

CHAPTER ONE SUFFER FOOLS GLADLY

There was to be a trial. The natural world knew.

Animals, and others in the natural world, concerned seven billion humans were unaware the consequences of their actions were close to being irreversible, decided to attempt to help the human species understand the necessity of changing their thinking, attitudes and behavior.

In the hope that imagination will always triumph over cruelty, the animals enlisted the help of young people from Namibia, Denmark, the United States, India, Lebanon, Russia and the Czech Republic.

What would get the attention of the human species? On what seemed like a normal day in September, it happened. Worldwide. Solar flares flashing in the sky: outages and cascade failures, satellite relays, airport screening systems, cell phone towers, radar stations, power grids, weapons factories, television hubs, drones, nuclear plants, missile systems, power lines, a catastrophic failure of all the battery powered and electricity driven devices on Earth.

The animals asked each of the young people to help in a specific way. Shilli (Namibia) to learn about frequencies, Emilie (Denmark) to learn to fly a plane, Julian (United States) to create a new computer coding system, Asha (India) to remember a series of numbers, 5) Samuel (Lebanon) to be as good as his word, 6) Lapis (Russia) to teach others to communicate with color and tone.

An orangutan and chimpanzee would hire attorneys to bring a legal action against the human race for depraved indifference. The research gathered on the specifics of how, as a species, the human race had affected the planet Earth shocked more than illuminated.

Though the International Criminal Court in the Hague had only reached one verdict in its ten year history, it was agreed it would be the best venue. The young people, named as co defendants, would defend the human race. Each would outline in detail his/her ideas for necessary changes regarding a specific issue, making a commitment to the Court they would devote their lives working for those changes.

I see you, naked Ones,
out of my big, brown, sad eyes
I see you
with your spindly limbs,
lack of fur
clever fingers
thin necks
big head
I see you and I am puzzled.

I am Mountain Gorilla
and I am on my way out.
Farewell naked Ones
you may soon be the last primates left.
Grieve with me little Ones,
grieve with me and hope
that you can bare the pain of our loss
and the pain of your loneliness.

I am Mountain Gorilla, the gentle One
I do not kill, I do not destroy, I do not attack unprovoked.
Do not fashion me in the image of what you fear in yourselves.
I am no King Kong.
I am peaceful and patient, I forage and chew leaves.
I live in family and close to the earth.
All I need for survival is community and space.
And there doesn't seem to be enough space for you on this planet little Ones.

How can that be?
I see you, naked Ones, and I am puzzled.
I see your pain and your confusion and I wonder.
I wonder how you forgot
that the ground, the grass, the earth
longs for the touch of your naked feet,
how the rain loves to caress your skin,
how the wind enjoys playing with your hair.
I wonder when you forgot that we are siblings and that you are loved.
Yes - despite everything you are loved.

Wake up! Remember!

Remember that community is more important than things.
Remember that and you might yet survive.
I will not.

I am Mountain Gorilla.
Remember me well.
Let me go gracefully.
Farewell.