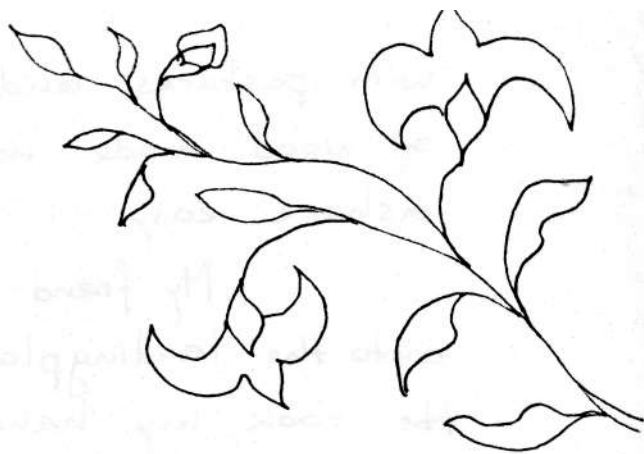


The Master of
Ease



The Master of Ease



My friend was awaiting me at the rainbow gate. Tall he stood, with light around his shoulders. His eyes shone with love and down to earth sense of humour. Sometimes I had seen an expression so deep in his eyes, that it seemed I could see the whole world through them; and beyond. His features were ageless.

Today I could tell he had been waiting some time for me. There was an eagerness about him, a twinkle in the eye, a readiness in his movements. "Lets go" he said.

We entered a kind of "no state" or fog or blank. After a little while I realised we were travelling swiftly in a small boat made of a glass-like, opaque blue material. It was strong and pliable. The sea was calm with little waves catching the sunlight as they danced. We travelled together some time, just enjoying it.

Presently we came to a lilly island,

with pastures and woods. A small landingplace of wood made mooring the boat and coming ashore easy.

My friend helped me, after he had jumped onto the landingplace and secured the boat. He took my hand and led me up a path through the fields. We climbed up a hill talking about this and that and enjoying each others company.

At the top of the hill I now caught sight of a small, wellbuilt castle of bright colours. "Is that where we are going?" I asked. "Yes" answered my friend. "We are expected there."

After more climbing we came to a gate. A cordial person let us in. He had a plant-earth feeling to him. With gentle, strong hands he cared for the lovely garden, playing at growing plants with blooms of varied colours and shapes. The gardener directed us to the buildings. As we entered we were received open-heartedly and led through various light halls until we came to a large door. "Here I must let you go on alone." said my friend, "I will await you here". I was somewhat surprised and also aware of my

growing curiosity and expectancy.

Cautiously I opened the large, heavy door. It led into a light passage at the end of which stood another door. As I walked through, I caught sight of some letters above the second door. They read "The Master of Ease" in broad, light letters on a dark background. This door was dark. In spite of the title I now felt hesitant. It took me some time before I knocked.

A low, soft voice said "Come in" On opening the door I perceived a room of about 8 by 8 meters, dark and warm. In the corner opposite the door to the right was a tiny fire. A few pieces of furniture, chairs and a table, stood around, but the room was almost empty.

Where had the voice come from? I entered and let my eyes adjust to the dark. It was pleasantly quiet. I knew someone was in the room, but where? I made a step forward into the room. "Hello", said the voice, "Please do come closer." It was a warm, soft, deep male voice, but somehow also small. I took a few more steps. "Yes, do come this way" said the voice again. The voice seemed to come

from the direction of the little fire. As I came closer, I caught sight of a movement. A small being, sitting near the little fire, had stretched out his hands towards me.

Silently I looked at him. He was barely more than 1½ feet high with a round body, brown, and a little furry. He had an enormous smile, almost from ear to ear, and most observant, intelligent eyes peered out from under a bushy mop of soft brown hair. Long ears framed his face either side.

"Hallo" I said suddenly.

"Well, hallo" came the broad, warm voice. "Do come close and make yourself at ease."

I paused.

"Are you the Master of Ease?" I asked, not believing it one moment.

"He I am" he replied.

I tried now to come close to him, but I was so big, so tall, I could get nowhere near him to even greet him properly.

"It's a bit awkward, isn't it?" he chuckled. I tried again to approach

him, and, unable to do so, I now felt clumsy and embarrassed.

"Hm - would you like to come closer?" asked the Master of Ease. When I confirmed this he replied "Then would you be willing to change?" I thought a moment. What would this mean?

Did I trust this funny, little, hairy chap? Then I heard myself say "Yes". The instant I agreed I started to shrink.

From my usual size I became smaller and smaller. I heard myself go "Oh!" and then, almost with a bump, I arrived at the size of the Master of Ease.

"That's better" he said, as he came over and warmly took my brown, hairy hands in his, and stroked away the bewildered expression on my face. "Now we can have a good talk."

I glanced around the now enormous room, and I aught as I saw the chairs and table tower room high above me. "You can't use the furniture in your room!" I exclaimed. "I don't need to." said the Master. "Then how do you
you

sit and eat or do other things?" I asked. The Master took me to the little fire and we squatted on a rug. He fished a pot from the fire and poured out some delicious smelling chunky stew into two bowls. Contentedly we munched and slurped.

"Now what shall we do?" I asked, patting my round, full belly. "What would you like to do?" came the question.

"I'd like to play, but there is nothing to play with" I said. Instantly a box, about 8 by 4 by 3 inches appeared out of the ground in front of me. It was metal with semiprecious stones arranged in a pattern on the lid. Eagerly I opened the lid. Inside were houses, roads, fountains, temples, churches, railways, boats, streams, woods meadows and cows, clouds, many people of all races and kinds: farmers, children, gardeners, composers, chimney sweepers, scientists, priests, milkmen, shopkeepers....

I took out some houses and started to arrange them on the floor. Then came smoke from the chimney, a road, a fountain at a corner, a post man delivering mail, a housewife opening the door

to let in the morning sun, a doctor driving home after a night of work.... More things appeared and the town became complex: a postoffice, a church, shops, cars, buses and bikes, a bank and a prison. Was there a prison in the box? Yes. I looked deeper and saw some open countryside. Then there was a high barbed wire fence and a concentration camp. I took it out of the box and held it up to the Master of Ease, "Does this really also come out of the toybox?" He looked at me intently for a moment: "Have you still not understood that whatever you create with your thoughts is in your toybox? Do you want to play with the concentration camp and the prison?"

My mind went black. I felt a kind of gaping hole open in my belly. The toybox, the fire, the Master of Ease blurred and vanished. "Oh, please don't do this to me!" I cried. "Where is the toybox? May I look in the toybox again!?" With utmost effort I tried to perceive the room again, the Master and the toybox. I could not! In desperation

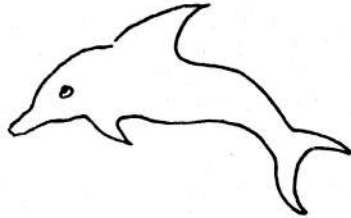
I sank down on the mat and roled over onto my fat tummy and slapped my furry, brown hands over my head.

I slapped my furry brown hands over my head - !! I still was the shape of the Master of Ease! Quickly I roled over and sat up. Infront of me was the toybox, open. Opposite me squatted the Master of Ease intently observing me. His heart had grown so big that it filled his whole body and his love poured out through every pore of his rough skin. He was pulsating a soft, warm, red glow.

"What's in the toybox?" he wanted to know.

I looked inside and saw animals of all kinds, free and unaffraid; fresh streams, flourishing woods, seas full of fish and whales. And people, yes, people too, living in small groups here and there. They were working the soil with their hands, cultivating, healing and nurturing the plants and animals with great sensitivity, knowlege and skill. Out of the blossoming of love they understood the

vibrations of sound and colour in every cell, every atom. They used their great intelligence in technology to work with the nature spirits, with the angels, with the Earth.



My friend held open the big door as I came through the light corridor. He laughed and took my hand. Together we walked through the halls, the garden, the gate, down the path and hopped into the waiting boat. He untied the boat and ever more speedily it leaped over waves of clear, clean, blue water in which we watched the play of the dolphins. We entered the "no-state" state or blank, and arrived at the rainbow gate. There we hugged and wished each other farewell.

No copyright.

Please enjoy and circulate.

Written in Fernblisk 9.

Rhea Mouro.

21 Lexington Cl.

Cambridge CB4 3LS



The Master of Ease

His heart was so big it flowed out