

CHAPTER ELEVEN WOMAN IN THE MOON



At last light, stars sparkle over a meadow of a canyon's natural amphitheater, shadowed by spires of rock, bridges, arches, mazes and sandstone towers, white/red/orange hoodoos. A Stag with a Mourning Dove on his back stands quietly next to a Unicorn. A second Stag stands nearby.

UNICORN

"I AM KI-LIN.
Unselfconsciousness."

MOURNING DOVE

"I am MAL'AKH.
Each species is unique."

HOODOO

"I am PERIPETEIA.
Everyone has been heard. We do not agree."

STAG

"I am NICHOLAS.
We will do nothing."
The Moon approaches the Earth, growing larger and larger.

MOON

"I am THE WOMAN IN THE MOON.
The Earth feels all there is to feel. Many of you think humans will not change. They've come a long way. Think of all the things now possible that were impossible years ago. As it is, the human species underestimates its strength, potential and benevolence. They need to be reminded.

There are many examples of humans' love and regard for the natural world. Over a hundred years ago, a dog was killed when he wandered onto a nearby property belonging to another human. The man who lived with the dog asked the authorities to punish the man who killed the dog. Listen to what was said:

“The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has, he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it the most.

A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.

A man's dog stands by him in prosperity, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that encounter the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wing and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. When the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his grave side will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death.”

Many humans feel the same as the human who wrote this, about many different animals. I ask every species to reconsider.”

STAG

“I am ATTENBOROUGH.
It's time to decide.”

As hundreds of Mourning doves twitter overhead, solar and lunar halos cover the sky.

“We all agree.

Ten will be randomly chosen to decide a plan of action. The Council will meet in the Kingdom of Bhutan, one of the safest places on Earth for the natural world.”