



How Everything Was Made

by Max Freedom Long

with

“Teaching Huna to the Children”

A preface by Dr. E Otha Wingo

Teaching Huna to the Children

Preface to “How Everything Was Made”

Dr. E. Otha Wingo

In his seventy-sixth year, Max Freedom Long wrote a series of stories for children based on Huna. He called them *How Everything Was Made*. His unique gift of wit and imagination were brought into full play, as he described stories relating to the creation. The first draft of the stories was intended as an experimental unit and each reader was asked to act as editor and reviewer. The first pages were published as No. 76 of the Huna Vistas for February-March, 1967. A second installment brought the number of pages to 38. Pages 39-105 were printed separately and sent only to those who requested them.

I visualize a book, eventually, perhaps with illustrations of a simple nature, he stated. The age-group he had in mind was about four to eight and suggested that some of the material could be re-written for different ages. In order to make the stories more bearable for the elders who must read or tell them, I will take a leaf from Alice in Wonderland and try to put in little quips which may go over the heads of the children.

When the equipment and materials from Max’s Study were shipped to me in 1973, an unexpected treasure was discovered among the papers from Vista – an unused electronic stencil of a single page of illustrations for this book! There are three panels in the drawing, but they were placed on a single sheet and are reproduced from that copy.

HOW EVERYTHING WAS MADE

By Max Freedom Long

STEP ONE

The best stories of all are those which tell all about how WE were made, and also the animals, birds, insects and even flowers. It is also fun to hear how such things as clouds and rainbows came to be.

In the Beginning, ever so many years ago, there was no world. There were no animals or people, not even stars in the sky. But all through the places where the stars and world and sun and moon were to be put, there was God.

Now God is so large that no one can imagine anyone or anything that big, and so, in telling the story of CREATION (which is how things were made), the men of old had to think of God as a very wise and strong MAN, and they called Him, "The Father", and said that he lived in the heavens.

The odd thing about God is that he is invisible. That means that no one can see Him. He has no body like ours, but is made of the STUFF that is used to make THOUGHTS. We can call it "thought stuff" or "self stuff" because even people know that they are themSELVES, without having to stop to think that they have bodies. (You and I and all the creatures were given a bit of think stuff so we can know that we are alive and are God's Children.)

If you have trouble thinking of things which can't be seen, you might like to play a little game like Jack and Jill did long ago. (You may know their story, but there was a part of it that was secret and did not get into the books. Now you can know the secret part.)

Jack and Jill were playing and Jill had her crayons and a sheet of paper on a board so she could draw pictures. Jack was trying to tell her the Secret. He used the thought stuff in his head to make a fine big thought, than said to

Jill, "I've made a thought. See if you can see or feel or hear or taste what it is."

"There isn't anything that I can see," said Jill after a minute of trying. She felt in the air around Jack's head and listened and smelled. But, of course, she could sense nothing. Jack's thought – just like God and His thoughts – was as if nothing had been made. But something very real had been made. Thoughts are very real. Jill said, "I'll give up. I think this is all pretend."

"No it isn't," said Jack. "A nice lady at the library told how to understand such things as God and THOUGHTS. It's easy, and I will show you. First you have to make a thought, just like I did, and then you have to find a word to match it. That is how everything was made to start with. The lady told us that in a very old book some wise man had written, 'In the beginning there was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.' I don't think God was really the Word. He just must have thought a thought and then found the right word to match it before he spoke the Word. Anyway, we all can think a thought and find a word for it. The word that will make you able to hear my thought is BLUE. I made a thought of blue. Take your crayons and mark a blue patch on you paper, then you can also see my thought. But the blue spot will be harder to feel, and can hardly be smelled or tasted at all."

Jill made a blue spot with her crayons. She studied it and then asked, "If you think of God and say the word 'God' for Him, can I draw Him in a picture?"

"I asked the story lady that same thing," said Jack. "She said that ever so long ago the Egyptians who built the pyramids we see in our geography books had tried to make a picture of God so they could put it into their tombs. But finally they had to pretend. They said that a shadow was the nearest thing they could think of that was like God. And because the sun made a shadow with its light, they said that the SUN should stand for God in all their pictures, and that for God's invisible body they would picture a shadow. They said that God had given men shadow bodies just like his,

and the shadows of Kings were so royal that there was always a servant standing around just to see that no one ever stepped on the king's shadow and he tried not to step on it himself, so when he walked in the sunshine, another servant carried an umbrella to cover him so he would not make a shadow to get stepped on."

"Does it hurt one's shadow to get stepped on?" asked Jill.

"I don't know," said Jack thoughtfully. "It just might. But more sacred even than the king's shadow was the sun itself. They believed that it stood as the real Thought and Word of God – even that it WAS God – which the story lady said was a mistake. But, mistake or not, they used to think of God and then say the word, SUN or the word LIGHT, and that was how He got that name. And they called God's great power SUNLIGHT."

Jill picked up her scissors and her paper. "If thoughts are real, I am going to make us into a king and a queen. She snipped out two crowns from her paper and put one on her own head and the other on Jack's. "There you [are], Mr. King" she laughed. "See to it that you don't step on your royal shadow and spoil it. But come, we'd better go up the hill to the spring and get Mother that pail of water."

They took their pail and climbed the hill. As the sun was in front of them and threw their shadows behind as they went, they had no trouble in not stepping on them. But when they had filled their pail and started down the hill with their shadows in front of them, they tripped in trying not to step on them, and Jack fell down and broke his crown, and Jill, who had also tripped, came tumbling after.

Jack shivered as he picked up Jill. Spring water is very cold. "I don't know," said Jack, "whether my shadow body – my real one, not just my shadow – can get wet, but my regular body sure can. We'd better get another pail of water and hurry home and get into dry clothing."

So, now that you know what really happened that time to Jack and Jill, let's go back to the story of how everything was MADE. But first it must be explained that because God and his shadow body and Sunlight Power are hard to imagine without the shadows or the sun, we will do like an ancient neighbor people of the Egyptians did. They made everything simple and called God THE FATHER. And, (here is a very special secret for you) because even God cannot be a father without there being a mother, we will call her, in our stories, THE MOTHER. She is also too large to imagine and has a shadowy body one can't see, and is very powerful. She is very beautiful and very kind and she loves everything, especially baby creatures. Try to remember that our story is not all true. Most stories are part PRETEND, and so ours will have to be.

Well, once upon a time the wise Father and lovely Mother decided that they would do a little creating. But before they could make animals and birds and men, there had to be a place to put them. And so, while they were at it, they made all the space that could ever be needed. It reached as far as one can reach with a thought, and that is very far, indeed. Into this vast space they placed the stars as they made them, and our sun and moon and world. Our world was an extra fine one and was made with greatest care, for on it would be placed men and women after it had cooled off and everything was ready. The world was made round like a ball, as almost everything is to start with. It spun like a top and circled rather slowly around the sun in a circle so big that it took a year just to go around it. With the earth for company had been created several other worlds or planets, some farther away from the sun and some closer, some larger than the earth and some smaller. They all had one moon, like we have, or three or four. Some of the planets were too close to the sun, however, and got too hot. Others were too far away and were too cold. Only our earth was just right.

As soon as the earth had cooled off, The Father and The Mother came to look it over and decide what to do next. It was too dry for plants, so they made RAIN out of little round drops of water, and the rain fell and fell and

fell. There is something odd about rain drops. They are round, like most good things when they are created, but they mix together and make water. And in water we cannot see where one rain drop ends and the next begins. They all get pressed down flat on the sides so they fit together to make water and the seams can not be seen even with a magnifying glass. But, if the air is cold when the rain drops fall, they freeze, and then we can see them as hail, and notice how they stay round until they get warm and turn to water.

Pretty soon there was enough water, but it covered all the world and did not leave dry land. To fix this trouble, parts of the earth were pushed up into mountains and plains, and all the water ran into the low places to make lakes and oceans. As the water made little streams in the hills and started to run downward toward the low places, the streams were very happy – and still are to this day. They sang melodious little songs as they splashed over stones or made little waterfalls. And the rain drops like doing this so much that when they are in the ocean, they climb up the ladders made by the rays of the warm sun, and make clouds in which they sail back, pushed by the wind, to high spots over the land where they can fall once more and join to make brooks and sing their way to the sea.

Father said to Mother, “I’ve finished drawing plans for most of creation. We’ll have to start with the very little things and grow them in the warm water of the ocean near the shore.”

“I’ll be ready to help you any time,” replied Mother. “Have you decided what to use to make the creatures out of when we begin?”

“I’ve planned about a hundred different kinds of earth stuff to use,” explained Father. “And most of the things can be mixed together to make still more kinds of matter. We’ll have some which are gasses, some fluids like water, and many which are soft or hard or in between.” He held out his hand and showed several kinds of stuff called ‘elements’. “Want to help me make shadowy bodies for a few little creatures? We can then fill them

with matter and put a little of our think stuff and self stuff into them as well as some life force, and that ought to get things started.”

Mother reached out a lovely hand and took Father’s big kind hand. They joined to make the needed thought pictures of the little creatures. That done, they made shadowy bodies to dress up the picture bodies, and folded in the bits of their own self stuff so the creatures would have first grade intelligence and know they were themselves. To each the Mother fastened an invisible little shadowy thread which she fastened to her apron strings so she could keep track of all and help them to know just how to live. (It is called ‘Instinct’ when the Mother tells creatures how to do things, such as how to eat and grow. She tells them through the tiny shadowy threads.)

When Father’s hand got too full, the Mother said, “Let’s go into the house and I’ll find a bowl of the right size to use. So they went into their house and put the little things they were creating into a bowl. But they were too dry, and when stirred, did not mix well.

“We need some nice pure water,” said Father. They went outside and looked up into the sky. A small cloud was floating there and Father called, “Little Cloud! We need you. Come over here and see if you can rain a little in this bowl.”

The Little Cloud was so proud and excited to be asked to help that it almost burst itself hurrying to rain. It is very hard for clouds to rain until things are just right. But it squeezed and squirmed and tried until it began to turn black in the face. “Easy,” cautioned Mother, and it tried one more time, its very hardest, to squeeze out some rain drops, but accidentally let go a fork of lightning and a clap of thunder. “Careful!” warned Mother. “You almost burned the mixture.” The little cloud burst into tears, and as it was crying rain drops, and the bowl was soon half filled, and all was well.

Father watched while Mother stirred gently. Soon he said, "I think that is about enough, and that little touch of lightning may be just the thing needed to get the life force working."

"You're right!" exclaimed Mother. "See! Little balls are forming and growing skins around themselves. Balls are always a good sign." They watched and Mother stirred ever so gently.

Soon the little balls, which looked like jelly, began to wiggle and squirm with life. "Listen," commanded Father, "you little fellows grow as fast as you can and multiply so that we can have plenty of one celled creatures."

Mother wiped her hands and hung up her apron of stars. "What do you plan to do with them when there are enough?"

"Oh," answered Father, "have them join to make larger creatures with many cells. I bet some cells will take over the work of being eyes for the creature, and some of being the stomach, and some mouths. You will have to instruct them through the shadowy stuff threads fastened from them to your apron strings."

"I'll be glad to instruct them," said Mother. "I've wanted a family for some time, and these will be cunning children. When the time comes I will see that their instinct teaches them how to grow teeth and ears and hair. Then later, I will see that they learn things like building nests. It will be most entertaining."

As they took the bowl to go to pour the mixture into the warm ocean, they were surprised to find a whole group of clouds gathered above their house. They had heard of the wonderful honor bestowed on Little Cloud by being allowed to help with creating things. They all were just waiting and almost bursting themselves to be ready to rain at a moment's notice. The air filled with flashes of lightning and loud rolls of thunder. But Father and Mother did not mind. They only smiled and covered the bowl to show that they had enough rain in it already. They walked across the beach and emptied

the bowl here and there among the rocks on the shore. Once in the water the little creatures lost no time getting to work. Some became plants and some creatures. All they needed was time to show what they could do.

THE NEXT DAY

The next day was a very long time coming, at least as we think of time, for the days of the Father and Mother are ever so much longer than ours. But the next long day of their time came at last, and all the little new one-celled creatures came to the top of the water to show themselves proudly.

Some had learned to make little hands of parts of their bodies to grasp food. But, having no mouths, they just wrapped their bodies around the bit of food and digested it. Others had been busy learning to be plants, and most of them had learned how to use sunshine and smoke from the air to make green stuff so anyone would know they were plants. The smoke was in the air and got mixed into the water, so making this green "chlorophyll" was really quite easy.

Father saw that there were too many plant cells and not enough animal ones. He looked up at the smoke in the air which had come from volcanoes before the earth had cooled, and said, "Mother, unless we can clear up the air and get rid of the smog and smoke, we'll have the ocean filled with plant cells and there will hardly be room left for the little animals."

Mothers said, "Couldn't we put the air through my washing machine and wash it? Let's go home and try." So they went home and to the laundry room. Mother poured soap and bleach into her big machine and said to Father, "You pull in the air and stuff it into the machine. I'll stand over here and try to keep it from tangling as it comes out of the wringer."

Father went outside and told the clouds to go lie on the ground for a little while, then began pulling in the air. Before long he had it blowing in all by itself and making a fine wind. The wind liked the game and whistled at the top of its voice. Mother had heard another noise and had gone to look out

of the window at the clean air which was shooting out of the whirling wringer.

“Come and look,” she said. “I’m afraid we’ve done something to the air.” She pointed to little whirlwinds which raced along the beach and picked up sand, and out over the ocean there were three big whirlwinds making tall spouts and sucking up the ocean water to make “water spouts.” “I think we could have done very well without those,” she said anxiously. “I’ll slow down the washer and we’ll take more time putting the air through.”

When all the washing was done, Mother sighed. “In spite of everything, we made several tornadoes and one cyclone. Now we will have to teach Adam and Eve, when we get them created, to get into caves when they see a tornado coming. “

Going back again to the sea, they watched the little animals pull in their belts so tightly on their middles that they cut themselves in two. They were doing this to obey the command to grow and multiply. And to grow they gobbled up the little plant cells for food.

“Is that to be allowed?” asked Mother. “It doesn’t look very kind.”

“I did my level best,” said Father, “but it was the only way there was. So its a ‘Law’ and I’m afraid all animal life will be marked by some cruelty – even the lives of Adam and Eve and their children. They will have to live in animal bodies you know, and so be subject to the rules that have to be made for all animals, large and small. Everything will eat some living thing, be it plant or smaller creature, but at the first bite the self stuff in the one being eaten will leave and come back to be saved to enter new plants or creatures later on. And – this is very important – each time the self stuff goes through a life, it will pick up experience and be smarter. When we make Adam and Eve, the self stuff we will have to put into them will be so experienced that it will make them the most intelligent of all the animals.”

“I hope your plans do not call for men to be too cruel and savage,” said Mother hopefully.

“No, said Father. I have man planned to be as kind as I dare. But he will have to keep other animals from eating him, and have to do his share of cruel acts.” He reached down and stirred the sea water with his hand. “All that will come a bit later. Just now we must give the command to these little fellows to join up and form larger and larger plants and creatures – many different kinds.” So he spoke in a low voice and gave the commands and everything in the sea began following the plans and joining up to do as they were told.

With Father and Mother right there to supervise (which is to boss the job), and with Mother to hold the ends of the invisible shadowy threads running to each plant and creature so that she could supply enough direction through “instinct”, the sea soon became filled with worms and snails and little fish and eels, also little crabs and oysters and no end of interesting creatures. The plants had likewise grown, and one had made kelp, with little green bags filled with air to keep the tops of the plants floating on the top of the water.

They started back to their house, taking the path that came in from the back, and came upon a small lake of black water. “Did all that come from the washing of the air?” asked Mother.

“Must have,” answered Father. “The air was certainly dirty.” He looked up and sniffed. “Still has too much smoke in it. But pretty soon the plants will move from the sea to the land and begin to grow. They’ll take the carbon from the air and then the dead layers of plants will make oil so that Adam’s children can have gasoline for their automobiles and dirty up the air again by burning it. There will also be coal to burn and make smoke. I must find time to draw plans for some kind of smog control. The other day when I was checking my plans by looking far ahead through our time telescope, I focused on one century where the smog was so bad over the cities that it was making all of Adam’s children weep and wipe their eyes.”

At their house Mother set about getting lunch while Father got out his drawing board and tried to invent a way to prevent Smog. He covered many sheets of paper with drawings and wrote endless notes until his fountain pen ran dry. But by then it was time for lunch and after that to set the universe a good example by taking a little nap. When they woke up after exactly half an hour, Father laughed and said, "I had a funny dream. In it I saw our lake of black wash water from the clouds. It had been covered by ages of dust and had dried down to a bed of tar. There was a sign saying, 'La Brea Tar Pits' and a museum holding the bones of poor animals of the past who had gotten caught in the tar ages before."

Mother said, "Let's go back to the beach and see what the plants and creatures are doing by this time. So they went. And when they got there they found everything on a larger scale. The fish were much larger and there was a lobster with claws large enough to pinch almost anything. Mother let it pinch her finger (for nothing can hurt her or Father), and she said, "Aren't they all cunning! But didn't you plan any of them square or with flat sides? All these seem to be round like balls or round and a little flat. And all their legs are round, but pulled out to make little jointed pipes."

"Round is the best way," explained the Father. Only the worst builders make things square or with flat lines. Through the time telescope I looked on ahead a few ages to see how Adam's children would do with their buildings, and I am sorry to say that from the pyramids of Egypt down to the skyscrapers of New York, the flat sides and squares and triangles were used. However, I did notice a few lovely round domes, mostly on temples. The most beautiful round homes that I saw were in the cold North. The Eskimos had no trees to cut down to use to hold up the roofs of their snow houses, so they learned to build them round and that is the strongest as well as the most beautiful way. You'll love the Eskimos when we get them made. Their babies, when dressed in furs to play outside in cold weather are almost as round as their houses."

Mother pointed to a small squid which had a round head and body all in one, and eight legs, none of them longer than the length of a hand. "Isn't this a cunning one? And it certainly has stayed with round ways of building. It must be rather intelligent, too. Do you suppose it is going to be good for anything?"

Father leaned down and tickled the squid with a finger. "I remember the plan I drew for this one. And, as I recall, it had some special gift. Perhaps it will perform for us." He tickled the little squid again, then waited.

Little Squid knew that something was expected of it, but couldn't imagine what. It waved its legs and wiggled its mouth and eyes, but that did not seem enough. Then becoming much ashamed, it decided to hide, and squeezed in its sides and shot out a big spurt of black that made ink of the water all around it and hid it entirely.

"That was it," laughed the Father. "He can make ink!" He reached down and found Little Squid and placed him over in clear water, after which he took his big fountain pen from his vest pocket and filled it with the fine black ink. "Well done, my boy," he said, patting Little Squid who was so delighted at having been able to furnish ink for the Father that he could hardly keep from trying to color the whole ocean black. And so, to this day, the squids keep on showing us how to make ink. They keep Father's fountain pen filled, and it is just possible that they furnish all the ink for our ball point pens.

THE THIRD STEP

The next long day had to be spent by the Father and the Mother finishing a new galaxy out in the suburbs of the Universe. The big centers had become very much crowded, and more and more people were wanting to commute back and forth in their flying saucers to the suburbs. When suns and planets of the new galaxy had all been placed and given their regular spins and circling orbits, the pieces were picked up and put in the trash bin, but when Mother had carefully brushed up the leftover star dust, she put it in

an envelope and placed it in her handbag. "It might come in handy," she said. "But now let's go see how Earth is doing."

When they arrived, Mother went to open their house and air it, while Father crossed the beach to the sea and looked into the warm waters. Everything had done well and many creatures had become quite large. One fish had done especially well and was the biggest in a splashing school. Father called, "Come here, Whale!" and it came as fast as it could, swimming for a while under water, then rising to the surface to blow water out of the nose hole in the top of its head. Once it had gotten rid of the water, it sucked in a large supply of air and dived for another swim.

Father was much interested, and as Mother came up just then, he said, "These fish have done extra well. I see that, according to plan number Steen-point-seven, they have managed to learn to bring forth their young alive instead out of eggs. They have also grown teats with milk to feed the little whales." He turned the big whale on its side in the water so they could see the little calf whale having its lunch.

"Very nicely, done," said Mother. "Do you think you can bring them along farther enough so your Adam could be a fish and live in water?"

"No," said the Father with a shake of his head. "I did draw up early plans and write a few notes for a mermaid, but she seemed rather impractical. I think we will have to get some of the fish out on land and work with them."

The school of whales made a great splashing and spouting. Mother was amused by their play. "They have holes in their heads, she pointed out. I hope when your men are made, they won't have."

Father chuckled. "I looked at men when I was examining future buildings, and noticed that quite a few had holes in their heads – or so I judged from the strange things they were doing. They had made atom bombs, and half the men wanted to blow up the other half because they disagreed on what

seemed to be the need to be Red or White. But they were afraid to use their bombs for fear they would, at the same time, blow themselves up. I was almost ashamed that we ever made them.”

“But until and unless they do blow each other up,” said Mother, “the whale’s idea of making milk for babies seems very good. Little Adam and Eve will have no mother, so they will certainly have to have milk from whales or some other animals. Have you planned for milk, or should I worry about it?”

“Don’t worry,” said Father. “I’ve drawn plans for hundreds of animals which will give milk. There will be horses and cows, but one of the most promising is the goat. When the time comes I am sure there will be no trouble. Besides, I have planned on some plants which may help. There was the milkweed plan, but the milk could not be made without being bitter. The poppy plant milk was no good for babies, although it turned out to be just right for the making of opium. The coconut palm was the best of the lot, but the milk in the big nuts always remained watery no matter how I worked over my plans.”

“When shall we try to coax the plants and other things out of the water to live on land?” asked Mother.

“Any time, now,” answered Father. “The plans are all made for grass and trees and land and swamp plants. As soon as we get them started, the creatures which can eat them as food can come ashore, and when they have come, the others who have to eat animals to live can come. The place will look beautiful when we get plants and things growing. Even weeds. I couldn’t help including a few weeds to even out some plant families, but even these will often be useful.”

“I’ll help you get some of the plants to come out of the sea to the land,” said Mother. And they began selecting the ones which seemed best for different places.

It must be explained that Father and Mother could talk to all the plants and creatures, not in words and in English (for that had not yet been invented), but by sending talk pictures along the little threads which came from every plant and creature to be part of the bundle of invisible threads tied to Mother's apron strings.

Sending thoughts for talk back and forth on the little threads is very much like talking words back and forth over telephone wires, but is called TELEPATHY. Try to remember this fine word, for it is very important. Telepathy is used by all of the animals because it is hard for them to make sounds to tell other animals just what is to be known. AND, telepathy was very important to Adam and Eve because for a long time they were just animals in a human animal body and were unable to talk.

Father and Mother told all the little plants and creatures by the use of telepathy that they were to do their best to try to come out to live on land, and while they were doing their parts, there was work to be done to make things ready for them out on the land. A place was made on the sandy beach for a few, but back beyond the beach the soil was better, so Father quickly spaded up a fine large garden plot. While he was doing this, Mother found a brook that ran right into the ocean and which would be easy for the plants and animals to follow to a nice swamp that was watered with salt water when the tide came in. Above the tide line, the water in the swamp was fresh, so the place seemed ideal for some kinds of plants and creatures.

By afternoon of the long day, the plants were ready to come out to the garden spot, and Father and Mother carried them there and set them out in neat rows.

"Without water they will wilt," said Mother, and she telepathed a call, "Little Cloud! Where are you? We need your help again." Little Cloud had been hanging around not far away, hoping it would be needed. Now it called to its friend, the Wind, and it pushed and pulled, and in almost no time at all, Little Cloud was there.

“Good,” said Mother, giving Little Cloud a pat and nodding her thanks to the Wind. “I need your help, Cloudlet. Do you think I can trust you to come several times a day and rain gently on the new garden to keep the plants from wilting?”

Little Cloud telepathed a breathless, “Yes”, and, almost bursting with pride at being called upon for such an important job, began at once to puff itself and get slightly black in the face.

“No! No!” warned Mother. “No lightning and thunder, and just the smallest and gentlest rain on the little plants.” She turned to the Wind and said, “You go and play making white caps on the waves over on the ocean. If you keep racing around here you’ll dry out the garden faster than Little Cloud can water it.”

The Father had gone to the beach to bring some plants for the swamp, but he had hardly touched the water when Little Squid came flop flop swimming as fast as he could and got ready to make ink. Father’s fountain pen was not even partly dry, but just because it gave Little Squid so much pleasure to be allowed to help he said, “Splendid idea,” and when a fine pool of ink was ready, fill his pen to overflowing. He then took the proper plants to the swamp and planted them. Going to the house to find Mother, he said, “I want to get out my Adam and Eve plans and check them. I’ve run into a problem. It’s the matter of how to keep the children clean after we create them. They will be very tiny at first and quite helpless, and as they will not live like fish and be washed all the time by water, they will need help.”

Mother came and they looked over the plans carefully. Soon she said, “There must be a solution. Suppose I run out and look through the Time telescope and see what they will have done about babies by the 19th Century.” She left Father to go out on the veranda. There she sat down and looked through the telescope, focusing it carefully until suddenly she saw what she wanted. It was a human mother with two small children clinging to her skirts, and a baby in a little cart. She had been doing her laundry,

and was hanging diapers on the line. The baby was wearing a diaper also. Mother hurried back into the house.

“I found what we need. We must find a way to make large squares of thick cloth to act as diapers for Adam and Eve. It must be soft and nice for them, as they will be very tender and very tiny. It’s a good thing I have a proper washing machine.”

Father scratched his chin thoughtfully. “Weaving cloth is quite an undertaking for our earth children – at least it will be just now when we need diapers. Now if Adam and Eve were half fish and could live in the sea. . . . ”

“You gave up that idea,” said Mother, “Our men and women can’t sit around all the time half in the water and half out. But don’t fret. This is woman’s work and I’ll find a way. If worst comes to worst, we might sew together rabbit skins.... only I am afraid they might not wash well.”

Father selected a plan from his files and held it up. “I have made drawings of a plant which might give us soft fur to weave. I called it ‘cotton’ – see, long white fibers in its seed pods. Take out the seeds and you have the cotton to weave into diapers.”

“We’ll also need safety pins and needles and thread and buttons,” said Mother. “And toys for the children.”

Father made some notes. “Yes, toys, but they can wait. I am sure little animals will make good things to play with. About needles, I have already planned pine needles, but they would hardly be stiff enough for sewing. Perhaps when that little sea creature you called ‘a pincushion’ comes out on land it might be of use. We will have plenty of time to work things out, but it’s time we got back to that new nebula we started. By now it may be spreading itself so thin that it will be all over the place. And let’s go by the Milky Way. We might get an idea there to help with the problem of milk for the children.”

Mother laughed as she put on her traveling cloak. "I hope you are not planning some big jokes on poor little Adam. Think of stuffing a million stars into his bottle for a meal."

"What do you mean by 'bottle'?" asked Father as they set off at a thousand times the speed of light."

"Bottles are going to be my invention," said Mother, "Very important for babies. You just wait and see."

They laughed together and drew up on the farther side of the Universe, for they were made of thought stuff, and thoughts travel the fastest of anything. Just think you are there, and in just moments, well, THERE YOU ARE!

"Now look at that nebula," said Mother. "We might have known. All over space! While you get some comet tails and twist them into brooms, I'll put away our cloaks. I'll help you sweep the nebula back where we want it."

Father made the brooms out of comet tails and they started sweeping, but their thoughts were back on Earth. "I must plan a broom plant for Eve," Father said.

"Are you planning to make Eve do all the sweeping?" asked Mother anxiously.

"Just around the house and yard," said Father. "When Adam is asked to help I foresee that he will wiggle out of the job by inventing a sweeping machine and showing poor Eve how to use it."

THE LIFE ON LAND

AFTER A LONG NIGHT, Father and Mother arrived early and were delighted to find how everything had grown and spread out. There was grass on all the hills, and trees covered the places where they were most

needed. The swamps were so thick with growing things that the water was almost covered in spots.

Little Cloud had hurried up. Now she showered a few big drops to call attention to herself. So Mother telepathed, "Why, Little Cloud! You did marvelously well! Not a single plant could have wilted. The garden is perfect, and you are perhaps the smartest and most reliable cloud in the sky." She turned to Father. "What can we do to reward Little Cloud?"

Father thought for a moment. "I have drawings for a thing called 'a rainbow'," he said. "It will be some time before the fine, large ones that stretch all across the land will be ready, but I might make a small, individual one for her."

"Oh, do!" urged Mother. "It will make her the most beautiful little cloud ever."

So father made the right thought picture. Then he turned to Little Cloud and said, "Turn around so the sun will shine right under you. That's right. Now rain a little." Little Cloud did just as she was told, and soon there hung below her in a small arch a most beautiful little rainbow.

"Lovely!" exclaimed Mother. "But if we turned the rainbow over, it would make a nice necklace – the first one in the world – for Little Cloud."

"I'm afraid of that," said Father. "Rainbows are rather fragile."

"Aren't all beautiful things fragile?" asked Mother.

"All except you," replied Father gallantly. "The trouble with rainbows is that they make bowls when you turn them over, and they will fill with rain. If they get too full, their bottoms rip out and make cloudbursts so that roads and bridges, get washed out and there is no end of trouble."

"Oh, let her have it for a necklace" coaxed Mother. "It will be a long time before Adam will be building roads and bridges, and, besides, Little Cloud

will be very careful, I'm sure." Little Cloud nodded and bobbed up and down excitedly, so Father kindly allowed her to turn her little rainbow over and wear it as a necklace.

But changing things after they have been carefully planned is always dangerous. In later years other clouds also wanted necklaces, and when they were out over desert places, where no one would notice, they often turned their rainbows up side down to make necklaces and, as you may know, even today, the bottoms rip out and the rain falls in one great splash, washing out everything that stands in the way. However, cloudbursts are not always caused, and never by Little Cloud. If you see a small cloud with its rainbow turned over under it, but not making a cloudburst, you can be quite sure that it is Little Cloud. She sometimes doubles her rainbow to make it stronger so the bottom will not tear. She is always VERY careful.

Father stooped and brought up some water in the cup of his hand. "See these odd little fellows?" he asked. "They are diatoms, and in each is a tiny drop of oil. In time to come they will have died in countless numbers, but their oil will have gone into the ground. Yes, Adam will have oil for his automobiles and smog. This lush plant growth which is taking the smoke from the air will get covered with earth, and one day will give Adam his coal.

Mother had found a polliwog, and she called Father's attention to it. He had found a fine cattail, but turned to see what Mother had discovered. She said excitedly, "The little fish creatures have come to land as well as the plants. This little round one has already grown a mouth and tail, and I do believe that it is starting to grow front and back legs!"

Father studied the little creature and found the plan to match it. "A polliwog," he announced. "But this is a baby frog. In time its legs will grow large and its tail drop off, and it will be a small frog. Let's find its parents. They must be around close.

Mother touched the invisible threads which ran from her apron strings to all the creatures, and found the right one. Through it she telepathed a “Come hither”, call and soon a fine big frog who was hiding under a lily pad mounted the pad and stood ready to pay attention.

“You have done well,” said Father. “You are one of the first fish to come out on land for us, and now we have a creature who can live either in water or on land. We are very proud of you. You shall have a reward. Call your wife.”

The frog dived into the water and came back quickly with his wife. Father had been looking through his notes.

“You are Bull Frogs,” said Father. (He turned to Mother and said in a whisper, “I was thinking of milk when I drew up the plan for these.”) To the frogs he said, “For your reward I am going to give you voices and a fine song – one all of your own for you and your children to have and sing all down the centuries. Now draw in a big breath. Now tighten your throats. Now breathe out very slowly and try to sing.” He motioned to Mother, and they made a few magic passes in the air over the frogs. Suddenly it happened! From both of the frogs came big booming voices and they began to sing their very own song. It was, “First out! First out! First out!” and they were endlessly proud of being the first to come out on land.

And to this day you can hear the bull frogs in the swamp bragging all night long. (The baby bull frogs do not have fine big voices, so they croak “Am, Am, Am”, which is short for “Amphibian”, which means a creature which can live either in or out of the water.)

Leaving the swamp, Father and Mother came upon two cousins of the Bull Frogs. They were Mr. and Mrs. Toad, and they were living out on the dry land, even if they did have to start as tadpoles in a pond, just like the polliwogs.

Mother telepathed to them a question, "How do you come to be living out here so far from the swamp?"

Mr. Toad blinked his big eyes and replied sadly, "It was my fault. I get lost. I can't keep from getting turned around and taking the wrong path, so we gave up trying to find our way back to the swamp every day, and just live out here. But it's not bad. We can catch lots of flies and bugs. We manage." He looked at Mrs. Toad, who nodded, and then said, "Please could we have a reward? We got even farther away from the sea than the frogs."

"Of course," said Mother. "Do you also want a song?"

"Please," said Mr. Toad.

Father instructed them to breathe in deeply and tighten their throats, then made the proper passes over them with Mother's help. But neither Toad could utter a sound.

Father said, "Their throats get so dry out here away from water. Suppose we try something else." He looked around and on the damp side of a log made a pass. Mother also made a pass, and out of the ground grew with surprising speed the finest toadstool one could imagine. The toads were delighted.

"All our very own?" asked Mr. Toad.

"All your very own," promised Father. "You can sit under one all day long and IT will keep you from having a shadow Then no one can STEP on your shadow, and you will be as splendid as any King Toad in Egypt, that is, when there is an Egypt of course." So now, almost no one was ever known to step on a toad's shadow from that day to this.

As they walked on along the path toward the ocean, Mother said. "I can't help trying to remember what ones of Adam's children I saw through the Time telescope ones who looked just like Mr. Toad."

Father laughed. "I haven't forgotten. In time to come one will always be able to see elderly Adams and their plump wives sitting in the shade of big umbrellas at Miami Beach, trying not to cast shadows lest they get sunburned, and both looking just like big toads. Not," he hastened to add, "that I have anything against toads "

When they came to the ocean, Old Mama Whale caught sight of them and came spouting and splashing up to the beach. After they had exchanged polite greetings, Niarna Whale telepathed,

"Many of the fish have gone out to live on land as animals. I can show you the way each kind went and what path to take to find them. But I didn't try to come out. I felt that I needed some help." She added hurriedly, "Not that the whale family has failed entirely! A few smaller members of our family made it but I" She saw a big wave coming and cried a little wildly, "Now I'll try!" And try she did, only managing to get herself washed up on the beach where she could get neither out on land or back into the water. "O dear, O dear", she sputtered, "and already I am getting short of breath."

Mother smiled and raised her hands high to call for a very large wave, and out rolled a very fine BIG wave that was all green inside. It picked up Mama Whale with ease and carried her back into deep water.

When she had caught her breath, she panted, "My! My! I never dreamed I would be that much heavier out of water than in it. This time, honest, I AM GOING TO REDUCE."

"That's a whale of an idea," said Father. "And as a reward for your effort, I promise you that for centuries to come, half of Adam's children will repeat your promise, word for word." (And that is why, even today, when anyone says, "I am going to reduce," we must all clap our hands and cheer them on and shout, "That's a WHALE OF AN IDEA.")

A big sucker fish had been watching with a big grin. Father telepathed to him, "Did you try to come out on land?"

"Not I," answered the sucker with a smirk. "Everyone says I'm a sucker, but at least I'm smart enough to stay as I am. Only a real sucker would ever want to be an animal, go to live on land, and take the terrible chance of being made into a man."

"You may be smart at that," said Father, then he said to Mama Whale, "Did you say you could point out the path that would take us to where the successful member of the whale family lives? The one which came out to live on land?"

Mama Whale tipped a little so she could point with a spout of water. "That second path to the left by that large tree. And say that Granny sent you.

They crossed the beach and took the trail by the big tree. It led back inland, and on to a big gray animal standing by a pool and drinking water through a long pipe that seemed to hang down from its head. "What an odd creature," said Mother. And as she spoke, the tube lifted and spouted water all over the creature's back. "A whale! I do believe it is what we came to find! Did you see it spout?"

Father had been consulting his bundle of plans. He put them back into his large pocket with a chuckle. "That is my ELEPHANT. Right according to my plans. She is a true daughter of Old Mama Whale, only with legs, and come out on land.

"But she spouted, just like a whale, although the water came from that pipe and not from a hole in her head," said Mother.

"I planned the hole in the end of a trunk," explained Father. And the trunk is a very useful invention. See the baby elephant there! It is using its trunk to get its dinner. The elephants also give milk.

Mother had found the right threads, and they telepathed their greetings while Mrs. Jumbo browsed lazily on bamboo shoots and Little Jumbo finished his meal.

“Do you suppose elephant milk would do for babies?” asked Mother, for she kept thinking of Adam and Eve.

“Too fattening, I’m afraid,” said Father. “Just look how rolypoly Little Jumbo has become, to say nothing of his mother.

Mrs. Jumbo had overheard. “It’s a gland that makes me overweight. It’s called a stomach, and everything I put into it turns to food. But,” she sighed loudly, “I am going to begin to reduce right away.”

“A whale of an idea!” cried Father, and he and Mother both clapped and cheered.

“Mother said, “Did you just have to say that?”

“A promise is a promise,” said Father, “and you know what I promised Mama Whale.” He turned to Mrs. Jumbo, who had stopped chewing and looked about to begin to cry. “Don’t you worry. We like our elephants nice and round and plump. Go right on as you are. In time to come you will be the favorite animal in every circus, and children will love you more than any of the other animals and will feed you peanuts and popcorn. You can take them for rides on your back.

They took leave of the elephants and set off across lots to find the next path that led up from the beach so that they could see what animals had made it.

A BIT LATE

Father and Mother came to a desolate valley beside a swamp. On the ground they saw the bones of great creatures. Father said, “Just a moment, Dear,” and paused to consult his bundle of plans.

“Yes, here they are,” he said. “Those are the bones of several members of the Dinosaur family. They must have come out on land quite early. We are a bit late to see them alive. The first ones ate tree ferns, then some learned to eat others and developed big teeth and great appetites. Soon these ate up all the gentle tree eating dinosaurs and when they were all gone, starved to death. But I’m glad they are gone. Adam will not have to run from them, and that will be a help.

They passed several lizards, and a few snakes who had managed to come out on land without developing legs and were managing fairly well. One snake sat up and rattled his tail rattles for them.

“The first member of percussion bands which are to come,” explained Father. “He is poisonous and dangerous, but will teach Adam to mind his step.” The Father pointed to the edge of the swamp where a big alligator was basking in the sun, his tail in the water. “That is another creature who will teach Adam to be careful and alert.”

Mother said, “For my part, I could do without these ugly beasts. Let’s hurry on.”

So they hurried on along the crosscut path and soon came to another large valley with grass and trees and vines and bushes.

“This may be where the catfish or dogfish came out on land to live,” said Father. “Or the parrot fish, or pork fish or the sea horse.” He chuckled, and added, “Just think how future biologists will turn over in their graves when they learn that cats came from catfish – just to mention one kind of scientist who will hear how the earth was really created and that the true story is being told to all the little Adams and Eves. But all joking aside, fun is a very important thing and I have taken great care in planning Adam to see to it that he will have a sense of humor. I have planned to give him a funny bone, and to be extra certain that it will work, I will see that it is placed on the end of an arm bone called the humerus.”

“You and your puns and old jokes!” Mother pretended to scold. “You’ll have poor Eve spending half her time trying to keep Adam from being either silly or ridiculous.”

Father became very serious. “What I am really trying to do is to fix it so Adam will be able to laugh at himself. If he can do that, it will save the day for him in a thousand tight places.”

There was a rustling of leaves as they passed a small grove of aspen trees, and Mother pointed, crying delightedly, “Look! It’s my sea pincushion come out on land!”

“So it is,” agreed Father. “The sea urchin, and now it has become a porcupine with quills to make all kinds and sizes of pins and needles for you.”

Mother was already telepathing to Porcy, and he came happily to her and dropped a good dozen quills at her feet so she could take her pick. That done, he sat up and looked expectant.

“Is there any particular reward that you wish?” asked Mother. “A song, perhaps? Or a loud voice?”

Porcy rattled his quills hopefully and telepathed, “Can you fix it so I won’t have to be afraid of getting eaten? There are some very fierce animals around here.”

Mother turned to Father, “Can you help?”

Father nodded and said to Porcy, “What you need is courage. You haven’t been eaten yet, have you?”

“Not quite,” admitted Porcy, “but almost, a lot of times.”

“Nothing will bite you,” said Father. “They see that they would get their mouths all filled with needles. So, take this gift of courage that I will give

you, and when any animal bothers you, just lift your quills and stand still. You will be safe and after awhile the animal will go away." He waved his hand; Mother waved hers, and suddenly Porcy had courage and always has from that day to this.

"I'll be back when I need more needles or pins," promised Mother and they went on along the path.

Father said, "I hope Adam and Eve can learn that most of the things of which they will be afraid cannot hurt them, and that most of the bad things they fear will happen never do."

They walked on and came to a meadow. Mother stopped and studied the lush green grass. "Shouldn't there be flowers to brighten it up?" she asked. "Adam's son will be sure to need flowers to take to the beloved when courting, and to give to tired wives between times to make their lives a little easier. Flowers mean love, you know."

The Father smiled tenderly at her. "I could do with a bouquet myself to present to you right now, my dear. We must give orders to the sea plants to come to the land and make plants which will flower. I am sure the sea anemone would be able to come out quickly."

Mother opened her handbag and took out a little package of star dust. "This is a trick I learned from the Irish when looking through the Time telescope. Watch me: he shook the vial and the breeze scattered the star dust over the meadow. "The Irish were singing a song about how star dust was sprinkled there to make the shamrocks grow," she explained. "And I'm sure it will make all the other loved things grow equally well. But it is growing late. Shall we go back across the Universe and finish some chores while we give time for the plants to come out of the sea and make flowers?"

"Remind me to fill my vial with star dust," said Mother, and they spoke the magic words together and were off.

THE FLOWERS COME OUT

After another heavenly day and night, Father and Mother arrived back at the meadow, and to their delight, flowers of all sorts and sizes bloomed in the grass and on bushes and trees.

“They are beautiful,” said Mother. “But I didn’t expect them all to be white. She leaned over to smell of some fine flowers on a low bush. And weren’t they to have perfume?”

Father looked over his plans. “Yes, they are to be in colors and to have many different kinds of perfume. But,” he bowed to Mother, “YOU are the keeper of all that is beautiful and fragrant. They had to await your touch. Will you see what you can do?”

Mother quickly found the right threads and began to telepath to the plants and flowers. “Now children, listen carefully. You have done a splendid job coming up from the sea and making flowers for the world. Would you like a reward?”

The flowers and plants beneath them danced excitedly although there was very little breeze. They all nodded together and the sensitive plant opened and closed its leaf clusters a dozen times although its flowers were not much to boast about.

Mother took from her bag her compact, and called to the Wind, saying, “When I open my compact, you blow the fragrance from it all over the meadow so that the flowers can pick a fragrance that suits them... there are hundreds to choose from. She opened her compact and instantly the most heavenly fragrances drifted out. The flowers were enchanted as they selected the fragrance they liked best. Some took powerful perfumes, some liked best the delicate ones better suited to them as violets or roses. A few, out where the wind hardly reached, ended with almost no perfume at all.

Next, Mother looked about to find Little Cloud and called to her. "I need you again, Cloudlet," she said, and Little Cloud was fit to burst with pride at being called upon again to help. "Float over at the end of the meadow," instructed Mother. "Make a gentle rain and a fine brilliant rainbow." She turned to the flowers, "Watch carefully, and soon you will see all the colors there are or ever will be. As the second part of your reward, you may select as many colors as you want for your flowers, or mix the colors. Now see what you can do."

Little Cloud rained gently. The sun struck the rain drops, and a marvelous rainbow arched all across the meadow. The flowers made grabs, and in a moment the meadow and the bushes and the trees burst into color. Every color in the rainbow had been used and every kind of flower had its color and its perfume except for a few who had not paid attention and so didn't get around to acting until all the color was gone and not a sniff of heavenly perfume was left. To this day they have to remain white, and some have just no scent at all. The moral is that, "When Mother speaks, one will do well to pay strict attention and to do as one is told just as fast as possible."

Father picked a red hibiscus for Mother, and she wore it in her hair at one side, just below her crown of stars. Mother then found a shamrock with four leaves and put it into Father's buttonhole. "To give you the Luck of the Irish in making little Adam and little Eve," she said. "Now what did you say about plants to make white fiber from which to make diapers?"

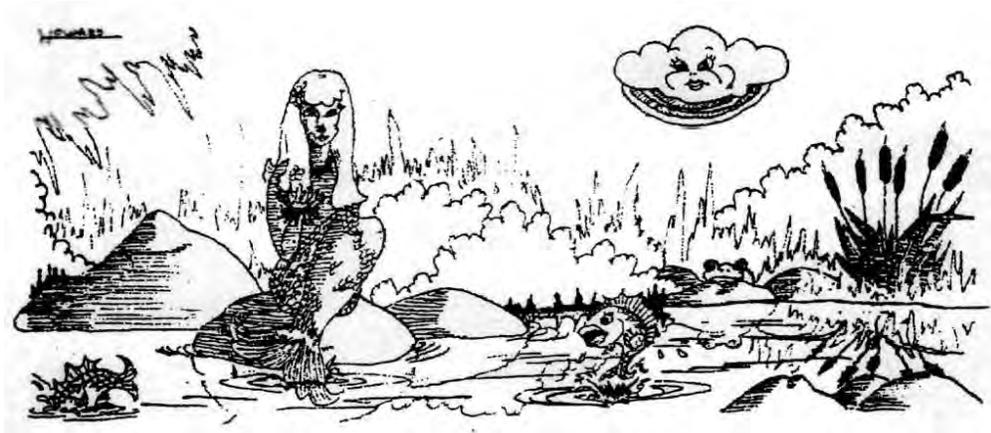
"Let's look around," said Father, and they left the meadow and came upon various plants, one of which had large round bolls on it. Father picked one and opened it. Packed tightly inside with several seeds was cotton. "All according to plan," said Father with satisfaction. "This is much better than the cotton from the cottonwood tree. Now if we can find creatures who can be pressed into service to spin, and weave the cotton, we will be almost ready for Adam and Eve."

“While I think of it,” said Mother, “how will I get eyes in my quill needles for the thread when I get thread?”

“Borers,” said Father. “I have planned for several types. I’ll keep an eye out for a good one with a hard bill who can drill the eyes just right.”

Father pointed at some buttercups and cowslips growing in the grass. “Both are the right color – bright yellow,” he said. “Very clever to pick the right color to match their names. And, with them here, we must be getting close to where the cows have come out of the sea.”

They went on and found a path running beside a fine stream that flowed toward the ocean, and soon they began to see goats and sheep and cows and bulls and buffaloes. The buffalo bull came, making a great show of starting to hook them, but Mother telepathed to him and said, “Behave yourself. You can’t buffalo us. Besides, we are your friends.” The buffalo was ever so much ashamed. He turned red in the face, and even today his mane is rather red. Next, a bull with long, sharp horns came charging at them. Father stepped toward it, saying, “Hold up, son. This isn’t a bull fight. You can save that for the times when Adam will play with you and show you what becomes of bulls who have bad manners.”



Mother

pointed, “Why there is that Little Mermaid I saw down by the sea. The one you partly planned and then decided could not be human and still live half in the water and half out.” She felt for the proper thread, and telepathed a friendly greeting to Little Mermaid, who sat on the bank of the stream

splashing the water nervously with her tail. She had a pretty sea shell in one hand and had been drinking milk from it. In the other hand she had the muzzle of a baby goat which had been sharing her breakfast.

“I’m very well, thank you ” she telepathed in answer to Mother’s greeting, for, as we all know, only humans can talk with language, and when Adam and Eve were made, they couldn’t talk until they were given a bit of SECOND GRADE self stuff to go with the bit of FIRST GRADE self stuff that all living creatures start out with.

Father said, “I think this mermaid is an answer to prayer.”

“Prayer to whom?” asked Mother. “Doesn’t all prayer have to come to us? Is there anyone else to whom it could go?”

“I was just borrowing a line that I heard Adam speak when looking through the Time telescope,” said Father. “What I mean is that Little Mermaid seems to be just what we have needed.” He turned to her and said in a very fatherly telepathic way, “Where did you get your milk, Little Mermaid?”

“From the kind goats who are grazing over behind those bushes,” answered Little Mermaid. “They are very tame and very kind. And I bring them salt water every day from the ocean in my shell, you know. They LOVE salt.”

Father turned to Mother and said, “Are you thinking what I am thinking?”

“Yes, I think I may be,” said Mother. “But wouldn’t it be against one of your Laws to make a Milk Maid out of a Mermaid just to get help in milking goats to get milk for baby Adam and Eve?”

“Not exactly against Natural Law,” explained Father. “You see, Mermaids are only half real. The other half of them is story. If there was trouble later on, we could do something about it. He turned to Little Mermaid and

telepathed, "How would you like to be a land creature and come out all the way to live on land?"

"It might be nice," she said hopefully. "If I could just trade my tail for legs and feet so I could walk." She splashed in the water and said, "Did you ever try walking on a fish's tail like mine? I don't think it can be done."

Mother exchanged glances with Father, then said to Little Mermaid, "My dear, if you will do us a great favor, we will give you a fine pair of legs and feet."

"I'll be glad to try to help. What do you want me to do?"

Father said, "Sit very still and breathe in four deep, slow breaths, then four more, and then four more. Yes, just like that. A few more times while Mother and I say some magic words." (The words were whispered and a thought-picture made of legs and feet.) Suddenly the tail was gone and Little Mermaid stood up and began dancing around. She was delighted.

Mother said, "Wait a moment child. You are almost like a human girl, and so will need to be made pretty with some clothing." She pulled some soft grass from the bank of the stream and made her a fine grass skirt. Then she picked flowers and made her a lei of them to wear around her neck.

"There," she said when she had finished. "Your title now shall be 'The World's first Milkmaid.' And the favor we ask of you is that you tend the goats and milk nice milk in your sea shell for some babies. We are soon going to create some little human babies who will be very tiny and helpless and who will have no mothers to care for and feed them."

"I'll love helping to take care of the babies," said Little Milkmaid. "I'll even borrow kids for them to play with. Kids make wonderful playfellows."

"Then it is all settled, at least for now," said Father. He pointed, saying "See that hill over there? Our house is right behind it with a nice meadow.

Drive your herd of goats over there and practice your milking. It will not be too long before we need you.”

“I’ll go to the sea every day to get salt water for the goats,” said Little Milkmaid, “and I’ll bring plenty of shells for the milk.” With that she called to the goats and set off with them to find the house and meadow.

Father and Mother cut across to the next valley, and on the way came upon a number of plants which were climbing over rocks and even into trees. Mother stopped to examine them, and said happily, “Here is my invention, bottles growing on vines!”

Father looked at what she had picked. “A gourd! One of my gourds!” he said. “Why, of course! Cut a hole in the bottom end and shake out the seeds. I think I see a cork tree over there, and with corks, all you will need is a hole in the little end from which the milk can come out for the babies.”

“I’ve already figured out how to make a nipple to go over the small end of the gourd bottle,” said Mother. In the sea the kelp plants make little rubbery green balls and fill them with air to keep the plants afloat. Cut in two, they will make fine nipples for the bottles. Now if we could find a way to get the cotton woven into diapers, we would be nearly ready to create the babies.

They went on, and when they came into the next valley, they saw that it was the one in which the birds lived. Father took out his bundle of plans and ran through them. “Here it is,” he said, selecting a plan. “With luck we should be able to find some weaver birds here. Will you send out a call?”

Mother sorted the shadowy threads at her apron strings and found the right ones. “Come hither, all Weaver Birds!” she telepathed.

They had almost no time at all to wait, for from right above their heads, in the lower limbs of a tree, came a chorus of answering chirps. Down fluttered a dozen fine weaver birds. Looking upward, Father found their

big nest. It was woven carefully out of grass, and had room inside for several nests. The door opening was at the bottom. He pointed it out to Mother.

“Wonderful!” she cried. “Beautifully woven! If they can use cotton and weave it like that, we can have diapers.” She gathered the weaver birds around them and hurried to explain the problem of the diapers, and what was wanted. The birds were very proud to be called upon to help and with some woodpeckers invited to come along to peck open the cotton bolls, they set off to find cotton to pick so that the weaving could begin.

A big gray spider had been watching from where she sat in the middle of a fine web which was woven between three small limbs. She jumped up and down and shook the web excitedly to attract Mother’s attention, and when she noticed her, telepathed, “Please! Mayn’t WE help! Look at the beautiful web I have woven, and all my friends are just as good at spinning and weaving!”

“Why, of course!” said Mother. “And I see that you spin lovely smooth thread that is very strong. Will it stand washing in water?”

“It gets rained on and doesn’t shrink a bit,” said Mrs. Spider proudly. If you tell us what strength of thread you want, we will twist light threads together and make you whatever you need. Look!” She dropped from her web and spun out a thread so fine that it could hardly be seen, but which was ever so strong. It came out of her mouth and as she spun it out she went right down to the ground. There she stopped a moment, then climbed up the thread to her web to show how strong even the thinnest spider web thread was made. Mother and Father clapped their hands and said, “Bravo!”

Mr. Spider, who was much smaller, but very dignified, telepathed from the edge of his wife’s fine web. “I am also a great spinner,” he said boastfully.

“Oh, hush up!” scolded Mrs Spider. “All you can spin are big yarns – and not one of them has ever washed without falling apart in a mess of lies.”

Mr. Spider sighed telepathically and said, “Well, if you ever need someone to entertain you and spin you some tall tales, just let me know.”

“Your trouble,” said Father, “is that you forget to start your stories by saying, ‘I will now spin you a tale’, or by saying, ‘Once upon a time. (And Mr. Spider never forgot after that, nor should humans – otherwise we soon are called ‘liars’ by our enemies, and will have almost NO friends.)”

Very soon the weaver birds began to arrive with bills so full of cotton that they could hardly sing a note of their weaver’s song. Old Grandma Weaver Bird had taken charge and had called in all the weaver birds from the whole valley – and there were quite a number of them. They selected trees with straight branches and while some brought cotton, the others began to weave it. At first they did not know just what to weave, but Mother stood by and instructed. Starting, they made thin cheese cloth, but as there was no cheese, they were told to make it much thicker. The next time they tried, they made a Turkish towel, but as there were no Turks yet, they were set right on that mistake. Soon Grandma Weaver Bird got the hang of it and produced a diaper which was thick and fluffy and just right. “Warp your woof and then woof the warp over and back,” she ordered, and soon all was well. Like magic the diapers began to take form.

“How many shall we make?” asked Grandma Weaver Bird, her mouth so full of cotton she could hardly telepath her question.

Mother thought about it. As birds cannot count very well, she had to find another way. “Make a pile this high,” she said, holding her beautiful hand high in the air. “That will do for the beginning and later we can make more if needed. And, I suggest that when you have them woven, you spread them over bushes in the sun for a day to let them get bleached. If they get rained on, spread them out carefully to dry, and when all is ready, fly with them over that hill you see in the distance. There you will find a house with

a window open in the laundry room. Put the diapers in there on the floor in a neat pile and thanks ever so much to all of you. As your reward, you will all be given season tickets to come and perch in trees near the house and watch the show when we create little Adam and little Eve. You can also see how diapers are put on and how useful they are. (And that is how some birds got season tickets, and why, when humans are doing things, they are allowed to perch all around and see what is going on. When you see a bird with cotton in its mouth flying around near your house, you can be sure that it is one hoping to be called upon to do some weaving.)

“Let’s follow that path up the valley and see what is there,” suggested Father. As they went along, he said anxiously, “I have been wondering whether or not it is a good thing to pass out rewards to the creatures each time they do a job of work properly.”

Mother considered the matter and brought to bear her great wisdom. “I’m not at all a 20th century Communist,” she said, “nor should you be. It’s all very well to say, ‘Work for work’s sake’, but from what I have seen when looking ahead in time, a little reward is a great help, be it given man or bird.”

“Perhaps I’ve been wrong,” admitted Father. “I’ve been trying to fix things so that the work itself would be a sufficient reward. But Eve is a problem. At the very best I can’t seem to find a way to make her jump with joy at the sight of a sink full of dirty dishes three times a day.”

“Can’t you make Adam with a built in desire to help with the dishes?” asked Mother.

“No, not yet. Each time I try it turns out in my plans that after dinner he manages to land in his easy chair with the evening paper. But I have not given up. Perhaps I can follow your system and find some reward to offer him for drying the dishes for Eve, if nothing more.”

“Try filling him with love and understanding and sympathy,” said Mother. “That would cover no end of other lacks in his nature. For my part in creating him, I plan to try to build in a good little bundle of gentleness and compassion, not as much as will go into Eve, but at least a little.”

WHERE THE DOGFISH AND CATFISH WENT

Coming farther up the long valley, they came to a place where it widened out, and saw the dogwood trees in full bloom while on the ground the catnip grew thick.

“There must be dogs and cats, or members of their families around here,” said Father. “I’ll see if I can call in some dogs.” He gave several loud whistles, and they waited. Soon there was a great scurrying in the bushes, and dogs of all sorts came tearing. There were big dogs and little, and of all colors, but every one of them was filled with delight and excitement. “They must think we are Adam and Eve,” said Father. He patted heads and scratched behind ears. Mother picked up a fat brown puppy and carefully removed a bur from the long hair on its ear. The dogs made little whimpering noises of joy and showed that they were all ready to follow right along.

“Not yet,” Mother telepathed. “We are not Adam or Eve, but they will be along soon, and then we will send for you. You will find that they are the dog’s best friend.”

“You have done very well,” praised Father, “and for a reward we will give you a fine bark which will be all your own. Now draw in a deep breath, and get ready. I will give the signal, then try to bark.” He nodded at Mother, and they joined in the work, saying a magic word that sounded like, “Woof woof”, and when Father lifted his hand, they all tried and out came the most surprising assortment of barks. There were big deep barks, and medium barks and little thin, sharp barks. But every bark was unmistakably that of a dog.

Father laughed and lifted his hands to hush them as he telepathed, "Good! That is fine. Now go back to your hunting and we will send for you soon."

The dogs went obediently, and soon their barking could be heard all around.

Mother said curiously, "Did I get that line about man going to be the dog's best friend right? It seems to me that there was something wrong with it."

"You got it slightly turned around," said Father. "It should be, 'The dog is man's best friend.' But it works both ways, so no harm has been done."

Going on up the valley, they came to a place where some large animal had been rolling in a catnip bed.

"Shall I try to make a call?" asked Mother. Father smilingly agreed that she should, so she hunted for the right shadowy threads at her apron strings and telepathed, "Kitty, kitty, kitty!"

There was a stir under a tree near by, and a fine large lion rose and came lazily toward them. Father glanced at his sheaf of plans and said, "Yes, a lion." He telepathed, "Good morning, Mr. Lion. I hope you and your wife and family are all doing well?"

"Well. enough," replied Mr. Lion, "unless you want to say that my wife does not understand me very well. However, I make out." He came close and purred a little while Mother scratched his ears.

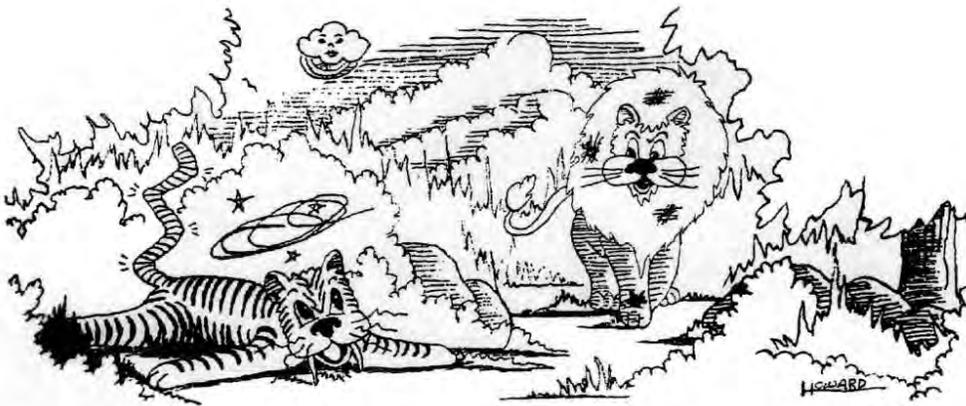
Father said, "Are there other cats around here? Other kinds? Big ones and little ones?"

"Sure," said Mr. Lion. "The valley is full of them. But they know better than to crowd me. I'm boss around here."

"Could you get some of the others to come to us so we could see them?" asked Father.

“Well, since you ask, I suppose I could,” said Mr. Lion. “I’ve done a good job chasing them out of this piece of ground, so I should be able to chase them into it. Suppose you stand here and make catcalls good and loud while I round some of them up. I don’t know whether I can get Old Sabertooth in, but if I can find him, I’ll bring all of him in or a piece of his hide. He hates to have me boss him, and he’s a pretty good cat for his size.” With that Mr. Lion galloped off through the trees, and soon, while Mother continued to call, “Kitty, kitty, kitty!” cats of all kinds began to come. There were house cats of all colors from yellow to black and gray and spotted. There were wildcats and leopards and civet cats who smelled very civet indeed.

Not far away there arose the sounds of battle, with roars and screams. A cloud of dust arose, then suddenly there was silence. Soon Mr. Lion came back, limping slightly and covered with dust and bits of grass.



He shook himself and sat down to rest. “That tiger, Old Sabertooth will be along soon,” he said. “At first he refused to come, but it didn’t do him any good. In a fight he always leads with his left and leaves his glass jaw wide open. You knew he had an unhinged glass jaw, didn’t you? So he can open his mouth wider and use his long teeth. He got one nip at my left hind paw, but I landed a haymaker of a right cross on his jaw and he cracked like a whip. It even threw his tail out of joint in three places. He’ll come along as soon as he gets his jaw out of the back of his neck. Yes, there he comes now.”

Mrs. Lion was listening. She said. "Always bragging! And look at you! All dusty and dirty just when we had company."

"See what I mean?" said Mr. Lion to Father. "She just never understands me or what has to be done to keep order in the valley. I hope you understand."

"We certainly do!" said Father enthusiastically. "And just to show it, we will reward you with a title which you and your sons can carry down the years. I NOW PROCLAIM YOU KING OF BEASTS!"

Mr. Lion gave his wife a triumphant look, but she only sniffed and turned to slap the face of a big black panther who was getting out of line and acting as though he might be planning to make a meal of Mother.

"Then all is settled," said Mother, nodding her thanks to Mrs. Lion. But just then they were interrupted by the arrival of Old Sabertooth. He was barely able to walk, and his tail made a zig-zag, what with three joints of it being out. The black panther moved over to make a place for him, and he sank dejectedly down on the ground, working his jaw from side to side to try to get his long front teeth to match again. He said nothing, and Father did not try to engage him in conversation, for he realized that when one's tail is out of joint in three places there is very little left to say.

Mother said, "In a few days we'll send over to you for a house cat or two, if you can spare them. Our house is over behind a hill back there, and we mustn't be overrun with mice."

"Just any time," said Mrs. Lion, "Say the word and I'll find you a good mouser."

After thanking the cats for coming to see them, Father and Mother took their leave and went back down the valley and to their house.

WHERE THE MAN-A-TEE FISH WENT

That afternoon, after their lunch and nap, Father suggested that they go to the beach and see if Old Mom Whale knew where the MAN-a-tee had gone when leaving the water.

They went, and sure enough, Old Mom knew. She spouted a fine stream of water at a slant off to the left and telepathed, “The Man-a-tees all went over that way to the left of your hill and house. Just follow that trail and the nut shells and trash and you will be sure to find some. They always throw trash around no matter where they go.”

“I thank you kindly, ” said Father. “Did you reduce any yet?”

Old Mom sighed and spouted water uncertainly. “Well, I can’t exactly say that I have. For a while I gave up cuttlefish and even some other fattening kinds, but you know how it is when one has to work so hard....”

“Of course.” said Father comfortingly. “Don’t you worry. We like our whales plump. Please give our love to your calves.”

The path led through a large grove of palm trees and the ground was found to be littered with husks. Father looked at his plans and said, “Coconuts. The Man-a-tee’s children must come down here often to get them.” He pointed as they set off along the path, and remarked, “They certainly do throw trash around. Not tidy and nice like the other animals we have been visiting.”

The sun was shining down very hot, and Mother stopped to look up into the sky. Just as she had hoped, there was Little Cloud tagging along – just in case. But it was easy to see that she had not expected them to go for a walk. She had turned her rainbow up side down and it was half full of rain water. She didn’t quite know what to do with it, so she had just come along as she was.

“Oh, there you are, Little Cloud!” telepathed Mother. “Will you please float on above us and make a little shade? It is very hot today.”

“Cloudburst weather,” added Father. And Little Cloud shivered and held onto her rainbow basin of water with all her might as she moved up to make shade.

Soon they came to a lake, and along the shores were just what Father had been watching for the MEN children of the Man-a-tee. They were all over the place. In trees and coming from caves in the cliffs above the lake. They were of several colors, from black to gray, and they were without hair except on their heads. They smelled to high heaven, and almost all of them carried big clubs and had belts of skin around their waists to hold big bone daggers they seemed to have made from the top leg bones of antelopes with the ends sharpened on rocks with grinding so they could be used as daggers. Father shook his head in doubt. They were not very promising. Even as they came closer, they saw a ring had been made and two big black males were having a prize fight. The ones running the show had charged a coconut each for admission to the ring, and were whacking all those who brought no admission tickets to drive them away.

“Was that part of your plan?” asked Mother as she saw one black man ape hit the other with his big club, and listened while all those in the audience, especially the females, screamed and cheered and clapped.

“I suppose it must be,” admitted Father. “I did not draw the rules too closely for their change from Man-a-tee to man.” He listened as all those around the ring telepathed, “Kill him! Kill him!” and watched while one of the black men brought his club down on the head of the other and knocked him galley west “Madison Square Gardens, and Ali Muhammad vs What’s His Name,” said Father thoughtfully.

“Just as I saw it through the Time Telescope. I am afraid that I left my plans open too wide. These foul smelling and almost naked creatures are not at all what I had in mind. I will wager that they are crooks, liars and thieves. Some of those around the ring collecting coconuts look like members of the Black Hand, and several may well be the ancestors of crooked politicians.” Father reached into his big pocket and brought out his vaccination kit and

small bottles so he could begin giving the ape men shots. He explained to Mother, "I doubt if it will work, but we will soon see."

"What do you intend to do?" asked Mother as she watched him fill his syringe and squeeze the air out of the end of the needle.

"I'm going to give them shots," he said. "The shots are of Second Grade Self stuff. I have gathered it after it went through a dozen lives on the animal level as First Grade Self Stuff. If I can add it to these animal men to give them a second SELF or soul or spirit – one that can think better and reason – I may save several million years time in changing them from fish to real men." He telepathed to the noisy crowd around the big prize fighter and said, "All of you come and stand in a line to get your shots. It will be only a little prick, and you are all tough fellows. Come on prize fighter, you are first."

"Me?" telepathed the big black ape man, beginning to shake with fright. "Not ME! You can't draft Me! I'm the greatest! And I'm a preacher and man of peace! A SHOT might kill me. Give it to one of those little white apes. They aren't any loss even if you kill the lot of them."

"This is something all good Mohammedans have to have done to them, and it does not hurt," said Father. "Show what a really tough guy you are and come and get your shot."

The big ape came, still frightened half out of his wits, and Father tossed the needle into his behind quickly and squeezed. The ape man rose into the air with a wild whoop and took off for the nearest clump of trees, bawling with terror.

"What a champion!" laughed Father. He took a small ape by the scruff of his dirty neck and in a moment he also rose yelling into the air and landed running. So it was with the whole line, but after the last one was finished, one old fellow with a long white beard refused to come. He stood on a raft

of big logs in the lake and kept telepathing, “No..ah! NO...ah! No..ah!” So Father let him go and put away his syringe.

“Do you hear anything from the woods that sounds like a word?” asked Father of Mother as he leaned forward, hand cupped to ear to listen.”

“Not a single word,” said Mother. “But why do you ask? Did you expect them to begin to talk with words after having their shots?”

“No, I really did not expect it. But I just hoped that the shot might take with one or two of them. You know that only men who have a good working bit of Second Grade Self Stuff can talk with words, of course.”

“I had almost forgotten,” said Mother. They listened a little longer, then were about to give up, when out of the woods came a regular army. All the ape men had armed themselves with their clubs and daggers and, led by an old gray ape man, were running to attack Father and Mother.

“Oh, bother,” said Father with annoyance. He lifted a divine finger to give them a taste of Divine Wrath, but Mother pushed down his hand and said, “Let me handle it my way.” She looked up at Little Cloud and telepathed, “Empty your bowl of water on them, my dear. And touch them up with a little bit of lightning. Not too hot!”

Little Cloud was right over the advancing ape men. She flipped over her rainbow and made a little cloudburst that was really something to see. It picked up every last one of the culprits and washed the whole kit and boodle of them right down into the lake. Right on their heels Little Cloud sprayed forks of lightning, and meanwhile she thundered so loudly that it made the hills shake.

In the lake old No ... ah! helped them out of the water onto his log raft one by one. Overhead, Little Cloud shook herself and took up her position to make shade. She was so proud she could hardly contain herself.

“That,” said Father, pointing to the now very meek ape men on the log raft, “is what we will hear about centuries from now when men write the story of Noah and his Ark. But let’s go on up the valley and see what other animals we can find. The bone headed and stubborn, lowbrows will be of little use to us. We will have to start from the beginning and make little Adam and little Eve from scratch.”

Mother had been telepathing her praise to Little Cloud, and now they went on together along the path. It led around the lake and took them into another part of the big valley. There Father stopped to examine a fine tree. “It’s a monkey pod”, he said. “We must be in monkey territory now, or we will soon be.”

As they went along farther, Little Cloud very importantly turned her rainbow over and carefully fill it with rain water so that she would be ready in case she was again called upon to help. Some of the larger clouds had been floating along at a distance to watch, and half of them were green with envy – which is a very poor color to be if there are rainbows to be made and the colors are not to be all mixed with green and turned to brown or gray.

There was a sudden commotion in the branches of the trees and Father said, “Look! My Chimpanzees! Right according to plan!”

Mother had filled her apron pocket with peanuts before leaving the house, and now she was ready to be the hostess at a real reception party – a really and truly Social Event, for Chimps are very correct and social animals. They were received with loud chatters of delight, and the Old Maw Chimp of the group came loaded down with politeness and wild plums.

Mother and Father telepathed their greetings and thanked Old Maw for her gift, then gave each of the several chimps a peanut. Old Maw caught a small grandson and give it to Mother to hold. She then took Father’s hand and, while chattering the very finest small talk, led him on down the path to Chimpville. There they found no end of Chimps, and the reception

became a social event which would have made the first page of the Society News in all the local papers – if there had been any papers ... which, of course, was not yet.

Old Maw introduced everyone, and then telepathed, politely, “Are you just going through, or did you come especially to visit us?”

Mother explained why they had come, but said, of course, that their visit was especially to see the Chimp People. Then she explained that they would soon be creating some babies, and as they would have no mothers, they would badly need help to nurse and raise them. “You could do us a great favor, if you could help,” said Mother.

Old Maw was delighted. “If you have peanuts at your house, I can get you all the help you can possibly use,” she telepathed.

“A big garden filled with peanuts,” said Father. And a whole plantation of fine banana trees just beyond. On the beach you can pick coconuts, and I am sure you will love the work and the babies and everything.”

Mother said, practically, “Pick us out about a dozen older female chimps – ones who have raised their families and who are very knowing about little ones. And have them bring their husbands. We will need quite a crew.”

So it was quickly arranged and the time was set as “Day after tomorrow.”

Old Maw went with them to call on other monkey and ape people in the valley and they had as social an afternoon as if they had drunk a barrel of tea and eaten ten jars of cookies.

Everyone was very friendly and it was a good thing that Mother’s apron pocket was of the magic self-filling kind, otherwise the peanuts would not have lasted ten minutes. The gorilla people were especially friendly and wanted to come along with the chimps to nurse the promised new babies, but since they were so very large and did not know their strength, their offer had to be turned down. The monkey people, large and small,

entertained by doing monkey shines and showing how they did monkey business chasing each other through the tops of trees and making swings out of strong vines. By the time the afternoon was over, everyone voted that they had never had such a good time or tasted such good refreshments.

Starting for home, Mother called to Little Cloud and telepathed, "My dear, will you float along ahead to see if it is safe for us to go through the place where those horrid ape men live?"

Little cloud was all set and ready. She called to Mr. Wind to blow gently in the other direction, and went on ahead, all dark and grim above her full rainbow. They came to the place where the attack had been made on them in the morning, and stopped to see what was going on.

Old NO ... ah was still out on his raft in the lake, but the rest of the ape men had come ashore and were lined up before their caves. They were armed with piles of stones to throw, and ready to run into their caves if threatened by another cloudburst.

Little Cloud first emptied the water from her rainbow bowl into the lake, dowsing Old NO..ah good, then gave a small rumble of thunder and started darting forks of lightning at the ape men. That was all that was needed. With howls of dismay, and clutching their scorched bottoms, they dived into their caves. Little Cloud stood by and shot an occasional fork here and there just to remind them, and Father and Mother walked on undisturbed and slightly amused. Mother was holding her hanky over her nose. She said, "Those ape men smelled bad enough when they were wet, but now that they are singed, the smell is twice as bad." However, they were soon past the smell, and all was well. Little Cloud sailed, all puffed up with pride, just over their heads to make shade, and even smirked a little at the other clouds who had been watching and who were now even greener than ever with envy.

As they went along, Father stopped here and there to look at beds of clay and to make balls of it to carry home. There was white clay, red, brown, gray, and even black. Father said, "We'll make several clay images of the babies and see which kind works out best. If we didn't use clay, the stories which the Hebrews and Polynesians will tell later about the creation of Adam and Eve will not match. And, as you know, my dear, it really makes little difference what we use so long as it works."

THE GREAT WORK BEGINS

Early the next morning, Father and Mother enjoyed a good breakfast of cereal and goat's milk which Little Mermaid had made ready. After breakfast Father laid out his plans on his big workbench and began to get ready to start making the small wooden molds to be used to mold the babies in clay. He called in a swarm of carpenter bees and put them to work cutting out the wood of the molds with great care, always following the lines Father marked on the wood just exactly.

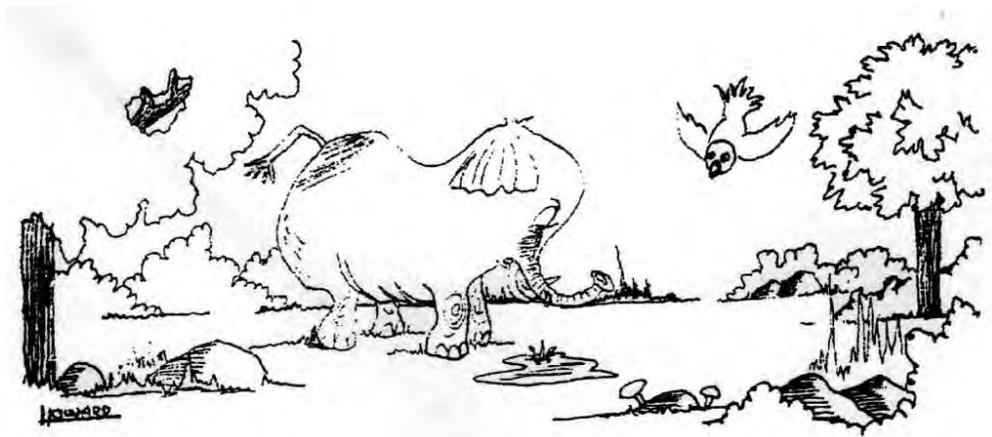
Meantime, Mother and Little Mermaid finished the dishes and set the house in order. That done, they set off together for the sea shore. Old Mom Whale saw them the minute they arrived, and came puffing and spouting to say her telepathic, "Good morning."

Mother telepathed to her, "Isn't it a lovely morning! And Little Mermaid and I think you might be able to help us. Can you think of anything we could use for the small tubs in which to bathe the babies we are about to create? Big clam shells or turtle shells which the clams or turtles have stopped using?"

"That's easy," replied Old Mom. I know where there is a whole pile of shells left from giant clams. Just wait here and I'll bring you some. Will you need a very tall pile of them?"

"About as tall a pile as I am," said Mother, "Perhaps a few extra just in case."

Mom Whale swam off, and in less time than you could say, “Fisherman”, was back, her great mouth filled with fine clam shells. She brought them to a place where the water was deep beside a rock, and neatly set the shells on the rock above the tide. They made too big a load for Mother and Little Mermaid to carry, so Old telepathed ashore to her relative, Mrs. Elephant, telling her the problem. Then before you could say. “Fisherman” backwards, three elephants came hurrying out of the woods and across the beach. One was Mrs. Elephant, one was her husband, and the third was their baby, now grown to quite a size.



When

greetings were over, Mr. Elephant pushed his big tusks under the tall pile of clam shells, balanced the pile at the top with his strong trunk, and lifted all with the greatest of ease. With Little Mermaid and Mother leading they way, they set off happily along the path. Soon they came to the house and the Elephants were thanked, given each a bag of peanuts, and invited to come to visit again, just any day which isn't ever quite as good as saying, “Come for tea on Monday.” Little Mermaid set to work to scour out the clam shells with sand so they would be all ready when needed, and Mother went to see if she could be of help to Father.

“Yes,” he said, wiping his noble brow. “you can be a great help. I find that I used up all my stock of Second Grade Self Stuff trying to make men of those ape men dropouts yesterday. Will you see if you can send out telepathic calls and bring in six male and six female SELVES who have lived several lives each in some smart animal, and who can now be

touched by Divine Grace and made ready to be added to the little animal Adams and Eves so they can reason and TALK words. That is the test. If we can get them well enough created and an animal and human self made to stay together and work together in a body, all will be well.”

“Do you expect them to be able to talk right away?” asked Mother.

“I don’t know. In a new experiment like this one can never be sure. But at least they should be able to say a word or two by the time they are two or three. And at the end of that time, if they can’t, we’ll know we have failed and will have to wait a few million years for the ape men to catch up.”

“What language will the babies be supposed to use when they start to talk, if they ever do start?” asked Mother curiously.

“I’ve invented a few words that will be about the same in any language,” replied Father as he measured the depth of one of the molds and made a fresh mark for the carpenter bees to use. “‘Mama’ and ‘Papa’ and things like that. By the way, have you figured out a way to make safety pins yet to fasten the diapers?”

“Yes,” said Mother. “Last night I put some of the porcupine quills to soak in vinegar, and they softened up so I can bend them into a circle and stick the sharp points into the hollow ends. It worked well. I also telepathed a call to Porcy to come over and live in the grove so we would be sure to have plenty of pins and needles. In the matter of the needles, I wonder if one of your busy carpenter bees could spare time to cut a few eyes for thread in the quills I have chosen for needles.”

Father telepathed an order and the boss bee sent a small worker who had a very sharp chisel to cut the eyes. The work was new to her, but she did a very good job of it in short order.

Mother was delighted. She thanked the bee and brought out her thread which the spiders had made. Threading her needle, she set to work on

some left over bits of cloth to make bibs. "We'll need quite a number of bibs," she explained to Little Mermaid, who had finished polishing up the clam shells and had come in to look over Mother's shoulder. Father glanced around to see how the bibs were going, and pointed with surprise at a basket of very busy worms.

"What are THEY doing?" he asked. "Cut worms," laughed Mother, "they are cutting out the cloth for me to make the bibs. You haven't invented scissors yet, or have you forgotten?"

"How right you are," chuckled Father. "Leave it to the women every time!" He pointed to a large tray of sprouting corn seeds and asked, "Is that part of your project?"

"That," said Mother gently, "is the reward for my cutworms. When they have cut out the bibs, they will be very hungry, and I will put them on the tray so they can cut off the roots of the little corn plants and eat them. It's hard on the corn plants, but as you say, it is the Law that everything has to eat something else to grow upward through the evolutionary scale of life so that the human level can at last be reached."

Father nodded his approval. "Yes, that is the Law," he agreed. "But have you telepathed a call for the Talking spirits to be placed in our Adams and Eves?"

"The call has gone out," said Mother. "I am quite sure we will have a dozen of the finest and most experienced little Selves ever assembled."

Father went back to his bench and checked the molds for Adam and Eve. They seemed perfect. So he rewarded the carpenter bees with tiny grindstones on which to sharpen their chisels, and called to Mother, "I'll be back soon. I am taking my molds down to the beach to have the sandpipers use their pipes to sand up the insides of my molds. And when that is done, I will go past the bee tree and ask the honey bees to wax my molds for me

so the babies will come out perfectly smooth and lovely.” With that he picked up the molds and started for the beach.

Mother smiled and began feeling at her apron strings for the right shadowy threads to find the Sandpipers. She made a call, and soon was able to tell them to go to the beach and watch for Father and help him. Turning to Little Mermaid, she said, “Father might have wasted half the day hunting sandpipers without first making a call for them. And now I had better find the right threads and call that queen bee in the old tree with her helpers and tell them to get the wax ready. Men just expect everything from meals up and down to be ready whenever they happen to want them, bless their thoughtless hearts.”

Within the hour Father was back, his molds all sanded and waxed and beautifully ready to have the clay pressed into them in the morning to start the work on the babies. Lunch and naps over, it was time for the chimps to arrive and be taught what they would have to do.

“The house seems very hot,” said Father. “I wonder where Little Cloud is? She certainly is not making much shade for us.”

“I sent her to protect the chimps when they came past the ape men,” said Mother. They should be here almost any time now.” And even as she spoke, a cool shadow fell over the house and garden and from outside there came a gay chatter of arriving chimps. They went to meet and greet them, and there were fresh introductions all around. They all shook hands very gravely with Little Mermaid, and were told that she was also the official Milkmaid whenever she was caring for the goats.

“Before we do anything else,” said Mother, “Let us have our tea. Gather here on the veranda and make a nice circle. I will serve.” And serve she did: peanuts and a banana for each chimp. Old Maw Chimp sat at the head of the circle, as was her right as head of the group. Beside her sat her husband, Old Paw Chimp, very grave and wise and feeling himself of the greatest importance. When tea was over and the banana peels carefully put

into the garbage pail, the work of instruction began. They were taught to get the gourd milk bottles, of which Mother had plenty on the shelves waiting. Little Mermaid had brought the floats from the strands of kelp beds in the sea, and these were cut in half and holes made in one end to act as nipples on the gourd bottles whose thin necks had been carefully cut off. While the ladies of the chimps went into those things, Father taught the gentlemen how to use the big washing machine and they practiced on some of the many diapers which were piled high and waiting. The problem of clotheslines was easily solved by Old Paw Chimp. He sent his crew into the woods to bring long trailers of strong, green vines. They stripped off the leaves and twisted two vines together. Stringing these between trees, the diapers could be hung up to dry without clothespins. The line was untwisted a bit and the corner of a diaper tucked in. That held very nicely. Father was very careful not to give the least hint that washing was woman's work, and the chimps were soon certain that only a lordly male would be able to do the washing.

A slight difficulty arose late in the day. Little Mermaid had been wearing her grass skirt and flower lei, and the lady chimps could not bear it not to have similar garments with which to decorate themselves. In the end, Little Mermaid had taught them to braid grass skirts, but making flower leis was too much for even Old Maw to understand. So it ended up with all the lady chimps wearing their new grass skirts around their necks, and, as the only grass to be found near the house was not over a few inches long, the little skirts were hardly a ruffle. But that was very satisfactory, and when dinner was over, they each took off their adornment and hung it with great care close at hand while they went to bed in the branches of a tree. For them it had been a most wonderful day.

In the morning, an early breakfast out of the way, the serious work of creation got going. From far and wide the birds who had season tickets came to perch in the trees around the house to watch the show. Little Cloud took up her position to make shade or rain or lightning, as might be needed. The chimps lined up in the proper social order on the veranda

railing, and Father brought out his smaller bench so that everyone might see what went on.

Mother had welcomed the little Talking Spirit Selves as they arrived soon after dawn, and had given them each a little pair of angel wings to use just for the time being so that they could be seen and could come to the right place when wanted. Of course, as Self Stuff cannot be seen, they looked a little odd – just two tiny white wings fluttering around with nothing to be seen between them. The chimps rubbed their eyes in amazement. They had never seen butterflies or moths with just wings and no body, but they were too polite to say anything.

When all was ready, Father took the balls of clay and pressed them into the wooden molds. The two halves of the molds were pressed together and the extra clay trimmed off. When the molds were opened, out came, each and every time, a perfect little pair of clay Adams and Eves.

As they worked, Mother said, “Didn’t you make the heads too large at the top?”

“No,” said Father. “The animal Self uses all the lower part of the head, and so I have had to add on a second story, so to speak, for the Talking self to use. They look odd to us after seeing small skulls, but the larger ones will in time be considered much more beautiful. In fact, looking through the Time Telescope the other day, I saw that the women of the 20th Century were building up their hair around wire forms to make it look as if they had skulls almost as long as their bodies.”

When the six pairs of clay babies were ready, the little Talking Selves were called and the males separated from the females, care being taken to have the right ones on the babies to match whether they were boy or girl. “It wouldn’t do,” said Father. “To get a boy Talking spirit in a girl’s body just wouldn’t do at all.”

Mother said, "Shall I call twelve experienced animal spirits to take over and care for the body? And what kind should they be?"

"I am almost sorry to have to say," replied Father, "that in this case we can't do anything else but use spirit selves from those man apes we came so to dislike. They are the nearest to the human shape we are molding, and besides, if we used dog or cat animal selves, they might go back from human to dog or cat just enough to ruin the experiment."

"I suppose the Talking spirits will make the new ones be more like humans," said Mother. She began sorting threads at her apron strings and soon shuddered slightly. "I've got them," she said. "I'll call for a lot of them and we can sort out the ones who have lived in the ape bodies the most times and so will be the smartest, even if they have also to be the meanest." She sent the call, and Father picked up a big tray and said a few magic words over it.

They had only a few minutes to wait. Father examined the tray from time to time and when enough ape man Selves had landed on it to cover it nicely, he took his magnifying glass and a pair of tweezers and began picking out the oldest Selves, taking care to pick up a girl Self and tuck it into the soft clay of a little Eve doing the same with each of the baby Adams. That done, and the remaining selves sent back to live with the ape man people, Father nodded to Mother and they took their places in front of the table and the row of clay babies. They first clasped hands, and then took deep breaths, four at a time, to gather in a large amount of life force or mana.

From the audience came not a chirp or even an echo of chatter. It was so quiet that one could have heard a pin drop, had there been pins. Little Cloud, who was able to look down and see everything, telepathed a running account of everything to the other clouds. Old Mom Whale was listening, and passed on the news to the other ocean creatures. None of the creatures knew just what was happening, but they sensed that it was an event of vast importance. Perhaps "The End of the World".

Father and Mother paused and said to the little Selves who had come first, "Now listen, we declare you TALKING SELVES through our Divine Grace. Now drop your wings and the moment you see your baby begin to wiggle, dive in through one of its ears and take your place in the second story of its head." The little angel wings all fluttered to the floor, and everything was ready.

Father and Mother took turns going up and down the row of clay babies and breathing the LIFE FORCE into them,. At the same time they thought pictures in their minds of living babies, all alive and squirming and suddenly it happened! The clay babies came to life and one after another began to cry as they took their first breaths. One did not cry, so Father picked it up by the legs and gave it a smart spat on the bottom... That did it and it began to howl lustily.

The audience went wild with delight. Everything able to make a noise made its kind of noise at the top of its voice. Little Cloud got so excited she let out a rip of thunder that shook the whole house. In the ocean the whales all spouted like mad. The chimps, who had behaved very well indeed, could stand it no longer, they jump from the veranda railing and would have grabbed wildly for each a baby had Mother not stopped them.

"Wait," she telepathed firmly. "You'll each get your baby, I promise you. But first get out your clam shells and help me give them a bath. Most of them have clay on their feet still. But before that, throw away those silly little grass miniskirts you have around your necks. They are out of style, and aprons are in – see my apron? Look, I have made each of you ladies an apron. Come and get them and see that you tie them around your waists instead of your necks. Mini-aprons would be more out of style than the skirts. Let Little Milkmaid help you tie them, and then get warm water in your basins and we'll get to work."

So...that was the way it all happened. The six pairs of babies were adorable. One fine pair was black, and Father was very proud of them. "These will be able to stand the sun without being sunburned and can live

even in the middle of Africa,” he said. The other babies were various shades of brown, and one pair rather red. “These,” Father said “would probably become the ‘Noble Red Man’ of North America.”

Thanks to the help of the beavers, woodpeckers and carpenter bees, Father had in storage little rocking chairs and nice wide cradles. He gave each of the twelve Chimp foster mothers a chair, and placed a cradle for each pair of babies.

“The Chimp ladies already know their individual babies,” said Mother, looking up from her work of showing how diapers were to be put on. “And it’s a good thing they do, for except for the black and red pair, I can hardly tell them apart. But I’ve got them numbered now, starting in the social order of the Chimps, with the Black pair as Adam One and Eve One. Next come the brown pair as Adam Two and Eve Two. I think this will work out well enough.

When the time came for the first meal, Little Milkmaid was right on the job. She milked the goats, filled the gourd bottles, showed the Chimp nurses again how to put on the nipples of kelp floats, and helped Mother instruct the Chimps in the art of bottle feeding and burping. The bibs came in very handy. Things went off just as planned.

After dinner and when it came to be time for bed, the Chimp nurses bedded down, two together, at the foot of the large cradles, and took turns rocking the babies to sleep.

Mother put on a fresh apron, and she and Father went to sit awhile on the veranda. It was a lovely soft night, and at that time of the earth the poles had not yet been knocked off to one side by a meteor, so the summers and winters were all just the same, and the climate was as wonderful as the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce later claimed it to be.

“An amusing thing happened this afternoon,” said Mother. “Old Maw Chimp said to her husband that little black Adam One looked just like

herself. Paw objected, saying that if he were to judge, he would say that Adam One was the spitting image of himself. Old Maw put the matter up to me to decide, and I got them to compromise by agreeing that he had her eyes, and his nose. It was really very funny, for Adam One, like all the others, does look amazingly like Chimp babies."

"They'll outgrow it soon," said Father, "and then all the Adams may come to look a little like me. And, I do hope that all the little Eves can be blessed by looking at least a little bit like you, my dear."

"You are always flattering me," smiled Mother. "I'll be satisfied if they look like your plan drawings – like fairly respectable human beings."

Father stifled a yawn, for it had been a hard day. "Shall we go inside and try our beds?" he asked. "We haven't slept in beds as long as I can remember, but now that we will have to observe earth time and stay here for some years to rear the children, I suppose that we had better start getting used to regular hours and beds."

And so it came about that everything settled down peacefully. And it was the end of the First Day.

Nothing of importance happened until five days later. It was on a Saturday, and Chimp Nurse #6 happened by accident to see Mother pour some bleach from a jug into the washing machine where some rather dingy diapers were to be washed. That gave Nurse #6 an idea, and when the time came to bathe the babies, she slipped into the laundry room and got the jug. From it she poured a whole cup of bleach into her clam shell tub. Her fellow nurse next door added a generous batch of bleach to her bath water, and then the jug went from hand to hand right down the line, each Chimp snatching it from the next until, at the last, there was not a drop left for the water of Adams One and Two or Eves One and Two.

Little Milkmaid came in a few minutes later, and found the Chimps frantically rinsing off the babies who had gone into the water into which

the bleach had been poured. One pair had been bleached out white with hair the color of straw, and eyes blue. The next pair had been bleached to a light yellow tan and the next to a very light brown. Father and Mother came running, and soon the veranda was flooded with rinse water, but other than that, no damage seemed to have been done. The bleached babies did not seem to be hurt at all. Father studied the matter for some time, then got out his plans and made a few changes.

“It will be all right,” he told Mother. “We can use them to start the various races. The white ones can live in the colder climates where they will not get so badly sunburned in summer, and the yellowish ones will be just right to people China when the time comes. The tan ones will do for the Mediterranean Peoples.”

And so, that is how there came to be several colors of people and several races.

Of course, and as might have been expected, little Adam 6 and Eve 6 had to be kept out of the sun and given time to get a coat of tan. As it was, they both grew some freckles and had to have their small noses greased to keep them from peeling. Old Nurses 6 and 6 1/2 were not at all sure that their white babies were as good as the black or red or brown, or even the yellow ones. Father found them trying to trade them off and had to correct matters by whispering telepathically to them that the white babies might even be a tiny bit better than the ones with more color. It satisfied the Nurses at that time, but centuries later the white Adams and Eves came to believe what the Father had hinted, and took to bragging that they were better than any of the other people.

GOGGELY, GIGGILY, COO

As the second birthday of the babies drew near, both Father and Mother began to work more seriously with the twelve little fellows who were swarming all over the place, getting into everything, and learning rapidly to feed themselves with bananas and even cereal and goat’s milk. They

looked no end cute in their little training pants, and Adam and Eve 6 were tanned so brown that one could hardly tell them from the also tanned yellow babies who were Adam and Eve 5.

Father had sent out a call, with Mother's help, of course, for six parrots, and had selected the oldest and wisest and most beautiful they could find. These they had taught to talk in several languages and had placed in and around the play pens of the children to try to teach them to talk.

Parrots, you know, although not human, are very close to it, considering the trouble birds have in lacking hands. In spite of the fact that they are never quite sure what they are saying, they usually repeat whatever is taught to them.

The Parrots had been able to hold the attention of the children because of their brilliant colors, and had faithfully spoken the proper words for the children to hear. There was only a little screeching, as Father had ordered that it be kept low. All the parrots taught 'Mama and Papa', as those words went in any language. They also taught exercise words to train young tongues and voices, like 'Goo, gilly, giggie and coo.' It was the first school in the world, and the parrots were the first teachers.

By the time the second birthday of the children was almost there, all of them had learned 'Goo' very nicely, and some 'Giggley coo' as well. All could screech to high heaven, just like parrots, and a few were beginning to chatter a little bit, like their nurses.

Father said, "We will hold the birthday party and put the children to the test. We will make them say a real word or not give them a piece of their birthday cake. And for those who say a word or two for us, we will have a special reward of a kitten for the girls and a puppy for the boys. The cat and dog relatives have been invited to the party, and it should be very exiting, especially as all the chimps will be here and all the birds with their season tickets for the best seats in the trees. Little Cloud will go to help the chimps to get here safely."

Mother said, "With that many coming, I'd better get Old Paw and his boys back into the kitchen to add a few dozen more layers to the birthday cake." She telepathed while putting on her kitchen apron, and Old Paw and his crew came as if going to a fire. They grabbed their small aprons and climbed their stools beside the work table, each ready to do his part in making the cake. Mother said, "Yes, as before, you shall all have rewards by being allowed to lick the spoons and bowls when we get the cakes into the oven." Over her shoulder she said to Father, "It may not be very sanitary, but the way we wash our dishes in this kitchen would discourage the bravest germ you ever created." She added, "Of course, I had to help create them, but I shuddered all the time. Too bad they had to be made so that there would not be a gap in your life circle."

Father said, "It takes a great number of life forms to let the evolutionary cycle go ahead, and germs are very important in hundreds of ways. But tell me, did you put a ring in a part of your cake where you could find it as the very extra special reward for the baby who said the first real word?"

"I have a confession to make," replied Mother. "I didn't put a single ring in the cake. But I have a dozen in my apron pocket and will slip them into the proper pieces, if and when they are deserved."

"You are simply wonderful," said Father. "You always know how to do everything exactly right. And your cakes smell so nice it almost makes my mouth water."

The next day, after breakfast was over and everyone was slicked up and made ready, the celebration was begun. The chimps from Chimpville, under the care of Little Cloud, arrived in proper order and took up their places in the trees, keeping watch that they did not sit in the seats reserved in the front rows of branches for the birds.

Little Cloud had hardly taken her place over the house to shade it from the sun, when the cat delegation arrived in style, one might say – with Mr. Lion leading the way and Old Sabertooth meekly coming along in second

place. Father showed them their places to sit, and Little Milkmaid served goat's milk in clam shells for them all, as they were too hungry, after their journey, to be trusted too far with the other guests. The house cats, swelling with pride, sat in the front row, holding the six fine kittens which would be gifts for the Eves who said words.

There was a great barking in the distance, and soon the dog delegation arrived. The big dogs were each given a place and then the little dogs seated in front of them. They were also hungry, and to keep them minding their manners in the direction of the cats, each was given all the dog biscuits he or she could hold. The six puppies were placed by Father in a basket and given milk.

The birds arrived in a flock, paying their respects with a jumble of fine chirps and songs. They were so full of worms and things that they hardly tasted the bird seeds when Little Milkmaid passed them around.

There were no delegates from the ocean, naturally, but Little Cloud took up her position and began telepathing broadcasting to them everything just as it happened. Mom Whale sent greetings for Happy Birthday to all twelve of the babies and Little Cloud passed on the greetings with a tiny peal of thunder just for good measure and because she was so excited she could hardly contain herself anyway. It was the very first birthday party anyone could remember. At a proper distance all the big clouds watched, and far away the frogs could be heard booming, "First out! First out!"

The birthday cake had so many layers that it made a tower, and Father had to walk beside it and steady it from the top when Old Paw and his crew carried it in on the stool on which it stood. With the cake balanced in the right place in the veranda, it was time for the nurses to bring out the babies. Mother gave the signal and out they came, every last one able to walk and holding the hand of a nurse.

At the sight of them, the black panther, who had been placed beside Mrs. Lion, lashed his tail and crouched down to make a leap and get a tender

meal. But Mrs. Lion had been watching, and at the first twitch of his long tail, she reached over and slapped his face until his teeth chattered and his tail curled up into a hard knot. He instantly forgot his stomach. But the commotion had frightened the children. They had never seen so many strange animals, and as with one voice they screamed, "Mama! Mama!" and clutched at their nurses. Father stepped forward to show that there was nothing to fear, and they all cried out, "Papa! Papa!" and then quieted down.

Father and Mother beamed at each other. The first words had actually been spoken, and now they knew that the experiment was a success and that in each little head a Talking Self was at home and doing what it should to make all the difference between an animal and a human being.

A large clam shell filled with whipped cream frosting was set out for the cats, as they were not very fond of cake, but all the other animals had cake with frosting begin to come their way. Mother held the dishes while Father carved from the top, and all went well until the children, who had been holding out their hands and making Chimp noises, began to howl because their guests were being served first. It was most disgraceful of them, but they were very spoiled and still very small, so no one blamed them.

One of the parrots screeched so loud that he could be heard over the howling, and shouted, "Polly wants a cracker!" Father tossed him a bit of cake and, would you believe it, the children saw what had taken place and again with one voice cried, "Polly wants a cracker!"

"How fast they learn," said Father happily, and just as he spoke, and while the children were repeating, even louder, "Polly wants a cracker," the CAKE TOWER fell over!

Mother said, "I had half expected, that, so I had a cloth placed on the floor. We can still serve the cake: She looked at Father and, said, "I suppose that when the story of what has happened to the cake is written by some son of an Adam, it will be all about the Fall of the Tower of Babble. At least the

children are babbling now beautifully, and in several tongues. One is saying, 'Chiggey Chock' all the time. Do you think that might be Sanskrit?"

"No," said Father with a learned smile. It is Chimp. I haven't invented the Sanskrit language yet.

The next thing on the program was the passing out of the little rings to the little fellows and, as all of them had talked words, each got a ring. More and more cake was passed around, and when the last lick of frosting was gone from the cloth under the stool, it was time to go home. They all sang "Happy Birthday to You" with barks and meows and screeches and chirps. Little Cloud dared thunder just a note or two, and as the guests left for home, they paid their respects to Father, Mother and Little Milkmaid, during which time they said, each in his own telepathic language, that never had there been such a wonderful birthday party.

Little Cloud was so busy broadcasting the last details that she almost forgot, but Mother reminded her, and she set out obediently with the Chimps to see them safely through the dangerous part of the valley where the ape men lived. And it is good to be able to say, the ape men had learned their lesson and behaved themselves.

When the last guest was gone, Father remembered that the kittens and puppies had not been given to the children and were left behind to be taken care of. Father said, "I can imagine kittens being left on the doorstep, but NOT puppies. Anyway, it is our fault, and even at that we are not much to blame, considering the great excitement of hearing the very first words ever spoken by human beings."

Mother said, "Let's all take our naps, and after that we can decide what to do." But as they went back to the veranda to say it was nap time, what should they see but every last child with either a kitten or a puppy clasped in its little arms, and all, including the exhausted chimp nurses, fast asleep.

“Isn’t it sweet,” said Mother gently as she pulled a bit of cover up around one of the pairs of children and smiled at Father. “I wanted a family, as you know, but I had not expected it to include kittens, puppies and even chimps but they are all just too darling and appealing.”

They settled down on their lounge chairs where they could keep an eye on the children lest a puppy get hugged too tightly or a kitten scratch someone who was too loving. Little Cloud hovered overhead, taking her nap, and for a time everything was quiet and peaceful.

Then the earth began to shake slightly, and, looking up, they saw the Elephant Family arriving. Mrs. Elephant said, “I hope we are not disturbing your nap, but we came to apologize for forgetting which day it was that the birthday party came on.”

“Now, now,” said Father smilingly. “Elephants never forget. What was the real reason you did not come?”

Mrs. Elephant hung her head as far as her very short neck would allow and confessed, “It was because we learned that the animals were supposed to give some of their little ones to the children as birthday gifts, and as Father and I have only our one little one, we just couldn’t bear the idea of giving him up.” She looked appealing at Mother and was comforted, when Mother said, “Don’t worry. Only house cats and dogs were wanted. Your baby is very lovely, but entirely too large to make a pet for a human baby. I’m sorry we haven’t any more birthday cake left. Could you eat a few peanuts?”

“I really shouldn’t,” said Mrs. Elephant. “I planned to start dieting today.”

Father said under his breath, “A whale of an idea.”

Mother said, “Tomorrow will time enough to begin to reduce.” She went to the kitchen and filled her self-filling apron pocket with peanuts, then came back and invited the elephants to help themselves. This they did, most

happily, and after eating about a bushel each, they wished the children a Happy Birthday, paid their respects to Father and Mother, and went contentedly home.

Father said, "If you will give me a hand, before the children wake up, we can give each of them a THIRD SELF. I have made one for each out of Third Grade Self Stuff, and we will fasten each self – each living in its shadow body, of course – to its child with a strong thread. Then it can take your place, at least in part, and the children can gradually be cut loose from your apron strings."

Mother helped, and in a few moments there was a little round ball of light floating above each child. This was the most wonderful thing to see, but only Father and Mother can see Self Stuff or spirits, which is too bad, but can't be helped. And even today, every child is given a fine Self of THIRD GRADE Spirit Stuff that is ever so wise and kind and which will come whenever called to help and comfort. In fact, it is often called "The Comforter". And so MAN was made up with three Selves or spirits, one an animal self, one a Talking Self, and one the Comforter Self. All three selves have a shadowy body to live in, as well as the animal body for the First and Second Grade Selves. It is a very wonderful way to be made.

Teaching Huna to the Children

HOW EVERYTHING WAS MADE – Part 2

[Continued from Part 1](#)

THE PUZZLED OLD OWL

After their wonderful Second Birthday, when all the little Adams and Eves began to talk and, in this way showed that their Talking Selves had come to live in the second story on the tops of their little heads, everything went along very nicely.

As you know, it takes what seems to be an endless time for children to grow up and days and years seem endless. But one just must be patient for a little while. Very soon one will be grown up, and then time will pass so quickly that one will be old and ready to die and come back as a new baby in a new body in what will seem almost no time at all. Ask any older person, and they will tell you how time just flies for them.

When the children had grown and waited and grown and waited ever so long, they finally turned five, and they had a wonderful birthday party with cake and visitors and everything you can imagine, including presents of all kinds from Father and Mother and from the birds and beasts and even from Old Mom Whale, who had found each of them a fine pearl. Some day we must hear the story of the party and the pearls, but just now our story opens with little Adam and Eve White – the pair of babies that got bleached white, you remember when the chimp nurse poured laundry bleach into the bath water.

Father and Mother had seen that with all of the boys and girls named Adam and Eve, something would have to be done to tell them apart, so they were given last names – the very first last names ever known. This is how they went. The list starts with the ones who got all bleached out so that their skins were white and eyes blue. Their hair was almost white, but had a little yellow in it.

- Adam and Eve White. They were the white and badly bleached and freckled ones. But they were all right except that they sunburned easily.
- Adam and Eve Yellow, often called the Celestials or heavenly twins because they were to become the founders of China, which is called The Celestial Kingdom. They had straight black hair and light yellowish skins.
- Adam and Eve (light) Tan were a little darker than the Celestial Twins. Their eyes were brown and their hair almost black. They would be the Arabs and Hebrews and Egyptians in times to come.

- Adam and Eve Red had brown eyes and straight black hair. Their skins had been bleached only a little and they looked slightly sunburned and red. They were to be the Noble Red Men or American Indians.
- Adam and Eve Brown were just a little bleached and had brown eyes and black hair. They would be the people of India and of other lands where they were to go to live. They were even to be the Eskimos and live in the ice and snow lands. Others were to be the Polynesians.
- Adam and Eve Black were the only ones who had stayed just as Father and Mother had created them – a very lovely and complete black. Their hair was black, with curls all over their heads. They could stay in the hot sun for hours and not get burned at all. Their home was to be Africa.

Because they all had Talking Selves as well as animal or ape-man selves, they could talk, and Father and Mother taught them all to speak English so they could understand each other, even if they would later go to other lands and speak other languages. Because they had not outgrown the ape-self in them, they could all talk with Telepathy and so could talk to all the birds and beasts almost as well as Father and Mother. This was wonderful, and it gave them ever so much fun.

It was Saturday, and as there was no school, Adam and Eve White had asked permission of Mother to go for a walk to the end of the garden to see if they could find out what new animal or bird or other creature had taken to saying quite loudly, and almost all night long, “Who? Who? Who?”

As they started out, Father looked up from his desk and said, “Look in the trees and for a creature which may be fast asleep – for it certainly says nothing when it is daylight. And mind your nurse when she tells you not to eat berries which may be poisonous, or go near snakes or touch nettles or poison ivy. She knows about all those things and will see that you stay out of trouble if you obey properly.”

The garden was very large and very lovely, as any Garden of Eden is supposed to be. They stopped with their chimp nurse to eat some bananas and get a drink out of the little stream. They had Adam's small black dog with them, and Eve had taken along a kitten from the litter of the very first kitten-cat which had been given to her as a marvelous present on her Second Birthday. Remember? Rover White, for that was the dog's name, was a very fine dog. He knew ever so much and was a great help to Nurse Chimp White, who was getting a little old for a chimp, and who was not quite as spry as she once was when it came to climbing trees and doing hand springs. She was so wise that if there was something she did not know, she could guess it in three guesses, as Adam and Eve knew to their sorrow when they had done something naughty and were trying to hide it. However, she did not get too old to be able to spank, and when they had been especially bad, she whaled them until they howled. At such times she would telepath to them, "Just because you have those bad ape-men animal spirits in you is no reason why you should forget to ask your Talking Selves what is good and then do it. Father and Mother have taught you to wait while you count ten when you feel you must act the wicked-ape, then take four long, slow breaths and order the ape-self to behave itself. Now see that you stop forgetting and DO it."

As they went through the garden the birds and squirrels and rabbits all telepathed the time of day with them. Adam kept asking them if they knew where the creature lived who kept saying "Who?" all night, and their little friends kept pointing at the far end of the garden, so they kept on. It was quite a way to walk for short legs, and it was rather hot after they got out from under the shade of Little Cloud, who was hanging over the big house and taking herself a bit of nap.

"I'm hot," said Eve. "And we'll both get our noses sunburned. "Let's pick a leaf for a hat." They looked around and saw a nice fig tree with very fine large leaves. Nurse Chimp White said the leaves were safe and the figs good to eat, so they stopped to eat a few figs, then they picked large leaves to hold over their heads for hats. [And that is how the story came to be told

years later of how Adam and Eve wore fig leaves for clothing.] As a matter of fact, they were very nicely dressed with pants and shirt for Adam and a pretty dress for Eve – all made with the most even and perfect stitches by Mother and her helpers.

They were almost to the end of the garden when they saw, sitting on a low limb of a tree, a large gray bird who seemed fast asleep. As they stopped and looked up, he opened one yellow eye sleepily, and examined them, turning his head from side to side. Then he asked, “WHO?” And they knew that this bird was the creature they had come to find.

“Good-morning, Mr. Bird,” telepathed Adam, making as good a little bow as he could while looking up – for bowing while your head is up in the air is something that has to be practiced for a long time to do nicely.

“And a Good-morning to you,” telepathed the strange bird. “But wait until I awaken my wife. I want her to see you all. If I am not mistaken, you are just the creatures of which we have been hearing such strange tales, and whom we have come to find and study. He looked up to his wife who was sleeping on a limb higher up, and called to her in his own language. She opened her eyes just a crack at first, but when he pointed to their visitors her eyes popped wide open in surprise. “THEY, have found US,” telepathed Mr. Owl. “Come on down and sit beside me while we learn all about them.” Down she fluttered and took her place on the limb. She was smaller and had more gray in her feathers. Both had curved beaks.

“Now,” telepathed Mr. Owl. “Please answer my question. I asked you WHO, as you should recall. Who are you?”

“I am Adam,” introduced Adam politely. “This is Eve. This is Nurse Chimp White, and this is Rover White. The kitten has not been named yet.”

Mr. Owl blinked and waited a moment. Then he said, “That was not a very good answer. When I ask WHO, you can’t answer with names alone. Names never make sense. One can never really answer fully without also

adding information as to WHAT you are, and where you live and what you eat and drink and like and dislike. One also must tell who and what the parents are and what everyone around you does and why, if he doesn't do it, he doesn't."

"I don't quite understand," said Eve.

"Then I'll help you," said Mr. Owl in his kindest telepathic voice. "Now, to begin with, are you the wife of this other one? And if so, do you have any children? And, well, that is enough to start with."

"Oh, yes," said Eve happily. "I am Adam's wife – or at least I will be when we grow up. Of course we do not have any children yet, but we plan on at least ten."

Adam said, "If we have eight boys, I can make the ninth, and we can have a baseball team and play ball just like we sometimes see them do when Father lets us look through his Time Telescope."

"Wait a moment," said Mr. Owl. "Now I am the one who is confused. I take it that you are speaking of a game. But what is a base? And do you always have to have nine males to play it?"

"A base is just a place," explained Adam. "We play it with the Chimp Boys to fill in the teams, and the bases are on the first, second and third limbs of a big tree near our house. The team with the most chimps almost always wins because the Chimp Boys can climb faster than the Adami."

"Than the WHO?" asked Mr. Owl? "Who are the Adami?"

"That's what Father calls us," explained Adam. "There are six Adams in our family. Also six Eves. It means a lot of Adams. Father and Mother made us. They took different kinds of clay and made lumps. Then they divided each lump into two pieces and made a boy out of one and a girl out of the other. Eve and I belong together because we were made out of the same lump."

“How very strange,” said Mr. Owl. “I am beginning to think that all the tall tales I have been hearing about you and this place just might have a grain of truth in them. But tell me, didn’t your parents make you into eggs first and then hatch you?”

“They didn’t even borned us,” put in Eve. They were in a great hurry and it takes too long to hatch an egg. They just said the proper words and all the twelve clay babies came to life. Our nurse says we all began to cry and it was very exciting. We were all black when we were made, but later on the laundry bleach got into our bath shells and some of us got bleached. We were the worst. Now we can’t go to live in Africa when we grow up. “

“Mrs. Owl had dozed off. Now she awakened with a start. “Africa?” she asked. “WHO? Who? I never heard of anything by that name.”

“It is a wonderful land on the other side of the world,” said Adam. Father made a clay world for us and when we have classes, he shows us on the globe just where each Adam and Eve will go to live when they have grown up and have lots of children to take along. Father will put the lions over there and lots of other animals. Adam Black will be a great hunter and have good hunting.”

“But,” objected Mrs. Owl, “it can’t be on the other side of the world or all of your Africa would fall off.”

“Father says not,” put in Eve. “And he knows everything.”

“My husband claims that he knows everything,” said Mrs. Owl with an owlish sniff. “But I wouldn’t believe that Africa could be on the other side of the world and not fall off, even if he said so.”

“Then why,” said Eve, “does he ask us questions if he already knows everything and is so much smarter than Father?”

Mr. Owl said hurriedly, “She said that, not I. I am always keeping an open mind and learning a little bit more. You see, knowledge grows a little every

day, and when I learn all there is to be known today, there will grow out a whole new lot of news and knowledge by tomorrow."

"But," said Adam, "don't you believe what Father says about the world being round?"

"Well, yes, and no," said Mr. Owl carefully. "It may be a matter of just politics with one party claiming that the world is round and the other party claiming that it is flat. Besides, so far as I have observed, the world is entirely flat, and at this time I will not change my politics and vote your ticket. I'm a Conservative, if that means anything to you."

Adam was about to say something impolite, but he caught himself in time and just said, "One time when we were playing baseball, Black Adam was on third, which is a pretty high limb. Adam Brown hit the ball and Adam Black tried to slide for home base – and lost his hold and fell and broke an arm. Father and Mother had to make splints to put around it so it would heal."

Mrs. Owl opened her eyes and asked sleepily, "WHO for dinner?"

"Almost anything and anybody," said Eve. "Father and Mother have taught us that everything has to eat the thing next below it. When Father goes hunting to kill a deer for dinner, he asks the permission of the deer to kill and eat it. He tells it that when it is eaten by people, its spirit self will grow up that much faster toward becoming a man. Father has taught us to ask permission before we eat a potato or banana or catch a fish when we go fishing. And, we are taught to be as kind as we can and not hurt the creature more than just a moment in killing it."

Adam said, "We looked through Father's Time Telescope once and saw people sitting down to eat a turkey dinner with fruit and vegetables and everything. And even after many, many years, they had not forgotten to ask permission to eat all the lesser living things. But they changed the words and asked permission when they sat down to eat. They called it

Saying the Blessing, and it sounded very nice. They remembered Father and talked to him.”

Eve broke in, “But they seemed to have forgotten Mother. She has just as much to do with all of Creation as Father. It was very bad of them to forget her. She is so lovely and so kind. She loves everything and is always sorry that we have to eat the seeds of plants or eggs or animals or fruit.”

“Eggs!” exclaimed Mr. Owl in horror. “No one should eat eggs! It is wicked! Eating anything else is all right, but not eggs.”

Mrs. Owl added, “Especially not owl eggs. Hen’s, if you must, but not owl’s!”

“Oh, please don’t feel bad!” cried Eve, feeling very sorry for the owls. “We will tell everyone not to eat owl eggs, and I am sure they will remember” [And almost everyone has remembered. Even today one hardly ever hears of anyone mean enough to eat owl eggs.]

Rover heard the dinner bell begin to ring back at the house, and began to bark. “It is time for lunch and our naps,” said Adam. “Perhaps we can come to see you again and talk some more another day.”

“Yes, yes. Naps.” said Mr. Owl. “Very necessary. I can hardly stay awake, now that you mention naps. Yes, come to see us any time and we will set you right on foolish ideas like that of the Earth being round. Good. day.” and he was fast asleep.

When they got home, Mother helped them to wash their hands and faces so they would not be late at table, and when they were all seated and their milk and sandwiches had begun going down red lanes, Adam could hardly wait to ask Father some questions.

“May I ask something?” he said.

“You may,” replied Father with a smile.

“Mr. Owl said he could not believe that the Earth was round because he was a Conservative. Father, what is a Conservative?”

“A Conservative,” answered Father after trading an amused glance with Mother, who sat at the far end of the long table, “is a person or owl who doesn’t want the old ways or beliefs changed. For ages it was thought that the Earth was flat, so a Conservative does not want to have to change and accept a new idea. As you grow up, you will find that men are worse than even owls. They will just hate to give up an old idea for a new and better one. It is too bad, but men are like that.”

“One more thing, said Adam. “Why is it so much worse to eat owl’s eggs than any other kind?”

“Did the owls say it was?” asked Father. “Well I suppose it is natural. And as you get older you will learn that it is wicked to do anything to your own eggs, but not to the eggs of the other fellow. It may take another million years for Man to get over some of his incorrect ways of thinking.”

Eve said, “Mr. Owl says he knows almost everything.”

“Well, said Father, “I suppose he does know almost everything. People will be like that also. But the trouble is that a large part of what they know is wrong – like just knowing that the Earth is flat when all the time it is round. But now eat your lunch. We can talk another time about your visit with the owls.”

Adam Black raised his hand to get attention. “May the rest of us go to visit the owls tomorrow? We never saw birds who could say WHO and know what the word meant. Our parrots can say lots of words, but they hardly ever know what they mean.”

Mother looked at Father, then said, “Yes, tomorrow you can all go to visit the owls. But you must remember to be polite even if they do hold fast to some ideas which you know are wrong. Nothing makes a creature more

grumpy than to try to tell it that what it believes is wrong. And don't any of you look smug. Humans are even worse about that than owls. Mules are the next worst, and owls perhaps last. In humans like yourselves, it is the animal self which can't reason, but which, once it accepts an idea, makes its man stick to it blindly, unreasonably and stubbornly. You who are the reasoning Selves or Talking Selves of the man must always try your best to see that the animal self in you does not get wrong ideas about things, especially about religion and politics. Try always to remember this."

A SECOND VISIT WITH THE OWLS

The next morning all six of the Adams and Eves, with their chimp nurses, dogs and assorted kittens, set out with Adam White to guide them to find the owls. They stopped to eat bananas and figs and to pick fig leaves for hats, but got to the owls' tree in good time for a nice visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Owl were already awake and seated on the lowest limb ready to visit. Mrs. Owl made grumbling noises and said, "We heard you coming a mile away. It's getting so a body can't ever get one's day of sleep."

Adam White introduced everyone and his dog together with the Chimp Nurses and those of the kittens who had been named, then he asked, "Why do you not get your sleep at night like we do?"

"That's a foolish question," said Mrs. Owl. "Even baby owls would know the answer to that. We have to hunt all night, for that is when field mice come out of their holes and we can catch ourselves our three meals. Often we can catch other things for dessert, but NEVER those nasty little shrews, which taste so bad nothing can eat them."

Mr. Owl had been looking from one child to another, most interestedly. Now he asked, "What color are your father and mother – all several colors in spots, I suppose. You," he pointed to Adam White. "Let me hear your answer."

“Why,” answered Adam, greatly puzzled. “Father and Mother are white, just like I am. And they do not have spots.”

Adam Black looked perfectly amazed. “Why do you say that?” he demanded. “They are black, just like I am. Everyone knows that!”

Adam Red broke in. “What’s the matter with you fellows. Are you trying to play a joke on Mr. Owl? Father and Mother are red, just like I am!”

“Peace, peace!” commanded Mr. Owl as Adam Brown and Adam Yellow were about to begin shouting. “I am not called the Wise Old Owl for nothing. This odd problem of color is something, the like of which I specialize upon. I am noted as a philosopher, even if I do say so,” Mrs. Owl sniffed meaningfully.

Adam Tan shouted, “They are tan color, just like me! I see them every day, and my eyes are as good as anyone’s!”

“Quiet, please,” said Mr. Owl. He looked them over in the very best owlish manner, then said with an air of vast wisdom, “It was once said by the King of Owls, who knew at least twice as much as there is to know, that man makes his god in his own image and here we have a perfect example of the truth of this wonderful piece of wisdom. Each of you, when you look at your father and mother, sees them made just like he or she is made. And, because they created you out of lumps of clay, we can be certain that they are GODS.”

Adam White said hurriedly, “I don’t believe it! I am going home this instant and ask Father what color he and Mother actually are.”

“Oh, please don’t!” begged Mr. Owl, wringing his wing tips together in his distress. “I promised the Owl King never to breathe a word of that wonderful SECRET, and I forgot myself – just this once. If word should get back to him in his heaven, he would punish me in some terrible way. Please, I beg of you all, never mention a single word about the secret I have

shared with you, not as long as you live. And never let your children mention a word about it. If you do, be warned, you will be punished even more severely than I by the Owl King. Promise! Promise! Oh promise, and cross your hearts, I beg of you!"

"It won't really make any difference, as long as they really stay black," said Adam Black thoughtfully. "Will they always stay black if I promise to keep still?"

"Always and forever black to you," promised Mr. Owl. "For each of you they will ALWAYS remain just exactly the color you are. AND, if you will cross your hearts twice, I will do something wonderful for you. I will see to it that Santa Clause will always be exactly the same color as you are!"

"That's not so much," said Adam Black. "Santa is just naturally black, like I am. He came to give us presents last year and I sat on his knee."

"EXACTLY!" cried Mr. Owl. BUT, if you promise, I will keep it that way, and each of you can always have Santa in your very own color."

"Even when I go to Africa to live and hunt lions?" asked Adam Black.

"Even, and especially and particularly, will he be black when you go to live in Africa. I give you an owl's word of honor, and that is never broken." Mrs. Owl sniffed again.

"Well," said Adam Brown, "if everything is to stay just as it is and has always been – with nothing changed, I can't see any harm in making Mr. Owl feel happy by promising. What do you say? Shall we all line up and make our promise and cross our hearts twice?"

"Why not?" said Adam Tan, only where is my heart and how do I cross it?"

"There on your left side," said Mr. Owl. And you make a cross over it with your right hand."

“Like this,” asked Adam Tan, crossing his heart nicely.

“Exactly,” praised Mr. Owl. “Now straighten your line, and say after me, “I promise. I promise. I promise.”

They all repeated after Mr. Owl, “I promise. I promise. I promise.” For all promises and even prayers are much better if repeated in the exact words three times over.

“Cross your hearts twice,” commanded Mr. Owl, and when they had all done so, he said as loudly as he could telepath, “Now your lips are forever sealed! You will never speak or telepath a word of the vast and wonderful SECRET!”

[And so it came about that by never breaking their promises, the children were able forever after to see Father and Mother in the right color, exactly as they had always seen them. And many, many years later, even today, you will see, when you go to visit India, that the children of Adam and Eve Brown, who went there to live, paint pictures and make statues of Father and Mother and they are always Brown. In China they have now forgotten Father, but worship Mother as Quan Yin, and she is exactly the color of all Chinese. In Africa God is Black when black people worship him. But in America, the Red Men worship Father and Mother as The Great Spirit, putting them both together, and saying that no one can see them, so, they do not know the color, but if they DID, it would undoubtedly be red to match the children of Adam and Eve Red.]

Mr. Owl seemed to be worried about something. He held up a wing and talked behind it to Mrs. Owl, using whispers and the owl language so the children would not hear or understand. Mrs. Owl listened, then nodded her head. Mr. Owl flew away toward the house, and his wife turned to the children and began to ask them more questions.

“You, little yellow girl,” she said, pointing with the tip of one wing. “Tell me, have you learned to make a proper nest? One large enough for a large creature like yourself?”

Celestial Eve said, “Oh, YES! We will hunt for nice large caves when we go to live in China, and will clean them out and make them nice to live in. And later on, we will build houses, just like the one we live in at the end of the garden.”

Eve Red, after holding up her hand eagerly, said, “Or we can put poles together and cover them with animal skins or bark to make teepees which we can take down and carry to the mountains for the summer hunting.”

Eve Black said, “Or we can make a frame of poles and cover it with long grass thatching. It is just like making skirts of grass. Little Milkmaid and Mother can make wonderful things out of long grass.”

Mr. Owl came flying back and settled in his place on the limb. “Excuse us for a moment,” he said, and once more whispered behind his wing to Mrs. Owl. He said, “The Father and Mother were sitting out in the veranda in front of the house. I had a good look at them. They were just the color I thought they must be. Gray just like you and I.”

“Are you sure?” asked Mrs. Owl suspiciously. “You are always getting things mixed up. It seems to me gray is not the right color. They should be black. Go and have a look so we can get the straight of the matter.” With that, away she flew.

Eve White began to be as worried as Mr. Owl looked. “I’m afraid something is wrong at home,” she said anxiously. “I think we had better go back.”

“Yes,” said Adam Tan. “Say goodbye and let’s go.”

They said a hasty goodbye after thanking Mr. Owl, and set off hurriedly down the path. As they went, they passed Mrs. Owl flying back to her tree, a very smug look on her face.

Mrs. Owl settled down beside her husband and sniffed loudly and meaningfully.

“At least they were Gray, like us, weren’t they?” asked Mr. Owl uncertainly.

“I don’t know what’s come over you,” scolded Mrs. Owl. “You must be getting color blind. There were no creatures on the veranda looking anything at all like the children. What you must have seen were two large birds sitting on perches.”

“Two large Gray birds?” asked Mr. Owl hopefully.

“Naturally NOT,” said Mrs. Owl with a very loud sniff. “One was green and red. The other was blue and yellow. Both had yellow eyes. One must have been the Mother, because, as I flew past, she cried loudly, Polly wants a cracker.”

Mr. Owl hunched down low in his feathers and looked very discouraged.

“Well?” demanded Mrs. Owl.

“I didn’t say anything,” replied Mr. Owl meekly. “You are usually right. Drop the matter if you will. Besides, we’d better get some sleep or tonight we’ll go hungry because we can’t wake up.”

Mrs. Owl sniffed loudly three times. Then she said in her most tired voice, “If you’d only listen more to ME. But never mind. We DO have to have sleep.”

Father and Mother, who, of course, hear all, see all and know all, had been listening to what had gone on between the owls and the children, and

when Mrs. Owl had made Mr. Owl feel so discouraged, Mother said to Father, "Let's go down and have a little visit ourselves with the owls."

"A very good idea," agreed Father, and they set off from the house down the path.

But hardly had they started when they met the children and their nurses and dogs coming home. Eve Black reached them first, and clung to Father's hand while she looked anxiously up into his face. Then all the troubles faded from her eyes and she said softly, "I knew they were all wrong. You are just the most beautiful Father there ever was."

Eve White had run to Mother and held to her skirt while looking up into her face. "Oh!" she cried, almost in tears, "You are white and beautiful! I just knew it."

All the children looked and looked, and they were so happy to see that Father and Mother were just like they had always been.

Father said, "Yes, it is true, what wise Mr. Owl told you as a wonderful secret. We ARE all things to all men. But run along now and get into your swim togs and go the nice pool we made by damming the creek last week. Little Milkmaid will be waiting there to give you your first swimming lesson. There is nice soft sand on the bottom of the pool and it is just deep enough to swim in."

The children, all feeling safe and happy again, ran with delighted shouts on along the path, while Father and Mother continued on their way and soon came to the Owls.

"Ahem," said Father as they looked up at the owls.

Mr. Owl had not been able to sleep because he had become so upset. His eyes popped wide open, and after he had stared for a moment, he nudged Mrs. Owl so hard that she almost fell off the limb. "Look! He cried. "Now tell me who is color blind! Here are the children's parents just as I saw

them, and they are the most beautiful GRAY you ever saw on any owl in your life." He paused, and remembered his manners. "How do you do, and excuse me," he said in the owl language, then started to repeat himself in Telepathy.

But Mother said. "That is quite all right. We also speak Owl. You see, we created you, and when Father invented owls, he also had to invent a language for them, so it is natural that we speak Owl with ease."

"Mrs. Owl," said Father, "please do not take this so hard. It just happened that when you flew past the house we had stepped inside for a moment to get a gourd of cold water. The mistake you made was one that any owl might have made, and those brightly colored birds you saw were two of the children's pet parrots. They also can talk with words."

"I was never so embarrassed in my life," said Mrs. Owl. "I feel like hiding my head under my wing and keeping it there for the whole day. After this I will be more careful when my husband says something and I think he is wrong. This teaches me that I may be the one who is wrong."

"An excellent lesson, indeed," said Mother. "Now let me tell YOU a secret known mostly to females. You'll find that you make yourself much more loved and better cared for if you just keep your bill shut until you are entirely sure that your husband is mistaken about something. It is much more important to be loved by one's husband than it is to set him right on every little point."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Owl meekly.

Mr. Owl was standing up high and straight on the limb. He already looked years younger. "And I thank you," he said gratefully. "But may I ask a very personal question? It is in line, of course, with my line of duty. I have to try my best to be a Wise Old Owl, you know."

"I will do my best to answer you," promised Father.

“Then this is my question. What do you and Mother REALLY look like? What color are you if not the ones we see you?”

Father laughed heartily. “That was such a question as only a VERY wise old owl could have asked. The truth is that Mother and I are made of pure CONSCIOUSNESS and mana, or vital force, and of shadowy body materials – none of which can be seen. You might say that we are transparent, and that everyone would look right through us. But we have become like mirrors, so that our creatures can look at us and see their own colors and images reflected. In this way they can have faith that we really exist and are here, loving and helping and looking after them.”

Mr. Owl blinked several times. Which is a good thing to do when you don’t know what to say. But one cannot just keep on blinking, and one must not do it too often because one might get the habit and be nicknamed, Old Blinkey.

“I will make a mental note of your answer,” said Mr. Owl, when he could find his voice again. “Yes! That’s it! I’ll make a whole head full of mental notes to preserve the answer to such an important question as that.”

“Well said,” praised Father. “You make me proud of having created such a fine creature.”

Mother felt sorry for Mrs. Owl. She looked so sad and beaten. “Why don’t you two peck and make up?” she suggested. “You know that you really and truly love each other very dearly.”

Mr. Owl reached over and gave his wife a nice peck on the head, and she was so glad to be forgiven that she gave him a whole batch of pecks in return.

“Now,” said Father, “we must be going. We thank you. Get back to your sleep before the sun gets higher.”

The owls closed their eyes obediently, and made grateful little owl noises as they dropped off to sleep and Father and Mother turned and walked away on tiptoe in order not to disturb them. But they had hardly gone ten steps when Mr. Owl roused up and cried, "WHO? Who? Who is that big light I see now around you?"

They went back, and Father said, "That is how we look to ourselves. LIGHT is what some people see when they can look beyond the outer mirror in which they see themselves reflected."

"Then," said Mr. Owl, "those little balls of light tied to the children by a cord and floating like balls of light above them must be because they are your children."

"That is right," said Father. "We have given each of them a Third Grade Self which is wise and strong and which will watch over them and comfort them when they need comforting."

"May we have balls of light also?" asked Mr. Owl hopefully.

"Yes, you may when you have lived enough lives to be born again as a human being. Just be patient, and try to be the best possible owl while you are an owl. That will make the time come that much quicker. But we shall give you a nice reward to make you happy for the present time. We give you the official title of Wise Old Owl to the Adams and their children. And you and your children will be looked up to as the wisest of all creatures for centuries and centuries. Now get back to sleep."

This time the Owls went entirely to sleep and slept the sleep of the wise which, as you know, is the very finest kind of sleep there is and that only comes to the good students who study their lessons carefully and do every bit of their home work every day.

When Father and Mother came to the new swimming pool which had been made by damming the creek that ran through the Garden, they found the

children in their trunks standing in a long row in the water facing Old Beaver and his wife, Old Mrs. Beaver. They had helped build the dam and had built themselves a house at the deeper end. Little Milkmaid, in a grass swim suit, was sitting on the sandy shore of the pool with the good chimp nurses, each holding one of the kittens or holding back a dog so that it would not plunge into the pool and upset things.

Little Milkmaid said, "The beavers took over the job of teaching the children to swim. I'm not much good at it without my tail."

"You are tired, my dear," said Mother gently. "You've worked so hard helping us to bring up the children this far. Just sit and rest."

MR. BEAVER TEACHES SWIMMING

When the children were all standing in the water about up to their waists and had made a line with room between to spare, Old Mr. Beaver sat up on his big flat tail and started giving the lesson.

"First," he said, "You need to get acquainted with the water so you will not be afraid of it. As a rule, what you know won't hurt you. It is when you do not know water that you are afraid of it. Now to start with, remember that water only hurts when you breathe it in through your nose or mouth. So shut your mouths and hold your nose with your left hand fingers to keep it closed. You can shut your eyes or keep them open, but better shut them at first as fresh water stings a little at first."

All the children closed their mouths and held their noses, but right away had to open their mouths again to breathe.

Old Mr. Beaver said, "That is good. Next you must learn to hold your breath for a little while so that when you put your heads under the water, you can have breath enough to last you for as long as you can count ten. Now open your mouths and let go of your noses. Breathe five long deep breaths, then shut your mouths, hold your noses and put your heads under

the water to see if your breath will last ten counts. Then pull your heads out of the water and breathe again. Ready? Go!”

The children all breathed deeply to get a good lot of air, then closed their mouths and noses and held their heads under the water, some for only a few counts, some for as long as eleven counts. Eve Brown was the only one who didn't put her head under the water. She started to cry.

“I'm too scared!” she wailed.

“Don't tell me you are a scaredy Cat,” scolded their teacher. “Water won't hurt you. Now take some long breaths and try.”

Little Eve obediently took five long breaths and then closed her mouth and held her nose, but she began to tremble and suddenly started to wail again.

Father, who had waved his hand and changed like magic into his bathing trunks, waded into the pool. “Wait a minute,” he said. He picked up the little Eve and held her in the crook of one of his strong arms. “Look, my dear,” he said quietly, “you have forgotten what we have been teaching you about calling to your Comforter to come to help you when you are frightened or in trouble. Can you take five long breaths and call in your mind to your very own Comforter to come?”

Eve's lips trembled, but she took five slow breaths and closed her eyes and telepathed her call so loudly that everyone could hear, and instantly there began to glow a soft circle of light like a halo above her head. Her lips stopped trembling and she smiled. Father kissed her dark hair lightly and set her down into the water, knowing that she was no longer afraid.

Turning to the children he said, “Never forget to call for your Comforter to come when you are in trouble. It is just like Mother and me – a mother and father older spirit joined to make one Self and living in the ball of light which is fastened to you by that little cord that is hard to see. Some day when you are grown up and go to take your places in different parts of the world, Mother and I will no longer be able to spare time to come to look

after you, but you will have us in a smaller way in your Comforter. And you had better remember to call to them every morning and ask them to help you all day long. For, you know, they can only help you if you remember to ask them to do so. That is the rule. Now let me show you how to do what good Mr. Beaver has taught you.”

With that, Father took five deep breaths and held his nose and lay down in the clear water. He rolled around and stayed under for far longer than ten counts. When he stood up, Mr. Beaver clapped hands by spitting his broad tail on the ground and he cheered by making the kind of noises his people make when they cheer, which are a little bit strange at best.

He said, “Excellent, Mr. Father. I can’t remember having so smart a pupil. You have learned the first step in very passable time. Now, suppose you try going under the water and moving around without holding your nose. The water will not go into your nose very far if you are holding your breath. And if it should, you have only to blow a little bit and blow it right out. Now see if you can show the children how the second step is to be taken!”

Father said, “Thank you Mr. Beaver for those words of praise. I will do my best.” And with that he dropped down on his face in the water and rolled around and even took a few strokes with his hands before coming up to the air.

“Excellent. Excellent!” said Mr. Beaver. “For a creature without a tail to use in swimming, you do surprisingly well.” He turned to the children. “Did you see? Now take your deep breaths, hold your breaths, and just drop down into the nice water and play around until you run out of breath and have to stand up again.”

The children all took in the extra supply of air, held their breaths and dropped face down into the water – little Eve Brown being almost the first in and the last to come up. Above her, her halo of light glowed brightly as

her Aumakua helped her. When they saw how easy it was, they kept on doing it, having a wonderful time.

After a bit, Mr. Beaver called his class to attention and said, "Now that you have learned how easy it is to swim around – or at least pretend to swim around under water, it is time for you to learn to paddle and learn to go places." He pointed with his fore-paw at Father and said, "Will you, my favorite and brightest pupil, pay attention to the next order, then show the children how well you can follow the order. You will hold your breath as before, but jump forward as you go down into the water. Keep your face down, and paddle with your hands and feet to make yourself go forward as far through the water as you can before you have to come up for more breath. Please try."

Father smiled and backed off to the deeper end of the pool. There he dived in and swam rapidly under water the full length of the pool, coming up for air just before he came to the place where the little stream ran into the pond. The children all clapped loudly and Mr. Beaver whistled loudly four times as Father came back to the group.

"I never saw such an apt and smart pupil in my life," said Mr. Beaver. It is almost as if you had been an expert swimmer all your life!"

Adam White spoke up, "He should be smart about swimming." he said, but Father placed a hand over his mouth laughingly. "Don't tell him," he whispered. "Be a little diplomat and let him enjoy being the world's best swimming teacher." Adam White chuckled and nodded. Everyone grinned. But Mr. Beaver became suspicious.

"Is it a joke?" he asked. "Don't tell me, Mr. Father, that you already knew how to swim?"

Father said, "I must confess that I had already learned. But that makes no difference. Your method of teaching swimming is the finest I have ever seen, and you are a splendid teacher. Please go on with your instruction.

Perhaps the children will want to try swimming under water, just as you ordered and just as I showed how to do. But they will not be expected to swim very far before coming up for air at the end of each dive."

"Yes," said Mr. Beaver proudly, "my method is the best there is. Now all of you stand in a line again and get ready. Now dive and paddle hard!"

In dived all the children, some doing it well and some not, but they loved it and tried over and over, soon getting so that they could swim under water quite well. After that they were taught to swim with their faces turned to one side out of the water so they could breathe. They did not learn how to float on their backs. But by that time it was almost noon and time for lunch and naps, so everyone thanked Mr. Beaver most warmly, and set off for the showers. The happiest of them all was Eve Brown. The halo had gone away from above her head, but she knew that she never need fear the lovely water again.

When they reached the row of showers behind the house, it was found that the Chimp Boys had forgotten to pump water up into the shower tank. As a matter of fact, they had all been up in trees watching the swimming lesson. But Mother knew what to do. She called to Little Cloud, who had also been watching the fun, and who was making shade for the house.

"Little Cloud," called Mother, using her loudest Teley, "could you help out with a nice little rain on the children? The shower tank is empty."

Little Cloud moved over just a little, and then, being ever so careful not to make thunder or lightning, she rained a fine shower and when she had finished, not a single child had a spot of mud left on a single foot.

"Good!" said Mother. "Little Cloud, you may wear your rainbow up-side-down as a necklace until tea time as your reward."

THE SECOND SWIMMING LESSON

The children were so excited over being able to swim, even if just a very little, that the next morning classes were no sooner over than they all asked to be given another swimming lesson. Old Mr. Beaver was busy, but when they telepathed around to their friends in the Garden, three volunteers were found, each more than willing to teach.

The first teacher was Quackey the duck. She stood the children in a line while the chimp nurses sat on the shore and held the dogs and kittens. In the trees were the Chimp Boys, who this time had pumped plenty of water into the tank for use in the showers, also birds of all kinds, using their season tickets and allowed to come to see anything that even looked a tiny bit like it might be a show or party. Seated on a limb above the lower part of the pool was Old Kingfisher. He was greatly interested in the lessons.

Quackey rose on her toes and shook out her feathers to start with, then said in the best duck Teley, "You made too hard work of it yesterday. I did not see you, but later I heard all about it. To my way of thinking the most important thing to learn is to float. This is very easy, but as you children need to keep your mouths and noses out of the water so you can breathe, I think you had better learn to float on your backs. First get a good lot of air and hold your breaths like you did yesterday, then let yourselves fall gently backward into the water. You will go under a little at first, but you will come right up again and float so you can lie still and hold your face above water. Now try."

The children tried, some of them doing well at first try, some having to try several times, but with the duck quacking encouragement loudly, they were soon able to float and breathe as they floated. Getting back on their feet was not too easy, and they sometimes got water up their noses in coming back to a standing position.

"Next," said Quackey, "you must learn to paddle while you float. As you are put together wrong, you won't be able to paddle like a duck, but try using your hands and feet to push on the water and make you go along. Try."

They all tried, but soon Quackey called them to attention and said, "I see that in order to swim like a duck, you need to be made like a duck. Your bodies are too heavy to float without lots of oily feathers, and you do not have webs on your hands or feet and without a good long bill to use to catch a snail on the bottom of the pond, I can't see much reason for trying to swim."

Old Frog had been waiting his turn. Now he croaked loudly to call attention to himself as he hopped to sit where Quackey had been standing. "Only frogs really know how to swim," he said proudly. "And if you will make a circle, I will show you instead of telling you how best to swim. I am a frog of few words. Circle up close to the bank so you can watch."

The children waved a polite goodbye to Quackey and made a half-circle around their new teacher. Without another word he took a long leap into the water and before one could say, pollywog, was swimming back and forth using a wonderful stroke in which his front and back legs worked perfectly. He dived and did some turn-overs and then hopped back on the shore.

"Now! Let me see you do likewise and use the famous frog stroke," he commanded.

They all tried, and, to tell the truth, except for having to turn on one side to breathe in air rather often, they were soon doing passably well. Father and Mother, who were lying on the bank of the pond watching, clapped loudly. Little Milkmaid clapped just a little, and said, "If only the poor darlings had tails they would not make such hard work of it." The Chimp Boys in the trees clapped loudly, but the chimp nurses had their hands full holding kittens, or, especially the boys' dogs, who wanted badly to get into the pool with their masters.

Old Frog thought that all the clapping was for him. He took several bows, and without a word hopped off upstream to go about his usual frog business.

Nicky, the water snake, telepathed, "Now it's my turn. I'll really teach you! Don't believe anything the others have told you. Either they do not know, or they have tried to fool you. You do not need hands or feet or anything to push you fast through the water. Just watch me, and become enlightened. With that he wiggled off the bank into the water, and holding his head straight up enough to get breath, swam like a streak back and forth, wiggling his body and fairly flying through the water. When he had finished, he wiggled back up to his place on the bank and said, "See? Didn't I tell you the truth? If you would just listen to the wisdom of the serpent when you want to know the truth of things, you would save yourselves lots of time and trouble. And that goes for other things as well as swimming. A good liar can wiggle out of almost anything. Now see what you can do. Get a wiggle on you – all of you."

Little Eve Brown obediently tried to swim with a wiggle, but the other children stood looking down their noses suspiciously at Old Nick. Eve said to her Adam, "I can't seem to do it. You try and then you can show me how." Her Adam tried, while the other children watched disapprovingly. He also failed to be able to swim by wiggling. Meantime, the Serpent saw that he was not making many friends, so he wiggled up the bank and hurried to get lost in the grass.

Adam Black said, "That Old Nick is wicked! Father has taught us never to lie! And what he said about swimming and wiggling out of things is wrong. If we did like he says to do, we would all be thrown out of the Garden and have to go live in that thorn patch beyond the hill." The other children all agreed, and Eve Brown said she was very sorry to have been taken in and for getting her Adam taken in.

Father laughed, and said to Mother, "Years from now they will tell the story of how the Serpent tempted Eve and got them thrown out of the Garden – actually out."

Mother called, "Take one or two more swims, then it will be time to get cleaned up and dressed for lunch. She and Father rose and started for the house, feeling sure that the children could now take care of themselves.

But Eve Brown said, "How was I to know that Old Nick was trying to fool us?" Eve Black said, "You are too trusting."

"I'm not!" cried Eve Brown beginning to cry, and she gave Eve Black a big push, making her fall into the water.

"Don't you do that!" shouted Adam Black and he helped his Eve get to her feet, but she was also angry. "No one shoves me around," she said, and gave Eve Brown a very hard shove, knocking down Eve Tan and Adam White. Suddenly everyone was angry. Everyone pushed everyone, then the boys started hitting and the girls pulling hair and scratching. The dogs jerked away from the Chimp Nurses and rushed to the aid of their masters, swimming and barking and beginning to fight each other.

Father and Mother heard the unexpected trouble and ran back, wading in quickly and pulling boys and girls apart and fishing some out of the pond who were about to get full of water. Old Beaver happened to return just then from where he had been cutting down trees in the woods, and in a moment he was into the pond using his big paddle tail with whacks that sent the dogs howling for the shore. In a moment or two order was restored, but the children were still angry, and some were crying and still wanted to fight.

Father and Mother spoke to Old Beaver, and began picking up the children and holding them, bottoms up. "SPAT" went Old Beaver's flat tail, and the spatted ones forgot that they were angry or that they wanted to fight.

Mother brushed wet hair from the foreheads of the little Eves and pushed them into line. "Hush up," she said. "And listen well to what Father is going to say to you. This is a very important lesson to learn. Now hush."

Father laughed, and everyone felt greatly relieved. They just knew that things were not going to be really and terribly bad if Father was amused. "Children," he said when they had hushed up and were eagerly listening, he had to stop and see what was wrong with Adam the Celestial, who seemed to be in great trouble. In a moment he said, "Never mind. Even if you did get a tooth kicked out, it would have fallen out pretty soon anyway. Just stop looking for it and pay attention. That's a good fellow."

"Children," he said, beginning again, "you have learned a big lesson, even by the HARD way, and some of you have scratches, some black eyes, some sore heads where hair has been pulled out, and even Celestial Adam has had a front tooth kicked out. You will all heal up soon, but the thing you must learn from this big upset is that you have THREE SELVES in you, and that, although you do not feel him inside you running your body for you, your APE MAN self, which you inherited from the Ape men, is neither wise nor very smart. It is unable to reason like you, the Talking or auhanes do, and it gets angry and wants to fight and will get you into trouble all your life long if you do not watch it. It is your job as the Talking Self to watch over the aunhipili or Ape man in you and see that it does not run away with you with its sudden anger and eagerness to fight without reason. I have been trying to teach you to watch to see that the ape self in you does not get out of hand and suddenly make you get into senseless fights and rows. Now, this is nothing that will harm us for long. We will get over it by lunch time and be even better friends than ever. But try to remember what we are trying to teach you – that whenever you suddenly are angry and want to push or kick or pull hair, or even kick and hit, it is your ape selves in you, and that you MUST keep it in control while you count to ten and let your Talking self reason things out. Now. Are we all back to being our reasoning selves again? Are we all sorry? And are we all good friends again – loving brothers and sisters'?"

"Yes, Father," they all cried happily. "

“Remember,” said Father very firmly, “that LOVE is the most wonderful thing in the world. I command you that you love one another, and help one another to the very best of your strength.” He paused a moment, then added, “Never forget that Mother and I love each of you very much, and that you must love us, no matter what else you may do. LOVE lifts you closer to the LIGHT, which is what we are. Hate hurts you and all around you, and pulls you back into the ape man world. Never, never let yourselves or your children forget that lesson.”

On the way to the showers, Eve Brown put her arm around Eve Black and said, “I’m very sorry. You are the best friend I have, and I love you very much.”

“Don’t you say another word, Honey,” said Eve Black, smiling so that all her beautiful white teeth showed. “I knew you didn’t really mean it. It was all the fault of that wicked old serpent, Nick. Let’s never speak to him again.” And they never did.

THE DIVING LESSONS

When all the children had learned to swim face up with the backstroke, and face down with the frog stroke and crawl, also to dive along in the shallow water of the pond, Old Kingfisher, who had watched with more and more interest each day, called out to say, “If you can make a good deep place in the pond, so that you can dive from a high place, I will teach you how to dive. I am the best diver in the whole Garden, and I could show you ways to have no end of fun.”

Old Beaver had been listening. He said, “I have been thinking about making the pond larger and deeper. I have plenty of trees cut down and if I can get some help to drag them to add to our dam, we should have some deep water for diving close to the dam and near my house.”

The children all cried, “We’ll help!” and when they had asked permission, they went with Old Beaver a little way back into the woods from the pond and found that with his sharp teeth he had cut down small trees leaving

the ends as round and sharp and neat as if they had been put through a big pencil sharpener. One tree, even when it is not very large, is very heavy for just one beaver to pull, and one child of five, going on six, could not pull it an inch. BUT, all together they could drag even the largest trees. "This large one first," said Old Beaver, taking hold of the large end with his teeth and pulling backward toward the pond. All the children took hold of the branches, and away they went!

At the dam, Old Beaver nipped off side branches and especially bottom ones so the tree could be laid right along the top of the old dam. Other trees were brought, and then came time to add grass and twigs and clay to cover the strong framework made by the trees. There was a fine bank of clay below the pond, and everyone dug into it with sticks, sometimes having to add water, then knead like dough to get the clay into large balls to carry to the dam. This the children could do nicely, for they were already expert at making mud pies.

Old Beaver stood on the dam and took the clay balls between his front paws, placing them just right and pushing the clay down to cover the grass and twigs and make a fine mass held by the larger branches and tree trunks. The clay was pushed down and patted by the children as best they could manage, but Old Beaver had always to come with his big paddle tail and pound the clay down hard and firm. It was a large job, but little by little the dam grew, and every day it became higher.

On the last day of the week, when the dam was so fine and high that the house of Old Beaver had become covered three feet with water and had to be put up on tree trunks for stilts, everyone was working very hard to try to get the dam finished and ready for use on Sunday afternoon. Everything was going well when Adam Tan and his Eve, who had found the softest place in the clay bed to dig for clay and make balls, objected to Adam Red digging in their spot.

"This is our spot," they said. "You go and find a soft spot of clay of your own."

Adam Red said, "But we can't find a good place. The clay is too soft over there, and too very hard over beyond where Adam White and his Eve are digging. The dam is almost finished, please can't you let us share your place where the clay is just right?"

"No!" said Adam Tan. "This is our spot. If we let everyone dig clay here, there would soon be none left." He stood up and was about to push Adam Red away, when he looked up and saw Father and Mother standing at the top of the bank looking down at them. No one said a word. Adam Tan thought hard. Suddenly he remembered what Father had told them about LOVE, and the more he thought about it, the more ashamed he became. "Go ahead and dig," he said to Adam Red. "I am sure my ape self was making me be selfish and, after all, we are all building the dam together, and what helps one of us helps us all. Go ahead and dig."

"Good boy!" exclaimed Father. "If you have learned that lesson of love and help for the other fellow, you are many times stronger than you are alone. It is like dragging a tree to the dam. If everyone works together for the common good, everyone is as if a dozen times stronger. And, by sharing with your fellows, you get them to share with you when you need help. I am very happy to have you come to see that the ape man self inside you may be good for apes, but is very bad if allowed to make you do selfish things when you have your Talking Self and have become a man."

By Sunday afternoon, the dam was all finished and a proper place was made with branches so that the water could run out of the big pond without washing a hole in the dam. And what a fine pool it was! It was twice as wide and four times as long. And at the end by the dam and the Beaver house, it was as deep as a small tree is high. Father and the carpenter bees had made a fine spring board and fastened it by one end on the bank beside the deep water – right under the limb of the tree where Old Kingfisher liked to perch.

As usual, there were many guests to see the diving lessons begin. Quackey, the duck, had come with some of her duck friends, and they lined up on

the dam to have the best possible view. The Chimp Nurses with the dogs and kittens had to sit much farther back and up higher on the bank, for the pool had covered the place where they had sat earlier. Father and Mother, in their swim suits, were sitting close to the diving board to be able to help if any of the children got into trouble.

Old Kingfisher was dressed in his very finest blue and green feathers. His long sharp bill was polished and sharpened at the point, and his head feathers stood up like a bright comb, very blue and almost glittering in the sun.

“Creatures, animals, beasts, birds, frogs, insects, and whoever you may be,” he said importantly with bows to all the more important guests after bowing very low to Father, Mother, the children and Old Beaver. “As the foremost teacher of diving in the Garden, I welcome you all to this showing of my amazing skill and teaching ability. Now, with your permission, I will exhibit my personal skill. Will you please note the speed with which I dive, and the fact that I make hardly a bit of splash when I enter the water. If there ever seems to be splashing when you see me fishing up and down the stream, it is because I have caught a little fish and it is splashing in my bill before it does down.” He strutted up and down on his limb and shook out his feathers to show what a fine bird he was, then said, “Now watch. I shall fly up the stream and then come back at a speed no other bird could match. Just as I come to the end of the pool and the deep water, I will make my famous instant dive.”

Everyone clapped or cheered politely. He took several bows, then flew up the stream out of sight. But in a moment he came flying back trying to break all records. And just as he got to the end of the pool there was a great clap of noise which banged twice like thunder. His feathers flew in all directions and he hit the side of the dam so hard that it bent the end of his bill, put a very bad crick in his neck and made him so lame in the right wing that he could hardly lift it.

“What happened?” he said when he could get his breath back and had managed to stand up on the dam beside Quackey. Quackey steadied him with a foot and wing and made soft little sympathy noises.

No one seemed to know. Overhead, Little Cloud was as puzzled as anyone. She shook her head to show that she was not the one who had made the bang and thunder noises. The Wise Old Owl, who had been to the kitchen for a cup of coffee to keep him awake so he could see the big show, blinked and blinked, but he could not find a single word to use to tell what had gone wrong. The animals and birds whispered anxiously together, but not one had ever seen anything like that happen. It was Father who found the answer after thinking over the problem.

“You flew too fast,” he told Old Kingfisher. “You broke the sound barrier and that caused the big BOOM. Sound and air dislike having anyone go faster than sound, and boom at anyone who does.” He turned to the Wise Owl and said, “Will you pass the word around to all the birds and tell them NOT to fly faster than sound travels. It will keep them from having a very painful experience such as we have seen in the case of poor Old Kingfisher.”

“I will make several mental notes on the matter,” promised Mr. Owl, “and pass the word.”

Father added, “Tell the geese that when they fly south for the winter and are in a great hurry, the leader of each flock should cry Honk now and then, and if he can hear himself, he is not flying dangerously fast. But if he is going so fast that his honk is left behind and he cannot hear it, he must slow down before he breaks the sound barrier and blows up the flock.” And Mr. Owl faithfully passed the word, and to this day, when you see flocks of geese flying south for the winter, you will hear the leader crying, Honk and then stopping a moment to listen to see if he can hear himself. It is nice to know that almost never do birds of any kind forget the instructions and get into trouble with sound booms. Of course, airplanes are not so careful these days, and they make booms that sometimes even

break store windows down on the ground. It is too bad that they do not honk and listen so that they can slow down when they get to flying too fast.

Mother went to pick up Old Kingfisher with gentle care. "I'll take you over to our house and make a nest for you to rest in until you are able to fly again. We will see that you get a small fish to eat as often as needed."

"Oh, thank you so much!" said Old Kingfisher. "I must admit that I am rather badly banged up. If you will send word to my wife, she will feed me and nurse me. She went to visit our daughter this afternoon but should be back well before sundown to feed me and help me get the kink out of my neck. Perhaps Father will teach the diving lessons. He seems to know everything and so must be a good diver. "

FATHER TEACHES DIVING

When Old Kingfisher had been cared for by Mother, the diving lessons were once more begun, this time with Father for the teacher, and as he had invented all kinds of diving, he knew just how to get the children started.

He explained that when one dived into the water one must bend a little backwards and swim to the top of the water, otherwise, one would swim to the bottom, and no one wanted to go there until they had learned to dive well and could hold the breath a long time.

Adam White held up his hand and asked, "Why should anyone ever want to go to the bottom of the pond anyway?"

"Just for fun," said Father. "When you get to be a good diver, we will find a round, white stone and throw it into the pond, then take turns seeing who can dive down, find it and bring it up."

Father said, "You start the lessons. Come out here with me on the diving board and I will help you make your first dive."

Adam White ran happily out on the board, and Father showed him just how to jump up in the air, turn over to be head down, and hit the water with hands held high above the head. He held his breath and made a good high leap, but did not turn over quite far enough, landing flat on his stomach in the water. Everyone clapped and laughed. "It stings your tummy," said Adam. "Let me try again, and this time I will get all the way over."

He tried, and the next time did much better. They all took their turns one after another and were having a great lot of fun, when Father noticed that Adam Black was not taking part. He sent Eve Black to bring him, and when he came, he stood hanging his head.

Father asked, "Is something wrong Adam Black? Don't you want to learn to dive?"

"Sure, Father, I want to learn," answered Adam, still hanging his head. "But I'm too scared. Everything inside me turns over when I think of jumping off on my head into the water."

Father thought for a moment, then remembered something. "Think back," he said. "Try to remember how you felt when you were playing baseball and fell from the high limb of third base and broke your arm. Were you frightened then?"

"Oh, YES!" cried Adam. "I was falling right on my head and I couldn't catch hold of a branch or anything. Then I hit the ground and lost my breath and hurt all over – most of all in my arm that got broken."

"That explains why you are afraid of diving off on your head into the water," said Father. "The ape-man self inside you cannot reason well, like your reasoning Talking Self. All it can remember is that it fell on its head and that it hurt. It is the part of you that makes you afraid. But we can fix that. We can go into the dive very slowly and carefully at first, and when your ape-man self sees that it does not hurt to dive into water, you will

stop being afraid. Now come out on the diving board with me and I will hold you by the feet and let you drop very slowly into the water. Come on. Call to your Comforter to come to help you, and then try. One must ask for help and then have faith that it will be given."

Adam shuddered, but obediently took five long breaths, closed his eyes and sent his telepathic call to his Aumakua for help. All the other children had become silent and paddled quietly in the water while they watched. In a moment a small ball of light began to glow over Adam's head. He opened his eyes and smiled. "I got over being scared," he said bravely. "Let me try to dive by myself."

"Stout fellow," praised Father, slipping off the board into the water to give Adam free play. Adam walked to the end of the board and shuddered when he looked down at the water. But he closed his eyes and said, "I'm NOT afraid! I'm NOT afraid! I can dive better than anybody!" And, with his eyes still shut, he drew in a big breath, jumped high into the air and came down into the water in an almost perfect dive. The circle of light went right along into the water with him, and was first to come to the surface when he came to the top.

Everyone clapped and cheered, and his Eve forgot to paddle to keep up in the water and went under, getting her mouth filled. But she didn't care. She was so proud of her Adam that she was like to burst. "He's terrible brave!" she said happily. "And he dived better than anyone for his first try."

Father helped Adam back up on the board. "Dive three or four times more, and let your aunihipili make certain that diving will not hurt it," he said.

Adam did as he was instructed. He was just a little uncertain on his second dive, but by his third he was doing well, and when it came to his fourth, his Light faded out and he was able to make a very fine dive all by himself.

Later on, when the diving lesson had been finished and everyone had dressed and had lunch, the children and their nurses went off to take their naps, while Father and Mother settled down on their lounge chairs in the veranda for a few minutes of relaxation.

After while Mother broke the silence by whispering, "Isn't it delightful to see the love and loyalty of the little Adams and Eves? Little Eve Black, today, was so proud of her Adam when he found his courage that she was almost in tears."

Father reached over to take her hand and give it a squeeze. "Every Adam does so need a loving and loyal Eve," he said softly. "And so far everything is working out according to plan."

After a long silence, Mother said, "I was just thinking of Little Milkmaid. She did not come to watch the diving lesson today. When she came in to lunch, I asked where she had been, and she said out with her beloved goats. I am afraid she becomes lonely at times, but, being what she is, I can't think what we could do for her. Too bad there are no Mermen and that Mermaids are immortals."

Father thought for a long time. Finally he sighed and shook his head. "For the moment I can't think what to do. But perhaps, later on."

"Yes," said Mother, "I do hope so. She is such a darling, and so deserving."

Just before nap time was over, a big shadow fell over the house, and from above came a sound like the whistle of a steamship. Little Cloud, who had been fast asleep, roused up in fright and let out a fork of lightning and a crash of thunder that shook the big house. The children, half awake, came tumbling out to see what was happening, and in the Garden all the animals made their loudest warning noises.

“It’s all right!” shouted Father as he rose to go outside. “Everyone quiet down. It is just that we have visitors. Children, get into your play suits and come along to greet them. And remember your best manners!”

“Admiral Gabriel must have made better time than he had expected,” said Father as they went outside and stopped to look up into the sky where there floated a very large and silvery spaceship from which was being let down a small silver saucer to bring someone to land. From the Mother Ship signal lights flashed a message in green, red, yellow and purple. Father held up his right hand and from it flashed a welcoming beam of wonderful white light, this being his sign.

The saucer came gently down and landed in the yard in front of the house. A set of three legs had appeared for it to stand on, and a door opened in the lower side of the saucer letting a set of steps drop to the ground.

Father and Mother went up to it, holding out their hands in welcome. The children, hurrying to button up their play suits, watched with wide eyes from the veranda, but could see no one to welcome.

Father said, “Glad you are here Gabriel! But you’d better let me think you into a body like ours so the children can see you and talk with you. He and Mother joined hands and said the right words, and before them appeared a very kindly gentleman in a silvery costume. He had a short gray beard and rather long hair. Father clapped him on the back and Mother planted a light kiss on his cheek. The children could see that they were old and dear friends.

“Did I awaken you from your sleep with my horn?” asked Gabriel? I had it tuned for the thin air higher up and it made far more noise than I had intended.”

“Noise enough to raise the dead,” laughed Father.

[And Mr. Owl, who had arrived by then and was making mental notes of everything that was said, got things mixed so that many years later people came to say that when the end of the world had come, Gabriel would blow his big horn and the dead would all arise from their graves.]

They turned and went into the veranda. When they were seated, Father called the children to them and introduced them one by one. "This is Uncle Gabriel," he said. "He is the Admiral of the Space Ship Fleet and my right hand man. He has been looking here and there all over the world to see how the creatures are getting along in far places and to find the best places for you children to live when you grow up."

The children all politely shook hands and Uncle Gabriel picked up Adam Black and placed him on his knee. "What a fine solid and warm little humanoid you are!" he said admiringly.

"May I ask a question?" asked Adam eagerly.

Gabriel looked at Father, who nodded, then said, "What would you like to know?"

"Did you see the place on the other side of the world where my Eve and I and our children are going to live?"

"I certainly did!" said Gabriel. "In fact, I was there less than an hour ago by your Earth time. It is a very fine place with forests and plains and mountains. There are animals all over the place, so you will have good hunting, and below the forests there is fine soil where you can plant seeds and grow good things to eat."

"Please, like what?" asked Adam.

Like melons and sweet sugar cane and fruit of several kinds. Also you can plant wheat and oats and barley, or corn. There are springs and streams and you will have plenty of water for your gardens or fields."

“Did you see any of those ape men?” asked Adam.

“Yes, quite a number of them, and they seemed to make a living by hunting. I landed in a saucer to try to get to telepath to them, but the nasty little beasts would not listen to reason and threw thing at me and the saucer.”

“What did you do?” asked Adam. “Father told us that when he and Mother went to see them before we children were made, they threw things, and Little Cloud had to make a cloudburst on them and chase them with thunder and lightning. Was Little Cloud there to do that for you?”

“No,” answered Uncle Gabriel with a smile, “I was all alone with Peter. He stayed by the saucer, as he always does, to open and close the gate or door. But I ran faster than the ape men and leaped into the saucer. Captain Peter slammed the door right on their noses, and away we shot into the heavens.”

[Old Owl made hurried notes of this, but they were not too good, for centuries later it came to be said that Peter stood guard at the gates of heaven and kept out all who were not good enough to be allowed to go in.]

“Will you blow your horn for us and take us for a ride in your Space Ship?” asked Adam.

“I’d better not blow my horn again,” said Gabriel. “It makes too much fuss down here. But you will all go riding with me when Father says it is time. In fact, that is the way you will go to Africa when you grow up and are ready.”

Old Kingfisher’s nest was nearby and he had been listening. Now he teleyed a question to Adam to ask. Adam said, “Old Kingfisher wants to know if you ever make the mistake like he did and fly fast enough to break the sound barrier. And if you passed any geese flying north or south, did they obey instructions and cry Honk! all the time and wait to see if they

could hear themselves, that is to be sure they are not flying faster than sound.”

Uncle Gabriel shook his head wonderingly. He looked at Father and said, “What intelligent beings you have created!” He turned to Adam and said, “Yes, we sailed in alongside a flock of geese just as we were slowing down to land here, and our navigator, Azrael, called my attention to the strange honking the geese were making. Now about breaking the sound barrier with saucers or space ships, that is something we try never to do. You may not understand this, but we have a way of changing the ships and ourselves into thought-stuff before we pick up speed, and that way we make no impression on the air or sound barrier.”

“Do you keep saying honk to make sure?”

“No, we have gadgets that go Beep, beep to tell us our speed.”

Old Kingfisher wanted to know something more, and Adam asked, “How fast can you fly when you have changed to thought-stuff and do not have to watch out not to break the sound barrier and get your feathers blown off?”

“As fast as thought,” said Uncle Gabriel. And I can tell you that going that fast is really NOT for the birds. We can go from here to Africa in almost no time at all, but because it takes some minutes to get up full speed and then to slow down, we allow about an hour for the trip.”

Old Kingfisher shook his head in wonderment, and remarked in Teley, “That’s entirely too fast for me. When my wing gets well and my bill heals, I’m going to stay well under the speed limit all the time.”

Uncle Gabriel put Adam down and picked up Eve White. “If Father approves,” he told her, “we will give you a nice present we brought for you from an island where we landed to look at the shamrocks that grew

there.” He turned to Father and telepathed two names which the children had never heard before.

“Why of course!” said Father. “A delightful gift. How did you come to get them aboard the ship?”

“Curiosity,” laughed Uncle Gabriel. While we were materialized and getting a sample of peat bog, we left the saucer door open. There did not seem to be anyone around. It was only when we were back in the Mother Ship and well on our way that we found them. They had crept into the saucer to look around and had not been noticed.”

Mother laughed joyously and said, “Some little elves and fairies will be just the thing to make our garden complete. And the children will adore them. Have Peter run up and bring them down right away. They shall be our special guests for tea. Just think! Real elves and fairies for playmates, Children!”

THE LOST FAIRIES

Admiral Gabriel telepathed an order to Captain Peter, and the lower hatch or gate to the saucer slammed shut, the legs began to draw in, and away went the saucer in a flash to the Mother Ship.

Eve White asked, “Uncle Gabriel, what are fairies and elves? Are they boys and girls for us to play with?”

“Not at all,” answered. Uncle Gabriel. “They are part of the Little People. They never will be human, and they are very small. Also they can mat and de-mat at will – that means they can make themselves into think-stuff so you can’t see them, or can materialize or put on solid stuff to make bodies a little like you have to live in. They are very happy little people and the women are very, very kind and beautiful. The boys are called Elves and are good and kind, but love to play little pranks. They all have transparent wings like dragonflies. The elves wear little caps, usually green, but the

fairies wear their hair long and appear in flowing white or colored robes. Our group has a fairy queen at their head, and she has a magic wand with which she can do the most surprising things.”

There was a sudden flashing message being telepathed in from the space ship. It was in a language the children had never heard, not the Earth language that everyone they knew could use.

“Heavenly day!” exclaimed Uncle Gabriel, setting Eve down and hurrying to look up at the space ship and then all around the garden. “When they went to load the fairies and elves into the saucer to bring them to land, Peter says they got one look at the beautiful Garden below and before he could stop them, had all gone de-mat and vanished into thin air. He called but got no answer. It looks as if we have lost them in your Garden. I am so very sorry.”

“Don’t feel too badly about it,” said Mother. “I was just thinking that when they got here and saw all the humans and the animals, they might take fright and run away. They are very timid little people.”

“Won’t we ever be able to see them?” asked Eve White, almost ready to cry.

“Of course we will,” said Mother, smoothing Eve’s yellow hair. “They will find a place in the garden to live, and later on I will teach you just how to go about getting acquainted with them. It may take time and practice, but I am sure it can be done. Now don’t fret or worry about it. That would make it all the harder to learn to get acquainted with them.”

Adam Brown put a hand up to take hold of Uncle Gabriel’s big hand and walked back into the veranda with him. When Uncle was seated he lifted Adam to his knee and asked, “Do you have any questions to ask?”

“Just one big one,” said Adam. “It is about breaking the sound barrier when you change your space ship to thought-stuff and go so very, very fast

from star to star. Do you make a thinking noise with your mind like Beep-beep, then listen to hear whether you can hear it or see if you are going so fast you are about to break the think speed barrier?"

"A good question," said Uncle Gabriel with an amused smile. "No, we just guess at our speed more or less."

"Don't you ever break the barrier?" asked Adam. "Sometimes when we make too much noise, Mother says, 'Hush. I can't hear myself think!' And if you couldn't hear yourself think and went through the think barrier, would it hurt you like it did Old Kingfisher when he broke the sound barrier?"

Uncle scratched his head thoughtfully. "I've never broken the thought barrier, and I've not always been able to hear myself think, but my guess is that if I DID I might get into a lot of trouble." He turned to Father and asked, "Did you make anything to go on the other side of the thought barrier?"

Father shook his head gravely. "When you go past thought and energy, you have nothing left. If you could think hard enough to cause your speed to break the thought-speed barrier, you would simply land in NOTHING – you would simply not be – just vanish into nothingness. Better never to try it."

"My!" exclaimed Adam. "I guess that everyone had better slow down a little. But please tell me, how fast do you usually travel when you go from here to some distant star? How many parsecs a minute?"

"You know about parsecs?" asked Uncle Gabriel in surprise.

"Oh, yes! Father teaches us about stars and distances. A parsec is as far as light can travel in three Earth years. It is a very long way off if you are even only ten parsecs away from a star – from one of the closer ones."

Uncle Gabriel thought for a moment while he looked up at Old Owl, who stood on one foot, the other foot raised, as he made ready to scratch a fresh mental note into his crowded head.

“Let us take for example a voyage from this side of your Milky Way galaxy where Earth lies well at one side. It is about 300 parsecs across, and by the time we got up speed and allowed more time to slow down, it might take half an hour. Once we get started, we go almost as fast as you can imagine yourself going. But the other day we had to go far out of the way on a voyage to visit a star in the M33 Galaxy in Triangulum. Some foolish thought-men on a planet on our way had declared war. One tribe disliked the politics and religion of another, and they accidentally set off their whole stock of Thought Bombs and blew their planet sky high, sky low and sky sidewise. Thought Bombs are far stronger than hydrogen bombs, and besides, they were living on a thought-stuff planet that was in itself explosive. We had to change course and go several parsecs out of our way.”

Father asked, “Were there any survivors?”

“Not a thought-form left that resembled anything – not even thought-dust,” answered Gabriel. “But at least we won’t have to be worried about that bunch anymore.”

Adam asked wonderingly, “Did it make a terrible bang when they blew up their planet?”

“No,” said Uncle Gabriel, “I can’t say that it did. They had no air on their planet, and it takes air to carry sound. But the push away from the center of the explosion was felt many parsecs distance away.”

Adam said, “Father tells us that the farthest away stars are traveling away from us so fast that it takes their light much longer to get to us than if they were standing still. What happens when they get so far away their light can’t go fast enough to ever reach us?”

Father spoke up. "Don't bother your Uncle Gabriel with such questions now. We will have plenty of time later to talk about such things."

Old Owl looked very worried. He couldn't bear having a mental note of a good question and no answer to match it. "WHO?" he cried loudly.

"Oh, very well," said Father. "Just say that when a galaxy out there gets going a little bit faster than light and then faster than thought, it just vanishes. It will be a long time before anyone will demand of you a better answer – or understand even half of this one." He rose and politely gave Mother a hand to rise, although she certainly did not need it. "Perhaps we can all go out to the space ship for a look inside it before tea time. How about it?" Linking arms with Uncle Gabriel and Mother he led the way out to the saucer.

Peter stood at the gangway to help them up through the hatch in the bottom of the silvery saucer. He had materialized a body and costume for himself, and looked much like Gabriel, only much smaller. His beard was black and he had eyes that were dark and twinkling.

"This is your Uncle Peter," introduced Father. "How are you Peter? He will show you how to sail a saucer. Now take your time and don't trip on the steps as he helps you in."

Eve Tan drew back, and her small face screwed up with fear. Mother bent over her and whispered something in her ear, and she began to take five deep breaths and Teley a call, and almost at once her light began to glow above her head. She laughed, and hurried to climb the steps without the least fear showing.

Peter looked on with surprise, "Where did that light come from?" he asked. "I never saw anything like that before."

Father said, "This experiment in creating people is slightly different. This time each person has three selves, one of which lives in the ball of light. It

will always come if the person is in trouble and calls for it. When it comes it can take away all fear and anger and give whatever help is needed. It is an older and much wiser self."

"Well, slam my gates!" exclaimed Peter as he watched the ball of light fade away from Eve Tan. "And what, may I ask, is the second self like? I only know the one self such as you put into the apes and animals."

"It is what we call a Talking Self", explained Father. "The first or ape self lives in the body and cares for it, and the Talking Self lives in the upper part of the head where room has been made for it. It can reason and can talk."

Peter shook his head in wonderment, "What won't you think of next, Father! Well, with three selves aboard each person in this experiment, it looks to me as if you would have the best chance yet of getting men who are worth all the fuss and bother."

"We have high hopes, of these," said Father. "Our main problem will be to train the Talking Selves to keep control of the ape-men selves we had to use in order to get a solid body to use. But, give us time. Mother and I have high hopes this time."

Old Owl, who had come as close as he dared, spoke up. "Who? Captain Peter may I ask what kind of selves YOU have?"

"I?" said Peter wonderingly. "I'm an angel. I don't have to have even one self. All I have to do is be ME, just like Father created me."

Old Owl moved a flap or two closer, but couldn't see how Peter was any different from Father. He asked, "How are angels different?"

"Well, for one thing," said Peter, "we can fly and we live mostly in the sky or vast heavens of the Universe."

“Thank you,” said Old Owl, and he flew off to make a number of mental notes. [One was that angels can fly, and much later, when people tried to remember what had been written, they came to believe that angels had feather wings and lived in a heaven that was large enough to hold all the people who have ever died and who have been good enough to be allowed by Peter to come to live there. They invented the idea of streets paved with gold themselves. We know this because we can be quite sure that Old Owl knew nothing about gold.]

Once inside the saucer, and with the ladder pulled up and the door closed, the children found that there was a bench running most of the way around the inside, and at every place to sit was a seat belt. Peter had them all sit down and fasten their seat belts. He sat opposite Uncle Gabriel, and Father opposite Mother so that the saucer would be almost in balance. Before Peter was a wheel and a little television set that showed everything outside when the right button was pushed down. There were several buttons, each a different color, and there were five little handles that could be turned.

Peter said, “First I will turn on the gravity changing machine. It stops the gravity from pulling us down, and then we can float in the air – just like a stick can float in water. Now sit tight while I de-grav us just enough and get the saucer legs pulled aboard.”

He pressed two buttons and they could hear a little buzzing sound. A red light went on in the top of the saucer inside the ring of white lights. The legs began to come aboard, and the saucer teetered and was too low on the side where Peter sat, so he pressed slightly on another button and made the saucer come into a perfect balance. It felt very odd to be floating like that, and was fun.

Adam Black asked, “We won’t fall down, will we, Uncle Peter?”

“No, indeed,” answered Peter. “With the de-grav instrument turned on, you can’t possibly fall down. Instead, if anything should go wrong, you would fall UP, and when you fall up, there is nothing to land on and bump

you. You'll never find a wrecked saucer on Earth, for the simple reason that if one were to be wrecked it and everything in it would fall UP and never be seen again."

Adam Brown spoke up and asked, "Wouldn't anyone ever find the pieces?"

"Oh, yes," said Peter. "We have our salvage crews to pick up the pieces. But saucers and space ships almost never get wrecked. I only know of two that were hit by a piece of meteor and wrecked." He turned the wheel a little and the saucer turned so that the Mother Ship appeared on the Television screen. He then set a pointer on the screen to point exactly at the big space ship, and reached for a blue button. "We are set on our course," he explained. "Now we will use the ray pusher and float up while we sail north by east." He pressed down just a little on the blue button and they could feel themselves rise and move. The Big Ship came closer and closer on the TV screen and in a moment they were going in under it and then came to a stop.

"They will take us aboard," said Peter. "Sit tight for a minute."

They felt the saucer being lifted, and then the red light above went out. Peter pressed the right lever and the hatch opened in the floor and the ladder went down. "Well, here we are," said Father. "Everyone out, but don't hurry and try not to fall down the steps. The de-grav machine is only slightly on now, and you could bump yourselves a little."

The children all unfastened their seat belts and formed a line. Peter went out first and helped them down to stand on the smooth silvery deck. It was very light inside the space ship, and cool and comfortable, and there was a nice smell of spice because they had a sample of most of the spices on board for testing. No one was to be seen, but doors opened and closed and there was much telepathing back and forth to the elders in the strange universal language which the children could not understand. On all sides were strange instruments and buttons and levers. Five saucers were

fastened into places on the sides, and everything was ever so neat and clean. Father and Mother and Uncle Gabriel were busy greeting people who could not be seen, and Peter was telepathing orders because he was the captain of the ship. He led the children to a big table and they all sat down. Peter gave an order, and right through the air sailed the most luscious big double-dip ice cream cones to be imagined. They had never seen or imagined anything so good. They each said a bit of thanks and tucked the napkins that had sailed to them, well around their necks, and began to eat. Celestial Adam said, between sucks and bites, "I think I would like to live in a big space ship and sail around. Go places!"

Adam White said, "I could eat five of these things!" His Eve said, "Hush up, Adam. That your ape-man self talking, not you. We must not be gluttons or eat too much and get sick."

Mother was talking with Peter in the strange language, then she noticed the children watching with puzzled faces, and said so they could hear, "If you really do not need that sample piece of peat bog and it is not too much trouble to find, I'd love to have it."

"Nothing is too much trouble for you," said Peter. "I'll have the men break out the piece and put it on the saucer at once." He sent out a stream of Teley orders, and very soon there came sailing through the air a big tray on which was a large square of earth with green things still growing on the top. The tray stopped before Mother and she examined it carefully. "Have a little water poured on it," she said, "the plants are wilted, but not dead. I think it is just what I need."

Eve Black called, "What do you want with that piece of dirt, Mother? We have nicer dirt at home."

Mother smiled mysteriously. "But not dirt quite like this," she said. "Just wait. Later on you will see why this particular piece of earth is so important." She watched while a sprinkling can came sailing along and sprinkled water over the peat tray – then sailed back to another part of the

ship. Mother said, “Now that you have had your ice cream cones for tea, it is time we got back home. Your chimp nurses and dogs and cats will be missing you, to say nothing of Little Milkmaid – who was invited, but who didn’t want to come. “

They all wiped their mouths and folded their napkins carefully. Captain Peter came and waved to have the tray of peat taken into the saucer. He followed and stood at the bottom of the steps while the children began to climb in. They were all on the ladder or just inside the saucer, when there was buzzing, the red light went on, and the saucer pulled hard on its three legs which were fastened to the floor. Suddenly all the children floated right up through the hatch, and once inside, floated right up to the ceiling, all squealing excitedly.

Captain Peter zoomed up into the saucer and held himself down from floating with one hand while he worked his way over to the control board beside the steering wheel, and the tray of peat bog which had been placed on the floor. He looked at the buttons and said, “What on Earth! Someone has pressed the de-grav button! He looked around and made a sudden reach, catching a tiny little brown man in a leather suit with pointed cap and shoes.

“So it’s YOU again!” he said. “And you promised faithfully that you would never touch anything again after the last time you stopped the machinery! Now what is your excuse?” He held the little man up by the back of his coat before him.

“Begora, Captain,” said the little man, “I just came along with the bit of the Old Sod from me home land – for the love of it and meaning not a tiny bit of harm. And when I saw that blue button it so reminded me of the wind bells that grow on the bog that I had to stroke it. Just a wee stroke, you know. But me tired old hand was just a mite heavy, and, well, I am sorry and more than sorry.”

Peter let him go and he floated up to the ceiling with the children. But when another button was slowly pressed, they all came floating down.

Eve Black was close to the little man when she sat down. He looked up at her and grinned. She shook her finger at him and said, "You were naughty. You should be spanked."

Peter said, "Why don't you spank him? You know how, don't you?"

"I should know," said Eve and she took hold of the little man and laid him across her knee, even though he struggled and yelled, "I'll be good! I'll be good!"

Holding him firmly, she raised her hand to spank him properly, but suddenly he was gone. Eve looked and looked, but he was no place to be seen.

Uncle Peter laughed and said, "Do you see why you can't make this little old Gremlin behave himself? Every time I have tried to spank him, he simply goes de-mat on me and can't be found. Nothing is seen or heard of him until the next time something goes wrong and he turns up with all his blarney and good excuses. I don't quite know what to do with him, and it begins to look as if he was planning to go along with the sample piece of peat bog and live in your garden."

Father and Mother had come into the saucer with Uncle Gabriel and saw what was going on. Father said, "I suppose we will have to put up with the little rascal if he goes with the peat sample and starts to live in the garden."

"The fairies and elves tried to make him behave," said Peter, "and they tried to beat him, but he is tough and only laughed and said the blows were love taps."

Father said thoughtfully, "Mother and I created some nice little islands in the Pacific Ocean for some of Adam Brown's children to live in, and I seem to remember that there developed some very nice little people there who

built fine fish ponds and helped everyone. They were called Menehunes, and they help build canoes. I saw them through my Time Telescope helping the Hawaiians, who seemed very fond of them.” He turned to Gabriel and asked, “Do you suppose that you could run down there and find some of these little people and bring us a family of them to live in the Garden and make the Gremlin behave himself?”

“I’ll do my best,” promised Gabriel. “Any bait you can suggest for our use?”

“Not for Menehunes,” said Father. “Wait for them in the moonlight near one of their fish ponds and ask to talk to their king or queen. Then explain how greatly we need a family of them to come over here to help us. I am sure that some will be glad to come. They are very fine little people. You might say that we have very fine flowers to use to make leis to hang around their necks, and the best of grass for grass skirts. I even saw some paper mulberry trees from which they could take bark and pound it into paper cloth for their capes or to wear if the nights grew cool. Tell them we have bananas and fish and almost anything they could possibly want.”

“Will do,” said Admiral Gabriel. He turned to Peter, “Plan to sail at dawn tomorrow, Captain.”

Peter had been listening while he stowed several packages under his control board. “Seeds,” he explained. “Melons from all parts of the Earth, and seeds of fruit and nuts and beautiful trees and flowers. Especially some seed potatoes from high up in South America. If you can get them to grow, you can almost live on them. And there are sweet potatoes and yams to try out, all very fine. They make me almost wish I had a solid body for daily use and could eat such things.”

Adam White spoke up, “Don’t you have anything at all to eat?”

“Only energy – we call it mana. You see, we live mostly in bodies made of thought-stuff and shadowy body-stuff. And, not having solid bodies, we

do not have a place to put food and digest it.”

“Then where did the ice cream cones come from that we had for tea?” asked Adam.

Peter smiled. “You might say the cones were a gift from the naughty little Gremlin. Yesterday he slipped into the control room and pressed some yellow buttons that upset the machinery badly. Everything started to happen, and when we got things straightened out, we found that he had turned up time and managed to grab a whole refrigerator filled with those ice cream cones. They had been made ready for a party and in a few minutes more would have been served to the children, but we had no way of getting the refrigerator or cones and ice cream back to their owner. She will probably still be wondering what could have happened.”

“Did the Gremlin get some?” asked Adam.

“He certainly did! When I found him hiding behind the refrigerator, he was gobbling a cone, and I didn’t have the heart to take it away from him. For his size he certainly can hold a lot of ice cream. Later this afternoon I will take the refrigerator down to your house. Mother thinks she might be able to make ice cream now and then for you.”

The children all clapped and shouted, “Goodie! Goodie!” and by then the hatch was being closed and the saucer legs pulled up. The saucer was lowered. Captain Peter pressed the right buttons, and before you could say, Heavenly Day! or What on Earth! they were back on land and unloading. It had been a most wonderful trip.

Peter said to Father, “Not a trace of the Gremlin, but I am fairly sure that he came out in de-mat form with the tray of peat bog. You might watch for him there or around the kitchen. He loves to eat. If Mother can find a way to get in touch with the fairies and elves, they will always be able to find the Gremlin for you when wanted.” Peter chuckled. “And you’ll often be wanting him. He can think of more ways to stop things from working than you can shake a stick at in an hour.”

“Does he always mat up into a body which can be seen in order to tamper with things?” asked Father.

“Yes. He seems not to be able to move anything while he is de-mat. I have always been able to find him and he has always had a wonderful excuse for doing what he has just done. But if he sees you are not going to accept his excuse, he will de-mat on you in a second and be gone.”

“We’ll try to get along with him,” said Father. “The Menehunes will probably be here late tomorrow or the next day, and I am sure they will know how to handle the rascal. Perhaps put him to work doing something useful for the first time in his life.”

THE MENEHUNES

It was two days before the Menehunes arrived and in the meantime the Gremlin had broken dishes, stopped clocks, let the water run out of the shower tank and done all kinds of bad things.

After the saucer came down with the Menehunes and landed, Gabriel teleyed to say that they were very timid little people and that while they were all mat so one could see them, he thought just Father and Mother should come out to greet them and help them find a place to live. The children would do well to stay back in the veranda and just look on. Later on, when everyone became acquainted, things would be different. Four families and a chief had come, so it was quite a large group which came out of the saucer and bowed gravely and talked to Father and Mother. The children could not understand a word of what was being said, but that was no wonder. They were talking Hawaiian – which Father had invented, and so could speak very nicely. He soon made them feel right at home and before night came, they had found places to live and everything was settled – even to having two of the men hunt up the Gremlin and lock him up in a badger hole with a magic lock until they had time to teach him manners. Needless to say, it was a sad day for the Gremlin. He had at last met his match.

After such a day of excitement, everyone was glad enough to go to sleep, but in the middle of the night the clock began to strike and strike and strike – every hour of a day. Father went to see what was causing the big clock to strike so wildly. “I might have guessed,” he said to himself when he saw nothing to cause the trouble, and also found that the lights would not turn on. There was a timid knocking at the front door, and when he went to see who was there, he found four of the Menehunes standing there with heads hung dejectedly.

“Did the gremlin escape?” asked Father. They nodded dismally, and the Chief said in Hawaiian, pakele loa.

“How did it happen?” asked Father, and the Chief explained that the gremlin had followed the badger hole and found at the other end a place where there was another opening. The magic lock was good for just one opening, and so he got away. He couldn’t de-mat behind the magic lock, but once out of the hole, he could if he wished, and they supposed that after making the big clock strike and awakening everyone, he had caused himself to de-mat and get out of sight.

“Don’t worry,” said Father. “Go home and get some sleep. Tomorrow we will decide what is to be done. Perhaps I will announce a GREMLIN HUNT, and invite all the animals, far and wide to take part.”

THE GREAT GREMLIN HUNT

By daylight the gremlin had the whole Garden in an uproar. He had taken a big stick and punched a hole in the dam of Old Beaver so that the water spurted out and soon washed a bad hole in the dam. Old Beaver had awakened to find his house, instead of being partly under water, was high and dry on stilts, and was he furious!

The Owls had flown in and were making a great outcry. The gremlin had slipped in while they were out hunting and had broken every one of their five eggs.

Mrs. Elephant arrived in high dudgeon, bringing the baby elephant to Father to get help for him. The gremlin had tied such a tight knot in his small trunk while he was asleep that help was needed to untie it.

Father said, as he worked carefully to get the knot untied from the little elephant's trunk, "I never saw anything like it. One dare not turn one's back a minute. He does one bad thing right on top of another. He looked up at the Owls, who were so sad they could only sit in the tree near the house and moan. "It will do no good to moan," he told them. "Get to work and spread the word that we are forming a group to hunt down this gremlin and stop his mischief."

"I'll spread the word," said Old Owl. "I sure will!" He braced up and began telepathing to other owls all around that part of the country, telling them to spread the word and they must have done so, for soon birds came flying in to join the hunt, and then began to arrive animals, a good dozen dogs of various sizes, and soon Mr. and Mrs. Lion with the black panther and Old Sabertooth, who looked pretty badly mussed and mauled, and who, undoubtedly had refused to come until Mr. Lion had reasoned with him. The black panther must have been slapped in advance, for he was carefully remembering his manners and not threatening to eat anyone.

When the birds and beasts were all there, Father had them form a big circle around the Garden and then close in toward the center, looking into every hole or hollow tree or bush to try to find the bad gremlin. But when they had all reached the center, no sight had been had of the culprit. It was evident that he had taken fright and had de-materialized.

After the animals and birds had been given brunch and had been warmly thanked, even if the hunt had been a failure, they all set off for home to take care of their daily chores.

When they were gone, Father sat down on the veranda to think, and the children all played as quietly as they could, knowing that when Father was thinking, they must not make so much noise that he could not hear himself

think. They were very anxious not to have him begin to think too fast and break the thought-barrier or something that might cause him to vanish.

After a few minutes Father got up and went to get his plans. As he started to thumb through the tall pile, he said to Mother, "I must have invented some way to keep gremlins under control when I invented them, but I can't seem to remember what it was. I am sure that in the country from which he has just come, they must have a way of making bad gremlins behave themselves."

There was a flapping of wings just outside the veranda, and Mother went to see what the trouble might now be. It was Mrs. Woodpecker and she was very excited. "That gremlin has placed five owl eggs in my nest with my two eggs!" she chirped. "If you and Father will give your permission, we will peck a hole in him the moment we see him! Please!"

Mrs. Owl, although sound asleep, heard her name being spoken and came as fast as she could fly. She perched on a limb and wrung the tips of her wings in anxiety. "My eggs! My eggs!" she screamed. "They are not broken! Oh, tell me they are safe and that I can rescue them! Please, Please!"

All the children had come running to hear what the noise was about, for the birds were mixing Teley with chirps and chirp-screams and making it quite impossible even for Father to pay attention to his search in his record plans.

Mother, who was never excited, even when the worst possible things happened, said, "Adam White, you get a little basket from the kitchen, and take your nurse with you. Let Mrs. Woodpecker show you where her nest is in the hole in the tree and Mrs. Owl show you where her nest is. Then climb up and get the owl eggs from one nest and take them with great care to the other nest. Do you understand? This is very important, and it must be done just right."

Adam White was so impressed by the importance of the task that he was not too sure he could carry out the orders, but his Eve snuggled up to him and whispered, "You can do it! You are the smartest Adam ever! Here is our nurse, and you just take her right along and get up to the nest. I will find a basket and run fast to bring it. Go on, Adam! You are tops! Go on!"

Adam squared his small shoulders. If his Eve said he could do it, he would do it or burst. He took hold of his nurse's hand and pulled hard so that they just raced after the birds. Eve rushed to the kitchen, snatched up a small basket, and raced after them. She could run faster than Adam, but she did not let him know. When they came to the tree, Adam and his nurse climbed up and looked into the hole where Mrs. Woodpecker and Mrs. Owl had gone. The chimp nurse held out the basket, and Adam very carefully picked up each egg when it was pointed to by Mrs. Owl with a wing tip, and placed it gently in the basket. That done, they climbed down and followed the owls to their tree, then climbed to their nest and placed the eggs in it. The owls were almost tearfully grateful to have their very own treasured eggs safely back in their nest, even properly warm. Mr. Owl said, "When the baby owls are hatched, we will name one for you, Adam, and one for you, Eve. One shall be named Chimpie and another Woodie for the kind woodpeckers. We can never thank you all enough, and if you ever need a totem bird for your clan when you grow up, we will be only too glad to serve you.

At last Father found the plans of fairies, elves, Menhunes and all the Little People, and in the pile was a torn sheet on which the plans had not quite been finished. It was the plan for the Gremlins. Father studied it carefully, and at the very end of the sheet found written, "contra NaCl." This would not have mean a thing to most people, but it reminded Father that he had planned something that could be used to keep gremlins from getting out of hand. It was, in our language, just plain salt! "Ha," said Father. "Now I remember. If salt is sprinkled over a gremlin it will not be able to de-mat, and so can be caught and kept from making trouble. I must find a way to get salt sprinkled on this rascal tonight."

Gremlins are very crafty, and they suspect traps even when there are none, so Father had to think of something very clever on his part. He went out in the yard and looked up at the bell which was rung with a rope to call the children to school or to meals. That seemed promising, so he made a small salt sprinkler out of a gourd and tied it to the loose clapper of the bell in such a way that the moment anyone pulled the rope to ring the bell, it would sprinkle them with salt. He then went to the big clock which the gremlin was so fond of making strike all the hours, and fixed a little saucer of salt just inside the door which had to be opened to start the striking. There was a little shelf inside, and he fixed it so that when the door was pulled open, the saucer would fall and spill the salt on anyone below. That done, all that was to be done was done, and it only remained to wait until after bedtime.

When dinner was over and Father and Mother were resting on the veranda, some of the little Menehune men came to see them. They hardly ever appear in daylight, but love to come out at night, mat up solid bodies and get to work on the things they wished to do.

“I was hoping you would come to see us this evening,” said Father after they had exchanged greetings. “I have set two traps for the gremlin, and I may need help in catching him after he springs a trap and gets sprinkled with salt, which will keep him from de-matting.”

The Chief said, “We will be only too happy to help catch that rascal. In fact, we have just made a strong cage with sticks and cords from which he cannot possibly escape this time when we catch him.”

“I appoint you my official policemen,” said Father. “And we must keep it a secret between us that salt keeps gremlins from de-matting. If anyone asks about it, try to give them the wrong answer. We can’t have word get spread all around so other gremlins learn what salt does to them, or they will all learn to watch out never to get sprinkled, and just keep on day and night bothering good people.”

The Chief said in Hawaiian, huna loa, which means, very, very secret, and they all placed their little brown fingers over their little brown mouths to show that they had promised never to tell, never, never. Then the Chief said, "Hide yourselves near the bell and the clock, and be sure to stay demat until just the moment the gremlin matts up and reaches for the bell rope or the clock door. And the instant he gets sprinkled with salt, rush in and grab and hold him."

There was just a little moonlight that night, but after the lights were turned out and the house was all quiet, the gremlin matted up boldly, and came carefully along looking for a chance to do mischief. He saw the bell, and touched the rope, but seemed to suspect a trap. He walked around and around the rope, looking up at the bell, and finally deciding something was wrong. With great care not to pull the rope, he tied a knot in the end of it and went to find a long stick with a short hooked branch at the thick end. When he had found this, he stood well back and hooked the stick over the knot and pulled. The bell swung and the salt sprinkled.

The gremlin did not see the fine salt sprinkling down from the gourd, for the moonlight was not very strong. He looked up at the bell and said to himself, "It sounds a little bit odd, but the bell did not fall on me as I suspected it might. Anyway, they can't fool this old smarty."

He went on through the veranda, walking on tiptoe and watching with great care. Nothing seemed out of the way, so he went to the clock and looked at the door. "Might be a trap here," he decided, and went back in the yard to get his hooked stick. With that he hooked the latch on the clock door, stood well back, and pulled. The door opened and the saucer fell letting the salt fall harmlessly on the floor.

"Did they think they could hurt me with just a little saucer to fall on my head?" he said with a sneer. "Well, they can't." He went to the clock and reached in and set all the hours striking, just as on the night before, then ran laughing into the yard. As he passed the bell rope, he stopped and

swaggered up to it and gave it a big pull, making the bell clang and the salt sift out from the gourd, and fall right on him.

The Menehune policemen rushed out and Father came from the house. The gremlin made faces at them, then blew up his cheeks and said the magic word to make himself de-mat, but nothing happened. He puffed and he blew and he nearly choked saying the magic word while he was blowing up his cheeks so large and round, but it did him no good. The Chief took him by the collar and said, "You are under arrest. Will you come peacefully or shall I cuff you good and plenty?"

"Oh, come," said the gremlin. "And I can, indeed, explain it all! I meant not a whit of harm. I just wanted to make sure that the bell would ring properly so it could call the dear children to breakfast in the morning! And the clock, it needs to go to the repair shop. Think of it making its door fly open all by itself. And of course it struck all the hours. Did I not, meself, see a saucer fall out of the works. Someone was very careless to leave a saucer dangling inside from the works."

"You are a bad gremlin and a liar," said the Chief as he started to pull him along.

"Only, one favor, ask you," begged the gremlin. "Tell me what you did to me that kept me from de-matting and getting away. Tell me that and I will be good forever and a day, even forever and two days!"

"Father's magic," growled the Chief. "He can lay a spell on a bell rope, as you know by now, or at least should know."

Begora, and it's a strong spell, if it is a spell," said the gremlin, "but I think you are fooling me, and bad cess to ye and all the likes of ye who are cruel and mean enough to keep a poor homeless old gremlin from having a wee bit of fun now and again."

“Poor nothing!” said the Chief. “You are bad all the way through and never will be any other way.” They came to the stout cage and he pushed the gremlin in and closed the door, locking it with the magic lock so this time there would be no escape.

Father had come along to see that the gremlin was safely-behind bars. Now he praised the Menehunes warmly, thanked them, and said goodnight. He was about to leave when the gremlin started to shout to make it impossible for anyone to get to sleep. One of the Menehunes who was set to stand guard, growled, kulikuli, which means hush up, but the gremlin kept on shouting and the guard had to take a stick and reach through the stout wooden bars and prod him sharply in the pants. The gremlin stopped shouting and sat down on the floor of his cage. “Oh, woe is me,” he groaned. “Wicked men have robbed me of the little fun left in life.”

In the morning after breakfast and school, the children went with Father to look at the gremlin in his cage, and at once he began to explain how innocent he was and ask for forgiveness and to be allowed to go free, with the biggest possible promises of good behavior. Father let the children listen to him without saying a word until he saw that they were being talked over into a forgiving turn of mind by the clever gremlin and were beginning to believe him and want to let him out of the cage. But then Father spoke.

“Now listen to me, children. I wanted you to see how very good evil ones can be at pretending to be good and fine and honest. All your lives you will have to watch out for those who are evil, especially gremlins and men and women who are evil all the way through and can never be reformed and made good, no matter how they are punished or what fine promises they make.”

Eve Black was feeling so very sorry for the gremlin that she said, “But, don’t we have to be loving and never hurt anyone? Isn’t that what you have taught us?”

“That is exactly right, Eve,” replied Father. “But it is a rule that can only be used between nice people who know how to love and help and be kind. When I was trying to make men, I had to experiment. I tried fairies and elves, but they were not solid enough to make people who could hunt and farm. I tried gremlins, and found that all they were good for was to make mischief, so gave them up and tried apes – who, as you know, were much better as far as they could go without having Talking Selves.”

“Must you punish this old gremlin?” asked Eve Red sadly.

“Only in this way,” said Father. “We have to protect ourselves against all evil men and creatures in the best way we can. If we have to put them in jail, we must do that. We simply can’t let the evil ones go about stealing and lying and breaking things just for the fun of doing mischief. But remember this, when I made men I could not help putting a little gremlin in everyone as well as an ape self, and all of us must watch ourselves very carefully lest we let the gremlin in us get out of hand and do mischievous and bad things and call it fun. If we let the gremlin in us get out of hand, we may also be put into jails to keep us from hurting and bothering good and kind people. Always remember! Do not let the gremlin or ape inside you cause you to do things that hurt or bother others. This is VERY important.”

Father turned to the grinning gremlin, and asked, “What keeps you from doing mischief all the time back in your land where the shamrocks grow? Have you police there? Surely you do not make as much trouble as you, just one old gremlin, made here. ”

“Oh, it is not after being bad, we are at home,” said the gremlin. “We play a few little pranks on each other, but do no harm at all, at all. And I give you my word of sacred promise that if you let me out of this prison I will show you how very good gremlins usually are. We are loving and helpful and can be very helpful.”

“So,” said Father, “at home you make no trouble, and you live good and helpful and useful and happy lives, just having a very little fun playing jokes on your fellows near you?”

“That is exactly right,” said the gremlin. “It is a sweet and peaceful and fine way of life we gremlins live, and we sing and dance all day and harm never a soul.”

“Good to know it is so fine there,” said Father, “for tomorrow I’m sending you back on the Space Ship.”

The gremlin looked suddenly agonized. “No,” he screamed. “No! Keep me here forever in this cage and give me table scraps. My wife beats me. Never a prank. All day digging the bog for a few bitter roots to live on! No! Be merciful! NO! NO!”

THE SEARCH FOR THE FAIRIES

Time went very fast, and before they knew it the children had all come to the eve of their sixth birthday, and great plans were being made for the celebration. The sixth birthday is one of the very important ones, for at six one stops being a baby and becomes far more important. But, as Adam Black explained to the others when they were getting ready for bed before the great birthday celebration, “After tomorrow we have to be more grown up and we must remember not to cry unless we are hurt so bad we can’t possibly help it. For just ordinary hurts, we just CAN’T cry and show that we have not grown up to be six.” Adam White said, “Yes, we must all remember. It is very important. Even if the girls get their feelings hurt, they mustn’t cry, at least not more than one or two tears.”

Eve brown looked very thoughtful and said, “Who is going to count the tears if we cry, one of you boys?”

Adam Brown smiled at his Eve and patted her brown hand. “No one is going to count your tears. “You just hide your face in your hands if you just HAVE to cry a little, and we will pretend that you didn’t.”

Mother had been listening as she turned down beds. Now she said, “Adam Brown, you are a kind boy, but I am going to tell all you boys a special secret. Left to learn it for yourselves, it might take a long time for you to learn what I can tell you in just a moment.”

The children loved it when Mother told them a secret, and they all became silent and ready to listen so they would not miss a single word. “Ready?” asked Mother, and they all answered eagerly, “Yes, Mother!” So she said very slowly, “When a girl simply must cry, she can cover her face with her hands, just like Adam Brown said, but it will be ever so much nicer and sweeter and better if her Adam takes her in his arms and lets her cry on his shoulder. And if he strokes her hair and says comforting words and tries to understand that she is sad or hurt or just tired and discouraged, she will pay him back in love – and love is the most precious thing an Eve can give to her Adam. If there is love and tenderness offered them, they won’t cry half so hard or so often when they are hurt. Always remember this. Will you try? Always?”

The children did not understand too well, but they knew they must remember every word, for when Mother told a secret, it was always very important. So they promised, and cuddled down in pairs in their small beds.

Eve Yellow had an idea that would not let her sleep. She whispered to her Adam, “Will I always have to cry to get you to hold me?” He reached out and took her sleepily into his arms and stroked her hair, saying not a word.

THE SIXTH BIRTHDAY PARTY

When morning came, everyone scrambled to get washed and dressed and to make ready for the celebration. Mother had made dolls for the girls, and

the boys all had wonderful tops with fine long strings with which to spin them. These presents were set by their plates, and when they saw them as they trooped in to breakfast, they were so excited they could hardly settle down for their orange juice and mush and milk.

When a hasty breakfast was over, the girls took their dolls and went to thank Mother for making them.

Eve Black hugged her doll and said, "Dolls are just like you, Mother, and like Father. They are exactly our color. Mine is the blackest baby doll ever. And Eve White's is white just like she is, and even has blue eyes and freckles!"

The boys had thanked Father and were having a most exciting time learning to spin their tops. When a boy managed to make his top spin, they all cheered and stood happily around it to watch until it stopped spinning and fell over.

Suddenly there was a shadow over them and they looked up to see a great space ship coming to rest in the air above them.

"Whee!" shouted Adam Red. "It's Uncle Gabriel and Uncle Peter coming to help us celebrate our birthday." He ran shouting to tell the girls, and they came running out, each carefully carrying her new doll.

The hatch in the bottom of the Space Ship Arcturus opened and out came the flying saucer used for landing. In a few minutes it had come to rest out before the veranda and everyone was greeting Uncle Gabriel and Uncle Peter, whose arms were loaded with birthday presents of strange things they had collected around the world. There were strange fruits and nuts and strange little stones, some clear like water and some beautifully colored. There were small and beautiful sea shells, and bits of fragrant tree bark and strange seed pods. Everything was set down on a table and the children were invited to pick for themselves anything they wished. It was a breathless moment, and no one could quite decide what to pick, so Mother

suggested that they leave all the things together on the table for a while and just let themselves enjoy looking at them.

Father and the visitors were soon deep in a discussion of what was going on out in space on other planets, and Father nodded now and then and made a note about something.

Uncle Peter rose and went over to talk to Mother and the children. I have a message for you, he said. "Do you remember the bad Gremlin we took back to the land where he belonged? Well, we were there two days ago and no sooner had we landed in the saucer than he came rushing up and began to beg to be allowed to come back with us to the Garden. He made all kinds of promises to be good, but once a Gremlin, always a Gremlin, and we refused to listen."

"How was he getting along?" asked Mother. "I hope things there are not as bad as he said they were when he begged to be allowed to stay here, even if he had to live in a cage."

"Perhaps things were not quite as bad as he said they were," replied Uncle Peter. "But he was pretty thin and his hands rough from digging roots in the bogs."

"Did you see his wife, and was she as bad as he told us she was?" asked Mother.

"Yes, we saw her," laughed Uncle Peter. "He hadn't talked with us for more than five minutes before she hunted him down and whacked him over the head with her broom to make him get back to his digging in the bog. She made a face at us as she left and muttered something about not minding our own business."

"Too bad," said Mother sadly. "But that is the way Gremlins are, and all the children have learned to be very careful that the little bits of Gremlin in themselves do not come out and cause them to get into mischief. It is bad

enough when a child's aunihipili makes him begin to act like an animal, but it is worse when a bit of Gremlin bobs up."

Little Eve Tan was standing close to Uncle Peter's knee. She was the one who never forgot anything. "Uncle Peter", she said, "was that the message you said the Gremlin sent to us?"

"Why no!" said Peter thoughtfully. "Now let me think. As he started back to the bog, his wife shaking the broom at him, he shouted back, Bad cess to ye all and to them in the Garden! And may the children never come to know peace or the kiss of the Fairy Queen. I don't quite know what he meant by it, but I kept wanting to ask if you had ever found the fairies who got lost so neatly in the Garden?"

"Mother has," answered Eve Tan. "She can see just anything or anybody, but we children can't. We had to wait until we were a little older and could understand better just how one goes about learning to see fairies. Mother says that when one learns to do certain things with their heads, and do them just right, one will be able to see the Fairy Queen and get her magic kiss that one carries with one always after that, and which is a wonderful thing to have."

Peter turned to Mother. "Is that true?"

"Yes," she replied with a little smile that made her look ever so peaceful and lovely, "once you win through to the inner peace and see the fairies and become ready, the little Fairy Queen may love you enough to touch you with her magic wand and give you her magic kiss. One day soon, I will begin teaching the children who seem to be ready how to take the necessary steps."

"May I be the first?" asked Eve Tan eagerly.

Mother gave her a little hug. "You may be the first to try, and it just might be that you will be the very first to whom the little fairies will show

themselves. I have kept the little planting of shamrocks watered and growing all these months, and I can count on seeing them any bright afternoon if I pick a shamrock and go to sit under the trees close to the fairy circle where they come to dance.”

“I often see the little brown Menehunes,” said Eve Tan. “They like us, but usually are too busy to talk. And they never kiss us or have a magic wand. All they have is a magic chant that they repeat when they go fishing, and it makes the fish come close so they can catch them in their nets.”

Father and Uncle Gabriel came over, and Father said, “Run and wash your teeth and get ready. Your Uncle Gabriel is going to take you in the big space ship to see the parts of the world you have been studying about in your geography lessons. And we will see if we can find good places to take some plants and animals and other things to leave, so that later on, when it is time for you to go there to live, there will be all the plants and creatures you need to help you make a living.”

“Will we have to take snakes and bugs and toads?” asked Eve Red with a little shudder.

“I’m afraid we will,” answered Father. “It takes all kinds to keep the proper balance between creatures. But it will be no worse there than it has been here. And, toads are really very fine creatures if you get to know them.”

Off the children ran, and Adam Black was the first one back, his white teeth gleaming. “Will I be sure to have lions and elephants and things like that in Africa when I go to live there?” he asked hopefully.

“You will,” said Father. “It’s a promise. You’ll even have giraffes with very long necks, and there will be the ostrich standing higher than you are tall and laying an egg as large as your head. You’ll be surprised at the number and kinds of animals and other creatures which you will find living in Africa.

With no bad Gremlin about to cause trouble, everyone was soon in the big Space Ship. Windows were in the bottom of the ship and the children waved to Little Milkmaid and the chimp nurses and their pet dogs and cats. Little Cloud had moved over when the Space Ship came to cast its shadow, now she moved back over the house and garden to give proper shade, for it promised to be a rather warm day. The Owls were fast asleep after their night of hunting, and Mr. Beaver was down asleep in his house at the lower end of the pond after a busy night cutting down trees and eating tender bark. The Menehunes were not too sure that the Space Ship was a safe thing to have around, for once they had been captured and brought over from Hawaii in it, but at the last minute, when they saw the children waving, they came out from under the bushes where they had been hiding and waved nicely.

Mother said, "I do hope you locked up all the matches so the Chimp Boys in the kitchen will not get them and play with them and set the house on fire:"

"I locked them up safely," replied Father. "They seem to have learned well not to play with matches, but sometimes a chimp just has to be a chimp and get into trouble." He turned to the children and added, "I know that all of you will ALWAYS remember the great danger of playing with matches and setting your home and the trees and grass on fire to ruin everything around you."

"Yes, Father", they responded soberly. "We will always remember!"

Uncle Gabriel came as soon as the big ship was high above the Earth and racing along at great speed – while down below the Earth and its clouds went spinning in the opposite direction. He paused a moment to listen to bells ringing a message when Uncle Peter, who was making the ship fly, gave orders to a part of the crew. The ship was longer than all the way across the Garden and it was filled with fine machinery to make it go just right.

“Well, children,” said Uncle Gabriel, “your Father and Mother and I are going to look at the animals we have collected to leave at different places which we will visit. Would you like to come along? I’ll need all of you to help talk Teley-talk to them to tell them they are going to new homes and to assure them that there is nothing to fear. Will you help?”

The children were delighted to be allowed to help with such an important task, and to get to see strange animals and talk in Teley with them was a treat.

Father said, when they came to the first long passage with cages on both sides and the gazelles nibbling at some hay, “It looks like Noah’s Ark, but I suppose you never heard of that, Gabriel.”

Uncle Gabriel smiled. “Is that something you have already invented, or is it something you may invent a hundred or a thousand years from now?”

“It’s the invention of the Hebrew people, who won’t be on Earth yet for a thousand or so years. Adam and Eve Tan will be their ancestors and they will live not far from the Nile River. They will tell the story of how there came a great flood that would have killed every living creature, including men, but for the fact that a man named Noah built a great ship, called the Ark, and before the flood took into it a pair of every kind of creature. The flood made the Ark float for many days, but then went away and the Ark landed and all the animals and their babies came out and quickly found places to live, as did Noah, his wife and their boys and girls.”

Gabriel laughed. That story almost fits us in the Space Ship as we are today, and there is a bad flood going on in what will be China. There is a great yellow river which has spread out over the land for miles and miles.”

The children were soon making friends of many very friendly animals, they introduced themselves as the people who would soon go to live in different parts of the world, and invited the animals to come also and enjoy the fine countries. While that had very little idea of what the new lands

really might be like, they pretended to know, and in this way helped the animals to get over any fear they might have.

They had hardly got well acquainted with deer, antelopes and Mr. and Mrs. Bison, when Uncle Gabriel announced that they were going to land in a good place and let off those who had been told what was to be done.

Mr. Bison asked, "Will there be wolves down there?"

"No," said Gabriel. "We are taking around the animals who can eat grass at the start. The wolves won't be brought for a long time, not until there get to be too many grass-eaters for the amount of grass that grows."

The Space Ship came swiftly to earth and cages were let down gently with ropes, then the doors opened. It was a lovely country, with streams and hills and trees and grass. Not too far away began the Great Plains where the Bison family would soon be very much at home. In the distance could be seen fine mountains where the deer could enjoy themselves. Everyone said Goodbye, the empty cages were hauled up and soon they were off again.

A stop in late afternoon was made in what would later be New England, and more animals were dropped, also some fine trout put into a stream. Several birds were let go so they could fly to Earth and pick themselves a home. The insects were let out at proper places, and the Bee Queen at once led her workers to a hollow tree where they could start their hive.

As the Space Ship went on, it became night, although by the Garden time it was hardly noon. Lunch was served and the children put to bed for a good nap. When they awoke, it was still night, and the stars were very bright and there was a full moon.

"Where are we now?" asked Adam Black, rubbing his eyes. "Are we over Africa yet?"

“We have just reached Africa,” answered Father. “Do you remember your geography and how the eastern part of Africa is almost opposite our home in the Garden? When it begins to become night at the Garden, it will be sunrise where we are going. But come along and I will show you a fine big map and point out the place where the Nile River begins up in the high mountains. To the east of those mountains is a fine country with a good climate and we must get animals and things started there so there will be plenty of them later when they are needed.”

Adam Black was greatly excited. He did his best to understand the map, and he hurried to assure the animals who were to be let go there that it was a fine place for a home. To the zebras he said, “There will be no lions for a long time, so just enjoy the grass and have a good time in whatever way zebras have good fun.”

It was not quite dawn when the Space Ship came down, but the moon gave so much light that everything seemed almost as bright as day. When the animals were all down, and the proper amount of other creatures such as birds and bees released, Adam and Eve Black watched quite breathlessly through a window. The little view they had been able to get of their future home was most pleasing.

“It’s a very big land,” said Adam happily.”

“And very nice, with mountains and streams and meadows,” added Eve Black contentedly,” and they waved as long as they could see the land.

Uncle Peter turned the Space Ship almost north and Father said, “The Nile and Near East next. This is to be your land, Adam and Eve Tan. Your children will spread out all over this land and will give us the amusing stories about Noah and his Ark and many other stories. Other children will build big pyramids which will stand for centuries to make people wonder. The delta of the Nile River will be ideal for farming and for ducks and fish. We will let some down at that point, also some sheep and goats and the camels. Better go talk to the camels and tell them not to go too far away

because soon you will need them when you want to travel across the deserts.”

The camels were very much interested in learning that they would live by a big river that had deserts all around it. “Any good oases near where we are to live?” asked Mr. Camel. Adam Tan was not sure, but he ran to ask Father.

“Oh, yes!” said Father. “This is the original oasis country and there is already plenty of camel thorn ready to eat.”

The sun was well up and it was hot when they landed by the big river at a place where it split up into several smaller rivers and everything grew green and tall. Already there were interesting plants and Father pointed out those of the papyrus family, saying, “Your children will learn to make paper from the bark of that one and use it to write upon with ink in picture-writing.”

The creatures, large and small, were landed and let go, also some fine fish and several kinds of ducks and geese. Adam and Eve Tan were very happy with what was to be their land. “We’ll have boats and sail on the river,” said Adam, and we’ll learn to ride the camels and go to see what deserts are like. “

Leaving soon, they crossed the Mediterranean Sea, went on to central Europe, and dropped some animals in what would one day be France. Turning next in the direction of India, they paused over the southern part of what would eventually become Russia to drop some animals and have a close look at the shores of the Black Sea. Of course Adam and Eve White were all eyes, for this was to be their country, and a very fine large one it was.

A run at top speed soon brought the Space Ship to India and there it was a warm afternoon over the great river Ganges. In the distance were the highest mountains in all the world, the Himalayas, topped with clouds and

snow. Adam and Eve Brown were excited. This great land was to be their home. Adam said, "Can we climb to the tops of those mountains when we live here?"

Father laughed. "You can try, but the air gets so thin near the tops that I doubt that you will be able to make it all the way to the tops."

It was almost sunset when they arrived over what was to become China and the children were getting very sleepy, for it had been a much longer day than usual for them. Little naps helped, but only the Celestials, Adam and Eve Yellow, could really rouse themselves and become deeply interested. They saw the Yellow River in flood and wide reaches of fine land. Animals were let down, and wild rice seed was scattered along the rivers as they rose to start for home. Father explained, "You and your children will tame the wild rice and it will make a fine food for you."

The long flight home seemed to the children to take a very short time for they slept most of the way, and finally, when they arrived home and stopped over their own house, it was late afternoon and they felt as if they had been gone only one day, although it had been much longer than that.

The ones who had stayed behind welcomed them so warmly, and Little Milkmaid had made a fine square cake and covered it deep with whipped cream to welcome them on their return. "Did you leave goats in your new homes so you will have plenty of milk when you to live in the new places?"

"Oh, yes!" the children answered. "We left all kinds of animals."

Adam White said, "And they left a cow and a bull in my place. If we can tame them, they will give even more milk than the goats."

"We must have dinner to go with the fine cake," said Mother as she put on her kitchen apron and called to the Chimp Boys to come with her to the kitchen and help get things going. The Chimp Boys all hurried to get on their aprons and caps and wash their hands ever so clean. By now they

were all very wise about cooking and kitchens and could steal bites without, well, almost always, without being caught and scolded.

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After the children had become six, their lessons were much more interesting and they learned of exciting things such as multiplication and division, and delightedly began to work out problems. They loved going with Father to use the long measuring tapes and find out just how far one thing was from another, as for instance, the swimming pond from the house. They could measure out an acre and drive stakes at the corners to show just how big it was, and each Adam and Eve was allowed to select an acre to own as the very own garden plot of the pair. And they studied many kinds of plants and Father gave them seeds to plant and offered prizes for the finest gardens and best fruits, useful plants and vegetables. They learned to make fences and weave willow sticks together in the fences to keep out the rabbits and at the end of each month those who had done best with their garden plot were given prizes.

The prize they loved best was to be allowed to look through Father's big Time Telescope and see things happening in the future. For first prize one got to look longest through the Telescope, sometimes as much as an hour, and everyone got a prize of some length, even if it were but a few minutes, for Mother said "At least they tried, even if their plants did not do quite as well as expected." And when all had been given their turns at the Telescope, they were given a special reward.

Father would hook up a little machine that would throw pictures on a white wall so everyone could watch. They saw men building pyramids one time, and at another they saw a little ship being built and oars made – then saw it pushed into the water and a sail lifted so that it sailed away like a beautiful big duck. One of the most exciting times came when they watched little brown people called Eskimos driving their dog sleds and building a house of blocks of snow. One time when Father turned the Telescope very far up, they saw a great city, but soon Adam Red said,

“Can’t we look out into the country and see their farms? There are too many people in that city and they run around just like crazy ants.” So Father hunted and hunted to find a nice farm, but there were so many people that they lived where farms should have been, and it was so crowded that it made the children hurt just to see how crowded they were.

“Eve Red asked, “If they have no farms and gardens, what do they eat?”

Father turned the picture to a big factory and said, “In there they make food out of atoms and when the people get hungry, they swallow a few pills.”

“I like our way best,” said Adam Black. “Who would trade a ripe water melon for a tasteless little pill?”

Father had been reading a sign as the picture ran before them. He laughed. “The sign promises that Gobblem’s Pill Food will never make one too fat.” Mother said, “At least pills have some advantage.”

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One day when vacation time came and not much was left to do in the gardens for the year, Mother asked if any of the children would like to see if they could learn to do things in their heads that would allow them to see the fairies and elves.

“It is not too easy,” she warned, “and once you start to learn, you may have to practice for some time. But if you can learn just what to do and to become just right, the Fairy Queen may one day touch you with her magic wand and give you her kiss. After that, no matter how old you become or how sad you might feel, or hurt or in trouble, you can touch your cheek where she kissed you, and over all the miles and days she will send her comfort to help.”

It sounded very wonderful, and besides, all the children had for a long time wanted to see the fairies and elves. Eve White asked, "How do we begin to get so we can see the Fairy Queen?"

Mother rose and said, "Let's all go out into the woods above the pond to the place where the Little People have made their homes." She led the way and soon they came to a little glade where the sunshine danced down through the trees and where the grass grew green. Flowers bloomed and in the grass one could see, by looking very carefully, a faint circle where the fairies and elves danced. They danced mostly by flitting about in the air, but touch the grass often enough to make a slight mark and leave a circle.

The children sat down around the circle, and Mother tossed into it the shamrock she had picked from her box as they started.

"Now," she said, "the thing that we must do is become very quiet and peaceful. If we have little thoughts sent up to us from the animal self about frets and fears and worries, the fairies will not allow us to see them. They are at such peace that even the slightest little fear we may have will stand like a wall holding us away from looking into their lovely world where all is peace and quiet and joy and calm. Now see if you can look at yourselves and find anything that is going to make a wall. Look inside your heads and see how you feel inside."

Eve White soon cried, "I'll never be able to see the fairies! Never, never! As soon as I stop thinking and begin to look inside, I feel fear and worry as if I had been dreaming a bad dream. Do you think I might be remembering some bad dream?"

"Yes, you might be," said Mother. "Often you will forget your dreams, but your low inside animal self will remember and will make you feel as if something bad was about to happen. This feeling is called dread, and it can be a very little feeling or even a bad large one. The way to get rid of the dreads is to talk them over inside your head with your animal self. It is not as wise as you are about those things and you have to help it. You ask

whether there is anything just now about to hurt you. You think of all the things of which you may be a little afraid and say to yourself, None of these things are about to happen to me, at least not just now, and perhaps not all day or all of a year from now. There is nothing at all to dread. And after that you can begin to use a magic way of helping your aunihipili to stop being afraid and become brave and strong and happy and peaceful. The magic lies in beginning to count all your blessings – all the good things that you have and that are happening to you and will go right on happening. You can count off, I have nothing to dread because I am safe and well and am loved and fed and cared for all the time I have loving friends who will always help me when I need them. I have my Adam to love and who loves me and will take care of me. I have in my head many fine things learned at school. I have my part of a nice garden, and I have my dolls and pets. My chimp nurse loves me and there is everything to make me be happy and entirely at peace. Then you can say, firmly, so that your animal self will believe you and remember what you say, I AM FREE FROM ANY DREAD. I am safe and happy and at peace with all my friends and WITHIN MY SELF. My very own AUMAKUA will come to help me at any time if I need it and call. ALL IS WELL. ALL IS BEAUTY. ALL IS PEACE.”

Eve asked, “Can I tell about something that worries me? I am ashamed to tell, it, but it does.”

“Of course,” replied Mother. “We are all your friends and perhaps we can help you if we only listen to what you have to say. Go ahead.”

Eve hung her head miserably. “I’m jealous of Eve Black. She is so beautiful and so perfectly black and didn’t get bleached even the slightest bit. I am jealous of her and ashamed of my white color. I’m the worst bleached of all. I have to watch that I don’t get burned by the sun, and I have yellow hair and freckles.”

Eve Black jumped up and ran to kneel beside her and take her into her arms. “Now honey, don’t you ever say such a thing!” she said softly. “I was

never going to tell a single soul, but I've been jealous of you and that is because I think you are just the most beautiful girl ever! Even your freckles are cute and your blue eyes are like flowers!"

Eve White put her hands over her face. "I'm afraid I am going to cry," she whispered, and her Adam, suddenly remembering something, reached out clumsily to take her from Eve Black and offer a shoulder to cry on. Mother smiled gently, then turned and looked into the Fairy Ring and smiled a warm welcome.

"The Fairy Queen has come," she said under her breath, and all the children tried their best to see the Little Queen, but not one of them could. "It was the love and gentleness that made her come," said Mother. "Such things make her come best of all. But now she has gone again. Now, if we are all ready, shall we see if we can become very quiet and peaceful deep inside us?"

Everyone tried in his or her own way. Some closed their eyes. Some kept their eyes open. All tried to relax and be quiet, but it was all new and strange.

Mother waited a little, then said, "Taking a few deep breaths and getting more life force in you may help, but if any of you have thoughts that trouble you, this would be a good time to talk and get them out of you with the help of the group."

Eve Brown squirmed restlessly and held up her hand. "I keep thinking about that very big land we saw yesterday where I will go with my Adam to live, and I get frightened. If a tiger was there, then ate Adam, and I was all alone."

"That is a very natural fear," said Mother. "But there are always things that might happen to us later, so our job is to find peace for today. We must think strongly inside us that there is no use worrying about things that may never happen at all and which are so far ahead in time. One day at a

time, is the way to think to get the animal self, and the auhane also, to let the past and future take care of themselves. The task is to find peace for NOW, not for tomorrow or next day when no one knows what will happen.”

Adam Yellow, the Celestial, raised his hand. “I’m not afraid,” he said, “but I was just wondering if when we get very old like the animals do and have to die, should we still not be afraid and try to be all peaceful?”

Mother nodded, “Yes, right up to the last day. You see, the animal self in us does not understand things as well as we who are the middle or thinking selves. It will always be afraid to die because it does not know that it will just go to sleep and soon wake up as a spirit – its body all made young and beautiful out of the shadowy stuff. We auhanes must keep telling it this and keeping it from being afraid, and if we do, it will let us go across into the bright land of spirit much more readily. You must always remember that when we become old and have finished with this incarnation or life, we of the auhanes will not fear dying – we will look forward to it and to the new spirit body, and hardly be able to wait. To go across then is a joyous thing to do. But one must remember to tell the animal aunhipili how it is all to be, and make it also give up its dreads and fears. After we live and rest and have a beautiful time in the spirit world, we will be ready to be born again as a baby in this world, and our Aumakua will find us a nice pair of parents who will be happy to have us join their family. Never forget that nothing is worth fearing. Even the worst possible things cannot last long, and if they come, one always goes to the spirit world and everything is made right.”

Eve Red said, “Mother, couldn’t we just stay here forever in the Garden with you and Father? Why do we have to grow up and go to other parts of the world to live?”

“Don’t worry about that,” said Mother. “You will be here with us for a long time still. As you grow older and have children of your own, you will begin to feel brave and adventurous – which means you will love to go to

far places and to have very big gardens – whole lands, for your very own. And you will want to make the lands into just the kind of places you desire, and fix them so they will be just right for homes for your children and grandchildren. Your Adam will want to go to new places and make a Garden all his own, and where your Adam wants to go, you will be happy to go so you can be with him and help him and watch over him.”

Again, the children became silent and began to try to make their thoughts be happy and peaceful ones. After a while Mother whispered, “Try to think of BEAUTY, and see beauty all around you and in your inner thoughts. Tell your animal self that it walks in beauty with you, and that there is beauty before you and behind and above. Learn to see the beauty that always surrounds you if you become still and peaceful and can see and hear and sense it. ALL IS BEAUTY. Eve Red, this will be easy for you. You will never forget, and you will teach it to your children so that they may walk in beauty all their lives.

Nothing is without BEAUTY if we but stop to look for it – even the blackest night and its perfect darkness. “

Soon Mother said, “That is enough for one day. Try to remember all we have learned and tomorrow and the next day we will practice again. Every day our aunihipilis will come to believe better and better what we tell them, and one day a sudden deep glory of peace and beauty will seem to rise up inside you and flow out to fill all your world, and if you are here by the Fairy Ring, the fairies will appear and dance before you, and one day the Fairy Queen will come to love you because of the peace and beauty you bring with you, and she will touch you with her magic wand, and one day give you her magic kiss, after which you can always find peace just by touching the kissed spot.”

Adam White asked, “Isn’t the Fairy Queen and her wand and kiss something like the Aumakua that each of us has? It sounds much like the same loving care. And you have to call, and perhaps take some deep breaths the same way.”

Mother said, "I was wondering whether any of you would notice how alike they are. Good thinking, Adam White. Yes, the Fairy Queen is also a spirit and also of a very high level. You might say that she is an Aumakua to the little fairies and elves, and that when she helps you she is really joining your Aumakua to do it. But you can see the Fairy Queen, and that helps your aunihipili to believe in her and her help – and that belief is very good to have. Now let's go home. Come along, and tomorrow you can begin practicing whenever you feel like it."

As the days passed, the children practiced, sometimes one at a time, or an Adam and Eve going hand in hand to practice together at the Fairy Ring. They learned to become quieter and quieter, inside, and found that it was a wonderful feeling to be at peace and to get rid of all the little dreads and fears and frets.

Then one day Adam and Eve Black suddenly saw all the Fairies and elves dancing, and their beautiful Little Queen came and touched each of them on the head with her wand, and kissed Adam on his right cheek and Eve on her left. It was a most surprising thing the way their peace seemed to grow to reach out to take in all the world, and their hearts filled with love and joy. They were so surprised and so happy that they could not say a word. They just sat very still until the fairies finished their gay dance and fluttered away, following a beam of sunshine up into the leaves of a tree until they could no longer be seen.

When they came home they were wide eyed and breathless. Mother saw them and cried, "You saw her! Now don't tell me she also touched you with her wand and gave you each a magic kiss!"

The other children came running and gathered around eager to hear how it had all happened, but Adam and Eve Black could hardly say a word because it was all so wonderful, the wonderful feeling down deep inside, not on the outside. They tried to tell about it, but soon Mother said, "It is something each of you must feel for himself to understand. So keep on

practicing and I am sure that all of you will get the touch and kiss sooner or later.

And they did. It took more time, but one by one each child learned how to become quiet enough and loving enough. Some found that they did better by taking several deep breaths now and again as they were quieting their minds and talking away fears or frets that their aunihipilis pushed up from inside to let their auhanes know about.

They also found that when they were at peace inside, even if not watching for the fairies, little animals and birds stopped being afraid of them and often would come close to talk Teley back and forth. Even the bees were gentle and would let them come close to their honey tree without rushing to sting them. It was very wonderful to have found the blessing of inner peace and quiet – a peace that could be had in just a few moments by asking for it and getting ready for it. And if a child were troubled and could not get peace of mind, all that was needed was to take four long breaths, place a finger on the spot where the Fairy Queen had placed her kiss, and soon peace would come to sweep away all the troubled thoughts.

Mother said one day, “If we had not done anything else all during the vacation, it would have been worthwhile because we came to know the Fairy Queen and get her magic touch and soft kiss.”

And the children all agreed.

THE THREE WISHES

It took what seemed a very long time for the children to grow out of being seven years old and to have their EIGHTH BIRTHDAYS. They were given a grand party and so many animals and birds and insects came that there was hardly any room left in the Garden when Old Mrs. Elephant, who, as usual was a bit late, got there. But she managed to squeeze in between the two giraffes, saying to them, “You are such wonderful people! You must diet all the time to keep so slim and lovely.”

Mrs. Giraffe said, "We eat only the leaves on the taller trees, and I must say that we DO keep our figures rather well."

"Oh dear," sighed Mrs. Elephant, "I suppose I had better try your diet for a while. I AM going to start dieting and slim down, you know. But I have to wait until tomorrow. Today I simply must have some of the giant birthday cake that I see is about to be cut and passed around."

Father, who always saw everything, even if he said nothing about what he saw, caught sight of Mrs. Elephant and cut a very extra large piece of cake for her. It took two of the Chimp Boys to carry it to her in a basket and because of the crowd, they had to go by way of the tree branches to get there. When they reached Mrs. Elephant and passed her the basket, she couldn't help crying a few tears. "I know I just shouldn't," she said sadly, "but on the Eighth Birthday, and all that... well." She took a bite and cheered up. "My but this is good, and anyway, tomorrow just tree leaves."

It was rather warm despite the nice cloud shadow which Little Cloud made over the garden, and so she called to her friend The Wind, and said, "Will you help me? Just blow a nice gentle little breeze to cool off the guests."

"Glad to help!" answered The Wind, and he opened his wind bag just a tiny little bit so that it fanned everyone exactly right.

Well, it was a wonderful party, and the children got so many fine presents that they could hardly count them. But at the end of the day when all the guests had gone home and everything had been made tidy again, Eve Black said to Mother as she was being tucked into bed with three new dolls and a new kitten, "The only thing I can think of that we missed was that the Fairies and their Little Queen did not come."

"They do not like crowds," said Mother. "But perhaps tomorrow you can pay her a little visit and see whether or not she might have had a present for you."

So, the next day, Eve Black told the other children and they all worked hard to become very quiet, and to make their thoughts free of fear or greed or of any kind of ugliness. When they had done this, they went to the woods and made a circle to watch for the fairies to appear. And appear they did, almost at once, all singing in their tiny voices, "Happy Birthday, dear Adami, Happy Birthdays to you!"

Then came the little Fairy Queen sliding down a sunbeam with her lovely, thin robes floating along after her. She had put on her prettiest crown and had chosen her most beautiful scepter. It promised to be another birthday, and even a better one. But the children all did their very best NOT to think a single greedy thought of what they might get for a present.

When greetings were over and the Little Queen had made the elves stop singing the birthday song, which, once started, they seemed never to want to stop, just like some boys and girls who hate so to stop when they are doing something that is fun, but have done more than enough of it, she said, "Do you remember that when each of you won my Magic Kiss and how, at that time I promised you each a WISH? In fact, I promised you three wishes between each pair of you. That is because you might make a bad wish and need a third to get rid of it. Today, as your Birthday Gifts, I am going to give you the chance to use those Wishes."

"Oh, goodie goodie," the children all cried together, and they clapped their hands and began whispering back and forth, each Adam to his Eve, to decide what would be the most wonderful possible thing to wish for."

"Remember," warned the Little Queen as she adjusted the small star in her scepter to make it twinkle exactly right for Wishes, "Each pair of you must agree entirely on what you want when you make your wish. When even grown people cannot agree on what they want, they usually will get nothing they like."

Adam and Eve White were the first to decide what they wanted. Adam said, almost breathless with excitement, "Could we wish to live in a time

far ahead that we saw in Father's Time Telescope? It was a time when they had a king who wore a purple robe and a gold crown, and he was sitting in a great round place with all his people to see games and things. Eve wants to see the lovely ladies and their fine robes, and I want to see the games so I can learn a new one and we can play it here instead of baseball – a game without the Chimp Boys always winning.”

The Queen smiled and drew a big circle in the air with her scepter, and it made a nice round hole in the wall which usually one cannot see, but which divides off our part of the world from the OTHER SIDE. “Come along,” she invited, and led the way through the hole.

Inside it was a different world entirely – a strange and wonderful one. The Queen pointed here and there with her scepter as she explained, “Here are Aumakuas taking care of the thought-forms you have been sending up to them every day. They use them to make the days ahead, and when you send nice thoughts, they can make nice days for you to enjoy, but if you happen to send up bad thoughts, you get bad days. And here where all these Bright Spirits are at work, is here Father keeps most of his PATTERNS of things and they get them to the front of the lines to become real THINGS when he is ready for them on the other side of the WALL. Do you see that beautiful new kind of flower which is just about to be pushed through the wall? Isn't it beautiful? And so fragrant! But come over this way. I have borrowed Father's Time Telescope, and all of you can take turns going ahead in time to taste life as it will be centuries from now. You can pick your times, but I am afraid that I can't be very sure of just where you will land when I move you up in time and put you in the place you select. I must warn you that you may not like it when you get there, and if you don't, you must use your third wish to change things. Do you understand, and do you want to take the chance of getting set down into the midst of some rather bad trouble?”

The children were all very sober as they thought about what she had said. Then Eve Red said, "If we can use the third wish to get out of trouble, I think it would be a lot of fun, and safe enough."

The other children agreed and it was settled. But the Queen warned, "Be ever so careful not to use up your third wish on anything, no matter how lovely, or you may get caught where I cannot help you." She turned to Adam White, who was right behind her, and said, "You can be first. Look into the Time Telescope and see if you can set it on a time and place where they are having games such as you wish to see and where the beautiful ladies are wearing fine clothes for Eve to enjoy."

Adam looked into the Telescope and turned the wheel until he found a place that seemed about right. The Queen called to a man with a white beard who was oiling a very large glass wheel through which one could see underneath a large map of the world. The wheel moved and said Tick Tock as it counted off seconds of time. "Father Chronos," the Little Queen said loudly, for he was a bit deaf, "this pair has selected a spot in time. Will you see if you can move them up into it?"

Father Chronos, who was also called Father Time and who was the older brother of Uncle Gabriel of the Flying Saucers and Keeper of the Heavens, looked over his glasses at Adam and Eve White and motioned them to come close to the big wheel and stand on a little glass square in the floor. He then took his pencil and did some very hard arithmetic problems.

When he had checked and proved his answers carefully, he rumbled, "The Roman Colosseum, heh? Game time. Yep, I'll see if I can spot it. Do you want to be the Emperor and his Queen, sitting with a few nobles in the Royal box and watching the games I suppose you do. Well, it's hard to hit so small a place at just the right moment and if I miss a little, you will have to ask where the games are being played and go there on foot or in your chariot, if you have one. Now stand still and I'll see what I can do."

He set a long pointer to a certain spot, looked at his watch, and then pressed a red button. The big time wheel jumped suddenly ahead a little way, and then stopped and slipped quietly back to where it had been ticking before.

Adam and Eve White suddenly found themselves, not in royal robes waiting to see the games, but in a big stone room looking out through bars into the great arena where the games were played. There were thousands of people sitting on the seats around and above the arena and right down in the front at the center, was the royal box with the Emperor – a very fat man – and his very well fed wife with the nobles and their fat wives. The Emperor was dressed in a robe of royal purple and his crown was a gold wreath of leaves such as the victors in the games were allowed to wear, only theirs were made of leaves from a tree.

With them in the big room were Adam and Eve's mother and father and several other men and women with their families. They were all dressed in strange robes and were very dirty and very thin and hungry.

"What kind of a game are they going to play," Adam asked of his father as he watched six men pushing a large cage on wheels from a big door in the wall under the royal box. The cage was full of very thin lions.

"Don't dare call it a game," whispered his father. Soon they will open this door and push us out into the arena. Then we men will be given small clubs and the umpire will shout that the people are about to see a combat between Christians and lions. Then the Emperor will pull the rope to unfasten the latch and let the cage door drop. Out will come the lions, and we will pray and fight, but hold the Faith to our last living breath."

"What makes a Christian?" asked Eve, beginning to be frightened. Her mother answered.

"A Christian is one who worships the true God and His Son. Everyone else has to worship the Emperor, but we can't do that. WE are Christians."

“Oh,” said Eve doubtfully.

“Those lions,” whispered Adam. “Don’t they look just like our lions at home? I’m going to try some Teley-talk on them and tell them not to eat us.” He screwed up his face to make it look as much like a lion’s as he could and began sending his greetings to the lions in the cage. The largest lion stopped roaring and cocked an ear to listen.

Soon he tellyed back, “Who are you, and how come you talk lion talk?”

Father Time looked at them through his glasses, and then at them over the top of his glasses. “How close did I come?” he asked. “I couldn’t have landed you in the shoes of the Emperor and his Queen or you wouldn’t have wanted to come back so soon. You weren’t gone more than ten minutes.”

“You missed the Emperor’s box by the length of half the arena,” said Adam. It was good aiming, but a little off.”

Adam Tan said, “Well, did you see a game or part of one, and what kind of a game?”

Adam shook his head. His face was a little pale and his freckles stood out dark on his nose. “We didn’t see a game. We fell right into what was about to be one. Our side was the Christians and we were to play against the lions, but the ape men in the audience or someone, had fixed it so that the Christians didn’t have a chance. I saw this as soon as we got there and got the lions to join the Christians to make one team. We played the Emperor and the nobles, and I captained our team and saw to it that our side played fair, even if the other side played dirty. Our team made a run around the end and then a drive through the center. We won.”

“What was the score,” asked Adam Black. “Or was there any score the way you played the game?”

“We didn’t have time to figure a score,” answered Adam thoughtfully. “But if there had been one, our side would have won at least 20 to nothing.”

“Then you might say you just ate them up,” said Adam Black.

Adam White shuddered. “Yes, I guess you might say that. But the lions let the wives get away, and that was nice of them, considering everything.”

Eve Red said to Eve White, “Did you see pretty dresses?”

Eve shook her head. “I was too scared to look at them, and I was so hungry I almost used up our last wish asking for a plate of sandwiches. But Adam was wonderful. He saw just what to do and if he had only had our Chimp Boys along to play on his team, his side could have won over everyone in Rome!”

Eve Brown asked, “Who or what were those Christians?”

“I really never found out,” answered Eve. “Next time we have a history lesson I’ll ask Father. He knows everything and can tell us. But at least they were good people and wanted to play fair.” She thought a minute, then added. “They were very hungry and dirty, but they wouldn’t worship the Emperor.”

“What became of the Emperor?” asked Adam Yellow, the Celestial.

Adam white shook his head slowly. “We’ll never quite know. But the last I saw of him as we came away was his purple toga. Two lions were pulling on it and tearing it apart. He wasn’t in it.”

“Who’s next?” asked Father Time a little impatiently. “I have all the time there is, but you can’t get more than twenty-four hours into a day, you know.”

Adam Red stepped forward, pulling his Eve by the hand. "Let us take our turn. We saw a very nice tribe of people living in North America in skin tents. We want to go to live with them a while and learn how they hunt and make fires and everything."

Eve Red said, "I'm a little afraid since the others had a bad time in Rome, but I suppose I must be brave."

"I'll take care of you," promised her Adam. "Just trust me and come along."

So they stood on the glass plate beside the Time Wheel and Father Time set the pointer at a place which he thought might be extra good. He pressed the red button and the wheel jerked and they were off. When they found that they had arrived they looked eagerly around.

They were in a large skin teepee and on a bear skin on the floor lay an Indian girl of about sixteen, dressed in worn and ragged buckskin clothes. She was asleep and Eve was fanning the flies away from her thin face.

"How wrinkled my hands are," exclaimed Eve. "And you, Adam, I hardly know you. Why, we are both old and gray! The Time Wheel must have jumped too far ahead. What shall we do?"

"Now don't cry or get excited," said Adam, although he was a little frightened to find himself so old. "I see that we must have lived here for quite a while. I seem to be a doctor or healer. Over there back of you are medicines that I give to sick people. I suppose you help me and keep house."

Eve thought a moment, then said, "Yes, it all comes to me. We got here a long time ago and were of different tribes. You lived as the son of the tribe's Medicine Man, and when you were grown, you came to my tribe and stole me to be your squaw. I was glad you did and I thought you were a fine healer and a very wise young man."

The sleeping girl moved a little, then awakened and sat up. "I want to go home," she said, and started to cry.

Adam looked hopelessly at Eve and said, "Now I remember. We have been trying to heal this girl of the worst sickness that there is. I know of no cure for it and we do not know what tribe she comes from or where her people have gone. All we know is that she was lost and the chief sent her to us to be healed."

"What is the name of her sickness?" asked Eve. "Did we ever have it in the days long ago when we lived in the Garden?"

"The only name I know for it," said Adam, "is homesickness. I know of no herb or bark or prayer or chant that will cure it. In some cases, not even years of passing time will heal it.

Eve sat lost in thought for a long time but held the girl in her arms and let her cry. Finally Adam spoke. "Yes, we are thinking the same thing, Eve. It was years before we stopped our longing to get back to the Garden, and even yet you sometimes remember it and cry in the night. Yes, homesickness is a very difficult sickness indeed."

Tears came into Eve's eyes and began to trickle down her wrinkled face. "I still feel very bad when I remember our lives as children in the Garden. I wish we were home again."

There was a sudden jerk and flash of light, and to their surprise they found themselves standing beside the Time Wheel with all their little friends staring at them curiously.

"You were gone only two minutes," scolded Father Time. "Was something wrong? Did I miss my spot and land you in a bad place so that you had to use your last wish and come right back home?"

"Something was wrong," replied Adam. "When we got there we were old and wrinkled."

Eve put in hurriedly, "And we had already lived there for years and years, even if it was only two minutes here. Adam's hair was almost white, at least the little he had left of it. And I was all dried up and my hands were wrinkled."

"Dear me," said Father Time. "I must have added wrong when I figured the time and place. I fear I forgot to prove my problems. I must be more careful in the future. But was that the only reason you came home so quickly? Just age?"

"Eve looked down shamefacedly at her hands. "That wasn't it. It was because we had been homesick for the Garden for years and years and because there is no remedy for homesickness."

The Little Queen smiled and nodded. "I know all about that. I was homesick for Ireland after we were brought to the Garden. And I still am at times. Someday I am going to ask Father to let us go home, if just for a short visit."

Father time shook his head and his white beard wagged back and forth. "Don't go back," he warned. "When one has been away for as long as two years, things will have changed so much that it will no longer be home. And it will make you very sad."

"But," broke in Adam Red, "we had been gone years and years and had grown old and wrinkled, but we certainly are glad to be home. It makes us happy instead of sad."

"In your case," said Father Time, "you had been gone only two actual minutes although it seemed almost a lifetime. Just take my word for it. I know all about time and what it does to people and places. I say, NEVER GO BACK, no, never go back expecting things to be as they were before."

"But if you don't get over being homesick? What then?" asked Eve Red.

“You have to grin and bear it,” said Father Time gently. “Time, of which I have a great lot, heals almost anything else, but not the homesickness. It lives in the heart instead of the head, and hearts are not very reasonable. The only thing that does not change and which one can return to after years away, is the sea. And that is an odd thing, because the sea never offers a home. In looking down my years I’ve seen men sail in one ship after another. It’s not the ships that they think about when they are away from the ocean and become homesick, it is the whole of it, you might say, all the oceans in the world. Yes, you CAN go back to the sea.”

“Come,” said the Little Queen, waving her scepter until its star sparkled. “Let us all forget sad thoughts and be gay! Do any of the rest of you see a time and place you would like to visit?”

Adam Tan and his Eve stepped forward. Adam said, “We saw some very happy people who had sleds and dogs to pull them, and there was snow and they had fur clothing to keep them warm. We think that would be a nice safe place to try.”

“Huh, Eskimos,” muttered Father Time, pulling at his beard. “Quite a jump ahead to get to them, and I’m not just sure that this is a good time of the year to go there. However, you can always come back on your last wish if it does not work out.” He picked up his pencil and worked some arithmetic problems and proved his answers with care. “Stand on the glass square,” he ordered, and began setting his pointer over the right place. “That’s as close as I can come to it,” he said, and with that he pressed the red button.

In an instant Adam and Eve Tan found themselves with a number of other people, large and small, all dressed in furs and everyone except the babies riding in their mothers’ fur hoods, eating whale blubber.

Eve said, “I never liked fat, but this tastes very good and I am still hungry even if I am so stuffed I can hardly walk.”

Adam grinned at her over the piece he was munching. "Same with me, and wouldn't Father and Mother be surprised to see how dirty and greasy and smelly we are!" He looked at the sea beyond the beach where the whale had been washed up. There were great chunks of ice floating around, and it looked very cold and not at all inviting. "Do you suppose we could learn to love the sea and later get to feel homesick for it?"

Eve looked out at the far horizon and the fields of broken ice. "I don't think I could ever learn to love this ocean. It looks cold and unfriendly." She looked up at a brown woman who was coming to them, and said under her breath, "Must be our mother. I hope we can speak Eskimo."

The woman jerked her head toward a wrinkled and evil-faced old man, saying softly in a strange language that they were surprised to understand, "Someone who is a man of magic has been saying that his nose is getting cold, which is a sign of a storm coming. But the men wish to stay a little longer and cut more blubber to take home in the boats to our winter camp. Now, someone's mother thinks someone's strong twins had better help carry chunks of blubber so that the boats will be filled."

The children, not quite trusting themselves to speak the strange language, ran off to the place where the last of the blubber was being sawed slowly into chunks with very dull saws made of the bills of sailfish.

As Adam watched, he whispered to Eve, "What poor knives! I think we could chip better ones out of these black stones on the beach. Give me a hand and I will see if they will chip like Father taught us."

He picked up a small piece of bone, then selected a long thin piece of the black stone, and while Eve held it steady, he placed the end of the bone against the rock and, using a small round stone for a hammer, tapped the bone sharply. The large stone flaked beautifully. "We'll have a fine knife in no time at all, said Adam, and with swift taps as Eve held the stone, the flakes fell and a good ragged, but sharp edge formed.

The old tribal magic man had been watching them suspiciously. He came over and gave a questioning grunt.

“Someone’s twins are making a stone knife that is very sharp and that will cut blubber,” explained Adam politely. He took the knife to the whale and easily cut a square of blubber. The men had paused curiously to watch, and Adam said, “If someone wishes to see how to make a stone knife, I will show him. It is very easy.” He motioned to Eve, and she selected another stone and held it. He flaked its edge quickly and from his audience came wondering cries of delight.

“It is a wonderful way to make knives!” shouted one of the men. “We must all learn!”

The old magician seemed to be turning green with envy. Suddenly he began to shout, “Beware! Beware! Someone’s twins have been bewitched by evil spirits. We must hurry home and leave them here or we will all be overcome by evil spirits. Don’t you all know that no one can cut stone with a piece of bone unless with the help of terrible and evil spirits? Run! Run for your lives! To the boats! Run!”

Suddenly everyone took fright and began running for the four big skin boats which had been hidden on the beach behind the carcass of the whale so that the children had not seen them.

“It is not evil spirits!” shouted Adam. “Anyone can make stone knives!”

“Don’t leave us here!” begged Eve, and she and Adam tried to get into the boat behind their mother. But the men pushed them away and the boats slid into the water and everyone paddled furiously to get away from the shore.

The old magician shook his fist at them and shouted curses. “Freeze! Die of hunger! Be eaten by the great bears! Die! Die!”

Eve clung to Adam and began to wail. "What can we do? We can't stay here without a house and we can't eat blubber very long because it's almost all gone. Oh, oh, oh! I wish we were home!"

That did it. There came a jerk and a flash of light, and the next moment they were standing on the glass plate beside the wheel among their friends. Eve threw her arms around one after another and hugged each while trying to stutter out what danger they had been in and how glad they were to get safely back to the Garden.

Father Time looked at his watch. "Less than fourteen minutes," he said. "So what was it that made this pair of brave adventurers come back so quickly?"

Adam, with Eve's help when he left out anything, told their story. Everyone listened breathlessly. "I don't quite know what happened," Adam said when he had finished. "We were only trying to help by making stone knives like Father taught us. It pleased everyone except that old magic man."

"Exactly," said Father Time wisely. "In every group there is someone who is the boss, and if that one sees anyone else doing something that might cut into his power, he does his best to do away with him. In your case it was the magician. He couldn't afford to let it be seen that anyone was smarter than he was. So he made the people think you were being used by evil spirits and that to have you around might cause the spirits to bewitch all of them. He was very crafty."

"But they needed stone knives so much," said Eve.

"Of course they did. Lots of people need lots of things that smart men can see how to get for them. But there's always a magician or chief or boss or king or someone who doesn't dare let other people show that they are smarter. I never saw it fail. Just let a really smart man come up with some good idea, and they run him out of town and get the mob yapping at his

heels. The really smart men soon learn either to keep their mouths shut, or to find a way to make the big boss think he has thought up the idea. But come, time is wasting and the afternoon is half gone. Who else has the courage to try an adventure into future time?"

Adam Yellow, with his Eve, the Celestials, came forward hesitantly." If it isn't too very dangerous," said Adam, "we would like to go to the land where I will settle,
and

what our children's children
have done about learning to live in a proper way. Through the Time Telescope we saw a very wise and splendid king who was holding court and making wicked people do right by the people they had hurt. I'd like to go to that court and perhaps we could
be

nobles of the court and wear fine clothing."

Father Time scratched his bald head and thought a bit. "That must have been the Emperor Zhu Di, of the Ming Dynasty," he decided, and began figuring with his pencil. Soon he was ready and pointed to the glass plate. "I'll get you as close as I can to the right place, but don't forget and use your last wish on something foolish like wishing you had something to eat. There's no telling what you may run into, even in as civilized a place as China.

When the red button was pressed, the wheel jumped, stuck slightly, jumped two more times, and then backed up a tiny bit. Adam and Eve felt as if they were being tumbled and rolled all over a thousand calendars, but the tumbling stopped and they were able to catch their breaths.

Adam found himself bouncing up and down on a fine throne. The court physician came running, and after a low bow, hurried to feel of his pulse

and ask, "Oh Divine One, what came upon you? Are you ill? Did some demon cause you to bob up and down like that on your throne?"

Adam did his best to remember who he was and to recall anything about his life that might help him for the moment. He remembered something and said, "It is nothing. My old battle wounds sometimes stab me so that I jump."

"Then that is in my field," cried an old man. "It is perhaps an omen of war. If the Highest will excuse me, I will hurry to my books and cast a horoscope for the minute and for the event. If war is predicted, I will return at once."

Adam nodded, and the old man hobbled away through the great room where many richly dressed people were seated before the throne. Armed guards were standing near, and close around him gathered men whom Adam took to be the nobles of his court. With pleasure he noted the richness of the silks which he wore.

A man whom he recognized as the head cook of the palace, and a very good friend, came up behind his throne and whispered, "Food is good for jumps, O Best of Emperors. And it is about time for a little refreshment. How would you like to declare a recess in the court hearings while I have tea and cookies served?"

"An excellent idea," agreed Adam happily, and he began rolling up his silk sleeves which hung down a foot below his hands to show that HE never had to lift a hand to do work of any kind. Servants appeared as by magic when he called out, "Recess!"

All the people looked pleased and the men of high rank began to roll up their sleeves. A tray was set before Adam and on it he saw a large pot of steaming tea, five kinds of seed-dotted little cakes, and a dish of ginger root cooked in the juice of sugar cane to make it sweet. He picked up his chopsticks and tried the ginger. It was delicious. A servant poured a bowl

of tea for him, but just as he was trying the tea and cakes, there came a great outcry from the quarters of the Empress which were just behind the throne. Smoke filled the air and firemen ran in from all directions with pails of water and buckets of sand to fight the fire. Women were screaming and running.

A voice whispered over his shoulder, "The Empress has started a riot!" said the voice urgently. "My men are beating the women with sticks to quiet them, but they are hysterical in revolt! What are your orders?"

"What did the Empress do?" asked Adam, but there was no time for an answer.

Besides, Nobleman Gee, whom he had been suspecting of treason for some time, had drawn a sword from under his robe and was shouting,

"Down with the Emperor! Follow me!"

He rushed toward the throne to cut off Adam's head, but Adam found that he knew just what to do. He threw the pot of hot tea with a pitcher's aim and hit the nobleman right in the face, stopping him until he could slip out of his cloak and grab a sword that a loyal guard held out to him.

Shouting his old battle cry of, "Mice or men!" he swung his sword and lopped off the head of the nobleman as neatly as you please. His guards formed ranks behind him and they started to clean up the revolters, all shouting the old battle cry. As he advanced on the enemy with his sword held high, Adam heard Eve screaming from her quarters behind him, and then there came a jerk, a jolt and a flash of light.

Suddenly he and his Eve were back, standing beside the time wheel with Eve crying almost hysterically and looking down at her feet.

"Well," said Father Time, glancing at his watch. "What happened to you bold ones in all of five minutes? Did the Chinese dragon chase you?"

“We didn’t see any dragons,” said Adam, breathing hard to catch his breath and letting Eve finish her cry on his shoulder, “and I am not just sure what DID happen. I was about to put down a revolt that Eve started some way, and then she must have wished us home.”

“I did,” sobbed Eve. “One of the women was going to strike me with a long crinkly dagger. I barely got us out alive.”

“I wasn’t doing so badly, with my part of the trouble,” said Adam.

“Don’t brag,” said Eve indignantly. “You had a sword and only men to fight. I could see you through the slats of the window behind your throne. But my women had all gone crazy. One of them had upset the big bowl where the charcoal burned to keep me warm, and the whole palace was about to burn down, with me in it. The women all had become hysterical and they wanted to kill me, even when I was doing them the greatest favor you could imagine!”

“What kind of a favor?” asked Adam suspiciously. “Did you order their heads to be cut off or something?”

“Don’t be silly,” retorted Eve, wiping her eyes on the handkerchief he handed her. “As Empress I had given an order that should have made every woman in China happy. Besides that, I had to do something, and that was all I could think of to do. I don’t know what’s wrong with women. Now if they had only been men.”

“Hold on,” said Father Time. I don’t get the picture. You are saying that you landed in the palace as the Empress but that there was something wrong and that you were in some kind of danger the minute you arrived?”

“Yes, that was it. Your old time wheel isn’t working right. It bounced us all over a century and back and didn’t finish the job of changing me into a Chinese woman.”

“Then what kind of a woman were you,” asked the old man. “Perhaps a black one.

“No,” said Eve impatiently. “I was Chinese all right, but all the other women around me had their feet bound to make them small, and they all had very long fingernails with silver nail guards to protect them from breaking. I landed with my nails like this, and my feet like this. One of the women saw me almost at once and began to scream that a demon had changed me into a coolie woman. I had to do something. I slapped her and told her to shut up, but that made her all the worse. Everyone came running to look at me. But I got an idea. I clapped my hands for attention and I said, Silence, all you fools! An Empress has to be bossy, and I did my best to act like an Empress. Then I said, trying to make myself heard, I have decreed a set of new STYLES for women! Doesn’t that make you happy? Listen! A brand new set of styles! We women will now keep in style by cutting our fingernails – see, just like mine – and taking the bandages off our poor bound feet so we can really have feet again. And we will stop binding feet entirely and the new style will be to have large, healthy feet that do not hurt us all the time! Isn’t that fine? Women! You are liberated! You are set free!”

The Little Queen asked, “Didn’t that please them? Didn’t they want to be in style?”

Eve sniffed. “They began to cry and wring their hands and say, But then we noble women would all be like coolies, and there would be nothing to show that we were high-born ladies or rich ones! No! No! It is sacred tradition! Women have had bound feet and long nails for all the centuries. The heavens would fall if we tried to change sacred tradition! Take back your decree!”

“I WILL NOT! I said. I didn’t know what else to say. And they went wild. I motioned to the big men who keep order in the women’s quarters and they ran with bamboo rods to whip them, but someone knocked over the bowl

of charcoal and the matting started to blaze. The men all had to stop beating the women and run for water and sand. Outside I saw Adam fighting, and knew I couldn't get him there in time to help me. Then that miserable and always jealous Mrs. Gee took a big dagger from the sleeve of her coat and came at me, screaming, Kill the Empress! Protect sacred traditions! Kill! Kill! And that was when I gave up and wished us home and I was not a second too soon. Mrs. Gee had raised her arm and was just going to strike. I didn't have any way to defend myself like Adam had."

"You did just right," said Adam. "And I am proud of you – big feet and short fingernails and all." He chuckled and gave her a hug. "Anyway, we saw China."

Father Time said under his breath, "Women! Styles! Traditions! They never really change, and they never get over being afraid to be a little different." He picked up his oil can. "No more trips today. Trot along. There is a dry bearing someplace in the second or third centuries A.D., and it may take me a long time to find and oil it. Trot along."

MORE ABOUT THE THREE WISHES

The next day, after Father Time had oiled all the bearings in his time machine from the 14th to the 17th centuries, the children gathered again with the Fairy Queen to continue the adventure. Adam Brown and Adam Black were very anxious to have their turns at going ahead in time to see what the world would be like a long time ahead. Their Eves were not quite so anxious to make the trips into the future. However, where their Adams went, they would go. Besides that, each child had its own individual wish to use, and then they shared the third wish between them, so, unless they were together when they wanted to wish themselves back home to the Garden, things would not work.

Father time was a little cross. He wiped the oil from his hands and said to the Little Queen, "Come, let's not waste time. Who is to go next?"

Adam Black was always the most polite and considerate of the children, so he pushed Adam Brown and his Eve forward. "You can take the next turn," he said generously. "We are not in a great hurry to go." Eve Black nodded her head hard, for she was frightened, even if she did not wish to show it, and was more than glad to go last.

"Stand on the plate," ordered Father Time. "And don't wiggle so much. I am not sure whether the machine is working just right, and you may get bumped a little from one place in time to another, but do the best you can. If the worst comes to the worst, you can always wish yourselves home, you know." He looked at his big watch, then said, "Where do YOU think you would like to visit?"

"India," said Adam Brown promptly. "We want to see the big temples and all the people in fine clothing riding elephants."

Father Time nodded and did things to the Time Machine with great care. Then he said, "Here you go!" and pressed the red button.

The children felt a strange whoosh and were jolted up and down as they flew forward when they landed in India. They saw a temple which was just starting to get built as they flew toward it, but as they passed and flew on, so much time had passed that it was all completed to the last steeple. They jolted along and saw a great river in full flood, but as they passed it, summer had come and it had almost dried up. Next they saw a long procession of elephants and of people in wonderful costumes riding in big baskets which were fastened to the elephants on top of the gay elephant-ropes. There was a little jar, and suddenly they were sitting still in one of the baskets. They looked down at themselves, and saw that they were dressed in amazing garments, all embroidered in patterns around jewels of many colors.

"Aren't we just TOO grand!" whispered Eve. "Who do you suppose we are?"

“Hush,” said Adam under his breath. “Just try remembering and it will come to us... I am already getting it! You are a Princess and I am a Prince, and we have just been married and are on our way home to my father’s palace!”

Eve remembered as hard as she could, and then said, “Yes, it is the custom of the country. We are still only eight years old, and although we have been married, I will soon have to go back to live with my own parents until I am older. We’ll soon be separated! That’s not good! We have to be together to use our last wish in case we want to get back home.”

Suddenly there was a jolt and a new whoosh. Adam said, “The machine has slipped! Hold to my hand! Hold tight!”

The jolting stopped quickly, but not until everything had changed. They found themselves sitting, still holding hands tightly, in the shade of a great tree. All about them were men and women listening while a man close to the trunk of the tree taught them. A woman who seemed to be their mother sat beside them, listening carefully. The man was saying,

“Tomorrow I will teach you the last of the great Truths, the Fourth, which will tell you of the way to live so that you can stop suffering. It is the way of the Noble Eightfold Path, which teaches Right View, Right Aspiration, Right Speech, Right Conduct, Right Means of Livelihood, Right Endeavor, Right Mindfulness, and Right Contemplation. That is all for today. Come back again tomorrow and I will continue the teaching of the wonderful Truths that I learned while sitting and thinking long under this Bodhi Tree.”

The man bowed slightly, and rose to go with a little group of his followers to some other place. All the people bowed and rose to go, Adam and Eve and their mother with the others.

Adam asked as they went along, “Who was that man who was talking to us so gently?”

“How could you have forgotten,” said his mother sadly. “That is Prince Siddhartha. He has given up being a prince so that he can teach us the Great Truths which came to him under this very Bodhi Tree where we come to hear him every day.”

“I don’t understand very well,” said Eve, hoping that her mother would explain the teachings. But it was very hot out in the sun and her mother simply shook her head and walked a little faster.

“You are too young to understand yet,” she said. “But when you are old enough, you may understand and even put on the yellow robe and give up the world so that you can get to Nirvana. But hurry. It is late and your father will be home wanting his curds and rice.”

Again there began the now familiar bumping and with a fresh whoosh the children found themselves flying through time. When things had once more become quiet, they found themselves in a very different place. They sat on a block of white stone across from a smiling brown man who wore a big white turban and whose teeth were very white as he laughed and joked with them. They were all eating lunch out of a big bowl filled with rice and bits of mango. It was very good. From bamboo cups they drank a cool fruit drink that was very refreshing.

Around them were other men, and many children who seemed to have brought them food and who were helping eat it as a noon meal. There were big squares of bamboo with woven coverings to make shade, and standing on frames were big slabs of marble which the men were carving to make little openings like stone lace. A little bald man who seemed to be very important, was looking at pieces of the work and chatting pleasantly with the stone cutters. He paused and passed his hand over the slab on which their father was working. He smiled and nodded his approval.

“You are making a perfect piece,” he told their father. “Take all the time you need. Shah Jahan will reward you well. He wants only perfect workmanship in the building of his Taj Mahal as a monument to his

beloved wife Mumtaz Mahal." The little man opened an embroidered bag which he was carrying, and took from it a small silver coin which he handed to the father. "Here is a little extra for you," he said. "The Shah does not forget those who use the greatest care."

The children were very proud of their father, and were about to ask to be allowed to look at the coin, when there came more bumping and whooshes. Their father and the marble slabs vanished, and when things quieted down again, they were once more in a different time and place.

There was a great river flowing into the ocean, and tied to the river's bank were several big double canoes with little houses built on connecting platforms. Up on the bluff above the river stood a city, with tall temple spires. They were watching a big brown man who was talking to an old priest and drawing maps with a stick in the smooth sand. They could not understand the old priest, but knew the language of the man who drew the maps. He seemed puzzled and poked here and there at his map with his stick. Suddenly he turned to Adam and said,

"Come here Kema. I have forgotten just where on this map lies the land of Hawaii which we go to find. You are the son of a great Keeper of the Secret, and you have seen the place with your inner eyes. Come and show this kind priest just where it is we plan to go at the end of our long voyage."

Adam did not think it odd that he should be asked to point out the place on the map. He seemed to have known it for a long time. He bowed politely to the priest and took the stick. Eve bowed and stood beside him. In the strange language she said, "Over there is the first land we will find. Back in the garden we called it New Zealand. Isn't it funny, I seem to be remembering a place where we had a big map on the wall and were taught all about the world."

"Hush," said Adam. "We'll talk about that later," He pointed to the map and said in the new language. "We first go to a big land right here. Later we go to a little group of islands over here, and finally we sail to Hawaii,

where there are eight islands. They stand in the ocean over here." He made a mark in the sand.

The priest scratched his chin thoughtfully and began to speak in the language Adam did not understand. Suddenly Eve nudged him. "Try Teley-talk. I can understand just what he means that way. Adam tried, and found that it worked.

The priest was saying, "We are very grateful for the much healing your people have done for us, and for your sharing with our priests the Secret Knowledge which you call Huna and which we will also try to learn to use. Now tell me, Hawaii Loa, when do you want my people to bring the supplies you have asked for, and when will you set sail for the distant lands which no one has ever seen, and which I hope you will find in the marked places when you get there?"

"We are very grateful on our parts," replied the leader. "If you will let us have the supplies tomorrow, we will sail when the first stars show in the sky." The men bowed to each other and the old priest walked slowly away.

Eve asked excitedly, "Are we going to see the big island of Ceylon, and then Sumatra and Java?"

"What names do you give the strange lands?" asked Hawaii Loa in surprise.

Adam feared that they were getting into deep water, so he said hurriedly, "Those are names which we think they will be called many years from now."

The big man shook his head wonderingly. "You two will certainly be great kahunas when you are older. But go now and find your mother and tell her that tomorrow we get ready to sail at dusk."

"Yes, Uncle," said Eve, and with Adam they walked toward the big canoes, not quite sure where they would find their mother, and not knowing how

she would look. "We'll shout Mother when we get to the big canoes," she said. "She will be sure to know us as her children."

"Not in English," objected Adam. "What's the word for mother in this new language? Isn't it makuahini? But I'm sure that's not what we call our mother."

Just then the bouncing started gently. "Take my hand!" cried Adam. "We may never need to know what we call her!" The bumping became strong, and then the big whoosh followed, with everything vanishing from sight.

The new scene was a strange one. In an inlet from the blue sea lay many great double canoes, and around each a flock of small single canoes. Away from the water stretched fine meadows with groups of trees, and in the distance rose high mountains with snow on their tops. Adam looked down at his hands, and saw that he was mending a net. He turned to look behind him, and there sat Eve, part of the big net on her knees. They looked at each other for a moment, then leaned a little closer.

"This must be New Zealand," he said in a low voice. "I seem to know that we call ourselves Maoris. And I see that we have grown up."

Eve laughed. "We are married. Can you remember that?"

"Of course," said Adam. It was a fine wedding. And I remember something else. We are kahunas and chiefs of the high blood, and soon we are to sail with part of the people to take a second step toward the land we will call Hawaii. You and I will do the navigating and watch the stars together at night."

Eve wrinkled her brow in thought and said nothing for a time. At last she asked, "Can you remember just why Hawaii Loa led us out of Egypt? I think it must have been before we were born."

"All I can remember is that the old men used to tell how it was foreseen by our leader that if we stayed in Egypt and that part of the world, the great

Huna secret which it is our job to keep, would soon be lost. I am sure that we have come out to this far and empty part of the world to be where we, the Keepers of the Secret, can preserve our sacred knowledge for all the coming years. “

The ground began to tremble, and Adam reached out to catch Eve’s hand lest they get separated. “We didn’t stay here very long,” he said as he watched the sea begin to fade and felt the whoosh coming.

The whoosh was a very long and very strong one. When it had passed, Eve looked at Adam as they sat in the sand beside a warm sea, and saw that he had grey hair and that his face was wrinkled. She looked from the sea to the land and saw a fine grove of tall palms with great clusters of nuts hanging under their leafy crowns. Here and there stood grass houses, several grouped together here, and several there. Looking back at the sea she saw a number of large and small canoes coming home from a day of fishing. Women and children were gathered on the beach to welcome them.

Adam had also looked around to see where they were, but now his eyes were held by a great cloud of white smoke that was rising from a mountain just beyond the palm trees and the village.

“The Goddess Pele is angry,” he thought. “Her priests are new to their work. Perhaps they have not done the right things to keep her from being angry with us. Perhaps the lava will flow from the mountain again and make us run for our lives.” He looked out at the men in the canoes. They were pointing at the smoke and shouting anxiously back and forth.

Eve had also seen the smoke and understood the danger. “The two priests of Pele are coming from the temple and are going to make a sacrifice of a white pig,” she said. “Do you suppose that will be enough? It wasn’t last time the lava flowed. Our houses were all covered.”

Adam shook his head sadly. "I am afraid we have still to learn what Pele wants and how to pray to her for mercy. The priests are not even good at making prayers and chants. I think that we had better go to help them. At least we are good kahunas and can chant the most beautiful prayers." He rose and helped Eve to her feet. Together they walked toward the men who had killed the pig and who were shouting prayers wildly. In the distance the mountain was throwing out great showers of molten lava.

The lovely little Fairy Queen had been telling the children stories of her land and people, Fairy Stories, while they waited for Adam and Eve Brown to return.

"It seems to me that they have been gone a very long time," said Adam Black. "I do hope they didn't get lost or bumped off by the time machine in some way.

"Or," said Eve White, "find a place so nice they wouldn't ever want to leave it."

The big Time Machine began making a guttural sound, and they all turned to watch. In a moment Adam and Eve Brown appeared, holding tightly to each other's hands and looking very much relieved to find themselves home again in the Garden.

"Well, hello there!" said Father Time. He looked at his big watch. "Did the bumping take you to too many places to get into trouble in any one of them? And what happened to bring you home? Did a tiger chase you out of India?"

"Not a tiger," said Adam Brown, "We were chased by a lava flow. We stood in front of it and said prayers to Pele, but she would not listen. When we started to run, it was almost too late. We were afraid we wouldn't make it to the ocean."

“I wasn’t taking any chances,” said Eve, her lower lip trembling. “The lava was terribly hot and came ever so fast. So I screamed that we wanted to go home, and we came.”

“We had a nice time and bumped all over India,” added Adam. “And we left India and joined the Polynesians and went to Hawaii.”

Father Time stopped his big machine and squirted oil from his can into a hole far down at one side. “That seems to have been the place where the bearing went dry,” he muttered. “Hard on a machine to run it so fast.” He looked at Adam and Eve Black. “Do you adventurers still want your turn, or are you scared enough to want to let well enough alone?”

“We aren’t scared,” said Adam stoutly. “We will take our turn.” He pulled his Eve toward the plate where one had to stand to go time traveling. “Eve is brave, aren’t you Eve?”

“Yes,” quavered Eve, for she would go if Adam wanted her to go, but she still was frightened.

“And where to, or rather when to? Oh, it doesn’t matter. Just say when.”

“Clear out almost to the very end of time,” said Adam promptly. “We want to see how everything is going to end and if the world becomes perfect at last.”

Father Time scratched his head thoughtfully. “It may be bumpy until you get well past the year 1900, but it might be interesting at that to see what will become of mankind. I’ve heard that men will get too smart and blow themselves and the Earth to bits. But go have a look if you are interested. And remember to use your third wish and come back so you can tell us about everything.” He moved the children a little to be exactly right on the plate, then pushed his setting lever ahead to within a single notch of as far as it would go. “Luck”, he said gruffly, and pressed the red button.

There was a might whoosh that lasted a long time, then a big bump as they slowed down. There followed little bumps and tiny whooshes, and in between them they caught glimpses of cities and fields and plains, also of oceans and rivers. In one place they heard a newsboy shouting, "Read all about it! China will blow us up if we don't turn red! The President says we will use massive retaliation and will never turn red! Read all about it!"

"They speak English, almost like we did in the Garden," said Adam.

Eve said, "They are going to blow up the world! Did you hear that? Let's go home!"

"We're past that year," said Adam as they slowed up. "And something must have happened to keep the world from being exploded. "Here's a nice quiet place.

They had landed in a nice little park with trees and grass and flowers. There were benches, but no one was in sight. Just beyond the park was a long, low building through the windows of which they could see lights and people. The big door stood open, so they decided to look in and try to get acquainted.

Once inside the door they could see long lines of tables at which sat women, most of them gray, and some quite old. They were busily sewing to make simple blouses of a gray cloth, the same blouses that they wore themselves with matching long trousers and gray sandals. No one looked up or stopped to see what they wanted.

"They all are smiling as if they were happy about something," said Eve. "And they are of all colors, just like we were at the Garden. Do you suppose we would dare talk to that nice black woman She looks very kind and happy."

"Let's try," said Adam, and they walked over and stood beside her waiting, but she kept right on sewing and did not seem to notice them.

Eve said, "I beg your pardon, Madam, but could you stop long enough to tell us what city we are in?"

The woman did not reply or seem to hear them, but a red light began to flash right over their heads and a nice voice said in English, "Go back to your place and continue your sewing. You know that you will not be happy over here. Go on back. You will be happy again at your work."

The children looked up above them and could see only a little box which seemed to speak and flash the red light. When they did not move, the box began to send out a buzzing sound that made them slightly dizzy.

Adam caught Eve by the hand and pulled her toward the door. "Let's get out of here. I don't like that voice or that buzzing. It seems to me that something is very wrong here."

When they were outside, they heard the buzzing stop, and drew a few long breaths to clear their heads. "Perhaps we'd better go home now," said Eve.

Suddenly, right before them there appeared as out of thin air, a man with a large head and eyes like saucers. He seemed to have feelers on the top of his head like those of a giant bug. He was dressed in a suit of silvery stuff and had very spindly legs. His silver shoes turned up at the points almost in a circle.

"Good morning," he said in a deep but gentle voice. "I see that you must be strangers here. Have you just arrived? And where did you come from? Where are your parents?"

"Good morning, Sir," said Adam politely. "Yes, we are strangers here. We have just come from the Garden and the year Eight. Our Father and Mother and brothers and sisters are all behind at the Garden. Old Father Time helped us to get here with his Time Machine. We wanted to see what the world would be like just before time ended or it blew up or something. This is Eve. She is rather timid."

The brown man's big eyes opened wide and he felt his bald head with one long, thin hand and then the other. "I beg your pardon," he said at last. "I was taken entirely by surprise. We have never had visitors from the Days of Creation. Will you excuse me for a moment? I must report your arrival to the friends who help me care for this small sewing unit. It will be but a moment." He wiggled his long feelers and suddenly the children could hear him using Teley, which was quite familiar to them, and could understand every word he said.

He was reporting, "I am not dreaming, and I think I have my sanity, but I have just run into a pair of black children of tender years who went into Building 4 and set off the alarm. They certainly have not been hypnotically conditioned, for they refused to obey the voice and the X2 buzz did not put them to sleep. They claim to have been teleported here from almost the beginning of Creation. They say they came because they wanted to see what the world would be like near the end of time. Can you send over a recorder and some of you join me here? This may turn out to be a very important scientific discovery, and we could all get praise marks on our records."

There was a flurry of excited Teley questions and then a man and two women, looking much like the first man, suddenly materialized. One of them carried a small box containing a machine with which to record the conversation. The women were just like the men, only smaller, and both had short black hair on their heads around their feelers. They wore the same clothing, but the points of their shoes made a complete circle. The new man turned a switch on the recorder and helped pull up another bench to face the one before which they stood. The first man made the introductions, asking Adam for his name, but remembering Eve's. He gave his name as "J-4237-B". The others also had numbers for names, but he said,

“You can just call us Number 1 – for me – and then 2 for my male friend. 3 and 4 for the females. That will make it easier. Now, little visitors, what would you like to know first?”

“If you please,” said Adam, “I would like to know why all those women who are sewing are, well, like they are. They aren’t like anyone we ever knew.”

Eve said, “What I want to know is about YOU. Are you people like us? You look so different.”

No. 1 smiled. “I can see that there are many questions to be answered, and that we will have to take first things first. Suppose I begin by telling you that we are what human beings used to call The Saucer People. We came to Earth in flying saucers and other vehicles and watched while the humans slowly ruined their world and each other and were on the point of blowing up the planet just to get even with those who did not agree with them as to what kind of government they should have. The Saucer People were waiting and ready, and just before the humans blew up the world, we took over. We used our superior weapons and within an hour had used our hypnotic powers and buzz machines to put everyone to sleep.”

“Was that a good or bad thing to do?” asked Eve uncertainly.

“It was all that could be done,” said No. 1. “This may be hard for you to understand, but the humans had all become unhappy and it was very sad. Their smartest men and women knew what to do, but the politicians who ran the governments would not let them do it. The world had come to have so many people that hardly enough food could be found for even those who lived in America. There were wars going on here and there, with those who believed in the Red form of government fighting those who believed in the Capitalist way of life. You see, humans are odd in this way. They get an idea into their heads and then cannot change it, no matter what happens.”

The second Saucer Man spoke up. "We made use of that human failing by giving them hypnotic suggestion ideas. We used our machines and buzzed into their heads new ideas so that they all soon came to believe that to be happy all they had to do was obey the Voice which we made come out of the mechanical speaking machines. In this way we got the fighting stopped and set everyone to work to make things which were needed, to grow food for the people, and make the best use possible of what was left of the Earth."

The woman, No. 3, explained. "The Atom War almost got started before we could step in and stop it. In ten minutes time the exploding bombs would have spread radioactive Strontium 90 and other poisonous dusts all over the Earth and high on the winds of the upper air. The dusts would have fallen, and in a few years every living person, creature and plant would have been killed. The lovely Earth that the dear Father and Mother have worked so wonderfully to create for us all would have become entirely dead, and would have been dead for millions of years."

Adam asked, "Did you put ALL of the people to sleep and set them to work like the sewing women? Weren't there any kind and generous people left at all?"

No. 4 nodded happily. "Oh, yes. Here and there we found, when we started awakening and sorting them, people who were kind and helpful and who did not want to make wars or force other people to believe like they did. In Polynesia on the Pacific Islands we found many fine brown people, and here and there all over the world we have little groups now living and working happily, just like all humans should have done before they made us step in and take charge of them."

Eye asked anxiously, "What became of the children? Were they all made to work like the sewing women?"

"We took care of all the children," said No. 3 nodding her head thoughtfully. "And as they grew, we sorted out the good ones from the

bad, and put the good into the groups to be cared for. The bad ones were buzzed and set to work helping to feed or clothe the rest. You see, by the time they almost ruined the Earth, there had come to be so many people that many were almost starving. The rich people always had food, but most of the people outside of the United States were hungry. When we took over, we made everyone work at something and in this way to help everyone else. And we made the ones who had to be buzzed happy at last. They listen to the Voice and no longer remember the old hate and greed and fear as in the old days. Someday the buzzed ones will all grow old and die, and then the good people can have the world and work to make it a wonderful place.

“Will you stay here then, or go back to your planet?” asked Adam.

“We will at last be able to go home,” said No. 4, tears gathering in her large dark eyes. “We Saucer people live much longer than humans, and some day we will have finished our work of love, helping humans on Earth, then go home.”

“You are homesick,” said Eve softly. “We know all about that, and I am beginning to want to go home myself.”

“You may go any time you wish,” said No. 4. “But when you do, please tell Father and Mother that we all send our love to them.”

Adam asked, “Isn’t this about the end of time? We asked to be sent almost as far as there would be any time. What will happen when all the time is used up? What then?”

No. 1 smiled as he answered, “I am sure that Father will create more time for us all if we learn to be kind and to love one another – never to hurt anyone who is not hurting us. On our home planet we learned that lesson a long time ago, and were given one new Age after another. Our planet is very old, you know.”

No. 4 took a little packet from her pocket and opened it. "Are you hungry?" she asked, "And would you like a little of our kind of food to try for your tea?"

Eve hung back. The little pills in the hand of kind No. 4 were grey and did not look very inviting.

Adam was braver. "Thank you very much," he said, holding out his hand for a tablet. "I am usually hungry at tea time, and I would like to be able to tell the others, when we get home, that I had eaten some wonderful new kind of food." He took two tablets and put them into his mouth. "Should they taste like something?" he asked.

No. 4 laughed. "I'm afraid not to you, but to Saucer people they have a very nice little taste. And after one has eaten a few tablets, all hunger is gone until time for the next meal." She held out a tablet to Eve, who took it slowly and put it into her mouth. "What is it made of?" she asked.

"Out of grains," explained No. 4. "The life part of the heavier food."

"I suppose it is very good for one," said Eve. "But our food at home tastes so very good. I love fruit and melons and nuts and bread and milk and cookies, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," said No. 4. "We often pause in our work to enjoy such things, but usually we are so busy that we make a meal of a few tablets and a little water."

No, I said, "You will be wanting to go home soon, and we have heard hardly anything of the Garden and yourselves and Father and Mother. This little machine will catch all you have to tell us and save it so all the other Saucer people can hear it later and enjoy it."

So, for almost an hour the children took turns telling what they could. They told of the animals and the birthday parties and the gremlin and the fairies.

At last it was growing late, and Eve nudged Adam and teleyed to him, "Isn't it time we went home?"

No. 4 understood Teley and rose. "It has been very nice to have you visit us," she said, "and we thank you for telling us all about the wonders of the Garden and about all the delightful things which happen there. Remember, our love to Father and Mother, and now, Good-bye".

She held out her hands to them, as did the others, and the parting was just a little saddening, because they were such fine friends and so kind. After the goodbyes, Adam and Eve took hold of hands, took a few deep breaths, and wished to be home.

The flight home took only an instant, and they found themselves standing on the plate beside the Time Machine once more. Father Time was still peering into the wheels and trying to oil the dry places with his big oil can. The Fairy Queen and the other children, with some of the fairies and elves were playing games, but they came hurrying and listened delightedly to the story of the adventures with the Saucer people and right on the far edge of time.

When they had quite finished telling everything they could remember, "Eve said, "Isn't it lucky that the Saucer people came and stopped our bad people from ruining the Earth?"

"It is very wonderful that they could help as they did," said the little Fairy Queen, "But it is growing late and we must get back to the other side of the wall. Come along. Your parents will begin to think you are lost." She drew a door in the air with her magic wand and it became a door, and out they all went, although when outside it seemed very little different.

Father and Mother were having tea on the veranda. The Chimp Boys brought in milk and cookies, and soon everyone was chattering and Adam and Eve Black were feeling very important, what with everyone begging

them to remember something more about what had been done or said or seen.

“You have all had quite a day,” said Mother. “And I can see that what you need now is just a tiny little nap. So off with you! And try to settle down and forget all the exciting things that have been happening.”

“Can I say just one thing more?” asked Eve Black. “It is that I think this is the very best of all times to live. I don’t want to go to live even where the Saucer people have made things so good. I just want to live right here in our own piece of time and not have a single thing changed. I want to stay right here and grow up in the Garden and then go with Adam to live in Africa and try to make it a good, a very good place to live. One where everyone is kind and helpful, and where no one hurts anyone unless it is to keep someone else from hurting him or those he loves. And, I don’t want to have pills for food. I want everything just like it is NOW.”

*_*_*_*_*

Now we come to the end of the stories, although books could be filled with the tales of how the different Adams and Eves grew up and were taken to live in their own parts of the world and have children, who also grew up. Father and Mother and the helpers with the saucers watched over them all until they got well started and learned to live in the lands which were given to them, to tame some animals, and to learn about plants and weather and all the things which were so important.

But there is one little story which must be told before we close our book. It is about Little Mermaid, who, as you remember, had been given legs and had become the Milkmaid who took care of the goats and milked them.

When the last of the children had gone, and the big house in the Garden had become silent and empty, Father said to Mother, “I have been thinking of Little Milkmaid and wondering what would be the finest possible reward for her. She is no longer needed here, and of late it seems to me that

she has looked very sad as she has tended her goats and brought in a pail of milk for us.”

Mother nodded and said, “Let’s go find her and ask her what she would like for her reward. We could give her this house, and well, let’s go find her.”

They had not to look far, for she was sitting beside the beaver pond, her hands folded in her lap. Near her lay the old Billy goat, keeping her company and chewing his cud. She jumped up and smiled when Father and Mother came along.

They all sat down together and Father explained that they wanted to give her the finest reward of all. All she had to do was to say what she wanted most in all the world.

Mother said, “Would you like the big house and the Garden all for your own? And if you wished, Father could create a mate for you, a fine merman. Would you like that?”

Little Milkmaid thought about it, then shook her head. “No, I wouldn’t care for that. Big houses take so much cleaning and care, and I might not love even the nicest Milkman you could create.”

“Perhaps,” said Father, “you would like to go to live with one of the children. Or you could visit around and spend a little time with each family. They all love you and all have children who would entertain you.”

Little Milkmaid thought for a time, then shook her head and replied, “I love all the children and would love their children, but I seem to be a little tired. It has been hard work tending to so many goats and getting so much milk from them. I couldn’t start all over with the new babies.”

“Don’t you have some dream?” asked Father. “Some dream of something you would like to have or be or do? Surely there is something you dream of.”

Sudden tears came into Little Milkmaid's eyes. "All I ever dream of is the sea and being a mermaid like I used to be, with a beautiful tail, and with nothing to do all day but swim and sit on a rock in the sun."

"Bless you," cried Mother putting her arms around her. "You are homesick! We should have guessed. Homesickness is the thing Father has been unable to cure with all the fine medicines in roots and barks and berries. The children all get very homesick for the Garden, and I fear that their children down the years will all have times when they get homesick for the peace and quiet and love in the Garden, even if they do not know what it is they are remembering down deep inside themselves. But we can change you back again and give you your beautiful tail and your loved ocean. Only, it seems so little to do. Isn't there something else – something in addition to just getting you back home?"

"Oh, no!" whispered Little Milkmaid, happy tears starting in her eyes. "No! All I want is to get home... home to my sea! Once I am back, I shall never want anything else, never! How soon can it be?"

"At once," said Mother, getting to her feet. "No need to wait a minute. Let's go now to your beloved ocean and make the change."

Little Milkmaid paused a moment to pat Old Billy and say to him, "Go back to the flock now. And take good care of everyone. But sometimes you can come to the ocean and see me and I will give you salt in a sea shell. Run along!" With that she fairly danced down the path through the garden.

Father and Mother followed. They passed the time of day with Mr. and Mrs. Owl, who roused up as they came past their tree and asked, "WHO?"

They passed Mrs. Elephant also, and she asked, "Don't you think I have lost a few pounds?"

The sand was warm and soft, and the sea was filled with little waves with sparklers on their tops. They came to the place where there were big stones and great rocks and still pools, and where the little fish and crabs were at play. Little Squid saw them and hurried to make a nice pool of ink in case Father might need to fill his fountain pen.

“Here!” cried Little Milkmaid when they came to a fine brown rock that had a flat top and a green carpet of moss. “This is my rock! I used to sit here by the hour, and it hasn’t changed a bit. It is just like it always is in my dreams!”

“Then kick off your sandals and sit on your rock,” said Father. “Hold very still and we will see what we can do for you.”

Little Milkmaid did as she was told and happily let the little waves wash over dusty feet. Father and Mother took four deep breaths, then touched hands while Father said, “Heads or tails? The tails have it!” and right there before their eyes the legs and feet vanished and in their place was a fine fish tail.

“I am a mermaid again!” cried Little Mermaid, her eyes shining. She dived from the rock and swam and dived and swam and dived again, finally coming up with a rush on the crest of a little wave to take her seat on her rock. In her hands she carried strands of green sea weed which she looped around her neck for a lei.

“Oh, I can never thank you enough!” she said breathlessly. “I never appreciated my ocean half enough until now, after being away from it so long. I am going to stay here as long as I live, and never even think of going up the little stream to be a land creature. I am sure that to be happiest, one needs to learn that to be just what one is in one’s own place is best.”

“You have learned one of life’s most important lessons,” said Mother, “but here, let me give you a little parting gift.” She opened her bag and took out a beautiful little comb which was sparkling with colors and handed it to

Little Mermaid. “Here is a very special comb. It has magic in it, and no matter where you go it will follow you, and when you want it, will appear right there in your hand.” Little Mermaid took the beautiful comb and hugged it to her. “A comb was the only thing that I would have missed! Thank you so very much! It is such a fine and beautiful comb, and to have it come to me whenever I want it—that will be a joy forever and make my life perfect.”

“We will come to see you sometimes,” said Father. “Now swim and enjoy yourself and see if you can find some of your old fish and turtle friends. I think I see a whale not far away, and it might be one you know.”

Little Mermaid pressed her sparkling comb into her hair and slipped into the water. “Give my love to all the Adams and Eves when you see them!” she said with just a touch of sadness in her voice. “And always remember that I love you!” With that she swam away, and Father and Mother turned to go back to the Garden.

Teaching Huna to the Children

HOW EVERYTHING WAS MADE – Part 2

[Continued from Part 1](#)

THE PUZZLED OLD OWL

After their wonderful Second Birthday, when all the little Adams and Eves began to talk and, in this way showed that their Talking Selves had come to live in the second story on the tops of their little heads, everything went along very nicely.

As you know, it takes what seems to be an endless time for children to grow up and days and years seem endless. But one just must be patient for a little while. Very soon one will be grown up, and then time will pass so quickly that one will be old and ready to die and come back as a new baby in a new body in what will seem almost no time at all. Ask any older person, and they will tell you how time just flies for them.

When the children had grown and waited and grown and waited ever so long, they finally turned five, and they had a wonderful birthday party with cake and visitors and everything you can imagine, including presents of all kinds from Father and Mother and from the birds and beasts and even from Old Mom Whale, who had found each of them a fine pearl. Some day we must hear the story of the party and the pearls, but just now our story opens with little Adam and Eve White – the pair of babies that got bleached white, you remember when the chimp nurse poured laundry bleach into the bath water.

Father and Mother had seen that with all of the boys and girls named Adam and Eve, something would have to be done to tell them apart, so they were given last names – the very first last names ever known. This is

how they went. The list starts with the ones who got all bleached out so that their skins were white and eyes blue. Their hair was almost white, but had a little yellow in it.

- Adam and Eve White. They were the white and badly bleached and freckled ones. But they were all right except that they sunburned easily.
- Adam and Eve Yellow, often called the Celestials or heavenly twins because they were to become the founders of China, which is called The Celestial Kingdom. They had straight black hair and light yellowish skins.
- Adam and Eve (light) Tan were a little darker than the Celestial Twins. Their eyes were brown and their hair almost black. They would be the Arabs and Hebrews and Egyptians in times to come.
- Adam and Eve Red had brown eyes and straight black hair. Their skins had been bleached only a little and they looked slightly sunburned and red. They were to be the Noble Red Men or American Indians.
- Adam and Eve Brown were just a little bleached and had brown eyes and black hair. They would be the people of India and of other lands where they were to go to live. They were even to be the Eskimos and live in the ice and snow lands. Others were to be the Polynesians.
- Adam and Eve Black were the only ones who had stayed just as Father and Mother had created them – a very lovely and complete black. Their hair was black, with curls all over their heads. They could stay in the hot sun for hours and not get burned at all. Their home was to be Africa.

Because they all had Talking Selves as well as animal or ape-man selves, they could talk, and Father and Mother taught them all to speak English so they could understand each other, even if they would later go to other lands and speak other languages. Because they had not outgrown the ape-self in them, they could all talk with Telepathy and so could talk to all the

birds and beasts almost as well as Father and Mother. This was wonderful, and it gave them ever so much fun.

It was Saturday, and as there was no school, Adam and Eve White had asked permission of Mother to go for a walk to the end of the garden to see if they could find out what new animal or bird or other creature had taken to saying quite loudly, and almost all night long, "Who? Who? Who?"

As they started out, Father looked up from his desk and said, "Look in the trees and for a creature which may be fast asleep – for it certainly says nothing when it is daylight. And mind your nurse when she tells you not to eat berries which may be poisonous, or go near snakes or touch nettles or poison ivy. She knows about all those things and will see that you stay out of trouble if you obey properly."

The garden was very large and very lovely, as any Garden of Eden is supposed to be. They stopped with their chimp nurse to eat some bananas and get a drink out of the little stream. They had Adam's small black dog with them, and Eve had taken along a kitten from the litter of the very first kitten-cat which had been given to her as a marvelous present on her Second Birthday. Remember? Rover White, for that was the dog's name, was a very fine dog. He knew ever so much and was a great help to Nurse Chimp White, who was getting a little old for a chimp, and who was not quite as spry as she once was when it came to climbing trees and doing hand springs. She was so wise that if there was something she did not know, she could guess it in three guesses, as Adam and Eve knew to their sorrow when they had done something naughty and were trying to hide it. However, she did not get too old to be able to spank, and when they had been especially bad, she whaled them until they howled. At such times she would telepath to them, "Just because you have those bad ape-men animal spirits in you is no reason why you should forget to ask your Talking Selves what is good and then do it. Father and Mother have taught you to wait while you count ten when you feel you must act the wicked-ape, then

take four long, slow breaths and order the ape-self to behave itself. Now see that you stop forgetting and DO it.”

As they went through the garden the birds and squirrels and rabbits all telepathed the time of day with them. Adam kept asking them if they knew where the creature lived who kept saying “Who?” all night, and their little friends kept pointing at the far end of the garden, so they kept on. It was quite a way to walk for short legs, and it was rather hot after they got out from under the shade of Little Cloud, who was hanging over the big house and taking herself a bit of nap.

“I’m hot,” said Eve. “And we’ll both get our noses sunburned. “Let’s pick a leaf for a hat.” They looked around and saw a nice fig tree with very fine large leaves. Nurse Chimp White said the leaves were safe and the figs good to eat, so they stopped to eat a few figs, then they picked large leaves to hold over their heads for hats. [And that is how the story came to be told years later of how Adam and Eve wore fig leaves for clothing.] As a matter of fact, they were very nicely dressed with pants and shirt for Adam and a pretty dress for Eve – all made with the most even and perfect stitches by Mother and her helpers.

They were almost to the end of the garden when they saw, sitting on a low limb of a tree, a large gray bird who seemed fast asleep. As they stopped and looked up, he opened one yellow eye sleepily, and examined them, turning his head from side to side. Then he asked, “WHO?” And they knew that this bird was the creature they had come to find.

“Good-morning, Mr. Bird,” telepathed Adam, making as good a little bow as he could while looking up – for bowing while your head is up in the air is something that has to be practiced for a long time to do nicely.

“And a Good-morning to you,” telepathed the strange bird. “But wait until I awaken my wife. I want her to see you all. If I am not mistaken, you are just the creatures of which we have been hearing such strange tales, and whom we have come to find and study. He looked up to his wife who was

sleeping on a limb higher up, and called to her in his own language. She opened her eyes just a crack at first, but when he pointed to their visitors her eyes popped wide open in surprise. "THEY, have found US," telepathed Mr. Owl. "Come on down and sit beside me while we learn all about them." Down she fluttered and took her place on the limb. She was smaller and had more gray in her feathers. Both had curved beaks.

"Now," telepathed Mr. Owl. "Please answer my question. I asked you WHO, as you should recall. Who are you?"

"I am Adam," introduced Adam politely. "This is Eve. This is Nurse Chimp White, and this is Rover White. The kitten has not been named yet."

Mr. Owl blinked and waited a moment. Then he said, "That was not a very good answer. When I ask WHO, you can't answer with names alone. Names never make sense. One can never really answer fully without also adding information as to WHAT you are, and where you live and what you eat and drink and like and dislike. One also must tell who and what the parents are and what everyone around you does and why, if he doesn't do it, he doesn't."

"I don't quite understand," said Eve.

"Then I'll help you," said Mr. Owl in his kindest telepathic voice. "Now, to begin with, are you the wife of this other one? And if so, do you have any children? And, well, that is enough to start with."

"Oh, yes," said Eve happily. "I am Adam's wife – or at least I will be when we grow up. Of course we do not have any children yet, but we plan on at least ten."

Adam said, "If we have eight boys, I can make the ninth, and we can have a baseball team and play ball just like we sometimes see them do when Father lets us look through his Time Telescope."

“Wait a moment,” said Mr. Owl. “Now I am the one who is confused. I take it that you are speaking of a game. But what is a base? And do you always have to have nine males to play it?”

“A base is just a place,” explained Adam. “We play it with the Chimp Boys to fill in the teams, and the bases are on the first, second and third limbs of a big tree near our house. The team with the most chimps almost always wins because the Chimp Boys can climb faster than the Adami.”

“Than the WHO?” asked Mr. Owl? “Who are the Adami?”

“That’s what Father calls us,” explained Adam. “There are six Adams in our family. Also six Eves. It means a lot of Adams. Father and Mother made us. They took different kinds of clay and made lumps. Then they divided each lump into two pieces and made a boy out of one and a girl out of the other. Eve and I belong together because we were made out of the same lump.”

“How very strange,” said Mr. Owl. “I am beginning to think that all the tall tales I have been hearing about you and this place just might have a grain of truth in them. But tell me, didn’t your parents make you into eggs first and then hatch you?”

“They didn’t even borned us,” put in Eve. “They were in a great hurry and it takes too long to hatch an egg. They just said the proper words and all the twelve clay babies came to life. Our nurse says we all began to cry and it was very exciting. We were all black when we were made, but later on the laundry bleach got into our bath shells and some of us got bleached. We were the worst. Now we can’t go to live in Africa when we grow up. “

“Mrs. Owl had dozed off. Now she awakened with a start. “Africa?” she asked. “WHO? Who? I never heard of anything by that name.”

“It is a wonderful land on the other side of the world,” said Adam. “Father made a clay world for us and when we have classes, he shows us on the

globe just where each Adam and Eve will go to live when they have grown up and have lots of children to take along. Father will put the lions over there and lots of other animals. Adam Black will be a great hunter and have good hunting."

"But," objected Mrs. Owl, "it can't be on the other side of the world or all of your Africa would fall off."

"Father says not," put in Eve. "And he knows everything."

"My husband claims that he knows everything," said Mrs. Owl with an owlish sniff. "But I wouldn't believe that Africa could be on the other side of the world and not fall off, even if he said so."

"Then why," said Eve, "does he ask us questions if he already knows everything and is so much smarter than Father?"

Mr. Owl said hurriedly, "She said that, not I. I am always keeping an open mind and learning a little bit more. You see, knowledge grows a little every day, and when I learn all there is to be known today, there will grow out a whole new lot of news and knowledge by tomorrow."

"But," said Adam, "don't you believe what Father says about the world being round?"

"Well, yes, and no." said Mr. Owl carefully. "It may be a matter of just politics with one party claiming that the world is round and the other party claiming that it is flat. Besides, so far as I have observed, the world is entirely flat, and at this time I will not change my politics and vote your ticket. I'm a Conservative, if that means anything to you."

Adam was about to say something impolite, but he caught himself in time and just said, "One time when we were playing baseball, Black Adam was on third, which is a pretty high limb. Adam Brown hit the ball and Adam Black tried to slide for home base – and lost his hold and fell and broke an

arm. Father and Mother had to make splints to put around it so it would heal.”

Mrs. Owl opened her eyes and asked sleepily, “WHO for dinner?”

“Almost anything and anybody,” said Eve. “Father and Mother have taught us that everything has to eat the thing next below it. When Father goes hunting to kill a deer for dinner, he asks the permission of the deer to kill and eat it. He tells it that when it is eaten by people, its spirit self will grow up that much faster toward becoming a man. Father has taught us to ask permission before we eat a potato or banana or catch a fish when we go fishing. And, we are taught to be as kind as we can and not hurt the creature more than just a moment in killing it.”

Adam said, “We looked through Father’s Time Telescope once and saw people sitting down to eat a turkey dinner with fruit and vegetables and everything. And even after many, many years, they had not forgotten to ask permission to eat all the lesser living things. But they changed the words and asked permission when they sat down to eat. They called it Saying the Blessing, and it sounded very nice. They remembered Father and talked to him.”

Eve broke in, “But they seemed to have forgotten Mother. She has just as much to do with all of Creation as Father. It was very bad of them to forget her. She is so lovely and so kind. She loves everything and is always sorry that we have to eat the seeds of plants or eggs or animals or fruit.”

“Eggs!” exclaimed Mr. Owl in horror. “No one should eat eggs! It is wicked! Eating anything else is all right, but not eggs.”

Mrs. Owl added, “Especially not owl eggs. Hen’s, if you must, but not owl’s!”

“Oh, please don’t feel bad!” cried Eve, feeling very sorry for the owls. “We will tell everyone not to eat owl eggs, and I am sure they will remember”

[And almost everyone has remembered. Even today one hardly ever hears of anyone mean enough to eat owl eggs.]

Rover heard the dinner bell begin to ring back at the house, and began to bark. "It is time for lunch and our naps," said Adam. "Perhaps we can come to see you again and talk some more another day."

"Yes, yes. Naps." said Mr. Owl. "Very necessary. I can hardly stay awake, now that you mention naps. Yes, come to see us any time and we will set you right on foolish ideas like that of the Earth being round. Good. day." and he was fast asleep.

When they got home, Mother helped them to wash their hands and faces so they would not be late at table, and when they were all seated and their milk and sandwiches had begun going down red lanes, Adam could hardly wait to ask Father some questions.

"May I ask something?" he said.

"You may," replied Father with a smile.

"Mr. Owl said he could not believe that the Earth was round because he was a Conservative. Father, what is a Conservative?"

"A Conservative," answered Father after trading an amused glance with Mother, who sat at the far end of the long table, "is a person or owl who doesn't want the old ways or beliefs changed. For ages it was thought that the Earth was flat, so a Conservative does not want to have to change and accept a new idea. As you grow up, you will find that men are worse than even owls. They will just hate to give up an old idea for a new and better one. It is too bad, but men are like that."

"One more thing, said Adam. "Why is it so much worse to eat owl's eggs than any other kind?"

“Did the owls say it was?” asked Father. “Well I suppose it is natural. And as you get older you will learn that it is wicked to do anything to your own eggs, but not to the eggs of the other fellow. It may take another million years for Man to get over some of his incorrect ways of thinking.”

Eve said, “Mr. Owl says he knows almost everything.”

“Well, said Father, “I suppose he does know almost everything. People will be like that also. But the trouble is that a large part of what they know is wrong – like just knowing that the Earth is flat when all the time it is round. But now eat your lunch. We can talk another time about your visit with the owls.”

Adam Black raised his hand to get attention. “May the rest of us go to visit the owls tomorrow? We never saw birds who could say WHO and know what the word meant. Our parrots can say lots of words, but they hardly ever know what they mean.”

Mother looked at Father, then said, “Yes, tomorrow you can all go to visit the owls. But you must remember to be polite even if they do hold fast to some ideas which you know are wrong. Nothing makes a creature more grumpy than to try to tell it that what it believes is wrong. And don’t any of you look smug. Humans are even worse about that than owls. Mules are the next worst, and owls perhaps last. In humans like yourselves, it is the animal self which can’t reason, but which, once it accepts an idea, makes its man stick to it blindly, unreasonably and stubbornly. You who are the reasoning Selves or Talking Selves of the man must always try your best to see that the animal self in you does not get wrong ideas about things, especially about religion and politics. Try always to remember this.”

A SECOND VISIT WITH THE OWLS

The next morning all six of the Adams and Eves, with their chimp nurses, dogs and assorted kittens, set out with Adam White to guide them to find

the owls. They stopped to eat bananas and figs and to pick fig leaves for hats, but got to the owls' tree in good time for a nice visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Owl were already awake and seated on the lowest limb ready to visit. Mrs. Owl made grumbling noises and said, "We heard you coming a mile away. It's getting so a body can't ever get one's day of sleep."

Adam White introduced everyone and his dog together with the Chimp Nurses and those of the kittens who had been named, then he asked, "Why do you not get your sleep at night like we do?"

"That's a foolish question," said Mrs. Owl. "Even baby owls would know the answer to that. We have to hunt all night, for that is when field mice come out of their holes and we can catch ourselves our three meals. Often we can catch other things for dessert, but NEVER those nasty little shrews, which taste so bad nothing can eat them."

Mr. Owl had been looking from one child to another, most interestedly. Now he asked, "What color are your father and mother – all several colors in spots, I suppose. You," he pointed to Adam White. "Let me hear your answer."

"Why," answered Adam, greatly puzzled. "Father and Mother are white, just like I am. And they do not have spots."

Adam Black looked perfectly amazed. "Why do you say that?" he demanded. "They are black, just like I am. Everyone knows that!"

Adam Red broke in. "What's the matter with you fellows. Are you trying to play a joke on Mr. Owl? Father and Mother are red, just like I am!"

"Peace, peace!" commanded Mr. Owl as Adam Brown and Adam Yellow were about to begin shouting. "I am not called the Wise Old Owl for nothing. This odd problem of color is something, the like of which I specialize upon. I am noted as a philosopher, even if I do say so," Mrs. Owl sniffed meaningfully.

Adam Tan shouted, "They are tan color, just like me! I see them every day, and my eyes are as good as anyone's!"

"Quiet, please," said Mr. Owl. He looked them over in the very best owlish manner, then said with an air of vast wisdom, "It was once said by the King of Owls, who knew at least twice as much as there is to know, that man makes his god in his own image and here we have a perfect example of the truth of this wonderful piece of wisdom. Each of you, when you look at your father and mother, sees them made just like he or she is made. And, because they created you out of lumps of clay, we can be certain that they are GODS."

Adam White said hurriedly, "I don't believe it! I am going home this instant and ask Father what color he and Mother actually are."

"Oh, please don't!" begged Mr. Owl, wringing his wing tips together in his distress. "I promised the Owl King never to breathe a word of that wonderful SECRET, and I forgot myself – just this once. If word should get back to him in his heaven, he would punish me in some terrible way. Please, I beg of you all, never mention a single word about the secret I have shared with you, not as long as you live. And never let your children mention a word about it. If you do, be warned, you will be punished even more severely than I by the Owl King. Promise! Promise! Oh promise, and cross your hearts, I beg of you!"

"It won't really make any difference, as long as they really stay black," said Adam Black thoughtfully. "Will they always stay black if I promise to keep still?"

"Always and forever black to you," promised Mr. Owl. "For each of you they will ALWAYS remain just exactly the color you are. AND, if you will cross your hearts twice, I will do something wonderful for you. I will see to it that Santa Clause will always be exactly the same color as you are!"

“That’s not so much,” said Adam Black. “Santa is just naturally black, like I am. He came to give us presents last year and I sat on his knee.”

“EXACTLY!” cried Mr. Owl. BUT, if you promise, I will keep it that way, and each of you can always have Santa in your very own color.”

“Even when I go to Africa to live and hunt lions?” asked Adam Black.

“Even, and especially and particularly, will he be black when you go to live in Africa. I give you an owl’s word of honor, and that is never broken.” Mrs. Owl sniffed again.

“Well,” said Adam Brown, “if everything is to stay just as it is and has always been – with nothing changed, I can’t see any harm in making Mr. Owl feel happy by promising. What do you say? Shall we all line up and make our promise and cross our hearts twice?”

“Why not?” said Adam Tan, only where is my heart and how do I cross it?”

“There on your left side,” said Mr. Owl. And you make a cross over it with your right hand.”

“Like this,” asked Adam Tan, crossing his heart nicely.

“Exactly,” praised Mr. Owl. “Now straighten your line, and say after me, “I promise. I promise. I promise.”

They all repeated after Mr. Owl, “I promise. I promise. I promise.” For all promises and even prayers are much better if repeated in the exact words three times over.

“Cross your hearts twice,” commanded Mr. Owl, and when they had all done so, he said as loudly as he could telepath, “Now your lips are forever sealed! You will never speak or telepath a word of the vast and wonderful SECRET!”

[And so it came about that by never breaking their promises, the children were able forever after to see Father and Mother in the right color, exactly as they had always seen them. And many, many years later, even today, you will see, when you go to visit India, that the children of Adam and Eve Brown, who went there to live, paint pictures and make statues of Father and Mother and they are always Brown. In China they have now forgotten Father, but worship Mother as Quan Yin, and she is exactly the color of all Chinese. In Africa God is Black when black people worship him. But in America, the Red Men worship Father and Mother as The Great Spirit, putting them both together, and saying that no one can see them, so, they do not know the color, but if they DID, it would undoubtedly be red to match the children of Adam and Eve Red.]

Mr. Owl seemed to be worried about something. He held up a wing and talked behind it to Mrs. Owl, using whispers and the owl language so the children would not hear or understand. Mrs. Owl listened, then nodded her head. Mr. Owl flew away toward the house, and his wife turned to the children and began to ask them more questions.

“You, little yellow girl,” she said, pointing with the tip of one wing. “Tell me, have you learned to make a proper nest? One large enough for a large creature like yourself?”

Celestial Eve said, “Oh, YES! We will hunt for nice large caves when we go to live in China, and will clean them out and make them nice to live in. And later on, we will build houses, just like the one we live in at the end of the garden.”

Eve Red, after holding up her hand eagerly, said, “Or we can put poles together and cover them with animal skins or bark to make teepees which we can take down and carry to the mountains for the summer hunting.”

Eve Black said, “Or we can make a frame of poles and cover it with long grass thatching. It is just like making skirts of grass. Little Milkmaid and Mother can make wonderful things out of long grass.”

Mr. Owl came flying back and settled in his place on the limb. "Excuse us for a moment," he said, and once more whispered behind his wing to Mrs. Owl. He said, "The Father and Mother were sitting out in the veranda in front of the house. I had a good look at them. They were just the color I thought they must be. Gray just like you and I."

"Are you sure?" asked Mrs. Owl suspiciously. "You are always getting things mixed up. It seems to me gray is not the right color. They should be black. Go and have a look so we can get the straight of the matter." With that, away she flew.

Eve White began to be as worried as Mr. Owl looked. "I'm afraid something is wrong at home," she said anxiously. "I think we had better go back."

"Yes," said Adam Tan. "Say goodbye and let's go."

They said a hasty goodbye after thanking Mr. Owl, and set off hurriedly down the path. As they went, they passed Mrs. Owl flying back to her tree, a very smug look on her face.

Mrs. Owl settled down beside her husband and sniffed loudly and meaningfully.

"At least they were Gray, like us, weren't they?" asked Mr. Owl uncertainly.

"I don't know what's come over you," scolded Mrs. Owl. "You must be getting color blind. There were no creatures on the veranda looking anything at all like the children. What you must have seen were two large birds sitting on perches."

"Two large Gray birds?" asked Mr. Owl hopefully.

"Naturally NOT," said Mrs. Owl with a very loud sniff. "One was green and red. The other was blue and yellow. Both had yellow eyes. One must

have been the Mother, because, as I flew past, she cried loudly, Polly wants a cracker.”

Mr. Owl hunched down low in his feathers and looked very discouraged.

“Well?” demanded Mrs. Owl.

“I didn’t say anything,” replied Mr. Owl meekly. “You are usually right. Drop the matter if you will. Besides, we’d better get some sleep or tonight we’ll go hungry because we can’t wake up.”

Mrs. Owl sniffed loudly three times. Then she said in her most tired voice, “If you’d only listen more to ME. But never mind. We DO have to have sleep.”

Father and Mother, who, of course, hear all, see all and know all, had been listening to what had gone on between the owls and the children, and when Mrs. Owl had made Mr. Owl feel so discouraged, Mother said to Father, “Let’s go down and have a little visit ourselves with the owls.”

“A very good idea,” agreed Father, and they set off from the house down the path.

But hardly had they started when they met the children and their nurses and dogs coming home. Eve Black reached them first, and clung to Father’s hand while she looked anxiously up into his face. Then all the troubles faded from her eyes and she said softly, “I knew they were all wrong. You are just the most beautiful Father there ever was.”

Eve White had run to Mother and held to her skirt while looking up into her face. “Oh!” she cried, almost in tears, “You are white and beautiful! I just knew it.”

All the children looked and looked, and they were so happy to see that Father and Mother were just like they had always been.

Father said, "Yes, it is true, what wise Mr. Owl told you as a wonderful secret. We ARE all things to all men. But run along now and get into your swim togs and go the nice pool we made by damming the creek last week. Little Milkmaid will be waiting there to give you your first swimming lesson. There is nice soft sand on the bottom of the pool and it is just deep enough to swim in."

The children, all feeling safe and happy again, ran with delighted shouts on along the path, while Father and Mother continued on their way and soon came to the Owls.

"Ahem," said Father as they looked up at the owls.

Mr. Owl had not been able to sleep because he had become so upset. His eyes popped wide open, and after he had stared for a moment, he nudged Mrs. Owl so hard that she almost fell off the limb. "Look! He cried. "Now tell me who is color blind! Here are the children's parents just as I saw them, and they are the most beautiful GRAY you ever saw on any owl in your life." He paused, and remembered his manners. "How do you do, and excuse me," he said in the owl language, then started to repeat himself in Telepathy.

But Mother said. "That is quite all right. We also speak Owl. You see, we created you, and when Father invented owls, he also had to invent a language for them, so it is natural that we speak Owl with ease."

"Mrs. Owl," said Father, "please do not take this so hard. It just happened that when you flew past the house we had stepped inside for a moment to get a gourd of cold water. The mistake you made was one that any owl might have made, and those brightly colored birds you saw were two of the children's pet parrots. They also can talk with words."

"I was never so embarrassed in my life," said Mrs. Owl. "I feel like hiding my head under my wing and keeping it there for the whole day. After this

I will be more careful when my husband says something and I think he is wrong. This teaches me that I may be the one who is wrong.”

“An excellent lesson, indeed,” said Mother. “Now let me tell YOU a secret known mostly to females. You’ll find that you make yourself much more loved and better cared for if you just keep you bill shut until you are entirely sure that your husband is mistaken about something. It is much more important to be loved by one’s husband than it is to set him right on every little point.”

“Thank you,” said Mrs. Owl meekly.

Mr. Owl was standing up high and straight on the limb. He already looked years younger. “And I thank you,” he said gratefully. But may I ask a very personal question? It is in line, of course, with my line of duty. I have to try my best to be a Wise Old Owl, you know.”

“I will do my best to answer you,” promised Father.

“Then this is my question. What do you and Mother REALLY look like? What color are you if not the ones we see you?”

Father laughed heartily. “That was such a question as only a VERY wise old owl could have asked. The truth is that Mother and I are made of pure CONSCIOUSNESS and mana, or vital force, and of shadowy body materials – none of which can be seen. You might say that we are transparent, and that everyone would look right through us. But we have become like mirrors, so that our creatures can look at us and see their own colors and images reflected. In this way they can have faith that we really exist and are here, loving and helping and looking after them.”

Mr. Owl blinked several times. Which is a good thing to do when you don’t know what to say. But one cannot just keep on blinking, and one must not do it too often because one might get the habit and be nicknamed, Old Blinkey.

“I will make a mental note of your answer,” said Mr. Owl, when he could find his voice again. “Yes! That’s it! I’ll make a whole head full of mental notes to preserve the answer to such an important question as that.”

“Well said,” praised Father. “You make me proud of having created such a fine creature.”

Mother felt sorry for Mrs. Owl. She looked so sad and beaten. “Why don’t you two peck and make up?” she suggested. “You know that you really and truly love each other very dearly.”

Mr. Owl reached over and gave his wife a nice peck on the head, and she was so glad to be forgiven that she gave him a whole batch of pecks in return.

“Now,” said Father, “we must be going. We thank you. Get back to your sleep before the sun gets higher.”

The owls closed their eyes obediently, and made grateful little owl noises as they dropped off to sleep and Father and Mother turned and walked away on tiptoe in order not to disturb them. But they had hardly gone ten steps when Mr. Owl roused up and cried, “WHO? Who? Who is that big light I see now around you?”

They went back, and Father said, “That is how we look to ourselves. LIGHT is what some people see when they can look beyond the outer mirror in which they see themselves reflected.”

“Then,” said Mr. Owl, “those little balls of light tied to the children by a cord and floating like balls of light above them must be because they are your children.”

“That is right,” said Father. “We have given each of them a Third Grade Self which is wise and strong and which will watch over them and comfort them when they need comforting.”

“May we have balls of light also?” asked Mr. Owl hopefully.

“Yes, you may when you have lived enough lives to be born again as a human being. Just be patient, and try to be the best possible owl while you are an owl. That will make the time come that much quicker. But we shall give you a nice reward to make you happy for the present time. We give you the official title of Wise Old Owl to the Adams and their children. And you and your children will be looked up to as the wisest of all creatures for centuries and centuries. Now get back to sleep.”

This time the Owls went entirely to sleep and slept the sleep of the wise which, as you know, is the very finest kind of sleep there is and that only comes to the good students who study their lessons carefully and do every bit of their home work every day.

When Father and Mother came to the new swimming pool which had been made by damming the creek that ran through the Garden, they found the children in their trunks standing in a long row in the water facing Old Beaver and his wife, Old Mrs. Beaver. They had helped build the dam and had built themselves a house at the deeper end. Little Milkmaid, in a grass swim suit, was sitting on the sandy shore of the pool with the good chimp nurses, each holding one of the kittens or holding back a dog so that it would not plunge into the pool and upset things.

Little Milkmaid said, “The beavers took over the job of teaching the children to swim. I’m not much good at it without my tail.”

“You are tired, my dear,” said Mother gently. “You’ve worked so hard helping us to bring up the children this far. Just sit and rest.”

MR. BEAVER TEACHES SWIMMING

When the children were all standing in the water about up to their waists and had made a line with room between to spare, Old Mr. Beaver sat up on his big flat tail and started giving the lesson.

“First,” he said, “You need to get acquainted with the water so you will not be afraid of it. As a rule, what you know won’t hurt you. It is when you do not know water that you are afraid of it. Now to start with, remember that water only hurts when you breathe it in through your nose or mouth. So shut your mouths and hold your nose with your left hand fingers to keep it closed. You can shut your eyes or keep them open, but better shut them at first as fresh water stings a little at first.”

All the children closed their mouths and held their noses, but right away had to open their mouths again to breathe.

Old Mr. Beaver said, “That is good. Next you must learn to hold your breath for a little while so that when you put your heads under the water, you can have breath enough to last you for as long as you can count ten. Now open your mouths and let go of your noses. Breathe five long deep breaths, then shut your mouths, hold your noses and put your heads under the water to see if your breath will last ten counts. Then pull your heads out of the water and breathe again. Ready? Go!”

The children all breathed deeply to get a good lot of air, then closed their mouths and noses and held their heads under the water, some for only a few counts, some for as long as eleven counts. Eve Brown was the only one who didn’t put her head under the water. She started to cry.

“I’m too scared!” she wailed.

“Don’t tell me you are a scaredy Cat,” scolded their teacher. “Water won’t hurt you. Now take some long breaths and try.”

Little Eve obediently took five long breaths and then closed her mouth and held her nose, but she began to tremble and suddenly started to wail again.

Father, who had waved his hand and changed like magic into his bathing trunks, waded into the pool. “Wait a minute,” he said. He picked up the little Eve and held her in the crook of one of his strong arms. “Look, my

dear," he said quietly, "you have forgotten what we have been teaching you about calling to your Comforter to come to help you when you are frightened or in trouble. Can you take five long breaths and call in your mind to your very own Comforter to come?"

Eve's lips trembled, but she took five slow breaths and closed her eyes and telepathed her call so loudly that everyone could hear, and instantly there began to glow a soft circle of light like a halo above her head. Her lips stopped trembling and she smiled. Father kissed her dark hair lightly and set her down into the water, knowing that she was no longer afraid. Turning to the children he said, "Never forget to call for your Comforter to come when you are in trouble. It is just like Mother and me – a mother and father older spirit joined to make one Self and living in the ball of light which is fastened to you by that little cord that is hard to see. Some day when you are grown up and go to take your places in different parts of the world, Mother and I will no longer be able to spare time to come to look after you, but you will have us in a smaller way in your Comforter. And you had better remember to call to them every morning and ask them to help you all day long. For, you know, they can only help you if you remember to ask them to do so. That is the rule. Now let me show you how to do what good Mr. Beaver has taught you."

With that, Father took five deep breaths and held his nose and lay down in the clear water. He rolled around and stayed under for far longer than ten counts. When he stood up, Mr. Beaver clapped hands by spitting his broad tail on the ground and he cheered by making the kind of noises his people make when they cheer, which are a little bit strange at best.

He said, "Excellent, Mr. Father. I can't remember having so smart a pupil. You have learned the first step in very passable time. Now, suppose you try going under the water and moving around without holding your nose. The water will not go into your nose very far if you are holding your breath. And if it should, you have only to blow a little bit and blow it right

out. Now see if you can show the children how the second step is to be taken!”

Father said, “Thank you Mr. Beaver for those words of praise. I will do my best.” And with that he dropped down on his face in the water and rolled around and even took a few strokes with his hands before coming up to the air.

“Excellent. Excellent!” said Mr. Beaver. “For a creature without a tail to use in swimming, you do surprisingly well.” He turned to the children. “Did you see? Now take your deep breaths, hold your breaths, and just drop down into the nice water and play around until you run out of breath and have to stand up again.”

The children all took in the extra supply of air, held their breaths and dropped face down into the water – little Eve Brown being almost the first in and the last to come up. Above her, her halo of light glowed brightly as her Aumakua helped her. When they saw how easy it was, they kept on doing it, having a wonderful time.

After a bit, Mr. Beaver called his class to attention and said, “Now that you have learned how easy it is to swim around – or at least pretend to swim around under water, it is time for you to learn to paddle and learn to go places.” He pointed with his fore-paw at Father and said, “Will you, my favorite and brightest pupil, pay attention to the next order, then show the children how well you can follow the order. You will hold your breath as before, but jump forward as you go down into the water. Keep your face down, and paddle with your hands and feet to make yourself go forward as far through the water as you can before you have to come up for more breath. Please try.”

Father smiled and backed off to the deeper end of the pool. There he dived in and swam rapidly under water the full length of the pool, coming up for air just before he came to the place where the little stream ran into the

pond. The children all clapped loudly and Mr. Beaver whistled loudly four times as Father came back to the group.

“I never saw such an apt and smart pupil in my life,” said Mr. Beaver. It is almost as if you had been an expert swimmer all your life!”

Adam White spoke up, “He should be smart about swimming.” he said, but Father placed a hand over his mouth laughingly. “Don’t tell him,” he whispered. “Be a little diplomat and let him enjoy being the world’s best swimming teacher.” Adam White chuckled and nodded. Everyone grinned. But Mr. Beaver became suspicious.

“Is it a joke?” he asked. “Don’t tell me, Mr. Father, that you already knew how to swim?”

Father said, “I must confess that I had already learned. But that makes no difference. Your method of teaching swimming is the finest I have ever seen, and you are a splendid teacher. Please go on with your instruction. Perhaps the children will want to try swimming under water, just as you ordered and just as I showed how to do. But they will not be expected to swim very far before coming up for air at the end of each dive.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Beaver proudly, “my method is the best there is. Now all of you stand in a line again and get ready. Now dive and paddle hard!”

In dived all the children, some doing it well and some not, but they loved it and tried over and over, soon getting so that they could swim under water quite well. After that they were taught to swim with their faces turned to one side out of the water so they could breathe. They did not learn how to float on their backs. But by that time it was almost noon and time for lunch and naps, so everyone thanked Mr. Beaver most warmly, and set off for the showers. The happiest of them all was Eve Brown. The halo had gone away from above her head, but she knew that she never need fear the lovely water again.

When they reached the row of showers behind the house, it was found that the Chimp Boys had forgotten to pump water up into the shower tank. As a matter of fact, they had all been up in trees watching the swimming lesson. But Mother knew what to do. She called to Little Cloud, who had also been watching the fun, and who was making shade for the house.

“Little Cloud,” called Mother, using her loudest Teley, “could you help out with a nice little rain on the children? The shower tank is empty.”

Little Cloud moved over just a little, and then, being ever so careful not to make thunder or lightning, she rained a fine shower and when she had finished, not a single child had a spot of mud left on a single foot.

“Good!” said Mother. “Little Cloud, you may wear your rainbow up-side-down as a necklace until tea time as your reward.”

THE SECOND SWIMMING LESSON

The children were so excited over being able to swim, even if just a very little, that the next morning classes were no sooner over than they all asked to be given another swimming lesson. Old Mr. Beaver was busy, but when they telepathed around to their friends in the Garden, three volunteers were found, each more than willing to teach.

The first teacher was Quackey the duck. She stood the children in a line while the chimp nurses sat on the shore and held the dogs and kittens. In the trees were the Chimp Boys, who this time had pumped plenty of water into the tank for use in the showers, also birds of all kinds, using their season tickets and allowed to come to see anything that even looked a tiny bit like it might be a show or party. Seated on a limb above the lower part of the pool was Old Kingfisher. He was greatly interested in the lessons.

Quackey rose on her toes and shook out her feathers to start with, then said in the best duck Teley, “You made too hard work of it yesterday. I did not see you, but later I heard all about it. To my way of thinking the most

important thing to learn is to float. This is very easy, but as you children need to keep your mouths and noses out of the water so you can breathe, I think you had better learn to float on your backs. First get a good lot of air and hold your breaths like you did yesterday, then let yourselves fall gently backward into the water. You will go under a little at first, but you will come right up again and float so you can lie still and hold your face above water. Now try.”

The children tried, some of them doing well at first try, some having to try several times, but with the duck quacking encouragement loudly, they were soon able to float and breathe as they floated. Getting back on their feet was not too easy, and they sometimes got water up their noses in coming back to a standing position.

“Next,” said Quackey,” you must learn to paddle while you float. As you are put together wrong, you won’t be able to paddle like a duck, but try using your hands and feet to push on the water and make you go along. Try.”

They all tried, but soon Quackey called them to attention and said, “I see that in order to swim like a duck, you need to be made like a duck. Your bodies are too heavy to float without lots of oily feathers, and you do not have webs on your hands or feet and without a good long bill to use to catch a snail on the bottom of the pond, I can’t see much reason for trying to swim.”

Old Frog had been waiting his turn. Now he croaked loudly to call attention to himself as he hopped to sit where Quackey had been standing. “Only frogs really know how to swim,” he said proudly. “And if you will make a circle, I will show you instead of telling you how best to swim. I am a frog of few words. Circle up close to the bank so you can watch.”

The children waved a polite goodbye to Quackey and made a half-circle around their new teacher. Without another word he took a long leap into the water and before one could say, pollywog, was swimming back and

forth using a wonderful stroke in which his front and back legs worked perfectly. He dived and did some turn-overs and then hopped back on the shore.

“Now! Let me see you do likewise and use the famous frog stroke,” he commanded.

They all tried, and, to tell the truth, except for having to turn on one side to breathe in air rather often, they were soon doing passably well. Father and Mother, who were lying on the bank of the pond watching, clapped loudly. Little Milkmaid clapped just a little, and said, “If only the poor darlings had tails they would not make such hard work of it.” The Chimp Boys in the trees clapped loudly, but the chimp nurses had their hands full holding kittens, or, especially the boys’ dogs, who wanted badly to get into the pool with their masters.

Old Frog thought that all the clapping was for him. He took several bows, and without a word hopped off upstream go about his usual frog business.

Nicky, the water snake, telepathed, “Now it’s my turn. I’ll really teach you! Don’t believe anything the others have told you. Either they do not know, or they have tried to fool you. You do not need hands or feet or anything to push you fast through the water. Just watch me, and become enlightened. With that he wiggled off the bank into the water, and holding his head straight up enough to get breath, swam like a streak back and forth, wiggling his body and fairly flying through the water. When he had finished, he wiggled back up to his place on the bank and said, “See? Didn’t I tell you the truth? If you would just listen to the wisdom of the serpent when you want to know the truth of things, you would save yourselves lots of time and trouble. And that goes for other things as well as swimming. A good liar can wiggle out of almost anything. Now see what you can do. Get a wiggle on you – all of you.”

Little Eve Brown obediently tried to swim with a wiggle, but the other children stood looking down their noses suspiciously at Old Nick. Eve said

to her Adam, "I can't seem to do it. You try and then you can show me how." Her Adam tried, while the other children watched disapprovingly. He also failed to be able to swim by wiggling. Meantime, the Serpent saw that he was not making many friends, so he wiggled up the bank and hurried to get lost in the grass.

Adam Black said, "That Old Nick is wicked! Father has taught us never to lie! And what he said about swimming and wiggling out of things is wrong. If we did like he says to do, we would all be thrown out of the Garden and have to go live in that thorn patch beyond the hill." The other children all agreed, and Eve Brown said she was very sorry to have been taken in and for getting her Adam taken in.

Father laughed, and said to Mother, "Years from now they will tell the story of how the Serpent tempted Eve and got them thrown out of the Garden – actually out."

Mother called, "Take one or two more swims, then it will be time to get cleaned up and dressed for lunch. She and Father rose and started for the house, feeling sure that the children could now take care of themselves.

But Eve Brown said, "How was I to know that Old Nick was trying to fool us?" Eve Black said, "You are too trusting."

"I'm not!" cried Eve Brown beginning to cry, and she gave Eve Black a big push, making her fall into the water.

"Don't you do that!" shouted Adam Black and he helped his Eve get to her feet, but she was also angry. "No one shoves me around," she said, and gave Eve Brown a very hard shove, knocking down Eve Tan and Adam White. Suddenly everyone was angry. Everyone pushed everyone, then the boys started hitting and the girls pulling hair and scratching. The dogs jerked away from the Chimp Nurses and rushed to the aid of their masters, swimming and barking and beginning to fight each other.

Father and Mother heard the unexpected trouble and ran back, wading in quickly and pulling boys and girls apart and fishing some out of the pond who were about to get full of water. Old Beaver happened to return just then from where he had been cutting down trees in the woods, and in a moment he was into the pond using his big paddle tail with whacks that sent the dogs howling for the shore. In a moment or two order was restored, but the children were still angry, and some were crying and still wanted to fight.

Father and Mother spoke to Old Beaver, and began picking up the children and holding them, bottoms up. "SPAT" went Old Beaver's flat tail, and the spatted ones forgot that they were angry or that they wanted to fight.

Mother brushed wet hair from the foreheads of the little Eves and pushed them into line. "Hush up," she said. "And listen well to what Father is going to say to you. This is a very important lesson to learn. Now hush."

Father laughed, and everyone felt greatly relieved. They just knew that things were not going to be really and terribly bad if Father was amused. "Children," he said when they had hushed up and were eagerly listening, he had to stop and see what was wrong with Adam the Celestial, who seemed to be in great trouble. In a moment he said, "Never mind. Even if you did get a tooth kicked out, it would have fallen out pretty soon anyway. Just stop looking for it and pay attention. That's a good fellow."

"Children," he said, beginning again, "you have learned a big lesson, even by the HARD way, and some of you have scratches, some black eyes, some sore heads where hair has been pulled out, and even Celestial Adam has had a front tooth kicked out. You will all heal up soon, but the thing you must learn from this big upset is that you have THREE SELVES in you, and that, although you do not feel him inside you running your body for you, your APE MAN self, which you inherited from the Ape men, is neither wise nor very smart. It is unable to reason like you, the Talking or auhanes do, and it gets angry and wants to fight and will get you into trouble all your life long if you do not watch it. It is your job as the Talking Self to

watch over the aunihipili or Ape man in you and see that it does not run away with you with its sudden anger and eagerness to fight without reason. I have been trying to teach you to watch to see that the ape self in you does not get out of hand and suddenly make you get into senseless fights and rows. Now, this is nothing that will harm us for long. We will get over it by lunch time and be even better friends than ever. But try to remember what we are trying to teach you – that whenever you suddenly are angry and want to push or kick or pull hair, or even kick and hit, it is your ape selves in you, and that you MUST keep it in control while you count to ten and let your Talking self reason things out. Now. Are we all back to being our reasoning selves again? Are we all sorry? And are we all good friends again – loving brothers and sisters’?”

“Yes, Father,” they all cried happily. “

“Remember,” said Father very firmly, “that LOVE is the most wonderful thing in the world. I command you that you love one another, and help one another to the very best of your strength.” He paused a moment, then added, “Never forget that Mother and I love each of you very much, and that you must love us, no matter what else you may do. LOVE lifts you closer to the LIGHT, which is what we are. Hate hurts you and all around you, and pulls you back into the ape man world. Never, never let yourselves or your children forget that lesson.”

On the way to the showers, Eve Brown put her arm around Eve Black and said, “I’m very sorry. You are the best friend I have, and I love you very much.”

“Don’t you say another word, Honey,” said Eve Black, smiling so that all her beautiful white teeth showed. “I knew you didn’t really mean it. It was all the fault of that wicked old serpent, Nick. Let’s never speak to him again.” And they never did.

THE DIVING LESSONS

When all the children had learned to swim face up with the backstroke, and face down with the frog stroke and crawl, also to dive along in the shallow water of the pond, Old Kingfisher, who had watched with more and more interest each day, called out to say, "If you can make a good deep place in the pond, so that you can dive from a high place, I will teach you how to dive. I am the best diver in the whole Garden, and I could show you ways to have no end of fun."

Old Beaver had been listening. He said, "I have been thinking about making the pond larger and deeper. I have plenty of trees cut down and if I can get some help to drag them to add to our dam, we should have some deep water for diving close to the dam and near my house."

The children all cried, "We'll help!" and when they had asked permission, they went with Old Beaver a little way back into the woods from the pond and found that with his sharp teeth he had cut down small trees leaving the ends as round and sharp and neat as if they had been put through a big pencil sharpener. One tree, even when it is not very large, is very heavy for just one beaver to pull, and one child of five, going on six, could not pull it an inch. BUT, all together they could drag even the largest trees. "This large one first," said Old Beaver, taking hold of the large end with his teeth and pulling backward toward the pond. All the children took hold of the branches, and away they went!

At the dam, Old Beaver nipped off side branches and especially bottom ones so the tree could be laid right along the top of the old dam. Other trees were brought, and then came time to add grass and twigs and clay to cover the strong framework made by the trees. There was a fine bank of clay below the pond, and everyone dug into it with sticks, sometimes having to add water, then knead like dough to get the clay into large balls to carry to the dam. This the children could do nicely, for they were already expert at making mud pies.

Old Beaver stood on the dam and took the clay balls between his front paws, placing them just right and pushing the clay down to cover the grass

and twigs and make a fine mass held by the larger branches and tree trunks. The clay was pushed down and patted by the children as best they could manage, but Old Beaver had always to come with his big paddle tail and pound the clay down hard and firm. It was a large job, but little by little the dam grew, and every day it became higher.

On the last day of the week, when the dam was so fine and high that the house of Old Beaver had become covered three feet with water and had to be put up on tree trunks for stilts, everyone was working very hard to try to get the dam finished and ready for use on Sunday afternoon. Everything was going well when Adam Tan and his Eve, who had found the softest place in the clay bed to dig for clay and make balls, objected to Adam Red digging in their spot.

"This is our spot," they said. "You go and find a soft spot of clay of your own."

Adam Red said, "But we can't find a good place. The clay is too soft over there, and too very hard over beyond where Adam White and his Eve are digging. The dam is almost finished, please can't you let us share your place where the clay is just right?"

"No!" said Adam Tan. "This is our spot. If we let everyone dig clay here, there would soon be none left." He stood up and was about to push Adam Red away, when he looked up and saw Father and Mother standing at the top of the bank looking down at them. No one said a word. Adam Tan thought hard. Suddenly he remembered what Father had told them about LOVE, and the more he thought about it, the more ashamed he became. "Go ahead and dig," he said to Adam Red. "I am sure my ape self was making me be selfish and, after all, we are all building the dam together, and what helps one of us helps us all. Go ahead and dig."

"Good boy!" exclaimed Father. "If you have learned that lesson of love and help for the other fellow, you are many times stronger than you are alone. It is like dragging a tree to the dam. If everyone works together for the

common good, everyone is as if a dozen times stronger. And, by sharing with your fellows, you get them to share with you when you need help. I am very happy to have you come to see that the ape man self inside you may be good for apes, but is very bad if allowed to make you do selfish things when you have your Talking Self and have become a man.”

By Sunday afternoon, the dam was all finished and a proper place was made with branches so that the water could run out of the big pond without washing a hole in the dam. And what a fine pool it was! It was twice as wide and four times as long. And at the end by the dam and the Beaver house, it was as deep as a small tree is high. Father and the carpenter bees had made a fine spring board and fastened it by one end on the bank beside the deep water – right under the limb of the tree where Old Kingfisher liked to perch.

As usual, there were many guests to see the diving lessons begin. Quackey, the duck, had come with some of her duck friends, and they lined up on the dam to have the best possible view. The Chimp Nurses with the dogs and kittens had to sit much farther back and up higher on the bank, for the pool had covered the place where they had sat earlier. Father and Mother, in their swim suits, were sitting close to the diving board to be able to help if any of the children got into trouble.

Old Kingfisher was dressed in his very finest blue and green feathers. His long sharp bill was polished and sharpened at the point, and his head feathers stood up like a bright comb, very blue and almost glittering in the sun.

“Creatures, animals, beasts, birds, frogs, insects, and whoever you may be,” he said importantly with bows to all the more important guests after bowing very low to Father, Mother, the children and Old Beaver. “As the foremost teacher of diving in the Garden, I welcome you all to this showing of my amazing skill and teaching ability. Now, with your permission, I will exhibit my personal skill. Will you please note the speed with which I dive, and the fact that I make hardly a bit of splash when I enter the water. If

there ever seems to be splashing when you see me fishing up and down the stream, it is because I have caught a little fish and it is splashing in my bill before it does down." He strutted up and down on his limb and shook out his feathers to show what a fine bird he was, then said, "Now watch. I shall fly up the stream and then come back at a speed no other bird could match. Just as I come to the end of the pool and the deep water, I will make my famous instant dive."

Everyone clapped or cheered politely. He took several bows, then flew up the stream out of sight. But in a moment he came flying back trying to break all records. And just as he got to the end of the pool there was a great clap of noise which banged twice like thunder. His feathers flew in all directions and he hit the side of the dam so hard that it bent the end of his bill, put a very bad crick in his neck and made him so lame in the right wing that he could hardly lift it.

"What happened?" he said when he could get his breath back and had managed to stand up on the dam beside Quackey. Quackey steadied him with a foot and wing and made soft little sympathy noises.

No one seemed to know. Overhead, Little Cloud was as puzzled as anyone. She shook her head to show that she was not the one who had made the bang and thunder noises. The Wise Old Owl, who had been to the kitchen for a cup of coffee to keep him awake so he could see the big show, blinked and blinked, but he could not find a single word to use to tell what had gone wrong. The animals and birds whispered anxiously together, but not one had ever seen anything like that happen. It was Father who found the answer after thinking over the problem.

"You flew too fast," he told Old Kingfisher. "You broke the sound barrier and that caused the big BOOM. Sound and air dislike having anyone go faster than sound, and boom at anyone who does." He turned to the Wise Owl and said, "Will you pass the word around to all the birds and tell them NOT to fly faster than sound travels. It will keep them from having a

very painful experience such as we have seen in the case of poor Old Kingfisher.”

“I will make several mental notes on the matter,” promised Mr. Owl, “and pass the word.”

Father added, “Tell the geese that when they fly south for the winter and are in a great hurry, the leader of each flock should cry Honk now and then, and if he can hear himself, he is not flying dangerously fast. But if he is going so fast that his honk is left behind and he cannot hear it, he must slow down before he breaks the sound barrier and blows up the flock.” And Mr. Owl faithfully passed the word, and to this day, when you see flocks of geese flying south for the winter, you will hear the leader crying, Honk and then stopping a moment to listen to see if he can hear himself. It is nice to know that almost never do birds of any kind forget the instructions and get into trouble with sound booms. Of course, airplanes are not so careful these days, and they make booms that sometimes even break store windows down on the ground. It is too bad that they do not Honk and listen so that they can slow down when they get to flying too fast.

Mother went to pick up Old Kingfisher with gentle care. “I’ll take you over to our house and make a nest for you to rest in until you are able to fly again. We will see that you get a small fish to eat as often as needed.”

“Oh, thank you so much!” said Old Kingfisher. “I must admit that I am rather badly banged up. If you will send word to my wife, she will feed me and nurse me. She went to visit our daughter this afternoon but should be back well before sundown to feed me and help me get the kink out of my neck. Perhaps Father will teach the diving lessons. He seems to know everything and so must be a good diver. “

FATHER TEACHES DIVING

When Old Kingfisher had been cared for by Mother, the diving lessons were once more begun, this time with Father for the teacher, and as he had invented all kinds of diving, he knew just how to get the children started.

He explained that when one dived into the water one must bend a little backwards and swim to the top of the water, otherwise, one would swim to the bottom, and no one wanted to go there until they had learned to dive well and could hold the breath a long time.

Adam White held up his hand and asked, "Why should anyone ever want to go to the bottom of the pond anyway?"

"Just for fun," said Father. "When you get to be a good diver, we will find a round, white stone and throw it into the pond, then take turns seeing who can dive down, find it and bring it up."

Father said, "You start the lessons. Come out here with me on the diving board and I will help you make your first dive."

Adam White ran happily out on the board, and Father showed him just how to jump up in the air, turn over to be head down, and hit the water with hands held high above the head. He held his breath and made a good high leap, but did not turn over quite far enough, landing flat on his stomach in the water. Everyone clapped and laughed. "It stings your tummy," said Adam. "Let me try again, and this time I will get all the way over."

He tried, and the next time did much better. They all took their turns one after another and were having a great lot of fun, when Father noticed that Adam Black was not taking part. He sent Eve Black to bring him, and when he came, he stood hanging his head.

Father asked, "Is something wrong Adam Black? Don't you want to learn to dive?"

“Sure, Father, I want to learn,” answered Adam, still hanging his head. “But I’m too scared. Everything inside me turns over when I think of jumping off on my head into the water.”

Father thought for a moment, then remembered something. “Think back,” he said. “Try to remember how you felt when you were playing baseball and fell from the high limb of third base and broke your arm. Were you frightened then?”

“Oh, YES!” cried Adam. “I was falling right on my head and I couldn’t catch hold of a branch or anything. Then I hit the ground and lost my breath and hurt all over – most of all in my arm that got broken.”

“That explains why you are afraid of diving off on your head into the water,” said Father. “The ape-man self inside you cannot reason well, like your reasoning Talking Self. All it can remember is that it fell on its head and that it hurt. It is the part of you that makes you afraid. But we can fix that. We can go into the dive very slowly and carefully at first, and when your ape-man self sees that it does not hurt to dive into water, you will stop being afraid. Now come out on the diving board with me and I will hold you by the feet and let you drop very slowly into the water. Come on. Call to your Comforter to come to help you, and then try. One must ask for help and then have faith that it will be given.”

Adam shuddered, but obediently took five long breaths, closed his eyes and sent his telepathic call to his Aumakua for help. All the other children had become silent and paddled quietly in the water while they watched. In a moment a small ball of light began to glow over Adam’s head. He opened his eyes and smiled. “I got over being scared,” he said bravely. “Let me try to dive by myself.”

“Stout fellow,” praised Father, slipping off the board into the water to give Adam free play. Adam walked to the end of the board and shuddered when he looked down at the water. But he closed his eyes and said, “I’m NOT afraid! I’m NOT afraid! I can dive better than anybody!” And, with

his eyes still shut, he drew in a big breath, jumped high into the air and came down into the water in an almost perfect dive. The circle of light went right along into the water with him, and was first to come to the surface when he came to the top.

Everyone clapped and cheered, and his Eve forgot to paddle to keep up in the water and went under, getting her mouth filled. But she didn't care. She was so proud of her Adam that she was like to burst. "He's terrible brave!" she said happily. "And he dived better than anyone for his first try."

Father helped Adam back up on the board. "Dive three or four times more, and let your aunhipili make certain that diving will not hurt it," he said.

Adam did as he was instructed. He was just a little uncertain on his second dive, but by his third he was doing well, and when it came to his fourth, his Light faded out and he was able to make a very fine dive all by himself.

Later on, when the diving lesson had been finished and everyone had dressed and had lunch, the children and their nurses went off to take their naps, while Father and Mother settled down on their lounge chairs in the veranda for a few minutes of relaxation.

After while Mother broke the silence by whispering, "Isn't it delightful to see the love and loyalty of the little Adams and Eves? Little Eve Black, today, was so proud of her Adam when he found his courage that she was almost in tears."

Father reached over to take her hand and give it a squeeze. "Every Adam does so need a loving and loyal Eve," he said softly. "And so far everything is working out according to plan."

After a long silence, Mother said, "I was just thinking of Little Milkmaid. She did not come to watch the diving lesson today. When she came in to lunch, I asked where she had been, and she said out with her beloved

goats. I am afraid she becomes lonely at times, but, being what she is, I can't think what we could do for her. Too bad there are no Mermen and that Mermaids are immortals."

Father thought for a long time. Finally he sighed and shook his head. "For the moment I can't think what to do. But perhaps, later on."

"Yes," said Mother, "I do hope so. She is such a darling, and so deserving."

Just before nap time was over, a big shadow fell over the house, and from above came a sound like the whistle of a steamship. Little Cloud, who had been fast asleep, roused up in fright and let out a fork of lightning and a crash of thunder that shook the big house. The children, half awake, came tumbling out to see what was happening, and in the Garden all the animals made their loudest warning noises.

"It's all right!" shouted Father as he rose to go outside. "Everyone quiet down. It is just that we have visitors. Children, get into your play suits and come along to greet them. And remember your best manners!"

"Admiral Gabriel must have made better time than he had expected," said Father as they went outside and stopped to look up into the sky where there floated a very large and silvery spaceship from which was being let down a small silver saucer to bring someone to land. From the Mother Ship signal lights flashed a message in green, red, yellow and purple. Father held up his right hand and from it flashed a welcoming beam of wonderful white light, this being his sign.

The saucer came gently down and landed in the yard in front of the house. A set of three legs had appeared for it to stand on, and a door opened in the lower side of the saucer letting a set of steps drop to the ground.

Father and Mother went up to it, holding out their hands in welcome. The children, hurrying to button up their play suits, watched with wide eyes from the veranda, but could see no one to welcome.

Father said, "Glad you are here Gabriel! But you'd better let me think you into a body like ours so the children can see you and talk with you. He and Mother joined hands and said the right words, and before them appeared a very kindly gentleman in a silvery costume. He had a short gray beard and rather long hair. Father clapped him on the back and Mother planted a light kiss on his cheek. The children could see that they were old and dear friends.

"Did I awaken you from your sleep with my horn?" asked Gabriel? I had it tuned for the thin air higher up and it made far more noise than I had intended."

"Noise enough to raise the dead," laughed Father.

[And Mr. Owl, who had arrived by then and was making mental notes of everything that was said, got things mixed so that many years later people came to say that when the end of the world had come, Gabriel would blow his big horn and the dead would all arise from their graves.]

They turned and went into the veranda. When they were seated, Father called the children to them and introduced them one by one. "This is Uncle Gabriel," he said. "He is the Admiral of the Space Ship Fleet and my right hand man. He has been looking here and there all over the world to see how the creatures are getting along in far places and to find the best places for you children to live when you grow up."

The children all politely shook hands and Uncle Gabriel picked up Adam Black and placed him on his knee. "What a fine solid and warm little humanoid you are!" he said admiringly.

"May I ask a question?" asked Adam eagerly.

Gabriel looked at Father, who nodded, then said, "What would you like to know?"

“Did you see the place on the other side of the world where my Eve and I and our children are going to live?”

“I certainly did!” said Gabriel. “In fact, I was there less than an hour ago by your Earth time. It is a very fine place with forests and plains and mountains. There are animals all over the place, so you will have good hunting, and below the forests there is fine soil where you can plant seeds and grow good things to eat.”

“Please, like what?” asked Adam.

Like melons and sweet sugar cane and fruit of several kinds. Also you can plant wheat and oats and barley, or corn. There are springs and streams and you will have plenty of water for your gardens or fields.”

“Did you see any of those ape men?” asked Adam.

“Yes, quite a number of them, and they seemed to make a living by hunting. I landed in a saucer to try to get to telepath to them, but the nasty little beasts would not listen to reason and threw thing at me and the saucer.”

“What did you do?” asked Adam. “Father told us that when he and Mother went to see them before we children were made, they threw things, and Little Cloud had to make a cloudburst on them and chase them with thunder and lightning. Was Little Cloud there to do that for you?”

“No,” answered Uncle Gabriel with a smile, “I was all alone with Peter. He stayed by the saucer, as he always does, to open and close the gate or door. But I ran faster than the ape men and leaped into the saucer. Captain Peter slammed the door right on their noses, and away we shot into the heavens.”

[Old Owl made hurried notes of this, but they were not too good, for centuries later it came to be said that Peter stood guard at the gates of heaven and kept out all who were not good enough to be allowed to go in.]

“Will you blow your horn for us and take us for a ride in your Space Ship?” asked Adam.

“I’d better not blow my horn again,” said Gabriel. “It makes too much fuss down here. But you will all go riding with me when Father says it is time. In fact, that is the way you will go to Africa when you grow up and are ready.”

Old Kingfisher’s nest was nearby and he had been listening. Now he teleyed a question to Adam to ask. Adam said, “Old Kingfisher wants to know if you ever make the mistake like he did and fly fast enough to break the sound barrier. And if you passed any geese flying north or south, did they obey instructions and cry Honk! all the time and wait to see if they could hear themselves, that is to be sure they are not flying faster than sound.”

Uncle Gabriel shook his head wonderingly. He looked at Father and said, “What intelligent beings you have created!” He turned to Adam and said, “Yes, we sailed in alongside a flock of geese just as we were slowing down to land here, and our navigator, Azrael, called my attention to the strange honking the geese were making. Now about breaking the sound barrier with saucers or space ships, that is something we try never to do. You may not understand this, but we have a way of changing the ships and ourselves into thought-stuff before we pick up speed, and that way we make no impression on the air or sound barrier.”

“Do you keep saying honk to make sure?”

“No, we have gadgets that go Beep, beep to tell us our speed.”

Old. Kingfisher wanted to know something more, and Adam asked, “How fast can you fly when you have changed to thought-stuff and do not have to watch out not to break the sound barrier and get your feathers blown off?”

“As fast as thought,” said Uncle Gabriel. And I can tell you that going that fast is really NOT for the birds. We can go from here to Africa in almost no time at all, but because it takes some minutes to get up full speed and then to slow down, we allow about an hour for the trip.”

Old Kingfisher shook his head in wonderment, and remarked in Teley, “That’s entirely too fast for me. When my wing gets well and my bill heals, I’m going to stay well under the speed limit all the time.”

Uncle Gabriel put Adam down and picked up Eve White. “If Father approves,” he told her, “we will give you a nice present we brought for you from an island where we landed to look at the shamrocks that grew there.” He turned to Father and telepathed two names which the children had never heard before.

“Why of course!” said Father. “A delightful gift. How did you come to get them aboard the ship?”

“Curiosity,” laughed Uncle Gabriel. While we were materialized and getting a sample of peat bog, we left the saucer door open. There did not seem to be anyone around. It was only when we were back in the Mother Ship and well on our way that we found them. They had crept into the saucer to look around and had not been noticed.”

Mother laughed joyously and said, “Some little elves and fairies will be just the thing to make our garden complete. And the children will adore them. Have Peter run up and bring them down right away. They shall be our special guests for tea. Just think! Real elves and fairies for playmates, Children!”

THE LOST FAIRIES

Admiral Gabriel telepathed an order to Captain Peter, and the lower hatch or gate to the saucer slammed shut, the legs began to draw in, and away went the saucer in a flash to the Mother Ship.

Eve White asked, "Uncle Gabriel, what are fairies and elves? Are they boys and girls for us to play with?"

"Not at all," answered Uncle Gabriel. "They are part of the Little People. They never will be human, and they are very small. Also they can mat and de-mat at will – that means they can make themselves into think-stuff so you can't see them, or can materialize or put on solid stuff to make bodies a little like you have to live in. They are very happy little people and the women are very, very kind and beautiful. The boys are called Elves and are good and kind, but love to play little pranks. They all have transparent wings like dragonflies. The elves wear little caps, usually green, but the fairies wear their hair long and appear in flowing white or colored robes. Our group has a fairy queen at their head, and she has a magic wand with which she can do the most surprising things."

There was a sudden flashing message being telepathed in from the space ship. It was in a language the children had never heard, not the Earth language that everyone they knew could use.

"Heavenly day!" exclaimed Uncle Gabriel, setting Eve down and hurrying to look up at the space ship and then all around the garden. "When they went to load the fairies and elves into the saucer to bring them to land, Peter says they got one look at the beautiful Garden below and before he could stop them, had all gone de-mat and vanished into thin air. He called but got no answer. It looks as if we have lost them in your Garden. I am so very sorry."

"Don't feel too badly about it," said Mother. "I was just thinking that when they got here and saw all the humans and the animals, they might take fright and run away. They are very timid little people."

"Won't we ever be able to see them?" asked Eve White, almost ready to cry.

“Of course we will,” said Mother, smoothing Eve’s yellow hair. “They will find a place in the garden to live, and later on I will teach you just how to go about getting acquainted with them. It may take time and practice, but I am sure it can be done. Now don’t fret or worry about it. That would make it all the harder to learn to get acquainted with them.”

Adam Brown put a hand up to take hold of Uncle Gabriel’s big hand and walked back into the veranda with him. When Uncle was seated he lifted Adam to his knee and asked, “Do you have any questions to ask?”

“Just one big one,” said Adam. “It is about breaking the sound barrier when you change your space ship to thought-stuff and go so very, very fast from star to star. Do you make a thinking noise with your mind like Beep-beep, then listen to hear whether you can hear it or see if you are going so fast you are about to break the think speed barrier?”

“A good question,” said Uncle Gabriel with an amused smile. “No, we just guess at our speed more or less.”

“Don’t you ever break the barrier?” asked Adam. “Sometimes when we make too much noise, Mother says, ‘Hush. I can’t hear myself think!’ And if you couldn’t hear yourself think and went through the think barrier, would it hurt you like it did Old Kingfisher when he broke the sound barrier?”

Uncle scratched his head thoughtfully. “I’ve never broken the thought barrier, and I’ve not always been able to hear myself think, but my guess is that if I DID I might get into a lot of trouble.” He turned to Father and asked, “Did you make anything to go on the other side of the thought barrier?”

Father shook his head gravely. “When you go past thought and energy, you have nothing left. If you could think hard enough to cause your speed to break the thought-speed barrier, you would simply land in NOTHING –

you would simply not be – just vanish into nothingness. Better never to try it.”

“My!” exclaimed Adam. “I guess that everyone had better slow down a little. But please tell me, how fast do you usually travel when you go from here to some distant star? How many parsecs a minute?”

“You know about parsecs?” asked Uncle Gabriel in surprise.

“Oh, yes! Father teaches us about stars and distances. A parsec is as far as light can travel in three Earth years. It is a very long way off if you are even only ten parsecs away from a star – from one of the closer ones.”

Uncle Gabriel thought for a moment while he looked up at Old Owl, who stood on one foot, the other foot raised, as he made ready to scratch a fresh mental note into his crowded head.

“Let us take for example a voyage from this side of your Milky Way galaxy where Earth lies well at one side. It is about 300 parsecs across, and by the time we got up speed and allowed more time to slow down, it might take half an hour. Once we get started, we go almost as fast as you can imagine yourself going. But the other day we had to go far out of the way on a voyage to visit a star in the M33 Galaxy in Triangulum. Some foolish thought-men on a planet on our way had declared war. One tribe disliked the politics and religion of another, and they accidentally set off their whole stock of Thought Bombs and blew their planet sky high, sky low and sky sidewise. Thought Bombs are far stronger than hydrogen bombs, and besides, they were living on a thought-stuff planet that was in itself explosive. We had to change course and go several parsecs out of our way.”

Father asked, “Were there any survivors?”

“Not a thought-form left that resembled anything – not even thought-dust,” answered Gabriel. “But at least we won’t have to be worried about that bunch anymore.”

Adam asked wonderingly, “Did it make a terrible bang when they blew up their planet?”

“No,” said Uncle Gabriel, “I can’t say that it did. They had no air on their planet, and it takes air to carry sound. But the push away from the center of the explosion was felt many parsecs distance away.”

Adam said, “Father tells us that the farthest away stars are traveling away from us so fast that it takes their light much longer to get to us than if they were standing still. What happens when they get so far away their light can’t go fast enough to ever reach us?”

Father spoke up. “Don’t bother your Uncle Gabriel with such questions now. We will have plenty of time later to talk about such things.”

Old Owl looked very worried. He couldn’t bear having a mental note of a good question and no answer to match it. “WHO?” he cried loudly.

“Oh, very well,” said Father. “Just say that when a galaxy out there gets going a little bit faster than light and then faster than thought, it just vanishes. It will be a long time before anyone will demand of you a better answer – or understand even half of this one.” He rose and politely gave Mother a hand to rise, although she certainly did not need it. “Perhaps we can all go out to the space ship for a look inside it before tea time. How about it?” Linking arms with Uncle Gabriel and Mother he led the way out to the saucer.

Peter stood at the gangway to help them up through the hatch in the bottom of the silvery saucer. He had materialized a body and costume for himself, and looked much like Gabriel, only much smaller. His beard was black and he had eyes that were dark and twinkling.

“This is your Uncle Peter,” introduced Father. “How are you Peter? He will show you how to sail a saucer. Now take your time and don’t trip on the steps as he helps you in.”

Eve Tan drew back, and her small face screwed up with fear. Mother bent over her and whispered something in her ear, and she began to take five deep breaths and Teley a call, and almost at once her light began to glow above her head. She laughed, and hurried to climb the steps without the least fear showing.

Peter looked on with surprise, “Where did that light come from?” he asked. “I never saw anything like that before.”

Father said, “This experiment in creating people is slightly different. This time each person has three selves, one of which lives in the ball of light. It will always come if the person is in trouble and calls for it. When it comes it can take away all fear and anger and give whatever help is needed. It is an older and much wiser self.”

“Well, slam my gates!” exclaimed Peter as he watched the ball of light fade away from Eve Tan. “And what, may I ask, is the second self like? I only know the one self such as you put into the apes and animals.”

“It is what we call a Talking Self’, explained Father. “The first or ape self lives in the body and cares for it, and the Talking Self lives in the upper part of the head where room has been made for it. It can reason and can talk.”

Peter shook his head in wonderment, “What won’t you think of next, Father! Well, with three selves aboard each person in this experiment, it looks to me as if you would have the best chance yet of getting men who are worth all the fuss and bother.”

“We have high hopes, of these,” said Father. “Our main problem will be to train the Talking Selves to keep control of the ape-men selves we had to use

in order to get a solid body to use. But, give us time. Mother and I have high hopes this time.”

Old Owl, who had come as close as he dared, spoke up. “Who? Captain Peter may I ask what kind of selves YOU have?”

“I?” said Peter wonderingly. “I’m an angel. I don’t have to have even one self. All I have to do is be ME, just like Father created me.”

Old Owl moved a flap or two closer, but couldn’t see how Peter was any different from Father. He asked, “How are angels different?”

“Well, for one thing,” said Peter, we can fly and we live mostly in the sky or vast heavens of the Universe.”

“Thank you,” said Old Owl, and he flew off to make a number of mental notes. [One was that angels can fly, and much later, when people tried to remember what had been written, they came to believe that angels had feather wings and lived in a heaven that was large enough to hold all the people who have ever died and who have been good enough to be allowed by Peter to come to live there. They invented the idea of streets paved with gold themselves. We know this because we can be quite sure that Old Owl knew nothing about gold.]

Once inside the saucer, and with the ladder pulled up and the door closed, the children found that there was a bench running most of the way around the inside, and at every place to sit was a seat belt. Peter had them all sit down and fasten their seat belts. He sat opposite Uncle Gabriel, and Father opposite Mother so that the saucer would be almost in balance. Before Peter was a wheel and a little television set that showed everything outside when the right button was pushed down. There were several buttons, each a different color, and there were five little handles that could be turned.

Peter said, “First I will turn on the gravity changing machine. It stops the gravity from pulling us down, and then we can float in the air – just like a

stick can float in water. Now sit tight while I de-grav us just enough and get the saucer legs pulled aboard.”

He pressed two buttons and they could hear a little buzzing sound. A red light went on in the top of the saucer inside the ring of white lights. The legs began to come aboard, and the saucer teetered and was too low on the side where Peter sat, so he pressed slightly on another button and made the saucer come into a perfect balance. It felt very odd to be floating like that, and was fun.

Adam Black asked, “We won’t fall down, will we, Uncle Peter?”

“No, indeed,” answered Peter. “With the de-grav instrument turned on, you can’t possibly fall down. Instead, if anything should go wrong, you would fall UP, and when you fall up, there is nothing to land on and bump you. You’ll never find a wrecked saucer on Earth, for the simple reason that if one were to be wrecked it and everything in it would fall UP and never be seen again.”

Adam Brown spoke up and asked, “Wouldn’t anyone ever find the pieces?”

“Oh, yes,” said Peter. “We have our salvage crews to pick up the pieces. But saucers and space ships almost never get wrecked. I only know of two that were hit by a piece of meteor and wrecked.” He turned the wheel a little and the saucer turned so that the Mother Ship appeared on the Television screen. He then set a pointer on the screen to point exactly at the big space ship, and reached for a blue button. “We are set on our course,” he explained. “Now we will use the ray pusher and float up while we sail north by east.” He pressed down just a little on the blue button and they could feel themselves rise and move. The Big Ship came closer and closer on the TV screen and in a moment they were going in under it and then came to a stop.

“They will take us aboard,” said Peter. “Sit tight for a minute.”

They felt the saucer being lifted, and then the red light above went out. Peter pressed the right lever and the hatch opened in the floor and the ladder went down. "Well, here we are," said Father. "Everyone out, but don't hurry and try not to fall down the steps. The de-grav machine is only slightly on now, and you could bump yourselves a little."

The children all unfastened their seat belts and formed a line. Peter went out first and helped them down to stand on the smooth silvery deck. It was very light inside the space ship, and cool and comfortable, and there was a nice smell of spice because they had a sample of most of the spices on board for testing. No one was to be seen, but doors opened and closed and there was much telepathing back and forth to the elders in the strange universal language which the children could not understand. On all sides were strange instruments and buttons and levers. Five saucers were fastened into places on the sides, and everything was ever so neat and clean. Father and Mother and Uncle Gabriel were busy greeting people who could not be seen, and Peter was telepathing orders because he was the captain of the ship. He led the children to a big table and they all sat down. Peter gave an order, and right through the air sailed the most luscious big double-dip ice cream cones to be imagined. They had never seen or imagined anything so good. They each said a bit of thanks and tucked the napkins that had sailed to them, well around their necks, and began to eat. Celestial Adam said, between sucks and bites, "I think I would like to live in a big space ship and sail around. Go places!"

Adam White said, "I could eat five of these things!" His Eve said, "Hush up, Adam. That your ape-man self talking, not you. We must not be gluttons or eat too much and get sick."

Mother was talking with Peter in the strange language, then she noticed the children watching with puzzled faces, and said so they could hear, "If you really do not need that sample piece of peat bog and it is not too much trouble to find, I'd love to have it."

“Nothing is too much trouble for you,” said Peter. “I’ll have the men break out the piece and put it on the saucer at once.” He sent out a stream of Teley orders, and very soon there came sailing through the air a big tray on which was a large square of earth with green things still growing on the top. The tray stopped before Mother and she examined it carefully. “Have a little water poured on it,” she said, “the plants are wilted, but not dead. I think it is just what I need.”

Eve Black called, “What do you want with that piece of dirt, Mother? We have nicer dirt at home.”

Mother smiled mysteriously. “But not dirt quite like this,” she said. “Just wait. Later on you will see why this particular piece of earth is so important.” She watched while a sprinkling can came sailing along and sprinkled water over the peat tray – then sailed back to another part of the ship. Mother said, “Now that you have had your ice cream cones for tea, it is time we got back home. Your chimp nurses and dogs and cats will be missing you, to say nothing of Little Milkmaid – who was invited, but who didn’t want to come. “

They all wiped their mouths and folded their napkins carefully. Captain Peter came and waved to have the tray of peat taken into the saucer. He followed and stood at the bottom of the steps while the children began to climb in. They were all on the ladder or just inside the saucer, when there was buzzing, the red light went on, and the saucer pulled hard on its three legs which were fastened to the floor. Suddenly all the children floated right up through the hatch, and once inside, floated right up to the ceiling, all squealing excitedly.

Captain Peter zoomed up into the saucer and held himself down from floating with one hand while he worked his way over to the control board beside the steering wheel, and the tray of peat bog which had been placed on the floor. He looked at the buttons and said, “What on Earth! Someone has pressed the de-grav button! He looked around and made a sudden

reach, catching a tiny little brown man in a leather suit with pointed cap and shoes.

“So it’s YOU again!” he said. “And you promised faithfully that you would never touch anything again after the last time you stopped the machinery! Now what is your excuse?” He held the little man up by the back of his coat before him.

“Begora, Captain,” said the little man, “I just came along with the bit of the Old Sod from me home land – for the love of it and meaning not a tiny bit of harm. And when I saw that blue button it so reminded me of the wind bells that grow on the bog that I had to stroke it. Just a wee stroke, you know. But me tired old hand was just a mite heavy, and, well, I am sorry and more than sorry.”

Peter let him go and he floated up to the ceiling with the children. But when another button was slowly pressed, they all came floating down.

Eve Black was close to the little man when she sat down. He looked up at her and grinned. She shook her finger at him and said, “You were naughty. You should be spanked.”

Peter said, “Why don’t you spank him? You know how, don’t you?”

“I should know,” said Eve and she took hold of the little man and laid him across her knee, even though he struggled and yelled, “I’ll be good! I’ll be good!”

Holding him firmly, she raised her hand to spank him properly, but suddenly he was gone. Eve looked and looked, but he was no place to be seen.

Uncle Peter laughed and said, “Do you see why you can’t make this little old Gremlin behave himself? Every time I have tried to spank him, he simply goes de-mat on me and can’t be found. Nothing is seen or heard of him until the next time something goes wrong and he turns up with all his

blarney and good excuses. I don't quite know what to do with him, and it begins to look as if he was planning to go along with the sample piece of peat bog and live in your garden."

Father and Mother had come into the saucer with Uncle Gabriel and saw what was going on. Father said, "I suppose we will have to put up with the little rascal if he goes with the peat sample and starts to live in the garden."

"The fairies and elves tried to make him behave," said Peter, "and they tried to beat him, but he is tough and only laughed and said the blows were love taps."

Father said thoughtfully, "Mother and I created some nice little islands in the Pacific Ocean for some of Adam Brown's children to live in, and I seem to remember that there developed some very nice little people there who built fine fish ponds and helped everyone. They were called Menehunes, and they help build canoes. I saw them through my Time Telescope helping the Hawaiians, who seemed very fond of them." He turned to Gabriel and asked, "Do you suppose that you could run down there and find some of these little people and bring us a family of them to live in the Garden and make the Gremlin behave himself?"

"I'll do my best," promised Gabriel. "Any bait you can suggest for our use?"

"Not for Menehunes," said Father. "Wait for them in the moonlight near one of their fish ponds and ask to talk to their king or queen. Then explain how greatly we need a family of them to come over here to help us. I am sure that some will be glad to come. They are very fine little people. You might say that we have very fine flowers to use to make leis to hang around their necks, and the best of grass for grass skirts. I even saw some paper mulberry trees from which they could take bark and pound it into paper cloth for their capes or to wear if the nights grew cool. Tell them we have bananas and fish and almost anything they could possibly want."

“Will do,” said Admiral Gabriel. He turned to Peter, “Plan to sail at dawn tomorrow, Captain.”

Peter had been listening while he stowed several packages under his control board. “Seeds,” he explained. “Melons from all parts of the Earth, and seeds of fruit and nuts and beautiful trees and flowers. Especially some seed potatoes from high up in South America. If you can get them to grow, you can almost live on them. And there are sweet potatoes and yams to try out, all very fine. They make me almost wish I had a solid body for daily use and could eat such things.”

Adam White spoke up, “Don’t you have anything at all to eat?”

“Only energy – we call it mana. You see, we live mostly in bodies made of thought-stuff and shadowy body-stuff. And, not having solid bodies, we do not have a place to put food and digest it.”

“Then where did the ice cream cones come from that we had for tea?” asked Adam.

Peter smiled. “You might say the cones were a gift from the naughty little Gremlin. Yesterday he slipped into the control room and pressed some yellow buttons that upset the machinery badly. Everything started to happen, and when we got things straightened out, we found that he had turned up time and managed to grab a whole refrigerator filled with those ice cream cones. They had been made ready for a party and in a few minutes more would have been served to the children, but we had no way of getting the refrigerator or cones and ice cream back to their owner. She will probably still be wondering what could have happened.”

“Did the Gremlin get some?” asked Adam.

“He certainly did! When I found him hiding behind the refrigerator, he was gobbling a cone, and I didn’t have the heart to take it away from him. For his size he certainly can hold a lot of ice cream. Later this afternoon I

will take the refrigerator down to your house. Mother thinks she might be able to make ice cream now and then for you.”

The children all clapped and shouted, “Goodie! Goodie!” and by then the hatch was being closed and the saucer legs pulled up. The saucer was lowered. Captain Peter pressed the right buttons, and before you could say, Heavenly Day! or What on Earth! they were back on land and unloading. It had been a most wonderful trip.

Peter said to Father, “Not a trace of the Gremlin, but I am fairly sure that he came out in de-mat form with the tray of peat bog. You might watch for him there or around the kitchen. He loves to eat. If Mother can find a way to get in touch with the fairies and elves, they will always be able to find the Gremlin for you when wanted.” Peter chuckled. “And you’ll often be wanting him. He can think of more ways to stop things from working than you can shake a stick at in an hour.”

“Does he always mat up into a body which can be seen in order to tamper with things?” asked Father.

“Yes. He seems not to be able to move anything while he is de-mat. I have always been able to find him and he has always had a wonderful excuse for doing what he has just done. But if he sees you are not going to accept his excuse, he will de-mat on you in a second and be gone.”

“We’ll try to get along with him,” said Father. “The Menehunes will probably be here late tomorrow or the next day, and I am sure they will know how to handle the rascal. Perhaps put him to work doing something useful for the first time in his life.”

THE MENEHUNES

It was two days before the Menehunes arrived and in the meantime the Gremlin had broken dishes, stopped clocks, let the water run out of the shower tank and done all kinds of bad things.

After the saucer came down with the Menehunes and landed, Gabriel teleyed to say that they were very timid little people and that while they were all mat so one could see them, he thought just Father and Mother should come out to greet them and help them find a place to live. The children would do well to stay back in the veranda and just look on. Later on, when everyone became acquainted, things would be different. Four families and a chief had come, so it was quite a large group which came out of the saucer and bowed gravely and talked to Father and Mother. The children could not understand a word of what was being said, but that was no wonder. They were talking Hawaiian – which Father had invented, and so could speak very nicely. He soon made them feel right at home and before night came, they had found places to live and everything was settled – even to having two of the men hunt up the Gremlin and lock him up in a badger hole with a magic lock until they had time to teach him manners. Needless to say, it was a sad day for the Gremlin. He had at last met his match.

After such a day of excitement, everyone was glad enough to go to sleep, but in the middle of the night the clock began to strike and strike and strike – every hour of a day. Father went to see what was causing the big clock to strike so wildly. “I might have guessed,” he said to himself when he saw nothing to cause the trouble, and also found that the lights would not turn on. There was a timid knocking at the front door, and when he went to see who was there, he found four of the Menehunes standing there with heads hung dejectedly.

“Did the gremlin escape?” asked Father. They nodded dismally, and the Chief said in Hawaiian, pakele loa.

“How did it happen?” asked Father, and the Chief explained that the gremlin had followed the badger hole and found at the other end a place where there was another opening. The magic lock was good for just one opening, and so he got away. He couldn’t de-mat behind the magic lock, but once out of the hole, he could if he wished, and they supposed that

after making the big clock strike and awakening everyone, he had caused himself to de-mat and get out of sight.

“Don’t worry,” said Father. “Go home and get some sleep. Tomorrow we will decide what is to be done. Perhaps I will announce a GREMLIN HUNT, and invite all the animals, far and wide to take part.”

THE GREAT GREMLIN HUNT

By daylight the gremlin had the whole Garden in an uproar. He had taken a big stick and punched a hole in the dam of Old Beaver so that the water spurted out and soon washed a bad hole in the dam. Old Beaver had awakened to find his house, instead of being partly under water, was high and dry on stilts, and was he furious!

The Owls had flown in and were making a great outcry. The gremlin had slipped in while they were out hunting and had broken every one of their five eggs.

Mrs. Elephant arrived in high dudgeon, bringing the baby elephant to Father to get help for him. The gremlin had tied such a tight knot in his small trunk while he was asleep that help was needed to untie it.

Father said, as he worked carefully to get the knot untied from the little elephant’s trunk, “I never saw anything like it. One dare not turn one’s back a minute. He does one bad thing right on top of another. He looked up at the Owls, who were so sad they could only sit in the tree near the house and moan. “It will do no good to moan,” he told them. “Get to work and spread the word that we are forming a group to hunt down this gremlin and stop his mischief.”

“I’ll spread the word,” said Old Owl. “I sure will!” He braced up and began telepathing to other owls all around that part of the country, telling them to spread the word and they must have done so, for soon birds came flying in to join the hunt, and then began to arrive animals, a good dozen

dogs of various sizes, and soon Mr. and Mrs. Lion with the black panther and Old Sabertooth, who looked pretty badly mused and mauled, and who, undoubtedly had refused to come until Mr. Lion had reasoned with him. The black panther must have been slapped in advance, for he was carefully remembering his manners and not threatening to eat anyone.

When the birds and beasts were all there, Father had them form a big circle around the Garden and then close in toward the center, looking into every hole or hollow tree or bush to try to find the bad gremlin. But when they had all reached the center, no sight had been had of the culprit. It was evident that he had taken fright and had de-materialized.

After the animals and birds had been given brunch and had been warmly thanked, even if the hunt had been a failure, they all set off for home to take care of their daily chores.

When they were gone, Father sat down on the veranda to think, and the children all played as quietly as they could, knowing that when Father was thinking, they must not make so much noise that he could not hear himself think. They were very anxious not to have him begin to think too fast and break the thought-barrier or something that might cause him to vanish.

After a few minutes Father got up and went to get his plans. As he started to thumb through the tall pile, he said to Mother, "I must have invented some way to keep gremlins under control when I invented them, but I can't seem to remember what it was. I am sure that in the country from which he has just come, they must have a way of making bad gremlins behave themselves."

There was a flapping of wings just outside the veranda, and Mother went to see what the trouble might now be. It was Mrs. Woodpecker and she was very excited. "That gremlin has placed five owl eggs in my nest with my two eggs!" she chirped. "If you and Father will give your permission, we will peck a hole in him the moment we see him! Please!"

Mrs. Owl, although sound asleep, heard her name being spoken and came as fast as she could fly. She perched on a limb and wrung the tips of her wings in anxiety. "My eggs! My eggs!" she screamed. "They are not broken! Oh, tell me they are safe and that I can rescue them! Please, Please!"

All the children had come running to hear what the noise was about, for the birds were mixing Teley with chirps and chirp-screams and making it quite impossible even for Father to pay attention to his search in his record plans.

Mother, who was never excited, even when the worst possible things happened, said, "Adam White, you get a little basket from the kitchen, and take your nurse with you. Let Mrs. Woodpecker show you where her nest is in the hole in the tree and Mrs. Owl show you where her nest is. Then climb up and get the owl eggs from one nest and take them with great care to the other nest. Do you understand? This is very important, and it must be done just right."

Adam White was so impressed by the importance of the task that he was not too sure he could carry out the orders, but his Eve snuggled up to him and whispered, "You can do it! You are the smartest Adam ever! Here is our nurse, and you just take her right along and get up to the nest. I will find a basket and run fast to bring it. Go on, Adam! You are tops! Go on!"

Adam squared his small shoulders. If his Eve said he could do it, he would do it or burst. He took hold of his nurse's hand and pulled hard so that they just raced after the birds. Eve rushed to the kitchen, snatched up a small basket, and raced after them. She could run faster than Adam, but she did not let him know. When they came to the tree, Adam and his nurse climbed up and looked into the hole where Mrs. Woodpecker and Mrs. Owl had gone. The chimp nurse held out the basket, and Adam very carefully picked up each egg when it was pointed to by Mrs. Owl with a wing tip, and placed it gently in the basket. That done, they climbed down and followed the owls to their tree, then climbed to their nest and placed

the eggs in it. The owls were almost tearfully grateful to have their very own treasured eggs safely back in their nest, even properly warm. Mr. Owl said, "When the baby owls are hatched, we will name one for you, Adam, and one for you, Eve. One shall be named Chimpie and another Woodie for the kind woodpeckers. We can never thank you all enough, and if you ever need a totem bird for your clan when you grow up, we will be only too glad to serve you.

At last Father found the plans of fairies, elves, Menehunes and all the Little People, and in the pile was a torn sheet on which the plans had not quite been finished. It was the plan for the Gremlins. Father studied it carefully, and at the very end of the sheet found written, "contra NaCl." This would not have meant a thing to most people, but it reminded Father that he had planned something that could be used to keep gremlins from getting out of hand. It was, in our language, just plain salt! "Ha," said Father. "Now I remember. If salt is sprinkled over a gremlin it will not be able to de-mat, and so can be caught and kept from making trouble. I must find a way to get salt sprinkled on this rascal tonight."

Gremlins are very crafty, and they suspect traps even when there are none, so Father had to think of something very clever on his part. He went out in the yard and looked up at the bell which was rung with a rope to call the children to school or to meals. That seemed promising, so he made a small salt sprinkler out of a gourd and tied it to the loose clapper of the bell in such a way that the moment anyone pulled the rope to ring the bell, it would sprinkle them with salt. He then went to the big clock which the gremlin was so fond of making strike all the hours, and fixed a little saucer of salt just inside the door which had to be opened to start the striking. There was a little shelf inside, and he fixed it so that when the door was pulled open, the saucer would fall and spill the salt on anyone below. That done, all that was to be done was done, and it only remained to wait until after bedtime.

When dinner was over and Father and Mother were resting on the veranda, some of the little Menehune men came to see them. They hardly ever appear in daylight, but love to come out at night, mat up solid bodies and get to work on the things they wished to do.

“I was hoping you would come to see us this evening,” said Father after they had exchanged greetings. “I have set two traps for the gremlin, and I may need help in catching him after he springs a trap and gets sprinkled with salt, which will keep him from de-matting.”

The Chief said, “We will be only too happy to help catch that rascal. In fact, we have just made a strong cage with sticks and cords from which he cannot possibly escape this time when we catch him.”

“I appoint you my official policemen,” said Father. “And we must keep it a secret between us that salt keeps gremlins from de-matting. If anyone asks about it, try to give them the wrong answer. We can’t have word get spread all around so other gremlins learn what salt does to them, or they will all learn to watch out never to get sprinkled, and just keep on day and night bothering good people.”

The Chief said in Hawaiian, huna loa, which means, very, very secret, and they all placed their little brown fingers over their little brown mouths to show that they had promised never to tell, never, never. Then the Chief said, “Hide yourselves near the bell and the clock, and be sure to stay de-mat until just the moment the gremlin mats up and reaches for the bell rope or the clock door. And the instant he gets sprinkled with salt, rush in and grab and hold him.”

There was just a little moonlight that night, but after the lights were turned out and the house was all quiet, the gremlin matted up boldly, and came carefully along looking for a chance to do mischief. He saw the bell, and touched the rope, but seemed to suspect a trap. He walked around and around the rope, looking up at the bell, and finally deciding something was wrong. With great care not to pull the rope, he tied a knot in the end of it

and went to find a long stick with a short hooked branch at the thick end. When he had found this, he stood well back and hooked the stick over the knot and pulled. The bell swung and the salt sprinkled.

The gremlin did not see the fine salt sprinkling down from the gourd, for the moonlight was not very strong. He looked up at the bell and said to himself, "It sounds a little bit odd, but the bell did not fall on me as I suspected it might. Anyway, they can't fool this old smarty."

He went on through the veranda, walking on tiptoe and watching with great care. Nothing seemed out of the way, so he went to the clock and looked at the door. "Might be a trap here," he decided, and went back in the yard to get his hooked stick. With that he hooked the latch on the clock door, stood well back, and pulled. The door opened and the saucer fell letting the salt fall harmlessly on the floor.

"Did they think they could hurt me with just a little saucer to fall on my head?" he said with a sneer. "Well, they can't." He went to the clock and reached in and set all the hours striking, just as on the night before, then ran laughing into the yard. As he passed the bell rope, he stopped and swaggered up to it and gave it a big pull, making the bell clang and the salt sift out from the gourd, and fall right on him.

The Menehune policemen rushed out and Father came from the house. The gremlin made faces at them, then blew up his cheeks and said the magic word to make himself de-mat, but nothing happened. He puffed and he blew and he nearly choked saying the magic word while he was blowing up his cheeks so large and round, but it did him no good. The Chief took him by the collar and said, "You are under arrest. Will you come peacefully or shall I cuff you good and plenty?"

"Oh, come," said the gremlin. "And I can, indeed, explain it all! I meant not a whit of harm. I just wanted to make sure that the bell would ring properly so it could call the dear children to breakfast in the morning! And the clock, it needs to go to the repair shop. Think of it making its door fly

open all by itself. And of course it struck all the hours. Did I not, meself, see a saucer fall out of the works. Someone was very careless to leave a saucer dangling inside from the works.”

“You are a bad gremlin and a liar,” said the Chief as he started to pull him along.

“Only, one favor, ask you,” begged the gremlin. “Tell me what you did to me that kept me from de-matting and getting away. Tell me that and I will be good forever and a day, even forever and two days!”

“Father’s magic,” growled the Chief. “He can lay a spell on a bell rope, as you know by now, or at least should know.”

Begora, and it’s a strong spell, if it is a spell,” said the gremlin, “but I think you are fooling me, and bad cess to ye and all the likes of ye who are cruel and mean enough to keep a poor homeless old gremlin from having a wee bit of fun now and again.”

“Poor nothing!” said the Chief. “You are bad all the way through and never will be any other way.” They came to the stout cage and he pushed the gremlin in and closed the door, locking it with the magic lock so this time there would be no escape.

Father had come along to see that the gremlin was safely-behind bars. Now he praised the Menehunes warmly, thanked them, and said goodnight. He was about to leave when the gremlin started to shout to make it impossible for anyone to get to sleep. One of the Menehunes who was set to stand guard, growled, kulikuli, which means hush up, but the gremlin kept on shouting and the guard had to take a stick and reach through the stout wooden bars and prod him sharply in the pants. The gremlin stopped shouting and sat down on the floor of his cage. “Oh, woe is me,” he groaned. “Wicked men have robbed me of the little fun left in life.”

In the morning after breakfast and school, the children went with Father to look at the gremlin in his cage, and at once he began to explain how innocent he was and ask for forgiveness and to be allowed to go free, with the biggest possible promises of good behavior. Father let the children listen to him without saying a word until he saw that they were being talked over into a forgiving turn of mind by the clever gremlin and were beginning to believe him and want to let him out of the cage. But then Father spoke.

“Now listen to me, children. I wanted you to see how very good evil ones can be at pretending to be good and fine and honest. All your lives you will have to watch out for those who are evil, especially gremlins and men and women who are evil all the way through and can never be reformed and made good, no matter how they are punished or what fine promises they make.”

Eve Black was feeling so very sorry for the gremlin that she said, “But, don’t we have to be loving and never hurt anyone? Isn’t that what you have taught us?”

“That is exactly right, Eve,” replied Father. “But it is a rule that can only be used between nice people who know how to love and help and be kind. When I was trying to make men, I had to experiment. I tried fairies and elves, but they were not solid enough to make people who could hunt and farm. I tried gremlins, and found that all they were good for was to make mischief, so gave them up and tried apes – who, as you know, were much better as far as they could go without having Talking Selves.”

“Must you punish this old gremlin?” asked Eve Red sadly.

“Only in this way,” said Father. “We have to protect ourselves against all evil men and creatures in the best way we can. If we have to put them in jail, we must do that. We simply can’t let the evil ones go about stealing and lying and breaking things just for the fun of doing mischief. But remember this, when I made men I could not help putting a little gremlin

in everyone as well as an ape self, and all of us must watch ourselves very carefully lest we let the gremlin in us get out of hand and do mischievous and bad things and call it fun. If we let the gremlin in us get out of hand, we may also be put into jails to keep us from hurting and bothering good and kind people. Always remember! Do not let the gremlin or ape inside you cause you to do things that hurt or bother others. This is VERY important.”

Father turned to the grinning gremlin, and asked, “What keeps you from doing mischief all the time back in your land where the shamrocks grow? Have you police there? Surely you do not make as much trouble as you, just one old gremlin, made here. “

“Oh, it is not after being bad, we are at home,” said the gremlin. “We play a few little pranks on each other, but do no harm at all, at all. And I give you my word of sacred promise that if you let me out of this prison I will show you how very good gremlins usually are. We are loving and helpful and can be very helpful.”

“So,” said Father, “at home you make no trouble, and you live good and helpful and useful and happy lives, just having a very little fun playing jokes on your fellows near you?”

“That is exactly right,” said the gremlin. “It is a sweet and peaceful and fine way of life we gremlins live, and we sing and dance all day and harm never a soul.”

“Good to know it is so fine there,” said Father, “for tomorrow I’m sending you back on the Space Ship.”

The gremlin looked suddenly agonized. “No,” he screamed. “No! Keep me here forever in this cage and give me table scraps. My wife beats me. Never a prank. All day digging the bog for a few bitter roots to live on! No! Be merciful! NO! NO!”

THE SEARCH FOR THE FAIRIES

Time went very fast, and before they knew it the children had all come to the eve of their sixth birthday, and great plans were being made for the celebration. The sixth birthday is one of the very important ones, for at six one stops being a baby and becomes far more important. But, as Adam Black explained to the others when they were getting ready for bed before the great birthday celebration, "After tomorrow we have to be more grown up and we must remember not to cry unless we are hurt so bad we can't possibly help it. For just ordinary hurts, we just CAN'T cry and show that we have not grown up to be six." Adam White said, "Yes, we must all remember. It is very important. Even if the girls get their feelings hurt, they mustn't cry, at least not more than one or two tears."

Eve brown looked very thoughtful and said, "Who is going to count the tears if we cry, one of you boys?"

Adam Brown smiled at his Eve and patted her brown hand. "No one is going to count your tears. "You just hide your face in your hands if you just HAVE to cry a little, and we will pretend that you didn't."

Mother had been listening as she turned down beds. Now she said, "Adam Brown, you are a kind boy, but I am going to tell all you boys a special secret. Left to learn it for yourselves, it might take a long time for you to learn what I can tell you in just a moment."

The children loved it when Mother told them a secret, and they all became silent and ready to listen so they would not miss a single word. "Ready?" asked Mother, and they all answered eagerly, "Yes, Mother!" So she said very slowly, "When a girl simply must cry, she can cover her face with her hands, just like Adam Brown said, but it will be ever so much nicer and sweeter and better if her Adam takes her in his arms and lets her cry on his shoulder. And if he strokes her hair and says comforting words and tries to understand that she is sad or hurt or just tired and discouraged, she will pay him back in love – and love is the most precious thing an Eve can give

to her Adam. If there is love and tenderness offered them, they won't cry half so hard or so often when they are hurt. Always remember this. Will you try? Always?"

The children did not understand too well, but they knew they must remember every word, for when Mother told a secret, it was always very important. So they promised, and cuddled down in pairs in their small beds.

Eve Yellow had an idea that would not let her sleep. She whispered to her Adam, "Will I always have to cry to get you to hold me?" He reached out and took her sleepily into his arms and stroked her hair, saying not a word.

THE SIXTH BIRTHDAY PARTY

When morning came, everyone scrambled to get washed and dressed and to make ready for the celebration. Mother had made dolls for the girls, and the boys all had wonderful tops with fine long strings with which to spin them. These presents were set by their plates, and when they saw them as they trooped in to breakfast, they were so excited they could hardly settle down for their orange juice and mush and milk.

When a hasty breakfast was over, the girls took their dolls and went to thank Mother for making them.

Eve Black hugged her doll and said, "Dolls are just like you, Mother, and like Father. They are exactly our color. Mine is the blackest baby doll ever. And Eve White's is white just like she is, and even has blue eyes and freckles!"

The boys had thanked Father and were having a most exciting time learning to spin their tops. When a boy managed to make his top spin, they all cheered and stood happily around it to watch until it stopped spinning and fell over.

Suddenly there was a shadow over them and they looked up to see a great space ship coming to rest in the air above them.

“Whee!” shouted Adam Red. “It’s Uncle Gabriel and Uncle Peter coming to help us celebrate our birthday.” He ran shouting to tell the girls, and they came running out, each carefully carrying her new doll.

The hatch in the bottom of the Space Ship Arcturus opened and out came the flying saucer used for landing. In a few minutes it had come to rest out before the veranda and everyone was greeting Uncle Gabriel and Uncle Peter, whose arms were loaded with birthday presents of strange things they had collected around the world. There were strange fruits and nuts and strange little stones, some clear like water and some beautifully colored. There were small and beautiful sea shells, and bits of fragrant tree bark and strange seed pods. Everything was set down on a table and the children were invited to pick for themselves anything they wished. It was a breathless moment, and no one could quite decide what to pick, so Mother suggested that they leave all the things together on the table for a while and just let themselves enjoy looking at them.

Father and the visitors were soon deep in a discussion of what was going on out in space on other planets, and Father nodded now and then and made a note about something.

Uncle Peter rose and went over to talk to Mother and the children. I have a message for you, he said. “Do you remember the bad Gremlin we took back to the land where he belonged? Well, we were there two days ago and no sooner had we landed in the saucer than he came rushing up and began to beg to be allowed to come back with us to the Garden. He made all kinds of promises to be good, but once a Gremlin, always a Gremlin, and we refused to listen.”

“How was he getting along?” asked Mother. “I hope things there are not as bad as he said they were when he begged to be allowed to stay here, even if he had to live in a cage.”

“Perhaps things were not quite as bad as he said they were,” replied Uncle Peter. “But he was pretty thin and his hands rough from digging roots in the bogs.”

“Did you see his wife, and was she as bad as he told us she was?” asked Mother.

“Yes, we saw her,” laughed Uncle Peter. “He hadn’t talked with us for more than five minutes before she hunted him down and whacked him over the head with her broom to make him get back to his digging in the bog. She made a face at us as she left and muttered something about not minding our own business.”

“Too bad,” said Mother sadly. “But that is the way Gremlins are, and all the children have learned to be very careful that the little bits of Gremlin in themselves do not come out and cause them to get into mischief. It is bad enough when a child’s aunhipili makes him begin to act like an animal, but it is worse when a bit of Gremlin bobs up.”

Little Eve Tan was standing close to Uncle Peter’s knee. She was the one who never forgot anything. “Uncle Peter”, she said, “was that the message you said the Gremlin sent to us?”

“Why no!” said Peter thoughtfully. “Now let me think. As he started back to the bog, his wife shaking the broom at him, he shouted back, Bad cess to ye all and to them in the Garden! And may the children never come to know peace or the kiss of the Fairy Queen. I don’t quite know what he meant by it, but I kept wanting to ask if you had ever found the fairies who got lost so neatly in the Garden?”

“Mother has,” answered Eve Tan. “She can see just anything or anybody, but we children can’t. We had to wait until we were a little older and could understand better just how one goes about learning to see fairies. Mother says that when one learns to do certain things with their heads, and do them just right, one will be able to see the Fairy Queen and get her magic

kiss that one carries with one always after that, and which is a wonderful thing to have.”

Peter turned to Mother. “Is that true?”

“Yes,” she replied with a little smile that made her look ever so peaceful and lovely, “once you win through to the inner peace and see the fairies and become ready, the little Fairy Queen may love you enough to touch you with her magic wand and give you her magic kiss. One day soon, I will begin teaching the children who seem to be ready how to take the necessary steps.”

“May I be the first?” asked Eve Tan eagerly.

Mother gave her a little hug. “You may be the first to try, and it just might be that you will be the very first to whom the little fairies will show themselves. I have kept the little planting of shamrocks watered and growing all these months, and I can count on seeing them any bright afternoon if I pick a shamrock and go to sit under the trees close to the fairy circle where they come to dance.”

“I often see the little brown Menehunes,” said Eve Tan. “They like us, but usually are too busy to talk. And they never kiss us or have a magic wand. All they have is a magic chant that they repeat when they go fishing, and it makes the fish come close so they can catch them in their nets.”

Father and Uncle Gabriel came over, and Father said, “Run and wash your teeth and get ready. Your Uncle Gabriel is going to take you in the big space ship to see the parts of the world you have been studying about in your geography lessons. And we will see if we can find good places to take some plants and animals and other things to leave, so that later on, when it is time for you to go there to live, there will be all the plants and creatures you need to help you make a living.”

“Will we have to take snakes and bugs and toads?” asked Eve Red with a little shudder.

“I’m afraid we will,” answered Father. “It takes all kinds to keep the proper balance between creatures. But it will be no worse there than it has been here. And, toads are really very fine creatures if you get to know them.”

Off the children ran, and Adam Black was the first one back, his white teeth gleaming. “Will I be sure to have lions and elephants and things like that in Africa when I go to live there?” he asked hopefully.

“You will,” said Father. “It’s a promise. You’ll even have giraffes with very long necks, and there will be the ostrich standing higher than you are tall and laying an egg as large as your head. You’ll be surprised at the number and kinds of animals and other creatures which you will find living in Africa.

With no bad Gremlin about to cause trouble, everyone was soon in the big Space Ship. Windows were in the bottom of the ship and the children waved to Little Milkmaid and the chimp nurses and their pet dogs and cats. Little Cloud had moved over when the Space Ship came to cast its shadow, now she moved back over the house and garden to give proper shade, for it promised to be a rather warm day. The Owls were fast asleep after their night of hunting, and Mr. Beaver was down asleep in his house at the lower end of the pond after a busy night cutting down trees and eating tender bark. The Menehunes were not too sure that the Space Ship was a safe thing to have around, for once they had been captured and brought over from Hawaii in it, but at the last minute, when they saw the children waving, they came out from under the bushes where they had been hiding and waved nicely.

Mother said, “I do hope you locked up all the matches so the Chimp Boys in the kitchen will not get them and play with them and set the house on fire:”

“I locked them up safely,” replied Father. “They seem to have learned well not to play with matches, but sometimes a chimp just has to be a chimp and get into trouble.” He turned to the children and added, “I know that all of you will ALWAYS remember the great danger of playing with matches and setting your home and the trees and grass on fire to ruin everything around you.”

“Yes, Father”, they responded soberly. “We will always remember!”

Uncle Gabriel came as soon as the big ship was high above the Earth and racing along at great speed – while down below the Earth and its clouds went spinning in the opposite direction. He paused a moment to listen to bells ringing a message when Uncle Peter, who was making the ship fly, gave orders to a part of the crew. The ship was longer than all the way across the Garden and it was filled with fine machinery to make it go just right.

“Well, children,” said Uncle Gabriel, “your Father and Mother and I are going to look at the animals we have collected to leave at different places which we will visit. Would you like to come along? I’ll need all of you to help talk Teley-talk to them to tell them they are going to new homes and to assure them that there is nothing to fear. Will you help?”

The children were delighted to be allowed to help with such an important task, and to get to see strange animals and talk in Teley with them was a treat.

Father said, when they came to the first long passage with cages on both sides and the gazelles nibbling at some hay, “It looks like Noah’s Ark, but I suppose you never heard of that, Gabriel.”

Uncle Gabriel smiled. “Is that something you have already invented, or is it something you may invent a hundred or a thousand years from now?”

“It’s the invention of the Hebrew people, who won’t be on Earth yet for a thousand or so years. Adam and Eve Tan will be their ancestors and they will live not far from the Nile River. They will tell the story of how there came a great flood that would have killed every living creature, including men, but for the fact that a man named Noah built a great ship, called the Ark, and before the flood took into it a pair of every kind of creature. The flood made the Ark float for many days, but then went away and the Ark landed and all the animals and their babies came out and quickly found places to live, as did Noah, his wife and their boys and girls.”

Gabriel laughed. That story almost fits us in the Space Ship as we are today, and there is a bad flood going on in what will be China. There is a great yellow river which has spread out over the land for miles and miles.”

The children were soon making friends of many very friendly animals, they introduced themselves as the people who would soon go to live in different parts of the world, and invited the animals to come also and enjoy the fine countries. While that had very little idea of what the new lands really might be like, they pretended to know, and in this way helped the animals to get over any fear they might have.

They had hardly got well acquainted with deer, antelopes and Mr. and Mrs. Bison, when Uncle Gabriel announced that they were going to land in a good place and let off those who had been told what was to be done.

Mr. Bison asked, “Will there be wolves down there?”

“No,” said Gabriel. “We are taking around the animals who can eat grass at the start. The wolves won’t be brought for a long time, not until there get to be too many grass-eaters for the amount of grass that grows.”

The Space Ship came swiftly to earth and cages were let down gently with ropes, then the doors opened. It was a lovely country, with streams and hills and trees and grass. Not too far away began the Great Plains where the Bison family would soon be very much at home. In the distance could

be seen fine mountains where the deer could enjoy themselves. Everyone said Goodbye, the empty cages were hauled up and soon they were off again.

A stop in late afternoon was made in what would later be New England, and more animals were dropped, also some fine trout put into a stream. Several birds were let go so they could fly to Earth and pick themselves a home. The insects were let out at proper places, and the Bee Queen at once led her workers to a hollow tree where they could start their hive.

As the Space Ship went on, it became night, although by the Garden time it was hardly noon. Lunch was served and the children put to bed for a good nap. When they awoke, it was still night, and the stars were very bright and there was a full moon.

“Where are we now?” asked Adam Black, rubbing his eyes. “Are we over Africa yet?”

“We have just reached Africa,” answered Father. “Do you remember your geography and how the eastern part of Africa is almost opposite our home in the Garden? When it begins to become night at the Garden, it will be sunrise where we are going. But come along and I will show you a fine big map and point out the place where the Nile River begins up in the high mountains. To the east of those mountains is a fine country with a good climate and we must get animals and things started there so there will be plenty of them later when they are needed.”

Adam Black was greatly excited. He did his best to understand the map, and he hurried to assure the animals who were to be let go there that it was a fine place for a home. To the zebras he said, “There will be no lions for a long time, so just enjoy the grass and have a good time in whatever way zebras have good fun.”

It was not quite dawn when the Space Ship came down, but the moon gave so much light that everything seemed almost as bright as day. When the

animals were all down, and the proper amount of other creatures such as birds and bees released, Adam and Eve Black watched quite breathlessly through a window. The little view they had been able to get of their future home was most pleasing.

“It’s a very big land,” said Adam happily.”

“And very nice, with mountains and streams and meadows,” added Eve Black contentedly,” and they waved as long as they could see the land.

Uncle Peter turned the Space Ship almost north and Father said, “The Nile and Near East next. This is to be your land, Adam and Eve Tan. Your children will spread out all over this land and will give us the amusing stories about Noah and his Ark and many other stories. Other children will build big pyramids which will stand for centuries to make people wonder. The delta of the Nile River will be ideal for farming and for ducks and fish. We will let some down at that point, also some sheep and goats and the camels. Better go talk to the camels and tell them not to go too far away because soon you will need them when you want to travel across the deserts.”

The camels were very much interested in learning that they would live by a big river that had deserts all around it. “Any good oases near where we are to live?” asked Mr. Camel. Adam Tan was not sure, but he ran to ask Father.

“Oh, yes!” said Father. “This is the original oasis country and there is already plenty of camel thorn ready to eat.”

The sun was well up and it was hot when they landed by the big river at a place where it split up into several smaller rivers and everything grew green and tall. Already there were interesting plants and Father pointed out those of the papyrus family, saying, “Your children will learn to make paper from the bark of that one and use it to write upon with ink in picture-writing.”

The creatures, large and small, were landed and let go, also some fine fish and several kinds of ducks and geese. Adam and Eve Tan were very happy with what was to be their land. "We'll have boats and sail on the river," said Adam, and we'll learn to ride the camels and go to see what deserts are like. "

Leaving soon, they crossed the Mediterranean Sea, went on to central Europe, and dropped some animals in what would one day be France. Turning next in the direction of India, they paused over the southern part of what would eventually become Russia to drop some animals and have a close look at the shores of the Black Sea. Of course Adam and Eve White were all eyes, for this was to be their country, and a very fine large one it was.

A run at top speed soon brought the Space Ship to India and there it was a warm afternoon over the great river Ganges. In the distance were the highest mountains in all the world, the Himalayas, topped with clouds and snow. Adam and Eve Brown were excited. This great land was to be their home. Adam said, "Can we climb to the tops of those mountains when we live here?"

Father laughed. "You can try, but the air gets so thin near the tops that I doubt that you will be able to make it all the way to the tops."

It was almost sunset when they arrived over what was to become China and the children were getting very sleepy, for it had been a much longer day than usual for them. Little naps helped, but only the Celestials, Adam and Eve Yellow, could really rouse themselves and become deeply interested. They saw the Yellow River in flood and wide reaches of fine land. Animals were let down, and wild rice seed was scattered along the rivers as they rose to start for home. Father explained, "You and your children will tame the wild rice and it will make a fine food for you."

The long flight home seemed to the children to take a very short time for they slept most of the way, and finally, when they arrived home and

stopped over their own house, it was late afternoon and they felt as if they had been gone only one day, although it had been much longer than that.

The ones who had stayed behind welcomed them so warmly, and Little Milkmaid had made a fine square cake and covered it deep with whipped cream to welcome them on their return. "Did you leave goats in your new homes so you will have plenty of milk when you to live in the new places?"

"Oh, yes!" the children answered. "We left all kinds of animals."

Adam White said, "And they left a cow and a bull in my place. If we can tame them, they will give even more milk than the goats."

"We must have dinner to go with the fine cake," said Mother as she put on her kitchen apron and called to the Chimp Boys to come with her to the kitchen and help get things going. The Chimp Boys all hurried to get on their aprons and caps and wash their hands ever so clean. By now they were all very wise about cooking and kitchens and could steal bites without, well, almost always, without being caught and scolded.

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After the children had become six, their lessons were much more interesting and they learned of exciting things such as multiplication and division, and delightedly began to work out problems. They loved going with Father to use the long measuring tapes and find out just how far one thing was from another, as for instance, the swimming pond from the house. They could measure out an acre and drive stakes at the corners to show just how big it was, and each Adam and Eve was allowed to select an acre to own as the very own garden plot of the pair. And they studied many kinds of plants and Father gave them seeds to plant and offered prizes for the finest gardens and best fruits, useful plants and vegetables. They learned to make fences and weave willow sticks together in the fences to keep out the rabbits and at the end of each month those who had done best with their garden plot were given prizes.

The prize they loved best was to be allowed to look through Father's big Time Telescope and see things happening in the future. For first prize one got to look longest through the Telescope, sometimes as much as an hour, and everyone got a prize of some length, even if it were but a few minutes, for Mother said "At least they tried, even if their plants did not do quite as well as expected." And when all had been given their turns at the Telescope, they were given a special reward.

Father would hook up a little machine that would throw pictures on a white wall so everyone could watch. They saw men building pyramids one time, and at another they saw a little ship being built and oars made – then saw it pushed into the water and a sail lifted so that it sailed away like a beautiful big duck. One of the most exciting times came when they watched little brown people called Eskimos driving their dog sleds and building a house of blocks of snow. One time when Father turned the Telescope very far up, they saw a great city, but soon Adam Red said, "Can't we look out into the country and see their farms? There are too many people in that city and they run around just like crazy ants." So Father hunted and hunted to find a nice farm, but there were so many people that they lived where farms should have been, and it was so crowded that it made the children hurt just to see how crowded they were.

"Eve Red asked, "If they have no farms and gardens, what do they eat?"

Father turned the picture to a big factory and said, "In there they make food out of atoms and when the people get hungry, they swallow a few pills."

"I like our way best," said Adam Black. "Who would trade a ripe water melon for a tasteless little pill?"

Father had been reading a sign as the picture ran before them. He laughed. "The sign promises that Gobblem's Pill Food will never make one too fat." Mother said, "At least pills have some advantage."

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One day when vacation time came and not much was left to do in the gardens for the year, Mother asked if any of the children would like to see if they could learn to do things in their heads that would allow them to see the fairies and elves.

“It is not too easy,” she warned, “and once you start to learn, you may have to practice for some time. But if you can learn just what to do and to become just right, the Fairy Queen may one day touch you with her magic wand and give you her kiss. After that, no matter how old you become or how sad you might feel, or hurt or in trouble, you can touch your cheek where she kissed you, and over all the miles and days she will send her comfort to help.”

It sounded very wonderful, and besides, all the children had for a long time wanted to see the fairies and elves. Eve White asked, “How do we begin to get so we can see the Fairy Queen?”

Mother rose and said, “Let’s all go out into the woods above the pond to the place where the Little People have made their homes.” She led the way and soon they came to a little glade where the sunshine danced down through the trees and where the grass grew green. Flowers bloomed and in the grass one could see, by looking very carefully, a faint circle where the fairies and elves danced. They danced mostly by flitting about in the air, but touch the grass often enough to make a slight mark and leave a circle.

The children sat down around the circle, and Mother tossed into it the shamrock she had picked from her box as they started.

“Now,” she said, “the thing that we must do is become very quiet and peaceful. If we have little thoughts sent up to us from the animal self about frets and fears and worries, the fairies will not allow us to see them. They are at such peace that even the slightest little fear we may have will stand like a wall holding us away from looking into their lovely world where all

is peace and quiet and joy and calm. Now see if you can look at yourselves and find anything that is going to make a wall. Look inside your heads and see how you feel inside.”

Eve White soon cried, “I’ll never be able to see the fairies! Never, never! As soon as I stop thinking and begin to look inside, I feel fear and worry as if I had been dreaming a bad dream. Do you think I might be remembering some bad dream?”

“Yes, you might be,” said Mother. “Often you will forget your dreams, but your low inside animal self will remember and will make you feel as if something bad was about to happen. This feeling is called dread, and it can be a very little feeling or even a bad large one. The way to get rid of the dreads is to talk them over inside your head with your animal self. It is not as wise as you are about those things and you have to help it. You ask whether there is anything just now about to hurt you. You think of all the things of which you may be a little afraid and say to yourself, None of these things are about to happen to me, at least not just now, and perhaps not all day or all of a year from now. There is nothing at all to dread. And after that you can begin to use a magic way of helping your aunihipili to stop being afraid and become brave and strong and happy and peaceful. The magic lies in beginning to count all your blessings – all the good things that you have and that are happening to you and will go right on happening. You can count off, I have nothing to dread because I am safe and well and am loved and fed and cared for all the time I have loving friends who will always help me when I need them. I have my Adam to love and who loves me and will take care of me. I have in my head many fine things learned at school. I have my part of a nice garden, and I have my dolls and pets. My chimp nurse loves me and there is everything to make me be happy and entirely at peace. Then you can say, firmly, so that your animal self will believe you and remember what you say, I AM FREE FROM ANY DREAD. I am safe and happy and at peace with all my friends and WITHIN MY SELF. My very own AUMAKUA will come to help me at

any time if I need it and call. ALL IS WELL. ALL IS BEAUTY. ALL IS PEACE.”

Eve asked, “Can I tell about something that worries me? I am ashamed to tell, it, but it does.”

“Of course,” replied Mother. “We are all your friends and perhaps we can help you if we only listen to what you have to say. Go ahead.”

Eve hung her head miserably. “I’m jealous of Eve Black. She is so beautiful and so perfectly black and didn’t get bleached even the slightest bit. I am jealous of her and ashamed of my white color. I’m the worst bleached of all. I have to watch that I don’t get burned by the sun, and I have yellow hair and freckles.”

Eve Black jumped up and ran to kneel beside her and take her into her arms. “Now honey, don’t you ever say such a thing!” she said softly. “I was never going to tell a single soul, but I’ve been jealous of you and that is because I think you are just the most beautiful girl ever! Even your freckles are cute and your blue eyes are like flowers!”

Eve White put her hands over her face. “I’m afraid I am going to cry,” she whispered, and her Adam, suddenly remembering something, reached out clumsily to take her from Eve Black and offer a shoulder to cry on. Mother smiled gently, then turned and looked into the Fairy Ring and smiled a warm welcome.

“The Fairy Queen has come,” she said under her breath, and all the children tried their best to see the Little Queen, but not one of them could. “It was the love and gentleness that made her come,” said Mother. “Such things make her come best of all. But now she has gone again. Now, if we are all ready, shall we see if we can become very quiet and peaceful deep inside us?”

Everyone tried in his or her own way. Some closed their eyes. Some kept their eyes open. All tried to relax and be quiet, but it was all new and strange.

Mother waited a little, then said, "Taking a few deep breaths and getting more life force in you may help, but if any of you have thoughts that trouble you, this would be a good time to talk and get them out of you with the help of the group."

Eve Brown squirmed restlessly and held up her hand. "I keep thinking about that very big land we saw yesterday where I will go with my Adam to live, and I get frightened. If a tiger was there, then ate Adam, and I was all alone."

"That is a very natural fear," said Mother. "But there are always things that might happen to us later, so our job is to find peace for today. We must think strongly inside us that there is no use worrying about things that may never happen at all and which are so far ahead in time. One day at a time, is the way to think to get the animal self, and the auhane also, to let the past and future take care of themselves. The task is to find peace for NOW, not for tomorrow or next day when no one knows what will happen."

Adam Yellow, the Celestial, raised his hand. "I'm not afraid," he said, "but I was just wondering if when we get very old like the animals do and have to die, should we still not be afraid and try to be all peaceful?"

Mother nodded, "Yes, right up to the last day. You see, the animal self in us does not understand things as well as we who are the middle or thinking selves. It will always be afraid to die because it does not know that it will just go to sleep and soon wake up as a spirit – its body all made young and beautiful out of the shadowy stuff. We auhanes must keep telling it this and keeping it from being afraid, and if we do, it will let us go across into the bright land of spirit much more readily. You must always remember that when we become old and have finished with this incarnation or life,

we of the auhanes will not fear dying – we will look forward to it and to the new spirit body, and hardly be able to wait. To go across then is a joyous thing to do. But one must remember to tell the animal aunihipili how it is all to be, and make it also give up its dreads and fears. After we live and rest and have a beautiful time in the spirit world, we will be ready to be born again as a baby in this world, and our Aumakua will find us a nice pair of parents who will be happy to have us join their family. Never forget that nothing is worth fearing. Even the worst possible things cannot last long, and if they come, one always goes to the spirit world and everything is made right.”

Eve Red said, “Mother, couldn’t we just stay here forever in the Garden with you and Father? Why do we have to grow up and go to other parts of the world to live?”

“Don’t worry about that,” said Mother. “You will be here with us for a long time still. As you grow older and have children of your own, you will begin to feel brave and adventurous – which means you will love to go to far places and to have very big gardens – whole lands, for your very own. And you will want to make the lands into just the kind of places you desire, and fix them so they will be just right for homes for your children and grandchildren. Your Adam will want to go to new places and make a Garden all his own, and where your Adam wants to go, you will be happy to go so you can be with him and help him and watch over him.”

Again, the children became silent and began to try to make their thoughts be happy and peaceful ones. After a while Mother whispered, “Try to think of BEAUTY, and see beauty all around you and in your inner thoughts. Tell your animal self that it walks in beauty with you, and that there is beauty before you and behind and above. Learn to see the beauty that always surrounds you if you become still and peaceful and can see and hear and sense it. ALL IS BEAUTY. Eve Red, this will be easy for you. You will never forget, and you will teach it to your children so that they may walk in beauty all their lives.

Nothing is without BEAUTY if we but stop to look for it – even the blackest night and its perfect darkness. “

Soon Mother said, “That is enough for one day. Try to remember all we have learned and tomorrow and the next day we will practice again. Every day our aunihipilis will come to believe better and better what we tell them, and one day a sudden deep glory of peace and beauty will seem to rise up inside you and flow out to fill all your world, and if you are here by the Fairy Ring, the fairies will appear and dance before you, and one day the Fairy Queen will come to love you because of the peace and beauty you bring with you, and she will touch you with her magic wand, and one day give you her magic kiss, after which you can always find peace just by touching the kissed spot.”

Adam White asked, “Isn’t the Fairy Queen and her wand and kiss something like the Aumakua that each of us has? It sounds much like the same loving care. And you have to call, and perhaps take some deep breaths the same way.”

Mother said, “I was wondering whether any of you would notice how alike they are. Good thinking, Adam White. Yes, the Fairy Queen is also a spirit and also of a very high level. You might say that she is an Aumakua to the little fairies and elves, and that when she helps you she is really joining your Aumakua to do it. But you can see the Fairy Queen, and that helps your aunihipili to believe in her and her help – and that belief is very good to have. Now let’s go home. Come along, and tomorrow you can begin practicing whenever you feel like it.”

As the days passed, the children practiced, sometimes one at a time, or an Adam and Eve going hand in hand to practice together at the Fairy Ring. They learned to become quieter and quieter, inside, and found that it was a wonderful feeling to be at peace and to get rid of all the little dreads and fears and frets.

Then one day Adam and Eve Black suddenly saw all the Fairies and elves dancing, and their beautiful Little Queen came and touched each of them on the head with her wand, and kissed Adam on his right cheek and Eve on her left. It was a most surprising thing the way their peace seemed to grow to reach out to take in all the world, and their hearts filled with love and joy. They were so surprised and so happy that they could not say a word. They just sat very still until the fairies finished their gay dance and fluttered away, following a beam of sunshine up into the leaves of a tree until they could no longer be seen.

When they came home they were wide eyed and breathless. Mother saw them and cried, "You saw her! Now don't tell me she also touched you with her wand and gave you each a magic kiss!"

The other children came running and gathered around eager to hear how it had all happened, but Adam and Eve Black could hardly say a word because it was all so wonderful, the wonderful feeling down deep inside, not on the outside. They tried to tell about it, but soon Mother said, "It is something each of you must feel for himself to understand. So keep on practicing and I am sure that all of you will get the touch and kiss sooner or later.

And they did. It took more time, but one by one each child learned how to become quiet enough and loving enough. Some found that they did better by taking several deep breaths now and again as they were quieting their minds and talking away fears or frets that their aunihipilis pushed up from inside to let their auhanes know about.

They also found that when they were at peace inside, even if not watching for the fairies, little animals and birds stopped being afraid of them and often would come close to talk Teley back and forth. Even the bees were gentle and would let them come close to their honey tree without rushing to sting them. It was very wonderful to have found the blessing of inner peace and quiet – a peace that could be had in just a few moments by asking for it and getting ready for it. And if a child were troubled and

could not get peace of mind, all that was needed was to take four long breaths, place a finger on the spot where the Fairy Queen had placed her kiss, and soon peace would come to sweep away all the troubled thoughts.

Mother said one day, "If we had not done anything else all during the vacation, it would have been worthwhile because we came to know the Fairy Queen and get her magic touch and soft kiss."

And the children all agreed.

THE THREE WISHES

It took what seemed a very long time for the children to grow out of being seven years old and to have their EIGHTH BIRTHDAYS. They were given a grand party and so many animals and birds and insects came that there was hardly any room left in the Garden when Old Mrs. Elephant, who, as usual was a bit late, got there. But she managed to squeeze in between the two giraffes, saying to them, "You are such wonderful people! You must diet all the time to keep so slim and lovely."

Mrs. Giraffe said, "We eat only the leaves on the taller trees, and I must say that we DO keep our figures rather well."

"Oh dear," sighed Mrs. Elephant, "I suppose I had better try your diet for a while. I AM going to start dieting and slim down, you know. But I have to wait until tomorrow. Today I simply must have some of the giant birthday cake that I see is about to be cut and passed around."

Father, who always saw everything, even if he said nothing about what he saw, caught sight of Mrs. Elephant and cut a very extra large piece of cake for her. It took two of the Chimp Boys to carry it to her in a basket and because of the crowd, they had to go by way of the tree branches to get there. When they reached Mrs. Elephant and passed her the basket, she couldn't help crying a few tears. "I know I just shouldn't," she said sadly,

“but on the Eighth Birthday, and all that... well.” She took a bite and cheered up. “My but this is good, and anyway, tomorrow just tree leaves.”

It was rather warm despite the nice cloud shadow which Little Cloud made over the garden, and so she called to her friend The Wind, and said, “Will you help me? Just blow a nice gentle little breeze to cool off the guests.”

“Glad to help!” answered The Wind, and he opened his wind bag just a tiny little bit so that it fanned everyone exactly right.

Well, it was a wonderful party, and the children got so many fine presents that they could hardly count them. But at the end of the day when all the guests had gone home and everything had been made tidy again, Eve Black said to Mother as she was being tucked into bed with three new dolls and a new kitten, “The only thing I can think of that we missed was that the Fairies and their Little Queen did not come.”

“They do not like crowds,” said Mother. “But perhaps tomorrow you can pay her a little visit and see whether or not she might have had a present for you.”

So, the next day, Eve Black told the other children and they all worked hard to become very quiet, and to make their thoughts free of fear or greed or of any kind of ugliness. When they had done this, they went to the woods and made a circle to watch for the fairies to appear. And appear they did, almost at once, all singing in their tiny voices, “Happy Birthday, dear Adami, Happy Birthdays to you!”

Then came the little Fairy Queen sliding down a sunbeam with her lovely, thin robes floating along after her. She had put on her prettiest crown and had chosen her most beautiful scepter. It promised to be another birthday, and even a better one. But the children all did their very best NOT to think a single greedy thought of what they might get for a present.

When greetings were over and the Little Queen had made the elves stop singing the birthday song, which, once started, they seemed never to want to stop, just like some boys and girls who hate so to stop when they are doing something that is fun, but have done more than enough of it, she said, "Do you remember that when each of you won my Magic Kiss and how, at that time I promised you each a WISH? In fact, I promised you three wishes between each pair of you. That is because you might make a bad wish and need a third to get rid of it. Today, as your Birthday Gifts, I am going to give you the chance to use those Wishes."

"Oh, goodie goodie," the children all cried together, and they clapped their hands and began whispering back and forth, each Adam to his Eve, to decide what would be the most wonderful possible thing to wish for."

"Remember," warned the Little Queen as she adjusted the small star in her scepter to make it twinkle exactly right for Wishes, "Each pair of you must agree entirely on what you want when you make your wish. When even grown people cannot agree on what they want, they usually will get nothing they like."

Adam and Eve White were the first to decide what they wanted. Adam said, almost breathless with excitement, "Could we wish to live in a time far ahead that we saw in Father's Time Telescope? It was a time when they had a king who wore a purple robe and a gold crown, and he was sitting in a great round place with all his people to see games and things. Eve wants to see the lovely ladies and their fine robes, and I want to see the games so I can learn a new one and we can play it here instead of baseball – a game without the Chimp Boys always winning."

The Queen smiled and drew a big circle in the air with her scepter, and it made a nice round hole in the wall which usually one cannot see, but which divides off our part of the world from the OTHER SIDE. "Come along," she invited, and led the way through the hole.

Inside it was a different world entirely – a strange and wonderful one. The Queen pointed here and there with her scepter as she explained, “Here are Aumakuas taking care of the thought-forms you have been sending up to them every day. They use them to make the days ahead, and when you send nice thoughts, they can make nice days for you to enjoy, but if you happen to send up bad thoughts, you get bad days. And here where all these Bright Spirits are at work, is here Father keeps most of his PATTERNS of things and they get them to the front of the lines to become real THINGS when he is ready for them on the other side of the WALL. Do you see that beautiful new kind of flower which is just about to be pushed through the wall? Isn’t it beautiful? And so fragrant! But come over this way. I have borrowed Father’s Time Telescope, and all of you can take turns going ahead in time to taste life as it will be centuries from now. You can pick your times, but I am afraid that I can’t be very sure of just where you will land when I move you up in time and put you in the place you select. I must warn you that you may not like it when you get there, and if you don’t, you must use your third wish to change things. Do you understand, and do you want to take the chance of getting set down into the midst of some rather bad trouble?”

The children were all very sober as they thought about what she had said. Then Eve Red said, “If we can use the third wish to get out of trouble, I think it would be a lot of fun, and safe enough.”

The other children agreed and it was settled. But the Queen warned, “Be ever so careful not to use up your third wish on anything, no matter how lovely, or you may get caught where I cannot help you.” She turned to Adam White, who was right behind her, and said, “You can be first. Look into the Time Telescope and see if you can set it on a time and place where they are having games such as you wish to see and where the beautiful ladies are wearing fine clothes for Eve to enjoy.”

Adam looked into the Telescope and turned the wheel until he found a place that seemed about right. The Queen called to a man with a white

beard who was oiling a very large glass wheel through which one could see underneath a large map of the world. The wheel moved and said Tick Tock as it counted off seconds of time. "Father Chronos," the Little Queen said loudly, for he was a bit deaf, "this pair has selected a spot in time. Will you see if you can move them up into it?"

Father Chronos, who was also called Father Time and who was the older brother of Uncle Gabriel of the Flying Saucers and Keeper of the Heavens, looked over his glasses at Adam and Eve White and motioned them to come close to the big wheel and stand on a little glass square in the floor. He then took his pencil and did some very hard arithmetic problems.

When he had checked and proved his answers carefully, he rumbled, "The Roman Colosseum, heh? Game time. Yep, I'll see if I can spot it. Do you want to be the Emperor and his Queen, sitting with a few nobles in the Royal box and watching the games I suppose you do. Well, it's hard to hit so small a place at just the right moment and if I miss a little, you will have to ask where the games are being played and go there on foot or in your chariot, if you have one. Now stand still and I'll see what I can do."

He set a long pointer to a certain spot, looked at his watch, and then pressed a red button. The big time wheel jumped suddenly ahead a little way, and then stopped and slipped quietly back to where it had been ticking before.

Adam and Eve White suddenly found themselves, not in royal robes waiting to see the games, but in a big stone room looking out through bars into the great arena where the games were played. There were thousands of people sitting on the seats around and above the arena and right down in the front at the center, was the royal box with the Emperor – a very fat man – and his very well fed wife with the nobles and their fat wives. The Emperor was dressed in a robe of royal purple and his crown was a gold wreath of leaves such as the victors in the games were allowed to wear, only theirs were made of leaves from a tree.

With them in the big room were Adam and Eve's mother and father and several other men and women with their families. They were all dressed in strange robes and were very dirty and very thin and hungry.

"What kind of a game are they going to play," Adam asked of his father as he watched six men pushing a large cage on wheels from a big door in the wall under the royal box. The cage was full of very thin lions.

"Don't dare call it a game," whispered his father. Soon they will open this door and push us out into the arena. Then we men will be given small clubs and the umpire will shout that the people are about to see a combat between Christians and lions. Then the Emperor will pull the rope to unfasten the latch and let the cage door drop. Out will come the lions, and we will pray and fight, but hold the Faith to our last living breath."

"What makes a Christian?" asked Eve, beginning to be frightened. Her mother answered.

"A Christian is one who worships the true God and His Son. Everyone else has to worship the Emperor, but we can't do that. WE are Christians."

"Oh," said Eve doubtfully.

"Those lions," whispered Adam. "Don't they look just like our lions at home? I'm going to try some Teley-talk on them and tell them not to eat us." He screwed up his face to make it look as much like a lion's as he could and began sending his greetings to the lions in the cage. The largest lion stopped roaring and cocked an ear to listen.

Soon he tellyed back, "Who are you, and how come you talk lion talk?"

Father Time looked at them through his glasses, and then at them over the top of his glasses. "How close did I come?" he asked. "I couldn't have landed you in the shoes of the Emperor and his Queen or you wouldn't have wanted to come back so soon. You weren't gone more than ten minutes."

“You missed the Emperor’s box by the length of half the arena,” said Adam. It was good aiming, but a little off.”

Adam Tan said, “Well, did you see a game or part of one, and what kind of a game?”

Adam shook his head. His face was a little pale and his freckles stood out dark on his nose. “We didn’t see a game. We fell right into what was about to be one. Our side was the Christians and we were to play against the lions, but the ape men in the audience or someone, had fixed it so that the Christians didn’t have a chance. I saw this as soon as we got there and got the lions to join the Christians to make one team. We played the Emperor and the nobles, and I captained our team and saw to it that our side played fair, even if the other side played dirty. Our team made a run around the end and then a drive through the center. We won.”

“What was the score,” asked Adam Black. “Or was there any score the way you played the game?”

“We didn’t have time to figure a score,” answered Adam thoughtfully. “But if there had been one, our side would have won at least 20 to nothing.”

“Then you might say you just ate them up,” said Adam Black.

Adam White shuddered. “Yes, I guess you might say that. But the lions let the wives get away, and that was nice of them, considering everything.”

Eve Red said to Eve White, “Did you see pretty dresses?”

Eve shook her head. “I was too scared to look at them, and I was so hungry I almost used up our last wish asking for a plate of sandwiches. But Adam was wonderful. He saw just what to do and if he had only had our Chimp Boys along to play on his team, his side could have won over everyone in Rome!”

Eve Brown asked, "Who or what were those Christians?"

"I really never found out," answered Eve. "Next time we have a history lesson I'll ask Father. He knows everything and can tell us. But at least they were good people and wanted to play fair." She thought a minute, then added. "They were very hungry and dirty, but they wouldn't worship the Emperor."

"What became of the Emperor?" asked Adam Yellow, the Celestial.

Adam white shook his head slowly. "We'll never quite know. But the last I saw of him as we came away was his purple toga. Two lions were pulling on it and tearing it apart. He wasn't in it."

"Who's next?" asked Father Time a little impatiently. "I have all the time there is, but you can't get more than twenty-four hours into a day, you know."

Adam Red stepped forward, pulling his Eve by the hand. "Let us take our turn. We saw a very nice tribe of people living in North America in skin tents. We want to go to live with them a while and learn how they hunt and make fires and everything."

Eve Red said, "I'm a little afraid since the others had a bad time in Rome, but I suppose I must be brave."

"I'll take care of you," promised her Adam. "Just trust me and come along."

So they stood on the glass plate beside the Time Wheel and Father Time set the pointer at a place which he thought might be extra good. He pressed the red button and the wheel jerked and they were off. When they found that they had arrived they looked eagerly around.

They were in a large skin teepee and on a bear skin on the floor lay an Indian girl of about sixteen, dressed in worn and ragged buckskin clothes. She was asleep and Eve was fanning the flies away from her thin face.

“How wrinkled my hands are,” exclaimed Eve. “And you, Adam, I hardly know you. Why, we are both old and gray! The Time Wheel must have jumped too far ahead. What shall we do?”

“Now don’t cry or get excited,” said Adam, although he was a little frightened to find himself so old. “I see that we must have lived here for quite a while. I seem to be a doctor or healer. Over there back of you are medicines that I give to sick people. I suppose you help me and keep house.”

Eve thought a moment, then said, “Yes, it all comes to me. We got here a long time ago and were of different tribes. You lived as the son of the tribe’s Medicine Man, and when you were grown, you came to my tribe and stole me to be your squaw. I was glad you did and I thought you were a fine healer and a very wise young man.”

The sleeping girl moved a little, then awakened and sat up. “I want to go home,” she said, and started to cry.

Adam looked hopelessly at Eve and said, “Now I remember. We have been trying to heal this girl of the worst sickness that there is. I know of no cure for it and we do not know what tribe she comes from or where her people have gone. All we know is that she was lost and the chief sent her to us to be healed.”

“What is the name of her sickness?” asked Eve. “Did we ever have it in the days long ago when we lived in the Garden?”

“The only name I know for it,” said Adam, “is homesickness. I know of no herb or bark or prayer or chant that will cure it. In some cases, not even years of passing time will heal it.

Eve sat lost in thought for a long time but held the girl in her arms and let her cry. Finally Adam spoke. "Yes, we are thinking the same thing, Eve. It was years before we stopped our longing to get back to the Garden, and even yet you sometimes remember it and cry in the night. Yes, homesickness is a very difficult sickness indeed."

Tears came into Eve's eyes and began to trickle down her wrinkled face. "I still feel very bad when I remember our lives as children in the Garden. I wish we were home again."

There was a sudden jerk and flash of light, and to their surprise they found themselves standing beside the Time Wheel with all their little friends staring at them curiously.

"You were gone only two minutes," scolded Father Time. "Was something wrong? Did I miss my spot and land you in a bad place so that you had to use your last wish and come right back home?"

"Something was wrong," replied Adam. "When we got there we were old and wrinkled."

Eve put in hurriedly, "And we had already lived there for years and years, even if it was only two minutes here. Adam's hair was almost white, at least the little he had left of it. And I was all dried up and my hands were wrinkled."

"Dear me," said Father Time. "I must have added wrong when I figured the time and place. I fear I forgot to prove my problems. I must be more careful in the future. But was that the only reason you came home so quickly? Just age?"

"Eve looked down shamefacedly at her hands. "That wasn't it. It was because we had been homesick for the Garden for years and years and because there is no remedy for homesickness."

The Little Queen smiled and nodded. "I know all about that. I was homesick for Ireland after we were brought to the Garden. And I still am at times. Someday I am going to ask Father to let us go home, if just for a short visit."

Father Time shook his head and his white beard wagged back and forth. "Don't go back," he warned. "When one has been away for as long as two years, things will have changed so much that it will no longer be home. And it will make you very sad."

"But," broke in Adam Red, "we had been gone years and years and had grown old and wrinkled, but we certainly are glad to be home. It makes us happy instead of sad."

"In your case," said Father Time, "you had been gone only two actual minutes although it seemed almost a lifetime. Just take my word for it. I know all about time and what it does to people and places. I say, NEVER GO BACK, no, never go back expecting things to be as they were before."

"But if you don't get over being homesick? What then?" asked Eve Red.

"You have to grin and bear it," said Father Time gently. "Time, of which I have a great lot, heals almost anything else, but not the homesickness. It lives in the heart instead of the head, and hearts are not very reasonable. The only thing that does not change and which one can return to after years away, is the sea. And that is an odd thing, because the sea never offers a home. In looking down my years I've seen men sail in one ship after another. It's not the ships that they think about when they are away from the ocean and become homesick, it is the whole of it, you might say, all the oceans in the world. Yes, you CAN go back to the sea."

"Come," said the Little Queen, waving her scepter until its star sparkled. "Let us all forget sad thoughts and be gay! Do any of the rest of you see a time and place you would like to visit?"

Adam Tan and his Eve stepped forward. Adam said, "We saw some very happy people who had sleds and dogs to pull them, and there was snow and they had fur clothing to keep them warm. We think that would be a nice safe place to try."

"Huh, Eskimos," muttered Father Time, pulling at his beard. "Quite a jump ahead to get to them, and I'm not just sure that this is a good time of the year to go there. However, you can always come back on your last wish if it does not work out." He picked up his pencil and worked some arithmetic problems and proved his answers with care. "Stand on the glass square," he ordered, and began setting his pointer over the right place. "That's as close as I can come to it," he said, and with that he pressed the red button.

In an instant Adam and Eve Tan found themselves with a number of other people, large and small, all dressed in furs and everyone except the babies riding in their mothers' fur hoods, eating whale blubber.

Eve said, "I never liked fat, but this tastes very good and I am still hungry even if I am so stuffed I can hardly walk."

Adam grinned at her over the piece he was munching. "Same with me, and wouldn't Father and Mother be surprised to see how dirty and greasy and smelly we are!" He looked at the sea beyond the beach where the whale had been washed up. There were great chunks of ice floating around, and it looked very cold and not at all inviting. "Do you suppose we could learn to love the sea and later get to feel homesick for it?"

Eve looked out at the far horizon and the fields of broken ice. "I don't think I could ever learn to love this ocean. It looks cold and unfriendly." She looked up at a brown woman who was coming to them, and said under her breath, "Must be our mother. I hope we can speak Eskimo."

The woman jerked her head toward a wrinkled and evil-faced old man, saying softly in a strange language that they were surprised to understand, "Someone who is a man of magic has been saying that his nose is getting

cold, which is a sign of a storm coming. But the men wish to stay a little longer and cut more blubber to take home in the boats to our winter camp. Now, someone's mother thinks someone's strong twins had better help carry chunks of blubber so that the boats will be filled."

The children, not quite trusting themselves to speak the strange language, ran off to the place where the last of the blubber was being sawed slowly into chunks with very dull saws made of the bills of sailfish.

As Adam watched, he whispered to Eve, "What poor knives! I think we could chip better ones out of these black stones on the beach. Give me a hand and I will see if they will chip like Father taught us."

He picked up a small piece of bone, then selected a long thin piece of the black stone, and while Eve held it steady, he placed the end of the bone against the rock and, using a small round stone for a hammer, tapped the bone sharply. The large stone flaked beautifully. "We'll have a fine knife in no time at all, said Adam, and with swift taps as Eve held the stone, the flakes fell and a good ragged, but sharp edge formed.

The old tribal magic man had been watching them suspiciously. He came over and gave a questioning grunt.

"Someone's twins are making a stone knife that is very sharp and that will cut blubber," explained Adam politely. He took the knife to the whale and easily cut a square of blubber. The men had paused curiously to watch, and Adam said, "If someone wishes to see how to make a stone knife, I will show him. It is very easy." He motioned to Eve, and she selected another stone and held it. He flaked its edge quickly and from his audience came wondering cries of delight.

"It is a wonderful way to make knives!" shouted one of the men. "We must all learn!"

The old magician seemed to be turning green with envy. Suddenly he began to shout, "Beware! Beware! Someone's twins have been bewitched by evil spirits. We must hurry home and leave them here or we will all be overcome by evil spirits. Don't you all know that no one can cut stone with a piece of bone unless with the help of terrible and evil spirits? Run! Run for your lives! To the boats! Run!"

Suddenly everyone took fright and began running for the four big skin boats which had been hidden on the beach behind the carcass of the whale so that the children had not seen them.

"It is not evil spirits!" shouted Adam. "Anyone can make stone knives!"

"Don't leave us here!" begged Eve, and she and Adam tried to get into the boat behind their mother. But the men pushed them away and the boats slid into the water and everyone paddled furiously to get away from the shore.

The old magician shook his fist at them and shouted curses. "Freeze! Die of hunger! Be eaten by the great bears! Die! Die!"

Eve clung to Adam and began to wail. "What can we do? We can't stay here without a house and we can't eat blubber very long because it's almost all gone. Oh, oh, oh! I wish we were home!"

That did it. There came a jerk and a flash of light, and the next moment they were standing on the glass plate beside the wheel among their friends. Eve threw her arms around one after another and hugged each while trying to stutter out what danger they had been in and how glad they were to get safely back to the Garden.

Father Time looked at his watch. "Less than fourteen minutes," he said. "So what was it that made this pair of brave adventurers come back so quickly?"

Adam, with Eve's help when he left out anything, told their story. Everyone listened breathlessly. "I don't quite know what happened," Adam said when he had finished. "We were only trying to help by making stone knives like Father taught us. It pleased everyone except that old magic man."

"Exactly," said Father Time wisely. "In every group there is someone who is the boss, and if that one sees anyone else doing something that might cut into his power, he does his best to do away with him. In your case it was the magician. He couldn't afford to let it be seen that anyone was smarter than he was. So he made the people think you were being used by evil spirits and that to have you around might cause the spirits to bewitch all of them. He was very crafty."

"But they needed stone knives so much," said Eve.

"Of course they did. Lots of people need lots of things that smart men can see how to get for them. But there's always a magician or chief or boss or king or someone who doesn't dare let other people show that they are smarter. I never saw it fail. Just let a really smart man come up with some good idea, and they run him out of town and get the mob yapping at his heels. The really smart men soon learn either to keep their mouths shut, or to find a way to make the big boss think he has thought up the idea. But come, time is wasting and the afternoon is half gone. Who else has the courage to try an adventure into future time?"

Adam Yellow, with his Eve, the Celestials, came forward hesitantly." If it isn't too very dangerous," said Adam, "we would like to go to the land where I will settle,
and

what our children's children
have done about learning to live in a proper way. Through the Time
Telescope we saw a very wise and splendid king who was holding court

and making wicked people do right by the people they had hurt. I'd like to go to that court and perhaps we could be

nobles of the court and wear fine clothing."

Father Time scratched his bald head and thought a bit. "That must have been the Emperor Zhu Di, of the Ming Dynasty," he decided, and began figuring with his pencil. Soon he was ready and pointed to the glass plate. "I'll get you as close as I can to the right place, but don't forget and use your last wish on something foolish like wishing you had something to eat. There's no telling what you may run into, even in as civilized a place as China.

When the red button was pressed, the wheel jumped, stuck slightly, jumped two more times, and then backed up a tiny bit. Adam and Eve felt as if they were being tumbled and rolled all over a thousand calendars, but the tumbling stopped and they were able to catch their breaths.

Adam found himself bouncing up and down on a fine throne. The court physician came running, and after a low bow, hurried to feel of his pulse and ask, "Oh Divine One, what came upon you? Are you ill? Did some demon cause you to bob up and down like that on your throne?"

Adam did his best to remember who he was and to recall anything about his life that might help him for the moment. He remembered something and said, "It is nothing. My old battle wounds sometimes stab me so that I jump."

"Then that is in my field," cried an old man. "It is perhaps an omen of war. If the Highest will excuse me, I will hurry to my books and cast a horoscope for the minute and for the event. If war is predicted, I will return at once."

Adam nodded, and the old man hobbled away through the great room where many richly dressed people were seated before the throne. Armed guards were standing near, and close around him gathered men whom Adam took to be the nobles of his court. With pleasure he noted the richness of the silks which he wore.

A man whom he recognized as the head cook of the palace, and a very good friend, came up behind his throne and whispered, "Food is good for jumps, O Best of Emperors. And it is about time for a little refreshment. How would you like to declare a recess in the court hearings while I have tea and cookies served?"

"An excellent idea," agreed Adam happily, and he began rolling up his silk sleeves which hung down a foot below his hands to show that HE never had to lift a hand to do work of any kind. Servants appeared as by magic when he called out, "Recess!"

All the people looked pleased and the men of high rank began to roll up their sleeves. A tray was set before Adam and on it he saw a large pot of steaming tea, five kinds of seed-dotted little cakes, and a dish of ginger root cooked in the juice of sugar cane to make it sweet. He picked up his chopsticks and tried the ginger. It was delicious. A servant poured a bowl of tea for him, but just as he was trying the tea and cakes, there came a great outcry from the quarters of the Empress which were just behind the throne. Smoke filled the air and firemen ran in from all directions with pails of water and buckets of sand to fight the fire. Women were screaming and running.

A voice whispered over his shoulder, "The Empress has started a riot!" said the voice urgently. "My men are beating the women with sticks to quiet them, but they are hysterical in revolt! What are your orders?"

"What did the Empress do?" asked Adam, but there was no time for an answer.

Besides, Nobleman Gee, whom he had been suspecting of treason for some time, had drawn a sword from under his robe and was shouting,

“Down with the Emperor! Follow me!”

He rushed toward the throne to cut off Adam’s head, but Adam found that he knew just what to do. He threw the pot of hot tea with a pitcher’s aim and hit the nobleman right in the face, stopping him until he could slip out of his cloak and grab a sword that a loyal guard held out to him.

Shouting his old battle cry of, “Mice or men!” he swung his sword and lopped off the head of the nobleman as neatly as you please. His guards formed ranks behind him and they started to clean up the revolt, all shouting the old battle cry. As he advanced on the enemy with his sword held high, Adam heard Eve screaming from her quarters behind him, and then there came a jerk, a jolt and a flash of light.

Suddenly he and his Eve were back, standing beside the time wheel with Eve crying almost hysterically and looking down at her feet.

“Well,” said Father Time, glancing at his watch. “What happened to you bold ones in all of five minutes? Did the Chinese dragon chase you?”

“We didn’t see any dragons,” said Adam, breathing hard to catch his breath and letting Eve finish her cry on his shoulder, “and I am not just sure what DID happen. I was about to put down a revolt that Eve started some way, and then she must have wished us home.”

“I did,” sobbed Eve. “One of the women was going to strike me with a long crinkly dagger. I barely got us out alive.”

“I wasn’t doing so badly, with my part of the trouble,” said Adam.

“Don’t brag,” said Eve indignantly. “You had a sword and only men to fight. I could see you through the slats of the window behind your throne. But my women had all gone crazy. One of them had upset the big bowl

where the charcoal burned to keep me warm, and the whole palace was about to burn down, with me in it. The women all had become hysterical and they wanted to kill me, even when I was doing them the greatest favor you could imagine!"

"What kind of a favor?" asked Adam suspiciously. "Did you order their heads to be cut off or something?"

"Don't be silly," retorted Eve, wiping her eyes on the handkerchief he handed her. "As Empress I had given an order that should have made every woman in China happy. Besides that, I had to do something, and that was all I could think of to do. I don't know what's wrong with women. Now if they had only been men."

"Hold on," said Father Time. "I don't get the picture. You are saying that you landed in the palace as the Empress but that there was something wrong and that you were in some kind of danger the minute you arrived?"

"Yes, that was it. Your old time wheel isn't working right. It bounced us all over a century and back and didn't finish the job of changing me into a Chinese woman."

"Then what kind of a woman were you," asked the old man. "Perhaps a black one."

"No," said Eve impatiently. "I was Chinese all right, but all the other women around me had their feet bound to make them small, and they all had very long fingernails with silver nail guards to protect them from breaking. I landed with my nails like this, and my feet like this. One of the women saw me almost at once and began to scream that a demon had changed me into a coolie woman. I had to do something. I slapped her and told her to shut up, but that made her all the worse. Everyone came running to look at me. But I got an idea. I clapped my hands for attention and I said, Silence, all you fools! An Empress has to be bossy, and I did my best to act like an Empress. Then I said, trying to make myself heard, I have

decreed a set of new STYLES for women! Doesn't that make you happy? Listen! A brand new set of styles! We women will now keep in style by cutting our fingernails – see, just like mine – and taking the bandages off our poor bound feet so we can really have feet again. And we will stop binding feet entirely and the new style will be to have large, healthy feet that do not hurt us all the time! Isn't that fine? Women! You are liberated! You are set free!"

The Little Queen asked, "Didn't that please them? Didn't they want to be in style?"

Eve sniffed. "They began to cry and wring their hands and say, But then we noble women would all be like coolies, and there would be nothing to show that we were high-born ladies or rich ones! No! No! It is sacred tradition! Women have had bound feet and long nails for all the centuries. The heavens would fall if we tried to change sacred tradition! Take back your decree!"

"I WILL NOT! I said. I didn't know what else to say. And they went wild. I motioned to the big men who keep order in the women's quarters and they ran with bamboo rods to whip them, but someone knocked over the bowl of charcoal and the matting started to blaze. The men all had to stop beating the women and run for water and sand. Outside I saw Adam fighting, and knew I couldn't get him there in time to help me. Then that miserable and always jealous Mrs. Gee took a big dagger from the sleeve of her coat and came at me, screaming, Kill the Empress! Protect sacred traditions! Kill! Kill! And that was when I gave up and wished us home and I was not a second too soon. Mrs. Gee had raised her arm and was just going to strike. I didn't have any way to defend myself like Adam had."

"You did just right," said Adam. "And I am proud of you – big feet and short fingernails and all." He chuckled and gave her a hug. "Anyway, we saw China."

Father Time said under his breath, "Women! Styles! Traditions! They never really change, and they never get over being afraid to be a little different." He picked up his oil can. "No more trips today. Trot along. There is a dry bearing someplace in the second or third centuries A.D., and it may take me a long time to find and oil it. Trot along."

MORE ABOUT THE THREE WISHES

The next day, after Father Time had oiled all the bearings in his time machine from the 14th to the 17th centuries, the children gathered again with the Fairy Queen to continue the adventure. Adam Brown and Adam Black were very anxious to have their turns at going ahead in time to see what the world would be like a long time ahead. Their Eves were not quite so anxious to make the trips into the future. However, where their Adams went, they would go. Besides that, each child had its own individual wish to use, and then they shared the third wish between them, so, unless they were together when they wanted to wish themselves back home to the Garden, things would not work.

Father time was a little cross. He wiped the oil from his hands and said to the Little Queen, "Come, let's not waste time. Who is to go next?"

Adam Black was always the most polite and considerate of the children, so he pushed Adam Brown and his Eve forward. "You can take the next turn," he said generously. "We are not in a great hurry to go." Eve Black nodded her head hard, for she was frightened, even if she did not wish to show it, and was more than glad to go last.

"Stand on the plate," ordered Father Time. "And don't wiggle so much. I am not sure whether the machine is working just right, and you may get bumped a little from one place in time to another, but do the best you can. If the worst comes to the worst, you can always wish yourselves home, you know." He looked at his big watch, then said, "Where do YOU think you would like to visit?"

“India,” said Adam Brown promptly. We want to see the big temples and all the people in fine clothing riding elephants.”

Father Time nodded and did things to the Time Machine with great care. Then he said, “Here you go!” and pressed the red button.

The children felt a strange whoosh and were jolted up and down as they flew forward when they landed in India. They saw a temple which was just starting to get built as they flew toward it, but as they passed and flew on, so much time had passed that it was all completed to the last steeple. They jolted along and saw a great river in full flood, but as they passed it, summer had come and it had almost dried up. Next they saw a long procession of elephants and of people in wonderful costumes riding in big baskets which were fastened to the elephants on top of the gay elephant-robos. There was a little jar, and suddenly they were sitting still in one of the baskets. They looked down at themselves, and saw that they were dressed in amazing garments, all embroidered in patterns around jewels of many colors.

“Aren’t we just TOO grand!” whispered Eve. “Who do you suppose we are?”

“Hush,” said Adam under his breath. “Just try remembering and it will come to us... I am already getting it! You are a Princess and I am a Prince, and we have just been married and are on our way home to my father’s palace!”

Eve remembered as hard as she could, and then said, “Yes, it is the custom of the country. We are still only eight years old, and although we have been married, I will soon have to go back to live with my own parents until I am older. We’ll soon be separated! That’s not good! We have to be together to use our last wish in case we want to get back home.”

Suddenly there was a jolt and a new whoosh. Adam said, “The machine has slipped! Hold to my hand! Hold tight!”

The jolting stopped quickly, but not until everything had changed. They found themselves sitting, still holding hands tightly, in the shade of a great tree. All about them were men and women listening while a man close to the trunk of the tree taught them. A woman who seemed to be their mother sat beside them, listening carefully. The man was saying,

“Tomorrow I will teach you the last of the great Truths, the Fourth, which will tell you of the way to live so that you can stop suffering. It is the way of the Noble Eightfold Path, which teaches Right View, Right Aspiration, Right Speech, Right Conduct, Right Means of Livelihood, Right Endeavor, Right Mindfulness, and Right Contemplation. That is all for today. Come back again tomorrow and I will continue the teaching of the wonderful Truths that I learned while sitting and thinking long under this Bodhi Tree.”

The man bowed slightly, and rose to go with a little group of his followers to some other place. All the people bowed and rose to go, Adam and Eve and their mother with the others.

Adam asked as they went along, “Who was that man who was talking to us so gently?”

“How could you have forgotten,” said his mother sadly. “That is Prince Siddhartha. He has given up being a prince so that he can teach us the Great Truths which came to him under this very Bodhi Tree where we come to hear him every day.”

“I don’t understand very well,” said Eve, hoping that her mother would explain the teachings. But it was very hot out in the sun and her mother simply shook her head and walked a little faster.

“You are too young to understand yet,” she said. “But when you are old enough, you may understand and even put on the yellow robe and give up the world so that you can get to Nirvana. But hurry. It is late and your father will be home wanting his curds and rice.”

Again there began the now familiar bumping and with a fresh whoosh the children found themselves flying through time. When things had once more become quiet, they found themselves in a very different place. They sat on a block of white stone across from a smiling brown man who wore a big white turban and whose teeth were very white as he laughed and joked with them. They were all eating lunch out of a big bowl filled with rice and bits of mango. It was very good. From bamboo cups they drank a cool fruit drink that was very refreshing.

Around them were other men, and many children who seemed to have brought them food and who were helping eat it as a noon meal. There were big squares of bamboo with woven coverings to make shade, and standing on frames were big slabs of marble which the men were carving to make little openings like stone lace. A little bald man who seemed to be very important, was looking at pieces of the work and chatting pleasantly with the stone cutters. He paused and passed his hand over the slab on which their father was working. He smiled and nodded his approval.

“You are making a perfect piece,” he told their father. “Take all the time you need. Shah Jahan will reward you well. He wants only perfect workmanship in the building of his Taj Mahal as a monument to his beloved wife Mumtaz Mahal.” The little man opened an embroidered bag which he was carrying, and took from it a small silver coin which he handed to the father. “Here is a little extra for you,” he said. “The Shah does not forget those who use the greatest care.”

The children were very proud of their father, and were about to ask to be allowed to look at the coin, when there came more bumping and whooshes. Their father and the marble slabs vanished, and when things quieted down again, they were once more in a different time and place.

There was a great river flowing into the ocean, and tied to the river’s bank were several big double canoes with little houses built on connecting platforms. Up on the bluff above the river stood a city, with tall temple spires. They were watching a big brown man who was talking to an old

priest and drawing maps with a stick in the smooth sand. They could not understand the old priest, but knew the language of the man who drew the maps. He seemed puzzled and poked here and there at his map with his stick. Suddenly he turned to Adam and said,

“Come here Kema. I have forgotten just where on this map lies the land of Hawaii which we go to find. You are the son of a great Keeper of the Secret, and you have seen the place with your inner eyes. Come and show this kind priest just where it is we plan to go at the end of our long voyage.”

Adam did not think it odd that he should be asked to point out the place on the map. He seemed to have known it for a long time. He bowed politely to the priest and took the stick. Eve bowed and stood beside him. In the strange language she said, “Over there is the first land we will find. Back in the garden we called it New Zealand. Isn’t it funny, I seem to be remembering a place where we had a big map on the wall and were taught all about the world.”

“Hush,” said Adam. “We’ll talk about that later,” He pointed to the map and said in the new language. “We first go to a big land right here. Later we go to a little group of islands over here, and finally we sail to Hawaii, where there are eight islands. They stand in the ocean over here.” He made a mark in the sand.

The priest scratched his chin thoughtfully and began to speak in the language Adam did not understand. Suddenly Eve nudged him. “Try Teley-talk. I can understand just what he means that way. Adam tried, and found that it worked.

The priest was saying, “We are very grateful for the much healing your people have done for us, and for your sharing with our priests the Secret Knowledge which you call Huna and which we will also try to learn to use. Now tell me, Hawaii Loa, when do you want my people to bring the supplies you have asked for, and when will you set sail for the distant

lands which no one has ever seen, and which I hope you will find in the marked places when you get there?"

"We are very grateful on our parts," replied the leader. "If you will let us have the supplies tomorrow, we will sail when the first stars show in the sky." The men bowed to each other and the old priest walked slowly away.

Eve asked excitedly, "Are we going to see the big island of Ceylon, and then Sumatra and Java?"

"What names do you give the strange lands?" asked Hawaii Loa in surprise.

Adam feared that they were getting into deep water, so he said hurriedly, "Those are names which we think they will be called many years from now."

The big man shook his head wonderingly. "You two will certainly be great kahunas when you are older. But go now and find your mother and tell her that tomorrow we get ready to sail at dusk."

"Yes, Uncle," said Eve, and with Adam they walked toward the big canoes, not quite sure where they would find their mother, and not knowing how she would look. "We'll shout Mother when we get to the big canoes," she said. "She will be sure to know us as her children."

"Not in English," objected Adam. "What's the word for mother in this new language? Isn't it makuahini? But I'm sure that's not what we call our mother."

Just then the bouncing started gently. "Take my hand!" cried Adam. "We may never need to know what we call her!" The bumping became strong, and then the big whoosh followed, with everything vanishing from sight.

The new scene was a strange one. In an inlet from the blue sea lay many great double canoes, and around each a flock of small single canoes. Away

from the water stretched fine meadows with groups of trees, and in the distance rose high mountains with snow on their tops. Adam looked down at his hands, and saw that he was mending a net. He turned to look behind him, and there sat Eve, part of the big net on her knees. They looked at each other for a moment, then leaned a little closer.

“This must be New Zealand,” he said in a low voice. “I seem to know that we call ourselves Maoris. And I see that we have grown up.”

Eve laughed. “We are married. Can you remember that?”

“Of course,” said Adam. It was a fine wedding. And I remember something else. We are kahunas and chiefs of the high blood, and soon we are to sail with part of the people to take a second step toward the land we will call Hawaii. You and I will do the navigating and watch the stars together at night.”

Eve wrinkled her brow in thought and said nothing for a time. At last she asked, “Can you remember just why Hawaii Loa led us out of Egypt? I think it must have been before we were born.”

“All I can remember is that the old men used to tell how it was foreseen by our leader that if we stayed in Egypt and that part of the world, the great Huna secret which it is our job to keep, would soon be lost. I am sure that we have come out to this far and empty part of the world to be where we, the Keepers of the Secret, can preserve our sacred knowledge for all the coming years. “

The ground began to tremble, and Adam reached out to catch Eve’s hand lest they get separated. “We didn’t stay here very long,” he said as he watched the sea begin to fade and felt the whoosh coming.

The whoosh was a very long and very strong one. When it had passed, Eve looked at Adam as they sat in the sand beside a warm sea, and saw that he had grey hair and that his face was wrinkled. She looked from the sea to

the land and saw a fine grove of tall palms with great clusters of nuts hanging under their leafy crowns. Here and there stood grass houses, several grouped together here, and several there. Looking back at the sea she saw a number of large and small canoes coming home from a day of fishing. Women and children were gathered on the beach to welcome them.

Adam had also looked around to see where they were, but now his eyes were held by a great cloud of white smoke that was rising from a mountain just beyond the palm trees and the village.

“The Goddess Pele is angry,” he thought. “Her priests are new to their work. Perhaps they have not done the right things to keep her from being angry with us. Perhaps the lava will flow from the mountain again and make us run for our lives.” He looked out at the men in the canoes. They were pointing at the smoke and shouting anxiously back and forth.

Eve had also seen the smoke and understood the danger. “The two priests of Pele are coming from the temple and are going to make a sacrifice of a white pig,” she said. “Do you suppose that will be enough? It wasn’t last time the lava flowed. Our houses were all covered.”

Adam shook his head sadly. “I am afraid we have still to learn what Pele wants and how to pray to her for mercy. The priests are not even good at making prayers and chants. I think that we had better go to help them. At least we are good kahunas and can chant the most beautiful prayers.” He rose and helped Eve to her feet. Together they walked toward the men who had killed the pig and who were shouting prayers wildly. In the distance the mountain was throwing out great showers of molten lava.

The lovely little Fairy Queen had been telling the children stories of her land and people, Fairy Stories, while they waited for Adam and Eve Brown to return.

“It seems to me that they have been gone a very long time,” said Adam Black. “I do hope they didn’t get lost or bumped off by the time machine in some way.

“Or,” said Eve White, “find a place so nice they wouldn’t ever want to leave it.”

The big Time Machine began making a guttural sound, and they all turned to watch. In a moment Adam and Eve Brown appeared, holding tightly to each other’s hands and looking very much relieved to find themselves home again in the Garden.

“Well, hello there!” said Father Time. He looked at his big watch. “Did the bumping take you to too many places to get into trouble in any one of them? And what happened to bring you home? Did a tiger chase you out of India?”

“Not a tiger,” said Adam Brown, “We were chased by a lava flow. We stood in front of it and said prayers to Pele, but she would not listen. When we started to run, it was almost too late. We were afraid we wouldn’t make it to the ocean.”

“I wasn’t taking any chances,” said Eve, her lower lip trembling. “The lava was terribly hot and came ever so fast. So I screamed that we wanted to go home, and we came.”

“We had a nice time and bumped all over India,” added Adam. “And we left India and joined the Polynesians and went to Hawaii.”

Father Time stopped his big machine and squirted oil from his can into a hole far down at one side. “That seems to have been the place where the bearing went dry,” he muttered. “Hard on a machine to run it so fast.” He looked at Adam and Eve Black. “Do you adventurers still want your turn, or are you scared enough to want to let well enough alone?”

“We aren’t scared,” said Adam stoutly. “We will take our turn.” He pulled his Eve toward the plate where one had to stand to go time traveling. “Eve is brave, aren’t you Eve?”

“Yes,” quavered Eve, for she would go if Adam wanted her to go, but she still was frightened.

“And where to, or rather when to? Oh, it doesn’t matter. Just say when.”

“Clear out almost to the very end of time,” said Adam promptly. “We want to see how everything is going to end and if the world becomes perfect at last.”

Father Time scratched his head thoughtfully. “It may be bumpy until you get well past the year 1900, but it might be interesting at that to see what will become of mankind. I’ve heard that men will get too smart and blow themselves and the Earth to bits. But go have a look if you are interested. And remember to use your third wish and come back so you can tell us about everything.” He moved the children a little to be exactly right on the plate, then pushed his setting lever ahead to within a single notch of as far as it would go. “Luck”, he said gruffly, and pressed the red button.

There was a might whoosh that lasted a long time, then a big bump as they slowed down. There followed little bumps and tiny whooshes, and in between them they caught glimpses of cities and fields and plains, also of oceans and rivers. In one place they heard a newsboy shouting, “Read all about it! China will blow us up if we don’t turn red! The President says we will use massive retaliation and will never turn red! Read all about it!”

“They speak English, almost like we did in the Garden,” said Adam.

Eve said, “They are going to blow up the world! Did you hear that? Let’s go home!”

“We’re past that year,” said Adam as they slowed up. “And something must have happened to keep the world from being exploded. “Here’s a nice quiet place.

They had landed in a nice little park with trees and grass and flowers. There were benches, but no one was in sight. Just beyond the park was a long, low building through the windows of which they could see lights and people. The big door stood open, so they decided to look in and try to get acquainted.

Once inside the door they could see long lines of tables at which sat women, most of them gray, and some quite old. They were busily sewing to make simple blouses of a gray cloth, the same blouses that they wore themselves with matching long trousers and gray sandals. No one looked up or stopped to see what they wanted.

“They all are smiling as if they were happy about something,” said Eve. “And they are of all colors, just like we were at the Garden. Do you suppose we would dare talk to that nice black woman She looks very kind and happy.”

“Let’s try,” said Adam, and they walked over and stood beside her waiting, but she kept right on sewing and did not seem to notice them.

Eve said, “I beg your pardon, Madam, but could you stop long enough to tell us what city we are in?”

The woman did not reply or seem to hear them, but a red light began to flash right over their heads and a nice voice said in English, “Go back to your place and continue your sewing. You know that you will not be happy over here. Go on back. You will be happy again at your work.”

The children looked up above them and could see only a little box which seemed to speak and flash the red light. When they did not move, the box began to send out a buzzing sound that made them slightly dizzy.

Adam caught Eve by the hand and pulled her toward the door. "Let's get out of here. I don't like that voice or that buzzing. It seems to me that something is very wrong here."

When they were outside, they heard the buzzing stop, and drew a few long breaths to clear their heads. "Perhaps we'd better go home now," said Eve.

Suddenly, right before them there appeared as out of thin air, a man with a large head and eyes like saucers. He seemed to have feelers on the top of his head like those of a giant bug. He was dressed in a suit of silvery stuff and had very spindly legs. His silver shoes turned up at the points almost in a circle.

"Good morning," he said in a deep but gentle voice. "I see that you must be strangers here. Have you just arrived? And where did you come from? Where are your parents?"

"Good morning, Sir," said Adam politely. "Yes, we are strangers here. We have just come from the Garden and the year Eight. Our Father and Mother and brothers and sisters are all behind at the Garden. Old Father Time helped us to get here with his Time Machine. We wanted to see what the world would be like just before time ended or it blew up or something. This is Eve. She is rather timid."

The brown man's big eyes opened wide and he felt his bald head with one long, thin hand and then the other. "I beg your pardon," he said at last. "I was taken entirely by surprise. We have never had visitors from the Days of Creation. Will you excuse me for a moment? I must report your arrival to the friends who help me care for this small sewing unit. It will be but a moment." He wiggled his long feelers and suddenly the children could hear him using Teley, which was quite familiar to them, and could understand every word he said.

He was reporting, "I am not dreaming, and I think I have my sanity, but I have just run into a pair of black children of tender years who went into

Building 4 and set off the alarm. They certainly have not been hypnotically conditioned, for they refused to obey the voice and the X2 buzz did not put them to sleep. They claim to have been teleported here from almost the beginning of Creation. They say they came because they wanted to see what the world would be like near the end of time. Can you send over a recorder and some of you join me here? This may turn out to be a very important scientific discovery, and we could all get praise marks on our records.”

There was a flurry of excited Teley questions and then a man and two women, looking much like the first man, suddenly materialized. One of them carried a small box containing a machine with which to record the conversation. The women were just like the men, only smaller, and both had short black hair on their heads around their feelers. They wore the same clothing, but the points of their shoes made a complete circle. The new man turned a switch on the recorder and helped pull up another bench to face the one before which they stood. The first man made the introductions, asking Adam for his name, but remembering Eve’s. He gave his name as “J-4237-B”. The others also had numbers for names, but he said,

“You can just call us Number 1 – for me – and then 2 for my male friend. 3 and 4 for the females. That will make it easier. Now, little visitors, what would you like to know first?”

“If you please,” said Adam, “I would like to know why all those women who are sewing are, well, like they are. They aren’t like anyone we ever knew.”

Eve said, “What I want to know is about YOU. Are you people like us? You look so different.”

No. 1 smiled. “I can see that there are many questions to be answered, and that we will have to take first things first. Suppose I begin by telling you that we are what human beings used to call The Saucer People. We came to

Earth in flying saucers and other vehicles and watched while the humans slowly ruined their world and each other and were on the point of blowing up the planet just to get even with those who did not agree with them as to what kind of government they should have. The Saucer People were waiting and ready, and just before the humans blew up the world, we took over. We used our superior weapons and within an hour had used our hypnotic powers and buzz machines to put everyone to sleep.”

“Was that a good or bad thing to do?” asked Eve uncertainly.

“It was all that could be done,” said No. 1. “This may be hard for you to understand, but the humans had all become unhappy and it was very sad. Their smartest men and women knew what to do, but the politicians who ran the governments would not let them do it. The world had come to have so many people that hardly enough food could be found for even those who lived in America. There were wars going on here and there, with those who believed in the Red form of government fighting those who believed in the Capitalist way of life. You see, humans are odd in this way. They get an idea into their heads and then cannot change it, no matter what happens.”

The second Saucer Man spoke up. “We made use of that human failing by giving them hypnotic suggestion ideas. We used our machines and buzzed into their heads new ideas so that they all soon came to believe that to be happy all they had to do was obey the Voice which we made come out of the mechanical speaking machines. In this way we got the fighting stopped and set everyone to work to make things which were needed, to grow food for the people, and make the best use possible of what was left of the Earth.”

The woman, No. 3, explained. “The Atom War almost got started before we could step in and stop it. In ten minutes time the exploding bombs would have spread radioactive Strontium 90 and other poisonous dusts all over the Earth and high on the winds of the upper air. The dusts would have fallen, and in a few years every living person, creature and plant would

have been killed. The lovely Earth that the dear Father and Mother have worked so wonderfully to create for us all would have become entirely dead, and would have been dead for millions of years.”

Adam asked, “Did you put ALL of the people to sleep and set them to work like the sewing women? Weren’t there any kind and generous people left at all?”

No. 4 nodded happily. “Oh, yes. Here and there we found, when we started awakening and sorting them, people who were kind and helpful and who did not want to make wars or force other people to believe like they did. In Polynesia on the Pacific Islands we found many fine brown people, and here and there all over the world we have little groups now living and working happily, just like all humans should have done before they made us step in and take charge of them.”

Eye asked anxiously, “What became of the children? Were they all made to work like the sewing women?”

“We took care of all the children,” said No. 3 nodding her head thoughtfully. “And as they grew, we sorted out the good ones from the bad, and put the good into the groups to be cared for. The bad ones were buzzed and set to work helping to feed or clothe the rest. You see, by the time they almost ruined the Earth, there had come to be so many people that many were almost starving. The rich people always had food, but most of the people outside of the United States were hungry. When we took over, we made everyone work at something and in this way to help everyone else. And we made the ones who had to be buzzed happy at last. They listen to the Voice and no longer remember the old hate and greed and fear as in the old days. Someday the buzzed ones will all grow old and die, and then the good people can have the world and work to make it a wonderful place.

“Will you stay here then, or go back to your planet?” asked Adam.

“We will at last be able to go home,” said No. 4, tears gathering in her large dark eyes. “We Saucer people live much longer than humans, and some day we will have finished our work of love, helping humans on Earth, then go home.”

“You are homesick,” said Eve softly. “We know all about that, and I am beginning to want to go home myself.”

“You may go any time you wish,” said No. 4. “But when you do, please tell Father and Mother that we all send our love to them.”

Adam asked, “Isn’t this about the end of time? We asked to be sent almost as far as there would be any time. What will happen when all the time is used up? What then?”

No. 1 smiled as he answered, “I am sure that Father will create more time for us all if we learn to be kind and to love one another – never to hurt anyone who is not hurting us. On our home planet we learned that lesson a long time ago, and were given one new Age after another. Our planet is very old, you know.”

No. 4 took a little packet from her pocket and opened it. “Are you hungry?” she asked, “And would you like a little of our kind of food to try for your tea?”

Eve hung back. The little pills in the hand of kind No. 4 were grey and did not look very inviting.

Adam was braver. “Thank you very much,” he said, holding out his hand for a tablet. “I am usually hungry at tea time, and I would like to be able to tell the others, when we get home, that I had eaten some wonderful new kind of food.” He took two tablets and put them into his mouth. “Should they taste like something?” he asked.

No. 4 laughed. “I’m afraid not to you, but to Saucer people they have a very nice little taste. And after one has eaten a few tablets, all hunger is

gone until time for the next meal." She held out a tablet to Eve, who took it slowly and put it into her mouth. "What is it made of?" she asked.

"Out of grains," explained No. 4. "The life part of the heavier food."

"I suppose it is very good for one," said Eve. "But our food at home tastes so very good. I love fruit and melons and nuts and bread and milk and cookies, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," said No. 4. "We often pause in our work to enjoy such things, but usually we are so busy that we make a meal of a few tablets and a little water."

No, I said, "You will be wanting to go home soon, and we have heard hardly anything of the Garden and yourselves and Father and Mother. This little machine will catch all you have to tell us and save it so all the other Saucer people can hear it later and enjoy it."

So, for almost an hour the children took turns telling what they could. They told of the animals and the birthday parties and the gremlin and the fairies. At last it was growing late, and Eve nudged Adam and teleyed to him, "Isn't it time we went home?"

No. 4 understood Teley and rose. "It has been very nice to have you visit us," she said, "and we thank you for telling us all about the wonders of the Garden and about all the delightful things which happen there. Remember, our love to Father and Mother, and now, Good-bye".

She held out her hands to them, as did the others, and the parting was just a little saddening, because they were such fine friends and so kind. After the goodbyes, Adam and Eve took hold of hands, took a few deep breaths, and wished to be home.

The flight home took only an instant, and they found themselves standing on the plate beside the Time Machine once more. Father Time was still peering into the wheels and trying to oil the dry places with his big oil can.

The Fairy Queen and the other children, with some of the fairies and elves were playing games, but they came hurrying and listened delightedly to the story of the adventures with the Saucer people and right on the far edge of time.

When they had quite finished telling everything they could remember, "Eve said, "Isn't it lucky that the Saucer people came and stopped our bad people from ruining the Earth?"

"It is very wonderful that they could help as they did," said the little Fairy Queen, "But it is growing late and we must get back to the other side of the wall. Come along. Your parents will begin to think you are lost." She drew a door in the air with her magic wand and it became a door, and out they all went, although when outside it seemed very little different.

Father and Mother were having tea on the veranda. The Chimp Boys brought in milk and cookies, and soon everyone was chattering and Adam and Eve Black were feeling very important, what with everyone begging them to remember something more about what had been done or said or seen.

"You have all had quite a day," said Mother. "And I can see that what you need now is just a tiny little nap. So off with you! And try to settle down and forget all the exciting things that have been happening."

"Can I say just one thing more?" asked Eve Black. "It is that I think this is the very best of all times to live. I don't want to go to live even where the Saucer people have made things so good. I just want to live right here in our own piece of time and not have a single thing changed. I want to stay right here and grow up in the Garden and then go with Adam to live in Africa and try to make it a good, a very good place to live. One where everyone is kind and helpful, and where no one hurts anyone unless it is to keep someone else from hurting him or those he loves. And, I don't want to have pills for food. I want everything just like it is NOW."

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Now we come to the end of the stories, although books could be filled with the tales of how the different Adams and Eves grew up and were taken to live in their own parts of the world and have children, who also grew up. Father and Mother and the helpers with the saucers watched over them all until they got well started and learned to live in the lands which were given to them, to tame some animals, and to learn about plants and weather and all the things which were so important.

But there is one little story which must be told before we close our book. It is about Little Mermaid, who, as you remember, had been given legs and had become the Milkmaid who took care of the goats and milked them.

When the last of the children had gone, and the big house in the Garden had become silent and empty, Father said to Mother, "I have been thinking of Little Milkmaid and wondering what would be the finest possible reward for her. She is no longer needed here, and of late it seems to me that she has looked very sad as she has tended her goats and brought in a pail of milk for us."

Mother nodded and said, "Let's go find her and ask her what she would like for her reward. We could give her this house, and well, let's go find her."

They had not to look far, for she was sitting beside the beaver pond, her hands folded in her lap. Near her lay the old Billy goat, keeping her company and chewing his cud. She jumped up and smiled when Father and Mother came along.

They all sat down together and Father explained that they wanted to give her the finest reward of all. All she had to do was to say what she wanted most in all the world.

Mother said, "Would you like the big house and the Garden all for your own? And if you wished, Father could create a mate for you, a fine merman. Would you like that?"

Little Milkmaid thought about it, then shook her head. "No, I wouldn't care for that. Big houses take so much cleaning and care, and I might not love even the nicest Milkman you could create."

"Perhaps," said Father, "you would like to go to live with one of the children. Or you could visit around and spend a little time with each family. They all love you and all have children who would entertain you."

Little Milkmaid thought for a time, then shook her head and replied, "I love all the children and would love their children, but I seem to be a little tired. It has been hard work tending to so many goats and getting so much milk from them. I couldn't start all over with the new babies."

"Don't you have some dream?" asked Father. "Some dream of something you would like to have or be or do? Surely there is something you dream of."

Sudden tears came into Little Milkmaid's eyes. "All I ever dream of is the sea and being a mermaid like I used to be, with a beautiful tail, and with nothing to do all day but swim and sit on a rock in the sun."

"Bless you," cried Mother putting her arms around her. "You are homesick! We should have guessed. Homesickness is the thing Father has been unable to cure with all the fine medicines in roots and barks and berries. The children all get very homesick for the Garden, and I fear that their children down the years will all have times when they get homesick for the peace and quiet and love in the Garden, even if they do not know what it is they are remembering down deep inside themselves. But we can change you back again and give you your beautiful tail and your loved ocean. Only, it seems so little to do. Isn't there something else – something in addition to just getting you back home?"

“Oh, no!” whispered Little Milkmaid, happy tears starting in her eyes. “No! All I want is to get home... home to my sea! Once I am back, I shall never want anything else, never! How soon can it be?”

“At once,” said Mother, getting to her feet. “No need to wait a minute. Let’s go now to your beloved ocean and make the change.”

Little Milkmaid paused a moment to pat Old Billy and say to him, “Go back to the flock now. And take good care of everyone. But sometimes you can come to the ocean and see me and I will give you salt in a sea shell. Run along!” With that she fairly danced down the path through the garden.

Father and Mother followed. They passed the time of day with Mr. and Mrs. Owl, who roused up as they came past their tree and asked, “WHO?”

They passed Mrs. Elephant also, and she asked, “Don’t you think I have lost a few pounds?”

The sand was warm and soft, and the sea was filled with little waves with sparklers on their tops. They came to the place where there were big stones and great rocks and still pools, and where the little fish and crabs were at play. Little Squid saw them and hurried to make a nice pool of ink in case Father might need to fill his fountain pen.

“Here!” cried Little Milkmaid when they came to a fine brown rock that had a flat top and a green carpet of moss. “This is my rock! I used to sit here by the hour, and it hasn’t changed a bit. It is just like it always is in my dreams!”

“Then kick off your sandals and sit on your rock,” said Father. “Hold very still and we will see what we can do for you.”

Little Milkmaid did as she was told and happily let the little waves wash over dusty feet. Father and Mother took four deep breaths, then touched hands while Father said, “Heads or tails? The tails have it!” and right there

before their eyes the legs and feet vanished and in their place was a fine fish tail.

“I am a mermaid again!” cried Little Mermaid, her eyes shining. She dived from the rock and swam and dived and swam and dived again, finally coming up with a rush on the crest of a little wave to take her seat on her rock. In her hands she carried strands of green sea weed which she looped around her neck for a lei.

“Oh, I can never thank you enough!” she said breathlessly. “I never appreciated my ocean half enough until now, after being away from it so long. I am going to stay here as long as I live, and never even think of going up the little stream to be a land creature. I am sure that to be happiest, one needs to learn that to be just what one is in one’s own place is best.”

“You have learned one of life’s most important lessons,” said Mother, “but here, let me give you a little parting gift.” She opened her bag and took out a beautiful little comb which was sparkling with colors and handed it to Little Mermaid. “Here is a very special comb. It has magic in it, and no matter where you go it will follow you, and when you want it, will appear right there in your hand.” Little Mermaid took the beautiful comb and hugged it to her. “A comb was the only thing that I would have missed! Thank you so very much! It is such a fine and beautiful comb, and to have it come to me whenever I want it—that will be a joy forever and make my life perfect.”

“We will come to see you sometimes,” said Father. “Now swim and enjoy yourself and see if you can find some of your old fish and turtle friends. I think I see a whale not far away, and it might be one you know.”

Little Mermaid pressed her sparkling comb into her hair and slipped into the water. “Give my love to all the Adams and Eves when you see them!” she said with just a touch of sadness in her voice. “And always remember that I love you!” With that she swam away, and Father and Mother turned to go back to the Garden.