The Abundance Paradigm

by Amaterasu

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Chapter 1

I finally crested that soft-gray world of half-sleep, stretching my every sinew under the luxury of silk satin. With eyes parted slightly, I looked around my terrace-garden room, breathing in the scent of lilacs and orchids and rich loam, listening to the song of the larks that made the zen-jungle of my house their home.

I had had the choice of whatever I wanted, of course, in devising my perfect house. I could have chosen anything – from a rustic cabin on Earth's surface up to a palace on the Moon or Mars. My choice had been this aerie which floated above the solid land of the planet's crust, with view of whatever beauty I chose to visit.

Built as a circle, the roof domed over the space in a crescent shape, leaving the center as a terrace to the outside world. Under the roofed portion, there were no walls, except at the perimeter, defining my studio, Lee's study and photo developing lab, and guest rooms. Under the main part, partitions stood, confining my bedroom, my bathroom, the kitchen, and dining room, with the living room open on the side facing the terrace. All the rooms were partitioned within my manicured garden-jungle, which had paved pathways running throughout, and sculptures in an Egyptian motif tucked here and there.

The windows and the terrace around the edge of my house were confined by an energy field, unseen but detectable to the touch. The field extended, completing invisibly the dome above.

I pushed away the sheet and sat, breathing deeply in satisfaction. Though I could have chosen to be cleansed, dressed and groomed by my robot valet, one of my many 'botties, there was something almost decadent in reaching for my robe and strolling to my cleansing fall – the waterfall and pool which holds hot water – to bathe myself. Stroking the cloth, so filled with sudsy sweetness, over my arms, legs and torso, I washed away what sweat and grime there was. I reveled in the application of cleansing cream, suited precisely for the skin I was born to, rubbing it, scrubbing it, into my face.

Floating in the pool, I rinsed myself, and then poured a generous amount of shampoo into my palm. The waist-length damp locks sudsed up as I applied the foamy liquid, and a sweet patchouli scent joined the earth-blossom richness of the surrounding flowers. I moved under the fall, which steamed as it fell, and rinsed the lion's mane I call my hair.

Stepping forth from my bath, I grasped the ultra-plush towel which sat ready on a shelf nearby, and smoothed it over my damp skin.

Rather than use the insta-dryer, which would, I knew, dry and brush (and even coif should I request it) my hair, I picked up the abalone brush I had found in that queer little

ancients shop in Belize – I had seen it and asked if the owner would part with it. He had smiled and suggested a small painting by the Infamous Isadore Illumente (my humble self) would be perfect payment. I offered him his choice of the paintings I had done and were still mine to give, calling forth my holoport – my "holographic portfolio," for any distant historians – and, the shop keeper, having chosen one (one of my darker ones called Struggling under Scarcity), the brush was mine.

Slipping back into my robe, I made my way to the terrace through my private jungle. The trees opened onto the wide, semicircular deck that seemed to drop off at the edge. A gentle breeze was detectable as I crossed the deck to the end of the stonework pavement and looked down. Below I could see the waters of the Colorado River winding through the walls of the greatest canyon on our planet. The walls, in fact, were higher than I was, though not by much.

Leaning against the force that kept me (and anything else) from falling over that edge, I began to brush out the kinks and snarls from my matted hair, taming the mane, allowing the abalone brush to separate the strands and facilitate drying. A long while I stood there against that invisible rail, feeling the sun and the breeze frolic in turn against my face and arms, teasing at the slit in my robe, carrying away the damp patchouli waters infusing my hair.

Looking out over the wide rift, looking mostly east, seeing the late morning sun splash the canyon into sparkles and shadows, I drank in the warming air. (I allow unfettered Earth air through my house whenever the weather is not inclement.) I saw a house floating along the river below, quite a bit lower down, moving downstream, and a short while later another whizzed past silently overhead in a southwesterly direction. I breathed and brushed and blended with the sublime.

After my hair was fully dry, I turned from the Grand Canyon view, idly contemplating, as I walked back to the stone-paved path through the jungle, where it would be that I would choose to wake up the next morning, and thinking it would be nice to revisit that hidden canyon off the beach in Northern California called Fern Canyon. Of course, my domicile would not fit in that narrow opening, but I could surely lower the ramp to the beach and take a stroll there with Lee, avoiding the little stream that runs through the rock-littered white sand that lay between the sheer, dark dampness of the walls barely seen in glimpses through the thick fern growth that grew up and up and up the tall walls that allowed just a very little sky above.

Yes, I thought, that is where I want to go.

Reaching the mirrored alcove, I cast an eye over my appearance. Deciding I would like to have my hair put up, I sent the thought out, and the little 'bottie slipped silently into the alcove with me. Taking my imagery as its design, it busied itself lifting my tresses here, sweeping them there, and pinning them just so with the dazzling pearl-and-gold pieces given to me by Auntie Suzy.

Auntie Suzy is a jewelry designer. That is her bliss. She has made an estimated 500 thousand bits of jewelry, and though many have been traded away for things she wanted, most she took full pleasure in gifting to her friends and to those who expressed deep affinity for a given piece.

I sent a thought to the wardie – the wardrobe 'bottie – to create my garb for the day. The wardie used my images and produced (ala the replicator in the kitchen) the rugged khaki pants, replete with pockets, and the lavender blouse I had in mind. Taking pleasure in the dressing ritual, I sent a message to the valet 'bottie to stay put. I really don't know why I keep it around – I seldom need the speed it offers, and rarely use it.

The last bit of my attire was my Witness Necklace, of which I had several to match my outfits, all of which were artisan crafted. I selected a striking purple one from the collection and slipped it around my neck, settling the camera piece on my right shoulder, and closing the clasp. I always wore a Witness Necklace in public – most everybody chooses to do so, of course.

I reflected on the advantages the development of the Datacube technology offered (the technology which allowed plenty of storage to record every moment of one's life, and keep Calendar and other records of important data, such as who had created that lovely table I had seen at Programmer Art's place when Lee and I were there for Art's secondary skill, culinary requests from the replicator. Somehow Art had the knack of combining ingredients into gustatorial feats of magic).

Every individual could record their perspective in their personal Datacube, and no one had the right to the data recorded but the individual Itself.

Datacubes, of course, are unassailable. Amelia Ringer, bless her, I say, was instrumental in ensuring this for each one of us. She fought to make sure that it was understood in society that each individual owned their own perspective, outright and ultimately. She argued that if there is a dispute over any issue, anyone may release any part of the data they, themselves, have collected, and also cannot be forced to suppress what they know.

Amazingly, with that dual dam of data flow, where one cannot be forced to release one's data, yet could also not be forced to keep silent, incidents of dispute dropped as the practice of wearing some form of Personal Witness took hold, either overtly (as I wear) or covertly, as many chose in the beginnings of Datacube use. Most now wear their recording devices blatantly as a courtesy to inform others that their perspective is being recorded.

I choose to record what I do out and about; it is our right – or really, our protection – and I have captured some hilarious moments that I have shared at parties, making it all worthwhile. And besides, when I connect to the camera I can look through its lens, seeing where it points – even behind me – without turning around. Most people choose to wear Witness devices, and one presumed always that there were recording devices going everywhere in public.

My Datacube not only recorded my perspective, it gave my instructions to the various ’botties, and in general was the heart of my house. On top of that, I could communicate with it from anywhere on the planet.

Dressed for the day, I ask for my Calendar – a scheduler, it is really, for whether it was Monday or Saturday only made a difference in whether some art or activity was scheduled for that day, and not in things like whether there was something one HAD to do – like go to work or pay taxes. Though I remember quite well my plans for the day, there have been times I thought I did – remembered the plans – only to discover I had forgotten something, so I made it a habit to check just in case.

As the Calendar formed its holographic self where I expected it, in air over my lap, I leaned back into my favorite couch. It was an Old Thing, my couch – something that came from before the labor was done by ’botties, by someone’s hand and attention – and thus to have found it was a stroke of luck for me. Most everyone I knew who cared about Old Things had at least one or two.

My sole Old Thing was my couch. It was deep maroon, a sort of Cleopatra’s lounge affair. The brocade upholstery had held up well; it too was Old. The addition of some spun gold lace at strategic points hid well the fraying spots, and I could proudly say there was no stain that I could see. I had done the sewing-on of the accent gold myself, for I love to do that sort of thing now and then. The wardie created the exquisite lace to my concept, and the result pleased me.

It sat in the living room, against the partition furthest from the terrace, with palms growing in back of it on either side. Pots with gardenia growing clung to the partition, in between which ran a small trickle of splashing water which fell down a staircase of protrusions from the wall that the partition provided, resulting in a quiet slip down the wall punctuated by a soft giggle of particularly exuberant fluid.

The Calendar displayed my expectations: the theatre guild was showing the latest of Ogden Pierce’s plays, but I wasn’t in the mood. Maybe next week… There was the bazaar, as usual this time of the cycle, and I thought it was a good possibility I might go. But really, today was not the day I looked at. It was tomorrow’s single item that tickled my eyes. Tomorrow Lee would be home.

Lee was my love, and through all the years we had known one another, Lee always came back to me. He loved to go on photographic shoots in the wilds of the planet that seemed to move below me as the house made its way gracefully through the air, heading for the northern coast of California. I had a number of my favorite of Lee’s photographs in my gallery here, in the spaces below my house; we intersperse our respective art there, and offer much of it for view should anyone ask. Much of our work was often used by those whose bliss was to publish nature journals or educational material, in Lee’s case, or offered in holoart groups on the web, in both our cases.

Lee had no house, though if he wanted one, he could surely have had one. He liked my house and was content to call my house his home. I, in turn, adored it in him that he was so happy to call my house his home.

After thought, I decided that I would spend only a little time at the bazaar, and come home to my own bliss – painting.

I got up and made my way out of my sanctuary, down the jungle-path hall to the J.D. The Jump Door was encircled with Egyptian themed symbols and icons. Sculptor Jed had offered to decorate the portal and, I must say, I found it to be a perfect addition to the garden that surrounded it. With intent in mind, with the place I was headed to, I stepped through the portal.

I looked around and took in wares, spread out on the steps and tables that were formed in a long river below me in the open free mall. This was a place that more often was a maze that lovers and children wandered through or played games in, but this cycle day, it was filled with the work of artisans. I stood at the top of the winding path, looking at all the New Things. All the things, created from love, by the proud Merchants languishing in repose, or seated in conversation with a prospective taker. Or perhaps animated, and inviting a look from those who passed by.

I had chosen the entrance at the top of the mall, liking the down-hill slope of the stroll through the seats and tables and alcoves used to display work and choose owners. There was much to see, laid out: jewelry and furniture and hand-sewn clothing, sculptures and paintings and decorations of all kinds. I thought it might be soon that I would bring my paintings here again to offer in their original to exchange and gift.

Around me swirled many a shopper, showing delight over this thing or that, with Merchants drawing them in for conversation and gifting. Now and again a Merchant expressed doubt that the shopper was the right one to receive their special creation. The shoppers would sometimes state their case for their appreciation and perhaps the Merchant would change his or her mind. Often the shopper would reconsider their desires and agree with the Merchant, moving on.

After some minutes perusing, my eye was caught by a fountain, which seemed to combine water and somehow light in ways that the light caught the water, cupping it with no discernable bowl yet holding it still, and then tossed it in arcs and streams and sprays to again be caught or showered downward in gemstone hues.

Seeing my gaze, hearing perhaps my gasp of delight, the Merchant approached me.

“Do you see something that appeals?” she asked.

I smiled. “Yes, I do indeed! That fountain is lovely!”

The Merchant smiled in return. “Who might I be having the pleasure to give this work to?” she eagerly inquired.

“I call myself Izzy,” I replied, “but I am called by others, ‘Infamous Isadore Illumente.’” I cast my eyes downward, a bit modest of the name. It was given to me when I was a wild and crazy teen, and though I wouldn’t say I had done anything really infamous, the title stuck and I chose it as my Web Name. “And you, what name do you have, Artist-Merchant?”

“I’m Fleur d’Eau to many, but I call myself Flo.” Flo’s smile brightened. “‘Izzy,’ you say? Then Izzy I shall call you! Come here and sit, Izzy. Let’s talk a bit.” She reached for my hand and I was led to a curved seat along the mall’s edge on the other side of the fountain.

Together we sat, and I learned that Flo was a water-and-energy sculptor, she had two children who usually were there to help her find the right recipient of her work (and who offered a piece or two of their own, now and then) named Sam, who was 13, and Dee, who was 8 – Sam had found a name as SoundMan Sam Hobson, as his bliss was music, and often he was asked to play at celebrations. Dee was still dallying with things, finding her bliss. At the moment, though, they had both chosen to see what was out there in the bazaar and had gone off, promising not to be long.

Flo’s partner Jacob, the father of Sam and Dee, was exploring the solar system and would be back in six months. Flo and the kids missed him a lot.

Flo learned that I had not yet chosen children, but that I had Lee in my life, and we might some day choose children. We talked about the play by Pierce, and soon discovered we both had seen many of the same works. I suggested that we might meet up at Pierce’s play, with any of our friends and family who wanted to come along – Flo said it would be just her and her daughter, as Sam was not very interested in plays unless they were musicals – on the third day of the cycle next. I had brought up my Calendar and, seeing the spot open, I had suggested it. Flo, checking hers, agreed, happy that her time was free then too.

I made the note, offering to pick up the tickets for the four of us, and smiled back as she looked up from making note as well.

“Flo, I thank you for your lovely work. There is a place in my garden that will set it off perfectly.”

Flo smiled. “The way your whole being lit up when you saw it, I just knew I had made it for you.” She took my hand and leaned in to me. “Thank you for appreciating it.”

I squeezed her hand, smiling back, and said nothing.

“Well, where shall I send this?” Flo asked as she stood.

Joining her in standing I gave her the picture-key through the co-ord ’bottie she gestured to, thinking the code image quickly and concisely. A moment later the lovely fountain was picked up by the Movers, a couple of the all around lift’n’tote ’botties, and they headed towards the nearest J.D.

I smiled and continued along the path after a final exchange of thanks. Little else stood out at all, and none I felt the need to have in my life. As I walked the first few paces, I gave placement orders to my house for the fountain, envisioning it standing where I thought would best suit both the garden and the fountain, and knew that all would be where I saw it in my mind when I got home.

I passed a band playing music with happy abandon, while many stopped to dance or listen. Perhaps SoundMan Sam had taken up with others to create this sound and one of the players I heard was him.

A short while later I tired of looking and listening, being hungry now, and yearning to paint – something, anything… Whatever came out on the canvas.

Seeing a J.D. handy, I held the vision of my memory key strongly in my mind – the image of a special moment in my life, that told my home J.D. that it was me – and stepped into my house. I had given that key to my Datacube when I first had my home constructed, and it could recognize my image no matter if I was sober or (seldom) intoxicated. I never feared that someone would want to “break in,” as they called it in the Old Days. Whatever for? Sure, someone might covet my Old couch, I suppose, or one of my original paintings. But if someone wanted my Old couch badly enough to implore me for it, I would willingly let it go to them, for it must mean more to them than to me. And if anyone asks for my paintings, I am honored.

Asking for the fruits of another’s Love labors is the most common method of trade, though many times the Laborer offers Its creations and they are usually taken gracefully.

I breathed deeply the scent of my garden, my jungle, then stepped along the path to the kitchen. I knew I could have a meal, in perfect prime and preparation, laid before me, but I found cooking a pleasure and usually did not rely fully on the replicator and serving ’botties.

I wanted something simple… To the replicator I asked, with visions of shell and yolk and clearness, for three eggs. And then a handful of truffles, some butter freshly churned, scallion and garlic, cream and cheese. I pulled the copper bowl from its place in my cupboards, and my whisk as well. Breaking the eggs, I whipped, the shells being tossed into the M.W.D. – the Molecular Waste Disposal, sort of a reverse replicator.

Setting aside the eggs, I chopped the truffles, the scallion, the garlic. Returning to the eggs, I added cream and whipped. And whipped a bit more.

Next a skillet came out of my cupboards, and onto the heat it went. Butter was melted and the chopped morsels leaped to a sizzle as I added them, stirring them, coating them in creamery goodness. As brownness set in to the scallions and garlic, I scooped out a spoonful to set aside, and turned once more to the eggs, and whipped again, then poured them into the truffles and scallion and garlic.

The heat I turned down, and a lid I laid upon the top.

While the eggs slowly hardened, I grated the cheese – a mellow swiss – and then peeked at the eggs. They were rising, like a flat soufflé, and I sprinkled most of the cheese over the fluffy surface, returning the lid to its place.

For a moment there was nothing to do, so I sent an image of my table in the dining area, set but lacking a plate, to my Datacube, my house, and knew the proper ’botties would be sent to do the bidding. Then I peeked again at my omelet to see the cheese well melted.

I pulled the skillet off the heat, removing the lid, and pulling a plate from my cupboards. I slid the omelet out of the skillet and onto the plate, neatly folding it as I did so. Cheese oozed from the edges invitingly. I sprinkled the creation with the last of the cheese, and then slapped the spoonful of truffle reserve upon the very top. My mouth was watering.

I lifted the plate, calling assurances to the ’botties that cared, that the kitchen could now be cleaned, and then moved into my sunny spot with a crystal-topped table, which was set for one, sans plate. I placed the plate in its appointed spot and sat. Again, I breathed deeply, and looked at last in the direction of the fountain, given in delight by Flo. It stood in a shady spot, all the better to draw attention to the light as it played with the water.

The scent of the truffles mingled with the rich aroma of the jungle that grew in my house. And I began my repast.

After breakfast, I made my way to my studio. There stood my easel, with a canvas in pristine white propped in place, waiting for my creativity to spill forth. A palate rested on a small table next to the easel, with tubes of paint, rags, cleaners, brushes, and spreaders in easy reach. So focused I was on the object of my creative outlet, I hardly noticed the rest of my sunny room: the hardwood floors in a pale ash, the wide windows that looked out on the sky and the horizon, the seats beneath the windows, the shelves and drawers containing books – mostly for reference – and other supplies.

I wrapped a smock around me and sat upon the stool, which placed me in front of the canvas and in arm’s reach of the palate and supplies. In my mind’s eye I saw a young girl, smiling, glowing with innocent pleasure as she lifted a tolerant cat above her in her hands. With this picture burning in my head, I laid the first strokes of paint, and as the hours – which seemed to me mere minutes – passed, the girl and the cat she loved formed before me in paint and bliss.

Chapter 2

I began the day much as I had the day before, but that I did not consult my Calendar. I knew I had left it blank but for Lee's return. I expected him in the late morning – his email had said that he would be at a J.D. by then, down in Ithaca, New York. And then he would be here.

I busied myself looking for things to straighten up, clean, or otherwise put to rights, but of course the house 'botties had ensured that nothing was amiss, and so the moving of pillows and shifting of bric-a-brac were arbitrary, and merely offered my hands something to do.

As I was exercising what patience I could muster, the house announced that Lil, my best friend, was calling. By all means, I responded in my head, bring her in. Lil's holographic self appeared in the room with me, and I smiled widely.

Lil was the first to speak. "Izzy! Is he home yet?" She knew that Lee was expected home, but also knew the time would depend on when he managed to get to a J.D. from the wilds of the surface.

"Not yet, Lil," I replied. "But I just know it will be soon. What's up?"

"Well," Lil eagerly responded, "I was thinking we could get together, the four of us, and maybe spend time at the Pyramids sometime today. I mean, after you and Lee…reacquaint yourselves…" Lil grinned and winked.

I laughed. "That sounds wonderful! Which Pyramids did you have in mind?" I thought she might have the Asian or the Mayan pyramids in mind, but I rather knew she meant the Egyptian ones.

Sure enough, Lil said, "The ones in Egypt." She rolled her eyes and shook her head with a smile that betrayed the mock disgust in me as being a friendly jab.

"Well, I wasn't sure. There ARE many others to choose from," I said with equal mock archness.

Lil nodded, grinning, and moved on. "So what is Lee taking pictures of this trip?"

"He mentioned something about 'poverty ruins,' but he often finds something to distract himself from the stated goal, so I am never sure until he returns and shows me."

Lil giggled. "So you have more to look forward to than just Lee, eh?" Her hologram raised a teasing brow in my direction. I laughed and assured her that I would let her know when Lee and I were done with our reacquaintance, and we could iron out the specifics of time and J.D. location then. After agreeing, Lil's hologram vanished, and I

was left again to plump and adjust pillows, and poke around my displays of things for a more aesthetic arrangement.

Half an hour later Lee walked into my house. With sounds of delight we were in each other's arms, kissing and entwining our arms and legs.

Lee is tall, 6'1", with dark chocolate skin. His eyes are blue – strikingly so – and his build is slender. He is a counterpoint to my fair skin and dark eyes. And though we both have black hair, mine is long and straight to his tight, short curls.

After our enduring embrace, Lee pulled back and said, "I found something this time I think you would be interested in." Though he tried to deliver this in a nonchalant way, I could sense the excitement he was concealing.

"What is it?" I asked, responding to the excitement, rather than the forced nonchalance, rubbing my hands together in anticipation.

"Here," he offered, as he reached into his pack, which he had laid upon the sofa, and drew out a plastic-wrapped bundle. It was rectangular and flat, and rather small.

Taking the prize from his hands, I turned it over, but the opposite side gave no further clues. I saw that the outer plastic was an Old-style zipper-closed bag, and through its rumpled clearness, I could see another plastic covering inside. Looking up at Lee, I beamed a smile, and then cracked the zipper, pulling out what felt like a book within the thin brown plastic bag – an Old shopping bag, a very minor Old item; like the zipper bag, it was rather ubiquitous, so many having been made back in the overall scarcity Humans once struggled within.

I glanced again at Lee to see the excitement and anticipation break forth on his features, and then I opened the brown plastic. Inside was what appeared indeed to be a book, with a dark blue binding. It was Old, that was certain, and as I looked the cover over, I could just make out a single word on the cover: Diary.

"A diary?" I asked. "Whose? And where did you find it?"

Lee replied, with clear thrill to be telling me this, "It seems to be the diary of Amelia Ringer."

I widened my eyes in amazement. "THE Amelia Ringer?" Lee nodded eagerly, clearly enjoying my pleasure. "So where WAS it? How did you find it???" I entreated.

"Well, I was doing a shoot of the poverty ruins where she lived – I didn't tell you because it was going to be a surprise – and hoped to capture information about her for you. I guess I hit the jackpot." I nodded vigorously, as Lee continued, "Anyway, the house is well into decay at this point. And when I was moving across the floor of her bedroom, a couple of the boards gave way – nearly broke my ankle, I tell you! – and I saw the bag

poking out from under the rotting wood. Seems the hidden space in the floor was where she hid her diary."

I looked down at the book I held, imagining Amelia lifting the corner of a concealing rug, perhaps, and opening the small, hidden panel to tuck her diary safely away from prying eyes. "Awesome," was all I could say.

Then gingerly I opened the cover and revealed a yellowed bookplate stuck to the first sheet of paper. An image of a girl, in an Old-style pale blue dress with puffy sleeves, petticoat peeking, as she reclined on her stomach in green grass and read a red book, with her legs bent at the knee and crossed at the ankle above her back. Below this blond-haired young girl were printed the words, 'This Book Belongs To,' and below that, on a line provided, was written in a gentle script, 'Amelia Ringer.' My heart skipped a beat.

Again I looked at Lee. "What a find! This we shall have to offer to the Museum…but not until I read it, first!" Lee grinned and I grinned too.

I gently returned the book to the bags, zipping the outer one closed. "Well, this can wait a short while. I arranged with Lil to go to the Pyramids – in Egypt – tonight…if that is of interest to you…" Lee gave a good-natured nod. "And after I properly welcome you home, of course. That being what I want to do now." I gave him an impish look, and he drew my meaning precisely. As he reached for my hand, I set the diary of Amelia Ringer on a nearby table, and together we made our way to my bed.

Later, as we bathed away the heat of our passion beneath the waters of my fall, I asked, "Did you read any of the diary?"

Lee poured water over my shoulder and breasts, taking a moment to reply. "Actually, I just glanced over the pages. I thought it would be most enjoyable to read the entries together." I smiled and nodded earnestly. Lee knew of my…great interest in Amelia's history – ok, that was an understatement, my interest. And so I felt a warm streak of appreciation that he wanted to share my delight in his find, his gift to me.

"I better call up Lil and let her know we will be ready soon," I commented as I reluctantly pulled myself from the waters of the bathing pool and let the fall pour its rinsing cleanness over my body. Lee remained reclined but I knew he would soon follow.

Deciding to opt for expedience, I sent the proper images to the wardie and 'botties to dress me in rugged wear, appropriate for hiking around, as well as a plain, bound hairstyle to keep my tresses from catching and tangling. An equally plain and rugged Personal Witness piece was to be placed on my shoulder. Moments later I was tended to with the clothes and items I had requested and the style of dressed hair I wanted, and then I was ready to call Lil.

I asked the holophone to connect me, and after a short wait, Lil appeared as she had before. I knew that at her end, I was standing in her house as she was standing here in mine.

“Hey, Izzy! Ready for the adventure?” Lil’s happy tone filled the room.

I nodded with enthusiasm. “We are indeed! Who all is going at your end? Still just you and Nassim? Or did you round up others since we last spoke?”

“Still just the four of us,” Lil replied. “I wanted this to be more of a sharing and less of a party, eh?”

Nodding, I agreed. “Yeah, too many and the time with Lee would be limited. Thanks, Lil.”

“Not a problem, kid,” she said kindly. “I know it’s been a while since you two have been together, and I didn’t want to clutter your time too much.”

“Well, shall we use the J.D. near the Sphinx? Start there and then head for the Pyramids? In, say, half an hour?” I wanted to make sure Lee had time to dress as he preferred, which is to say, without the ’botties.

“Sounds like a plan, kid. See you there and then!” Lil waved.

“Oh, and wait till I tell you what Lee found on this trip!” I added before she could leave. She hesitated, a brow lifted in inquiry. “Well, you’ll hear all about it soon.”

“Brat!” Lil exclaimed teasingly.

“Yep,” I agreed, with a wink. “See you soon, Lil.” And I left the connection. Her hologram winked out.

Shortly, Lee came in, dressed as ruggedly as I was, yet carrying the look with a debonair grace, as he managed to carry in most anything he wore – or didn’t wear.

“Ten minutes till we have to be there,” I announced. Lee nodded once and then pulled me into his arms to kiss me for most of that time. Finally I broke from his kisses and said, “Sphinx J.D.” He nodded again, and we went to the J.D. He motioned for me to go first, and I stepped through the J.D. into Egypt.

I quickly moved off the landing there, making room for the next arrival, which was Lee, and we looked around for Lil and Nassim.

“Guess we’re first,” I remarked. Lee wrapped an arm around my shoulder as we took in the morning light, as well as the general bustle in the area. Though it had been well after nightfall where we had been, here the sun peeked brightly from the eastern horizon.

Several people we did not know, but exchanged smiles with, walked through the static-curtain of the J.D. and moved off in their own directions. And then Lil walked through. She smiled brightly and came towards us, hugging first me and then Lee. We turned to watch the J.D. together.

Another stranger, smiling to us as she passed by, came through, and then Nassim stepped out. Whereas Lil was tall and fair, with blond hair that loosely curled, Nassim was shorter – nearly as short as myself – and had close-cropped, brown hair and olive complexion. He, too, came and bear-hugged both Lee and me, as we exchanged the greetings of friends.

Together we headed towards the Sphinx, looking in awe at the remains of the stone creature and marveling at how wrongly an age we Humans had been told this very ancient work was and, despite the evidence, we had blithely accepted. As we walked, Lil could contain herself no longer.

"So, Lee… Izzy said you found something interesting on this last trip of yours. I gathered it was something out of the ordinary. What could a photographer find of interest except interesting things to take pictures of?"

I watched as Lee looked first at me with a flash of mock reproval – I knew it was mock, because I knew he was looking forward to announcing his find – and then turn to Lil to answer. He launched into the story of what he was photographing, what happened with the floorboards, what he saw and picked up out of the hollow beneath, and ending with a description of what it was and who wrote it.

Like me, Lil asked, "THE Amelia Ringer?" Nassim mouthed the question silently, in near sync with Lil's voiced question, his eyes widening even as the implications hit him.

"The Amelia Ringer," Lee confirmed, without the stressed word.

I added, "Yes. THE Amelia Ringer! I held the diary in my hands and read the bookplate! Isn't that awesome?!?"

"Well, what does it say…I mean, anything new to add to her story?" Nassim asked.

"We don't know yet," I jumped in ahead of Lee as he opened his mouth to respond. "We're going to read it together."

Lil sighed, smiling. "You two are just too romantic!"

"I promise we'll keep you two posted," I offered eagerly.

"You'd better," Lil said, and Nassim's body language echoed. "Or else!" Lil added with a wry grin. I laughed and Lee smiled widely.

We took the tour of the Sphinx and walked over to the Great Pyramid, quite a trek, really, and I was glad to have the shoes I had chosen. After touring this wonder as well, we agreed we were all hungry. Lil smiled her mischievous smile and mentioned that Chef Allouba – THE Chef Allouba – had offered his personal table to us, the table he saved for short notice friends, in his Moroccan Bistro. She had taken the liberty to contact him and make the reservations.

Lee and I were delighted. I love Moroccan food as does he, and we had never had the honor to sit at Chef Allouba's table. But I had heard that Chef Allouba was the best. He used actual Earth food, even though the replicated food had just as much essence energy, nutritional value, taste and looks as real Earth ingredients, but it was his purist nature coming to play that he chose to keep it all from nature. It was part of his artist's pallet, just as my paints were of mine.

Together we looked for the nearest J.D. as Lil mentally sent the Chef's Invitation, via the house-web system, so that we all could wind up in the same place, and the J.D. on the other side would welcome us. Finding one nearby, we took our turns passing through the portal.

Chef Allouba's place was marvelous, built high on a mountain, with a view as wonderful as any from the heights my own house might attain. Gold curtains segmented areas with cushioned benches around large circular brass tables. Done in muted magenta and goldenrod, with upholstery in ornate design reflecting these colors, as well as teal and yellow, the place was rich in character. Old Things of Moroccan make accented the walls here and there, and oil lamp chandeliers hung down above the tables from the very high ceiling, giving intimate lighting and an authentic incense from the scented oil in the lamps.

Chef Allouba, who I recognized from holograms I had seen on the web, greeted us soon after we arrived.

"Lil, darling. It is a pleasure to meet you in the flesh," the Chef announced as he moved to embrace her in greeting. "And you must be the reunited lovebirds!" Chef had turned to Lee and me with merry and welcoming eyes, as we smiled in return and touched shoulders in a subtle subconscious display of conjoined spirit. First me and then Lee received his embrace, and then he turned to Nassim. "Ah, Nassim. So glad you could join me once again!" And again, his warm embrace came, this time for Nassim.

After a few words of thanks from all of us for opening his home to us, the Chef led us to our table, through a path between curtained alcoves, fountains, and inviting aromas, where we settled in. "I must be off to my bliss, making food for you to enjoy. Here is Sarah who will serve you," Chef Allouba said as a pretty woman stepped into our alcove, dressed in traditional Moroccan garb. "She is a very special lady and I am lucky she came to my service." As Sarah smiled, Chef Allouba departed.

Sarah had brought with her a stand supporting an ornate, enameled bowl atop. She set it before us and ducked out, returning with a tall silver ewer and a tray of finger towels. Nassim reached his hands out over the bowl and Sarah poured rose water from high up in a stream over Nassim's hands. He rubbed and cleansed his hands and then reached for a towel, wiping the moisture away.

Taking Nassim's cue, I held my hands out and felt the warm, sweet waters splash enjoyably onto my hands and through my fingers. Having ablated, I too took a towel and watched as Lee and then Lil did the same.

As she was pouring the aromatic water, I asked Sarah how she came to offer her services to Chef Allouba in this capacity. It is unusual to have serving staff in human form. Most places use 'botties for service. Sarah smiled and explained that she loves facilitating such experiences, and besides, she admitted, she got the best Moroccan food on Earth! All the time! I laughed, and we all thanked her warmly for her service.

As we chatted and laughed, happy in one another's company, Chef Allouba began sending, via Sarah, dish after dish of fragrant, pungent, sweet and tart and savory delights for us to eat. Lamb and couscous, mint and pears, figs and apples, came in dish after dish, set upon the table, and eaten by all of us with our fingers. All was very traditional, and very delightful.

Sarah also poured glasses of a sweet wine, an aromatic tea, a strong coffee as the meal progressed and as each of us might want.

In the middle of the meal, belly dancers and a troupe of musicians made their way into our little space, and we gleefully applauded, commenting on the delicate design of the outfits the dancers wore, and laughing in our joy and camaraderie. The enjoyment the performers were experiencing was evident. They were in their bliss.

As the performers smiled and left to entertain other guests, with thanks for our appreciation and attention, I brought up my Calendar above my lap and asked Lil, "Hey, what are you doing here?" as I pointed to a day a couple of days ahead. "We're going to the fireworks show in San Francisco and I was hoping you could come over."

Lil brought up her Calendar and wrinkled her nose. "Sorry, Izzy. I have plans to be with Rajid Gupta for his class in jewelry-making – I couldn't believe he had an opening and I got in! – and Nassim will be giving a lecture in London on his theories in particle physics. Wish we had the time free, though. I LOVE fireworks!"

"Maybe next year," I suggested as I shrugged and shut off my Calendar. "It's really spectacular. And gets more so every year!" I grinned.

"Next year for sure!" Lil promised.

When the last crispy, cinnamoned piece of the dessert was being consumed, Chef Allouba returned, seating himself with us. Sarah, too, joined us, as 'botties quietly snuck in and cleared away the dishes that remained, the crumbs and the spills, and also offering steaming towels to clean again our hands.

"So, I presume the meal was satisfactory, my friends?" the Chef inquired through his wide and welcoming smile.

"More than merely satisfactory!" I exclaimed. "Thank you so much, both of you…ALL of you," I said, waving my arm to include the performers, though they were gone from our alcove now.

Sarah showed her pleasure at the exuberant compliment, and replied, "Thank you. You were a joy to offer service to. Truly, I enjoyed myself immensely to see your enjoyment."

Nassim spoke, "A wonderful experience as always, Joe." That must be Chef Allouba's personal name, I thought. I did not realize that Nassim was so close to Chef Allouba, but that explains why his wife had no trouble setting this meal up. I had initially thought we might check the Web for places serving their fair in Cairo to keep the Egyptian theme going, but I thought this was better.

We chatted a while with Chef "Joe" Allouba and with Sarah (she insisted that that is the only name she has). Then the Chef took his leave to chat with others he had welcomed to enjoy his cuisine. Sarah led us back to the J.D. and we decided that it had been a long and enjoyable while. Lee was tired in particular, having spent the morning hiking back to a J.D. from the poverty ruins, and hiking the plaza at Giza. We decided we would call one another soon and meanwhile we would rest. Oh, and read the diary to report on, of course.

With final thanks to Sarah, and to be relayed to The Chef and the performers, we returned to our respective homes.

Chapter 3

The following morning I made breakfast, and, with the help of a ’bottie, I served it to Lee in bed, climbing in next to him and tucking the silk of the sheets around me. I loved to see his pleasure taken from my efforts, and if he had had none, I would not have bothered. But he savored each bite, and thanked me more than once. When the ’bottie had cleared things away, we made love again, with passion as great as when he first returned.

As we lay there in the gentle warmth of the afterglow, kissing each other’s noses, eyelids, and shoulders, I asked, “Is it time to read the diary?”

Lee smiled lazily, looking into my eyes. Finally he released me from his arms and stretched, then said, “Yeah. I think so.”

I called a ’bottie to bring the book and moments later it arrived. We propped our backs up with pillows and I carefully removed the diary from its plastic covers, setting it between us. With respect and a gentle hand, I opened the diary to the first page, and we began to read:

> October 7, 2008
>
> I begin this diary today because it occurred to me that someday my efforts in this world might be of interest. Why? Because I find myself with Big Ideas (ok, that’s how I think of them, at any rate; I see where they could lead us on this planet, and it sure looks awesome to me) and a notion of how to set them into play. And if I succeed, some might want to see what happened from my own perspective.
>
> I found this book, blank pages and all, in the hall at Loaves and Fishes – Ithaca’s version of “soup kitchen.” There it was sitting on the back table for any who wanted it to take. And I wanted it, so I took it. Sometimes something of surprising quality shows up on that table, and I thank in my heart those who provide these things to those like me who are struggling.
>
> Let me explain my life situation as it is now. I am broke and homeless. The Red Cross is making sure I have a place to sleep, and I go to Loaves and Fishes five days a week for the meal they serve, as well as the donated items they lay out on the back table. The community there is awesome, and though I do not share the dogma of many, I share the spirit fully.
>
> This is a far cry from where I once was. Once I was making $60,000 a year working for a military contractor as a civilian. But when 9/11 happened, the contracts for what I was doing – graphics for interactive software to teach recruits how to operate military devices and machinery – those contracts dried up. And when they dried up, and I found myself out

on the post-9/11 job market… Which is to say, I discovered that there were no jobs to be had. No one was hiring, and things in my life deteriorated from there. And here destitute I sit with what sure seems like Big Ideas.

Let me tell you about my Big Ideas...

It has occurred to me that we sit at a point in our history, for the first time in our history, where we can cast off human slavery to machinery. We now have what it will take to mechanize all the mind-numbing work, the heavy labor, the dirty and undesirable work. But there are problems, obstacles to this goal.

It is true that Nikola Tesla devised a way to pull free energy from the vacuum – which is really a plenum, an opposite of a vacuum where energy seethes in abundance. They (and there is a They who would control us) have kept this energy from us. And the reason it was hidden away, the reason so many human advances have been hidden away, is because if we had the power and the cures and the life extensions and all the other solutions that have been suppressed and hidden…They would have no power over us.

They could not bleed us of our money – for energy to run our cars and our appliances, our heat and our cooling, for "medicines" that leave us with more issues than we started with, and in turn we spend all the more to "treat" the added problems, for stop-gap measures such as skin creams and potions and other "rejuvenation" scams.

They would have no power over us.

So we have the technology to build the machinery to do what needs to be done, and there is energy to make it happen. And this is unique in our history.

There are multitudes of ways to bring harmony and health to each and every one of us. But most people don't know about these things, believing in the scarcity and lack of development that we are told to believe in. Most will not believe that free energy is a reality, and won't until it breaks the surface of popular awareness. As long as it is kept secret, we as a whole can be kept…powerless.

But yet… There is the Internet. The Internet is our hope, and They know this. Already They are seeing us use it to spread information…and They are very scared of what this might mean. They are trying to take control of the information flow, removing net neutrality.

So something has to be done – SOON!

I looked at Lee. "Good thing something was done," I remarked. "Otherwise we would not be where we are today."

Lee nodded. "A very good thing indeed!" We both knew that plans had been in the works to kill off most Humans, enslaving the remainder through mind control, mind wipes, and propaganda. The vision had been to kill most of us, through disease, starvation, "natural" disasters designed by evil, power-hungry beings and executed through HAARP and other facilities – and then to take the few "pleasing" humans underground while the Earth healed, to emerge when the planet had become livable again.

Of course, that did not happen – because of Amelia and her Ideas. We read on.

> December 28, 2008
>
> Well, I didn't really think this would be a daily thing. Besides, writing about the mundanities of my life doesn't interest me, nor is it likely to interest any reader. Suffice it to say that I found a job – doing production work at one of the local papers – and got an apartment. Roaches and fleas infest the place, and the kitchen sink is filthy. The previous tenant, I am told, was a crack dealer and who knows what else. So who knows what they did in that sink. But it is a home I can afford and is better than sleeping on the streets in New England's winter.
>
> Anyway, I write here now because I wrote an article about what we could do, what humanity could do now, with the level of technology we have. In the article I described a world where robots tended our fields and gardens… I wrote of land, even what to us might seem marginal land because of its location, plowed by robots, planted by robots, and tended by robots. Machines, maybe a hive of a thousand, double the size of a tarantula, for each acre, removing any need to use human labor as they plow, plant, water, weed, and remove insects from the parts of the plants we eat. Programs that prune as needed, water as needed, and then, of course, harvest when ready. There would be larger specialty robots – those that carry the harvest bounty in large loads out of the fields to a storage or immediate use distribution. With this degree of attention, virtually all of the crop would be marketable.
>
> And then the robots would mulch the remainder, preparing the fertilizer for the next crop.
>
> Designed to rotate crops in the most efficient way such that the soil is never depleted and it needs no petro-help, the robots would fill our fields with organic, healthy crops. Robots would clean and gently transport our

food-stuffs to us. Other robots could prepare our foods if we didn't feel like doing this ourselves.

Combined with free energy, this would be possible now.

I also brought up the concept of organic livestock farming, where the cows are herded through sections of field day by day, eating their natural diet, with chickens following three days later when the grubs in the cow patties have reached a perfection for healthy chickens to eat. Roost the chickens over a mulch pit, where their manure adds to the fertile elements. Build a level of mulch, adding bits of corn, mix with sawdust and other organics, and allow pigs to root for the fermented corn when it has ripened, thereby turning the mulch.

Very organic, natural processes guided in gentle touch by robots.

Now, the ancient task of shepherd, steward of the land, could be mechanized. We, for the first time in our history, have the technology and resources to do this!

Robots could tend all of this, and we could have organic meats, milk and eggs for all. If the resources we have – from internet emergence of Social Special Interest (which often is a reflection of what we would do if we could afford it (whatever "it" is) or more to the point, if it were afforded to us) to what land we have on this planet – if our resources were managed with thought to the natural processes by which they operate, and we had lots of shepherds, life would be effectively heaven.

So I asked, why isn't this being done?

I might conclude that there is intent counter to the freeing of humanity unto a heavenly end.

Anyway, I posted my article on several websites. I am grateful I have an old laptop. Though the screen has issues, I can prop it just so to see what I am doing, even though it is awkward typing, and roaming the Web when I can connect. But it gets it done.

I hope my words are taken to heart – that the people out there I post to will see that benevolent-intent is key. To accomplish benevolent-intent, open source on all things programmed should be embraced, encouraged by using only open source code on personal appliances, be they the toaster or the toilet-scrubbing 'bottie – I call them 'botties, those things that take care of things.

> Products programmed in open source, code that anyone can look at and those that could read the code could watchdog ala eBay on a public website. The quality programs would gain reputation, and the aim would be for perfection, rather than some product that will generate future sales.
>
> In fact, this would be what would happen all around. That quality would gain reputation as ratings were posted on the free, neutral Web.
>
> In this scarcity paradigm that we are choosing to live in – though there is plenty for all; it just is very badly managed – we find it hard to envision ways the bounty of the earth can be all of ours, and what it would mean if it came to pass with humanity in control.
>
> The tech point we have arrived at in Human History is affecting all humans: a new, totally novel point we are at. This fact places a gais on us as humanity to make a choice. All of us are at a point where we could choose to give the tasks that need intensive labor or concentration to machines (and to any humans that *want* to do them). And it turns out that all tasks that no one REALLY wants to do can be done with what we have now. Or we could choose to allow our race to be commanded as slaves by Them, the Elite, the Lizard Hearted.
>
> One key, and I keep coming back to it, is free energy. After watching the – BBC, it might have been – broadcast of the Gary McKinnon interview on the internet, and the heavily edited excitement he had at the discovery of free energy in his made-public romp inside US black ops computers, I wonder why there aren't many who are gleefully passing on to their loved ones how we have the tools to end human slavery. I wonder why this hasn't been brought to the point of tipping – to the tipping point – where we are mandating it!
>
> Looking at the world, and knowing that free energy is in the hands of some, what more can I conclude but that there are some who would suppress the knowledge. Gary, last I heard, was being extradited from Britain to the US for trial… Been a while, and I wonder what became of him. But, for now at least, he's still there on the internet being interviewed.

On the margin was jotted,

> Must remember to look him up on the Web when I get on next at the library!

We read on, giving a soft grunt to let the other know the page could be turned – Lee was usually the first to grunt, though I was soon behind him, as we snuggled together, enjoying the love we had.

> If some can grasp what a point we are at, where an application of ethics to the resources of the planet as a whole might determine whether we go down one of two very divergent paths as a race, where one path leads to being controlled by an Elite few and the other to freedom and abundance, maybe they will take up the call as well and we will choose wisely.

I sighed. Reading this, I reflected on the choices that were made and how grateful we humans were.

Looking up at Lee, I asked, “Break time?” He smiled and nodded. “Then come with me and look. I have something to show you.”

Chapter 4

We paused briefly to dress; I chose a warm, fine wool drape – so fine a wool that it felt of fine velvet rather than fine wool – that fell to my knees in soft folds of red cascade. To this I added a belt of intricate Mayan symbols, wrought in gold and mounted closely on a titanium structure reminiscent of a snake's skin – a gift from Noni, who was now doing more than site-seeing, digging in the Central American Pyramids. On my feet I pulled boots, with deep treads and shin high lacing. The boots were red, too.

Lee wore boots (as I had suggested), jeans just the right amount of snug, and a gray wool jacket with hood pulled over his head and the zipper allowing just the right amount of his chest in view.

Taking his hand I led him out to the terrace and we looked at the white sands, liberally dotted with large black stones, of a beach that ran north and south. We were looking inland from a point about 20 feet above the crashing surf that rolled in its ever-steady yet chaotic way into the stones and over the sands of the beach. From where we stood, the 15 foot high, dark cliffs that hedged the beach about 50 feet inland could be peeked over, showing a lush forest of short growth with trees liberally interspersed. The feature most prominent was the gash in the wall of the cliffs.

In front of us the white sand continued into a canyon with sheer cliff on either side, about 15 feet wide, with ferns covering the sides of the walls of what gave mostly the impression of a winding hallway into a temple. Finding out where that canyon led was a very inviting prospect. Lee turned to me and smiled widely but said nothing.

The house had already extended a ramp down to the beach for us, opening the energy field and sending a tube of energy around the ramp to the sands below. I took Lee's hand to lead him into Fern Canyon.

When we reached the beach, I scanned for other people who might have chosen to visit this place at this time, but the gray, cloud-covered skies showed no one else around. I drew the crisp salt air, quite cool and damp, into my lungs, listening to the waves stroke rock and caress sand. Then we aimed for the path that led into to the cliffs, which now loomed well above our heads.

Sand crunched under foot but did not echo down the hall, so lush and buffered the walls were with ferns. The stream that splashed gently on its way to the sea amidst the sand pathway ran, crystal clear, sometimes on the left and sometimes on the right, requiring that Lee and I hop over its small width from time to time. The dripping of moisture through the ferns was as muted chimes and the laughter of the stream seemed to dance within its lattice. The path kept going, deeper and deeper, into the cliffs.

We had made the trek in silence, sharing our wonder and delight in smiles, gentle touches, and assists over the stream from time to time. Now Lee spoke, "The path is

getting narrower, little by little." I looked and confirmed that the walls of fern-laden cliffs were indeed closer together.

"I wonder how far we can go," I mused.

Lee looked ahead, an expression of happy determination slid across his face and, through a smile, he said, "We will find out!"

I nodded eagerly. "Yes, I think so!" We took each other's hands and continued further into the crevice.

A short while later, the walls had closed in to where we could barely walk between them. Ahead we could see only a narrow crack with ferns choking any further progress.

"Looks like the end," I stated with a bit of disappointment that we hadn't come to a temple as the path had initially promised in its almost manufactured appearance.

Lee nodded. "Still, what an awesome place, this canyon."

"I'm glad you like it," I smiled. "I was here as a child and it occurred to me that you would appreciate it as I had."

We moved back down the canyon and found a wide spot a short way retracing our steps. The stream was running close to one wall and a large bed of sand lay in the curve of the canyon walls. We sat upon the damp carpet, leaning against one another and breathing the sweet, wet, green air. After a while, our cuddling transformed into caresses and kisses. We made love to the sounds of dripping and tumbling waters, the sand sticking to our skin.

We lay there a while, appreciating the coolness of the canyon and the presence of each other's body. After a bit we stood and wiped sand from the other. Finally we gave up on removing all sand, and dressed as best we could with the granules still clinging. We ambled back down the canyon to the house, where we bathed away the last of the grit and made love again in the warm waters that washed us.

I lazily called to the house to make its way down the coast heading towards San Francisco, and though I could feel no movement, I knew that the house had pulled the ramp away from the shores of Fern Canyon and had lifted further into the sky, moving southward.

Lee and I slipped out of the warm water and wrapped ourselves in robes, strolling through the jungle to admire the fountain that Flo had created. I called to have a 'bottie bring the diary and we snuggled again together to read while the fountain played joyously to our right.

January 8, 2009

I posted my article on several forums and have been getting some interesting comments and questions. The one that I found most interesting was the question about why I am so adamant about bringing about the abundance of the planet. I explained that it is a matter of ethics. As long as humans are kept in the scarcity paradigm – a paradigm built around money to define who is most "deserving" of the goods of the world, but in actuality makes slaves of all but the few to whom the money has aggregated – as long as we accept this system, we will be slaves, with many dying of starvation, thirst and exposure, illness and neglect.

As long as we are controlled, leached of our money by corporations, we will not see the cures that are deliberately hidden and suppressed so that money can be made off our suffering, selling the patentable chemicals that further sicken us and increase what we buy to treat the illnesses induced by the first round of drugs.

It is an ethical choice to do all we can to bring abundance forth.

Another comment I received was when I pointed out that in an abundance paradigm, there will be no money needed. I was accused of being a Communist! I had to explain that Communism is a scarcity paradigm. It is predicated on the idea that there is a finite amount of resources which are divided up equally – each gets a "share." In an abundance paradigm, one may take all one needs or wants, as there is plenty for all. This does not make Communism, but rather eliminates all money-based economies. Capitalism, Socialism, and all such systems, based on money accounting for what any individual might have to trade, become moot in an abundance paradigm.

So many people are convinced that abundance "won't work!" What about greed, some ask. And again, I have to point out that in abundance, greed too becomes moot. If one can have all one wants and needs, regardless of how much that is, greed is meaningless.

Value will be placed on arts and skills – richness will be measured in character rather than a bank account.

What about violent crimes? I point out that with a free internet allowing people to congregate with those of like mind, as well as the ability to do as one wishes when one wishes, few will choose to spend time with those they do not like. Most crime is motivated by frustration – frustration over having too little money or power over one's own life. Even rape is a crime of power, allowing the rapist the feeling of power over another.

When one has complete power over one's life, crime will vanish as people begin to choose what they will do with their time, and who they will spend their time with. Love will flourish, while hatred will lose its teeth. With no groups "above" others, with all living richly, the seeds of hatred will disappear as people spend their time such that all thought of those they might hate in a scarcity paradigm seldom if ever come to mind.

Chapter 5

January 25, 2009

I encounter questions about "sexually deviancy" and especially as it relates to children. I point out that reputation will be everything relative to those whose bliss comes out in loving and nurturing our children. Parents always have the right to give a family to their child, but for any unwanted children, in a system where they are no burden, those who would love them would come forth.

And as a society it would be understood that one should always record one's perspective while with a child, and as soon as a child understands the personal power of documenting one's own perspective, then they, too, can begin their documentation.

This will virtually eliminate any bad behavior in the social context. Anyone can share their evidence, and reputations will be built. The children will be raised in love.

As for sexual deviancy – whatever that is – amongst adults… Well, I think that the ethical approach is that what adults do in a sexual capacity between agreeing parties is no one's affair but those choosing the way they want to spend their time.

It will come to pass, in abundance, where no creative bliss is denied, that sex for procreation will be a choice made by all who are ready for giving love and guidance to a child. An unwanted child will pretty much cease to be.

February 28, 2009

So many things get better if there is no money – which is the necessary evil in a scarcity paradigm. Once you take away the money motivation, by way of abundance, cures are brought forth instead of something to patent that requires repeated purchase.

Again, putting forth our resources into bringing forth abundance shows its ethical nature.

Products will gain durability reputations, an ethical quality – no more planned obsolescence. Honesty will be valued, when there is no money to be bribed with. Things will be valued for who made/gave them and for what they bring to our lives.

> People don't seem to grasp how ethical it is choosing abundance, choosing a free internet, choosing our sovereign right to our perspective, choosing our destiny in the direction of abundance. We should be financing research, that all might watch (fully public), to build robots to do the things not enough people want to do (many which no one wants to do). To look for and build for things we just hate to do.
>
> Some tell me that we aren't there yet, robotics is still crude, but I watched a robot programmed, based on a locust's reaction to the Universe, and it was able to detect and avoid obstacles. It will be mainstream soon – if it's not suppressed. And this beginning will blossom out rapidly, as the robot's "awareness" of the Universe is fine-tuned to points where work can be the function of the worker ants we build.
>
> And given that the tech curve, plotted out by a group of statisticians back in the 90's, shows a geometric progression in tech over the last 5,000ish years, where movement on the line began noticeably upward in the 1800's, and jumped incredibly in the 1900's... That tech curve was projected to go infinite in 2012. So if we have locust-equipped robots today, a few months from now we're likely to see significant refinement.
>
> I wonder what infinite tech will look like…
>
> In the meantime, we, as a race must make a choice.
>
> Some have asked me about the possibility of machines gaining consciousness. I explain that everything we create has a level of consciousness, and we might as well ask an ant if it's happy as a machine, for that would be the highest necessary level of consciousness to provide us with abundance. And it would be unethical to try for much higher consciousness, just as it would be unethical to bring a child into the Universe unloved.
>
> And what would be the point? Just to prove it could be done? Who cares? I might presume so. But in abundance, why would we want to complicate our lives with those ethics?
>
> I am enjoying the questions I am getting online. Some of them are well directed. It is allowing me to look at many angles and consider what it would look like in abundance. I keep coming up with Heaven.

Amelia had been right. We see Heaven now daily. Every individual can now choose the style of life they wished to live – in the community of those who share their preference, or as hermits, even. In abundance, it is a choice. Most groups maintained a presence on the Web, and could be found and read up on. People had a tendency to flock together by interests, though with the J.D.'s, family ties were kept by most. I tend towards

hermitism, with Lee as my other half. But there are people who make house rounds – everybody is going to open parties or throwing open parties or both. In fact, lots of parties, from subdued intelligencia rationally playing with the puzzle pieces of life to the frat bash style, parties are ubiquitous.

Entertainment of others by hosting parties has become an art.

But what flourished most was Love.

It's hard to imagine seeing the vision of what could be and not having everyone else saying, "Well, duh." It's hard to imagine the blinders the scarcity paradigm wrapped around the minds of those who lived within it.

Then again… There had been those who deliberately amped up "scarcity awareness." They amped up fear. They plotted and planned and folded information to show as little as possible of what was really going on, in politics, in tech, in cures, in spiritual growth, in ethics. Selected ignorance was the fare of the day, and many of these who had resources also plotted ways to take over the Human race, bring it back to a more "manageable" number, keep it in slavehood.

Amelia called them Lizard Hearted. Most everyone now knows who the Lizard Hearted were, and that Amelia called them that. It's on record.

The Lizard Hearted were also developed on Earth, but lacked the DNA of galactic royalty – which Humans all have – and the ability to love. Many of the leaders of Earth had been Lizard Hearted, preferring to toy with the humans they led, making plans to assert power, derived from the scarcity paradigm through the accumulation of the money that kept them in control.

It's rather amazing how much of the truth of our history was available in the infosphere even back in Amelia's time. Most people that encountered it did not believe it, however, preferring the picture that the Lizard Hearted painted, calling the truth "myths." The Terra Papers, written by Robert Morning Sky and taken from the Hopi teachings that were given to them by an ET in 1947 – the Papers were online. They described well the history of Earth – but few who read them actually believed them.

But as Amelia rose in the awareness of the infosphere, as more and more contemplated what she had to say, the Ideas she had…more and more secrets began to break the surface, like so many bubbles from an underground hot spring, as humans saw that there was no need to do their masters' bidding, nothing was (or would be) held over their heads. More and more people aligned themselves with the efforts to build abundance for the human race, and in short order, the truth came out and Humans claimed their collective throne of the planet and solar system of Eridu.

Amelia's diary continued…

> March 15, 2009
>
> OMG! I was asked to appear on The Colbert Report! I was posting about the abundance paradigm, and the path to get there, what to expect and all – posting all that on the Colbert Nation forum, and it seems that Stephen Colbert himself became intrigued! He offered me the Colbert Bump!
>
> I will be flown to NYC – still unclear when exactly – to prepare for and appear on his show! I am so excited!

"Ah, yes!" Lee exclaimed. "That was what really got the ball rolling."

I nodded, "Yep. That episode is a classic. Bless Stephen for having the sight to see what it all meant!"

> One question I get a lot about the abundance paradigm is, "What about lazy people?" I ask, What about them? If their bliss is to be a couch potato, and since their work is not needed and they are no drain on the system, just leave them be! Get on with your own life. But I also point out that most people are lazy out of boredom, being unable to afford to do what they really want to do (race cars, climb mountains, create stained glass art, teach children, scuba dive in Barbados, play video games, create video games, go to amusement parks, design amusement park rides, start a band, research for cures, understand particle physics, coordinate affairs, attend affairs, write useful programs, improve programs – whatever a person might take their bliss from).
>
> So "laziness" will be a temporary condition for nearly all. When there is abundance, there is also no such thing as laziness.
>
> Others object, "But that costs money! How will we get the money?"
>
> I ask them how much R&D 700 billion dollars might afford. Given that in this country we are "bailing out" the Lizard Hearted at incredible sums, why don't we instead bail out humanity from the heretofore unassailable scarcity, poverty, hunger and humiliation we have been resourcefully kept within?
>
> Why not spend the money to rid our world of money, instead of setting ourselves up for hyperinflation, and thereby economic collapse. For that is what we are doing.
>
> Right now in history we can finally rid ourselves of all barriers to realizing each individual's potential. Why don't we do what it takes?

I smiled. Yes, Amelia was right. And thanks to Stephen Colbert, her message hit the tipping point. We made the right choice, and the rest is history.

I reached up and ran my fingers through Lee's hair. "Tomorrow is the annual show in San Francisco. The house is headed that way so that we can have a good vantage for what the Fireworks Boys have in store for us tomorrow night." The Fireworks Boys was one of the best fireworks enthusiast groups around, though they included "girls" too.

"Great," Lee responded. "It's been a while since I've seen fireworks – at least four months!"

I called to the house, asking for a meal of fresh, small Brussels sprouts, lasagna with Portabella mushrooms, crusty, buttery garlic bread, and a freshly baked raspberry tart with lots of whipped cream for dessert. I suggested to Lee that we head to the dining area for our dinner, and after a quick query about the menu – which he approved of – we headed that way.

Chapter 6

The Lizard Hearted, thwarted by the shift to the abundance paradigm when humanity realized what was within Its power, that It could level the playing field of Godhood in the Universe and demand to be respected for Its royal DNA as an equal Entity of Ethical Individuals…

A large portion of the Lizard Hearted saw that it was to their advantage in the long run. They would no longer fight to control us, because they couldn't win – our Spirits demanded liberty – and they, too would be afforded all abundance, as they currently enjoyed, but now they no longer needed to expend so much time scheming to take over. They, too, learned the advantages of abundance, with the right to maintain witness of their own lives, if they wished to. And these Lizard Hearted worked with the Human Hearted, releasing information and otherwise assisting in the abundance revolution.

Many, many – both Human Hearted and Lizard Hearted – saw the advantages of having evidence of their experience. Conventions of respect led to coexistence. And those conventions built up with the introduction, fevered public development, and acceptance of Datacube.

Datacube, which was a concept that Amelia proposed, and the community of Humanity proceeded to open-source program and develop, was a personal data storage device. It had enough storage to record an entire life and was used to Witness the personal experience. Because the world of a few Elite could watch the bulk of humanity, up close and personal, it became vital that we have evidence of any intrusion by Them into our own lives.

Of course, the Elite were a large share of Them…the Lizard Hearted.

What Amelia had in mind, given that we, every human individual, have a right, unalienable, to our experience, and had the technology to create something that had storage capacities and unbreakable personal code – a personal retina scanner, she thought, though the final choice was a mental image key – with content unalterable. This would allow disputes to be settled, and accusations to be proven.

Every Individual had a Witness.

Amelia also knew that the Internet was vital to Human freedom; it is the heart of the flow of information. She was alarmed at moves in her country, and around the world, to censor its data. Taking away the personal right to testify, on the record, for all to see, would put the power of the evidence in the hands of too few.

If some decide what's on the Internet, she saw, ideas will spread or not as some few saw fit. And that could not be a good thing for freedom – of expression, of witness, of genius.

Her ideas – Ideas, as she would write – were what lead us to Heaven on Earth.

The first few years were tough for many as we got rid of any GMO in the fields and the stubborn-of-paradigm, but the revamp of the farming system into organic sections cultivated by our shepherds, our farming 'botties, and with computed distribution and crop rotation, using all those "Bailout Dollars," what resulted was a "Year and a Day" of struggles – and then abundance. We laugh gratefully now that we bailed ourselves to abundance.

The free energy finally broke out of suppression via a simple device designed and eventually built by a man calling himself the Anti/Christ. Though ways of extracting the energy seething in the plenum had been hidden in Black Ops, A/C's design, based on a crop circle it turns out, was by far the most elegant and simple to construct.

Crop circles were communications to Us, the Human Hearted, designed to circumvent the governments (Lizard Hearted, for the most part) to communicate with all of Us. There was a faction of ET's that believed in the Love we carry and that wanted Us to ascend to our throne, and the circles were the least likely to be suppressed.

With the building of A/C's device, as shown on YouTube, others took up the challenge of replicating his work and soon found that they had a winner. And word spread like wildfire as more and more were saying, Oh my god, it works.

Yep, the rest was history and here we are.

We have groups of adults choosing to live in community, with stray loners – but that's their business – with an ever watchful eye motivated by love and not money on our children. We were afforded the option to live with whatever level of technology we wanted. And now there are groups that live planet side, some even farming. Some stay there, others move elsewhere when they tire of it. Others find places to set a sky house, where they may live abundantly in the wilderness, for decades at a time.

Cures and good intention flooded the Works of Humanity as money was no longer in the equation, and this alleviated suffering – at least on any material level, and very seldom at the hands of another.

People who want to do things may do them, creative endeavors of positive Love, or at least Neutral Love levels, never negative levels as in making another unhappy deliberately. That's pretty much the rule.

It is key to increase Love by encouraging the individual to find Its bliss, with the understanding that taking bliss from UnLove is unacceptable. And the biggest sign of UnLove was unhappiness. Sometimes there is UnLove, but no one is taking bliss from the fact, such as when one person does not want to spend as much time with the other as the other wants, but attitudes and expectations towards one another shifted to where we expected very little in commitment of others' time, instead being honored and grateful for the time we were afforded by those we love.

Educating our children is focused on each child finding Its bliss – in fact, we encourage children to try things, development-appropriate, that interest them. Sex is discussed early on. We explain that sex is a choice, and that if they're not interested it's OK. When a child is interested, we let them know that it is their choice to make, but point out the advantages of foregoing it in favor of learning during formative years. If they choose to become sexually active, we have but one rule: no progeny until the age of 25. Should children be brought forth in any capacity, we watch the child and advocate if the child cannot advocate for Itself.

Individuals tended to change "careers" many times in life, as learning became their bliss. Historians of deeply honest motive arose, garnering respect and accepted authority as their data were examined and found to be unassailable – without the money motive, history could be viewed with no evidence withheld. One's reputation, one's honor, became the evidence of one's wealth. Richness is measured in character, not money or things.

For some, the plans of the Lizard Hearted, in fact, the very existence of the Lizard Hearted, were difficult to accept as real, but as the bulk of the Entities, both of Human heart and Lizard, saw advantages to open communications and the truth was opened to all eyes, acceptance won out.

And we were thankful that there were so many, divided even at the top, that fought with Us. Once Amelia made it clear to so many, neither side having really considered what abundance would mean (too many shying away from it assuming that greed would be its demise ala Communism), the Idea sold to large segments on both sides.

And as, first as a country and then as a species, we embraced freedom, the world let go of individual control, and what emerged was heaven.

There were some that feared the influence of freedom as it pertained to drugs. But few chose drugs that damaged the body – though that was still a choice – as honest education flowed about the long-term effects on the body as well as the mind. We no longer pursued adults making such choices, but merely ensured that any children were safe, and fully educated. Such choices now are never made in ways that endanger others. With that out of the way, it is the Individual's right to experience Its time in any mental frame It so chooses, the use of any drug included.

Marijuana is very prevalent – I even have a section on my terrace dedicated to growing it. Once money was removed from the equation, and "drug companies" existed as companies of people interested in finding drugs that were truly helpful, and as truth flowed unspun, the facts about marijuana came forth in the general view: facts such as an oil from its flower that cured cancer and its excellent function as a stress reliever (along with its incredibly long list of other medical uses). As was seen in California with Medical Marijuana flowing freely through the society at large, society went on functioning as before. In fact, in California there were slightly less crime, accidents,

domestic violence and such, and the things that needed to get done got done. Of course now things that no one wants to get done can be done by our 'botties.

Religious groups congregate, sometimes in communities on the planet and with varying levels of technology, sometimes in sky communities. Many Humans are less religious these days but, like me, are very spiritual. Virtually all of us now choose to spend time with people we like, having houses somewhere in the sky and using the J.D.'s to move within the circles of people we like spending time with…doing that which we choose to do because we like it.

As a whole, we are free to choose what level of technology we care to live with, and as a whole we ensure our children are safe. It's the Datacube Laws that ensure that we can prove OUR side of any story…without having anyone able to force us to relinquish our recorded snippets of our lives (or the whole show) involuntarily. The right to one's perspective is absolute. The fact that we choose when we are recording, that we cannot be forced to use any technology, that the record is ours to control…make for a very different life than was experienced in scarcity.

Life's mellowed out greatly since the Old Days. We never see people more than once if we don't like them, unless we are suffering them at the behest of love – one's mother- or father-in-law, for example. There are no pressures to make money, but lots to find one's bliss and run with it.

This is what we teach our children. To take what they need to do what they love doing to the best of their ability. They are taught that the tools they need to do what they love to do will be there whether those tools are needed for an hour, a day, a week, a lifetime.

There was hard effort to move money to invest in abundance, when people finally grasped what abundance, and Witness Laws, and pretty much being with the people we love to be with as we create our lives between us, meant. The bailing out of the Lizard Hearted, to leave the Human Hearted bereft and controlled, was suddenly seen as absurd. Better to promote abundance that to leave most of the planet to die.

Love has sprung up, and though we saw the last few Individuals not quite handling the grasping of the abundance that the Universe <u>really does</u> have to give, not just us but all of those that might be dealing with Humans wanted to join in.

And interestingly, a number have.

"One more entry, and then we can go out and watch the approach to the city?" I asked Lee. He kissed my forehead, and then grinned, grunted and nudged me with his head.

March 17, 2009

People ask me about resources, such as metals, and other building blocks. I point out that back in the 1970's we transmuted lead to gold… Granted at the time we transmuted just a small amount – a few atoms – but we proved it could be done. We only transmuted so small an amount because, with the energy in the equation, it cost around a million dollars an ounce.

But with free energy, we could develop the means to transmute matter on a wholesale level. We could make anything we are in short supply of. Who knows. Maybe this will lead to a Star Trek replicator! (Infinite tech…?)

With 'botties doing all the stuff we want done but don't want to do ourselves, with all the materials we need, such suffering as we see now will vanish.

"'bottie" is never capitalized. I write that because, with all the fear I see that "the robots might TURN on us!," I have to think that we must never think of our machines as Completely Aware and yet, we must make it known that if they ever should come to us with a petition, we will capitalize and recognize them.

But the level of consciousness at which we will be creating will be of a hive nature, with function and instructions, and yes, we can expect emergence from our hive, but, with instruction sets written with a Love motive and not a profit motive, the results will be beneficial to the hive, as well as Humanity.

Things will run smoothly as symbiosis develops within the Entity/machine relationship, and Love will increase. Humans, after all, are loving. It's the Lizard Hearted that try to convince us that, based on what they do and manipulate us to do, we are not loving. And as long as we believe we are not loving, we will not embrace a system that allows Love to flourish.

If we could spend all our time with the ones we love, doing the things we love to do, with no need to worry about how we would get the tools – whatever we want is there for us to request or not – we will increase Love.

It is true that Humans are rarely bad at what they love to do. This means that if we could apply our creative essence to its optimum, with everyone contributing as they love to do, We, as a race in this Universe, would shine.

And it is amazing the list of creative things Humans love to do.

The Arts would blossom; dancers, alone or in troupes, would offer performances, and those that loved the scene that the performances drew

would flock. Shakespearean actors, sculptors, comic book creators (often in teams that loved to work together), painters, interior designers, fashion designers even…

Science, too, would be unfettered by scarcity and profit motive. Through a free, unfettered Internet, honest projects would be publicly worked on, and those whose bliss was solving problems, be they mathematical or administrative, or in medicine, life extension, programming, particle physics, astronomy, history, robotics, space travel, and so on, would work on the problems, individually or in groups. Inventors would push the envelope.

Recreation would burgeon. From camping with any level of "tech support" one wanted, to awesome antigrav sky coasters (Gary McKinnon found antigrav amongst the things Black Ops has, along with the free energy, so I KNOW we could make them today if the tech was released). Games would be played on the Internet and in person. Games would be invented… People would party. But few would spend all their time partying. Most, with nothing blocking them from their creative bliss, would use the parties as a break from the focused-creative process, co-creating the party scene for a while.

Services will increase, as those of us whose bliss is being of service can choose to be.

As long as information is readily available for anyone who wants it (with the one exception of one's personal perspective), with no one group deciding what is "acceptable," along with free communication – the Internet unfettered, in other words – abundance will become heaven.

Open source everything. The more open we are, the more we can watchdog, promoting good products over malicious intent. The fact that the bulk of malicious intent is driven by scarcity – a need for money or a feeling of powerlessness – means that, in abundance, malicious intent (reduction of Love) will be rare, as reputations build. Rating of "service," whatever service that might be, will be available online, and reputations will build in all areas, from what robots are best to what babysitters…to artists, scientists, activities, locations, etc.

Yes, I think it will be heaven – IF people can cast off the scarcity paradigm enough to see what abundance – and the unique point at which we sit in history, technologically – would bring. And I am working to educate them…

Stephen will help, I do not doubt. I will owe him much thanks for any effort he puts forth to bring this into being. It's so exciting! His team

> called today and said they would have me on May 5th, and they will fly me out the weekend before to spend time discussing how best to impart the information and still be funny. I think I can do that!

Lee and I sat there, thinking about what the Ideas led to, then Lee got up, with me closely following. Together we strolled out to the terrace, casting our attention to the coastline, ¼ mile below us, floating northward and pulling the skyline of San Francisco ever closer to us. It was dark already and light spilled abundantly from the city buildings in the distance, most of which had taken on the role of "museum," but many of which still housed people including many of the Fireworks Boys.

Other lights shone in places below to the east on the coastline, communities of performers, scientists, researchers, chess players, amusement parks, and such, along with many who just chose to plant their home on the ground. Wind blew in gentle breaths, and the clean, crisp air felt invigorating, kindling a warm and happy sense of shared time between Lee and me. We kissed deeply, and then turned back to watch the darkness of the waters below us counterpointed by the starfield of lights onshore that drifted slowly past.

Later, as we pulled into the city and found a good view of the Golden Gate Bridge, looking inland, we checked the Web for places to share a meal, finding Hai Ling's after several apologies from Gourmets that had no room that evening. Ling served Chinese and Thai, and was quite highly rated. When we called, Ling's Calendar confirmed that Ling had a table at 10 PM, so we reserved it and busied ourselves dressing until then.

When we met Ling, coming out the J.D., she smiled widely in greeting and directed us to the table after warmly hugging us both. She sat with us most of the meal, slipping out a couple of times to prepare the fresh-cooked dishes, and we talked about the fireworks show the following night, the latest news, and the beauty of San Francisco. Her Thai food was truly awesome – Thai is my favorite – and I relished each bite, complimenting Ling on her artistry. Lee chose Chinese and was equally pleased with his meal, also expressing his pleasure.

In the end, Lee and I hugged Ling again, promising to return, and stepped home.

Chapter 7

The next morning Lee and I took our breakfast on the terrace, gazing at the bridge and the bay and the skyline to our right with the hills of Sausalito to our left. Others were gathering in the skies around the bay, and though no one was nearby, I would guess that already three hundred thousand houses had found their viewpoint for tonight's display. The whole shoreline of the bay was dotted with houses, parked at many levels above the surface, none close to one another except as it might appear so in the distance, and except for groups that were connected to share the experience together.

We had a team of 'botties place a sofa facing the view of the bay over the edge of the terrace. As they brought a table laden with finest caviar, fresh coconut, and other organic delights, we sat and tasted the spiral of anticipation sensed around the bay, seeing a house here and there settling into place, sometimes close enough to distinguish it was a house, but most often as a dot off towards the city or Sausalito, with the field filling in across the bay throughout the day.

Our repose led to expressions of our love, and in repose we languished for a while, nibbling on the delights from the table and each other.

Finally, I said, "I really want to read more of the diary."

Lee knew well my particular gratitude and interest in Amelia, and we both implicitly understood the synchronistic aspect of his discovery, and so he understood my shift of focus. Besides, he, too, enjoyed the bits of history he discovered on his phototreks, and this was as exciting to him as it was to me. We both relished the fact that we could share this find.

Lee nodded eagerly, and at my thought, the diary was retrieved from its last location and brought forth by a 'bottie. It still sat on top of the brown plastic bag which sat atop the zipper bag, and the 'bottie laid the stack beside me. We settled in to read with a final kiss.

> March 24, 2009
>
> To the Lizard Hearted I have been pointing out the advantages of letting the Human Hearted free. Sure, they would no longer have us as slaves – and if you believe some, as food, ritual objects, and sexual toys – but they also would not have to spend time worrying about how to keep us from the truth. They, too, would benefit from the chance to direct their creativity, being served by the robots, rather than us, to the standard of living they now have.
>
> We, in turn, in granting them their luxury, expect ours to be allowed as well. Individuals of Sentience will build their lives to the quality picture

they hold. We will commingle because we like another's company, and not because we are toadies for money.

In fact, I implore people to look at what they toadie themselves for, and ask if it would not be better to have all you want when you want it and never have to deal with that person who gives you orders again? Isn't that worth letting the dam on the truth loose? And that goes for both the Human Hearted and the Lizard Hearted alike.

I'm not going to go into the Lizard Hearted with Stephen on his show. The point will be that we have the tech and the resources to do this for ourselves, as a race, NOW, and there are strongly ethical reasons for taking the reigns and making it happen.

I live in an area with a lot of Amish, and I think of what choices they might make when offered the advantages of abundance. Many, I suspect, will choose to keep their community as it is. The things, that now they sell produce at stands to acquire, they can have if they want, and when they want, but the cycle of life will continue as it has for them. In as little as a generation or two, though, I see the community integrating much that is out there with their spiritual pursuits. There will be people leaving them…but there will be people asking to join, as well.

Other groups who might shun technology will be welcome to do so. No one will be forced to choose tech in their lives. That's really what it's all about. Individual Autonomy within the informed willingness of all involved, once adulthood is reached. Though I see a degree of "wild and crazy" behavior initially, as an unfamiliar level of freedom opens up, once the freedom is familiar, and creative bliss is the focus, Love will abide.

Life will be extended, health will improve, aging may be halted entirely, space travel may become free for all who might choose to see what goes on out there in the Universe at large. Products will be built to optimums, rather than lowest tolerance. The quality of all things will improve.

Life will improve for all.

But trying to move people past the scarcity paradigm is so difficult. Even still, I have people bring up greed. And conscious robots. And materials. And energy. Out of hand they proclaim it won't work.

Some do see, though, and that is what gives me heart. Some grasp well what it means, and the ethics involved. And soon, I hope, enough will see to make it happen.

Lee and I smiled at one another.

March 27, 2009

Someone asked me, what rules should we live by?

I point out that Individuals of Sentience have rights. They have 100% right to what happens in their domicile, except as another person records (their perspective). They have a right to do what they wish, provided it does not involve others unwillingly. They have the right to record their perspective, and may choose to release any of their perspective they feel others either need to know or would enjoy. But they cannot be forced to "testify against themselves," nor are they required to record their perspective. No one can use another's perspective without willing donation.

Children must be recorded until they can understand Personal Witness, and be taught as early as possible the advantage and advocacy that recording what happens to them offers. They, too, cannot be forced to testify against themselves, but should they die their data is opened publicly. Adults may pass their data to others in a will, and those others may make public what they choose, except in cases where foul play is suspected, and then the last 24 hours of recording can be opened to public scrutiny. All data becomes historical record 150 years after death.

What the right to one's perspective, along with complete control of the data, results in is that people will be conscious of their behavior and choose better behavior lest they be recorded behaving poorly. Peers – any who are shown a recording (all recordings offered to substantiate poor behavior must be publicly available) – can determine whether an individual has behaved so poorly that something needs to be done. Amongst the peers a decision on disposition can be made.

But, of course, with money gone as a motive for behaving poorly, as well as need, and combined with the fact that people will move in circles of those they like, poor behavior will be rare.

I am sure that if enough people can move beyond the scarcity paradigm, we Humans will free ourselves. With Stephen's help, maybe I can jumpstart this! I am very excited by the chance to bring the concepts to others.

"Hey, I wonder if Cara and the gang are free," I commented as I stretched. "I wouldn't mind inviting them over for the show. What do you think?"

Lee stretched along side me and nodded. "Sure, if they're available. Sounds like a plan."

Cara, Tim and The Kid – who was not a kid, actually; that was just his name – were friends with an interesting arrangement. The three of them were married, and all three had their bliss in social reporting. They attended soirees, parties and events and then reported on them on the Web – on their blog, TiCK.net. Their site on the Web is highly trafficked, and they have a reputation for good suggestions as to public events to attend. Often they were busy, but now and then they had nothing to.

"I'll call and see if any or all of them are available." I got up and, with another stretch, called to have myself connected with their house.

Tim's hologram appeared on the terrace nearby, sitting in an ornately carved wooden chair. "Izzy! Long time no talk! What's up?"

"Hey, Tim. You and the gang busy tonight?"

Tim reached and pulled a holographic bowl of cereal from the air nearby, stirring it with a spoon, and said, "Well, we are in San Francisco for the fireworks. You know about the show?"

I grinned widely. "Sure do! In fact… That's where WE are!" I laughed.

Tim took a bite of cereal, chewing quickly and swallowing before responding. "That's great! Wanna get together?"

"In fact," I offered, "that's why I called. I thought it would be great to have the gang over. Interested?"

Tim finished another bite and replied, "Let me check with Cara and The Kid. I'm thinking it doesn't matter whether we report the perspective from here or there, so they're not likely to mind. They're out at the moment, but I'll call them and get back with you."

I nodded. "I'll await your call with bated breath," I said with a wink and a smile, and Tim blinked out.

I looked over to Lee, and he grinned at me, then beckoned me to his side. We cuddled and stroked each other, building desire but holding back in anticipation of Tim's return call.

Shortly, I received notice that Tim was calling, and I instructed the house to put him through.

"Hey, Izzy. Does 6:30 sound good? Cara and The Kid said it sounded splendid, and we can be there." Tim's smile spoke of his pleasure at the coming evening.

"Oh, that's great! 6:30 is perfect. I'll have a meal waiting, so come with empty stomachs. We'll see you then!" I returned Tim's smile.

Tim nodded. “Thanks for the invite.”

“Most welcome, Tim.” I waved and then Tim vanished.

I turned to Lee and gently bit his ear. He cupped my breast, and as I instructed the house to welcome the gang anywhere from 6:00 on for a while – remind me later if they don’t show up by 8:00 – I crested on his shores.

Chapter 8

Lee went off to check his email, and look for information on the things that he liked best – things like what the latest was in personal protection tech to keep him safe while photographing Earth, Herself. He loved to capture the beauty and poignancy of Our Planet, and gear that allowed him to do so, always protected from the wilder places, was of value to him.

He looked for what was new in camera gear, processing gadgets, other miscellaneous things, and whatever he was pursuing as a sideline break.

I went and did a quick check myself, realizing that it had been quite sometime since I had checked my email, so in my bliss I had been, and found three waiting for me. One was from my favorite canvas maker showing the selection of canvases available for order, and two were from paint suppliers. All three were computer generated. And as I didn't want anything at the moment, I told the house to move these into their respective files and strolled through my garden paradise in directed leisure on my way to work on Little Buddha and Companion. The child and her cat both called me.

Thank goodness people didn't bother you on the Web anymore as they did in the scarcity paradigm. Always selling something… People now took interest in one another personally, and never in contention because of money, so things like email – and most often, holophone – were used by the people one wants to deal with. Sales calls were a thing of the past. Everyone discovered this in their lives, and spam was finally defeated.

The email anyone gets anymore is the mail they signed up for on the Web, as well as personal email; the option to cancel mailings from any list one signs up for is offered as a common courtesy.

The Web as a whole, flourished, thrived, blossomed. Emergent support efforts sprang up, as Humans found that they COULD help, if help was sought – and the Human Hearted took pleasure from helping. This emergence was evident even in the beginnings of the Web, with the development of Linux as a prime example of people willing to help and improve a product, even though there was no monetary gain to be had.

Once the toil, the drudgery, the tedious, had been automated, and a year and a day had passed, the bounty began to flow. The task was Herculean in effort. Land ownership had to be addressed in anticipation of abundance, for example.

It was decided that everyone owned their domicile of the moment, since rent would go away anyway, and so would the need to stay put. This gave everyone a place to live. Those with no address could build something wherever they had been staying, if they could, and most got by. And people came forth to help people who were struggling. Everyone was working towards the future, for when the paradigm shift occurred on a large enough scale, the "Goldrush" was on.

When people understood that the Universe could supply us all with all we might want, every one of us – and ethically, if we could do it, if we could bring it about, could any of us justify denying any Human Choice? – when people saw how this would benefit themselves, their children, the old and the young and the rich and the poor… They were motivated.

As for the Lizard Hearted, any who wanted to move off-planet were welcome to do so, and a number discreetly, and not so discreetly, took their leave of the Human Home. Those who remained understood that rules had changed, and they were willing to work within the rules, which were as fair and balanced as they might be. Thus the Alliance of Hearts began.

When We affected our freedom from the Lizard Hearted, offering their continued luxury in exchange for our own luxury, using our skills at building passive hives of earnest-to-serve ants to bring abundance forth, Amelia's dream was realized.

Before that happened, though, there was a flood of truth, as many, responsible for sowing disinformation knowing it was disinformation, began to let the truth out. In the mainstream the information flowed more slowly at first, but it poured forth as if a floodgate had opened on the Web. Free energy and cures and antigrav and space travel and aliens emerged. When the idea soaked in that there was a good possibility of being "toadie to no one," as Amelia succinctly put it, the toadies let it all go.

The truth about the healthy foods, the sickness of genmod foods, the death that petro-"fertilized" fields eventually brings, the wholesomeness of hemp seed and the curative properties of the hemp flower, and many other aspects that were playing into the efforts of the Lizard Hearted to control, enslave and eradicate the Human Hearted and their money, began to be credited, rather than suppressed. Though some of the Lizard Hearted attempted to keep up the deceit and suppression, the tide had turned with a vengeance. Truth could no longer be twisted and hidden.

There were many who took up the torch, the least of which was not Stephen Colbert himself. Media toadies cast off their toadiness and reported the truth of things that mattered in getting us from the paradigm shift to living the paradigm. The Web was abuzz. But it was Amelia's vision and persistence that got us to the shift itself.

My painting was shaping up nicely. The child was aglow with tenderness and love; the cat exuded a tolerance and acceptance of the innocent inexperience of the handling it was receiving. I sat back and drank in the pleasure of a work, by my own hand, that was becoming what I wanted it to be.

I looked at the clock and saw that it was after 5:00 – I had asked my house to let me know when it was 5:30, but since it was a good point to break, I cancelled the request and sent the wardie instructions to create a gown for the evening, thinking a silk of yellow with white lace would be good. I let the house know that 'botties could clean my paints

and brushes, and any spills and drips, as I left my studio and made my way to the bath to prepare for visitors.

Lee came into the bathroom as I was bathing, and slid into the waters with me. He washed my back and then I washed his. Together we dried and dressed. The house had laid out the clothes we had requested, my yellow silk and Lee's gray cotton djelebra, and we donned the garments.

We walked to the garden and sat near the J.D. on a bench of intricately wrought iron that stood amongst lilies. We cuddled and kissed, awaiting the arrival of the gang. Shortly, Cara came through. She was dressed in a short emerald-green velveteen dress, with her long legs sporting black leggings and sparkling-emerald boots. A steel-gray Witness necklace, stark and smooth, perched around her neck. She wore her raven black hair short, Egyptian style, with a line of bangs cutting across her Asian forehead. Tattoos of birds and flowers covered her arms, and a nose ring in glittering diamond clung to her right nostril. She was lovely, and I said so.

"Cara! You look beautiful! So good to see you!" I exclaimed as I embraced her with a hug.

Cara smiled widely as she pulled back to take me in. "I love the color," she said, with her eyes indicating the silken folds that fell, floor-length, around my body. "I'm so glad you invited us!" She turned to Lee and hugged him as well.

The Kid came through, tall and lanky, with red hair and freckles ablaze on his head, and a coal-black suit, so retro these days, enveloping his thin body. He grinned, embracing me and Lee in turn. "Hey, guys," he said, never much for conversation.

And then Tim came though. Tim's sideline passion was body-building, and his defined muscles rippled underneath a mesh tank top, which hung over the top of the jeans he wore. He too smiled and gave us each a bear hug. "How are you guys doing?" he asked when the greetings were over. And as we moved toward the terrace, we expressed our good health and enquired of theirs.

We reached the terrace, where the 'botties had set a table made entirely of crystal, with chairs to match, and a feast of fresh salmon cooked with lemon and dill, roasted potatoes with garlic, buttered asparagus, rice pilaf with almonds, hot and freshly baked bread, and a salad of crisp baby greens, tomatoes, feta, carrot shreds, and croutons with a raspberry/walnut vinaigrette. A delicate white wine stood waiting and breathing. The table was long and allowed us all to sit at one side to gaze out at the bay, the city, the bridge, the hills, the many small dots of houses still visible in the sunset light, and the space above the bay where the show would play.

"How lovely," Cara cooed as she took in the spread, seating herself in the middle. I sat to her right, with Lee on the end. The Kid took Cara's left and Tim sat at the other end.

We chatted a bit, through swallows of salad and salmon and the rest, discussing events that were upcoming. The gang always knew about nearly every public fete and affair, and I appreciated the chance to use their knowledge to fill my Calendar. After a while of discussing the happenings in the Universe at large, I brought up the diary Lee had found.

While a 'bottie was dispatched to bring the diary from where Lee and I had left it, Tim asked the usual question. "THE Amelia Ringer???"

"Yep. And it's awesome to see things from her perspective. I mean, sure, the history has a record of the events, but very little about what went on in her head to pull us free of the scarcity paradigm. And here is her diary, giving us just that." As if on cue, the 'bottie arrived, carrying the precious cargo. I lifted the pile, arranged as before with the diary atop the brown plastic bag atop the zipper bag, and gently handed it to Cara who leaned over to share with The Kid and Tim.

Together they looked over the book, reading passages here and there, turning the pages delicately and commenting occasionally.

Cara finally turned to me. "What an awesome find! Will you be giving this to the Museum?"

I nodded. "Absolutely – once we have read it all, of course." I cast a quick smile to include Lee. Lee gently bumped his shoulder against mine, accepting the inclusion.

We finished the meal, talking about Amelia, with Lee and me giving bits of what we read so far to facilitate the discussion. As the meal ended, I looked out to the scene before us and noted that the sunlight was gone and only the dusk of the sunset was left. Houses around the bay began to be seen for the light they emitted rather than what they had reflected in the sunlight. A glinting band defined the bay opposite us in the distance, with individual lights standing out closer by. Maybe a million houses surrounded the stage of the bay. And no doubt many more people stood on the shores and on balconies in anticipation, having come by J.D. or living here already. Soon, when the last fingers of light had left the western horizon, the show would begin.

As the 'botties cleared and cleaned the table and tucked it back in the storage room it had come from, we moved to the sofas and lounges that I had had set up closer to the edge of the terrace. We seated ourselves near the edge, listening to the distant crash of waves against the pylons of the bridge and the hints of the song the wind sang through the cables that held it in place ahead and below us.

And then, as full darkness descended, the first burst of brilliance lit the sky, reflected in fractal sparks in the surface of the bay. It began with a clap of sound and blue brilliance, flowering larger outwards from the central point, each spark of which burst further into green, and then further broke into a fire of orange which rained down as a curtain of flame towards the receiving waters. We gasped at the vision of light, artfully displayed across the sky.

The show started with traditional fireworks, with each more intriguing and lovely than the preceding, and we sat forward in our seats enthralled. After half an hour of crafted gunpowder bursts, the Energy Works filled the skies, twisting and curling, bouncing, forming and disbursing. It was the same technology that my fountain used, but on a much, much grander scale. The light chased itself, drew glowing lace bridges across the bay that hovered and then melted, bursting upwards from the water in columns of blazing glory, as it touched the wind-roughened surface. And more and then more. It all was beautiful.

The traditional works returned, and the show alternated back and forth from chemical reaction to energy manipulation for the next three hours. We exchanged awed comments on the artfulness of this display and the creative concept of that one. The energy of excitement flowed around the bay in such strength that we all could feel it.

At the end, the traditional met the new, as the energy caught and played with the sparks burning brightly, sending them in unexpected patterns and to all points of the compass. The finale brought all sparks with ribbons of light trailing like silk into center stage above the bay. And then they flew apart, with the ribbons intertwined in a gigantic tree trunk from the waters to high in the sky, and taking the sparks outward in a multihued dome coving all the bay. The energy streamers remained long after the sparks had spent their supply of fuel and had burned out.

We held our breath and then slowly began to breath, in sighs and appreciation for the treat we had witnessed.

“There will be much to describe in our blog,” Cara commented. Tim and The Kid concurred.

“Indeed,” Tim responded while The Kid nodded. “It just gets better and better every year. Each year I think that it can’t get better…and then it does!” He shook his head with amazement.

“Thanks, Izzy, for having us to share this with.” Cara turned her remark to me. I smiled in thanks.

“Most welcome, Cara. I enjoy your company and was so thrilled to find you and the gang were available to share it with us,” I replied.

Lee interjected, “Anyone up for a game – cards or maybe a video game?”

“Aw, honey,” Cara responded, “it’s been a very long day for me. I don’t know about Kid and Tim, but I need to sleep.” With this comment she issued a long yawn and stretch.

Lee looked at Tim and The Kid hopefully. The Kid looked apologetic as he shook his head without comment, and Tim responded with, "Sorry, my man. I have a meeting scheduled early in the morning and should be following Cara to bed."

"Maybe we can schedule a game night soon," I suggested. "I would love to try out that new RPG by the Ghost Writers…what's it called…?"

"Oh, you mean Kings of the Old World?" The Kid asked.

"That's the one!" I confirmed.

"Sure," Cara said, bringing up her Calendar. We all looked at what she had available, consulting our own in the process. "Oh, how about here?" she asked, pointing to a date a couple of weeks in the future. "I have my spa treatment in the morning, but all afternoon is clear and I can stay late – nothing to do the next morning."

As luck would have it, we all had the time free except The Kid. "Well, next time," he said softly with a petulant smile. "You guys have fun then."

We gathered ourselves up and headed towards the J.D. With hugs and goodbyes, the gang went through the shimmering curtain, one by one, and then Lee and I were alone again.

"It is getting late," he said, turning to me to put his arms around my waist. "Shall we turn in?"

I nodded, stroking his cheek with my hand but saying nothing out loud. We made our way towards the bedroom, stopping briefly to have our teeth cleaned by the bathroom 'bottie and to cast off our clothes, which were collected by another 'bottie to be taken and returned to the domain of probability in the wardie.

Lee and I slid into the soft indulgence of the silk sheets, wrapping ourselves in one another, to make love and then to sleep, with memories of the brilliant dance of light in the skies over San Francisco weaving in and out of our heads.

Chapter 9

Lee and I awoke, tangled in each other's limbs. "Good morning, Beautiful," Lee murmured into my ear. I nuzzled his neck in response, feeling the warm firmness of his body pressed against mine. Our passion built slowly as we kissed and stroked and sought the spots we knew so well would bring the other pleasure. Then we boiled over into one another's climax, to rest then and whisper our gratitude and love.

"Let's read more of the diary," I finally suggested as our sea of love came to a calm, sending the request for the book to be brought again. Silently the 'bottie slipped into the room, placed the pile on the bed beside us, and moved out again to where it awaited the next request. I lifted the book and brought it between us, thumbing through the pages to where we left off.

> April 3, 2009
>
> I hope I have a job when I get back from my experience on the Report discussing the abundance paradigm. I told my boss today about it, explaining that I needed a week off – that I would do it without pay, even – and she said she didn't know if she could let me go for that long. I pleaded with her, asking her for the time. She still seemed unmoved, but said that if she could get by without me she would; if not, there were a hundred others she could hire on the spot for my job. And so, I might be out of a job when I get back.
>
> Oh man, this sucks. It's hard enough trying to make my meager pay stretch to cover rent and food. Without the money, I guess I'll be back at the Red Cross, once again with only the clothes on my back. The economy is so bad, and the boss is right. A hundred others would snatch my job up in a heartbeat.
>
> I don't know who else to rant to, dear diary, but you. I keep thinking about how different life would be in abundance, not just for me, but for those hundred who hope for my job. For those hundreds of thousands of homeless on the streets of this country. For the millions dying of thirst and starvation around the globe. To think that every one of those people would have nothing worse to worry about than what they want to do today. How wrong things are now. How right they could be.
>
> How right WE could make them IF we chose to.
>
> Well, I guess I will hope for the best. That is really all I can do. That and posting the concept of abundance anywhere and everywhere on the Web. Try to reach as many people as I can, motivate them to spread the concept – and that isn't tough when they finally "get it." Those that "get it" are

eager to bring others to "get it" as well. The more I reach, the closer we all are to making it happen.

I get a lot of objections from various people afraid that the abundance paradigm would destroy religion. I assure them over and over that religion, like everything else, would be a choice. If one wanted to live the life of an ascetic, one could do so. If one wanted to preach to others, or listen to the preaching of another, join, follow, and adhere to any religion's tenets, one could. Whole cities, on the planet and in the air could dedicate themselves to whatever views they ascribed to.

All over the planet, congregations of like-minded people could accumulate. But at the same time, those that do not share the views of any others also could make their way in life on their own.

Everyone could choose – their beliefs, their styles, their activities, the level of tech they want to live with. It would be true freedom.

One Mennonite I met on the Commons down in Ithaca said, when I described the abundance paradigm, that it sounded like New Jerusalem. I'm not so versed in the beliefs of the Mennonites, but I believe it is related to something out of the Book of Revelation. I have heard of New Jerusalem from fundamentalist Christians, and that is what I recall them saying… Anyway, perhaps it is New Jerusalem.

I mean, given that, if there is any validity to prophesy, surely it would qualify. And given that *my* belief is that Consciousness is "God," creating reality by collapsing the waves of probability with awareness and expectation, we ourselves would be the vehicle by which it would come about. We would create this New Jerusalem. In a way, I hope that prophecy is real and that we will gain the vision to do this. If it is real, I suppose, then we WILL create the abundance for all.

Now that's an idea I can take some comfort from. Much better than thinking about the job issues. I wish I could justify letting go of the Colbert Bump, but I could post on the Web for a decade and not get the recognition for the paradigm that I will get with Stephen's help. I HAVE to go. I have to take my chances with my job.

April 16, 2009

I am so ambivalent! The boss keeps saying she can't do without someone in my position for a week, and I got a letter with tickets to New York for April 30th out of Ithaca. The letter said I would be met at La Guardia and taken to a hotel. There was a schedule attached saying I would meet with

the writers of the Report on Friday, May 1st and then the taping will be on Tuesday, the fifth. I don't know if I will meet Stephen on Friday and work out the funny stuff directly with him, or whether we will do that the day of the taping. But either way, I will have a room and food for the weekend, and I can do some sightseeing. This is so exciting! I just wish my boss was more flexible and I didn't have to worry about what I will come home to.

I still have a lot of people arguing that it won't work, abundance. Still "greed" is used as a reason. Still "power" is used. What use is "power" anyway? If you don't need to make your servants do your bidding to have what you want, when you want, what's the point? And besides, it is only the Lizard Hearted that enjoy pushing others around. The Human Hearted are more numerous, by far, and we could overcome. IF we just do it!

The more I think about it, the more I see. I cannot see anywhere it wouldn't work. I have addressed all objections I have encountered and every question I have gotten. It seems to flow from me, as if this knowledge is being given to me as I need it. Sometimes I fantasize that it is a future me giving the me now the tools and vision to bring about this change in the world. Whether it is or is not is irrelevant. Having the vision is enough for my Human heart to be spurred on to bring it to all of the Human hearts as quickly as possible. The sooner we are there, the more Love and the less suffering will be produced.

And that, of course, is the essence of the ethical nature of choosing abundance: more Love in the Universe.

I will say… I have visited forums I had not been on in a while to find quite a number of people taking up the call. They are arguing the case for the abundance paradigm even in my absence. This feeling I get, seeing other warriors taking up the cause, is what keeps my soul fed. Though slowly, our numbers are building. Still, it is not enough to hit the tipping point. Far too few have ever heard of it, let alone contemplated its meaning and ethical value. Ten thousand in a country of 300 million, in a world of over six and a half billion, is a drop in the bucket. No generation of power whatsoever.

But once the concept has been Bumped… Oh, I expect good things. That should make all the difference in the world!

Lee and I stretched in unison, breaking from our reading. "Oh," I said. "Tonight I am meeting the artist of the fountain in the garden – her name is Flo – to see the new Ogden Pierce play in Manhattan. Care to join us?"

Lee popped his Calendar up on his lap before him and scrutinized his schedule. "Sure," he responded. "I have a meeting with the Photobuffs – but they are always meeting and I am willing to miss that to see Ogden Pierce's work performed. With my favorite person in the world, of course." He winked, and I winked right back.

We meandered into the kitchen together, now hungry, and I made a minor feast with pancakes, omelet, fresh cantaloupe, and rich coffee with stevia to sweeten it for me and sugar for him. I prefer stevia in my coffee, though many prefer sugar. In the Old days, in the money-driven hell that it was, stevia was suppressed. Though it was a natural herb whose extract was 300 times sweeter than sugar, and supported a healthy blood sugar level, the sugar and artificial sweetener Corporates passed laws that kept it from being called a sweetener, and the "Food and Drug Administration" raided places that were using it in their products, confiscating product, along with the tools and equipment being used, often leaving the companies that tried to offer this better choice to people bankrupt and incapable of further production.

Though there was a "loophole," in that stevia could be called a "nutrient," it did not sell as well with "fortified with stevia" as it would have if the label could have read "sweetened with stevia." And, of course, the mainstream media – the "MSM" – never mentioned stevia in any consistent, comparative fashion.

In fact, until people "woke up" to the possibility of abundance, there was a lot that never made the MSM. The general media was, of course, controlled. The Lizard Hearted used it as they used the laws to control the Human Hearted, keeping them enslaved in their wage-slave misery. They whipped up nationalism with lies and half-truths to incite wars. They used it to discredit those who brought truths up, with character assassination as the primary tool. They insinuated that there was something inherently wrong with altering one's consciousness – except with alcohol and patented drugs, to the profit of drug companies and the medical establishment, as the patented drugs caused illness and organ deterioration, sending the people to the doctor to find relief from these further issues.

They used it to suggest that fluoride was somehow good for the body, never reporting the myriad studies that showed quite the opposite. They never reported the hundreds upon hundreds of studies that showed only benefits from marijuana, because it threatened the profits of the dubious patented drugs in its efficacy and lack of side effects. They did not report its anti-cancer properties, its effectiveness in treating pain and depression. They used the media to distort the view of the world, supporting the draconian Codex Alimentarius – part of what was called the "New World Order's" efforts to nutritionally starve the "excess humans" on the planet.

They did not report the fact that new teeth could be stimulated to grow where only a root was left in the jaw. They did not report the costs of their "War on Drugs" in terms of functional families broken, disenfranchisement of citizens, and the money spent to hunt, sting, process, try and incarcerate "offenders." They did not report the effects of breathing the exhaust from the old internal combustion engines, ubiquitous in that day (but profitable to the oil Corporations), yet exaggerated the effects of second hand

tobacco smoke – which actually seemed to counter the effects of the fluoride they pumped into the water supplies…

It was a very bad time indeed. But because of Amelia… Well, I suppose it's obvious by now why I have such regard for her, why her history has been a passion of mine, and why having her diary to read is such an exciting thing for me.

With breakfast finished, Lee went off to the Web again, and I was left to my own. I had a 'bottie bring me a sketch pad and I began drawing out the concept for my gown for the evening. Having come up with something I thought would be most fitting for the affair, I sent instructions to the wardie to have the garment ready at 7:00.

I wandered over and watched my new fountain, thinking of how nice it was that I would be seeing Flo again, as well as seeing Ogden Pierce's work performed.

Finally I moved on to my studio. Little Buddha and Companion was nearly finished and I was looking forward to adding it to my gallery, and hopefully finding someone who wanted my creation for their very own. I pulled a smock from a drawer, wrapping it around my body, and sat. I lifted the pallet, clean and waiting, from the nearby table and squirted paint of various colors onto the white surface. I selected a brush and turned my awareness completely to child and her cat.

At 6:00ish, I looked over my work, well pleased. It was done. There was the innocence and delight I wanted to capture. The patience and good sport of the cat. I called a 'bottie to clean up and to bring a camera. When the camera arrived, I snapped a photo of the painting and then left the studio, making my way back to the living room and my Old couch. I called up the Web, which formed in front of me, and accessed my site. I uploaded the picture to my holoport and had the house send emails to my list – which now was in the hundreds of thousands – to let them know I had added a piece to the gallery, with the image I had taken of the painting embedded.

I checked my email while I was at it, finding nothing of interest, and then hit the history sites. There were many, like me, who were interested in one aspect of history or another, and they had formed groups and associations, with new finds and information added daily to their growing catalog of facts. One specifically was devoted to Amelia, and I was looking forward to having the diary scanned and adding *that* to the site. What a stir and commotion it would create. But I wanted to finish reading it before I let anyone know of the find.

Of course, the diary itself would go to the Museum. The Museum was maintained by a group whose passion it was to collect artifacts of the past. And Amelia's diary was sure to be something THEY would want as well. As the donor, I would have rights to bring it back home to show to friends, but people seldom used that right. Just jump to the Museum to see it, safely ensconced and protected from time. I doubted that once I gave it to the Museum I would ever bring it back here.

At 7:00 I got up to dress, finding my gown, a rich purple affair with a single strap over my left shoulder and a wide gold accent belt, hanging in the bedroom. I bathed quickly, again meeting Lee as I lifted myself from the waters of the pool. He reached for a towel and daubed the dampness from my skin, kissing me gently as he did so.

“Thank you. Love,” I said when he had finished.

“Truly my pleasure,” Lee responded with a wink and a grin. I grinned back and then began the process of dressing for the play. Lee bathed and then did the same.

When I had completed dressing, I had my hair done in braids and then swirled about my head with amethyst pins peeking from the plaits. I made my face myself, lining my eyes and coloring my lips. When I was done, I found Lee – who had dressed in short order in a black tuxedo – poking on the Web in the living room.

“Going OLD school, are we?” I teased.

Lee grinned. “Yep. I thought a night on Broadway should be met with formality. Do you like it?” He stood and modeled the suit for me.

“Indeed I do. It makes you look sexy – not that you aren’t sexy in anything you wear!” I assured him.

He looked me over and replied, “As you are sexy in anything *you* wear! That’s stunning on you.” He offered his arm, which, demurely, I took, and together we headed for the J.D.

Chapter 10

We stepped out the J.D. near the theatre, first me and then Lee. There was a line, thankfully short, for tickets, and we moved to the end. Others gathered behind us as we moved forward. When we got to the window, we punched in a request for four tickets – I had assured Flo that I would get tickets for her and Dee (SoundMan Sam was not interested in plays, but Dee, still looking for her bliss, was a willing audience member for the play). The machine produced the tickets and Lee tucked them in his pocket.

The theatres had tried allowing tickets to be ordered online, but a number of seats went empty as people changed their plans, so rather than have empty seats, they chose to have the tickets disbursed outside, thereby ensuring that those who really wanted to see the plays would have seats – at least until they "sold out." The tickets, of course, had no payment involved, but the seats were limited and so tickets were necessary.

All of Pierce's plays surrounded the scenes one could find in the scarcity of our past. His sets were comprised entirely of Old Things, lent by people who received credit for the items they brought to the stage. This play, called Quasimodo's Plight, dealt with the struggles of one person, born defective and ugly, in a society that spurned such people. In the scarcity and hidden tech, such people had no hope of having a physical vehicle of beauty. Now, of course, many ways had been developed to give us all the body we preferred. But back then, one was stuck with what one was born to.

Lee and I waited at the theatre entrance, and a short while later, I saw Flo, dressed in an exquisite velvet of darkest red, with pearls sewn in intricate swirls and sprays across the front and around the hem. With her was a young girl, in a taffeta dress of pale lavender, with a striking teal Witness necklace. Flo smiled brightly, and the young girl grinned.

"Izzy!" Flo exclaimed and hugged me.

"Flo!" I returned, as I hugged her back. "This is Lee," I said, "Lee, this is Flo, the artist that made the new fountain at home."

Lee hugged Flo warmly. "Glad to meet you," he offered. "The fountain is the most awe-inspiring piece I have seen. I love the way you play with the water."

Flo smiled coyly in thanks and turned to indicate the young one beside her. "My daughter, Dee."

"Hi," said Dee, "Nice to meet you." Dee smiled as Lee and I shook her hand.

"Lovely colors, Dee," I offered, gesturing at the pretty sight she created.

Dee grinned widely and said simply, "Thanks!"

“Izzy tells me you are a photographer,” Flo said to Lee as we turned to enter the theatre lobby, sliding the tickets into the door ’bottie as we passed through. Lee began to regale Flo with stories of his photographic adventures and we all chatted warmly as we found our seats and sat.

The play was a sad one, with the protagonist ending his life with no one to mourn his passing. What a statement on the affairs of a scarcity paradigm. There was a standing ovation at the end as Pierce took the stage with his Troupe of actors, all of whom had high reputations and had, indeed, proved the reputations true.

The four of us decided it would be a wonderful adventure to go to Thailand City, a sky city above the temples and jungle of Thailand, to shop and eat. I will admit that I was the strongest proponent of this idea, as I was (again!) craving Thai food. We each passed through the J.D. to find ourselves in the noontide clouds above the ancient city of Bangkok.

We shared a repast of curries and rice, I choosing a viciously spicy red curry, the others opting for tamer fare, with sweet Thai coffee for all. Dee adored the mild curry dish she chose and commented that she might learn to prepare Thai food. We laughed and smiled encouragingly. She had announced that she might want to be an actor when we were in New York, and had suggested other directions – fashion designer, painter (when she heard what I did), and other such creative endeavors – throughout the cycle day.

“I’m sure you will find your bliss soon, Dee,” I remarked with kindness in my words.

Dee gave a small frown and replied, “I surely hope so, Izzy. There’s so much to choose from and I like to do most of it!”

“That’s the plight we have now, I guess,” Lee interjected. “But it’s a far better plight than Quasimodo had, eh?”

Dee nodded. “Yeah. At least no one teases and hurts you if you haven’t figured out yet what you love to do.”

We all agreed and the conversation turned to my finished painting, Flo’s latest work and other things we wanted to share.

We thanked Ki, who had provided our lovely meal and had spent most of it putting on a show as he cooked for his large table of guests (who came and ate and left, sometimes joining in with the show banter, and sometimes eating and leaving with smiles and waves of thanks, loathe to interrupt the flow). The four of us strolled out to see what was offered in the many shops along a ribbon of walkway. When we finally tired of the adventure, we headed towards a J.D., Dee carrying a bag with a lovely bracelet she had fallen in love with, and said our goodbyes.

“Let me know when we can do this again,” Flo suggested. “I enjoyed this immensely!”

“I’ll call you when the next play is offered and we can make plans,” I offered. “It was indeed lovely.”

We hugged and waved as each of us approached the J.D. And then Lee and I were home.

The house now was traveling east from San Francisco, heading for Brice Canyon. Lee had suggested that location and I thought that would be glorious, and so off the house went at my request.

Lee took my hand as he stepped through, murmuring something about sleep, and led me to the bedroom, to make love and then to sleep. It had been a long day.

In the morning, after greeting one another in kisses and caresses, Lee asked if I wanted to read more of the diary.

“Sure!,” I responded, calling for the book. Momentarily it was placed beside us and we snuggled again in front of its pages, finding where we had left off.

> April 30, 2009
>
> Tomorrow I leave for New York! I cannot express my excitement! Now is the time to break the perspective to the world. Now the small army, who understands where we could take ourselves, will grow – with any luck, to grow to where we can affect change.
>
> My friend, Bernice, will drive me to the airport. I still haven’t gotten through to her completely as to what abundance means to every Human on the planet…but she kinda gets it. She still thinks something would cause it all to break down, but she agrees that if we could make it happen it would be heaven. I guess that is the best I can hope for from her. I love her dearly, but she is not so blessed with vision as some.
>
> Meanwhile, I have fewer and fewer arguments with people online. Most, I suspect, have backed away, sure like Bernice that somehow it won’t work without any specific idea of what would break it down. None have offered an issue I have been unable to address, and so the discourse has slowed or stopped on many of the boards I post to. But on one, AboveTopSecret.com, I have many now discussing what the first step is to bring awareness and motivation to Humans. Many there have far more data about the world’s secret workings than are known by those who trust the MSM as their definer of reality.
>
> I found ATS when I was searching for information on something – I forget now what I was looking for that day – and, having found the forum, which values evidence, rational speculation and interpretation, and denies

ignorance, I have posted my thoughts consistently for some time. The Abundance Paradigm is merely the latest.

It's nice to find the reception of rational individuals. Sure, there are the spooks, toadies who roam the boards spreading epithets and assassinating character, berating evidence and belittling suggestions, but overall, ATS has a population of earnest and honest Human hearts.

Many on ATS, most I would say, have seen through the Lizard Hearted's behaviors – including the plans that whipped up national fervor to drag us into wars, and the attempts to starve us, enslave us, and tear down the works we have created to protect all individuals, specifically our Constitution. I am very grateful that the members are so open-minded. They know the panic the Internet has caused in the Lizard Hearted. They know of the efforts to control the Web, keeping the truth from us and making us ignorant.

As I have said before, we must prevail in keeping the free and open Web, where we are the "spiders" that swarm around the data "flies," lest it become the Net that ensnares our minds. Dear Gods, we must prevail!

Ah yes, I thought, that's where "data flies" came from. Amelia coined it. I had forgotten. We read on.

May 3, 2009

The flight to New York was quick and uneventful, and I found the guy who was picking me up with ease. He was holding a sign outside the gate with my name on it. He took me to the hotel and got me checked in. They put me in a suite! It's lovely, high up on the 52nd floor, and looks out over Manhattan. Food arrived for dinner and all my quirky requests had been seen to – no hydrogenated oils, fully or partially, in any food. No MSG, no propylene glycol, no beef, no pork. Organic produce only, organic eggs and poultry. Sometimes I am surprised by how much is pumped into our food supply, sold as being good for one reason or another, and so many never question.

I suppose I would eat beef and I would eat pork if I knew they had been raised naturally, and not in pools of their own waste, stressed out in overcrowded confinement, shot with antibiotics and hormones, slaughtered in filth and otherwise processed with no thought for health but rather profit. Sadly, finding such pure and good meat is difficult.

This is the best I have eaten in quite some time.

> The boss was making sounds that bordered on threat when I left work on Wednesday. I strongly suspect that I will see no job when I get back. Well, I will worry about that when I get back. Too bad I couldn't open her mind to the ethical and practical implications of abundance. I tried…but she just couldn't grasp it.
>
> I met yesterday with several writers but not Stephen. We discussed what I might say in the limited time I will have. We honed it, added lines for Stephen, lines of response for me, and so on. It was lots of fun, and some of the suggestions for repartee had us cracking up. It was a very enjoyable time and I count myself lucky to have been invited.
>
> I will spend the weekend wandering around Manhattan, maybe riding the subway out to Coney Island – I keep hearing how fun and historic it is – and take in the Statue of Liberty, the Empire State Building, and maybe look over "Ground Zero…" The last I am unsure about, since it is likely to drive home the evils the Lizard Hearted can concoct and inflict on the populace they control, and I would rather fill my time with happy thoughts while I am here. It is such a rare opportunity, and I don't want to spoil it.

"That must have been so exciting for her," I commented to Lee as we took a break. "I wish I could have been a fly on the wall of the meeting with the writers."

Lee agreed. "Yeah, those historic moments we will never have the details of… Wish we both could have been there."

I nodded earnestly in response and then suggested, "Shall we have breakfast? I'm getting famished." Lee kissed me quickly in response and hopped up out of bed.

"Sure," Lee replied, "but I get to make it today!"

"Great," I nodded happily, stretching and then pulling myself up and out of the bed.

We made our way out through the jungle and Lee said he would call me when breakfast was ready as he turned towards the kitchen. I headed on to the living room to check my email.

When I got to my couch I brought up the Web and then my email. I had a few more announcements of products available and two responses to my mailing about Little Buddha and Companion. A George Pingau and Nguyen Li both had fallen in love with the work. Both were asking if I would part with the painting. Since I knew neither, I wrote to each asking about their thoughts on the work, hoping to determine which was the better to give it to. By the time I had finished writing and sending the inquiry, and just as I was starting to explore information on the Web, Lee called me to breakfast.

Spread upon the dining room table was an awesome smelling offering. A soufflé with a very sharp cheddar cooked in, venison medallions, fresh creamline milk in tall glasses, and ripe blueberries covered in cream. It all looked delightful.

"Thanks, Chef Lee," I said as I surveyed the table with delight. Lee wasn't half bad as a cook. "Let's eat!"

With total agreement, Lee sat in unison with me and we polished off the entire lot in giggles and conversation.

"The house should be at Brice by the time we're done," I remarked. "Shall we take a hike after breakfast?"

"Wonderful," Lee responded. "I love the beauty there. I think I'll bring my camera."

I gave a brief laugh. "Surprise, surprise!"

Lee made a wry face at me and then returned my laughter. "Well, you know me…"

"I surely do, Mister," I retorted, winking and grinning.

Together we went to get dressed. I asked for jeans and a T-shirt, with rugged boots ideal for trail hiking. Lee's attire nearly matched mine but where I had chosen a red T-shirt, he had chosen a navy blue one.

We walked out to the terrace, seeing the ramp already set near the head of the trail into the canyon. The colorful, wind-sculpted pillars of stone peeked out beyond the edge of the canyon, offering their form for the imagination to build a story around. Other houses were set nearby, though I saw no one within hailing distance. Brice Canyon is fairly popular, it would seem.

Once we got to the ground, the ramp retracted on my suggestion, and we headed for the trailhead downwards. The air was warm but not yet sweltering as it would be in mid-summer, and the scent of pine and freshness filled our deeply drawn breaths. Down and down we went, switching back here and there, as the stone rose higher and higher, frozen in dance, above our head.

Light and shadow played tag through the monuments we passed through, and I marveled at the many colors and fascinating shapes that made up the canyon.

"Oh, Lee, this is beautiful."

Lee, who had been capturing the canyon's story on film, tucked his camera close in one hand and wrapped me with his other arm, pulling me close to him and kissing me lightly. "It sure is," he agreed.

Others were passing us on the trail, or standing in awe or conversation as we passed them. We smiled to any we met, and smiles were always returned.

Lee and I found a small bench of stone some distance down, naturally carved by the forces that sculpted the Canyon itself, and we sat side by side. Above us loomed cartoon characters and faerie dancers, caught frozen in form, multihued and glowing in the early afternoon sun. I sighed and rested my head on Lee's shoulder; Lee wrapped mine in his arm. For a while we sat, saying nothing, and watched the movement on the trail, and the lizards on the rocks nearby that drank up the sun as they spread themselves out to maximize their sun-receiving surface.

Except for the snatches of conversation of those who passed by on the trail, the air stood nearly still. The sound of a greater wind above, teasing the tops of the parade of forms, whistled softly. It was peaceful, restful. Shadows reached for the light, distorting themselves upon the tumbled evidence of fallen faces that spread out at the foot of the towers.

After a while Lee stood, taking my hands and pulling me to my feet, and we began the hike back upwards.

As we approached, the house lowered the ramp and we climbed its slope to finally rest on the terrace upon a bench, placed by 'botties per my request sent as we neared the trailhead. The ramp pulled in and the house lifted skyward where it hovered with an awesome view of the Canyon. Lee and I kissed and melted in the sun into one another, our passion full and love overflowing.

Chapter 11

Lee and I bathed away the sweat of our exertions, the hike and our passions, relaxing in my bath. The waters of the fall splashing downward rinsed and refreshed us, and we languished there a while, listening to the song the water sang in gurgles and gulps around us.

At last I spoke. "Shall we return to Amelia?"

"Yes. I am curious to see how she viewed the experience of being on the Colbert Report that night."

Amelia's appearance with Stephen is, of course, historic, and school children are shown the footage in history lessons; we all knew what was said that night. But her perspective was largely unknown, so the diary was a blessing for any (like me) who wanted more of the story.

We pulled ourselves from the waters, pausing to dry one another with the thick towels at hand and moved into the bedroom where we found the diary as we had left it, sitting on the now made bed, awaiting our return. We snuggled in, rumpling the smooth surface of the spread.

> May 6, 2009
>
> It was unBELIEVABLE! I was so nervous, but somehow I managed to keep my cool. The repartee with Stephen went very well, and I still managed to convey the concepts in the short time I had. The audience loved it and applauded as I waved to them, some of them even standing in ovation, as I left the stage. That part was edited out, though. I almost didn't believe it was me as I watched the final airing.
>
> There were more points I could have brought up, but given the few minutes I had, I am well pleased. The message is Bumped, and that is what matters. It will be interesting to see where this all leads.
>
> I was given the suggestion – by Stephen himself! – that I write a book explaining the details of the paradigm and how we might bring it about. I think I will do just that. Stephen said he might be able to help me get it published, even! I liked Stephen even more in person than I like him on the show. He is funny and witty, friendly and wise.
>
> I will be flying back to Ithaca later this afternoon and will hope for the best tomorrow when I report to the job I hope I still have.
>
> Well, I have to clean up and pack up. They're taking me to the airport in two hours. I must say, it's sad to be leaving this poshness for the dreary

struggle to keep roof and a flow of food. I like not having to worry about where my next meal will come from. I like having it delivered and made to my personal preferences. I like the freedom and the lack of pressure. If I could live like this always, life would be so much better.

But I will try not to choose to depress. I could very easily do so. I must find a way to think about leaving this for that bleakness, the bugs and the bareness of home, that does not lead to depression. I will think of it as a dream, perhaps, or keep focused on the fact that I was the one that got to bring the Ideas to the show. I won't think about how sad it all is compared to this splendor.

May 8, 2009

Ah, Gods. I arrived at the paper yesterday morning to find that they had hired someone else. I am trying to keep from crying, telling myself that now I have time to write the book – which I started last night. I just needed to vent, dear Diary, so here I am writing this.

The rent isn't due until the first, and so I have 23 days to get the book written. After that, I am sure eviction proceedings will begin. Maybe the book will be sold before I am actually back out on the street. I will hold that hope. Thank goodness winter is over and I will have a few months free of freezing weather and snow.

The forums have seen a large upswing of people defending the paradigm. That is something to be thankful for. Already many people are talking about it on the Web. I think it's catching on.

Not much else to write for now, at least not here. I should get back to the book.

"I'm hungry," I announced.

"Me, too," Lee replied. We set the diary aside and headed towards the dining room, deciding that lunch would be best fixed by the replicator since we were both too famished to wait for preparation.

I suggested scallops in a creamy wine sauce, with broccoli and baked potato. Lee said that sounded awesome, and so I gave the instructions even as we were making our way to the table.

Shortly after we sat, a 'bottie served the requested meal and we dug in.

“Where shall we go next?” I asked as we nibbled a delightful dessert of rich coconut cake.

“Interested in some spelunking?” Lee queried, looking at me in hopeful anticipation. “Maybe Carlsbad Caverns?”

I shook my head slightly and responded, “Spelunking sounds great, but Carlsbad Caverns is so crowded!”

“True,” Lee replied. “Well, I know of some volcanic caves, runnels of lava that cooled on the outside and drained the liquid interior to create caves, out in the desert of southern California… They shouldn’t be overrun.”

“Ooo, sounds interesting. Tell the house where they are and let’s go.” I smiled in exuberance.

Lee nodded and then paused briefly. The house asked if instructions were approved – although Lee is “authorized” to request things of my house, things like a change of location get verified with me. I sent my approval and saw the world out beyond the house begin to move.

“Hey, let’s see if Lil is free. Maybe she would like company…” I suggested.

“Sure. Call her up,” Lee agreed.

I asked the house to connect me to Lil, and shortly Lil appeared nearby.

“Oh, Izzy!” exclaimed Lil when we connected, “I was going to call you! I’m having a few friends over this evening to play cards. Interested?”

“Great,” I responded. Lee was nodding, and though Lil couldn’t see him, she could tell by the direction of my look and my acknowledging nod that Lee was for the idea.

“See you around 7:00 then?”

I smiled. “We’ll be there.”

“We have about eight hours. Diary or Dangle Park?” Lee asked when Lil’s hologram had vanished.

I weighed the options. Dangle Park was the amusement park that hung high above Rio de Janeiro. It had energy rides, slides, and other excitement. It had been a while since I had visited Dangle Park, and I adore any amusement park, but on the other hand, I was looking forward to the uploading of the diary scans to AmeliasHistory.org, and I needed to finish reading it before I did that so that I could say I was the first (with Lee, of course) to read what she wrote. That was a status perk and I wasn’t going to let it go.

“Maybe we can do Dangle Park next cycle, after we finish the diary.”

Lee agreed, and we headed back towards the bedroom. As we were walking, the house tapped me on the mind and let me know that another house was coming up on us and was asking to dock. In the same breath it let me know that it was the Horny Toad Society. I made a face and asked the house to thank them for the visit but that there was no one here interested in their gifts.

The Horny Toad Society enjoyed orgies with strangers, approaching houses at random and offering their gifts. They had become well discussed on the Web, and many chose to accept. Lee and I had discussed how we felt about such offers and had agreed that we were committed in keeping energies flowing in focus between the two of us and not weakening our bond with energies diverted elsewhere.

In fact, Cara had once shyly suggested Lee and I might join her with Tim and The Kid – they both thought it was a cool idea, too – in a ménage a many, but Lee gently explained that he and I were connected spirits and that we maintained the energy in a closed circuit between us. We both thanked her and assured her that her offer of the gift was appreciated.

So when HTS made its offer to us, I felt confident in passing up the offer for Lee.

Still, I informed him after the Society had moved on, in case he had changed his mind since last we spoke of it. “The HTS just offered their gifts. I presume you’re uninterested?”

Lee laughed, “Darling, you don’t know HOW uninterested I am.” He stopped to take me into his arms and lift me off the floor. Kissing me deeply, he stroked my back and buttocks with one hand while he held on with the other. I relented to his touch, pressing my breasts against him and wrapping my legs about his waist. He carried me into the bedroom, as on my fleeting thought a ’bottie scurried to move the diary out of harm’s way. He laid me across the bed, sliding atop me as he did. As I welcomed him, I thought, The diary can wait a little longer.

After we had cooled the circuits, kissing and cooing our thanks for one another, I idly called for the diary and the ’bottie came forth.

> June 12, 2009
>
> I have been so busy. I wrote like a fiend and had the book finished spot on the 31st. I contacted Stephen and emailed the draft to him. It’s not the longest read, but I think I addressed everything that needs to be addressed. Stephen got back to me on the 4th, I think it was, and sent a few suggestions which I incorporated into the manuscript. I sent it back with

changes and he emailed on the 7th, saying he was submitting the manuscript personally to his publisher.

That was the same day I had a Notice to Pay tacked on my apartment door. I am fully out of money now, getting food at the pantry (usually wilted produce, since most of the packaged food has high fructose corn syrup or hydrogenated oils or some other dietary horror), and wondering when it will be that my utilities are cut off. I'm also wondering when the eviction notice will arrive and how much time I have left here.

I hate being unable to meet the obligations of the scarcity paradigm. On the one hand, if I could meet them, I would…but on the other, I see how unnecessary it is for me to have to worry about such matters.

On more exciting things, CNN ran a story touching lightly on the concept of abundance. While it didn't advocate any action, it did introduce a few of the implications of such a world. The Web, on the other hand, rather exploded with talk, about the CNN story, about my bit on the Report, about the advantages and ethics involved, about ways to start moving in that direction.

When I searched for sites with "abundance paradigm" mentioned, I used to see pretty much only the boards I had visited and discussed it on. Now there are tens of thousands! I am not the only one talking about it anymore. And this bodes well.

People are blogging about it. People are discussing it on many boards. People are saying good things – and some are saying bad things, but getting a lot of recoil. It's amazing to see.

More and more the paradigm is taking hold.

July 3, 2009

The eviction notice came last week. I have to pay up, appear in court, or be out by the end of the month. I also received a publishing contract! It came three days ago, and when they receive it, I will be sent a check for $10,000! Needless to say, I signed it and sent it right back! Maybe I will be able to pay up. In fact, maybe I can get a better place to live. The roaches here are so gross, and I have even stepped on a few, trekking to the bathroom in the middle of the night. Uggggg!

It's all so surreal! The Web is humming, singing, heralding the abundance paradigm. The search returns are now up over 200,000!

The MSM actually broke a story about the possible history of our planet including extraterrestrials, showing documents that had been leaked that alluded to it as a fact. They even suggested that we might be genetically created by such a race. Oh, I think the truth is starting to crack the dam. The toadies are waking up to the freedom they could have if they would toadie no more.

Tomorrow is the 4th, a day important mostly to those of us who live in the U.S. I wanted to say something about that. After watching the dismantling of the Constitution by the previous administration, and the total lack of effort to really restore it by the present one, I wonder how many of us understand we are celebrating something we have lost.

I wonder how many can see the façade for what it is. How many are aware that the country, and the principles we are taught that this country is all about, are gone. That we celebrate nothing.

We have turned from individual freedom to corporofascist slavery. I am so saddened at the many who cannot see the dark facts. As freedom erodes, the double-think is put into play. "See how free we are – as long as we adhere to these few behaviors and don't go outside of the lines." I shake my head sadly.

Still… With the Web so actively talking about the Paradigm… Maybe the whole world can turn to a respect of Individuals of Sentience, allowing freedom within informed willingness of all participants. Maybe there is still time.

I can only watch and hope.

Chapter 12

Lil's house was very Japanese in design. Built as a platform with bamboo-and-rice-paper bungalows scattered around a central garden that sported a section of raked rocks, a koi pond, and a no stage (which often had a holographic play being performed upon it, but was tonight filled with tables laid with decks of cards and scoring pads). Her house, too, floated in the sky, domed with energy to protect from the elements, and from what I could gather, we were above Hawaii. Nearby boiled a caldera of steam and lava. Beyond that, the island spread out on a sapphire sea.

Lanterns of paper lit the area, with a musky incense burning somewhere, kissing the air with hints of exotic florals and woods. From somewhere came the soft strains of traditional Japanese music, plucking softly at the corners of awareness. Maybe a dozen people sat or stood on the stage, chatting and nibbling the rice crackers, sushi, and ginger placed about on low black tables, passing pipes of weed, or sipping a sweet golden plum wine or hot green tea.

Lil was heading towards us with arms open in welcome. She hugged each of us in turn, taking my hand and leading the two of us up to the stage. Nassim waved from a discussion he seemed deep into with a bearded gentleman. I recognized Chef Allouba, and Cheyenne Dutch, a mutual friend of Lil's and mine. The rest I had not yet met, and Lil took us around making introductions. The bearded man turned out to be Uncle Grant, a physicist Nassim worked with.

After mingling and meeting a few others who came after us, we sat down to play Hearts or Spades or Rummy – table's choice. Many loved these games of Old and such gatherings were not uncommon. We played through the night, discussing Amelia and all for much of the night after I mentioned the diary. As the night wore on, the numbers dwindled and tables consolidated. Finally, as the night wound down, Lee and I thanked Lil and hugged our old and new friends, saying our goodbyes, and headed for the J.D.

When we got home, Lee and I were too tired for anything but sleep. Shedding clothes, pausing only for mouth cleaning, and into the sheets we crashed. With sleepy murmurs we entangled ourselves and fell asleep in one another's arms.

In the morning we made love, spending the pent up passion of the previous evening. When the last spark had burst, we lay softly stroking each other's face and arms, looking deeply into the other's eyes.

"I have to check my email," I explained as I finally got up. "I have a couple of people interested in my latest painting and I want to see if they have gotten back to me. I must decide which one to give it to."

Lee nodded lazily from the bed. "Shall we finish the diary when you're done?"

“Yes, yes. I want to get the scans out on the Amelia site. They are going to eat them up!” I said over my shoulder as I left to seat myself on my couch. Once comfortable, I called up my email. Both George Pingau and Nguyen Li had responded. I read over their pleas, and, while Li said he simply loved the image and the feelings it evoked, George waxed on about how it looked just like his daughter had when she was six, how his daughter loved cats, and it was as if I had taken a photo of his little girl and transferred it to canvas, how the happy memories had come flooding in when he saw the image, and could I please consider his request for the original.

It was easy to choose. I sent a note to Nguyen Li that, sadly, the picture was given to another. Then I notified George that Little Buddha and Companion was his and he should receive it shortly. I also informed the house of the destination of the painting, knowing the work was being wrapped up and a delivery call was placed. George could have it delivered when he accepted the delivery call.

The email screen winked out in my lap and I returned to the bedroom to find Lee still resting in bed, awaiting my return.

I climbed in with him, and then…once again I called for the diary, which arrived by ’bottie.

> July 28, 2009
>
> The check came! I opened an account and decided to pay the rent here for a few more months – I don’t want to mess with moving stuff if things move fast enough and I can have my choice. Soon enough I will not have to work to live as I want.
>
> Free energy and the methods of extraction were reported in the MSM, even the history of its suppression came forth. Antigrav was mentioned, even. People are clamoring now to build robots, allocate land for organic farming, research transmutation methods, and more and more! I look around and people are nicer to one another now, helping others get through the tough times. And people are working towards the abundance paradigm with no pay whatsoever. It is emergent as the Web fills with ideas, efforts, and sharing. Toadies that once were trying to inhibit the flow of information have let it go. The world is catching the “gold bug.” Even China has opened some of its information avenues.
>
> People are building their own free energy devices, based on the plans that a guy who calls himself Anti/Christ – he claims “Christ” and “Antichrist” are the same… – put up on the Web, and we are getting off the grid, running our homes and cars on it. It’s coming, and I don’t think it will stop. My book will be on the shelves this week, and we shall see what happens then.

I bought a new computer and got Internet access. The number of sites that mention "abundance paradigm" has topped two million. The news is filled with the concept. People are seeing the light at the end of the tunnel, for the first time in our current history. More and more are grasping what it will mean. Few bring up "greed" and "power." I am truly in awe.

Cures are springing up for many of the diseases that have plagued us. Even the MSM is reporting on them. Suppression is failing right and left.

Already it is known that there was much more history that has been hidden for eons. The Egyptian pyramids and Sphinx are over 10,000 years old. The "Gods" of "myth" were extraterrestrial, and we were sculpted as helpers, but were enslaved by the Creator's brother. On top of all this, we carry galactic royal blood. The Terra Papers are discussed more and more, even in the MSM.

Though no ET's have stepped forward yet, we may see that soon.

I can't thank Stephen enough for his role in bringing all this about.

August 7, 2009

My book came out! And oh my Gods! I am a celebrity!

It's so odd to be recognized. I walk into a store or even down the street and people look, some point, some start up conversations with me. I guess the pic on the flap was good enough to identify me.

Emails are flying about the abundance available on this planet. In this Universe. People are happier. People seem to have a reason to live now. What a startling change in society. Around the globe now they are fired up. Information is flowing as never before.

The search brings back 23 million. It's going viral worldwide!

Soon I will see my dream. Soon.

And this is where Amelia's diary ended. The rest of her history is well documented. She went on talk shows; she sold a billion copies of her book in nearly as many languages. And then one day, they found her dead, still waiting for her dream to free her to complete choice of her house (which I have become certain looked much like mine), in the apartment where Lee found her diary.

Sadly, she had had cancer and never spoke of it, nor let any know she suffered. She didn't even mention it in her diary! She was not interested in herself so much as she was

in freeing the Human Hearted from the clutches of the Lizard Hearted, and free us she did.

The Alliance of Hearts was written up, based on the ethical outline Amelia had proposed in her book; the Lizard Hearted signed it and we signed it. ET's did meet us as equals, as royalty, even, based on our royal DNA. We traveled to the bases on the moon and Mars and discovered the truth about our planets, for it is the Solar System that is Ours.

The people demanded the "Human Bailout," passing bills to support the best management of resources, building robots for all the work we didn't want to do. Everything was programmed in open source; safety and reliability in products and services skyrocketed. Research and development took off. Tech leaped to awesome heights, and teleportation, replicators, and myriad gadgets and concepts to help sprang forth, almost as Athena, fully grown, it seemed. With information flowing so freely, the tech was emergent as well.

If Amelia had lived at most a year more, she would still be here, cured and healthy, and a very short way off to seeing her home. Fate is indeed fickle. But Amelia lives on in our hearts as we live each day in this Heaven on Earth. Her death saddened us all.

Stephen Colbert, on the other hand, is still keeping us amused. He has a show that is quite a bit different than the Old one, but every bit as funny – funnier, some say, as he no longer has topics he cannot approach. He is heralded for his role in bringing the paradigm to our awareness, giving Amelia her chance. He is a hero.

It's an interesting thing – rather insignificant in a scarcity paradigm – that we all carry lighters – well, I should say, We, most of us, choose to carry lighters. Our lighters run on free energy, with the crop circle engine. Each is everlasting, and each of us has crafted our own, in some way, those multitudes of us that choose to. From an idea we have, to crafting it for ourselves and others, we express ourselves in the design of our lighters.

Lighters are seen as status symbols of a sort. There were many who have boast walls of lighters belonging to the Infamous that had been gifted to them. Gifting of lighters has become common.

To counter an overabundance, if you find one and you don't know whose it is, after asking around and getting others' opinions – is it theirs? Do they know whose it is? Or do they even like the looks of it? And if not and no one claims it… if you REALLY like it, you keep it, but if it inspires not, it goes into the MWD when next you see one, which is most often a short walk from where you are when you find it.

Many leave their lighters and do not claim them, seeing how their work is accepted. It's kind of a game some of us play.

And thus, the number of lighters that stick around is kept under control, and still we keep about us the measure of our status, the symbol of the individual worth – We understand

that sentience all springs from this energy, given in abundance, and Worth is what we contribute with now our bliss being granted.

Lee and I looked at the last page of the diary, and then each other.

“I think I need to paint,” I said. “I’ll scan those and get them up on the Web by ’bottie and see what the data flies draw forth. This should be fun.”

“Data flies,” as Amelia indicated in her diary and in her book, are the pieces of information We contribute to our Infosphere, most often for their funny factor. When we’re not out doing other things, we have the choice of sharing our funny moments and any needed Witness moments. Funny Moment Sharing is a major social event in gatherings of around 3 to 6 Individuals of Sentience. People’s stories made the Media, became the Media, wherein the people’s stories, their Witnesses, were told.

Mainly it was the Web that was the Media. All media was there if you wanted, and surely Media Buffs sprung up as hobbyists, collecting and talking about the Old treasures they had, and blissing out. This group, as all the other groups that blossomed, withering in time, going viral planet wide, or settling somewhere in the space between – they were emergent in abundance.

Our advances in all things made social enjoyment the choice we all had, within the ethics of an informed willingness stipulation. One receives social status based on one’s choice of behavior with others, and Witness made it much easier to prove one’s and others’ willingness in things, and the degree to which we are truly informed. We can show it all in a single striking scene, or build our case for our behavior in a Situdrama. If we have to, which, any more. is seldom.

We never testify with our data if we don’t want to, but may do so if we choose, and in the Witness of others, we make MUCH better choices. When we are alone or with the willing it is our business alone, and when accusations arise, there is almost always a basis. The incident in question is nearly always settled. The Web has become the Court, and with the direct feed (Read Only) aspect of information recorded on our Datacubes, the truth nearly always comes out, with infamous spots that are never cleared up and that keep historians arguing for years.

But overall, nearly any case these days is infamous. We rarely choose to behave poorly towards one another, and so when it happens, it makes it big on the Web.

One thing that vanished, pretty much, was the concept of “estate” and though lineage became a bragging right of sorts, the lineage came from those whose contributions to abundance were known, most often.

When Datacube first came out, a desperate effort was made to suppress it, but by that time, Amelia’s Point had Tipped, and the toadies-no-more who came up with it first knew that by freeing the data flies onto the Web it would feed us spiders the strength we

needed to defend but never to bear false Witness. Thus, in honesty, we would tend to get by.

We wrote the Code of Ethics, the Alliance of Hearts, based on the Idea that UnLove, where willingness is not mutual, if information has been maliciously withheld, will not be tolerated, and if you choose to go past willingness, your reputation amongst those that care will drop, and if you work your cards right you will be shunned. Keep unhappiness to a minimum, and be prepared to tell your side of the story. If you are found guilty in Court, it will be of your peers, those who matter day-to-day around each of us. We do not tolerate the UnEthical, and informed willingness is the yardstick.

And of course, if you trust those around you, your surveillance of your house may be limited to the soirees you throw – everyone knows Witness is all over the place at the bazillion open functions. It is expected and no big deal as long as no UnLove is evidenced (no unhappiness). We have much Neutral Love (neither Love nor UnLove), and an abundance of Love, Itself, as we move in the circles of those who love the same things we do, finding it easier to love even those who do not.

Thus, We spend Our collective time promoting Love, the Highest Ethical Goal.

With a kiss I left Lee, heading to my studio, and I knew Lee would soon be off to do his film exposures the Old way (his thing, y'know), and at dinner we would share them. I would see the broken boards with the zipper bag poking out – I knew Lee enough to know he would HAVE to take a picture...or 10, with holotech, and a bunch of analog ones, Old tech, in artistically arranged composition – and the reality would supplant the patched-together picture I had been carrying since the diary entered my quality picture, since it entered my Universe.