you call supernatural abilities?”

“Don’t you?” they asked.

Ayra frowned, “What do you mean?”

“Isn’t your walking an ecstatic trance you enter where you experience the happiness and livingness of the natural world?”

“Is that an ability?” she asked.

“Your abilities, like our abilities, are a natural part of ourselves. We don’t feel them as supernatural gifts. It our way and is natural to us.”

“So, I am just this way?”

“Yes, your ability to be completely fulfilled and ecstatic in the natural world is naturally complete in you, whereas everyone can feel it to some extent.”

“What is natural to you, to you all?”

Ayda spoke up, “We are clones, but our natural abilities are distinct from one another. And because we are very close and structurally the same, we can merge our capabilities together on special occasions to serve the success of our work.”

“Wow,” Ayra exclaimed. “Am I one of you? Can we merge together like you three can?”

“We suspect that will be true. We are not aware of all your abilities as yet, we have to take it slow and get to know each other at a more personal level,” explained Ayda.

“But I don’t think I have any abilities,” Ayra countered.

“All women have a common natural power and distinct personal powers and can serve the happiness and betterment of all. This knowledge has been suppressed so that women are basically unaware of their power and abilities here. That’s why we have come. Not to bring something new, but to uncover and reveal the truth of what is already true.”

Ayra thought about this. She was so excited, she had so many questions but she knew her sisters were anxious to get underway. She also felt that all her questions would be answered, she would uncover them inside herself. It was time to begin, to be part of the work her sisters, the feminists, came to do. But she couldn’t resist asking one more question. “Can I be a feminist too?”

The sisters laughed, “Yes, all of us are here. We are the feminine. Welcome, sister.”

Ayra smiled and laughed and clapped her hands. “I’m packed. First time in an invisible spaceship.”

The work of gathering the pod, the circle, the Bodhisattva's companions, workers and allies began in earnest. The Rainbow Sage was very helpful as his palms would direct their whereabouts. The first one they found was Lakshmi's daughter, Adediman. Bode was very interested in her maps of the subtle realms and she was very eager to show them to him. A very advanced dreamer, he thought. He asked her if she had ever come across three sisters who were all identical. She said she had.

"What kind of exchange did you have with them?" asked Bode.

She showed him a configuration she had drawn of a triangle inside a circle.

"That's a goddess yantra," Bode added. "I believe it is a symbol of the three sisters."

"I saw them get inside a spaceship and I tried to follow them but I kept waking up in my bed instead. I tried on a number of occasions to follow them but I always ended up waking up, over and over."

"Not so easily followed, even by a dreaming expert like yourself, Adediman," Bode answered.

Rainbow thought about it, "Maybe you could gain their trust by approaching them with sincerity and perhaps some kind of gift they would enjoy."

Bode exclaimed, "Good idea," he pointed to Rainbow and declared, "This man is a sage! The Rainbow Sage!" he added to emphasize his point. The three of them laughed.

Adediman concurred, "I'll try that, I could give them a painting of their symbol, of the triangle in a circle."

"Good idea" Bode agreed. "We have a lot of dreaming work to do to find them."

Adediman was puzzled, "But Bode, why are we looking for them?"

"Very good question. Very good question indeed. They are here to change everything, to reveal what is hidden."

Adediman asked, "What has been hidden?"

"Everything! Everything!" Bode exclaimed.

Adediman was confused, "I have a feeling you are not going to tell me what you mean by that."

"Yes, you are on it, I can't tell you now, it will be revealed, what is secret will be known only as we play our part and play it well."

Adediman thought, this man is full of mystery and is not forthcoming. I trust the Rainbow Sage and he seems to trust him fully. That is good enough for me, for now.

Adediman struggled every night with trying to find the feminists (as Bode called them). She was frustrated, she reviewed her earlier maps, but none of those pathways worked. She decided she

would work on the symbol, the yantra, instead. She found a pathway to the door of an artist's abode. She wandered the halls of the place and saw many representations of the yantra. After several nights of finding her way back to the same hallway full of yantra paintings, she noticed a hidden doorway and went through it. It was very dark at first and she grew afraid, but the darkness gave way to a point, a circle that grew bigger and bigger as she walked towards it. An eye appeared in the circle and a brilliant light shot out towards her from the center of the eye. She stopped moving towards it and asked, "Are you the Goddess of this place?"

"I am the artist," a voice answered that seemed to emanate from the eye. "What is it that you seek, why have you come here and what is it you offer?"

Adediman became nervous. She was unsure of how to proceed. She wanted a yantra to offer the feminists but what could she offer the artist (the goddess?) in exchange for it.

The eye of the artist watched her, studied her, and her form (Adediman's form) was duplicated over and over. Adediman grew more uneasy. The artist was duplicating her in increasing quantities and this caused Adediman to doubt her own authenticity, to know where she was located and which form was her original form—where her beginning location was.

All the forms showed signs of distress at not knowing their true form, their first and true form, and cried out in anguished confusion.

The artist stopped her play, all her art work returned to the one form of Adediman. Adediman was shaken.

The artist laughed, "You are a very good dreamer to find your way to me here in my abode, but you have not realized the many forms as the power and abode of the one form. The Bodhisattva knows this and the feminists have come to reveal the truth of it. I will help you to find them. Here is what you seek as an offering to them."

In Adediman's hands was placed a beautiful painted yantra of the triangle in the circle. It glowed and as Adediman gazed into the very center she saw the eye of the artist there, and then woke up in her bed. She lay in her bed and recalled all the details of the dream in case any detail would be helpful in her mission to find out where the feminists (from outer space!) were. The glow of the yantra was clearly imprinted in her mind. She closed her eyes and concentrated on the glow, and that brought her attention to the eye in the center of the circle, which was in the center of the triangle. She felt a strong energy force move her through the center, through the eye. She was disoriented, but when she looked down at her feet, the yantra was resting on her left foot. She retrieved it and wondered how she would find her way back to her body in her bed. She decided not to worry about that as she didn't want the dream (or the place she was in) to fade from her grasp before she could follow it. As she walked, mountains appeared in the distance and she walked towards them. If she could keep her attention on the trail, she was sure it would take her to the mountains where she would find what (who) she was looking for. It was the most difficult dream intent she ever had. It was very difficult to keep her attention fixed on the trail for such a long time.

As she walked, the yantra in her left hand got heavier and heavier, a strange sensation for her. She had never experienced this before in a dream. She began to notice that all her senses were heightened and she wanted to be free of the yantra, of carrying its increasing weight. Was the yantra causing her dream sensing to be heightened through all her senses? As she walked, she felt the sun warming her skin, she heard a hawk calling out as it rode the thermals, she could smell a pungent sage smell in the air. She felt thirsty and heard her stomach growling. She continued to walk and notice everything. She grew weary of both walking and the weight of the yantra that she now carried in both hands. She didn't know if she could make it to the end of the trail, to the mountains. She was feeling increasingly tired and weighed down by her efforts. She was struggling to go forward and worried about finding her way back to her body. She sat on a rock and looked into the yantra, and that was when she realized that she was actually physically there in her physical body (not her dreaming body). This was such a jolt to Adediman that she peed her pants. Oh my god, how did this happen? she wondered. She looked for the yantra, where did it go?

She searched the desert floor around her and when she couldn't find it, she clutched her hands to her chest and felt it hanging from a chain. It had shrunk in size to a jewelry piece. It was no longer glowing. She was completely confused as to what to do next. She still wanted to doubt the reality that she was physically located in the desert, but all the evidence was there. She didn't want to doubt her sanity. She wanted to understand her experience. She got up and continued to walk towards the mountains. A sign named the trail: 5 miles to Truchasm Mountain. She followed it. She felt very vibrant and alive and determined to stay on mission. The day was warm and her steps strong. When she approached a field of large boulders marking the entrance to the forest, she heard a whirling noise and felt a flutter of wind rustle the surrounding grasses. In a day of unexplained mystery and miracles, another one was occurring right before her eyes. Some kind of flying vehicle that she had never seen before or knew existed, became visible. She watched as four identical women exited from the door. It was the feminists! She didn't know if she should run away from them or towards them. The four identical women noticed her right away and were just as surprised.

Ayda, always quick to action and to take the lead spoke first, "I see you have brought the yantra, come, we are heading to Truchasm peak," and without any added explanation or instruction, Adediman followed the women up the trail to the mountain peak. When the trail ended, they were standing on a cliff, a rock that jutted out over the desert valley.

Ayra spoke, "It's further up, we'll have to do some trail blazing. Let's cut through the chaparral."

Aysa agreed, "I can feel it, we are close."

Adediman wondered what the four identical women were looking for and then she remembered a dream thread that she had several times over the years. In the dreams she always made it this far. A beacon of light beamed from the mountain and it beckoned her, but she was never able to ascend to it. She always woke up in her bed instead.

“I’ve dreamed this many times. In my dreams there is a light, like in the form of the yantra I am wearing. I want to go up towards it, but I am unable to.” She added, “In these dreams I don’t recall any of you being with me. I’ve heard about you, you are the feminists, aren’t you?”

The four women feminists nodded. Only Ayra was puzzled and surprised by the turn of events, of Adediman’s appearance among them.

The three feminists from outer space mind-spoke with each other and this time Ayra could hear the conversation in her mind as well and participated.

“The Bodhisattva has sent her, I’m sure of it,” Ayda mind-spoke.

Ayra asked, “Who is this woman and who is the Bodhisattva?”

Ayda answered, “It’s hard to explain who or what the Bodhisattva is. He is always here but only comes to action at certain times.”

Ayda mind-spoke, “And often it coincides with our mission to jump start women’s progress toward their equality, toward their self-discovery.”

“What do we do about her?” Ayda asked about Adediman.

Ayra tried her second mind-speak, “As she has already dreamed this many times, perhaps the Bodhisattva has created this dream for her to lead us all together to find the text.”

Adediman was not sure what was going on. No one was saying anything so she asked, “Are we to find something up there?” pointing to the mountain peak.

“Yes,” Ayda answered. “The yantra around your neck will help us. You must go first.”

Adediman looked up toward the peak. She heard the yantra hum and the feminists heard it too. They followed Adediman up the mountain side. It was steep and the going was a bit rough, but they were steady and took strong strides, resting a bit here and there when needed. When they reached the top, the yantra around Adediman’s neck hummed louder. She took it off and looked towards the feminists for what to do next.

Ayda suggested, “We will look for the text where the vibration of the yantra is strongest.”

Adediman walked around the peak listening for the increasing of the humming vibration of the yantra. The pitch grew very disorienting. The last thing she heard was the four feminists declaring, “Dig here, it will be here.”

Adediman woke up in her bed. The Rainbow Sage and the Bodhisattva were standing over her. She reached for the yantra but it was no longer around her neck.

Rainbow Sage said, “I wasn’t sure if we would be able to assure your return.” He seemed very relieved.

Bode agreed, “She’s good, really good, but she must have gotten some help. What did you learn about the feminists?”

Adediman collected her thoughts and told Bode and the Rainbow Sage what her experience had been. Was it all a dream? She had been so sure of her actual manifestation with the feminists. Was I actually physically there, really there with them? she wondered.

“They were looking for a text that had been hidden, stored away. We were together on a mountain peak in New Mexico.”

“Very well done!” Bode exclaimed.

Adediman grew very tired, her eyelids felt so heavy, too heavy to stay open any longer.

Bode patted her on the shoulder, “Get your beauty rest, my dear, very good, very good!” he exclaimed.

“Where did she go?” Arya asked.

Ayda was intent on unearthing the hidden text that the yantra indicated, through its increasing glow and humming vibration, was there right below her. She looked back up at Arya, “She wasn’t every really here. I’ll explain later. We must secure the text.”

Ayma and Aysa helped her unearth the rocks. As they dug, Ayra could see they were all intent on retrieving the text. She bent down and assisted them. An hour later, tired from their efforts, they hit a box, got excited and renewed their efforts. They pulled the box out from the ground and wiped the dirt from the container with some bandanas they had brought for such a possible need. Ayra did not recognize the material the box was made of. She guessed it was made of some kind of hollowed stone, used to protect the text from the elements.

Ayda spoke up, “We are losing light, we should head back to our spaceship.”

Aysa said, “I’ll carry it,” and Ayda handed her the box. It was strangely light in weight considering it was made of stone. Or was it?

As they descended the mountain peak, Ayra had so many questions. What was inside the box and where did that woman (Adediman) go and how did she appear to them in the first place?

It was very dark when they made it back to the spaceship. Fortunately, the feminists had LED lights embedded in their clothes. Once inside the spaceship, Aysa put the stone box on the examination table. All four women studied it, till Ayra couldn’t be patient any longer and spoke up, “Let’s open it!”

Ayda looked at her sisters and then at Ayra, “We are not going to open it. That’s not our work.”

Ayra looked at the feminist sisters, “I don’t understand, why not?”

“We are here to bring it to the light, to unearth it, not to read it.”

“I don’t understand, who will read it then? What are you going to do with it then?”

“We will make sure it falls into the right hands.”

“Who is that?” asked Ayra.

“We will have to find her, she will have the right authority to read, understand, and know the value of the text.”

“Can’t we at least have a peek at it?” asked Ayra.

Ayda, Ayma, and Aysa laughed. Ayma said, “A peek is allowed, I suppose,” she smiled at Ayra. “Can I trust you to open it, just for a peek?”

Ayra stepped towards the stone box. How do I open it, she wondered, as she couldn’t discern a latch or a top to the box. She turned to her feminist sisters, “Any guesses as how to open it?”

Ayma suggested, “Try touching the surface with different pressures to see if there is a hidden spring that will open it.”

Ayra pressed the top of the rock, then around the sides and then the back. Nothing happened. Ayma picked up the stone box and said, “Try the bottom.”

Ayra pressed gently at first, then harder. “I can feel something.”

“Press harder,” Ayma encouraged her. Ayra pressed hard with the fingers of her left hand and added extra pressure with the right hand. The stone slowly opened.

Ayma put the box back on the table. All four women looked into the box. It contained clay tablets that had inscriptions on them. On top of the first clay tablet was the inscription of the yantra, the triangle (upside down) inside the circle.

“The same symbol that the woman wore, who helped us.” Ayra turned to Ayda and asked, “Who was she? Why did she appear to help us and then leave just as abruptly? And why did you say she was never really here?”

“It is hard to explain, Ayra. The yantra used her to complete our purpose. When the purpose (we found the text) was evident, she was no longer necessary.”

“What do you mean? She is flesh and blood, just like us. Who is behind the force of the yantra?”

“The force behind the yantra is the yantra! It can accomplish and combine with any living thing or person to accomplish its impulses, its work. It is the work of the supreme Sacred She.”

“Where is the woman, then, she (as you said) combined with? Is she okay?” asked Ayra.

“I’m sure of it. She probably woke up in bed after the adventure was over,” Ayda assured her. Ayda motioned to Ayra to close the rock box. It was a fruitful day and all the women were tired and weary except for Ayra, who was puzzled and wanted to understand and know what the text revealed. Who was the woman who wore the yantra around her neck and helped them, and how could a symbol have a force of its own, and who or what is the supreme Sacred She that her sisters seem to know and assist?

While the three feminist sisters from outer space slept in their individual pods, sleeping in a meditative posture, Ayra checked in on them. They did not look like they were dreaming, they looked like they were in a deeper state. She couldn’t sleep, she still had a lot of questions and knew if she pressed her feminist sisters for the answers, she would probably not receive any of the answers she was looking for. She would have to investigate for herself. Once again, she pressed the stone to open it. She carefully took each tablet and placed it from left to right on the examination table. On each tablet, at the top was the symbol of the yantra. The rest of the inscriptions contained images and writings (she assumed). How to decipher what any of this means? she wondered. She also wondered who would be able to decode it and how would her feminist sisters find that person? As she continued to study the strange inscriptions, they became more and more familiar to her. I know these images, she thought. She began to touch the images with her fingers and her fingers began to buzz. The images came alive and moved towards her and entered her. The experience was so overwhelming that she lay on the floor. The Swoon continued and she could not resist it. The yantra appeared and a form, a feminine form emerged from it and walked right into her chest on the right. This jolted her into another swoon where her attention was above the world and then was drawn down deep into the earth. Beings lived inside the earth and they began to emerge towards the light, leaving their womb.

On the earth, she saw women working, laughing, dancing and celebrating, bringing forms alive from within their own form. One woman with a radiant smile on her face came towards her. Her color was of the earth, reddish and green tones flushed her skin. She wore skins, clothes made from the animals and flowers she had birthed. She took her by the hand and spoke in a titillating singing voice, “This is our story. We are the feminine that has birthed all life here. We were not split from ourselves, we were both the womb and also contained within ourselves the seed to fertilize our own wombs. We gave birth to everything and everyone. We have lived on this surface. Slowly, the forces of attraction caused us to split from ourselves into two, the feminine and the masculine, and from deep inside ourselves, the seed came to the light. From the depths of the earth, man arose to enjoy and take part in creation and the sustenance of creation. Our home, the earth, wished it to be so. And it was.”

Ayra could feel the heartbeat of the feminine force that had spoken her story to her. It was her heartbeat as well. She knew this story. She knew its truth though no one had ever told it to her before. It was revealed to her and came to light. Now it was Ayra's story too.

The feminist sisters had been aroused from their deep meditative sleep. They stood around Ayra, saw that she had opened the stone box. They were sure that Ayra had received its secrets, its story. They closed the box and picked up their feminist sister and placed her on her cot. She lay asleep for two days, they did not arouse her. She woke up in her bed in her cottage. Her feminist sisters were not there, nor was the box that contained the inscriptions. Where were they? She was alarmed. Who could she tell the story of what was revealed to her from the texts? Who but her sisters?

The Bodhisattva knew that the feminists had retrieved the text, one of many, he assumed. He knew that this was the time of revelation, revelations that would not be accepted by the great minds of the day, but would take root in the hearts of women first, and then all the people. What would the feminists do with the text? Who would they designate to receive it, to study it and share (or hide) its secrets? Adediman had no further dreams to help answer his questions. Rainbow Sage's palms offered no predictions or instructions. They were at a temporary standstill. He needed to call to his circle either another great mystic or a great scientist (which would be difficult given how far science had developed and accepted the plausibility of what the ancient mystic scientists had known). Still, there must be someone he could draw to him who knew, accepted ancient mysteries, and was a practicing scholar, a philologist or paleographer. It was a strange day and a stranger meeting when Bode met the Junk King.

The Junk King was truly a weird dude. It was obvious that he was a hustler who picked up people's trash and sold it as treasure for a good buck. What was strange about him was that he truly revered the junk he was peddling to make a living. As the Bode watched the Junk King he was reminded of his own brother who had always negotiated him out of his fair share of everything that their parents had given them. He never minded it though, as he would push his brother to more creative ways and means to talk him (the Bode) out of his fair share. Something about the Junk King reminded him of his brother.

"Check out my treasures!" The Junk Man called out to him. "There will be something here that will suit your fancy, I'm sure of it. And I'll cut you a deal that you won't be able to refuse." Bode laughed, thinking how often his brother used that line on him. He humored the man and began to pick through the piles of useful objects, pans, ceramic plates that were personalized with the owners' names. Bode thought the personalized plates would be really hard to sell, so he appeared interested in a plate inscribed with the name Lotus May. He turned over the plate and the date the plate was made was scraped into the clay. What was odd about it, the date was 5-10-2035, which was not a past date, but one in the future.

“Do you like this plate?” the Junk King asked. “It’s very special.”

“Yes, it’s very nice,” agreed the Bode.

“Very nice!” the Junk King mocked him in a funny manner and then leaned into the Bode to whisper something to him. His breath smelled of cheap liquor. Bode moved into the smell and heard the Junk King whisper, “Why this plate is so special, it has appeared ahead of time to meet you!”

The Bode laughed and said, “Oh really?”

The Junk King said, “Just look at the date!” He leaned into the Bode again and Bode smelled the whiskey. “It is meant for you, only you. That’s the truth of it!”

The Bode laughed again. “How much is it?” he asked nonchalantly.

“Only one hundred dollars, cheap indeed for a treasure that has arrived from the future to present itself to you.”

Bode sighed, “Unfortunately, I am not a man of means. I was hoping to get a cheap plate to eat my meager meal of potatoes and cabbage,” he said. He leaned into the Junk King and whispered, “A small cup too, for my spirits, my whiskey.”

The Junk King’s eyes danced. “Maybe we can cut a deal.”

Bode slipped his bottle of whiskey out from his pocket and took a slow sip. The Junk King could see it was high quality whiskey and his saliva drooled down the side of his mouth just thinking of having a sip of such a fine drink. He wiped the escaping saliva from his chin.

“I’ll throw in a cup with the plate. The cup is on me.”

“We are both men of limited financial means and we are both men who enjoy a good drink. How about five dollars for the plate, throw in the cup, and I’ll share my whiskey with you. My whiskey, my simple fare of potatoes, and I’ll give you a warm place to sleep tonight.”

“That’s very generous of you, sir, but I can’t let this plate go for anything less than \$90.”

“Oh, my man,” Bode patted the Junk Man on his back, “That’s way out of my league. I’ll have to withdraw my offer, all my offers.”

The Junk Man stared down the Bode, which only backfired on him. Just try staring down a Bodhisattva! “Sir, I do want you to have this lovely plate. What if we exchange for the whiskey and I’ll take you up on your offer of a warm place to sleep tonight as long as it is at your place. I have a story I know I must share with you.”

Bode agreed. The Junk Man tenderly, with great care, wrapped the plate and handed it to the Bodhisattva. Bode passed him his bottle of whiskey and patted him on the back.

The Rainbow Sage prepared a cot for the Junk King in the living room area. During dinner, they hardly spoke. The Junk King gobbled his food down like he hadn't eaten in days, which was probably the case. The Bode gave him second helpings and brought out the bottle of whiskey to top off the meal.

After his belly was full and his blood was flowing hot from the whiskey, the Bode spoke up, "Was there a story you wanted to tell me?"

The Junk King took off his beanie. A cascade of black hair flowed past his shoulders. Rainbow Sage was startled to see the Junk Man's long tresses. He discerned that although the Junk Man was an older man, his hair was naturally the same color of his youth.

"Yes, yes, you see my hair. It's the hair of a much younger man, a man like yourself," and he pointed at Rainbow Sage. He looked at the Bode and then back at the Rainbow Sage and announced, "That's because I am young. I am only 21 years old, though the rest of my body has aged considerably and fast."

"How did that come to be?" asked the Bode.

"There was a time before I became the Junk King when I was a man interested in making a lot of money so I could retire to a life of my own pleasure, which you can imagine involved licentious behavior on my part with as many women as would agree to it."

Bode asked, "How did having a lot of money factor into it?"

"Being a man of wealth has certain advantages. It gets most women's attention and to further attract and hold them to me I would buy them beautiful, expensive objects, mostly art objects," said the Junk King.

The Rainbow Sage butted in, "If you are really only 21, then the event that caused your aging must have happened not so long ago."

"You are right, but since I look and feel like an old man, the event that instigated all this feels to me to be a long time ago."

"How strange," the Bode injected and then added, "How did this happen?"

"I met a woman. She called herself the one and only real feminist. I didn't know what she meant by that—that only attracted me more—if I could attract to me such a woman who knew herself, who was self-proclaimed, I could use that kind of power, that kind of determination for my own pleasure. I wanted to own her and delve deeper into her depth—of course I only saw this through sex. I bought her many beautiful objects to catch her eye, and her attention. She accepted all my gifts, but always pointed out that they were just junk to her. I began to subtly impress upon her that she owed me some affection for all my generosity. She wasn't that good looking, just average as they say. My flattery was wasted on her. I was getting nowhere and hatched a plan to force her into

submission. The more she resisted my advances, the more I wanted her. I had to conquer her and show her, feminist or not, men ruled the world and it would be better for her to accept that.

“I slipped a powerful psychedelic into a drink that was meant for her. Somehow, and to this day I don’t know how she did it, she switched the drinks and before I finished the meal, I was tripping like I never had before. Her form increased and appeared as the endless form of all women. I grew frightened and asked her, ‘Who are you?’

“‘I am all women,’ she answered. ‘You can never own me. I am the one and only real feminist.’

“I don’t know why, maybe out of real fear of her enormity and power, I became very belligerent towards her and taunted her, ‘Men are in control here and women are here to serve us.’ I stomped my foot ordering her to submit to my authority. A great fierce laughter rose from deep within her. This laughter echoed through all the forms of all the women.

“‘Your authority is no authority at all. It is only the tantrum of a young boy and the desperation of an old man having lived his life with no real substance. The only authority you have is to make your living from the junk you have peddled to me and all the women you have met.’

“This is how I became the Junk Man, the Junk King. I only own this junk that I try to hustle people into believing has greater value. Most people, I realize, let me hustle them a bit, mostly because they feel sorry for me. I still have my pride, though. I can sell almost anything to anybody. I am the Junk King.” The Junk King took another swig of whiskey and looked at the bottle long and hard. “Best to stay away from feminists, I learned. I don’t understand that kind of power.”

Bode also took another swig, “I understand what you mean, but unfortunately I can’t follow your advice. We are on a mission to find the feminists—the feminists from outer space.”

The Junk King was pretty drunk, but he knew what he heard. The Bode and his sidekick were looking for feminists and they were from outer space?

The Junk King shook his head, “Don’t advise it, man. Best to stay clear of the feminists.”

“What if we could help you with your aging problem, would you consider helping us?” asked the Bodhisattva.

The Junk King was stone-cold sober now. His attention was on Bode’s proposal. He didn’t know how he could help the Bode and his sidekick the Rainbow Sage, but if he could end the curse of being the oldest 21-year-old that ever lived, he was in. He would throw his lot in with these two guys.

“I don’t know what I could do, but if you guys can help free me from my problem, I am in.”

“Good. First of all, let’s go through all your junk. The Rainbow Sage has a feeling that there is a clue there left by the original feminist.”

“Why would she leave a clue?” asked the Junk King.

“She always does,” laughed Bode. “She always does.”

“Well, if I can be any help finding your feminists, but please, please stop me from saying anything really stupid to them.”

Bode laughed and laughed and so did the Junk King. Rainbow Sage thought, well what an unlikely candidate for the Bodhisattva’s circle. What a motley crew with a strange assortment of capabilities. The Rainbow Sage had no idea what the Bodhisattva was trying to accomplish by finding the feminists and the texts they were here to unearth and reveal. How can anyone understand the work of such a one and how can one understand the feminine Bodhisattva, the one and all, and the one true feminist? Even the Junk King understood that and the Rainbow Sage also knew never to be stupid enough to be belligerent to a Bodhisattva—whether he is a he or she is a she. Rainbow Sage was a wise young man, indeed.

Ayra waited for her sisters to return. She tried mind speaking to them several times. Every time she sensed them, she felt a shield block her inquiry. She was hurt that they blocked her in this way. She did not understand why they left her and took the text that was stored in the stone. Didn’t they need me? she wondered. We are sisters, aren’t we? I am a feminist too. Did they go without her to find the other texts? Ayra had been a woman without a sense of belonging to others and in meeting her feminist sisters, she discovered she did belong. The sting of their betrayal (of leaving her stranded and all alone) infuriated her. Did they only use me to help find the first text? she wondered.

Thinking along these lines, feeling that she was now an outsider, thrown out from the circle and family of her sisters, she vowed that she would find the texts herself. She had no idea where to look. She wrote down in her journal what the first text had revealed to her. She drew a picture of the text and its stone container. As she struggled with remembering what was written on the clay tablets and what it all meant, she remembered on the last tablet, the inscription of a name. It was Lotus May. She googled the two words and nothing presented itself. She added the word feminist to the name and a strange looking man who called himself the Junk King appeared. His was an unbelievable story (he is probably deranged, she thought) of a young man who pursued the “one and only real feminist” and how that meeting turned him into a prematurely aging old man selling junk. At the conclusion of his story (her hair stood on end) the symbol of the upside-down triangle in the circle appeared. That’s her symbol, the yantra, thought Ayra. Where can I find this man, the Junk King? She packed her backpack with her usual camping gear and did what she knew best: walked.

The feminists from outer space had fought about how to proceed in their mission. They had blocked all transmission from Ayra and they were certain that Ayra knew the contents of the text and would want to share it with them. They were under strict rules to not read the texts by their heart of hearts, the one and only true (and real!) feminist. The reason for this was that when the text was read, the secret of who She Is and who they are would begin a process of revelation. All the

secrets of being feminine would surface from their deep subconsciousness into the light that shines their heart. It would change everything, but each woman would be awakened in due time. The first great secret was the revelation that they were all one and that the power of the One is the greatest power and basis of all life. The feminist sisters had already gone through this process. They could only assist in how and when each woman's awakening would occur. That is why they left their dear sister. They had fought over whether it could (or couldn't) be possible for Ayra to absorb the revelation and bear the strain of awakening into the Oneness of her femininity and continue to search for the other texts. Awakening needed to be absorbed slowly, Aysa had reasoned.

Ayda agreed, "All that power through contact with the texts would blow her mind."

Aysa disagreed, "I don't believe so. She is one of us. It might be possible that somehow she already knows her oneness and is just learning how to use the power of it."

Ayda being the cautious older sister, "Let's wait and see. We must continue our mission. We must find the second text. We can check on our sister in due time."

"You mean spy on her?" asked Aysa.

Ayda jumped in, "We must continue our work, but how to do that, the next clue has not been forthcoming. We are at a standstill. I believe Ayra is a part of us. We need her. She is a part of our work. I also agree she needs time to absorb the revelation."

The feminists stayed inside their invisible spaceship that was hovering over Ayra's house. They went into deep meditation, their minds remained dormant, unable to receive Ayra's mind speech. Ayra felt she was on her own. She also felt a growing sense of power that opened her and she did have one clue, one attraction. She would find the Junk King.

Wherever Ayra walked she asked those she met if they had heard of the Junk King. She also asked if they had heard of a "Lotus May". No one had any clues or answers for her. As she wandered, she felt the revelation grow stronger in her. She was no longer angry at her feminist sisters from outer space for abandoning her. She felt they must have had good reasons to pursue the other texts without her. Won't they be surprised when I find them first, she smiled within herself. She knew that they were together. Her sense of belonging wasn't diminished by their separation. It was only growing stronger. Her sense of belonging would unite them again when the time was right.

Her search for the Junk King was going slowly, she was anxious to find him. She was certain his story would have the clues she needed to find the other texts, which would help her to know and understand the One and Only real feminist. Who is Lotus May?

From time to time, she tried to mind speak with her sisters. Apparently, they were not ready to share with her where they were going or what they were doing, because the mind speak was never reciprocated.

She decided to return to New Mexico, to Truchasm Mountain. She felt that the mountain that had hidden and revealed the first text might be a starting point for the second text. It was in the small town at the base of the mountain that she saw the man she was looking for. She was sure that the man selling (hustling) his wares was the Junk Man himself. She studied him from a distance before she decided to approach him. He was resting on a stone wall and as she walked towards him, someone else beat her to it. The Junk King smiled at the man, and the man pulled out a whiskey flask and handed it to the Junk King. The Junk King smiled, took a good gulp and handed it back.

The man with the whiskey flask sat by the Junk King and looked up and then straight at her. He nodded his head and she felt that he was acknowledging her. He motioned her to come over. She felt nervous but walked towards the two aged men.

“Hello, I’m Bode and my friend here,” he pointed, “is the Junk King.”

The Junk King jumped up, “Go ahead, check out my stuff. I’m sure there is something here that you might need or might fancy.”

Ayra smiled and pretended to look interested. The Bode studied her. There was something about her that reminded him of the feminists from outer space. “Where are you from?” he asked her. “What are you looking for?”

Ayra turned to the Bode. She didn’t intend to reveal anything about herself to him but as she looked at him, she felt a sense of familiarity ring a bell inside of her. “Who are you?” she asked.

“I already introduced myself. I am Bode, short for Bodhisattva.”

“You remind me of someone from my childhood. A friend of my family’s.”

“You remind me of someone too. Some feminists I am looking for.”

Ayra was so shocked that she blurted out, “Have you seen them?”

“No, but we are looking for them. Do you know where we can find them?” asked the Bodhisattva. “Maybe we can help each other.”

The Junk King laughed and patted the Bodhisattva’s arm, “Believe me, miss, this guy is very helpful. Pick whatever you like, half price today.”

The Bodhisattva reminded Ayra of her uncle, who was not really her uncle but a close friend of the family. He seemed to know and understand her already like her uncle did.

“Tell me about the feminists,” he coached her and added, “the feminists from outer space.”

Ayra confided in the Bode about her sisters, how they were all identical in appearance and that they came here to unearth three ancient texts that were left behind by three enlightened women masters.

“Three She Is Bodhisattvas,” the Bode reflected, “How interesting.”

Ayra nodded and then added, “What is a Bodhisattva?”

“A Bodhisattva takes on different forms in a continual lineage to serve the awakening of all. A She Is Bodhisattva always takes on a female form to specifically serve the empowerment of the feminine, to aid in the awakening of all.”

Ayra revealed to the Bode what she learned by the first text that they (the feminists from outer space and her) found in the Truchasm Mountain. “The feminine was complete, having both male and female attributes, but the earth called up the male from deep within her and the masculine appeared in a separate form. The masculine rose and appeared from deep within her womb, the womb of the earth. I don’t understand the purpose of this split, though,” Ayra added.

Bode laughed, “And so the struggle with the masculine and the feminine continues and has created thousands of years of history, not herstory.”

“Are we always looking for our deeper self through the other, through the outer?” asked Ayra.

The Rainbow Sage spoke up, “Yes, it appears so.”

“But why has the masculine dominated the feminine?” she asked.

“Out of fear, out of the misunderstood assumption that woman have the original power, the power of creation, and men are secondary to that power.” Rainbow Sage replied.

“Who came first, the egg or the chicken?” the Junk King threw in his first joke of the day.

“What is going on now, and this is why the feminists have come and found you,” the Bode pointed to Ayra, “is the beginning of the return of the women’s original power.”

“To be complete without the masculine?” Ayra asked.

Bode shook his head, “To be complete within as both masculine and feminine.”

“And to manifest herstory now?” asked Ayra.

Adediman finally spoke up. She was shaken to her core. “We must find the feminists and help them.”

Ayra nodded her head yes.

The Bode answered, “That’s why we are here. To help, to serve the ancient and present She Is Bodhisattvas.”

The feminists from outer space felt and heard Ayra’s mind speak. The One and true feminist had never told them about the Bode and yet he had always made his appearance (always in the background) in their work. They had not understood what his appearance had meant. The three sisters mind-spoke to Ayra, “We will come to you.”

Ayra mind spoke, “Yes, please come. We will find the next clue together. All of us!”

Part 2: The Feminists from Outer Space Meet the Bodhisattva and The Search for the Second Text

Ayra anxiously waited for her sisters to arrive. Could they all work together to uncover the second text? The return of the feminine to its original power, what would that look like in a world where women only played shadow roles? Ayra didn’t know how to imagine such a possibility. Perhaps the second text would help.

The feminists from outer space were also anxious about meeting the Bodhisattva. They had heard that his powers were vast and he rarely wielded them, but when he did, enormous change always occurred. They were not sure what kind of God force he was, as the Great She Is always kept them apart, assuring them that she knew how to deal with him. To be quite frank, the ways of the Great She Is were hard to understand and they felt the same way about the He Is Bodhisattva. Today they would meet him.

They landed their spaceship in the location Ayra had mind spoke to them about. It was in the small picturesque town in the valley at the base of Truchasm mountain. We are returning to the first site, they all thought, to pick up where we started.

The Bode was not anxious. He was delighted. Today he would finally, openly meet the great feminists that he had followed and (unknowingly to them) helped on their many quests to empower women. Would he also resemble their great uncle (like Ayra’s) that used to play with them and tease them about someday becoming powerful women warriors? That is exactly what happened. Meeting the Bode made them feel at home, that he was as familiar to them as their great uncle.

Ayra mind spoke to her sisters, “See what I mean? It’s like we already know him.”

The Bode could hear the mind speak and motioned for all four sisters to come to his open arms. The four feminists felt his endless arms circle them and they heard him laugh and mind speak to them, “What beautiful daughters of the Great She Is!”

The Bode introduced the feminist sisters to Rainbow Sage, Adediman, and the Junk King. What a strange crew, thought Ayda.

Rainbow Sage’s palms began to tingle. He looked down to read them and then held them up. “Circle complete, proceed,” his palms read.

“Where to look?” asked the Junk King.

“Where do we find the next clue?” asked Adediman.

“The three sisters looked at their fourth sister, “Ayra knows.”

Ayra shrugged, “How do I know?”

“Has not the knowledge from the first text been revealed to you?” they asked. “The secret to the second text lies inherent in that knowledge.”

Ayra was at a loss as to how to understand the first ancient text as a clue to finding the second. She shrugged her shoulders.

Adediman asked, “Where is the ancient text, could I see it?”

The four feminists looked at each other. None of them could confirm where it was.

“You found it only to lose it again?” asked Adediman.

“I don’t believe it is lost,” Ayra said.

“Or taken away,” added Aysa.

“What do you mean,” asked Ayra, “I thought you took it.” She studied the faces of her sisters.

Ayda said, “No, we don’t have it. You do; somehow you have absorbed it within your inner self.”

Ayra was surprised, “I did?”

“Yes, the knowledge is within you,” the Bode confirmed.

Adediman thought it over before she spoke, “Perhaps I can bring the text to the light of day.”

The Bode smiled, “Recreate the pathway to where it lays buried within Ayra? A treasure map for the treasure?” he asked.

“Yes, with your sisters’ help, we can find the pathway to the text within you and bring it out once again. We will dream-sleep together. I believe it will work.”

Adediman looked at the Bode. He nodded his head and said, “It will work,” and looked at the Junk King. “I believe he has a device in all that junk of his that will help in recreating the manifestation of the text. Let’s get to work!” The Bodhisattva clapped his hands together, “We are all working so well together already!”

The five women rustled up some blankets (loaned to them by Adediman’s mother Lakshmi) and placed them side by side on the living room floor. The feminists from outer space lay on their backs with their hands crossed over their chests. Ayra covered herself up to her chin with the soft blanket. Adediman laid down and pressed her middle finger to her forehead, right in the middle between and up above her eyes. Ayra suppressed a giggle, but all the women heard it and started to laugh as well. After a giggling session, Adediman asked the women to take several deep breaths and release the breath slowly. One by one, the women drifted into sleep. The first alarm would go off in an hour and a half to trigger them into a dream cycle. Adediman saw the feminists from outer space first. They were sitting in the lotus posture and their forms were glowing. As she approached them, she

wondered where Ayra was. As she called out to them, they turned to look at her and she was surprised that they did not look like the form that they had when she met them, the forms that were sleeping alongside her. “Are you ...?” she asked. The three luminous forms nodded their heads in the affirmative. They broke their circle and pointed to Ayra who was laying in the middle. Adediman knew (at times) that it was difficult to hold dream attention for any length of time, as time (as well as attention!) could be very slippery in these realms. She moved towards Ayra and examined her to see how she could follow any lead where the ancient text knowledge was stored within her. She motioned for her sisters (who are these luminous beings? she wondered) to touch her feet and hands. When they did this, Adediman put her finger on Ayra’s forehead. Her third eye appeared and opened and Adediman saw the face of a woman, both beautiful and terrifying, and then primitive and modern. The face of the woman changed quickly into archetypal features. All this was shown and contained within Ayra’s inner eye. It was difficult for Adediman to stay within the dream. She had to resist being swooned into all the time and places of the women who appeared before and within Ayra.

“Hold her heart and her first two chakras,” she called out to the feminist sisters.

Ayda held her hands over Ayra’s chest and Ayma held her hands on Ayra’s navel and Aysa put her hands right over Ayra’s pubic astral bone. Ayra took a deep breath. She breathed in for an inordinate amount of time. All the women held to their positions. Ayra’s in breath grew deeper and fuller. It filled her, and Adediman was unsure of what to do to begin the release. Surely it will occur, she thought. The feminist sisters looked at her and held their hands in place. Adediman was worried. When would the release begin? She knew she had to do something for that to occur, but she did not know what to do. Surely the dream would fade soon.

She called out to the Bodhisattva, “What should we do?”

A form appeared and she was surprised to see that it was not the Bodhisattva, it was the Junk King. He was approaching them with a strange object in his hand.

“Here, put this on her head,” he said.

Adediman looked at the strange object. It didn’t look like any hat she had seen before. “What is this?” she asked.

“It’s a directional manifesting meter placement device.” he answered.

“What?” she asked.

“No time left, put it on her,” the Junk King advised her.

Adediman held out her hand to take the device from the Junk King. She was startled to see how young the Junk King actually was. She placed the weird looking hat-like device on Ayra’s subtle form. She woke up and saw the Junk King standing over her. He was smiling, holding a lid and placed it on his head and laughed.

Adediman looked at Ayra. She was still sleeping. The other feminist sisters began to rise. They all looked towards each other. “Did it work?” they all wondered.

“Yes,” Rainbow Sage’s palms read.

“Here it is, the text and our next clue.” The bode held it up for everyone to see. “Good work, well done everyone. Now let’s see if we can awaken the sleeping princess there,” and he pointed to Ayra.

Adediman studied the ancient text throughout the rest of the night. It was strangely familiar (she did not know that she was, in that lifetime, the inscriber of the text as dictated to her by her spiritual master). Trying to decode it was both easy and difficult. Why is this all so familiar? she wondered.

The Bode looked over her shoulder and asked, “How’s it going?”

“Well enough,” she answered. “It’s strangely familiar to me.”

The Bode smiled, “Good, you’ll be able to crack it and find the clue we are looking for in a reasonably short amount of time.”

She stayed up all night and fell asleep amidst the clay text right before the sunrise. It was unusual for her to not recall any of her before-waking dreams. She knew she had dreamt of the text. She looked at the tablet and then a flood of memories opened in her. She saw herself with an older woman to whom she was very devoted. She lived to serve and tend to the older woman who was kind and stern with her, so she was always on her toes and tried to make as few mistakes as possible, and when she did make a mistake, correct it as quickly as possible. The older woman had confided in her that her work was almost finished, that there was one last thing that she had to do.

“Listen carefully, and write down these words that I speak. They are for all women. We must preserve our story so our future selves can pick up where we left off and continue the work.” She listened intently to her teacher’s words; she would not make a mistake in these final days of her teacher’s life.

The ancient text was finished within the month and as her teacher closed her eyes (as she swooned into herself) Adediman (as her former self) asked, “Will we meet again?”

Her teacher pulled herself back from the blissful abyss and answered her with a quiet but still strong voice of conviction, “Yes, when we meet again you will know me. I will come with my sisters.”

Adediman knew she had to show the text to Ayra. Ayra would know. Adediman intuitively knew that Ayra knew everything. The Bode confirmed her intuition and they waited for Ayra to awaken. The coffee was brewing and the aroma filled the cabin.

“Where to next?” asked the feminist sisters. They were eager and ready.

“What are the clues?” asked Ayda.

Ayra rubbed her eyes. It was clear to her; she knew where they needed to go next. She didn’t know how she knew; she knew.

The Bode could see that the knowledge they were seeking had made it to Ayra’s conscious mind. “Where to?” he asked. “To the moon?” he joked.

Ayra shot him a glance, “Why not? We need to go to the Lunar Cape. That is where the next text is.”

Bode laughed, “Well, I was close. Anyone know where Lunar Cape is?”

Ayra thought it over and looked towards Adediman. “She will be able to locate it for us.”

Adediman got out her computer and searched for the whereabouts of Lunar Cape.

It was decided that Adediman would travel with the feminists aboard their spaceship. Besides Ayra, there was only room for one more passenger. The Bode knew having Adediman go was the best course. He would follow with the Rainbow Sage and the Junk King in a more conventional mode of transportation. They would travel east to another continent, to an island, and find Lunar Cape, a peninsula that jutted off the rough shoreline.

Adediman had studied Lunar Cape via a webcam and had noticed an arch of rocks. She wondered if perhaps it had an opening to a small cave. She was excited about traveling in a spaceship—she was told by the feminists from outer space that it would only take 20 minutes to get there. If all went well, they would meet up with the Bodhisattva in a few days.

The sisters appeared quiet and active in preparation for the trip and guiding their spaceship to their destination. It seemed they knew how to communicate with each other via mind transmission or an exchange faster than texting, she thought. And texting is very quick!

The landing was smooth and it was strange to travel in a vehicle (and land it) that was invisible. They hovered their spaceship above the ground to keep it out of the way. They found the rock arch right away and headed towards it with some tools to help in evacuating the text.

Ayda asked, “Are we looking for a cave?”

“Perhaps,” answered Adediman.

The women searched the arch, walked under it and beyond it to a chasm—a wall of rock on either side of them. They didn’t see anything that looked like an entrance and Adediman began to doubt if they were on the right track looking for a cave. It could be buried anywhere, lodged in the rock, or buried in the sand.

Ayma wandered slowly behind her sisters and Adediman. She went over and looked (again!) at what her sisters had already looked at. At foot level she saw a small shaft of light shine through on her foot. She kicked at the rock. Instead of feeling hard and rough, it was soft and spongy. She kicked at it again and then knelt down to push and pull on it with her hands. “I think I found something!” she called out to the others. “Bring the tools.”

The women gathered around and Ayda touched the wall, “Yes, it’s soft.” The women took their tools and chipped away at the soft, spongy rock. It began to crumble and they could see that it was lit up from within. They created an opening that they could fit through if each woman crawled on her hands and knees. Ayra went in first. How the room was lit up from within she couldn’t understand, except for the small opening they had made to get through, there was no other opening. The lighting in the cave was bright as day.

Aysa, the last one to enter, asked, “See anything?”

“Not yet,” Arya answered, “But it is strange that this cave is lit up with no obvious opening or lighting source.”

Ayda laughed, “Maybe the lighting source is invisible. Let’s see, let’s look for the text.”

Ayra spoke up, “Do you feel that someone is here watching us, someone who is the source of light that is making this place lit up and visible to us?”

The feminists (from outer space) nodded and mind-spoke, “Have the same feeling.”

Adediman turned to see the feminists from outer space sitting in a meditation pose and apparently in a deep state of meditation. She looked toward Ayra and shrugged her shoulders. Ayra shrugged her shoulders too, to affirm the mystery of what they were experiencing.

“Let them be,” Ayra instructed. “Let’s examine the cave.”

Adediman searched the walls of the cave and Ayra picked through the rocks on the floor of the cave. She found a flat rock, picked it up and wiped the sand and dust off of it. “Why it’s the yantra,” the symbol of the triangle was scraped into the rock. She showed it to Adediman. “Let’s dig here.”

Adediman struck the dirt with her shovel. They dug and dug and at about four feet into the earth, Adediman felt the shovel hit a surface. “I’ve hit something, we have to be careful not to be too rough or we might break it.”

“I’ll jump in and see if I can loosen it,” suggested Ayra.

Ayra felt the container lodged in the dirt. “Yes, something is here. I think I can get it out.” Ayra cleared the dirt around the container.

“Be careful,” urged Adediman, “it might be very fragile.”

“Yes,” agreed Ayra. “I have it! It’s very cold to the touch.” Ayra lifted the container up to Adediman. Adediman couldn’t believe how fortunate she was to be here in person discovering the second text instead of abruptly awakening in her bed like when they discovered the first text.

“Should we open it?” asked Adediman.

“No, let’s retrieve my sisters and wait for the for the Bodhisattva and the others to arrive.”

Adediman agreed. They tenderly wrapped the box that contained the second text and put it in Ayra’s backpack. As they finished their task, the feminists came out of their meditation.

“Did you find it?” asked Ayda.

“Yes, we did,” said Ayra as she shared a knowing glance with Adediman. The feminists (from outer space) looked at each other and shared their mind-speak, they had an experience of their own.

In their meditation, they had traveled to another location where they met a very aged woman. The aged woman introduced herself as “The One Who Knows.”

“I have called you here to reveal something important about your mission. Come closer, I can’t see well and I must be sure you are the ones I must talk to.”

The feminists (from outer space) stood facing the old woman.

Ayda spoke up, “The One Who Knows, what is it that we must know?”

“You must know that no matter what happens you must trust her under all circumstances.”

“Who is it that we must trust?” they asked in mind speak.

“The One you call sister is not who she appears to you to be.”

“You mean Ayra?” they asked.

The older woman grew younger in appearance. “She is my sister, as I am the knower, she is ...” the old woman stopped there. “I can’t reveal who she is at this time. Just know you must protect her at even the cost of your own lives.”

The feminists, being brave women who had always lived at the edge of danger, nodded their heads.

“Promise me, nothing and no one should be able to harm her.”

The feminists assured the aged woman that they could and would succeed at keeping Ayra safe.

Ayda pressed forward with a question, “As you know, the One Who Knows, we three sisters are clones of each other. Who is our original one that we are derived from?”

The One Who Knows laughed, “You have always lived as three and you always will. There has always been a fourth one, but she always lived apart. She is a free agent and can take any form for

any purpose. She is now the one who is called Ayra, the one I am asking you to protect. Know that you are complete, you do not need to seek the original one. You three are the three sides to the triangle. Your fourth, Ayra, is the center within. You always arise together. You three form the triangle in which She Is lives and does her work. That much I can tell you. Go now, she needs you.” The aged woman disappeared and the feminists returned from their inner travel. The second text had been recovered.

Ayra felt her sisters’ vigilance over her form. Wherever she moved and turned, they were surrounding her. They had not informed her of their meeting with the One Who Knows. Ayra wondered why they were on edge.

“Anything wrong?” she asked them.

Aysa spoke up, “We can’t shake the feeling that the retrieval of the second text puts you, I mean all of us, in danger. There is someone or a force that wants to destroy the text and keep its knowledge unavailable.”

“Really?” asked Ayra, “I have not felt that.”

“Did you absorb the knowledge of the text when you retrieved it?” asked Ayda.

“No, I don’t feel that has occurred. Adediman is holding the text. She is studying it as we wait for the Bodhisattva to arrive.”

She might be in danger as well—the feminists mind spoke.

Adediman had been studying the text. She felt on edge, like someone had entered the room, or someone was standing over her shoulder. Her space felt invaded, but every time she looked up, no one was there. “Bode, please get here soon,” she called out to him.

The Rainbow Sage noticed, as they passed through customs and as they rode in the rented van, that the Bodhisattva was not his usual, gay, relaxed self. He looked determined. He did not partake in his usual chatting; he was quiet and his hands would move into different mudras.

“What is it?” Rainbow Sage asked the Bode.

“Things are not Boding well,” he replied. “Get us there as quickly as you can.”

The Rainbow Sage’s palms did not tingle. No warning message appeared. He had noticed that when his master did his work, his palms did not display any messages. He drove faster. The Junk King felt nervous and lit up a joint and took long toke. He did not like being away from his prized junk for any length of time. His aging accelerated even faster at those times. The Bode had asked him to only bring one essential but innocuous item from his junk wagon; something small. Bode knew that the Junk King couldn’t be away from his precious junk for any length of time. His life would shorten too

quickly and the Bode had promised him he would free him from the curse of his too-quick aging in exchange for his help.

From the unmanifest, the manifest arose. As to why and the purpose of manifestation, only the unmanifest can say. The holy ones have explained the appearance of the manifestation as: the unmanifest Light had an impulse to experience itself as separate, to worship its Bright Self. I suppose this is a good enough explanation. Always, there is the need to know what comes first, but in knowing what comes first, one must be as the first. When one knows themselves as the first, is there a need for a second? Yet, the appearance of manifestation created the sense of a self and an other. The second text revealed that the original woman, the original feminine did not feel or see itself as separate from its source, the unmanifest. It knew and felt itself as complete, and as the center of the circle from which everything sprung and appeared. With the splitting of its creative function of birthing all, the appearance of man was misinterpreted to represent the other, the separate one. This misinterpretation birthed many more misinterpretations of the original feminine and the need of the masculine.

A force arose that became united with the masculine aspect. Where did that force arise from? It arose from the light that was misinterpreted as being the opposite, or separate from the dark. All livingness has a shadow, and the shadow (the darkness) was misinterpreted to be separate from the light. In its ignorance of being separate from its own light (the feminine), its knowledge became distorted, and so everything was seen in terms of opposites, pleasure-pain, hate-love, black-white, feminine-masculine, dominance-submission, became the doctrine of humanity. This force which gathered its energy to become the wisdom of humanity, suppressed the feminine, enslaved the feminine, and the feminine forgot its true inherited wisdom as the center of the circle, as the doorway from which all light manifests as form. This force, the force of duality, has played out as the history of all beings on the earth domains.

Besides the earth domain where countless beings lived out their lives under the dark illusion of separation from their own light, under the doctrines of male dominance and female submission, other places or planes also manifested. Even more difficult than the earth realms were the demonic realms, where beings strived for complete dominance over other beings at the cost of terrible suffering. Often these beings, full of their doctrines of dominance, to rule over others for the expression of their power, found ways to cojoin with the fearful, masculine earth aspect. They enticed the masculine on the earth realms with the visions of dominance as pleasure and their quest for complete power and complete authority as the happiest of all dreams. The men in the earth realms became intoxicated by the visions sent to them by the demonic worlds and opened a way to cojoin with these beings to manifest complete dominance through hierarchy. To accomplish this, the feminine had to be dominated to serve the demonic, male doctrine of its right to the highest authority. The image of God became masculine, and all stories or images of God as feminine were destroyed. Women lost their truth, that they were the original beings and had created and birthed

the earth realms. They knew not of their power to create, birth and live as the heart, the expression of Light source.

There were other realms that were also manifested. Some were of a subtler substance than the earth realms. Their beings lived mostly free of suffering, enjoying playing in pleasurable fields of beauty. Their happiness in their play also conjoined with beings in the earth realms through beautiful dreams and visions they bestowed on the earth beings when they met in the dreaming realms, when earth beings slept. These dreams of delight, happiness, and beauty lingered in the waking consciousness of earth beings and inspired earth beings to search on earth for beauty and happiness. The beings in the subtle realms enjoyed bringing their happy light to the sleeping earth beings, and often warned them of the darker dreams of the demonic worlds.

In the circle of the divine, all worlds lived and enjoyed happiness according to their prevalent doctrines. Each of these worlds held within its center, the seed of its awakening from its separation from itself: The Bright Source Light from which all worlds appeared. This is the Heart. This is the seed and source of the manifest. This is the True feminine. All this was revealed in the second text that had been found by Ayda, Adediman, and the feminists.

Adediman finished reading the text. She did not know how to think about what was revealed. She knew her heart felt open, that was enough. That was her experience. She would share it with Ayra.

Ayra felt a terror grip her. She felt defenseless and vulnerable. She feared for her life. She called out to her feminist sisters.

The Bodhisattva felt a wave of hate and fear circling around, “Quicker,” he pushed the Rainbow Sage, “We must get to her now.” The Bode didn’t wait for the Rainbow Sage to park the van. He jumped out and ran towards the house where Ayra was under a life-threatening attack. This will be a fight like this world has never seen, and this world has seen the most terrible already, he thought.

The feminists from outer space rushed to Ayra’s side. They could see that Ayra was in the grip of a deadly hold on her life. She was pale and could barely grasp for a breath. Adediman made her way to Ayra’s bed, and with the second text in hand, began to read it to Ayra. The feminists stood around her at their three points, head, chest, feet. Everyone feared for her life, but fought like the true warriors they were. The Bodhisattva took in the terrible sight and inwardly invoked the original, true She Is. She must live so you can live, he invoked.

The Junk King was crying. His heart was breaking at seeing Ayra’s suffering. He wanted to stop it, to be of help to Ayra, but he didn’t think he had any capability or power to break the terrible threat Ayra was in. He felt the arrogance of the grip of fear that was trying to steal Ayra’s life from her. He felt his own fear and it began to overwhelm him. He felt how his own arrogance was the basis of his fear, and he struggled to surrender it. His bag of junk that was his everyday wares, that he carried around and tried to sell to everyone, was not here to comfort him in the fear that was trying to take Ayra’s life. He had only brought with him (at Bode’s insistence) one innocuous item

from his precious junk. He would not try to sell it—he would give it away to Ayra. All he was left with was a gesture that was the form of his surrender and the release of his arrogance. He placed the ceramic dish that was in the shape of a lotus with the inscription on its bottom, Lotus May, into the Bodhisattva's hands.

The Bodhisattva cradled the ceramic lotus and placed it on Ayra's chest. He invoked the original, true She Is. "This is the gift that is required, a king has given up his arrogance for the sake of his love for you." As the Bodhisattva gave this gift to his love supreme, the original She Is, Ayra's terrible death struggle abated and she began to breathe deeply. The threat had passed. Adediman had finished reading the text. The feminists were exhausted and kneeled around Ayra with tears of relief coming down from their faces.

The Rainbow Sage stood by the Bodhisattva and wiped his brow. Ayra sat up and looked fresh, not distressed by her terrible ordeal. She looked at everyone and smiled. She wanted to speak, but was not able to. She pointed to the Junk King and everyone turned to look. The Junk King also looked refreshed. He appeared as a young man again. He flipped his hat off and his long black locks framed his handsome, young face. His gift of the surrender of his arrogance was well received. It was a mighty weapon in the threat that Ayra had faced. Everyone had played their parts well. Ayra had absorbed the second text. The terrible force that threatened her life had to back down. Would it return?

The feminists tended to Ayra any way they could.

"Really, I'm okay," she insisted. She could see it in their eyes that they all felt the danger to her life could return.

"Come on, we must direct our energy and attention to finding the next text. I'll be fine. Have any clues surfaced?" she asked.

Ayda answered, "Adediman is studying the last text for any indication of where we can find the text."

Adediman looked up from the text. "Frankly, the knowledge from the first two texts is blowing my mind. I keep reading them over and over."

The feminists smiled, as they were acquainted with the knowledge in the texts, "Yes, it is the true story of us all in these earth realms."

Ayma added, "It is the time for this earth realm—for the women here to know their true worth and to manifest their creative power."

"As I said," Adediman responded, "this it all blowing my mind." She turned to the Bodhisattva and asked, "Is this your knowledge as well, what's in these texts?"

The Bodhisattva rubbed his hands together, “Yes, it is the truth. I have always been here to serve this knowledge.”

“Where do we go next?” asked the Rainbow Sage.

Everyone shrugged their shoulders.

“Perhaps some rest and some fun is needed to recharge and get the juices flowing for our final effort of recovering the last text,” the Bode recommended.

Over the next few days, all relaxed from the stress of their work, played in the ocean, and hiked the cliffs. The Bode sat with the Junk King and offered him a swig from his fine whiskey.

The Junk King laughed and reached out and took a big swig. “My last one. I’m off this stuff from now on.”

The Bodhisattva laughed and said, “Me, too.” The Bode waited to approach the Junk King to ask him about what he really wanted to ask him. Finally, he delved in, “Anything you want to tell me?”

The Junk King was quiet. The Bode shot him a glance. “I wanted to thank you for removing the curse. It’s great to be young again.”

“You played your part,” the Bode assured him. “Anything you want to tell me about Lotus May?”

“You and I both know Lotus May, don’t we?” the Junk King shot back.

“Yes, we do. Would you mind telling me your version of Lotus May?”

“I can tell you that I am not from these parts. I came here to flee from Lotus May.”

The Bode laughed, “And yet she helped us, as we both knew she would.”

The Junk King continued, “I am from the higher realms of beauty. I am a god there. A very vain and arrogant one. Lotus May—ah—she is not one to be messed with. I flirted with and teased her feminists, and proceeded to bed them all. She sent me packing, to escape the hell realms she was intent on sending me to. I managed to catch a ride to this earth realm, but as I landed, I realized I was still under her watch and curse, so my life played out as the Junk King.”

“So that’s your story,” Bode passed to the Junk King another swig.

“How do you know Lotus May?” asked the Junk King.

“I know her as the original one, the first and true feminine, the mother of all feminists,” the Bode confided.

“Wow,” answered the Junk King.

“Yes, wow,” answered the Bodhisattva, “And I also love her as my true Heart.”

“Do the feminists from outer space know her too?”

“Yes, they know her. They are her warriors.”

The Junk King was pretty drunk now. “Damn interesting, these feminists and the effect and relationship Lotus May has with us all. It blows my mind too.”

The Bode laughed and laughed. He thought, no one has any idea how everything is about to change. He was excited the third text would find its way to the feminists, to Ayra. Lotus May will leave us the next clue shortly.

Yes, the times were a changing. Would all go down together, or would all rise together? Or would only a deserving few find themselves standing in the center, their own hearts? Could the heart be stopped, thwarted, or suppressed or denied? Could the dreams of the other, wanting to be the special, separate One, the one on top, the protected, isolated one, be the true destiny of the masculine dynasty? The Bode was very, very tired. He was craving a deep dive into the samadhi of his own Being. I don’t know if I can keep coming, keep appearing and disappearing into my well of being. I feel (even for me and my damn Bodhisattva vow) my work and my usefulness here is waning. But who will carry on in my place? Who will see to it that the Heart’s seeds will find fertile ground, sprout and grow everyone here in the ways of the Heart?

The Bode laughed and laughed, “So that’s been your plan all along, my dear. Your illusions are great, but your reality has never really been obscured by those whose hearts have yearned. And it’s always been you they have been longing for. You have always been the life of the party, even in this place where your face and your livingness has been obscured by the demands of living and the fear of death. Is it time that all must face that which they have feared the most? How clever of you to bring about this crisis, my love. Take me deep within you,” the Bode asked of his deepest intimate.

“Soon, my love, soon,” he heard her whisper into his heart.

Ayra dreamed that night. She dreamed in a way that was truly visionary. She was walking through the bright heart-lit forest. Was it daytime? How could it be so bright here? The trees cast no shadows. As she walked and noticed the remarkable light that lit up the forest, she wondered where such a beautiful light came from. Where was its source? She had no sense of direction to locate it. It came neither from the south, north, west, or east, from above or below. Her body was also lit up and cast no shadow. She walked and wandered. She did not know how to locate the light source and she did not know how to locate herself. She knew she was lit in the same way the forest was. If the sun did not shine from above to here, down below, where is the sun? she wondered. She looked at her hands and formed them into a triangle that she held up to her eyes. As she looked through the triangle shape of her hands, a white, glowing, pulsing star appeared. A tremendous force, like a cascading waterfall moved her attention into the star and a vision within the vision appeared. A most

beautiful woman beckoned her, “Come to me, my daughter. Do you remember me? Do you remember yourself?” she asked.

Ayra nodded. This beautiful, ancient woman before her she had always known. How could she have ever forgotten her? she wondered.

“Your time is close. You will remember all. A great ordeal is yet to come,” the ancient woman spoke.

“Mother, how will we find the third text? Where should we look?”

“It is located in a place that is always overlooked. My sister, Lotus May, will direct the feminists to help you find it. You are coming into your time, the life that you were always meant to live. It will have many surprises for you, for there is no lack in your imagination. Call upon the feminists. They will invoke Lotus May to appear.” The vision faded and Ayra woke up in the darkness of night in her room, but she was still lit up from within.

Upon hearing Ayra’s vision instructions, the feminists began the ritual of invoking the original, ancient one, the original feminist, Lotus May. Would she appear if invoked? they wondered. They all returned to the cave where they had found the second text. The cave that was also lit from within by an unknown light source. The sisters brought the articles of invoking. They drew the inverted triangle in the dirt and placed a circle of rocks around the triangle. Ayda created a circle of fire around the circle of rocks after she placed a sprouting seed in the center of the triangle. All was prepared and the Bodhisattva motioned to Ayda to place the ceramic lotus at the tip of the inverted triangle. The three feminists stood facing into the inverted triangle from the west, east, and south points. They asked Ayra to stand above the triangle at the north point. Adediman took out the second text and began to read while the feminists chanted an ancient mantra that only the Bodhisattva knew (besides the feminists). Almost directly, the feminists fell into a rhythmic trance and the mantra echoed in the cave and sang itself.

Rainbow Sage’s whole body pulsed with (or from) the strange chanting, and he thought he might pass out, but he stood firm. He could hear the winds whipping up outside the cave and he grew afraid. He felt something (or some force) was trying to enter the cave. He looked to the Bodhisattva. The Bode, his beloved master was in a state of deep meditation. The winds grew loud and were taunting them with a mantra of their own. Rainbow Sage listened to the voice of the winds. It threatened with belligerent force and growing intensity. The Rainbow Sage felt a growing anger fill him up and an imperative demand to stop the women. It took all his strength, all the strength and power of his heart to not listen, and not be drawn into its commands. The feminists’ chanting continued, but he could see the strain on them. Ayra was unable to stand. She sat in the lotus pose and her eyes were closed, and her breathing also strained. His heart was struggling to bear up, to stay open. He felt the suffering of what the feminine had endured under the rule of the

patriarchy. Tears flowed freely and the force of the feminine's suffering gave way in his heart to the force and power of the feminine. He felt himself as she is and knew they would with stand.

The Junk King, along with the restoration of his youth, aligned his heart, his cause, not to his pleasure at any cost. He aligned himself to the one he knew he always loved but could never possess for his own, for his own pleasure. He invoked her now, Lotus May! Lotus May! His heart chanted. He heard the winds; he heard their growing intensity and demands. He was not afraid, for he knew that voice in himself and had finally understood it not to be true voice, or true need. He was not afraid of his own urges anymore, for now he knew where they came from. They came from the most intimate place within him, where he met her as his own heart. He knew her and he knew she welcomed him in her vast, infinite heart. He was not a king, he knew that much, and he knew his love for her is what made him a man, a man capable of surrendering all his vanities and loving and giving of himself in a way that befitted a true king. He was not in need of a kingdom to lord over for his vanity or pleasure. Lotus May, Lotus May! He invoked her. His kingdom (without her) was only a pile of junk, a pile of junk that he was always trying to sell to make a profit. He walked to the cave entrance and entered into the winds and did battle, commanding them to stop. They increased in ferocity and he held his ground.

He called out, "I may only be one man, a simple man at that, but I refuse to let this force, these winds of subjugation, enter the cave." He was ravaged, but held firm, invoking his love. Again, he was losing everything, but not his heart—it held firm. His heart magnified his vision and he saw a form—it was her! She moved towards him and her light surrounded him, and the winds no longer touched him. Her light also magnified and radiated out and as this happened, the taunting voice of the wind was subdued and then all the winds stopped. The Junk King stood up and she held him to her heart and said, "Yes, Janeshwar, how I love you!" She walked out into the cave, fierce and brilliant.

Adediman was finishing the text and read the final words. "The final text, the third text, is the living text. It is already here." She had not seen these words before. She looked up, surprised at these words, and surprised to see a most brilliant, luminous form enter the cave, and behind her, two other beautiful, luminous women. They entered the circle and began to adorn the first woman with flowers and perfumes and jewelry. The feminists stopped their chanting and opened their eyes. The ecstasy was apparent on their faces. When the luminous women finished adorning the original, ancient one, they stepped outside the circle and stood by the feminists. Lotus May stood up and looked towards the Bodhisattva, who was still deep in his meditation.

She smiled and blew him a kiss and said, "You are free from your vow, oh great One. Stand as the unmanifest as only the Great Light Source. She turned to Ayra and spoke, "Open your eyes, my dear one. I am the original one, I am before the first, and I am the last and what comes after."

Ayra opened her eyes and exclaimed, "It's you, it's been you all along!"

Lotus May laughed, “Yes, it is our time. We have prepared for this ever since this story has unfolded. Accept my congratulations and let me enter you most fully.”

Ayra opened her arms to the first and only original feminine One, and Lotus May entered Ayra’s limitless imagination, her heart. “Now begin to dream another dream,” was her first impulse. Her first impulse was to create another paradigm, and she did. She dreamed that love was the way and the masculine did not fear the feminine, and did not want to possess or control Her. She dreamed that women danced their dance of creative passion and birthed all that was beautiful into existence. She dreamed that men (the masculine) danced with Her and loved all living things. Her dreams were limitless and benevolent, and all prospered and delighted in Her, in life. Her imagination, her limitless power of dreaming had called her into life. Hers was the life and the manifestation of the power of the Heart. Hers is the appearance of the Bodhisattva fully given and fully revealed.

Epilogue

Can happiness lived here and now ever find its expression here? Or are we doomed to live out the consequences of a closed fist and the terrible history it creates? Can the innocence of happiness take hold and allow us to laugh again? Is the Divine ever watchful and wary of our fearful ways? Does the Divine walk with us, veiled by the dilemma of our assumptions of physical mortality? Can our Divine nature, our hearts, our femininity, appear and walk free? Has the She Is Bodhisattva appeared? This story is my story of Her appearance. Perhaps I am mad or just a silly woman to dream in such a way. We have all dreamt and imagined the terrible consequences of the folly of mankind. It is time to allow our hearts to dream, to imagine a life of love. May the true feminine, the Bodhisattva of She Is appear and reveal herself to your heart.

Santosha Ma

One final word:

Whatever happened to the feminists from outer space? After all, this story is about them. Well, as you can all imagine from my story, being a feminist is not being from outer space. A feminist, a feminine one is the way and manner of the Heart, and is never an alien to anyone. In my early years of teaching, I called the feminists the warriors of the heart. And they still are. And they will always be welcomed and needed by any place (earth realm) that does not love and value the feminine as its own Divine force. They have always done great work and will continue to. Look around at your mother, your sisters, your daughters, and see them and feel your heart’s solidarity. I have come and appeared, helped by their great courage. True warriors they are ...