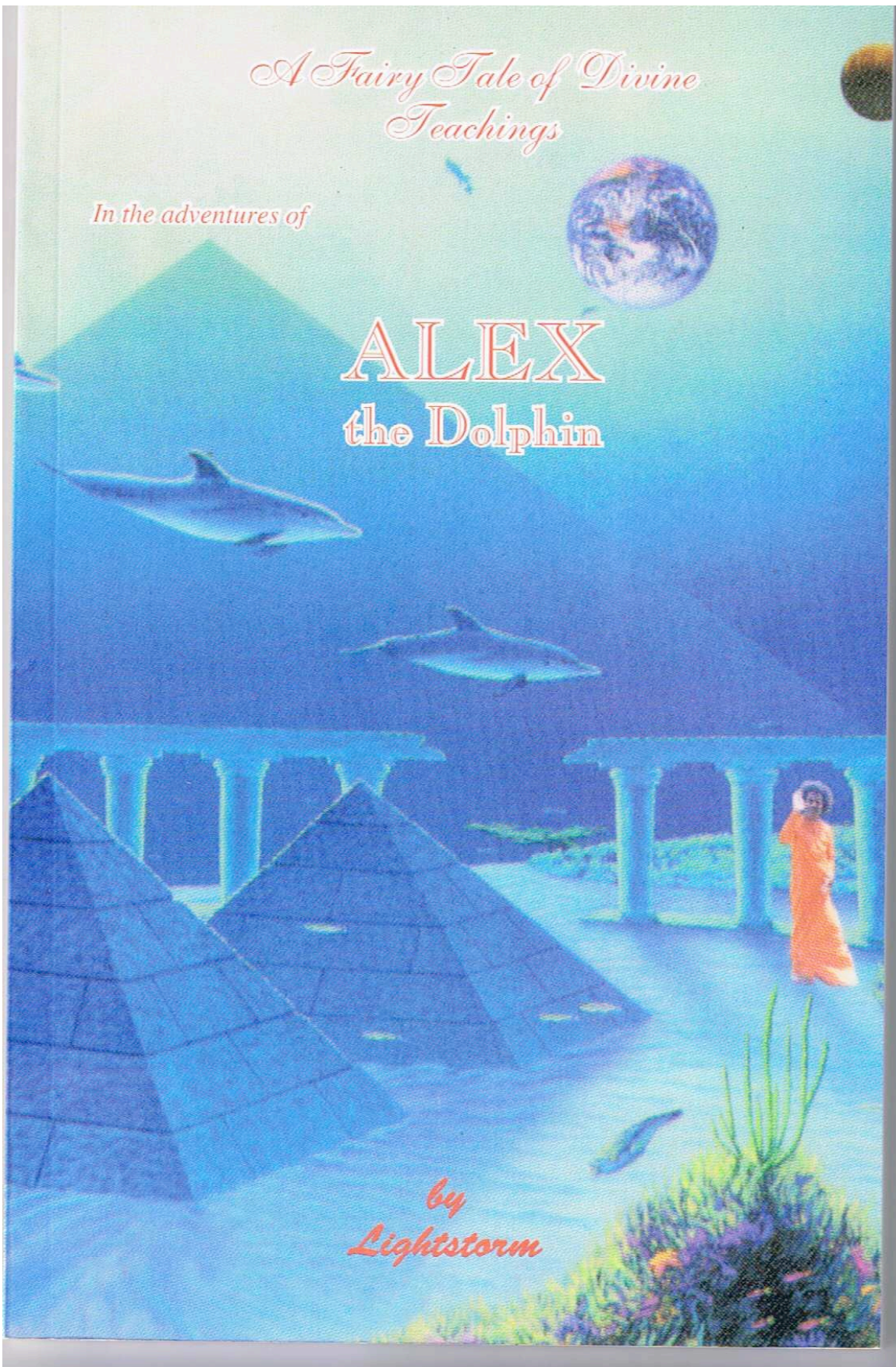


*A Fairy Tale of Divine  
Teachings*

*In the adventures of*

# ALEX the Dolphin

*by  
Lightstorm*



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In the adventures of

**ALEX**  
**the Dolphin**

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*Shanti Publishing Co.*  
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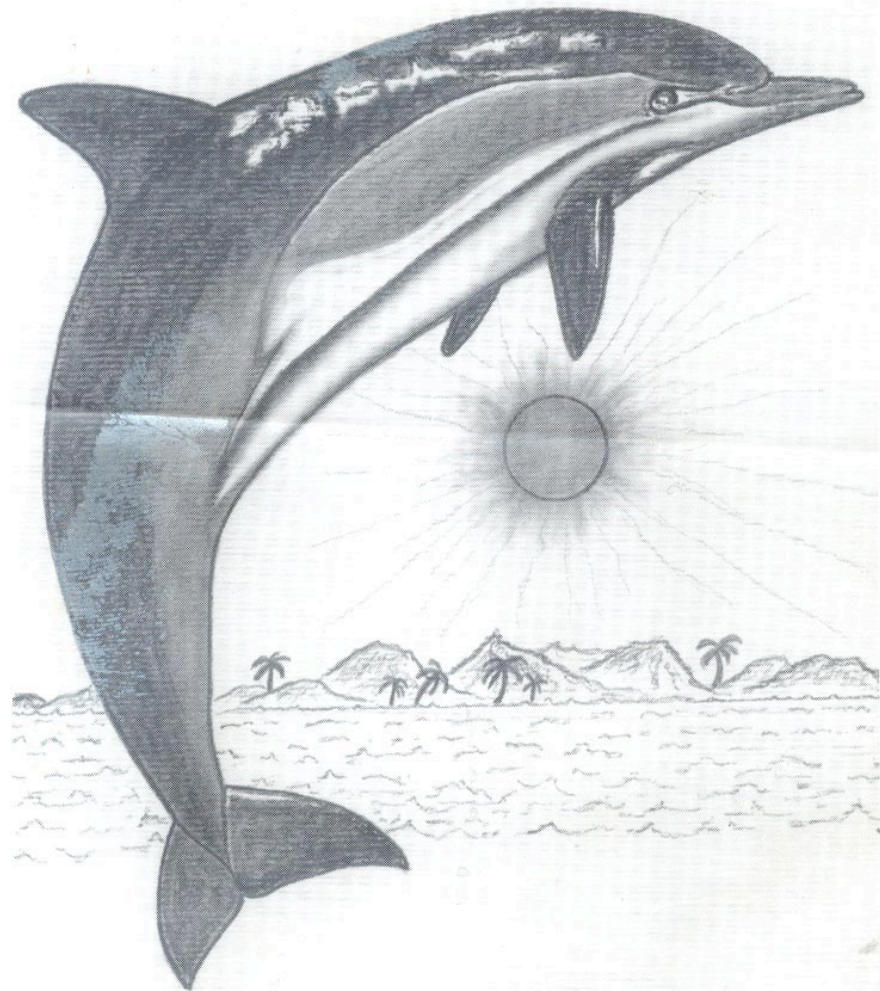
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**Through the Grace and Love of  
The Lord of Creation  
This story of Courage and Eternal Values  
Are Dedicated to all our beloved children  
Of Love in Creation.  
Remember your 'True Self', our Divine heritage is  
AWARENESS! BLISS! LOVE!**

**Sai Sangeet  
Sai Kodey  
Sai Shanti**





## ALEX, THE DOLPHIN

### CHAPTER 1

As the last rays of sunshine turn the silver clouds into red-orange wisps of splendor, Alex reflects on yesterday's tragedy. His sleek, glistening body cuts through the blue water like a living torpedo propelled by the force of his torment. Instinctively, Alex jumps over a white-capped wave and casts a fleeting glance at the glorious California sunset. His grief-stricken mind, unaware of the marvelous array of tranquil harmony in color and shape, is cluttered and burning with dark thoughts.

"My God, ... only eighteen hours ... feels like a lifetime. No, ... moments ... Oh dear God, why? She was so beautiful ... such a gentle, loving spirit ... all that pain, ughh! ... and her screams ... those awful, terrible screams! ... Why? ... I miss you so much ... Who will play with me? ... teach me? ... Oh, God, I wish everything would just disappear! I can still feel your pain, etched so vividly on your beautiful face. Mama, ... why? Why, dear God, why???"

As these thoughts echo like an endless haunting refrain of pain, Alex hurls his streamline body perpetually forward, into the red grandeur of the disappearing sunset.

Eighteen short hours ago, Alex's childhood world, his play-filled games of learning and fun, as well as his youthful exuberance and joy, exploded into violent death. His beloved mother, Helena, was needlessly murdered and later butchered for bait by an illegal fishing party. Alex narrowly escaped a similar fate by racing a safe distance away. From there, he watched the cruel slaughter in helpless agony.

Soon, other dolphins from his clan came to console Alex in his hour of grief, but he couldn't stand their pity. Finally, in desperation, he headed out to the wide open sea. For eighteen tormenting hours, Alex crisscrossed the Alaskan currents off the California coast.

Shortly, and almost in direct proportion to the fading sunlight, Alex begins to subdue and control his blazing runaway emotions as he remembers his Divine teachings. ... "These bodies are not real, they are a dream, illusion ... Spirit is forever."

The cool, Alaskan currents caress his overheated body and inadvertently help Alex to regain a semblance of mental equilibrium. Soon, his dark thoughts of pain and fear are replaced by memories of kinder, bygone days. As the last crimson-capped waves playfully splash against his dorsal fin, he remembers his mother, his teacher, playmate and friend. The faint traces of a smile accompany his short high-pitched cry as he remembers.

Some of his first real memories go back to when he was only two months old and still considered a clumsy, pug-nosed whelp by all the other dolphins in his clan. Oh, how they would all make fun of him when he couldn't keep up with their antics and water acrobatics. How he had cried and cried, until Mama came along and laughingly caressed him with her lovely nose and gentle flippers.

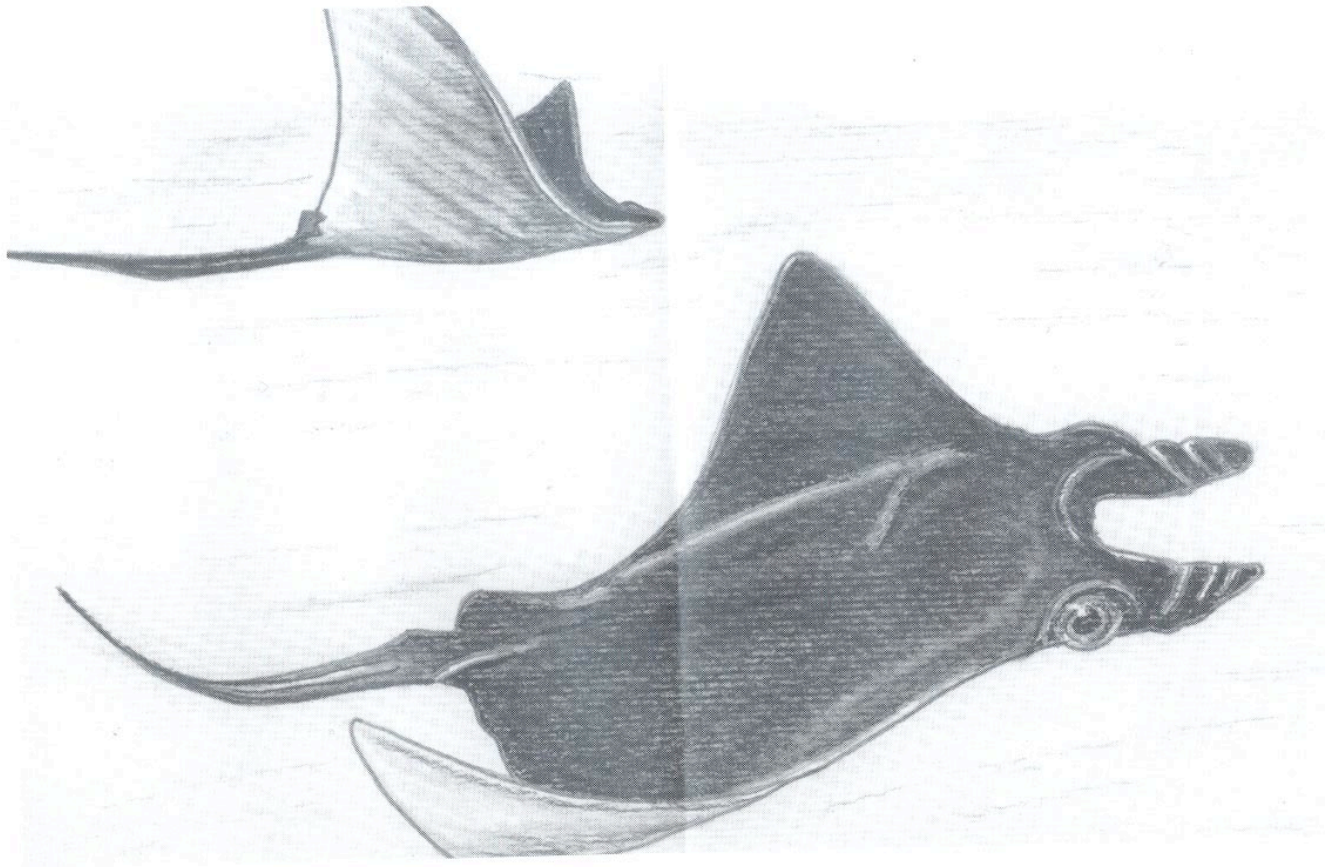
Yes, he remembers ... how he loved to feel her silky-smooth skin slide all over his little slippery body. Ahhh yes, Mama always made everything all right again, no matter what little traumas arose.

Suddenly, the picture of Papa jumps into his mind, and with a sigh of contentment Alex rolls over on his back and gracefully glides past a razor-sharp barrier reef, the home of Thor, the grumpy, old stingray.

"Papa", his mind flashes, "Ahh yes, you were so big and strong. You were the bravest of all the dolphins. You always went out to help everybody who was in trouble. You even helped our cousin, Man, whenever he was drowning or lost in a storm. The stories all say that you saved hundreds of lives. Is that really true, Papa? ..."

"I guess it is, because I still remember all those human friends that came to visit us every summer. At least until that dreadful night.... Yes, it is still crystal clear in my mind, as if it happened only yesterday. I remember it so vividly ... We were near that big Man place in the five island group ... Yes, that was the worst hurricane ... I remember. You and two other brave ones went out to rescue the people from all the wrecked and capsized fishing boats. Oh Papa, what happened? You never returned ... Nothing was ever

heard about any of you again. But they say that night you saved at least a dozen Man cousins ... I just know that it's true, Papa ... and I love you for it. Did you know that Mama and I cried that whole night, and I was very sad for the longest time? It was only after Mama caressed me and reminded me





again of Swami's teachings, that in reality, we are unending consciousness, and it is only our silly little bodies that die, did I feel better. I love you, Papa, and whenever I think of you, it is always with the greatest respect and pride.

Is Mama with you now? ... I hope so, because she never wanted to be with any other male. True, it is our custom, but she always looked so lonely. I often wanted her to fall in love again. Yet she would just smile and say, 'I'm fine, darling, don't worry' ... and Mama, if by chance you can hear me, I want to tell you how much I love you ... and I want to thank both of you for your teachings. You both filled my youth with love and joy. The arts of swimming, jumping, diving, fishing, telepathy, and above all, the art of Love, Truth, Right Conduct, Non-violence, and Peace would have been indeed difficult to master without Swami's clear teaching and your perfect and shining examples ... So thank you both again!"

Alex is so absorbed in his thought process that he involuntarily lets out a squeal of joy as he jumps over several moon-kissed waves. The shower of silvery water drops that he leaves behind seems magically suspended like iridescent pearls of light. Alex is caught up in the magic of the moment.

Before long he remembers his first encounter with a school of flying fish, and for the first time since the tragedy, he laughs with full abandon.

"What awe ... what amazement I felt ... Fish that fly ... Do you remember, Mama? ... And how you laughed at me when I told you that someday I would also learn to fly and skim the waves like them? ... Do you remember? You said, 'You are a dolphin, silly. Dolphins swim and jump, but they never fly ... at least no dolphin ever has.' But I replied with utter conviction, 'Then I will be the first!' ... Oh Mama, how amused you were. You giggled as you said, 'Well, with that much conviction, darling, you just might. Besides, everything is possible.' ... Yes, Mama, everything is possible, isn't it? Because a short while ago I thought it was impossible for me to ever laugh again ... but here I am, smiling.... Yes, everything is possible ..."

With this last thought echoing in his conscious awareness, Alex slips silently through the water and falls asleep.

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## CHAPTER 2

The new day dawns. It is overcast as Brother Wind brings in a cool weather front from the North. The tide runs high and the waves are agitated and choppy. Alex swims aimlessly through his gray-green domain. He has regained a certain poise of mind, but his heart is still numb with the shock of pain and separation.

The elements accent his mood in a perfect reflection. Thoughts of anger and helpless frustration sear across his consciousness. Yet each time his mind wants to trip out and become bitter and hateful, he remembers his parents' teachings. With great effort, he turns his thoughts toward Love. Yes, Love is what he was taught. Sharing, honesty, and forgiving ... that is what his parents had taught him. A better way to explain forgiving would be to use the words of his father:

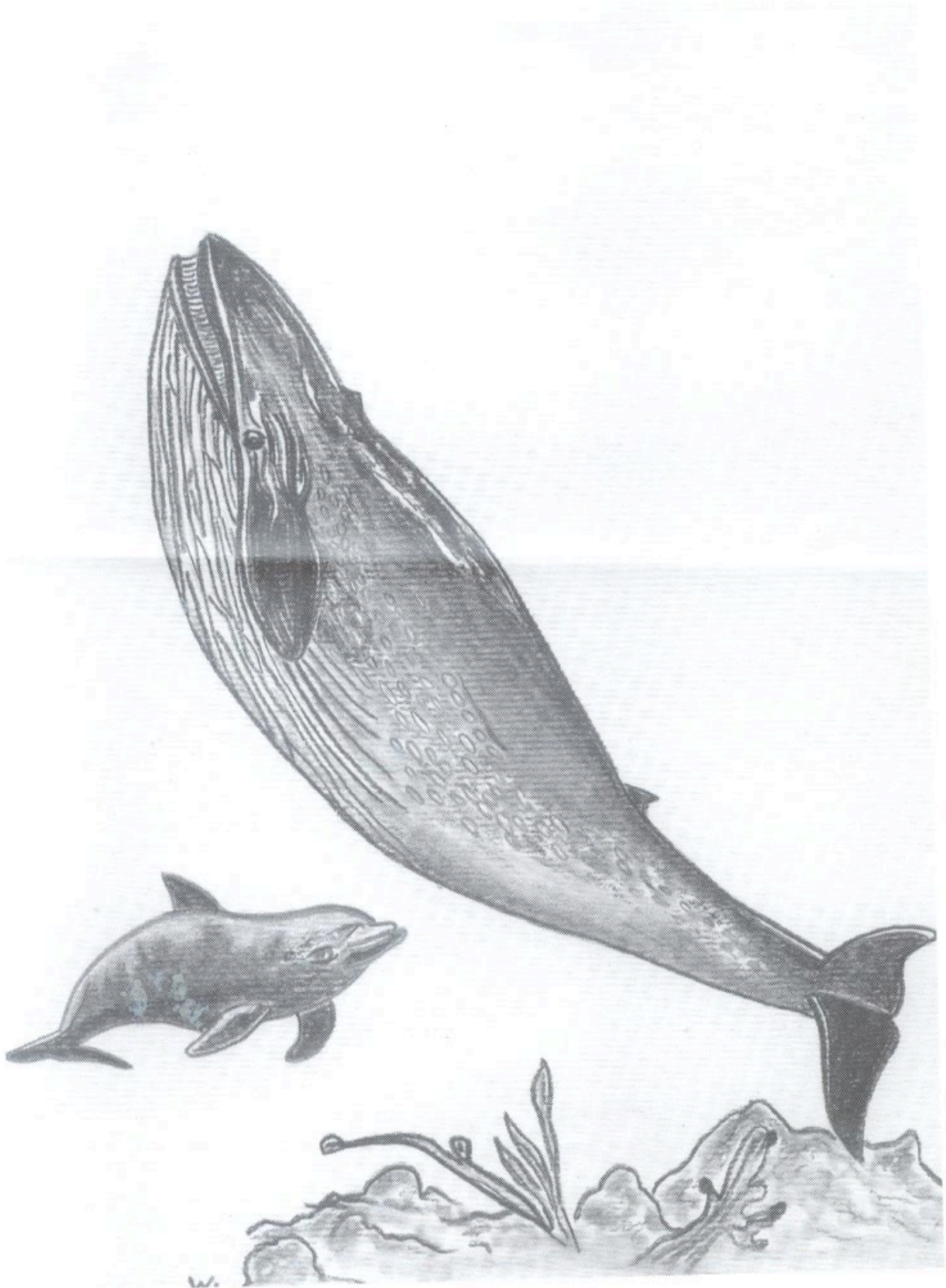
"Son, treat everything that comes to you, or at you, in life with equal calmness. Be it good or bad, pleasant or unpleasant, right or wrong in your opinion. Just relax and be calm. Treat everything that comes along as just another learning experience which cannot last too long. Everything in and of this world is destined to change. Our bodies are temporary, on loan so to speak, and so is everything that concerns them. Above all, son, as the Lord of Creation would say, BE HAPPY! It is the best choice of them all. Be happy, simply for the sake of happiness; no other reason is required."

Well, however true those words may be, Alex has not yet mastered their meaning. He is definitely not happy. As a matter of fact, he is so absorbed with his inner war between feelings of love and hate, he almost collides head on with Emo, the Wise. Emo is an old friend of the family and has been searching for Alex.

"Woah, easy does it, Little One!" snorts Emo as he blows water through his air-hole.

"Oops ... Hi, Uncle Emo ... err, I didn't see you. Sorry!"

**"That's okay, son. Tell me, how is it going with you? I've been looking for you ever since I heard about Helena."**





Alex swims around the huge blue whale, caressing him in their usual greeting of affection. After a moment he replies: "... I don't know. All right, I guess .. Oh, Emo, I feel so helpless ... so lost ... so lonely and hurt. I want to be so angry at someone or something ... I'm so mixed up ... am I going crazy?"

"Hmmmh...", Emo reflects thoughtfully. "No, no, little Alex. All those feelings are natural; they are called grief. It's okay to have them and let them out as long as they go away in a reasonably short time."

"Why is death so terrible? ... Why did Mama die in such a cruel way? Why, tell me why!" Alex has automatically switched to their usual telepathic communication.

Emo's large intelligent eyes swivel pensively as they look directly into the youngster's. He answers, also telepathically

"Has the thought ever crossed your mind that maybe, just maybe, Helena's death was a release from much more pain and months of suffering that were yet to come?"

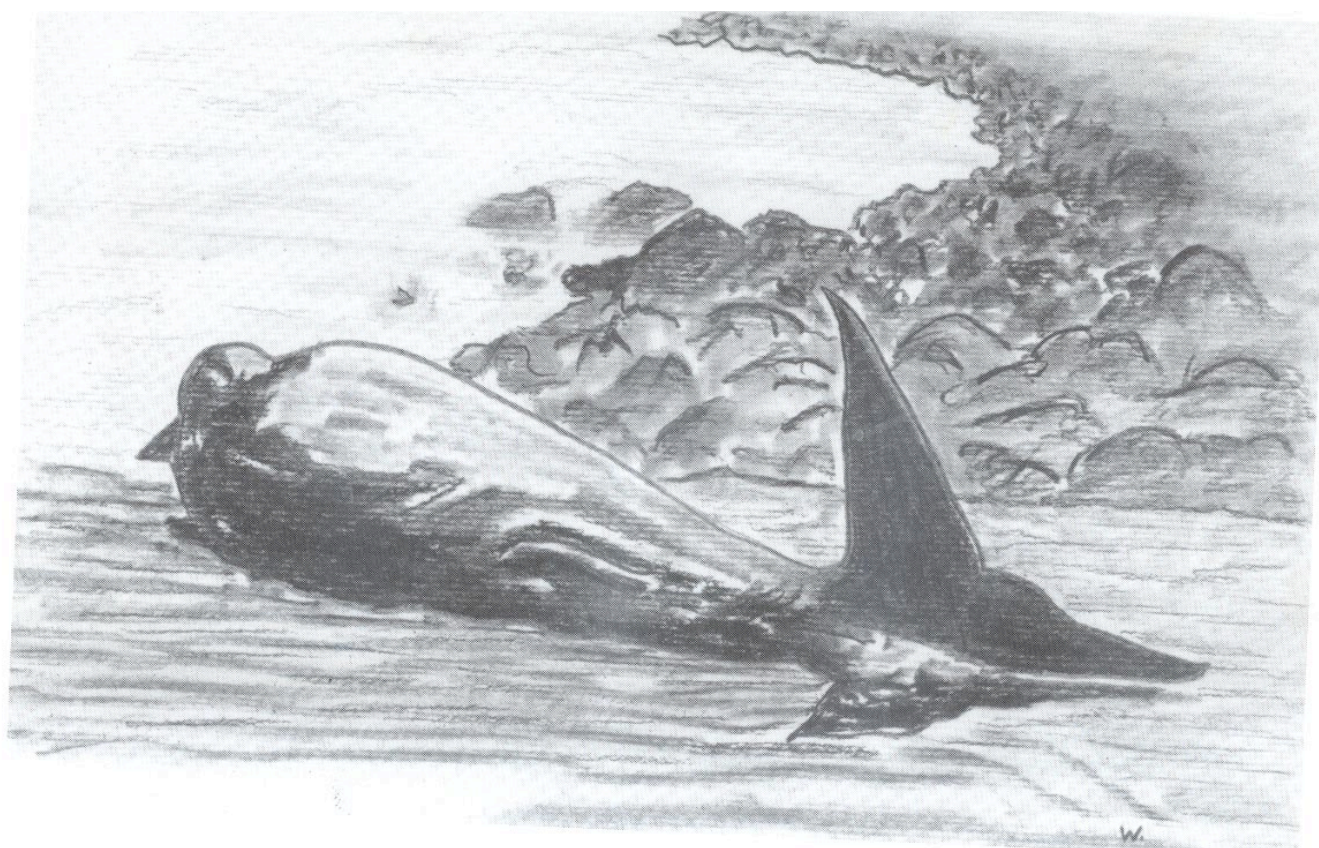
Alex surfaces for a quick breath and returns with a perplexed look on his face. He replies, "... A release? ... Dear God ... if you would have seen it ... the pain ... and her screams ... Oh God, no!!!"

"Easy, easy, Little One. I am not suggesting that it was painless, or that there was no suffering involved prior to death. No, all I mean is that it is a relatively quick death to be shot with an explosive harpoon. It is much harder to die a little at a time over weeks and months from radiation poisoning, wouldn't you agree?"

Alex does not understand and inquires hesitatingly, "What are you talking about?"

With a big sigh, Emo continues his mental dialogue. "Do you remember when a whole bunch of my brothers beached themselves just up the coast ... and on several other beaches around our world?"

"Yes, it was their last attempt to protest to Cousin Man about his deadly polluting habits. Funny that Man hasn't gathered enough



intelligence somehow to even communicate mentally with all of his other cousins in the world, huh?"

"Correct. It was our way of saying, 'Enough, STUPID! If you don't care about the air you breathe, the water you drink, the earth you live on and the water domain you play and fish in, WE DO! ... STOP!!! STOP!!! You are killing all of us with your experiments!' But, as usual, Cousin Man didn't seem to listen."

"In desperation, we called an emergency clan meeting last month, remember? Nathan, the Tigershark, had spotted the new dumpsite for Man's deadly toxic waste materials. You surely remember all those barrels that have a human skull and crossbones painted on them along with the words 'DANGER! Toxic Materials', don't you?"

"Oh ...," Alex recalls. "You mean those leaky ones by the graveyard? Mama and I tried to plug them up again last week with seaweed, rocks and sand."

"Yes, Little One, those. Tell me, didn't you hear your brave mother speak at that meeting?"

"No, she sent me fishing with some of the other youngsters. Why? Was it very important?"

"Hmmm," Emo reflects for a moment as he blows water once more. "... Let me fill you in, son. It is time you know the truth."

"What truth?" is the youngster's anxious challenge.

"Be patient and let me explain. Do you remember how much your mother loved Life, and she always thought the best of everyone? ... How she always understood Cousin Man's shortcomings in the intelligence department, and she and your father would always think of things to do to help him, as Swami advises? ... She always said that Cousin Man did real good for only using one tenth of his brain capacity ... and she believed that. Even though Man kills for greed, cares only for his own ego, wars on everyone he can and pollutes the entire planet and atmosphere, she believed that when it came right down to the nitty-gritty, the last stand so to speak, Man would exhibit that he is indeed a conscious, aware being worthy of sharing this creation. She pointed out how Man always performs best in

a crisis; usually this is also the time his Spirit emerges in glorious triumph. She also said, 'If Man ever gains conscious control of the other nine-tenths of his brain capacity, he will truly become keeper of the realm.'

"Your mother said a lot of things like that at our last emergency meeting. And I might add, she got an awful lot of flack for it. ... But she stood her ground to the bitter end and she willingly gave her life for her convictions. When it came time to chose which two would lay down their lives for the safety of all living things, it was your brave and wonderful mother who volunteered herself and you for the deadly task of resealing those toxic canisters. You see, Alex, your mother knew that once both of you had been directly exposed to those toxic chemicals, you were doomed to die a slow and agonizing death. That is the real reason why she ventured so close to the fishing boat. Perhaps she hoped against hope that at least one of the Man Cousins would finally tune in to her strong telepathic messages and understand. Or if all else failed, that they would end both of your lives quickly; and perhaps later, upon studying your corpses, they would discover the grim deadly situation. But alas, it did not work out quite that way, did it, Little One?"

Alex has been receiving Emo's thoughts with devastating clarity and he is in complete shock. He feels extremely dizzy and nauseous. All of his thoughts dissolve into numb oblivion. He begins to heave and, as the remains of his last fishy meal gushes from his mouth, he slides into silent blackness. He automatically rolls over onto his back and begins sinking to the bottom of the ocean.

Emo desperately tries to keep him moving, but his attempts are in vain. Finally, Emo opens his big jaws, carefully scoops up the unconscious Alex, and ever so gently begins to move him back and forth through the water until consciousness returns once more to his friend.

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### CHAPTER 3

The telepathic messages that Emo sent out while reviving Alex, are all received and gladly accepted by all concerned. By now, the entire domain is aware of Alex's plight, and everyone is eager to help in any way they can. A meeting is called for the following morning.

The morning finally arrives and brings with it a strong, whipping northwesterly wind which churns up the ominous dark green sea. Chilly raindrops, driven endlessly by the wind, are nature's way of acknowledging the solemn occasion. The ancient grotto at the base of the dormant underwater volcano is the designated meeting place.

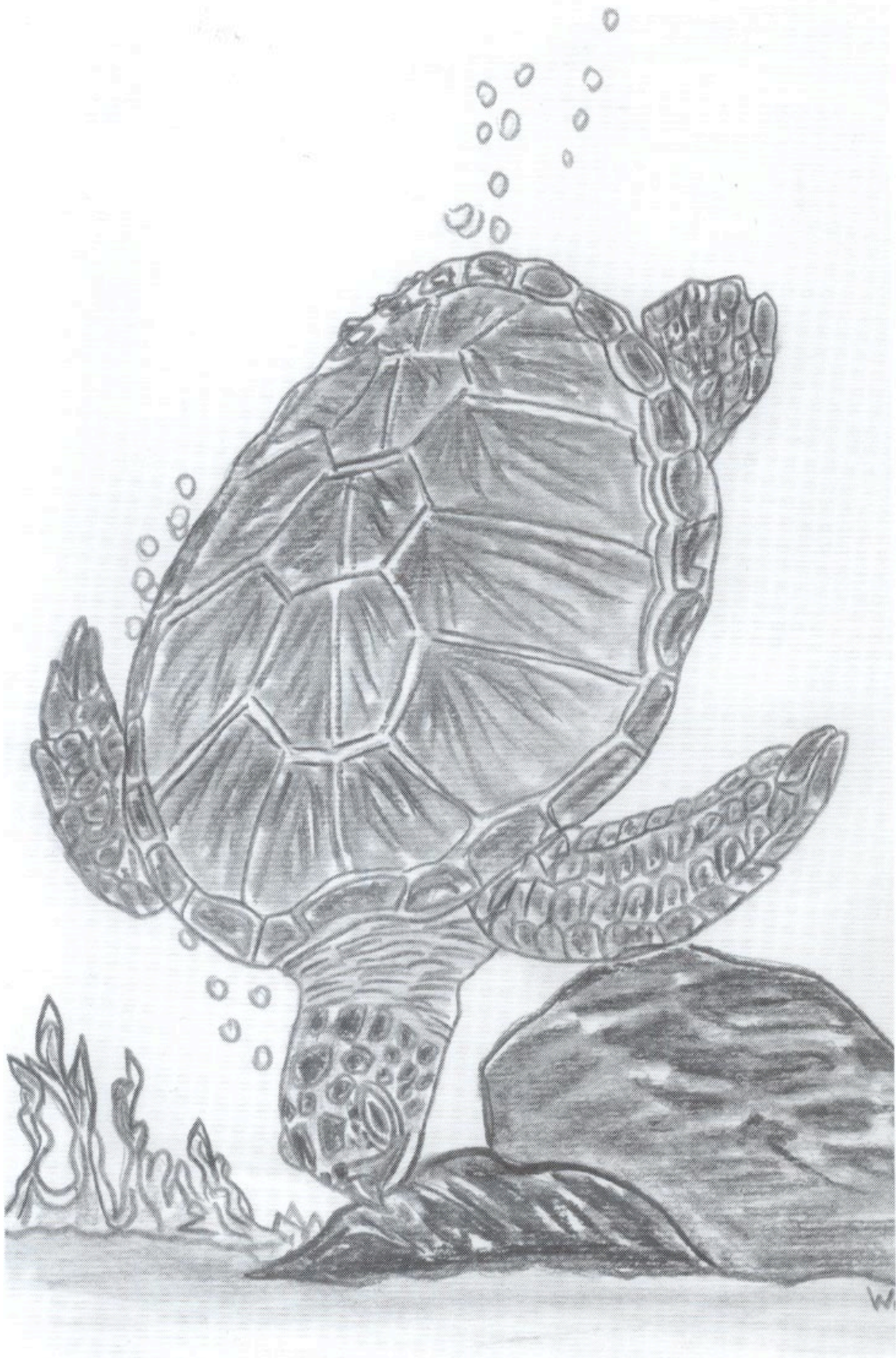
When Emo and Alex arrive, Kinley, the Dolphin is already present, along with Orac, the Killer Whale and Karil, the Great White Shark. After the customary cordial greeting protocol, Emo informs the rest of them that Dola, the Ancient, the Grand Old Dame of the Sea Turtles, will be along shortly. She is coming from far away and has been traveling all through the night. In the meantime, many curious onlookers and inquisitive youngsters from all of the different branches of sea life have gathered, and are virtually causing an underwater traffic jam.

"Brothers and sisters of the sacred domain," Emo begins his mental address. "Thank you for responding so graciously to my request. I have asked you all here because you are the wisest of the wise.

Since Alex and his beloved mother, Helena, have laid down their lives for the benefit of all living creatures, I thought it would give us a chance to start re-paying this truly unpayable debt by sharing with Alex the knowledge we have gathered in our lifetime. In this fashion, he may yet learn the things he came to experience in the short time that is left to him."

"Brother Emo is as thoughtful as he is wise" answers Kinley, the kind old dolphin. "Maybe the best way to approach this is to see if our young hero has any questions, don't you think?"

There is a general agreement from all except Alex, who seems very self-conscious and uncomfortable as all eyes turn towards him. There is an unbearable silence. Suddenly, there is a commotion in the back where all of



the onlookers are gathered. They reverently make room for the ancient Lady Dola who is just arriving with two lady companions in tow.

"Well, don't just stand there, young man. Answer the old codger, what do you think about all this hoopla?"

Her strong, clear thought flashes like lightning in Alex's numb brain. The others all laugh good-naturedly as Dola settles down her great bulk on a sandy ridge right next to Alex. She smiles pleasantly at him.

"Well, well ... Come on, don't keep us old folks waiting. If you wait any longer, we may all croak before you get a chance to ask us anything."

Alex's tension gradually relaxes as everyone chuckles. He likes her; his mood changes. Feeling more comfortable, he looks back at her and answers:

"Yes, I have a question.... Why do I have to die?"

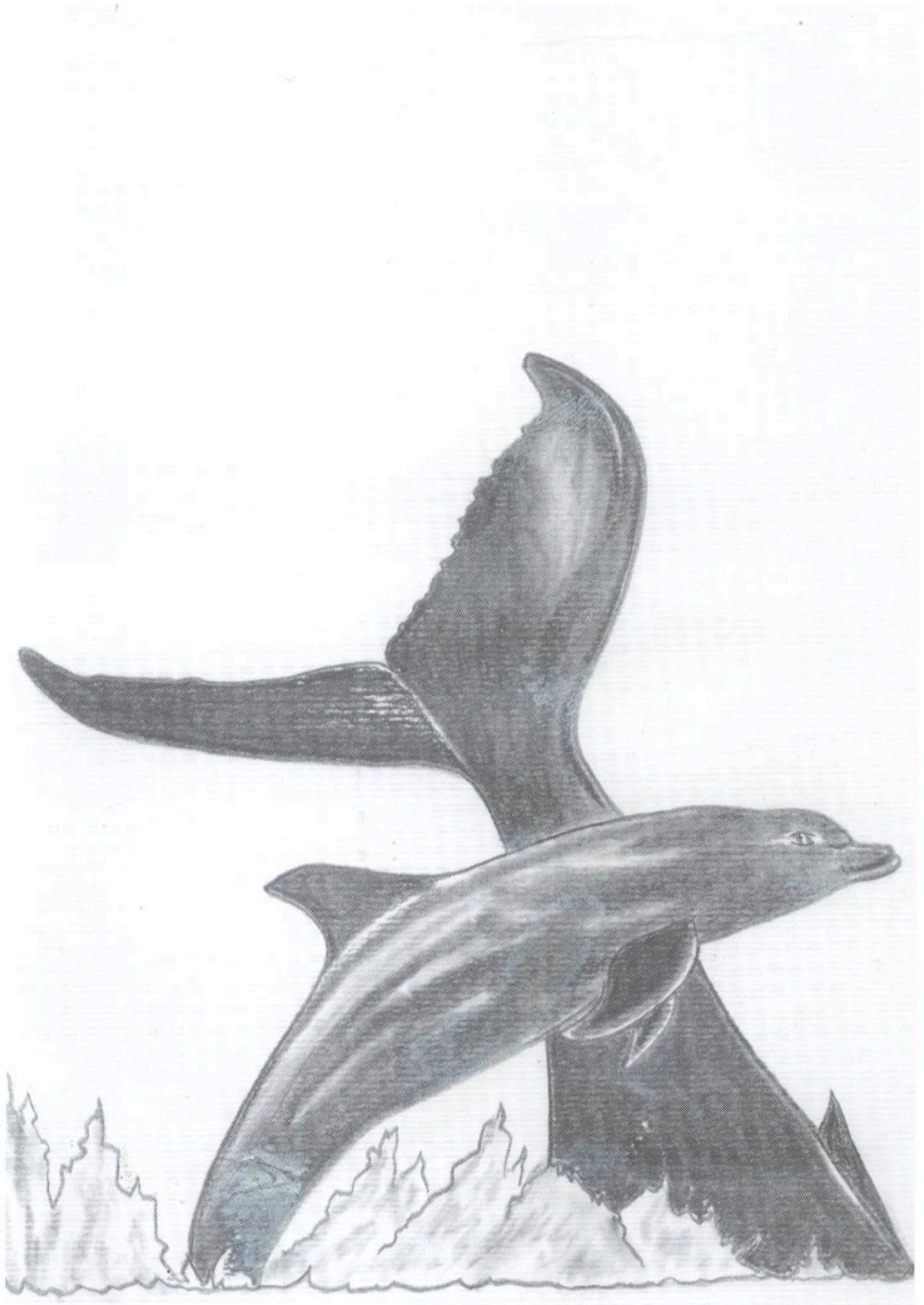
"That is a stupid question, sonny. All bodies have to die sometime. Some sooner ... some later, that's all."

She swivels her voluptuous bulk around to get more comfortable and continues:

"If you want my opinion, I think you are one of the lucky ones. You have to look death square in the face. You can't pretend it's a long way off, or that it doesn't exist at all, like a lot of us tend to do. Besides, you did a noble and worthwhile service for all. That, my friend, is a great deal more valuable than living a long life just hanging around eating, sleeping and gratifying your body, mind, and senses .... No, sonny, you should ask other kinds of questions ... like 'What am I gonna do with the rest of my life?' ... or 'What makes all you old relics think you know so much more than the rest of us?'... Good stuff like that, see?"

Emo breaks up with laughter and quickly takes his convulsing, blubbery self to the surface to blow out. The others all join in the merriment. Involuntarily, Alex finds a faint smile creeping onto his face. Yes, he likes the old dame. He nods courteously and follows Emo and some







other air-breathers to the surface for a quick breath. He returns presently and responds.

"Okay, then. I am totally confused and I don't know what to do or which way to turn."

"What would you like to do ?" interjects Orac. "Have you ever asked yourself that? Have you ever contemplated on your likes and desires? Maybe there is something special that you wish to accomplish."

"No, not that I can think of at the moment.... Wait, there is something that I would like to do. I would like to learn how to fly like the flying fish. Please, could any of you teach me that?" asks Alex excitedly.

They all look at one another perplexed. Finally Emo, who has just returned still chuckling, has a second fit of laughter. Everybody, including the curious onlookers join in.

Karil, the Great White, gasping for breath, his gills flapping wildly, jeers, "That is too much ... ha ha ha.... A flying dolphin ... ha ha ha, now I've heard everything. Listen, my friend, you are a fish, not a bird -- or a man who flies in his planes and rockets."

"But that's what I want to do.... I want to learn how to fly. Mama always told me that everything is possible, and I believe her!" retorts Alex, obstinately.

"Yes, it is true. Everything is possible from a Spirit point of view," says the amused Kinley. "But we have to be reasonable, Alex. Dolphins are not meant to fly; otherwise they would have wings, don't you agree?"

"... And what in tarnation is so wrong with flying, you old has-been? Just because it has never been done before doesn't mean the lad can't try his hand at it," interrupts old Dola. "Besides, I remember when I was a youngster, about five hundred years ago, the Ancient Ones told us a story of a flying dolphin. Let's see if I can remember ... mmmh... Ahhh, yes. They said that a flying dolphin ushered in the Golden Age of Peace, Nonviolence, Truth, Love, and Harmony in the last great cycle. So let the boy try what he feels he has to .... Who knows? We could sure use some more Love and Peace around this world."

Her kind, smiling eyes gaze steadily at Alex as she continues. "How long have you got, sonny? Do you know?"

"No," Alex replies quietly. "I don't even know exactly what I have been contaminated with."

"Now that's a fine mouthful of rotten fish. Hasn't anyone of you old fossils got a clue?" she asserts forcefully.

"Sure," volunteers Karil. "It's some of that new atomic waste junk over by the graveyard."

"Well, then, what are the symptoms of that stuff? Let's not keep this youngster in the dark. He's earned the right to know the truth, even if it's unpleasant and painful," Dola, the Ancient, continues to prod.

"The symptoms are vomiting, fainting spells, discoloration and/or ulceration of the skin. The loss of balance and equilibrium, as well as gradual loss of all body motor functions is imminent. It is a form of cancer and he will experience intense pain and high fevers. Depending on the amount of exposure, the time left to Alex is three months at best."

Karil's answer wipes out the last traces of amusement among the clan.

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## CHAPTER 4

"Do you have any other questions, Little One?" Emo probes gently.

"Yes," replies Alex. "Why does Cousin Man do this to all of us, including himself? I just cannot understand it."

"No one can, little brother," sighs Orac. "... Even most Man-children do not understand. It is only a handful of Man cousins that are doing these weird destructive things. In general, we all know that Cousin Man is still rather dull in his conscious awareness -- he has to use metal ships and other contraptions to traverse the oceans and explore outer space. We have known for centuries how to travel anywhere in creation in our dream -- or astral -- bodies. Really, anyone who can't master the simple art of telepathy has to be rather primitive."

"From everything that I know," Kinley interjects thoughtfully, "Man did use telepathy before the last great catastrophe. However, since the greedy ones took over Man's religious, social, judicial, political and economic power structures, they began using the spoken language in order to hide their devious feelings, evil thoughts and lust filled desires. As we are all aware, in telepathy, your true intentions cannot be hidden."

"What makes Cousin Man so avarice? Does he not believe in the perfect equality of all ... and sharing?" Alex asks in wonder.

"In words, yes ... but in his heart, no," explains Dola. "You see, sonny, Cousin Man has lost touch with what is really important in life. He is so enamored with all the toys he creates for himself, calling it progress, that he forgets to think about who he really is ... where he comes from, where he is going. Human children are simply not taught proper ways. Too much emphasis is placed on body consciousness and memorization of trivia. Man forgets to look at Mother Nature and learn his lessons from her."

"So, what is most important in life?" questions Alex.

"The most important thing in life is to find out who we really are, child," answers Dola.

The others agree wholeheartedly.

**"So, who are we?" probes Alex further.**

**"Now, that is a good question, sonny! Why don't you make it a point to find out for yourself? I'll give you a little hint, you sure as barnacles ain't that scrawny body! An' here is something else for you to consider. This entire place ain't even real. It is a thought-creation, created by our own busy little egos and minds, in order to project the idea of separation. This, then, is the first big lie, on which all the rest of this tomfoolery has been based. Even the most simple-minded creature knows that in reality, all is basically ONE. Just like we all know that there is only one God, one true Religion called Love, and one Truth."**

**The entire assembly is deeply moved by Dola's profound wisdom.**

**"So why does Cousin Man not know this? Does he not believe in God? I thought he had a lot of faith. Mama said he always shouts about faith and that he has a lot of religions to prove it," muses Alex.**

**"Man's words say 'God', 'God', 'God', ... but his true thoughts says 'Me', 'Me', 'Me'... You see, Alex?" Kinley sighs deeply before continuing. "The Man child has forgotten that true religion lives in each heart, not in historically revised books -- or in an overactive imagination -- or in outdated old dogmas or stone churches."**

**"Try to think of Man's consciousness as a tiny little seed, completely surrounded by the hard shell of his ego, the illusion of his false Self, his selfish "I" ness ... and realize that at some point in time he too will eventually sprout into a wonderful, aware being," replies Orac.**

**"So ... he does not know the First Principle of ONENESS ... One consciousness, as an all inclusive completeness. That must be the reason for all of his different religions, all claiming to be the only true one. Only beings who do not know the truth would go around and preach ideas of fear, burning hells and damnation. The insane idea of enslaving and even killing brothers and sisters for religion ... or for the sake of any personal gain or power is directly opposed to the idea of Oneness. Swami says, 'There is only one religion, the religion of LOVE!' There is only ONE God, He is Omnipresent!' ... It just seems so far-fetched that Man doesn't know this. Man scientists must know that on the atomic and molecular levels we are all identical ... And that all life forms on this planet, if we break them down to**

that level, are exactly 100% identical ... don't they?" questions the exasperated youth.

"Yes, they do, Alex. Man is quite aware of all that stuff ... but unfortunately, he does not act like it. Tell me, what other freethinking species do you know who abducts, molests and abuses their young offspring sexually, emotionally and mentally before often killing them? Even though we all know that there are no children really, only eternal Spirit in small bodies, in this mind game of life. But in this physical illusion, I mean we are talking about little children. Still Man paroles some of these runaway egos, these demons in human disguise, who molest, rape, are violent criminals, and murderers time after time. It makes one think that morality, honor and justice are foreign concepts to Man. Let us look closely at the many past as well as present day atrocities of evil, tyrannical self-serving governments. Insanity! What about the millions of starving people along with the growing multitudes of homeless ones, or the neglected medical needs of the poor? Utter insanity! All this does not have to be at all. It is only because of the outreaching mind that man's ego revels in greed, selfishness, lust and uncaring in the guise of commerce and politics."

"Yet, on the other hand, we find great, wise, loving, sharing and caring Spirit-brothers rise from amongst this same selfish human clan. Like Jesus Christ, Rama, Krishna, Babaji, Buddha, Mohammed, Bayazid, Guru Nanak, Kabir, Ramana Maharshi, Sai, Rumi and Shams, Mother Mary, and many others. Great beings who help shape the world with Truth, Love, Selfless Service, Compassion and Sacrifice. Some are known, but many more are unknown. I am familiar with quite a number of them due to our conscious ability to travel astrally through time and space. So who can understand it all?" replies Kinley quietly.

But Alex is bound to investigate the subject further.

"Maybe Cousin Man, as a clan, does not realize that we are all created equal and in the image of the Creator."

"No! ... Man always shouts very loud about equality; he just does not believe in it. Why else would he tolerate segregation, racism, slavery, persecution, chauvinism, cast and class distinction and separation ... at any time, in any form or to any degree? He knows the words ... but not the meaning! And as far as being created in the image of the Creator! Well, his



ego parades that idea around like a medal of honor for all of us lesser and dumber creatures to see," explains Kinley to the great amusement of all present.

"Matter of fact, sonny, he thinks he is the only one!" adds Dola with a loud chuckle, becoming the catalyst for the rest. "Some of them think that God looks like them, with legs, torso, arms and a head with long white hair and a beard!" she continues to the great delight of her audience.

Everyone cracks up with laughter at her ridiculous statement. Well ... all except Alex, that is. He just counters, naively: "But that is utterly ridiculous. Made in the image only means that we all have the same Awareness of our eternal Self, as well as conscious awareness of our thoughts and acts, and therefore can choose! We can change our minds and decide for ourselves, instead of having to blindly follow any instinct, idea, feeling, assumed fact, rule or person! Father taught me that right after my first birthday."

"Exactly! That's what the Ancient One was implying," says Orac with tremendous thought waves. "Don't you see, every self-thinking creature knows this, even Man! He just does not act like it! ... Let's take a look at his latest pet insanity -- nuclear stockpiling! How can any sane being understand why any species capable of thought would create so many nuclear weapons that it could blow our entire planet to atomic dust one hundred times over?!?! Or play around with hideous biological warfare. It is totally and utterly insane!!! But the human superpowers claim that they have to protect their countries and themselves from their own Man Brothers who dwell in the East or West -- or North or South. No country must ever be allowed to have more atomic, hydrogen or neutron devices or bombs and missiles than the other. They even go so far as to demand that we plant these deadly devices in outer space, orbiting the earth. And all this, they claim, is done in the interest of peace!!! For the welfare of all!!! A balance of power, they call it!!! For keeping the world free and safe!!! This is the greatest nonsense I have ever heard in the entire history of creation."

"The audacity ... NO! ... The sheer impudence of these ego maniacs; these corrupt, power-hungry idiot illusions. They are lying, greedy imbeciles ... lust filled, mind twisting, lunatics. These warmongering, ecology raping, slave making morons seem to be in control!!! -- Who would ever think that anyone capable of reason and logical thought could believe such stupid, atrocious, impossible lies?"

**"But for some unfathomable reason, these very lies are believed by foolish, trusting, non thinking Man Cousins all over the world and have brought us all to the edge of disaster. We are at such a critical stage now that all living beings on our planet are threatened with absolute extinction."**

**"Then why don't all the humans who are still sane, and as outraged as we are, stand up together to this abomination? Why don't they do something about it? Don't they know that they have the power of choice, and if millions of them stand up together they can change it all?" asks Alex naively.**

**His simple questions bring deep sighs from the elders.**

**"Do you have any idea of what it would take to change or to completely rearrange Man's existing and outdated systems of government, religion, justice, economics, politics, medicine and education? The Lord of Creation, when required, takes human birth to uplift mankind and teach them the correct path, which we, the so called dumber ones, are all aware of." debates Orac.**

**"Yep, it's true that they have choice, sonny, but do they have the heart or courage to use it? Most humans are too caught up in all their separate, petty, little games to realize that they actually have choices in everything they think, feel, and do. And sure, they can develop other, much more effective systems, but I wonder if they've got the guts to try? They could easily start by harnessing energy in different, non-polluting ways such as solar energy, wind power, magnetism, even electromagnetics -- instead of nuclear power, polluting oil and gasoline, and chemical agents. They could develop new types of sharing systems that would feed, house and clothe the entire world -- and wipe out practically all disease, rather than spending all of their money and energy on destructive and selfish projects. But, and that is the real question sonny, do they have the guts to give up their attachment to power and greed and try it?" reflects Dola.**

**"How can we help them to realize all this?" deliberates Alex. "There has to be a way! I feel so much sympathy for Mankind, we've just got to find the means to help them!"**

**Alex looks around eagerly, hoping for some kind of solution. Instead, Karil protests vehemently.**

**"Why?... Why are you so fascinated with stupid Cousin Man -- who is in the process of destroying us all? Listen, you young upstart! Do you really think we haven't tried in a thousand ways? We've made untold sacrifices to reach Man's conscience. Man only kills us and other animals for his food supply, or imprisons us and puts us on display for his amusement. It is useless so why try -- why throw away your last moments of life?"**

**Alex feels quite chastised, but he stands his ground humbly.**

**"I did not mean to offend you, Karil, but my death sentence has already been handed out. Besides, it seems to me that Cousin Man and his inexplicable ego behavior are the cause of all our grief and fear of physical extinction. That is the reason I want to know and understand him. Maybe there is still some obscure way to help him, and thereby stop this complete insanity which has brought all forms of physical life to the very brink of annihilation."**

**"Now that is the biggest mouthful I ever heard, Al -- or 'Alex' is it?" exclaims the grand old dame. "You definitely are a chip off the old block. Just like your mother and father, ain't you, sonny?"**

**"Yes, he is!" Emo projects proudly. "Listen, Little One. I have some thoughts to share on the subject. But first I must blow out again, excuse me."**

**He quickly takes a fresh breath, along with most of the other assembled air-breathers.**

**"Now then," Emo continues. "First of all, I do not know any way to help Cousin Man and thereby ourselves -- you can be sure, or I would have tried it myself. Secondly, I don't think anyone here can help you with that matter. But somehow I know that there is a Divine plan in all of this madness. What it is, I do not know, only God knows. But what I do know is this. It appears to be very difficult -- for any being in the ego state -- to learn by simply listening to good advice or beautiful ideas. Personal experience is required or some extraordinary example or deed by someone we deeply love, feel equal to, or at least can identify with. This is important, because only then do we feel confident enough to emulate such action ourselves. And there is only one place where this action can start. It is the only place where we have the control. The one place where we, and we alone, have**

the ultimate choice. Each of us has to start there, within ourselves. Our own consciousness. And then when the knowledge and understanding of our 'True Self' grows, our life and our actions will be the examples and speak for themselves. Others will then see and follow our lead, because in their heart, they know they can do it also. It all starts from the inner thought process, which is then projected outward into action. That is the one true way in which change will occur. Personal Karma along with our collective world Karma has a hand in all of this as well, so look to yourself, Little One, and find out what you are all about. Who you really are, where you come from ... and where you are going. Follow the Inner Swami, your inner flow of consciousness, your Awareness. Let your conscience be your guide. That is my advice to you."

"Whether there will be enough time for you or any of us this time around, I do not know. What I do know is that we've all got to experience each moment, and face it as best as we can, otherwise we will have shirked our real responsibility in life, which is to know ourself."

"There is a cosmic, cyclic law that governs all things. This constant movement of expansion and contraction causes change in endless succession. It creates the illusion of birth and death, of creating and destroying. It becomes a persistent building, tearing down and rebuilding process through the use of friction, pressure, eruption, explosion and implosion. Hydrogen atoms are the building blocks of nature. They constantly combine and later separate, in ever-changing varieties. All of this different fusion of hydrogen atoms have caused nature to build her beautiful diverse and selective empire. All our bodies, even the ones on other dimensional levels, are all part of Nature's ever-changing play and subject to change. But our Spirit, our ever present Awareness of Self, the only true, unchanging, eternal basis of all, that Little One, is never born and can never die. It simply IS what it IS, forever. ... All conscious beings are meant to experience this marvelous Oneness within themselves, and when we do, we will all surely know what to do!"

Alex swims affectionately around Emo and caresses him gently while the rest of the congregation adds their silent agreement.

"Now we see again why our brother is called 'Emo the Wise'," reflects Kinley with a tender smile.

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## CHAPTER 5

Alex swims into the center of the grotto and addresses the assembly.

"Venerable elders," he begins. "Thank you... I am deeply grateful for all of the knowledge you have shared with me. I only hope that I am worthy of it and that I will not fail you in the end."

He pauses hesitantly, but then continues. "Because in all shame I must admit that I am afraid. Afraid of the uncertainty ... the unknown ... and the pain. I am sorry for my weak-mindedness. I wish that I were brave like my beloved parents. But the truth is that I am afraid. Please forgive my weakness."

Alex hangs his head in shame just as another wave of violent retching overcomes his body. This pitiful sight evokes the feelings of helplessness and inadequacy in all. As the dying youth blacks out once more, each elder feels humbled in his own way. Ever so tenderly, Emo repeats his reviving procedure.

Karil, the Shark is the first to break the awkward silence. "Maybe we should help our valiant young brother. One swift bite and he would be freed from his painful ordeal. He would never know. What do you think?" he looks questioningly around the grotto.

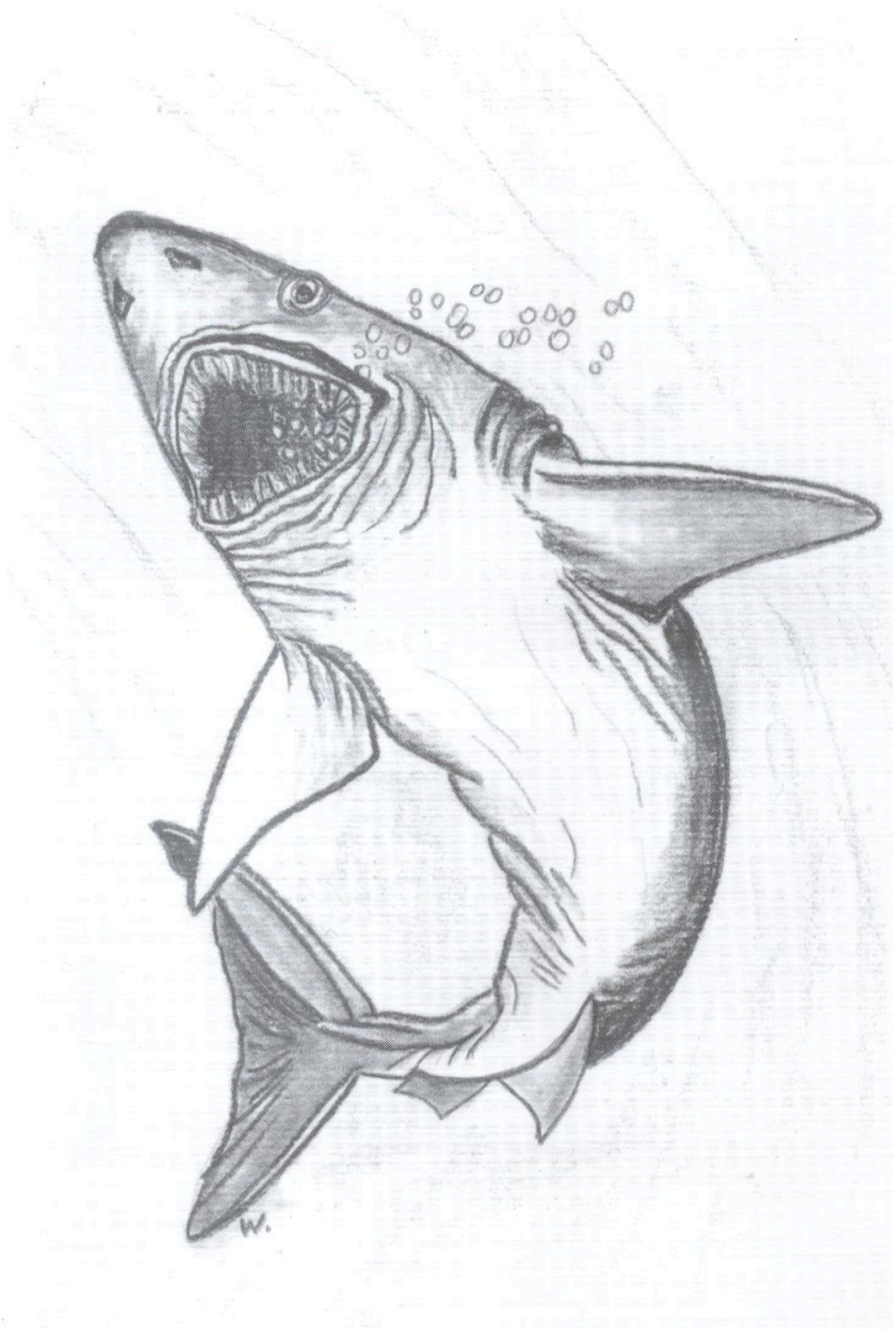
"By all the crusty old barnacles, Karil, you are truly a great white dummy, ain't you? ...

"... How do you suppose the lad would then finish whatever it is he is meant to do? He'd probably have to reincarnate right into another body to finish up his allotted time," blusters Dola.

"Well, it wouldn't be suicide exactly, you old windbag!" I am quite aware that suicide is a bad thing for anyone to ever commit or even contemplate. And I also know that suicide victims are immediately returned into another body to make up the time that they cut off from their lifespan. All I am suggesting is a mercy killing," Karil protests adamantly.

"No! It would be considered murder, because he is still alive without the aid of any artificial means. Now if he were kept alive by a machine or some sort of life-support system, then I might agree with you. But as it





stands, are you really ready to take on the responsibility for murder, you overgrown eating machine?" sneers the grand dame.

"Enough, you two rotten descendants of a slimy seaslug! The kid has to decide what he wants to do. It is his life! His choice! 'Cause in the final analysis, it is his responsibility alone," interjects Orac.

In the meantime, some of the onlookers -- namely three young dolphins -- are assisting in the revival of Alex. They fan their flippers rapidly, thus creating a rush of revitalizing water to flow past his dormant form. A young female named Ari is particularly industrious. Her brothers, Solo and Jo, are more curious. They stop intermittently to swim around Alex.

Alex slowly regains consciousness and begins to move feebly on his own. Suddenly, Kinley's thoughts ring out loud and clear.

"Alex! Brother Karil offered a solution to your personal problem. He volunteered the service of his sharp teeth to make your death quick and painless. But Orac pointed out that any kind of decision regarding your life has to be strictly your choice and responsibility. Do you understand what I am saying?"

"I ... ah .. think so." Alex is still quite dazed. "But that would be suicide, wouldn't it? My parents said that it is very wrong! Were they incorrect?"

"No, they told you the truth. But there might be mitigating circumstances in your case. You are dying and, as you are aware, the pain will constantly increase. It could be considered your choice for less pain. Or in the same token it could also be labeled as a cop of facing life's challenge. What are your thoughts on this matter?" probes Kinley curiously.

"I ... I don't know what to think," is the youngster's response. "I just feel that I still want to do so many things. I want to fly ... I want to learn about myself ... I want to help Cousin Man ... I ..."

"Enough of this fiddle-faddle! As long as there is life in the body, there is also the ability to grow, to learn, to expand, to hope. So, stop all this bilge and bellyaching about pain and dying.... As I said before, our bodies are all

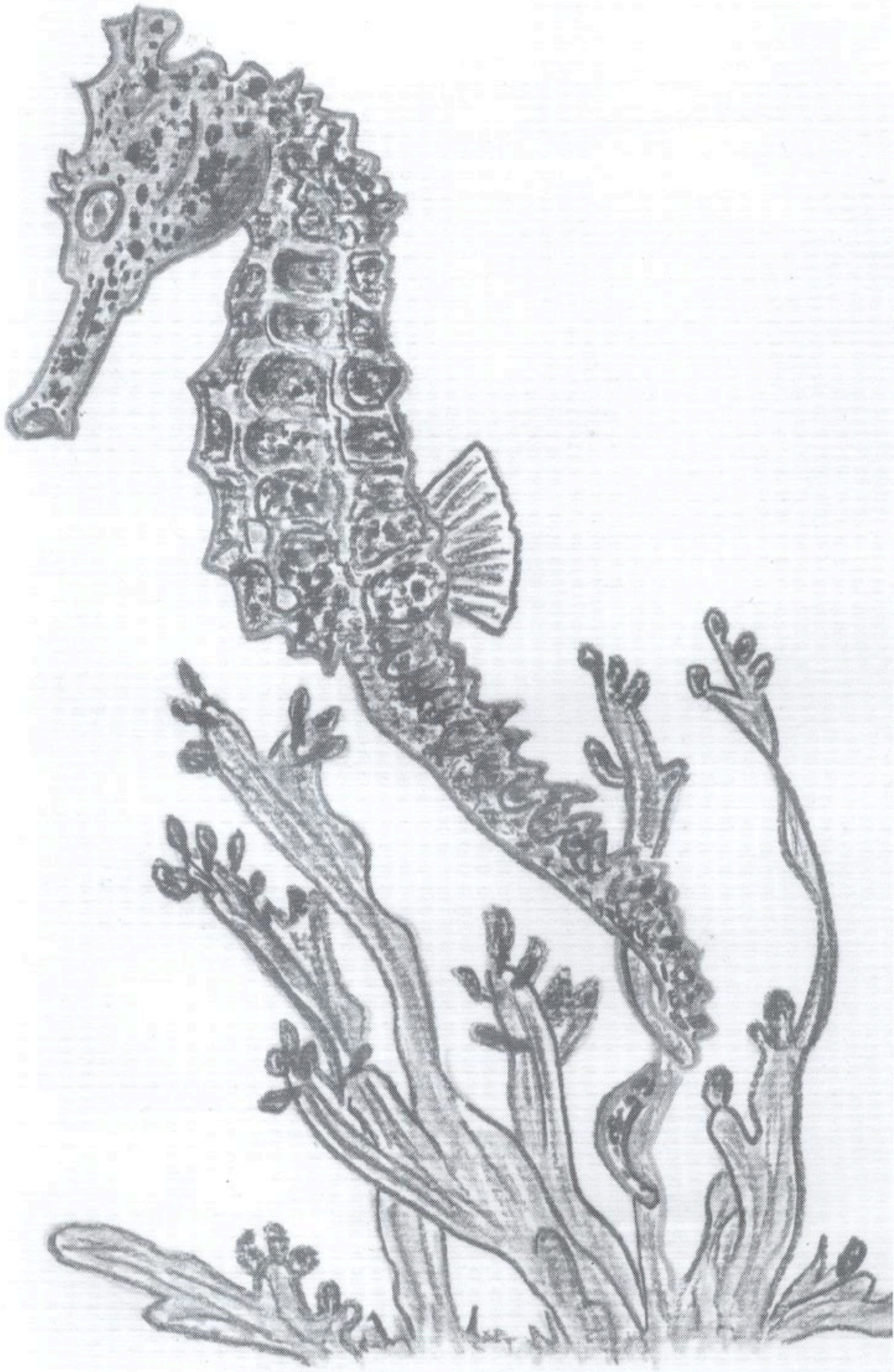
destined to die from the moment they are born, for heaven's sake! So get on with it, sonny. Go on, get on out of here.... Learn ... fly ... help ... get married ... or whatever. Just get on with it! You don't have any time to waste!"

With that, the grand old Dola heaves her two-ton carcass off the sand bank. She motions to her two patient companions to follow her as she gracefully swims away. Her thought voice echoes behind:

"By the way, sonny, keep me posted on how it works out. I would like to know.... Good luck! ... And be happy! --in spite of everything!!!"

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## CHAPTER 6

Alex is alone once more. Emo is the last one of the elders to leave him. The crowd of curious spectators have dispersed quietly into the evening tide.

Another lonely night falls on the solemn, thought filled youth. He swims aimlessly back and forth around the entrance of the grotto, his mind deep in thought. Step by step, he reviews his options, wondering where to begin.

Suddenly Ari slides around the kelp bed to the right of the grotto entrance. She is closely followed by Jo and Solo. They hover a short distance away and watch Alex, who is too absorbed in thought to be aware of their presence.

"Alex?" Ari's sweet voice interrupts the pensive atmosphere. "Alex, would you talk with me and my brothers, please?" she pleads shyly.

Alex is surprised to see the three young dolphins so close by. He turns around to face them and replies, "... Oh, sure ... What about?"

"My brother, Solo, and I were wondering where you would go to learn how to fly. You see, we have always wanted to fly, too, just like you. Brother Jo here," she motions to her young sibling, "... isn't quite sure about it yet. But I think he's just afraid to get laughed at."

She smiles mischievously and winks at Alex. He is quite amazed at her words and answers her in telepathy.

"I see! ... I don't know what to say. I was just thinking about the whole thing myself.... I guess the most obvious answer is to go and see Bani, the leader of the flying fish. Maybe he can teach us. It's funny ... I always thought that I was the only dolphin who had dreams of flying. Do you and your brothers really feel the same way I do about it?" Alex inquires excitedly.

"Yes, ... except we never had the courage to tell anybody," giggles Ari. Alex is fascinated by the sound of her laugh -- it reminds him so much of his beloved mother. He fights hard to hold back the sadness that wants to creep into his heart. Luckily, Solo's question averts his attention.



"Do you know old Bani? I heard he is a holy terror to be around. Our mother bumped into his school of fish when he was teaching the young ones how to fly. She said he cussed her out something fierce."

Ari sees Alex frown and quickly interjects: "We'll just have to check it out for ourselves, Solo."

"Is this some kind of joke, guys? I mean you are putting me on, aren't you?" inquires Alex.

"No! ... No, it's the truth. Please believe us. We would never play around with your feelings that way and waste your precious time. Don't mind Solo, he just doesn't like some teachers very much, he had some bad experiences. You know what I mean?" pleads Ari desperately.

Solo mimics her. "Yeah, don't mind me, Alex. I'm just a slow learner and some teachers give me a hard time. I don't know, those old creakers just don't talk my language."

Jo laughs at his brother's statements.

"Okay, okay! I believe you!" smiles Alex.

Ari relaxes and swims a little closer.

"Good, then you will let us come with you?"

"I ... I suppose.... It seems logical to me," replies Alex with just a little touch of hesitation.

He realizes that one of his nagging questions has just been answered. He suddenly knows where to start.

"It's funny," he thinks, "how the flow brings you the answer. A few minutes ago, it seemed like such a complex problem and now...? Well, nothing ventured, nothing gained."

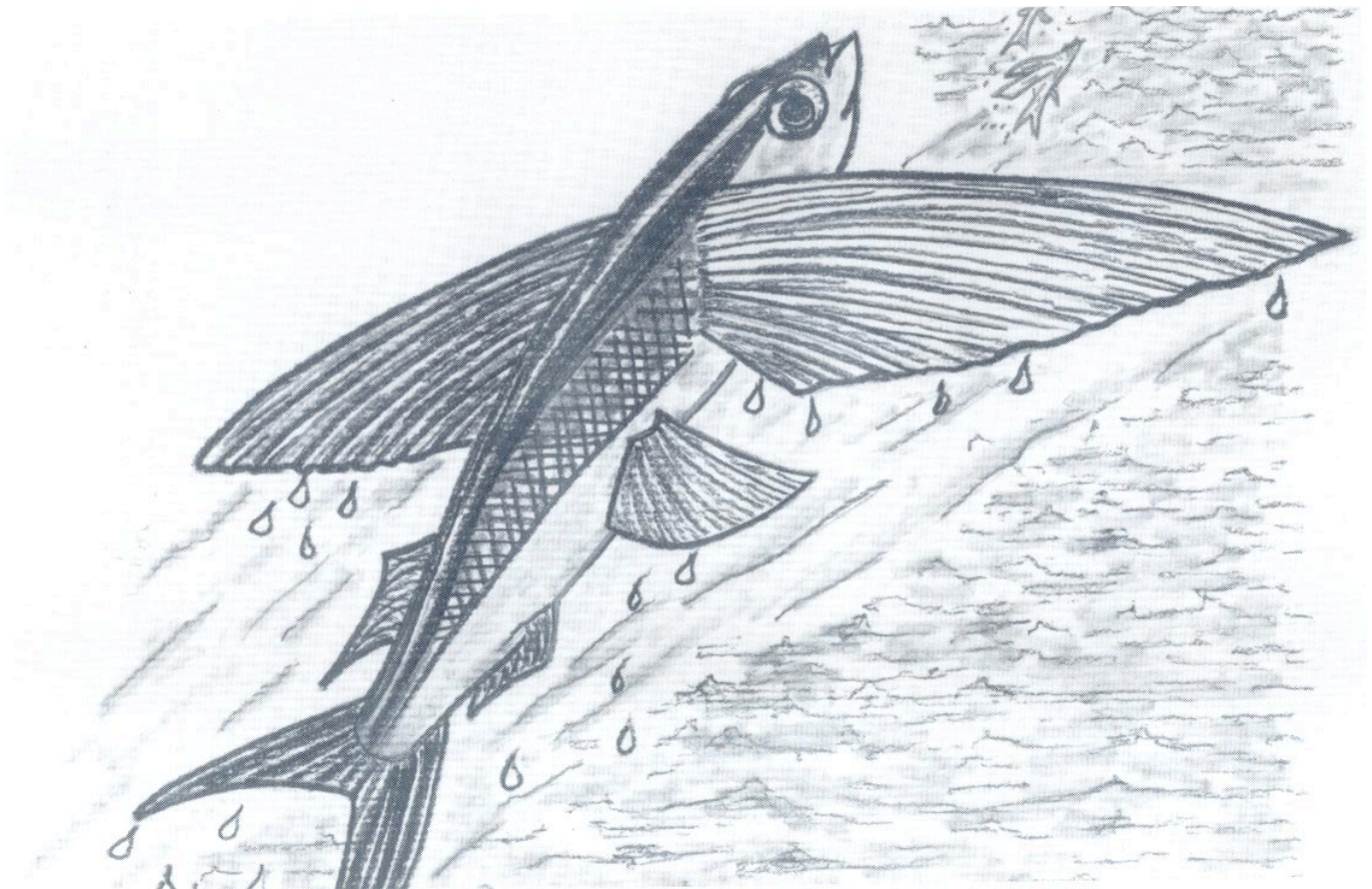
He takes another look at the threesome and starts to laugh.

"Okay then, first thing in the morning we will go and see Bani. We'll start there and see where it will lead us. Please don't be offended, I don't

mean to appear unsociable, but if it's all right with you, I'd like to be alone now for a while."

He smiles quietly at Ari as she nods happily. Solo and Jo flip their flat, horizontal tail fins in unison and disappear into the kelp bed. Ari lingers a little longer, returning Alex's soft smile.

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## CHAPTER 7

Promptly at sunrise, all four of the young dolphins set out on their new adventure. Bani is not easy to find since he always moves around with his school of flying fish. At last, in the late afternoon, the quartet manages to track him down.

With some reservation, Bani receives Alex. The three others wait a short distance away. Bani, like everyone else in the domain, is quite aware of Alex's situation. By now, all sea creatures have heard about the grotto council ... but still, a flying dolphin? To say the least, Bani has his doubts. Reluctantly, he agrees to show Alex the ropes.

Alex and his three companions become the traveling companions to Bani's school of flying fish. Alex is a very quick learner.

Before the week is over, he fully understands everything that Bani has to teach him about flying. Alex thanks his teacher warmly and departs, together with Ari and her brothers.

They set out to find a quiet place where they can put into practice all that they have learned.

The days drift by in unending practice sessions. Alex's health is slowly deteriorating. After a while the greatest achievement any of them have mastered is the art of moving their tail fin in such a manner as to allow them to stand upright out of the water and propel their erect bodies some fifty yards through the ocean.

After one week and a hundred bruises, Solo quits trying. He is convinced that flying should be left to Cousin Seagull. Soon, Ari and Jo also accept defeat. With sadness in their hearts, the three siblings leave the ever-determined Alex behind.

Once again, Alex is alone. The first day is the hardest. He realizes just how attached he has become to his three friends. But most of all, he misses the beautiful Ari and her delightful giggles. By the end of the day, however, he again becomes fully absorbed in his practice. Soon, he forgets all about feeling sorry for himself and becomes consumed with renewed determination.

"Something is wrong in my approach," he mutters to himself. "Bani told me to always look for the proper wind conditions. Some kind of updraft or rolling wind shift. But it takes all of my energy to practice. By the time I finally find the right conditions, I am too weak to use it .... I need to think about this a little.... Hmm, maybe the solution is to find a continuous updraft...."

His thoughts are interrupted by a new attack of nausea. They seem to come more frequently now and are much more severe.

He has already noticed two small spots of discoloration on his nose. Food is becoming less important all of the time since he can hardly keep anything in his stomach. As a result, the young dolphin is losing quite a bit of weight. He looks haggard and the floppy skin under his belly accents his ill appearance.

By now, he has learned to go topside as soon as the convulsions start. He has found that by controlling his breathing in a certain manner he can shorten his blackouts to seconds instead of minutes. This enables him to stay afloat at the top and keep his body from sinking to the ocean floor and drowning.

Alex is breathing heavily. His face is sticking out above the splashing waves. He knows that the dreaded blackout spell will soon follow -- just when the painful convulsions reach their climax ..... Now! Thirty-six seconds elapse and the spell is over.

Alex resumes his deep breathing exercise. He feels a certain lack of equilibrium now and then... his sonar is not functioning quite right ... but his spirit remains undaunted. He feels it flashing on and off within him ... like white hot lightning in a storm.

"All right," he mumbles to himself ... "that's enough loafing. Back to practice ... and this time, get it right, stupid! Let's see now, the wind is coming from ..."

He lifts his nose higher into the sea breeze and feels where the wind dries it, just like old Bani has taught him.

"Ah ha ... from a northwesterly direction. It will have to do ...."

He suddenly dives deep down, then up. He hurls his body out of the water. His tail fin is slapping the wave crests like crazy and his two little flippers are hammering wildly at the foaming water.

It is actually quite a funny sight to behold. But the band of seals that have been watching from a little way off do not laugh.

Before Alex can gain any kind of real momentum, let alone altitude, his battered body flops back into the brine. Again and again, over and over, he tries this ridiculous maneuver.

After many hours and countless failures, Alex rests for a moment. A sudden despair wants to take hold of him but he forcefully pushes the feeling away.

"I know I can get it! I just need a strong, perpetual updraft!!" he yells. "But where is it, for heaven's sake? WHERE IS IT?!!!"

"Where is what?" shouts one of the nearby seals.

Alex has seen them playing there since early morning but somehow he had forgotten all about them. He feels a little silly now, but he answers with a chuckle:

"Hi there, little friends. Sorry if I disturbed your fishing. I am just frustrated because I don't know where to find a strong, constant updraft."

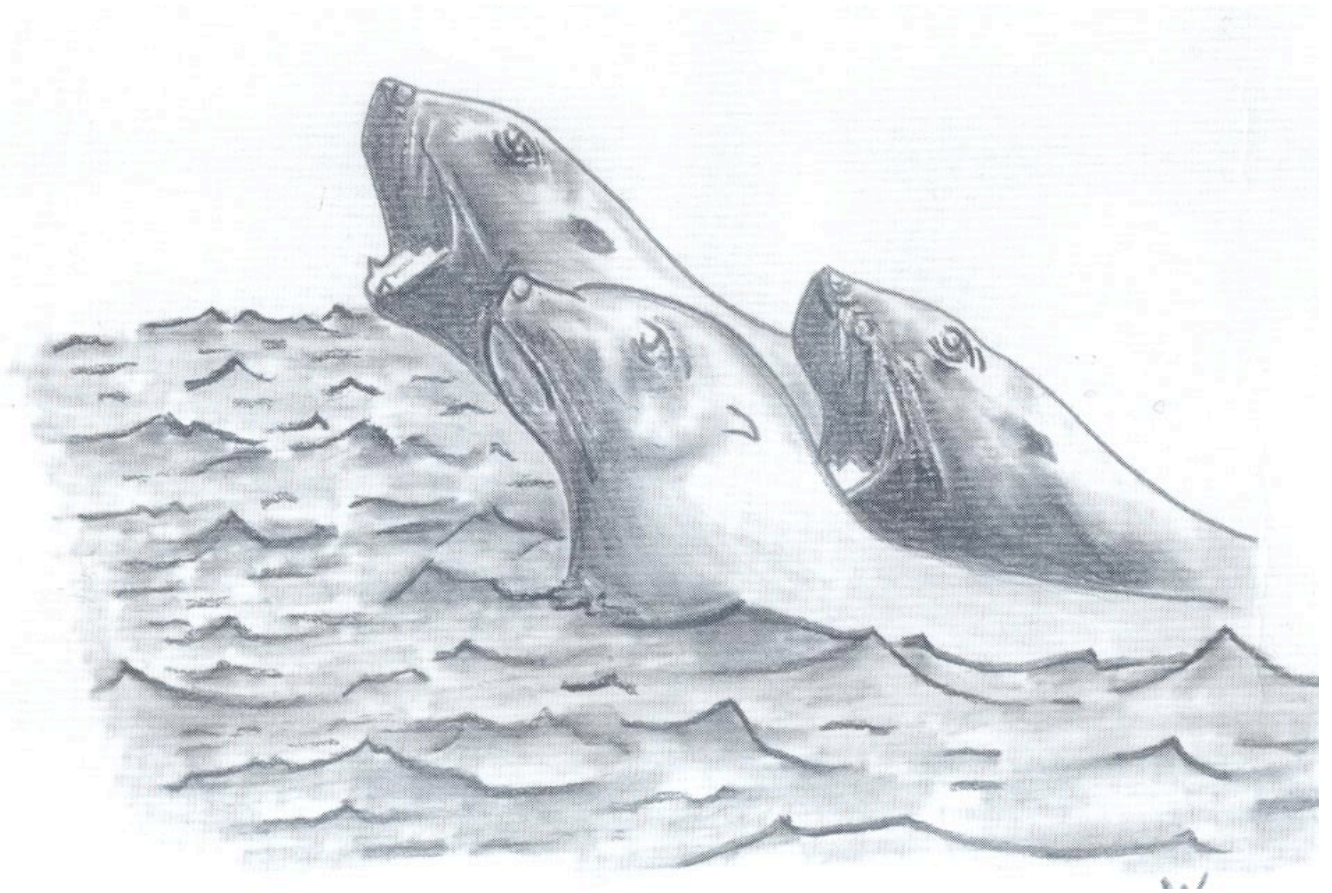
"Is that all?" answers a frisky young female. "Why didn't you say so earlier? There is one of those wind alleys over by the Flounder Rocks. Everybody around here knows that. Where are you from, brother?" she asks with interest.

"I am Alex, from California," he answers. Excitedly, he swims over to his new friend.

"Could you please take me to the Flounder Rocks?"

"Sure, just follow me. It isn't far," she answers happily.







She yells to her playmates to follow them, but none of the other young seals seem very interested in the weird stranger. So the playful pup guides Alex alone to the wind tunnel.

As they glide through the water side by side, she asks:

"What are you trying to do? I have watched you all morning flopping on top of the water."

"Fly," Alex replies simply.

"Fly? Oh ..." her perplexed look tells it all. "I see...."

She is silent for a moment.

"Hey, wait a minute! Alex ... I get it. You are California Alex, the one everyone is talking about!" she exclaims excitedly. "I'm so glad to meet you, Alex. Do you really think you can learn to fly?"

Her attitude has changed completely from before.

"Gee, I'm so glad that I could help you. Boy, my friends are going to fume when they find out," she laughs playfully just as they arrive at the rock alley.

"Here we are. Can I help you with anything else?"

"My God, I can feel that strong wind surge even from here. No, no, this is perfect. Thank you... thank you so much!" Alex has tears in his eyes.

"Now I can truly practice."

"Okay, Alex, I'll be going then. See you around ... Oh, good luck with your flying! I hope you make it!"

With these words, the young seal swims back towards her friends to show off.

As she vanishes beneath the turbulent waves, Alex yells after her, "Good-bye ... and thanks again!"

**Alex wastes no time. He fully investigates his new surroundings and finds the ideal spot from which to launch a new series of flying attempts.**

**"Wow, what an updraft!" he exclaims passionately. "Just what I was looking for!"**

**Without hesitation, he redoubles his efforts until he finally collapses from exhaustion.**

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## CHAPTER 8

The moon looks like a ghostly apparition as the night slowly dissolves into another brisk, wind-swept morning. Alex is sore and glum.

He has another vomiting attack. His brain is burning, his senses are reeling and his heart is heavy.

"If I could only stay above the water long enough to find out exactly which muscles I have to use in order to flip my tail for that perfect motion..."

Alex racks his brain for a solution.

"I could sure use those special fin-webbing that flying fish have ... if I could just discover the rhythm and how to slap my flippers correctly ... just enough so that my body could bounce from one wave crest to another. It has to be possible, especially with the help of such a wonderful updraft..."

His thoughts keep rambling on. Before long, he continues another series of endless flying attempts which are interrupted with convulsions and intermittent short periods of sleep.

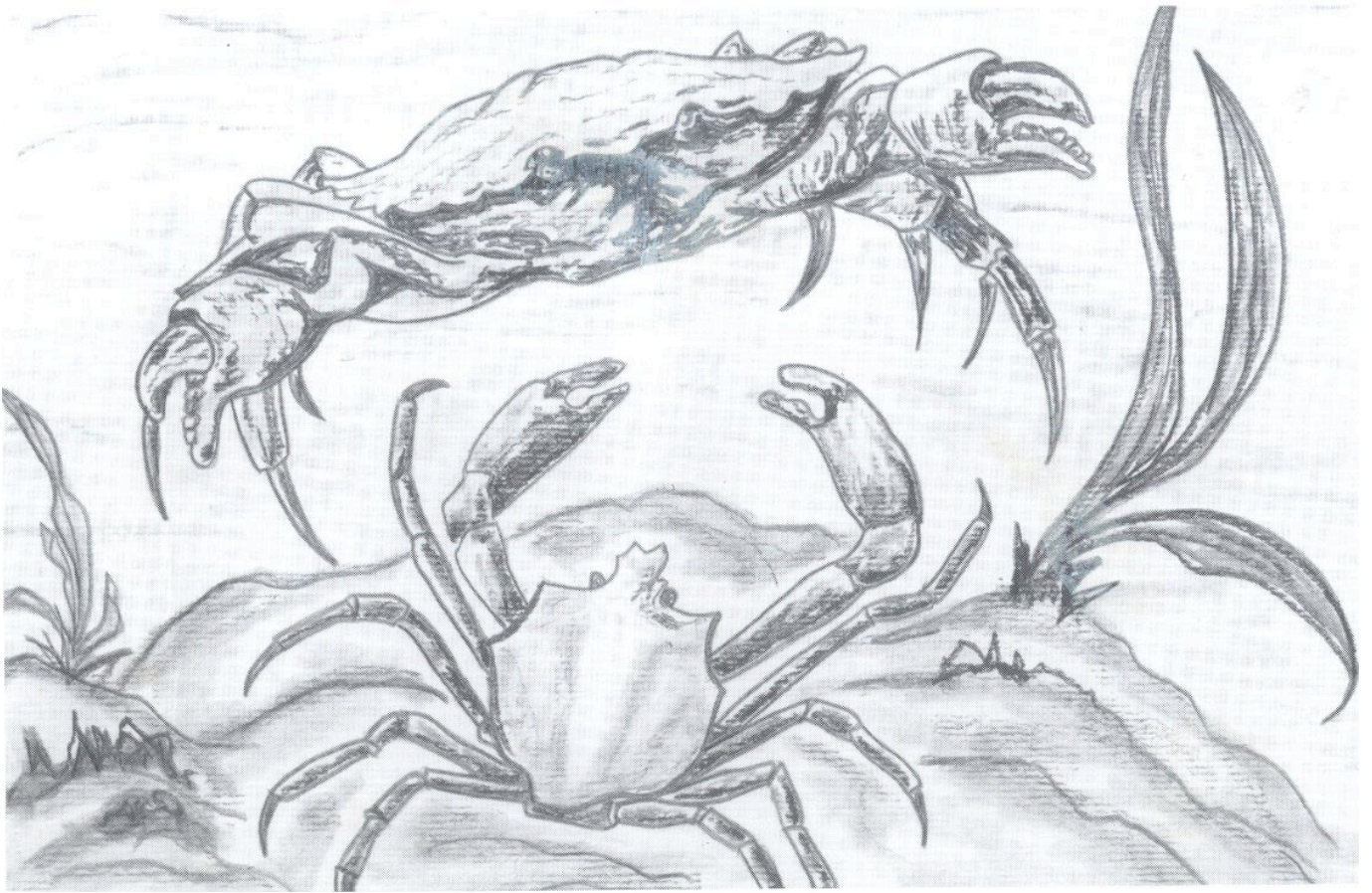
As the week passes, Alex finds that something is changing within him. Maybe it is caused by the lightheadedness due to lack of food, or maybe it is just another phase of his illness. He feels calmer somehow, less frantic and worried. He finally chalks it up as tiredness.

The neighboring seals and some of the wandering seagulls come to visit him now and then to see how he is doing. He bypasses their morbid curiosity and, in fact, uses the opportunity to learn all about wind currents.

During one of his frequent rest periods, Alex explores a nearby sand bank. He glides along the sandy bottom without effort and encounters a few bottom-dwellers, but only Cecil, the Crab and his brother, Sak, interrupt his quiet reprise.

"Hey, you!" screeches Cecil.

Alex looks around curiously.



"Yeah, you. Come over here, will ya? My stupid brother says that his left claw is stronger than my right. Tell 'em he's full of it, will ya?"

Alex is quite amused by this strange pair. He meanders over to them and inquires laughingly:

"How can I tell? Besides, does it really matter?"

"Course it matters, ya overgrown Tuna or whatever ya are. How would you like to wake up each mornin' next to this here wisecracking, macho crab, braggin' 'bout his left claw. I tell ya, I wanna shut him up fer good, dig?" protests Cecil furiously.

"But it's true, Cecil. Face facts!" yells Sak annoyed.

"See ... see, I told ya, he's always makin' with the lip," shouts Cecil triumphantly.

While the two argue back and forth, an idea crosses Alex's mind. He volunteers to help them. They are so anxious they immediately agree to the experiment Alex suggests. He lays out his plan carefully. The first thing he has both of them do is clamp their right and left claw, respectively, onto the loose skin along his underside. Then Alex swims quickly back to the 'runway' -- the windy practice area.

When they arrive, Alex has the two brothers clamp the other claw onto each flipper.

"Can ya hurry it up, Mac. I'm gettin' tired hangin' 'round like this," Cecil sputters grumpily.

Before he can say anything else, Alex hurls his body forward at tremendous speed and yells: "Hang on guys! Here comes the test!..."

Having gathered enough momentum, Alex jumps out of the water. It is an odd sight to see. A skinny dolphin with two crabs clinging to his front flippers and loose skin. The flippers are almost touching the now tightly stretched skin, giving the appearance of the strangest pair of wings that anyone will ever see. The wind pressure is terrific, and the determined crabs hang on for dear life.

Suddenly, Alex feels a lifting sensation ... and for the next ten seconds he feels himself skimming over the water. His mind is reeling. The sensation is wonderful. All the pains and bruises are forgotten. He discovers that if he moves his tail fin just right, it continues the forward momentum ....

Cecil screams! Sak loses his stranglehold on Alex's flipper and down they tumble. All three hit the water with amazing force.

The trio is stunned by the impact. Sak is the first to recuperate. He is sitting on the sandy bottom looking at his left claw.

"It can't be," he mutters numbly. "It just can't be ...."

Alex hurts all over, but he is ecstatic. Cecil did not fare quite as well. The impact broke his middle leg on the left side.

"God Almighty! Are ya tryin' to kill us, Mac?" whines Cecil. "Fer cryin' out loud, ya busted one of ma legs clean through with yar stunt."

"I'm really sorry, my little friend, but don't you see? We did it! WE DID IT!!!" exclaims Alex with exuberance.

He playfully nudges Cecil with his nose.

"We did?" asks Cecil cautiously. "Ya mean ya can tell us who has a stronger claw?... Who? ... Ya gotta tell me who, I just gotta know," he badgers the momentarily confused dolphin.

Suddenly Alex laughs. He understands that they are completely unaware of this momentous occasion.

"You held on the longest, Cecil. Your brother lost his grip. That's why we crashed," replies Alex truthfully.

"I knew it ... I just knew it. That no good braggart.... God, I ain't never gonna let him live it down. Ya hear, Sak never! NEVER!" he taunts as he limps over to his abject looking brother, his broken leg forgotten.

"It wasn't fair, Cecil. It don't count, no-how!" rebuttals Sak still shell-shocked and confused about the turn of events.



As they both began arguing again over who's claw has really the strongest grip, Alex swims over to the comical pair.

"Hey, you guys, stop this silly argument. Stop your fighting. Look Sak, if you really think that it was not a fair test, we can try it again. I mean ... I am ready to try it again right now, okay? I really like you guys, and I'll be more than happy to oblige you and Cecil. So, what do you say? Come on, let's go!" volunteers Alex smiling enthusiastically.

Both of them stop their bickering immediately. "Err ... no, ... no, no ... err ... that's okay. Thanks anyway!" they yell and protest almost in unison as they scuttle quickly away.

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## CHAPTER 9

Alex laughs heartily as he watches their hasty retreat. His thoughts return promptly to his momentous achievement. Now he knows exactly how to manipulate his tail fin. The other thing that he has to master is the exact rhythmic slapping of his front flippers. But how? He hasn't been able to stay on top of the water long enough to coordinate his muscular reflexes. He turns the problem over and over in his mind as he cruises along the rocky ledges.

All of a sudden Alex feels something tap him right beside his dorsal fin. He spins around but nothing is there. He shakes his head, wondering if he is imagining things. Just then, he feels another tap. His expeditious turn almost causes him to run headlong into the reef. Still nothing! He sees no one. In swift circles he scouts the immediate surroundings. Nothing, absolutely nothing.

"What ... I mean what ARE you doing?"

A telepathic message shoots into his puzzled mind. Alex still does not see anybody.

"Over here, look on top of the rock shelf to your left," continues the thought voice.

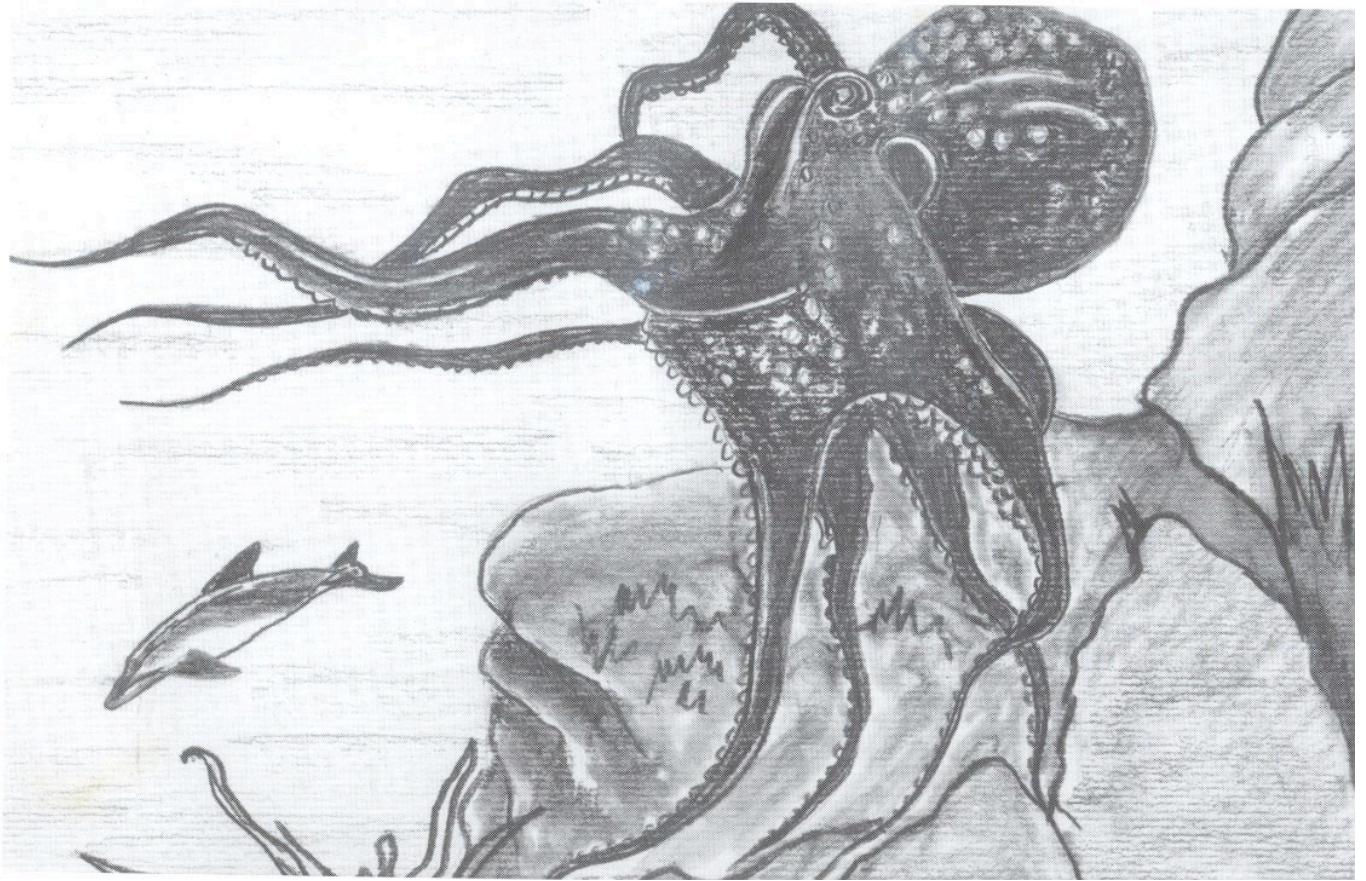
Alex focuses on that spot and gazes directly at a gigantic, eight armed octopus.

"Wow!" is all Alex can say.

The giant octopus ripples his hood and displays his rainbow camouflage colors. Alex has never seen ... no, never even heard of such an enormous creature.

"The reach of one of those arms must be almost a hundred feet, big brother!" Alex gasps in awe.

"That's close enough, little buddy," answers the Octopus. "What I want to know is, what in creation are you trying to do. I usually mind my own business, but I watched you wipe out those tasty little crabs with that hair-brain stunt. It looked almost as though you were trying to fly!"



"I was flying," answers Alex. As an afterthought he adds, "At least for about ten seconds."

The colors ripple once more over the octopus as he decides whether to laugh or to humor this scrawny dolphin. He decides to humor Alex, thinking it could be great fun.

"A flying dolphin.... Okay, I'll bite. What for?"

"Because I'm dying and it is one of my dreams to fly, sir."

Alex's honesty appeals to the giant. Usually he is a loner, but for some unknown reason he likes this weird skinny little guy.

"My friends call me Kraken, little buddy. Tell me, how do you plan on managing that miraculous feat? I don't see any wings," he chuckles.

"I was just thinking about that," answers Alex frankly. "You see, I need to learn how to move my two front flippers in the exact rhythm so that the propelling slap of my tail fin will keep me moving from wave crest to wave crest. It follows the same principle as the flat rock skipping over the water surface. You saw that little experiment earlier. One problem remains. I can never manage to stay above the water long enough to practice these movements."

"It sounds rather complicated. However, the last part is easy," Kraken replies.

"Easy? ... I don't understand," gawks the youngster.

"Sure, it's easy. If you want to hang out on top of the waves for a bit, I'll lend you a couple of my arms. I can hold you up as long as you like."

He flexes a few of his enormous tentacles and brags a little.

"I once crushed one of Man's metal warships like a walnut. I squeezed it until it broke into pieces. They got me so riled up, I tell you..."

Alex hardly pays attention to Kraken's tale. He is still contemplating the helpful offer.

"Great, it sounds great!" Alex nods enthusiastically.

"What's great?" frowns Kraken.

"Your idea of holding me up, of course," replies the youth. "Why don't we give it a try right now, huh?"

The giant octopus reaches out two huge tentacles and coils them carefully around Alex.

"Okay by me, little buddy. Ready?"

"I ... I think so ..."

Alex is hesitant but as soon as Kraken lifts his body above the waves and holds him there effortlessly, he relaxes.

The days turn into weeks. Alex and his giant friend have their system down pat. Every day that passes helps Alex to perfect his technique.

The seagulls bring occasional messages from Ari, Emo, and some of the other concerned elders. The seal neighbors still drop around now and then but keep a healthy distance -- well out of Kraken's reach.

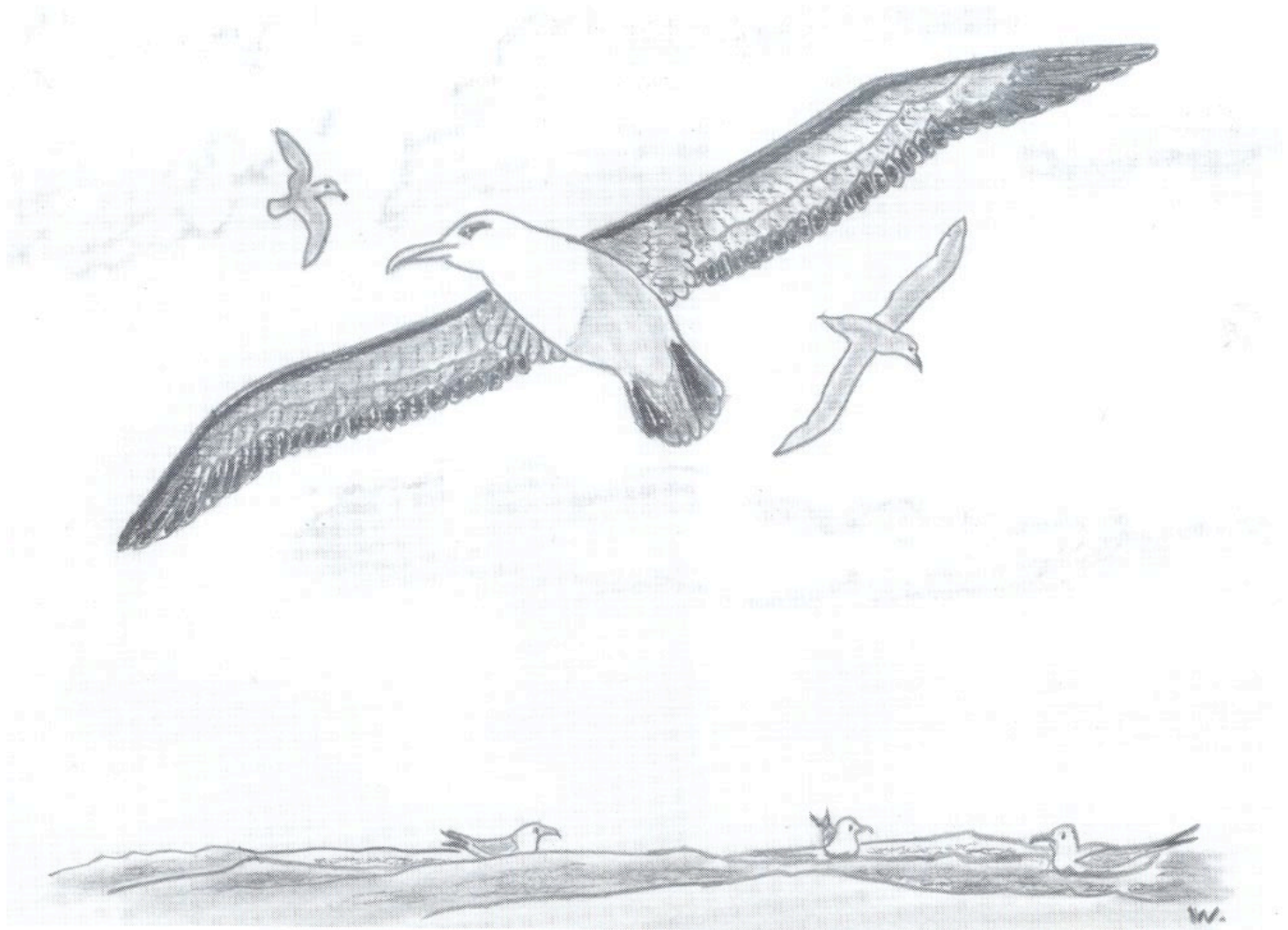
Burning fevers are a new unwelcome addition to Alex's troubles. The octopus, who now knows the entire story, does all he can to help his little friend. They have become inseparable.

Alex feels death hovering over his left shoulder. He is no longer afraid. There is a big change in his outlook since that first impromptu flight with the crabs. Alex has tasted self-satisfaction.

His physical body is rapidly falling apart, his sonar is almost useless, but somehow Alex feels good at heart. A feeling of silent Love starts to flame on in his heart. He suddenly realizes the great beauty all around him everywhere, and it makes him smile with deep, loving appreciation.

His concentration is exquisite; his mind is sharper than ever before.

One bright, sunny morning, Alex and Kraken are practicing as usual. It is a seagull visiting day. All at once, the giant octopus rises out of the water and flings Alex like a living javelin into the updraft. Lo and behold,





Alex skims across the waves as if he has wings. The seagulls squawk in total surprise. The nearby seals bark in disbelief.

Kraken bellows with excitement, "ALEX CAN FLY!!!"

Yes, Alex has mastered the art of skip-flying on top of the waves.

The news spreads like wildfire. Emo and all of the elders come to see this miraculous feat. Even Dola, the Ancient, manages to catch the show. Ari and her two brothers are in awe, along with all the other witnesses.

Cousin Man soon finds out and takes moving pictures of the amazing show from his noisy helicopters. Alex is even featured on their daily television news hour. Alex is suddenly famous.

But before the day is done, the novelty of fame begins to wear off. Another feeling rises up and takes its place. Alex has noticed this one before, whenever Ari is near. There is an undeniable magnetism between the two. They both know this, but neither has ever openly acknowledged it.

Alex suddenly realizes that the love he feels for all of creation and Ari is real. He also realizes in a flash how impractical and foolishly selfish it would be to expose his desire. The course of his destiny has been charted long ago, by a pilot far greater than himself.

Alex makes up his mind to return with all of his friends. He feels death close by and wishes to die back home in California. Kraken, the Giant, understands. Nevertheless, he is sad to see his little buddy go.

The seagulls and seals accompany the procession for many miles before they bid farewell to Alex and his friends.

Alex and his entourage have to travel several days before they finally reach the sunny shores of California. Everyone is there to greet them. Excitement and curiosity are like a tangible electric current that keeps the domain humming for days.

Soon, everyone goes back to their normal routine. Once again, Alex is left with only himself. He finds that fame is just another illusion, another fleeting expression of emotion and ego.

Even his feeling of deep satisfaction dissolves into contemplation. In the end, the only thing that remains is a cool, burning, ever growing fire of Love within him. At first, he thinks it is a new type of toxic fever, but eventually, he realizes it as a deep primal desire for knowledge of the Self ... the thirst of every true seeker in quest of the TRUTH.

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## CHAPTER 10

The fuselage of the sunken DC-10 brings back many childhood memories to Alex. He swims around it cautiously to see if he is disturbing any new tenants. To his pleasant surprise, the plane wreck is empty. Without hesitation, he takes up residence. He feels comfortable here in his old childhood playground. It is the first time since the entire flying episode that his mind is on something else.

His indulgence in old memories is short-lived as his thoughts soon turn to more important matters.

"Who am I?" he asks. "Where do I find an answer to that question? Who can I ask?"

His mind is blank. He is at a complete loss.

"Who am I?" he repeats the question.

This time, he hears a small voice in his head saying, "You're you, stupid! That's who you are. That's who everybody is."

Alex recognizes this familiar voice. Oh yes, he knows it well by now. It is his ego's voice.

Alex smiles to himself and proceeds, "Yeah, but who is this 'I' ... this 'you' ... where do you come from, I?"

"That's a stupid question. I am! ... and that's all!" his belligerent ego answers.

"But who is this 'I' that is? Where does it originate? How does it come into being? Why is it? How is it born? Where does it come from? Where does it go when I die? Who is this 'I' ... I ... I ...?"

"I am, I simply am, that's it," replies the sulking ego. "You don't need to go any further than that."

"That's no answer! No! ... I want to find out who this 'I' is. So who is this 'I am'? Where do I find it? Where does it come from?" he questions relentlessly.

This time the ego does not answer, but other thoughts come into his mind. For a moment he is distracted, but he soon realizes that this is just another ploy of his ego to divert his attention.

He immediately returns to his question of, "Who am I?" ... "I ... I ... I ... Who is this elusive 'I'?"

Alex spends the entire evening repeating these and similar questions to himself, substituting each new thought that arises with 'Who am I?' . In the end, fatigue overcomes his mental focus and before he is even aware of it, Alex falls into a deep peaceful sleep.

He wakes up hearing Ari's sweet voice calling his name. Dawn is just stretching it's first ghostly filaments of light into the sky. Alex is not feeling well; he has a fever and has suffered several severe attacks during the night. Intuitively, Ari recognizes this fact. She wishes to help, but there is nothing anyone can do.

Her two brothers are not so sensitive. They are only interested in getting on with the flying lessons that Alex had promised all of them.

So, in spite of his degenerating health condition Alex smiles enthusiastically and shows them what to do. They practice the new method that Alex teaches them far into the afternoon.

It is late when they finally take their leave and Alex resumes his quest.

For many hours, he contemplates the question of the 'I'- ness. Again and again, he has to bring back his wandering mind and re-focus it on his inner inquiry. He finds that his thoughts are harder to control than a crazy, seven ton whale. It is only his great determination that makes him carry on.

Alex closes his eyes. He has found a trick that helps him to focus inward. He finds if he rolls his closed eyes either to the right or to the left, it causes an inner perception. It seems to cause his focus, which is usually directed outward, to shift inward. It is as if he is turning around within himself .. as if there are two of him, one inside of the other. It is a mental projection of himself that turns and faces into the inner space. He discovers when he does this, it is much easier for him to concentrate. He

rolls his eyes to the left, finding it more comfortable today and resumes the intense question of "Who am 'I'?"

After a few moments, other thoughts start to interfere again. He repeats "I ... I ... I..." and "Who is this 'I'? Where does it come from?" over and over again.

Suddenly, he feels a new sensation -- or better, a perception. He feels as if he is descending into himself. It sounds funny, but that's what it feels like. As if he is sinking slowly and at one point diving quickly to the ocean floor, or going down a fast, dark elevator... or jumping out of an airplane at night ... free falling like the eagle when he dives for his prey, or sliding gently down a dark tunnel.

The sensation ends. No ... it arrives. Slows down, relaxes ... opens up. A place that is nowhere, but appears to be somewhere within, as well as just in front of him, around the middle and to the right side of his chest region. He had always heard that this is where the spiritual heart center is located, but he has never before experienced it. It is warm ... peaceful ... quiet ... empty. No, not empty ... undisturbed vastness, maybe ... or expansion? ...

He perceives the myriad of his thought patterns, like frail, sticky webs of desires spun together to create a 'false Self', and generating the illusion of separation. As he traces these elastic tentacles of deception to their source, he finds that they dissolve like the morning mist ... like the will of the wisp, before the clear light of dawning knowledge. Suddenly, without warning, the burning fire of Divine Love within him explodes all concepts like a super nova. It burns to ashes all that he has thought himself to be.

His consciousness is clear for the very first time. All thoughts have vanished, only a conscious 'I am'-ness remains. Alex is happy. He is fully awake, fully aware. He is suspended in a sort of balanced clarity.

As the fire of Love consumes his all, like a madman he projects: "Who is this 'I AM' that is? Where does it come from? How does it arise?"

Over and over, he directs his thinking ability and an undefinable longing, to seek out the origin of the 'I AM.' No other thoughts interfere as he relaxes deeper, ever deeper, into himself. By now he is no longer aware that he is still repeating 'I AM' with each new breath. Suddenly, in a flash,



he perceives an iridescent and all consuming ocean of Clear Light. No, not perceives - he encompasses it - it absorbs him.

Without warning, all thoughts vanish. Alex has never felt like this before. It is wonderful. No, much more than words can ever explain. It is a delicate balance, a perfect equilibrium of glorious silence, quietude, and joy. Alex remains in this state. Time does not exist. Now he is simply the SILENT WATCHER of a most glorious cosmic dance. A dance of Light. Only the awareness of 'being' continues uninterrupted.

Suddenly, deep down in the right side of his awareness, Alex senses an almost imperceptible shift, a movement. ... No, more like an itch. It is a movement in his mind. He (still identifying himself with the first 'I'-thought) has choice, even here. He chooses to lean toward it. Without notice, he slides into it. Like a giant whirlpool of colors, his thought patterns rush upon his awareness and swallow him up.

Alex is jarred into full physical consciousness with startling clarity.

"Is that it? Is that the perfect state of being? The state of the Silent Watcher of everything, the silent witness?"

These are the first questions that click into focus. He has no answer. He hears no voice. He feels happy, even, unruffled, peaceful ... yes ... but somehow incomplete .... No, maybe unfinished is a better way to say it. He reflects on it all, and knows that as long as there seems to be a Watcher, there is separation. There is no disappointment, nor a burning desire to return to that state because it still exists right now in his consciousness. He has no need for longing, wishing, achieving or reaching. Yet somehow the all-consuming flames of Love burn so brightly, that he can scarcely breathe. His mind is being burnt to ashes. Intuitively he knows that this state of being the Silent Watcher of all, is still a slight form of duality. An endless, silent, deep AWARENESS knows himself as the part that watches and also as the part being watched.

So the simple question remains, "Who am 'I'?"

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## CHAPTER 11

When Ari arrives, she is definitely relieved. It has been three days since she first found Alex in a coma -- or some sort of suspended animation. Thank God it is over. Now they can continue their lessons!

The afternoon passes quickly. Ari and her brothers are almost ready to attempt a solo flight maneuver. Jo and Solo can now swim side by side at top speed without missing a stride, one inch below the surface. This enables Ari to rest on top of their speeding backs and practice the exact techniques that she needs to master.

The second variation Alex has figured out allows them to flip their tails together at the exact moment and catapult Ari into the updraft. It is not quite as effective as Kraken's gigantic arms, but it does the trick.

After each of the trio takes a turn and completes their first unencumbered solo flight, they leave in total ecstasy.

As Alex watches them flit away, he is happy. Three more dolphins can now instruct other youngsters that have the dream to ride the wave crests in simulated flight. He thinks about the Self-confidence that eventually led him to Self-satisfaction. He now sees that this Self-satisfaction lead him directly to Self-sacrifice, which his deep feeling of love and compassion expressed as helpful service to his friends and neighbors. And quite naturally, without any forced effort, his burning thirst for true Self-realization followed.

He is now personally experiencing these distinct patterns or sequences, just as Swami has always taught. He now sees that all beings will one day have to take these same steps. But at the same time, he realizes that true Self knowledge is actually only one step or one thought away from everybody.

He knows within his being that he, as well as everyone, is perfectly realized right now, right here. All that is basically required is a clearing away of all the layers upon layers of thoughts, of feelings, of attachments and desires. It is more like an un-clearing process than a reaching for or arriving at process. And with a chuckle he realizes that no words can ever describe any of this. Words themselves are part of the illusion.

There is no place to go and nothing to attain. All is always RIGHT HERE -- RIGHT NOW -- NOW is ETERNITY. It is always NOW to our Awareness.

A small smile creeps onto his face. Yes ... the true being space is always the conscious present. The trick is to stay consciously aware of this perception, whether awake, in dreams, in deep sleep ... even in death of the physical frame.

He also sees clearly that it is only thoughts, attachments, desires, programmed ideas, habits and living patterns that keep us ignorant and away from this perfect awareness. This he understands is the great illusive power of Maya. It all starts with that first thought of separate 'I' ness ... Yes, he sees it clearly now. So, where does this 'I' originate from. It must have an origin! That is the question.

Once again, Alex rolls his eyes and turns his focus inward. It is now easy to relax deep into himself. Almost without effort, he finds his consciousness in the same perfectly balanced space of being the Watcher. However, he is not satisfied. Somehow, he senses that it is just another deterrent or snare to slow him down in his quest. This time, when all thoughts vanish, he does not let go of his pinpointed intent as he focuses only on the always existing "I AM" awareness. Once again he is the silent witness of the most glorious and all consuming cosmic dance of LIGHT and LOVE. He is completely consciously connected with all there is, has been, and will ever be.

Suddenly with an intuitive flash Alex realizes that his SILENT WATCHER part has to turn around and face itself, by merging into that Clear Light. So Alex relaxes into that deep, silent, eternal AWARENESS that is the very essence, the very basis or core, of himself. As he does, the last trace of separation vanishes, like a wisp of fog evaporates before the blazing sun.

Limitless expansion, a merging or dissolving into an all encompassing completeness of SELF, which is always its SELF, to realize perfection, to be the Oneness of All, or to merge into the Clear Light ... etc... etc... etc... all these are only words, illusions, and have no real meaning.

Alex experiences his eternal natural true being state. It is a KNOWING, -- a BEING that simply IS...an 'IS-ING', if you wish.... The BEING

space that IS Supreme consciousness, Perfect Eternal AWARENESS. It exists always and everywhere, and all of us have never been away from it or without it. There is no within it or outside of it, for it simply \* IS \*. It can never be described, only experienced.

This consciousness of perfect Beingness IS, and from IT, the “TRUE SELF,” all other thoughts arise, just like a wave rises up out of the deep, silent, calm ocean. The first wave movement is the secondary 'I'-ness thought, the MIND-EGO- PERSONALITY complex. It is the first lie. The lie of separation. This very premise is absurd because the wave is only and always the ocean, no matter what it wishes to imagine itself to be. It simply cannot be separate from the ocean.

From this first lie, or EGO thought of 'I'-ness, a myriad of thoughts, feelings, desires and attachments arise like single, sticky, elastic fibers of cotton, which are then woven into the cloth of creation which we call the mind.

From this mind all else rises into being, all forms and names, becoming a form of crystallized or semi stabilized thought projection. This is then termed as REAL by the EGO... And as long as we believe this absurd lie, and propagate it's momentary illusion, we are caught in the cycles of becoming and ending -- birth and death -- without reprieve. The truth is simple. Reality is unchanging, eternal. So as long as change is perceived in any form it has to be part of the same lie we now call creation.

There is only REALITY --- the NOW-ness of BEING --- the IS-ING' of eternal CONSCIOUSNESS. All else is a lie! It is just a glorious cosmic dance of Light, projected by the mind, and projected on the screen of Eternal Awareness!

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## CHAPTER 12

By choice, Alex recalls the illusion of his form and laughs at the perfect simplicity of it all. He knows that all states of being, all levels, are part of the illusion and therefore nonexistent in reality. A dream, if you like, a game ... the magic illusion of Maya. The TRUTH simply always IS --- NOW --- it is BLISSFUL AWARENESS OF SELF forever!

Alex retains this complete awareness. When Ari arrives with her brothers and the entire clan population, he smiles knowingly.

The afternoon is consumed by the flying performances of Ari and her brothers. The entire domain is buzzing.

"Not only Alex, but now he taught others? What in the world is happening here?"

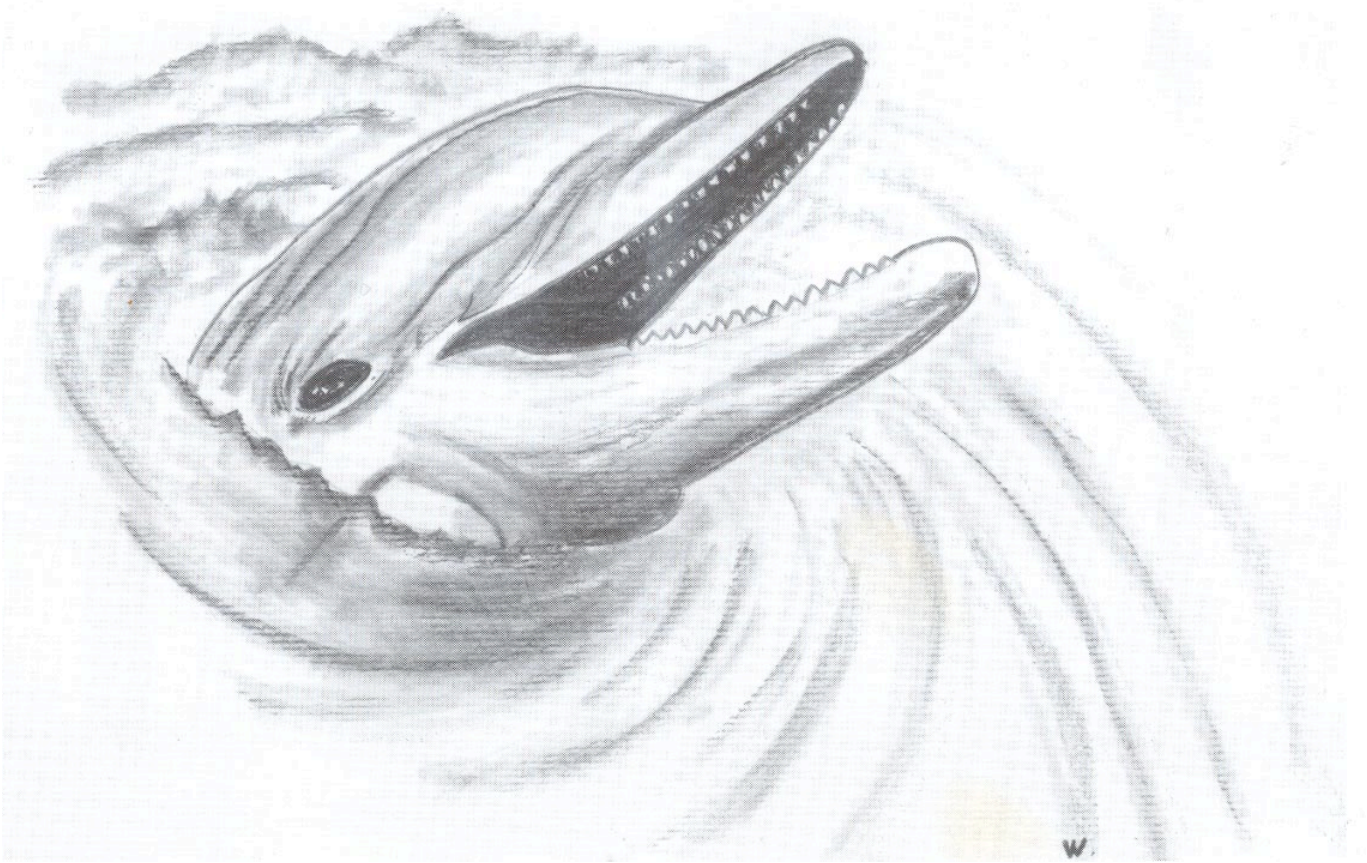
Even the Man Cousins turn up in boats to film this unusual event once again. Many other pleasure boats are drawn irresistibly to this unique performance.

The afternoon draws to a close and the awesome splendor of another California sunset floods the horizon. Streaks of light extend like golden shards of brilliance from behind the crimson-lined clouds. This is the moment. Alex knows what must be done. He lifts his head above the water and addresses everyone -- in the one true language --the LANGUAGE of the HEART.

Lo and behold, he is understood even by Cousin Man. To Man, he appears to be speaking in his own human language. Video recorders tape every word and deed for all to see and hear.

"Beloved Brothers and Sisters of Consciousness," Alex begins. "Know that everything is possible. For dolphins to fly is not very important, it simply proves the point. What is important, however, is to live in complete LOVE and express consciousness. Follow the inner flow of your heart and conscience. Peace, Love and Sharing are the roads that will lead you to happiness. Do not cling so desperately to your bodies, minds, ideas and temporary knowledge. Rather, spend your moments of consciousness in the contemplation of true Knowledge. Find out who you are."





**"Who am I? Where do I come from? Where am I going?' These are the questions of the true seekers of knowledge. The answers are always here ... now! Forever present and available for all who seek. Dive deep into yourself and experience where the 'I AM' originates. Then once again you will be Knowledge itself in your eternal conscious BEING state."**

**"That, my beloved brothers and sisters, is our real duty in life. 'HELP EVER, HURT NEVER!' 'LOVE ALL, SERVE ALL!' that is how we all should live.**

**Alex suddenly jumps up into the air and starts skip-flying directly into the fading sunset. What a wondrous sight to see! Four flying dolphins in perfect precision! Everyone is spellbound by the total experience.**

**Ari and her brothers soon slow down. They cannot keep up with Alex who speeds westward at an ever increasing pace.**

**His last words ring loud and crystal clear across the shimmering water as he disappears into the crimson sunset:**

**"Since in REALITY there is no time, the NOW that IS, is the time for all of us, my beloved brothers and sisters, to truly Love one another and share this world in Peace and Harmony ... Start by making a conscious choice about everything in your life! CHOOSE to live, and burn your 'false Self', your ego, mind, perceptions, feelings and assumed knowledge to ashes. Let it all be consumed by the most glorious fire called Divine Love. Live Love, ... no, BE LOVE! ... Right now! CHOOSE to annihilate your tiny separate ego-self in the searing flames of Love and become it completely! ... CHOOSE, with unbending intent, to remember the Complete Awareness of your TRUE SELF ...**

**\*\*\* BE HAPPY!!! \*\*\***

**\*\*\***



**The beginning .....**

**\* AUM \***



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*JOHNIMA*



*SATHYA SAI BABA*



*KALASSU*

*Lightstorm*