

BOOK SEVEN CHAPTER TWO ALBEMARLE

The Albemarle Inn overlooks the most beautiful natural harbour in the world: sailboats on glistening water, an opera house of overlapping shells, a dramatic steel arch bridge. Having been closed for renovations, the Inn was fully booked for next week's reopening.

November 22nd. The Inn's concierge, known as "Admiral," was nearing fifty, tall, angular, brown hair, dark eyes under dark brows, a sensitive man with a strong will. Walking to the lobby to greet the first guests, accompanied by Youri the kelpie and Snug the three legged orange and white tabby cat, he knew instantly something was amiss. As he was the only one with the three keys necessary to open the Inn's main entrance doors, how could the lobby be filled with people, all walking toward the dining room?

Sitting atop the front desk, a greyish brown sloth with dark rimmed eyes, a flat head and very long arms, was grinning at him, white teeth glistening. As far as the Admiral knew, there were no sloths in Australia. "I am Chloe. Things have changed. Please follow me." The Admiral and Youri smiled at one another, as Snug, with his lopsided gait, led the way. Contrary to normal behavior, this sloth didn't walk either slowly or clumsily, but skipped along jauntily. Snug moved more like a sloth than Chloe did.

Entering the dining room, one is immediately struck by a large painting on the far wall, eight feet high, three ten foot wide panels. Australia's native animals and plants, coast to desert, come alive: penguins, wallabies, kangaroos, frilled lizards, Tasmanian Devils and ghost bats. To the right, a wall of windows, floor to ceiling, overlooks the harbour. As the Inn's guests sit at the tables, Chloe jumped onto the sideboard and began to speak, not hanging upside down as expected, but sitting right side up.

"I am Chloe. Yes, you can understand what I'm saying. A failure of all the battery powered and electricity driven devices in the world has begun: satellite systems, power grids, cell phone towers, radar stations, outages and cascade failures, airport to plane and all military communication, television and radio broadcasting, power lines. No backup power sources are operational. There is nothing sinister about what has happened. There is nothing to fear."

Chloe voiced the thoughts Marcus the Labrador had shared with Shilli, Emilie, Asha, Julian and Samuel five years earlier. “Humans’ dependency on the wild is neither acknowledged, understood nor appreciated. Jumping from one table to another, Chloe continued. “Understanding they are not the most intelligent beings on their planet, humans continue to think, incorrectly, they are superior to the natural world. Your species is suffering with feelings of longing. Only when you believe that the quality of wildness is essential will things change.

Brains often mislead. Humans have seventy thousand thoughts each day. Survival has little to do with what you call intelligence. How many know how to find the shortest distance to a food source? If you listen to nature your species has the opportunity to propel itself forward as it has never before done. What was complicated will, suddenly, be deceptively simple. Logic will break. Leaving ego behind will be surprisingly easy.

In the very near future, earth will no longer be safe for human beings. Discomfort, even pain, has a purpose. Visionary change will always encounter resistance; approaching unknown territory can be scary. The natural world will deal with hidden enemies. Learning how to think differently, facing one’s own attitudes, intolerance and ignorance is not easy. Humans must recognize the value of what they have, even though it might still be hidden and concealed, not yet manifest.

Much has escaped the notice of the human species. Many things you believe to be true will soon come to light as false. Mis remembering is common. When presenting what you want to change simply state the facts as you see them. Don’t accuse anyone of disinformation, just put out your story. Don’t react. Act. There are lots of voices. The most effective thing you can do is repeat your message. Don’t dilute it with other issues even if they are related, hammer the basic idea. If you accuse someone of lying or fabricating, the issue is shifted off the main point and onto a side discussion of character. You don’t want to punish the dissemblers. You want to educate, to convince others, to create allies so that there is a chorus not just a single a cappella voice.

There will be confrontations and arguments. Regardless of different personal and cultural beliefs, the great injustices of your world will be revealed for all to see. Empathy is not enough. Speaking out, taking action, is the only way to ensure past horrors will not be repeated. At this point in time, silence is indefensible.”

Becoming restless and impatient, many in the room were not only frustrated but becoming angry. Why was a sloth pedantically lecturing to them? As if she'd read their collective minds, Chloe answered "I'm nearly finished."

"The violence and suffering caused by greed, deceit, manipulation, differing beliefs of what humans call gods, thinking others must believe as they do, is startling. The human species has tortured millions of sentient beings. The atrocities inflicted not only on each other but on the natural world must never be forgotten."

Hoping to express a few thoughts, Snug approached Chloe, attempting a jump but falling backward. A young boy leaned over, gently picked up the three legged cat and placed him on the table top. Snug patted the boy's face softly with his right paw.

Snug - "You are now a community. May I suggest you consider beginning each day by finding a quiet place, sitting and being still for a few minutes, not thinking of anything. New experiences can overwhelm. You're going to learn things about yourself that might surprise you. You don't know what you don't know.

The first thing to remember if you're afraid is to slow down. Introduce yourselves to one another. Remember you have not only each other but also resources and resilience you never imagined. Pay attention. Recognize the power of honesty. Beware of false equivalencies. Listen to what others are saying. Many will be frustrated, afraid, even angry. There's nothing you can't deal with together.

Meeting every morning, you'll prioritize issues, deciding on a daily plan. Begin with your ideas, build one on top of the other, different points of view will be debated. Talking with one another, listening, thinking, then meeting the next day to start again. It will happen slowly, but a consensus will come. You will each make concessions. Your life is yours alone, nobody lives it but you. You are the only one who can decide to make personal changes."

A young man, with shoulder length curly blond hair, stood up. "I don't like what's going on here, I'm a Christian and sloth is one of the seven deadly sins. It's a sin against God. No sloth is going to tell me what to do! Why should I listen to a crippled cat?" Pushing over his chair in anger, he left the room. Chloe - "No animal is a sin against what you call God. Humans have given us names. My species is Sloth: Strength, Love, Openness, Trust and Humility" "Contrary to a human's definition, I am not slothful.

A tall black man, dressed in a brightly colored caftan spoke next - "Could we begin by simply getting to know one another, start relating to one another without discussing religion?" A woman shouts from across the room - "Don't you believe in God? My religion guides my life!" Sitting at the same table, staring at the man, a woman asks, angrily, "Where are you from?" Another man at a different table shouts "Are you a man or a woman?" Chloe interrupts. "It's obvious all of you haven't yet fully understood what's happened."

Chloe scampered (un sloth like) to jump into the Admiral's lap. "There will be plenty of time to talk about cultures, races, beliefs, religions, prejudice and unconscious bias. The issue is if and how humans decide to change. You're all fortunate to have no concerns with shelter, food and water. It will rain every morning. The young ones can collect the rainwater; it is safe to drink, no need to boil or filter. Always remember this. What is thought to be a weakness for one person is considered a strength for another." A man yelled from the rear of the room. "Some of us don't have our medications!" Chloe - "There is no reason to worry. You no longer need them. Your symptoms are gone."

Three legged Snug jumped. lopsidedly, successfully landing on the table top to his left. "You're yelling at each other because you're scared. Different points of view doesn't mean you can't come together for what will work best for everyone." After the Admiral asks everyone to please come to the front desk to list their name and country, Chloe jumps into his arms. "Will you, Youri and Snug meet me in the library in an hour?"

The Inn's library is warm and inviting, wood paneling, flowers everywhere, a fireplace banked by leather armchairs, bookcases filled to overflowing, a magnificent 19th century Chickering concert grand piano in the far corner.

The Admiral, first to arrive, goes to his favorite leather wing chair by the window. Youri and Snug sit quietly on the carpet in front of the fireplace. Suddenly, Chloe scampers across the room, jumping onto the piano bench, her long claws artfully beginning to play. In less than a minute, as tears filled the Admiral's eyes, Snug put his head into Youri's lap, all were instantly transfixed hearing the familiar melody. The Moonlight Sonata.

As Chloe finished, the Admiral walked to the piano, gently putting his arms around her. “You know?” “Yes, They will always be with you, a part of you.”

Ten years earlier, driving his wife and infant son to a Christmas party, the Admiral had fallen asleep at the wheel, the car veering off the road killing his wife and child, his last memory the Moonlight Sonata playing on the car radio. He’d never told anyone. One year to the day after the accident, after moving to Australia, hired as the concierge at Albemarle Inn, animals started communicating with him. Sitting quietly every morning, not moving or thinking, it was a few years before something came to mind. The wounds he had carried for so long, his responsibility for his wife and son’s deaths, weren’t a trap to keep him emotionally imprisoned, but an exercise in becoming who he was today. He had been feeding his hurts rather than working, actively and consciously, to move past them. He couldn’t change what had happened, but by altering the feel of his own memories, he could create a future. Later that same day, Youri, the Albamarle’s resident Kelpie, introduced him to the woman who would soon become his wife.

The Admiral sat on the piano bench next to Chloe. “I know nothing about your species.” Chloe - Sloths are the world’s slowest mammal; you define the word “sloth” as spiritual and emotional apathy. That’s not what sloths are, certainly not who I am! Why am I different from others of my species? I don’t know.” The Admiral smiled. “How old are you?” Chloe - “I’m thirteen. Sloths usually live for thirty years.”

Youri the kelpie approached Chloe - “I’ve heard you’re not only strong but have wonderful balance.” Chloe - “ You as well!” Youri - “My super sensitive ears help me herd sheep. Balance comes in handy with surfing. On my first try, I wiped out, climbed back on, wiped out again, after three times I got it right.” Grinning at the first sloth he’d ever known, Youri asked “Would you like me to show you how to ride a surfboard?” Chloe jumped right side up to upside down then right side up. “I love to swim. Surfing on a board? Yes!”

Youri had found a new friend who was as ready for the next adventure as he was. Knowing humans and nature were out of balance, two smart and very *balanced* animals, who loved mental stimulation, would be there to lead the way. The Admiral turned to Youri. “Tell Chloe what we did last week. She might like to come along next time.” Youri- “The Admiral took me para gliding, Chloe - “Yes, please!”

The following morning, everyone together in the dining room, the Admiral introduced five guests, each with a brief message. Chloe sat atop one of the tables, holding a blue salmon. “I am ROYAL. The necessity to overcome opposition is no longer necessary. Do you know that barnacle glue is stronger than anything humans have ever made? Did you expect me to be a pinkish orange color? I like being different. Being able to sense earth’s magnetic field comes in handy should I ever get lost.”

Next, a lizard sitting on the floor jumped onto the Admiral’s hand. “I am LEAPING. Your body doesn’t lie. Listen to what your body tells you. If my tail gets cut off, it will regrow.”

When a millipede and electric eel suddenly appeared on the sideboard, they had everyone’s attention. Millipede - “I am OBDURATE. Did you know many animals don’t have facial muscles to express laughter, to cry, to show they are suspicious? Watch out for me. I can shoot cyanide!” Eel - “My name is NUMB. There is a connection between fear and wisdom. Sending an electric shock of up to eight hundred and fifty volts can be useful.” The Salmon, lizard, millipede and eel disappeared as quickly as they had appeared. A lively conversation ensued.

The children were sitting together at two tables in an alcove off the large dining room. The Admiral walked over, carrying a hand woven basket covered with a pale blue blanket. Pushing the tables together he placed the basket in the center, carefully folding back the covering. Expressions of delight and amazement, smiles and laughter. No one had ever seen such creatures. “Hello. I am AXOLOTI, an amphibian salamander. If hurt or wounded, I can heal myself, generate new bones, nerves, blood vessels and muscles. I’m here with my friend HAPPY, a zebra fish. HAPPY - “I can regenerate my heart and my brain. Would you like us to teach you how to do this?” The youngsters resoundingly shouted “Yes!” The rest of the morning was spent as every young person enthusiastically questioned (and patiently listened to) a salamander and a zebra fish.

The next day the Admiral began the morning’s gathering with a suggestion. “Why don’t we start by sharing what we each do best, say anything you choose. From one table to another in the large dining room, it started. “How long will this last?” “I’m good with numbers.” “Music must be part of our every day lives.” “I’m a carpenter.” “I sew.” “We created this; it’s up to us to solve it.” “I’m good at organizing.” “Childhood trauma can cause problems throughout their lives. We don’t yet know how many diseases are emotionally induced. I’d like to spend time looking after the children.” “Opportunities outweigh challenges.”

“I’m physically strong.” “I can help with nutrition, preparing food.” “Wars, greed, cruelty and prejudice. Stars, oceans, flowers and trees.” “I’m a hard worker and will help any way I can.” “I like animals. They like me.” “I’m a writer, good at taking notes.” “This could be a very stressful. Let’s try to remember a sense of humor. . . and laughter.” “I speak several languages.” “I’m scared.” “I teach sign language.” “Technology’s taking over from nature.” “It’s time to re imagine the future.” “I’m an artist.” “Will the toilets work?” “I have a very good memory.” “Mistakes can teach us, our own and others.” “You have to be taught to hate.” “Technology and nature can work together as equal partners.” “I’m good with details.” “Do animals dream?” “The only language common to all is the language of the gun.” “Nothing bad will happen if we slow down.” “How can we survive if we continue to destroy our own habitat?” “Men make me feel uncomfortable.” “I’m happy animals are communicating with me.”

Chloe the sloth, Youri the kelpie and Snug the three legged tabby cat gathered the children together to go to the library. The Admiral left the room, explaining he’d return in a few minutes.

The Aborigines were Australia’s indigenous people. Since arriving in Australia, the Admiral had learned all he could about their history and culture. Although numbering only two percent of the country’s population, with separate groups, territories and languages, their belief that the human species is not superior to nature was not only the identical message of the outages but, after his experiences of the past few years, what the Admiral himself now believed, as did Shilli, Emilie, Julian, Asha and Lapis. Humans were not only *not* superior to the natural world but, equally important, they were *not apart* from it.

The Admiral arrived with a tall man with dark hair carrying a three foot long cylinder. Admiral - “This is Allambie. He has generously agreed to come every day for storytelling, songs and dances. An older woman at a nearby table spoke first - “What an unusual name.” Allambie - “It means a quiet resting place.” The Admiral interjected. “Allambie and I met a few years ago. Since I call Albemarle home, I was struck by the two names, Allambie and Albemarle. - my quiet resting place. Another question. “What is that you are carrying?” “It’s a didgeridoo, an instrument my ancestors developed over a thousand years ago.” “Are you an aborigine?” “Yes.” As Allambie lifted the instrument and began to play, a man came into the room, took a gun from under his jacket, firing directly at Allambie. Those nearest grabbed him immediately, pinning him to the floor. A border collie, German shepherd and golden retriever rushed from the lobby to secure the situation. The shooter was the same young man who’d left the room in anger two days before.

Allambie didn't flinch. He carefully put the didgeridoo on the nearest table and reached into his shirt pocket, taking out a small piece of slate. Hitting the flat surface, the bullet had left an impression, which couldn't be seen, Allambie purposefully holding it turned inward. Noticing its blue color, he'd picked up the smooth fine grained rock earlier in the day. Diffusing the shock of what had just happened, Allambie spoke quietly. "I see myself as part of nature. My relatives are trees, winds, flowers and oceans. "Would you like me to continue playing?" Allambie went to the center table and began. It took less than three minutes for the low vibrating hum of the extraordinary instrument to put everyone into a dream state. Awakening, in their own time, each left the room.

At that evening's dinner, people spoke very little. What they had just experienced, had their full attention. Chloe broke the silence. "Happy the Zebra fish and I will be leaving tomorrow. Your community will make all decisions. Coming from many countries and cultures, practicing different religions, you will each, when returning home, have your courage challenged. What you have learned can generate a contagious energy. Everything has changed. Amazing experiences are ahead. You can't miss what you've never experienced.

Always remember this. Things are not always as they seem. Some unsolved issues may have to wait. Youri, Snug and Axolati the salamander will always be nearby. Listen to them. Jumping from one table to another, Chloe continued. "There are two kinds of memory, true and false. All humans experience both, remembering things with details that didn't really happen. Did someone say something to you that altered your memory? What is a dream? What does real time mean? Is there time that is not real?"

Before he had been killed, Marcus the Labrador met every morning with Shilli, Emilie, Asha, Julian and Samuel. Marcus had an intolerance for injustice. Chloe the sloth would follow Marcus' example, traveling to Namibia, Denmark, India, the United States and Russia. Samuel had died rescuing Argos the golden retriever from a horrible house fire. Lapis had been Samuel's closest friend, and was now the fifth member of the close knit group of friends. When the latest outage began, Lapis was in Russia, visiting his newly discovered biological father, Argos at his side. .

Snug entered the dining room and jumped onto a center table. "It's your decision. Will the morning meeting include all ages? Will there be a separate meeting for youngsters?"

A suggestion, only if you all agree. Consider beginning each meeting by raising an issue, list them on a board with no immediate discussion, just the ideas put forth until the next day. Twenty four hours to reflect. You've all lived and thrived on a fast pace. Now you have the opportunity to enjoy and thrive on a slow one. It might surprise you how seemingly impossible to solve problems can appear very differently in just a few hours.

You will experience daily discoveries, from animal communication to surprises of Nature. Though it hasn't been grafted, the large tree in the side garden is growing different kinds of fruit, peaches, apricots, grapefruits, oranges, limes lemons, apricots, plums. One day to the next, rocks will change their color, as will the leaves of trees, Look up! The sky will be yellow, then green or purple. Enjoy. Please let me know if there is anything I can do." Snug scampered away on his three legs to take a nap in his favorite cardboard box behind the front desk in the lobby. As did all cats, he liked an enclosed space.

As Concierge, the Admiral knew the Inn's guests were his priority. That they would stay, without charge, for the duration of the outage was understood. As more people arrived needing shelter, every available space was used. After a morning meal, the daily meeting in the dining room would begin with an animal, bird, fish, or flower identifying themselves with a short message. Today's message was from a Lynx. "I am HUXLEY. Time must have a stop."

The first thing everyone questioned was their ability to communicate with Youri and Snug. How and why had this happened? Would it continue if the outage ended? Could they communication with other animals, or just the kelpie and tabby cat? No one had any answers. Youri or Snug weren't at the meeting. Dealing initially with frustration and anger at the outage's consequences, the guests, one by one, admitted, gradually, what a relief it was to slow down.

A middle aged woman continued. "I don't know what any of you experienced when Allambie began to play. I've had dreams, but this was something very different." A man dressed in a business suit sitting across from her at the round dining table answered. "I can't explain it but I feel safe saying what I feel. Other people's judgements don't matter." From the next table - "You're not alone. I have so many questions. When I woke up, it was as if I'd come back from somewhere familiar, hard to explain." "It was probably different for each of us." "I've made so many mistakes." "We all have." "Force and violence don't solve problems." "Agreed, nothing controversial about that. People of conscience settled it a very long time ago." "I think the outage is to teach us different ways to do things." "The future isn't predetermined."

A older man dressed in white cotton pants and shirt stood, almost whispering. “Chloe used the phrase *unconscious bias*. My parents raised me to believe that men are superior to women. It’s time to question many things I was taught. Letting go of some of my beliefs will be hard, but far better than being locked in the past. Last night I heard someone say *Never underestimate your opponents*. It’s possible humans might be our own worst enemies.”

As the meeting ended, the Admiral asked everyone to please walk with him to the water’s edge. A beached female blue whale was on the sand. “I am WEETAMOE. Three hundred and fifty thousand of us were killed in the 20th century. If you need our oil for your lamps, we will provide it.” The man standing next to the Admiral asked “Will whales have to die for us to have the oil?” Admiral - “Ask the whale.” “Will you be harmed in the process?” WEETAMOE - “Nature’s balance” was her answer. The interspecies internet was in its infancy, small steps in the communication between humans and the natural world happening daily.

While the adults were meeting in the dining room, the youngsters were in the library with Youri and Snug. “What are we supposed to do? “ ”I don’t know.” “Is it all right with everyone I make some name tags?” Everyone nodded. As the young girl started writing down names, a red haired boy sitting by the fireplace stood up. “I’ll start. I don’t like animals . . . I’m going to kill Youri and Snug.” Without missing a beat, he then shouted “I DIDN’T MEAN THAT! I love animals. I wanted you all to understand how powerful words are. Once we say something it’s out there, so we need to be very careful. I’ve made some awful mistakes by saying things I didn’t mean.” The young girl seated next to him - “I thought it was some kind of trick I could understand what Youri and Snug were communicating. I don’t know what’s happening but I’m not scared.”

The next to speak. “I’m from Japan. “My generation has been able to hide behind walls of communication, feeling safe being anonymous talking about other people. When did I learn that whatever I do or say can seriously effect my future? Yesterday! From a three legged cat named Snug.” Questions (improbable or not), imaginations running wild, continued for three hours. “Can an animal carry the spirit of someone who had died, or who hadn’t yet been born, to communicate with a living being?” “ Could a tree or a rock have a soul?” Was it possible for a leopard to have been human at one time?” “What is reincarnation?”“ Is a spirit different than a soul?”

Allambie walked into the room with the young man who had shot him. Sitting down at a table, "This is Lee Wokal." Everyone stared in disbelief. The young man with shoulder length blond hair began to speak, slowly and haltingly, tears streaming down his face. "What I did was horribly wrong. There is no excuse. I deserve to be punished and will do anything to make things right." A young child walked over to him. "Can I sit in your lap?" With a look of surprise, Wokal carefully lifted the small boy. "Why did you do it?" "I was scared, thought I was going crazy, understanding what an animal was saying, especially one whose name was Sloth. I was taught sloth is a sin, My parents made me believe that I was horrible. Allambie's and his tenderness has taught me more in the last few days than anyone or anything else in my life. Learning to trust will take time. I've just started learning how to be a human being. I am so sorry."

As the weeks passed, Checkers, backgammon, cards, lawn bowling, flying kites, story telling were enjoyed equally by young and old. Youngsters became teachers; five and six year olds patiently taught adults their native language. Music played a important part in building a sense of community,

Members of different faiths, Christian, Greek Orthodox, Catholic, Jew, Muslim, Buddhist met daily to speak about how they were raised, what they were taught. Confronting and questioning the beliefs of different religions and cultures was far from easy. Most importantly, instead of constant interruptions or emotional outbursts, people were listening. It didn't take long for everyone to recognize that efforts to retain conformity, the ways things had been, was a waste of time and energy. The moral dilemmas of multi culturalism were talked about and debated, as was gender inequality, poverty, education and sexual orientation - startling ideas from people who had never before felt comfortable to speak publicly. If the outage ended, everyone agreed to devote their lives to do what they could to share with others what they'd experienced and learned. The creative and innovative ideas born from the openness was obvious to one and all.

Each man, woman and child had expressed the same thought. Being together, what had first appeared as random coincidence, had turned out to be one of the most meaningful experiences in their lives. With no one in a position of authority, exploring and expressing their feelings and thoughts honestly, talking about doubts, fears and insecurities in a safe place without judgment was new to many. Discussing what the future held, a woman answered. "Our brains are the frontier for exploration. Our eyes see but vision comes from the brain. We know so little." The man sitting next to her - "I'm a veterinarian. Because physicians care for one species, their knowledge is limited to humans. Veterinarians care for many different species. It's time physicians and veterinarians share their research." Another opinion expressed -. "I think we should be wary of artificial intelligence."

As people left each morning's meeting, either Youri or Snug, smiling, would be standing at the dining room door. Some would leave without speaking. Others would look at the kelpie or tabby. "Everything is different." "What's happened has changed me." "Tolerance" "I was very angry when this started." "Right and wrong is confusing." "It's hard, am struggling." "I'm rethinking." "There's a lot I'm going to change - about myself." "I'm unlearning." "A different approach to things." "Meaningful!" "I never thought of it that way before." "I've never felt more alive!"

When Allambie began to play the digeradoo, everyone had been transported. In the days that followed, some shared what they had experienced, others remained silent. The stories and images were spellbinding. Neither the Admiral nor his wife believed in a personal God. Their God revealed the harmony of nature, with no concern for actions of human beings.

The Albemarle Inn's guests' determination to share and disseminate what they had learned about themselves and Nature, their motivation and focus to do so was certain, as was their willingness to change. The commitment was the same. "What can I do?"

Years ago, very late one night in the Inn's Library, Marcus the Labrador had communicated with the Admiral. "Each of us has experiences unique to us. No one is ever able to tell us how we are feeling. When several people share the same experience, what it means to each one, how it affects each person and their feelings was unique. Each person defines their own identity, and that can change daily." The collective debates and conflicts happening now would be the birth of innovation. Everyone at the Albemarle Inn was honestly questioning who they were and why. That prolonged outages were used to enlighten humans to the necessity of an interspecies internet was nature's irony at its best. Communication was the key, with technology or without.

An image began to appear in the neighborhood surrounding the Albemarle Inn, street art, murals, chalk drawings, posters, small hand made kites and flags. Those who saw the design recognized something about it, but didn't know what. It evoked a visceral emotional connection, Those who asked the Admiral "What is it? Does it mean something, does it stand for something?" His answer, "I don't know."

With no planes flying overhead, contrails appeared in the sky shaping the image, the same design formed by the clouds.

