

BOOK SEVEN CHAPTER ELEVEN SANG SOUTH KOREA

When Sang arrived at Princeton University for orientation, her reputation preceded her. Not only was she, at thirteen, the youngest applicant ever accepted to the freshman class, she'd received a full four year scholarship and spoke fluent English, French and Spanish. Although she couldn't practice law until she turned eighteen, she had passed the bar on her first attempt, her primary interest the field of animal, non human rights. She had recently received a grant to study the possibility of establishing an interspecies communication corridor.

Reading her acceptance letter, she began thinking about possible choices for a triple major: psychology, linguistics, genetics, computer science, animal behavior. Before leaving South Korea, she had been working on ways to reverse the effects of radioactivity in the oceans. After two years of classes, narrowing her focus would be far easier.

Sang and Lapis Lishin had met one another a year ago in the lobby of the United Nations building in Geneva, Switzerland. With many shared interests, they instantly bonded, talking about Lapis' Synesthesia, the science of sound waves and frequencies, clinical and therapeutic music, using tone and color to combat violence. They were each going to spend the day at CERN, the European organization (twenty one member states) studying the structure of the universe, with the largest particle physics laboratory in the world.

Hearing Lapis had been killed, then receiving a lengthy and detailed phone message from his wife, Emilie, words and numbers from a notebook belonging to Lapis' father Rodion, Sang discovered he'd been tracking someone who'd started an online contest to invent a new word. Only young people in specific countries could participate, the entrance fee was two cents.

Sang's sixth sense posed the question - why *two cents*? Doing preliminary research, she found the contest originated in the Netherlands. Collectors there valued nineteenth century bronze two cent coins from the Dutch East Indies, once a colony, now the country of Indonesia. One side of the coin pictured a lion inside a square, the number 2 on the left, the letter *C* on the right. The reverse had *Nederlindie* and the date.

Sang contacted Jane Green, (the attorney who had reached out to help her study for the bar exam), suggesting a cyber security firm check those who'd recently purchased the coins. Little did she know the *two cents* information would play an important part in foiling a plot for multiple incidents of worldwide contamination via air born viruses.

Jane Green (who lived in Virginia) was soon to leave for a week in Denmark, to see Emilie and meet Chloe the sloth. She planned to be in Princeton in early November, looking forward to spending time with Ellen and Sang, the interspecies grant recipients.

The previous year, Sang had a recurring dream. She was flying over steep mountains, looking down at a city below. Something was calling her. When it came time to arrange her flight from South Korea to Geneva, she booked a stopover in Bhutan. Because the small airport in Paro was known to be the most dangerous in the world, navigating between high mountain peaks and houses during strong winds, pilots took off and landed only during the day. Her layover would be two hours. Sang walked through the airport lobby, not knowing what lay ahead. Two Bhutia Sheepdogs, one black, one tan, sat outside the entrance, nodding at her to follow.

In less than a mile, the dogs turned down a small walkway between two buildings leading to a small enclosed orchard, three trees on each side of a small path with an iron bench. "I am MOLLY. This is my brother TANK. Thank you for answering our call. For the next half hour, Sang listened, as the two dogs explained what was about to happen, the upcoming outage, the part she would play in international diplomacy, how music's frequencies would cross borders and language, alleviating fear, amplifying and spreading the message. All of Us.

Sang- "Is there anything specific you would like me to do?" MOLLY - "*Do what you can, with what you have, where you are.*" TANK - "When Shilli, Emilie, Asha, Lapis and Julian were last here, they rescued a golden Langur. He echoed the same words Marcus said before he was killed. *Competition for power is at the heart of violence.* When the youngsters discovered a gold mask of a Langur behind a partition where they were staying, no one knew how, in the coming years, it would alter the future of their world."

From South Korea to Bhutan to Switzerland, London to the United States, Sang was more than anxious to meet her Princeton faculty adviser to discuss her courses for the fall term. A writing seminar was required, as was a language. Already speaking English, French and Spanish, she decided to learn Arabic. Reviewing the offerings in science and technology, ethical thought and moral values, literature and the arts, she decided on computer science and bioengineering.

The writing seminar had fourteen students, with comfortable seating around a large mahogany oval table. After the professor introduced himself, he motioned to the large white board. Standing up, smiling, "Choose one, see you next week," he left the room. "Who has been, to date, your greatest inspiration?" "What was the most frightening experience you've ever had?" "Write a fairy tale." Sang decided to do all three.

Her two greatest inspirations came from Korea's history, past and present. King Sejong the Great improved the stability and prosperity of the country in many ways, hiring different social classes to be civil servants, advancing science and technology. Because the currently used written Chinese characters were very difficult to learn, he created Hangul, a Korean writing system based on phonetics. When a king was about to make an unwise decision, his advisors spoke up adamantly. Those whose ego was more important than the good of their people did not listen. The *great* leaders always considered differing opinions. Sejong listened.

Queen Seondeok was the first reigning queen of Silla, one of the three kingdoms of Korea at the time. Precociously intelligent, she was also prescient. During her fourteen year reign, she kept the kingdom together through rebellion, built the first observatory in the Far East ("Star Gazing Tower") and worked on lessening poverty. Interested in Buddhism, she oversaw the construction of several Buddhist temples, a nine story wooden pagoda one of many structures.

What had frightened her? Being sound sensitive, her memory of her mother's cousin, yelling and screaming when she was three years old, would always be with her. Never before or since, had she been as terrified as that day.

Thinking about possible fairy tale story lines, Sang's interest in psychology played a part. Once upon a time . . . a three year old girl was discovered, abandoned in an empty house. All she could remember was she'd been taught that rainbows were dangerous. If she ever saw one, she must find a safe place to hide. How would her being terrified of rainbows alter her future?

Pleased with her first month of classes, especially the accessibility of the professors, Sang looked forward to getting to know other students. South Korea was the most homogenous country in the world, no residents that were not Korean. With everyone sharing a common culture, was a prejudice toward foreigners and different races inevitable? Sang would now experience ethnic and cultural diversity daily.

Sang looked forward to spending Saturday with Annika and Luna, who she'd met in her writing class. Annika was from Namibia, Luna from Lebanon. Sharing their experiences about different cultural norms provoked both laughter and questions. Annika - "When someone asked me if I was an oreo, I didn't understand they were talking about a cookie. When I asked them what it meant, they said black on the outside, white on the inside. I'm not sure if it was a joke or an insult." Sang - "I've been called both a twinkie and a banana, white on the inside, yellow on the outside." Luna - "There's a lot to learn. I'm happy to be making new friends."

Sang - "In Korea, age plays a major role in relationships. Friends call each other by name only if they are born in the same calendar year. As an expression of respect, an older person is addressed older sister, brother or teacher. The Korean language is difficult for English speakers. There are five ways to conjugate a verb, depending on who you are talking with." Annika - "I have to learn not to interrupt all the time." Luna - "Have to work on that too. I talk to myself all the time. Is that odd?" Sang and Annika smiled. "Not at all."

Sang - "Koreans don't interrupt each other, Politeness plays a part, but the primary reason is language. In our language the verb comes at the end of the sentence, so you don't know what's being said until the person stops talking." Annika - "How are women treated in Lebanon and Korea?" Luna - "Lebanese women have more rights than most other Arab countries. We can wear whatever we want, everyone I know values higher education, but, though it's improving, there are only a few females in politics." Sang - "The president of South Korea is a woman, an inspiration to every girl!" Annika - "What kind of music do you like?" Luna - "I used to play piano, thinking about learning the violin."

Sang - "My mother was a concert pianist. She left the orchestra when I was born, started teaching me to play the harp when I was four. I started playing the piano, but am really sensitive to sound, it was too loud for me. When my uncle's doctor said he'd require surgery because of his irregular heart beat, I phoned him every night playing the harp; after a month, he no longer needed surgery." Luna - "I would love to hear you play. I had a hard time learning to read music." Sang - "Very few musicians read music and also play by ear. I'll be playing at a meeting at the public library, why don't you both come?"

Ellen March had invited Sang to the last Think Out Loud meeting before the Thanksgiving holiday. Ellen began - "Who wants to go first?" A young boy stood up. "I need your help. There's a lady in my neighborhood I don't understand. Every time we meet, she says the same thing. "I'm in a hurry. Can't talk now." Whether I see her at the park, or at the market, it's always the same. "Have to go, can't talk now."

A woman at the far side of the room answered. "You live across the street from me. "I know who you're talking about. Like you, I was concerned and went to her house one day, asking if we could talk for a few minutes. She had no expression on her face, but asked me inside. Her name is Gwen Jamison. She told me she has Aspergers, an over active mind and doesn't fit in socially. Communication is very difficult for her, she has little, if any, inflection in her voice. She thinks in pictures." Ellen - "Do you think she'd consider a companion animal, an assistance dog? I'd be happy to show her the Sanctuary." When, the next day, Gwen adopted a small long haired Maltese, no one could have any idea how that partnership would play a part in altering the future of the municipality of Princeton.

The questions continued. A seventy seven year old man - "Has anyone read the Universal Declaration of Human Rights?" An eight year old girl - "Did you know our genes can be edited?" An eighty year old woman - "What about underground farming?" A six year old boy - "It's scary to think that one day robots with scanner cameras will be able to see everything we do, anywhere we are . . . even tiny robots inside our bodies." A woman began speaking. "I'm blind. I think its time we look at nature, notice and learn. Its designs, patterns and behavior have answers to the questions humans are asking. Think about what happens inside a cocoon. Doctors continue to learn from whales, bats and dolphins. Echolocation."

The week before, a woman in a wheelchair had circled around the room handing out T shirts, all colors and sizes. The enthusiasm of the recipients prompted her to make more. Today, Ellen March would receive the first gifts. Handing her two bright purple lace collared shirts, the woman smiled. "Needless to say, in Princeton, Einstein is one of my favorites" "If you can't explain it simply, you don't understand it well enough," "It has become appallingly obvious that our technology has exceeded our humanity." Added to the T shirts were pin back buttons and bumper stickers. *You Cannot Control the Truth, Ignorance is Treatable, You Can't Teach Intuition.*

As a young boy received his shirt, he smiled. “Thank you. If you’re going to make more, here’s an idea. *War isn’t Holy!* I’m tired of hearing about holy wars. Here’s another suggestion. *Optimism and Idealism Are Not the Same.* The T shirt lady responded. “Excellent. I’ll have them for you at the next meeting.”

A little girl got up to speak, very quietly. “I love to draw. I’m shy and my Mom always criticizes my art. She wants things to look exactly like they are, as she sees them. . . a photograph can do that. A lady I was drawing had her long hair in a bun. Since I was drawing the front of her face, I put the bun on the side of her head, next to her ear.” Ellen - “That’s imaginative, you have the eye of an artist. Would you bring some of your drawings to show us all next week?” “Yes! I’m working on one now, a chair hanging upside down.”

An elderly woman raised her hand. “I can’t wait to see your drawings. I’m old enough to be your grandmother, but wanted to help you understand something. Growing up, I was taught to be concerned about what others think. Thankfully, that’s changed now. Being true to yourself is what’s most important. Things change from one generation to another. Please remember your mother was raised in a different time. . . and she loves you. The girl walked over to the lady. “Would you let me do your portrait?” The two hugged and arranged to get together. Three generations later, that drawing would hang in the Louvre.

A seven year old boy took his turn. “My gold fish told me the oceans are in trouble. . . because of a couple of words I can’t remember.” The man at his side - “Carbon dioxide.” “Yes. My fish said many people don’t know the oceans are filled with lots of different kinds of radiation, some happen naturally. With smart phones, wifi, new technology, we have no idea how our bodies will handle this in the future. Do any of your know about the walking fish?”

Luna and Annika introduced themselves to Ellen March, explaining that Sang, one of their fellow students at Princeton, had invited them to hear her play. Intrigued by the discussion of carbon dioxide, Luna asked a question. “I’m new to your country, but wondered if you have a system to remove Tritium from the water?” An elderly gentleman answered. “No. That’s exactly the problem.” Luna - “Perhaps we could start the ball rolling. What’s the agency in the United States that monitors nuclear ocean fallout?” The man shook his head. “Again, that’s the problem. There is none.” Luna knew the questions she would ask the professor in her next science class.

A young girl stood up, handing a rope to the two people sitting on the floor beside her. "I love to jump rope." The two adults began turning the rope as she moved toward the front of the room. As she jumped, she sang "Roses are red, violets are blue, I am sweet and so are all of you."

Ellen - "We have a special guest with us today, Sang-Ah Gohk, who's here to play the harp." The harp and a small bench were placed in front of two large open windows. As Sang began to play Albinoni's Adagio in G minor, a small dog and two cats jumped onto the sill, the tree branches filling with multicolored birds. Animals, birds, whales and dolphins had responded to her music in the past. What were they feeling as they reacted to the vibrations and sound frequencies? Joy? Empathy? The science of sound waves fascinated Sang, how tone could be used in clinical and therapeutic music.

Understanding children's short attention span, the adults were both grateful and surprised as youngsters, transfixed, joined them listening to the music. As Sang finished, a young girl broke the silence. "I've never heard anything so beautiful. Thank you."

Jane Green's week in Denmark went quickly, catching up with Emilie after Lapis' murder, spending time with the seemingly mismatched Chopper the English Bulldog and Chloe the Sloth, communicating with Ayres the Orangutan, now safely in his new home at the animal sanctuary. The surprise of her visit was Ami, the Turkish Angora cat. Meeting the attorney for the first time, Ami was kindly adamant in his communication. "Please take me with you when you return to the United States!" When Jane asked why, Ami's answer was clear. "What I know has to be told directly to someone in Princeton. After the message is delivered, I want to return home." Emilie was reluctant, but trusted both Jane and Ami.

During the flight from Copenhagen to New York, the Turkish Angora cat sat next to Jane Green, not in a carrier in the baggage compartment. In the past, Jane used sign language to communicate with Ayres the orangutan and Victoria the chimpanzee. Now, effortlessly, she communicated telepathically with the beautiful white silky coated feline.

Jane liked Ami immediately. There was a sweetness about him, a quiet strength. Jane - "How would you describe yourself?" Ami - "I'm what you call a home body."

Where I live now is filled with kindness and caring, Emilie. Chopper and Chloe, Gentil, Love and Argos.” “Where did you live before?” “I was lonely, ran away to find a shelter. When people raise their voices it often startles me. Being deaf in one ear is sometimes a nuisance, other times a blessing. Emilie suggested Argos take me to meet Ayres. We talked about the future. What a privilege to spend time with such an extraordinary being. He suggested I meet a river otter named Typo and also see Ari, a Jaguarundi cat, as soon as I arrive in Princeton. They’re staying at a new animal sanctuary.”

Jane - “I love animals. am stubborn, doing my best to keep up with how much there is to learn, especially interested in a new field of law called non human rights.”

Ami - “Like you, learning new things excites me. I’m optimistically cautious.”

Jane - “Did Emilie tell you about the interspecies internet?” “Yes, she explained everything that’s happened since she met Shilli, Asha, Julian and Samuel in Australia. When she told me what Marcus said before he died,

*I’ve done what I came to do, it’s now up to
each of you to do what you came to do*

something changed, why I was so pushy in asking you to bring me to the United States. I know what I’m here to do.” Jane purposefully didn’t ask if what Ami had to tell “directly to someone in Princeton” was related to the upcoming meeting with the First Lady of the United States. Ellen March picked up Jane Green at the New York airport. Having read about the attorney who’d represented five young people in defense of the human race, she looked forward to their conversation on the drive to Princeton. Sang would meet them that evening for dinner.

With her new found ability to communicate telepathically with animals, Ellen was intrigued to see a white silky haired cat walking alongside Jane Green. Jane - “Thank you for picking us up. This is Ami.” The cat immediately jumped into Ellen’s arms. “Hello. I’m here to deliver an important message. Back channel.”

During the hour and a half drive to Princeton, as Ellen was describing the new animal sanctuary on the property where she rented a guesthouse, Ami interrupted. . . “Are Typo and Ari there. . . I was told to see them as soon as possible.” Knowing Jane had rented a small apartment for her month long stay in Princeton, Ellen suggested Ami stay either at her guesthouse or at the sanctuary with Typo and Ari.

After dropping off Jane Green, Ellen drove as Ami sat quietly. Turning down the long driveway, approaching the sanctuary, she saw Typo the river otter, Ari the Jaguarundi cat and a rare white squirrel (who'd arrived earlier that day with a surprising message) sitting outside, as if expecting them. Knowing Ami was in good hands, Ellen spent the rest of the afternoon editing her research notes on animal communication.

Jane Green, Ellen and Sang met for dinner at a restaurant near the campus, known for dishes from Spain, Greece, Southern France and the Middle East, ingredients grown on the owner's farm. According to the weather and changing seasons, culinary surprises were the norm. During dinner, Jane Green and Ellen both sensed something was amiss with Sang. Not only was she quiet, answering a question with a few words, she would then quickly look away. Finally, Jane Green asked "Are you all right?" Sang stood up. "I'm sorry, but I have to leave. Will see you at tomorrow's meeting." Walking back to Wilson residential hall, she couldn't hold back the tears.

The first time Sang and Ellen March met they'd spent the day in Belmar. Walking on the beach, they came upon a river otter, washed up on the sand. The next week Sang had gone to see how he was doing at his new home at the sanctuary. Typo was happy, busy raising three rescue kittens found in an abandoned house. Before running off to care for his new brood, he repeated a series of letters to Sang, not once but three times. "*Dnagta*." She'd forgotten about it until a few days later while she was listening to a lecture on bioengineering. That evening, she began the process to receive a personalized report, Deoxyribonucleic genetic testing and analysis. *Dnagta*. When she received the results, Sang went into shock. The names listed as her biological mother and father were not her parents

Before phoning her mother in South Korea, wanting to be sure there hadn't been some mistake, she made a call and spoke at length with the company's supervisor. Sang was a detail oriented critical thinker. Before sending in her personal information, she had triple checked the company's background to ensure they were reputable and trustworthy.

Without disrespecting the woman who had raised her, who she had loved all her life, how would she phrase the question? Although her mother did not know her daughter had, since childhood, been communicating with animals, she was well aware that one of Sang's primary interest was genetics. Sang phoned and asked the question simply. "Some medical tests I had done show you aren't my biological mother. Is this true?" The answer came quickly. "Of course not. What makes you ask such a question?"

“The test results.” “The tests are wrong!” After a few minutes talking politely about unimportant things, Sang ended the call. Phoning her father the following day, Sang asked what he remembered about the day she was born. He didn’t seem surprised, although his response raised more questions than answers. “When I first saw your face, the beauty in your eyes was like music, indescribable. When you were taken to the nursery, I sat with your mother until she fell asleep, went to get some of her favorite sea weed soup, then to see you again, holding up the name card they’ve given me at the nursery window. The nurse wheeled over a bassinet with a blue blanket. When I told her there had been a mistake, she closed the curtain. A few minutes later, it was opened with a baby wrapped in a pink blanket. The day that changed our lives! Your mother was upset last night. She didn’t tell me why. Are you not happy at Princeton?”

Sang - “I’ve never been happier. That’s not why she’s upset. I’m taking a course in bio engineering. Writing a paper researching cutting edge technologies, I decided to sign up to have some tests done to find out about our ancestors. The results showed you’re not my biological parents.” “Have you checked the reputation of everyone you’re dealing with?” “Yes. My faculty advisor, professor and head of the science department checked as well.” “Sang, I don’t know what to say, except I love you, will always love you. If there’s anything I can do from this end to help, please let me know. Are you interested in trying to find your biological parents?” Sang began crying. “I don’t know. I love you. Please tell Mom I love her.”

One question after another. If she attempted to find her biological parents, would she be hurting her mother and father? Was this simply an accident? Could two newborns have been switched on purpose? She had difficulty not over thinking, day and night, about each and every personal and cultural detail. Sang had been told her date of birth had been registered with the Lunar, not Gregorian calendar. She’d applied to Princeton using her mother’s maiden name, not her father’s name. In Korea, born with a certain name, a female keeps that name until they die, ever after getting married. Rather than make any decision as to how to proceed, she decided she’d wait until she calmed down emotionally.

A year ago, the President and First Lady of the United States had traveled to India. While her husband spent time with the Prime Minister, the First Lady spoke with different groups of young girls about their education. At the end of the day, sitting in a garden, she noticed an animal she’d never seen before, sitting on a low tree branch. As she smiled at the medium sized sloth (who was sitting upright, not hanging upside down) she heard something, not audibly, but inside her head.

“My name is Chloe Thank you for all you are doing. When you are in Princeton next year, Ami, a Turkish Angora cat, will ask you to deliver an important message. Bedda says hello.” Chloe jumped out of the tree and scurried out of sight. For the second time in her life, The First Lady chose not to tell anyone what she’d just heard. Bedda!

Years ago. as a young girl walking home from school one afternoon, a black and white cocker spaniel suddenly appeared, sitting down in front of her, blocking her way, starring into her eyes. “My name is Bedda. Do you understand me?” Nodding her head up and down... “Yes.” “Please follow me.” When the dog turned to run the other way, she had a hard time keeping up. Bedda ran into the neighborhood park and stopped next to the playground’s sandbox, where a boy was face down on the ground, not moving. Bedda - “Please get help. I’ll stay here.”

Running across the street, banging on the front door of the nearest house, asking the police be phoned to send an ambulance, she raced back to the park, Bedda was sitting next to the youngster, his right paw placed over the boy’s heart. How had the small dog turned the boy over? Bedda - “The next time you hear from one of us you will be a grown woman in a powerful position. Please listen. You will not be imagining anything. You know well that permission isn’t needed for innovation. When the ambulance arrived, the cocker spaniel ran off. She’d told her parents what had happened, leaving out her communication with Bedda, the cocker spaniel.

The meeting with the First Lady had been arranged for the following day. Her informal talk to the student body about the goal of improving education and women’s rights worldwide had been received with enthusiasm and lengthy applause. Let Girls Learn. The President of the University had turned over his office and adjacent conference room at One Nassau Hall for the First Lady to meet with her guests. Security guards had been alerted that an animal would be joining the meeting, a Turkish Angora Cat named Ami. Since it was difficult to do a comprehensive background check on an animal, the First Lady’s permission would suffice.

The five talked privately for over an hour. Jane, Ellen, Sang, Ami and the wife of the President of the United States each spoke passionately about things they’d never before shared with anyone. When Jane Green gave everyone a copy of a recent picture of Chopper and Chloe, the First Lady immediately noticed something about the cinnamon colored marking on Chopper’s left side. “I dreamt about that precise shape last night.”

Knowing well that a cat was less daunting to the Secret Service than a river otter, worried that his presence might present a possible security problem, Typo had given Ami a sealed envelope. asking he give it to one of the Security officers to pass on to the President of the United States. With his wide eyes, one blue, the other amber, Ami had delivered his message safely. The First Lady generously arranged for the Turkish angora cat to be flown home to Denmark that evening. Her final words brought smiles. Handing a card to Jane Green and Ellen March, “I want to work with all of you. Here is my private number.” She gave a large manila envelope marked *CONFIDENTIAL* to Sang. The details of the get together would never be made public.

Two days later, the outage began, the First Lady back at the White House, Ami safely home in Denmark. Because Typo the river otter and Ami the Turkish angora cat understood what they were here to do, two things had happened (in the prior forty eight hours) that few people would ever realize. An international nuclear disaster and a major cyber attack had been narrowly avoided. Had Typo and Ami not intervened to avert the unthinkable, the countries whose governments were the most open and transparent, innocent of either attack, would have been blamed, False Evidence Appearing Real. Fear.

When the outage began, (a week prior the Mayor had recommended signing up for an emergency phone notification in case of storms) the majority of Princeton residents believed it was temporary, soon be corrected. Only a very few understood that the failure of all battery powered and electricity driven devices, satellite relays, power grids, cell phone towers, radar stations, airport to plane and all military communication, television and radio broadcasting. (backup power sources not operating), was the Natural world offering the human species a final opportunity for change.

The third day of the outage, flyers were circulated. The Mayor would be speaking that afternoon in the courtyard in front of Witherspoon Hall. She walked to the small podium. “I’ve been informed all airports have been closed, no flights allowed to arrive or leave, buses and trains are not running. An attorney who has had experience with prior outages has requested I ask everyone not to cause harm to any animal. Her exact words were “They are here to help.” When a small white crow flew overhead, landing on her left shoulder, she turned, nodded and continued speaking. “I was also told that neither food nor water will be a concern. The environmental committee, boards of planning, health and public safety, those dealing with transportation, sewers and trash collection, are all assessing what has happened, putting essential services in place.”

“I understand it will rain for a short time every day, that water will be safe to drink. We don’t know how long this will last. The unknown can be both frustrating and frightening. Everything is abstract until it affects us personally. Meetings will be organized in all neighborhoods, to see to those who can’t help themselves, to answer questions, helping communities to come together. The Think Out Loud gatherings will continue at the public library.”

When the Mayor finished, residents and visitors lined up to ask specific questions. Ellen March and Jane Green walked to the restaurant where they’d met a few days before. Jane asked to speak with the owners. After posing to them what would normally seem like a ridiculous question, the man and his wife nodded “Yes! Yes! that’s exactly what happened this morning. We picked everything on Monday, then today, two days later, when we went into the fields, everything had regrown. We’d never before seen cloud berries, they look like peach colored raspberries.” Jane explained her prior experience with crops reappearing a few days after being harvested. “The natural world has endless surprises.”

In the process of setting up a free community kitchen, the restaurant owners had already asked for their neighbors’ help, gathering and putting the seemingly never ending bounty on large tables in front of their property at no cost.

When three men came early the next morning to take all the vegetables and fruit, planning to make a profit, five large dogs quickly appeared. As had happened in Australia, the Czech Republic, Lebanon, Namibia, and Denmark, the natural world saw to it that one or more animals would always be ready to correct and remedy any such situation. It didn’t take long for those with a less than honest intent to understand they had been out smarted.

Although shelter, food and health care were seen as priorities, the psychological impact of the outage was all important, it’s effect far greater for the young than the elderly. The side effects of *disconnection* had to be addressed, positive reinforcement available, especially for vulnerable and impressionable youngsters who, never having known a world without electronics and automated systems, took them for granted. Disconnected from technology, they would now have an opportunity to learn how to connect with humanity and nature.

With each passing day, people who had lived in the same neighborhood all their lives were making new personal connections with others, spending time together, sharing skills, helping with child care, producing and transporting food, telling stories.

Young people (five and six years old) from other countries became teachers, holding classes to instruct anyone interested in learning a second language.

Trees (their branches filled with ripe fruit) appeared overnight, seeds fell from the sky, children and adults who'd only seen fruits and vegetables at their local market marveled at their gardens. Not an animated film on a electronic device, this was happening in their own backyard. Once gathered, new growth appeared within twenty four hours. As twilight fell, candles appeared in every window.

With each person dealing differently with how their life had changed, it would take several weeks to fully realize the extent of what had happened. People began talking about their experiences in neighborhood meetings. When a man stood up and began to speak ...“I . . . stuttered all my life...” his voice carried like a polished orator. “I was bitten by a bee, It didn't sting. A few hours later, when I spoke to my wife, I heard a new voice. My own! No stutter.”

A woman took her turn. “I have arthritis, my fingers are crunched up and can barely move. A wasp stung me last week. There was no pain, the next day everything changed. Holding up both hands. Look!” “Happened to me too” a smiling teenager added. “I have asthma. When a hornet bit me, I was scared, expecting it to hurt. The opposite happened. My asthma is gone.” A young girl stood up, speaking clearly and forcefully. “I'm nine. It isn't a coincidence that when we were each bitten there was no swelling or mark. By revising each of our genes, nature's trying to help us, keep us from destroying ourselves by redirecting our aggression and bias to understanding and empathy. Venomous to vaccine.” The gene would come to be known as 1A4O3U.

Both fragile and resilient, the human race was endangered and at risk. In addition to genetic changes, a contagious (positive) virus had been released into the air, temporarily altering the communication centers of the human brain. Because it was often difficult for homo sapiens to understand the consequences of their actions, they would now be obvious and without judgment.

When the outage began, Ellen March was aware, though she loved to walk, having another option for transportation would be necessary. The round trip distance from the guesthouse to the center of town was several miles. Her day began the same, with a visit to the sanctuary to visit Typo. Walking into the enclosure area, the river otter was sitting with two Bengal cats.

“Meet COY and SMITTEN. Smitten was beaten by his owners, he’s dying. Coy never leaves his side, sleeping with his back leg draped over Smitten’s body.” Ellen was struck by the cats’ tri colored swirly patterned coats, which glistened in the light. Typo - “Ellen, I’d like to introduce you to a friend of mine.”

As the two walked outside, a large horse approached, bending his head onto Ellen’s shoulder. “I am THALES. How may I help?” Ellen knew little about horses, had neither heard of nor seen the Knabstrupper breed, The pattern of his leopard spotted coat was a work of art, reminding her of Blossom, a dalmatian puppy she’d met as a child. “Thank you. I’ve never ridden a horse, but would like to learn. May I ask where you got your name?” THALES - “My friend Typo noticed that I was interested in everything, he gave me the name. Thales founded the first school of Natural Philosophy.” The outage would be the catalyst to create, not only human to human relationships but far more human to animal relationships.

The cliché “You never know what you have until you lose it” rang true for one and all. Classes at the University continued during the outage. As each day passed, never before things occurring now the norm, discussions often strayed from course descriptions. Without electronics, the library was now open twenty four hours, seven days a week.

After Sang had played her harp at a Think Out Loud meeting, several people had contacted her asking she play again, suggesting, instead of the public library, she hold a weekly concert in the park located near the University campus. Luna and Annika distributed flyers Expecting twenty or thirty people, when over three hundred arrived, Sang knew the attraction was both the beauty of the music and how important the human connection had become in the past weeks. Inspired by the moment, nature in all its glory, people, animals and vegetation in harmony and tranquility, Sang played an impromptu composition. After the thunderous applause died down, she promised to play again the following week.

The Princeton American Boy Choir, the only non sectarian boy choir in the United States, normally traveling from one international venue to another, home when the outage struck, was now performing every weekend in randomly selected neighborhoods. They agreed to join Sang for her second concert. The park was filled to overflowing. When the music finished, many in the natural world made their presence known. As fireflies joined bumblebees, birds, baby lizards, cats and dogs, the audience listened to howls, barks, caws, purrs, grunts, whistles, clicks and pulsed calls.

At the end of the third concert, when a one tusked Pygmy elephant sauntered into the park, sitting down next to Sang, curiosity overwhelmed any fear. “I am SURUS. When I lived on the island of Borneo, an orangutan named Ayres explained to me what was about to happen. Nature has the finest engineers, biologists, physicians in the world. If any of your would like to discuss what you can do to help, I’m here.”

A small girl yelled from the back, “I think I saw you last year at the zoo in Philadelphia.” SURUS - “I don’t like zoos. Yesterday, thanks to the natural world, our cages were unlocked, allowing each of us to find a new home. I’m happy to be at the Princeton sanctuary. As he began to walk away, he turned back. “Long held theories and beliefs in many areas of your thought, medicine, science, language, are about to be contradicted. I understand that when humans are attacked, their normal behavior is to attack in return. The natural world has been under attack by your species. Instead of attacking in return, they are offering an opportunity for your species to survive. It’s up to each of you to restore our faith in humanity.”

Ellen’s day began with a visit to the Sanctuary to visit Typo and Ari who, though different species, looked like twins. Ari the Jaguarundi cat had a slender body (larger than many domestic cats) with a smooth coat, a small flat head and long tail, looking more like an otter than a cat. When Ellen arrived, Typo the river otter and Ari were discussing their ideas about cross cultural and cross species communication and solidarity. After a few minutes, THALES, trotted into the yard. “Ready to go?” Standing on a nearby crate, Ellen had mastered how to mount the dappled coated horse. No saddle, reins or stirrups were needed. The two communicated easily. A grey haired seventy five year old woman chatting with her horse as she rode bareback was just one of many unusual sights now considered normal.

The first Think Out Loud meeting at the public library since the outage was filled to capacity. Instead of frustration and negative reactions, there was a shared sense of relief at the necessity of having no choice but to slow down. From the stories people were telling about their suddenly being able to communicate with their dog, cat, or bird, it was the animals who seemed to be alleviating any fear of the unknown, clearly explaining the concept of what was happening. Although hard to believe, only time would tell if what they were saying was true - there would be no illness, no need for physicians. medications, pharmaceuticals of any kind.

Life as everyone had know it had changed. Stores ran out of inventory. With no paychecks, did homeowners pay their mortgage, make their monthly car payment? With no funds to pay policy holders, would insurance companies close their doors, or wait for the outage to end?

Since there was no electricity, gas or water (except Nature's daily morning rain showers), there would be no utility bills. Although people noticed there was something different about the raindrops, describing what they saw wasn't easy. With crops appearing overnight, vegetable and fruits were free for the taking at neighborhood markets, many new varieties never before seen or tasted. Banks and gas stations were closed. Barter was the only currency. With shelter and food available, how would those used to working forty hour weeks spend their days?

When a scruffy, bearded man stood up, everyone recognized the homeless veteran often seen around town. Any and all efforts to help him had been unsuccessful, as he refused to be separated from his dog. "I have a pit bull named Sam. My life wouldn't be worth living without him. Yesterday, someone grabbed him and ran away, saying they were going to kill him. Will you help me?" At the exact moment he finished speaking, a young woman walked into the room carrying a pit bull, asking if anyone knew where he lived. She'd come upon the dog, who'd been badly beaten, on her walk to the library. Sam jumped from her arms and, in pain, limped slowly toward his friend. "I'm a veterinarian. Please bring Sam outside so I can care for him." By the end of the meeting, the veteran and his best friend would have a new home, instantly becoming part of a loving family.

Listening to people chatting, Ellen was aware that not everyone shared the new found ability to communicate both with animals and others in the natural world. One young girl angrily expressed her frustration. "I don't know what you're all talking about! My family has a dog and a cat and none of us hear anything from them." The young boy sitting next to her smiled. "I know what you mean. It takes time. Be patient. I had to learn how. The secret is to listen."

Following two gophers, a roundworm, peacock, dalmatian puppy, and white crow came through the door, making their way to the desk at the end of the room. The puppy was the first to speak. "I am TWAS. Yes, I was born the night before Christmas. One of your species said the following, *Tension is the great integrity*. There are over five hundred and twenty five million dogs on this planet. We are all working together. Any being who has suffered trauma during warfare is forever affected. Empathy is learned. Your species has a condition that is treatable. Are humans ready to listen? In a time of moral crisis, neutrality is not a wise choice. If anyone here needs to send a message to anyone far away, write it down and my friends will see it is delivered."

The first of the two gophers took his turn. His head was abnormally large with no hair, oversized eyes, his skin wrinkled and coarse. “I am TREVOR. Your planet has civilizations you have yet to discover. There are many caves (above and under water) you need to explore. Some of your ancestors are under the oceans. What you will discover will contradict your previous beliefs. The second gopher, PARKER, spoke very softly. “I know many of you will be upset at what I’m about to say. Religious texts are narratives and stories, written by humans. Current archaeological excavations will unearth (literally) and bring to light that many things stated in those texts are not supported by evidence. Will some of your species, if science proves otherwise, still believe what has been proven to be untrue?”

The roundworm, sitting on Parker’s head, spoke as if he was in a hurry. “Before the outage began, we were helping your species with several of your illnesses, Alzheimer’s, Parkinson’s, Huntington’s. Have you considered that all of your diseases have an answer in Nature? One of your species who, by the way lived here in Princeton, spoke the truth. *“Look deep into the eyes of nature and everything will make sense. Please! Notice and listen!”*

A white crow, his head bobbing back and forth as he walked to the front of the desk, had a purple and yellow butterfly on his shoulder. “I am McCAY. Your species has now begun to experience a world without illness; hopefully, it will be transformative and revelatory, the inspiration to change your behavior.”

“What can we do now?” “What’s most important?” “Where do we start?” McCay - “Not learning from their mistakes, humans have put obstacles in their own path, having little humility before the natural world. Struggle for power, violence over territory, differing beliefs of what you call religion, disbelief in facts, all play a part. The solution is a new way of thinking. All of us. Treat others as you would like to be treated.” Everyone split into small groups to discuss and plan where they would each start. Optimism reigned.

As Ellen walked to the door leading to the main library, she saw a small covered head peaking out from behind a bookcase. An eleven inch figure, leaning on a staff, stepped out, dressed in what looked like a monk’s robe. “I am TWO. Because I’m small, most people don’t notice me. Like humans, young animals love to play and have fun. Play and intelligence are connected.” He reached out his hand, two small ants sitting in his palm. I’d like you to meet HIPPO and CAMPUS. It would soon become clear that TWO stood for **The Wise One**.

As time passed, understanding grew as more and more shared the same realization. Every person, regardless of their nationality, ethnicity, culture, gender or age was living a life as they themselves were, with family, friends, problems, challenges and goals. The outage would push humans not to their limits but to their greatest potential. Many people, (volunteering as the least likely to be friends) decided on a job they would do together. Think Out Loud became All of Us.

Sang had begun to understand the communication of those in the natural world when she was three, a bird landing on her shoulder, a tiny worm wriggling onto her shoe, a bee landing on her hand. She chose to tell no one. Now, Ellen March, Luna and Annika knew. After playing the harp at the Think Out Loud meeting, Sang decided to have a gathering in her residential dorm.

Knowing that people normally choose to be around others who were like them, rather than those they had little, if anything, in common with, Sang asked several international students to come and speak about their respective countries. Rather than reading about Namibia, Lebanon, or Norway, exchange students could, in an informal setting, talk about what growing up in their country was like. She would begin by talking about her experiences in South Korea. With the outage in full swing, Sang was surprised to see both students, professors and local residents at her first get together. Some had heard her play the harp at the Think Out Loud meetings, others had read about her in Tiger Magazine and Town Topics, Princeton's weekly newspaper.

Sang began by sharing some facts about her childhood, explaining her father worked for the Customs Department, her mother was a concert pianist and harpist. In Korea, a child is considered to be a year old the day he or she is born, each calendar year adding a year to their age. At the first birthday celebration, a table filled with flowers and sweets displays several different objects. Those the child reaches for are a sign of his or her path in life.

Sang was proud to be Korean. In addition to being the most sharing nation, having the world's fifteenth largest economy, an education system among the best in the world, South Korea was a champion for the virtual universe. The country's organization to protect and preserve culture was unique. Experts in any field that was endangered, art, crafts, performance traditions, music, theater, dance, were each registered as Intangible Cultural Properties, referred to informally as *Living National Treasures*, several on UNESCO's Intangible Cultural Heritage of Humanity list.

When she asked if anyone had any questions, the first was no surprise. “Tell us about cosmetic surgery.” Sang - “South Korea is the plastic surgery capital of the world. It’s almost a rite of passage for teenagers these days. After the war, South Korea recreated itself. I’m not a psychologist, but maybe people wanted, in some complex way, to be someone else.” “Have you had anything done?” “No, I like the way I look.” “How does respect for the elderly compare to the United States?” “Respect is far greater in South Korea.” “What about gender equality?” “Growing up, my Mom always told me “You’re a girl, don’t do that.” A female always keeps her maiden name, even after marriage. Our President is a woman. Named the eleventh most powerful women in the world, Park Geun-hye, is the first female to be elected president of South Korea, both her parents assassinated. Gender equality is one of many things she champions” “Are Koreans prejudiced toward foreigners?” Sang - “Everyone, from all countries, is prejudiced. Until I left Korea, I wasn’t exposed to other cultures. all those I’d seen, known or experienced, were exactly like me.”

The next question came from one of her professors. “What does your name mean?” “ Sang means *always, Ah pure and elegant, Gohk melody or tune*. No one has asked about politics. After the Korean War, North and South Koreans were not allowed, legally, to enter the other country. North and South are like twins who’ve been separated at birth, our history intertwined. When North Korea sends troops to attack the South, those soldiers, anxious to leave the North, are optimistic. When they cross the border, they send back a message, “Success,” so North Korea’s leader will continue to send more men. South Korea welcomes the fleeing soldiers, happy to take them in. Peace and fairness, unification of the two countries is what everyone hopes for.”

“Would you tell us about the Korean Horoscope?” “Koreans celebrate both Solar and Lunar New Years. The Korean zodiac signs are the same as the Chinese. This is the year of the Sheep.” “When are you going to play the harp again?” Sang - “My class work comes first, but with any extra time I always love to play. Hopefully. especially during the outage, music will be a part of our daily lives.”

“I’ve heard Koreans kill dogs for food. Is that true?” “Yes, we have dog meat farmers, as other countries farm cattle, sheep, and pigs. It’s changing, but very slowly. The desire to eat dog meat is becoming more confined to older people. Eventually, farmers will choose new fruit and vegetable crops. Thank you all for coming. Next week, Annika will be here to tell you about Namibia, the following week, Luna will talk about growing up in Lebanon.”

Sang, Annika and Luna were in the same study group, this week’s topic - Misinformation. Meeting in the cafeteria, they were discussing the complex subject when a boy walked over to their table and started screaming at Sang. “Before you came along, I was the youngest ever accepted to Princeton, I was the best!” As he stomped out of the room, those at surrounding tables were shocked at his outburst. Before Sang’s personality could come into play, another student sitting nearby stood up and came to the table. “Hi, I’m Bruce. Don’t pay attention to him. He’s in two of my classes, most of us keep our distance.” Smiling at Sang, “At least now we know one of the reasons he’s so angry and irritable lately. He’s jealous of how smart you are. By the way, you play the harp beautifully. I’m hoping to learn.” Sang breathed a sign of relief.

One of Sang’s personality traits was her extreme sensitivity to sound, loud noise disturbed her. If someone started yelling at her, feeling as if she was being threatened, she would simply walk away. She remembered talking with Jane Green about it when she was studying for the law exam. Jane - “I see people yelling at their dogs all the time, They say they’re doing it to train them. It’s awful!” Sang - “I agree. No one likes to be yelled at.” One of her strengths, Sang didn’t experience stress over what others thought of her. She didn’t care. What others did to her was different. That she held inside, causing her to have stomach aches. She was working on learning how to express those feelings in a healthy way.

Sang, Annika and Luna resumed their discussion about Misinformation. Sang - “Let’s start at the beginning. How do we decide whether or not any statement is true?” Annika - “Confirmation bias. We’re more likely to believe something if it confirms what we already think. Hearing what we want to hear. I wonder if our brain uses less effort to accept a statement than to reject it.” Luna - “I read that someone’s accent can affect their believability.” Sang - “Even after a false statement is corrected, we still tend to believe what we first read or heard. Retracting false claims isn’t all that effective. Offering corrected information can actually deepen someone’s mis perceptions. What about cognitive dissonance, holding two or more contradictory beliefs?”

At the next day's study group, the boy who'd yelled at Sang sat quietly in the back row. After a rousing discussion about the speed in which today's facts are circulated, added to the diversification of sources, he stood up and, once again, started yelling, pointing at Sang. "She's not that smart. Her family is very rich. They paid to get her accepted... bribed someone, promising to make a contribution to the University. She should lose her scholarship!" Bruce walked to stand directly in front of the other student, took out his phone, saying calmly, "If you don't leave, you'll have to deal with campus security." As the loud howls of a group of dogs outside filled the room, the young man grabbed his notebook and left the room. Luna - "Ironic that he chose a study group about Misinformation." Bruce - "This is just one of his classes. He's angry at everybody." Sang - "I don't care. In time people will find out for themselves what he said isn't true."

Annika - "Has anyone heard of Entanglement, the Quantum Physics theory? Two separate objects (particles) are so closely connected that one of them can influence the other, respond to one another, regardless of the distance between them." "Like telepathy?" "No. In Entanglement, there's no message sent from one to the other. Einstein thought it was "spooky that nature could be so unreasonable." Since we all have to write a paper on misinformation, how about we do our own research. Let's each tell someone we don't know personally "I heard people have begun seeing Einstein's ghost around Princeton" and see what happens." Everyone agreed it was a great idea.

"My name is Pritam, still getting used to being away from home for the first time. I didn't want to go to college, wanted to work instead with animals, but my parents said I couldn't survive without a university education. My room mates' grandmother went to a Think Out Loud meeting at the Public Library last week. Several people said they understand what animals and birds are communicating. To her that was spooky, for me it's normal. I've understood animals since I was little."

Sang stepped in. "College education or sanctuary? You can do both. There's a new animal sanctuary here in Princeton, they're always looking for volunteers. Let's talk later. I was given a grant to explore the possibility of an interspecies internet. You're not alone. In the past several years, no longer isolated incidents, more and more people are communicating with animals. not only chimpanzees and orangutans (using sign language) but also dolphins and whales (via frequency), telepathically with bees, dogs, cats, squirrels, pigs, cows, rabbits and birds."

The women's lacrosse team captain was recognized by many in the room. "It's obvious that animals feel, but I don't know anything about their intelligence, what they are thinking. All species communicate, one way or another. . . right?" The answer came quickly from the other side of the room. "My father's an ethologist, studies animal behavior. What he tells me about what animals, birds, insects, dolphins can do would amaze you, communicating over vast distances using frequencies, remembering where they hid each of several thousand nuts over the winter. It's a never ending list of wonders."

Bruce and Sang walked back to the dorm together. Bruce - "You don't seem to take anything personally, even someone trying to undermine and discredit you. He obviously needs help. I envy your not caring what other people think, dealing with crisis like you do so well is something I'm working on. Do you want to hear something funny? My grandmother lives with us. The day before the outage her car broke down. The mechanic said it needed a catalytic converter. When the outage started, my Nana laughed. "I guess it's time for exactly that, a catalytic conversion, from technology back to nature." That night our family was playing Scrabble and, as usual, my Nana won. I'd put the word esthetic and she added the two letters, A and N to make anesthetic. From what you think is beautiful to a substance causing loss of sensation or consciousness. What do you think is beautiful, Sang?"

Snag - "Music. The sounds of the harp, their healing frequencies. You?" Bruce - "Color, how I feel looking at different colors. If you ever have the time, I'd like you to meet my sister, she's your age, has always wanted to play a musical instrument. She's blind."

Sang - "I'd like to meet her. If she wants, would be happy to teach her to play the harp. You mention colors and senses. Have you ever heard of Synesthesia, combining of the senses?"

Bruce - "Yes, was doing research online the day the outage began."

In less than a week, everyone in Princeton had heard reports of multiple sightings of Einstein's ghost.

The outage had both negative and positive ramifications. The frustration of dealing with no electricity, heaters, lamps, and TV screens would fade in time. The disconnect from all technology would take longer, especially for the generations who had never known anything but "smart" electronic devices. Although many feared the outage would increase loneliness, the opposite proved to be true. People started to talk with strangers, walking down the street, in the parks, at the library, an outdoor café or market.

Chance encounters with people one had little, if anything, in common with, grew into friendships. Slowing down, people began to notice things they had passed by month after month. “Was that beautiful tree always there?” “Look at the brilliant blue of those wooden hand carved window shutters.” “How could I have never noticed that statue?” *Caught on video* was no longer relevant to law enforcement. No one understood how, but any illegal or criminal behavior was taken care of when a group of dogs, bees or wasps appeared out of nowhere to correct the situation,

Two weeks had passed. At the second meeting at Sang’s residential college, Luna described what it was like to grow up in Lebanon, answering questions about the culture, government, religion, and food. “There are many different religions in Lebanon. For some, twelve year old girls can marry, polygamy is also allowed.” The large tray of Lebanese pastries left on the side table disappeared in minutes. The meeting ended with Sang playing several traditional folk songs on a Koran harp called a Gayageum, larger than an auto harp, the five foot long rectangular shaped zither like instrument had twelve strings. Sang had found different ways to elicit the sounds, with a bow, (like a violin), bending notes, precession. As happened every time she played, the question was the same. “When will you play again?” “I’ve been asked to perform at the Think Out Loud meeting next week.”

A community unto itself, the University atmosphere was student professor access, the student faculty ratio excellent. There was, nonetheless, a distance between professors and the student body. With the outage, digital education and connectivity was replaced by the benefits of working and thinking together, not instantly, but over time. Faster was no longer necessarily better. When it was announced a special guest would be addressing the entire student body, the auditorium was filled.

Seated on the stage was the President of the University, the Board of Trustees and Sang. When a river otter sauntered onto the stage, jumping up on a step ladder, no one knew what was happening. Believing that, because of the frustrations of the outage, the administration was playing a joke using a puppeteer or a ventriloquist, the students stood up to show their appreciation and cheered, laughter filling the room. It wasn’t a joke. The otter began to communicate.

“I am TYPO. It’s my privilege to speak to you today. Not living in harmony with the natural world, you are doing what no other species has ever done, poisoning and destroying your own habitat, planet Earth.

Nature's designs are there to guide, all you have to do was look and notice. The natural world has brought to light what is needed; no human can say they didn't know. Your growing demands are changing the planet faster than you realize, deforestation, poisoning the oceans, mining, drying water sources, melting ice. Carbon emissions, from burning fossil fuels, now cover the majority of the earth. One billion of your species are hungry. Epidemics threaten your world.

Undoing decades of conservation results, taking a huge toll on wild elephants, rhinoceroses, and tigers, billions of dollars from wildlife crime are channeled into powerful syndicates, destabilizing governments and economies. In the last forty years, half of the earth's wildlife has disappeared. The natural world was left with no choice but to intervene.

Solving community crises before they ignite and spread is where the task begins. Seek out people with different ideas, embrace constructive conflict, avoid willful blindness, don't be afraid of thinking differently, learn to tolerate other points of view. Shared interests will slowly begin to predominate, many happy accidents occurring. Communication does not need language. Electromagnetic interaction between brains is not the only process to send a simple message, one being to another, thousands of miles apart.

Nature does not conform to patterns created in the minds of humans, yet you continue to believe this to be true. Dark energy, dark matter comprise ninety five percent of your known universe. There is a new dimension you have not yet discovered.

Human's exploitation of nature and treatment of one another has brought us to a time of possible devolution. Undoing the damage will not take the time many believe. What is referred to as conventional wisdom is about to change. The natural world has answers to questions your species hasn't yet asked. Cultural beliefs are not a defense against prejudice, ignorance and violence. Technology and nature must work together as equal partners. Artificial intelligence is no match for the natural world. Thrill seekers won't be disappointed with what is about to happen.

If you have any questions, I live at the animal sanctuary on Province Line Road. Symbiosis. Many there were rescued from abuse and neglect. Each of you, in your own way, now has a chance to play a part in restoring Nature's faith in humanity. " Sang gently picked up TYPO. As they both left, everyone in the building was stunned silent.

The President of the University followed Sang off the stage, asking if she would meet with him, the trustees and other faculty at his office in an hour. Sang - "Yes, of course." Ellen March was waiting at the side door. "I'll see TYPO gets back safely to the sanctuary." As they left the building a group had assembled, spontaneously, on the lawn, singing the recognizable lyrics *Changes Free the Hearts of You and Me*. The healing power of music.

An hour later, Sang walked to the President's office in Nassau Hall, remembering what she'd read only the day before. The building had, for a few months in the eighteenth century, been the capital of the United States. Jane Green waved at her from a distance, she's been asked as well. The President began. "Not everyone in the auditorium had the same experience. All faculty involved with the natural sciences, botany, zoology, animal behavior, any subject dealing with the laws of nature and the natural world will meet with me regularly, others will begin interviewing those that were there, so we have a detailed written record."

A man everyone recognized, a Professor Emeritus of Philosophy, entered the room and sat down. An Iraq war veteran, suffering from Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, he worked on Collective Animal Behavior. Having adopted three service dogs suffering from the same disorder, they were by his side every day at work. Post Traumatic Growth. He'd told everyone how he joined Jack, Tracy and Clark in taking the same medications. Students came to know and embrace the combat veterans, JACK the Dutch Shepherd, TRACY the Labrador Retriever, and CLARK, the Belgian Malinois. as part of the Princeton community. The President, introduced Jane Green and Sang-Ah Gohk.

Jane Green - "I believe that others in the natural world communicating and being understood by more and more of us is connected to the current outage." A visiting fellow from Harvard. currently doing research on matching different plants' dna, posed the question. "I read about your lawsuit in the Hague. As an attorney, do you have any evidence for what you believe, or is it just an opinion?"

Jane - "Using sign language, I've communicated with a chimpanzee and an orangutan, who both won the Nobel Peace Prize. Let's not forget we choose to enlist the help of dolphins, pigeons and dogs, to name just a few, during wartime and ongoing emergencies. Dogs detect gas attacks, carry messages, lead patrols, find the wounded. In the United States animals are now allowed to have attorneys. Are humans inherently peaceful as a species. . . or aggressive. . . or both? What is the deterrent for hatred and fear? What we face now is urgency. . . and optimism." The President turned to Sang. "Anything you'd like to add?"

Quoting the University's Mission Statement from memory, Sang answered. "*A determination to continue to occupy a position of independence and leadership in education, scholarship and research, Princeton seeks to achieve the highest levels of distinction in the discovery and transmission of knowledge and understanding, a human scale sustained by controlling growth and encouraging opportunities for personal interaction.* Humans consider themselves superior to other animals. My personal belief is that a pluralist society is not comprised only of human beings. Did you know that virgin births happen in many different species, reptiles, fish, birds and amphibians? The University teaches open mindedness, a place where innovative, impractical, even outlandish ideas are welcome. The outage and new corridors of communication are an opportunity to learn to choose curiosity over fear. What is happening is not an idea, it is a reality, albeit one many have never before experienced.

For many years, it was believed the brain could not change. Today, many understand it can change, using sound, light and vibrations. Is it possible that a part of our brain, an organ which we know so little about, has now been activated? We all have cultural blind spots. Humans are animals, sharing similar health concerns. Do animal emotions mirror those of humans? Fear in both humans and animals damages their muscles. When in Switzerland, after visiting the International Union for the Conservation of Nature, I asked myself. How is it possible for so many people in the world to be detached from the suffering of so many others, humans and animals alike?"

A man in the room showed obvious discomfort at Sang's remarks. Moving his head left to right signaling his disagreement, "You're from South Korea. When the President of your country recently spoke in Geneva he clearly said . . . Sang immediately spoke out, "Excuse me, .." "Don't interrupt!" Sang - "Respectfully, you made a mistake." Raising his voice - "I don't make mistakes!" Raised eyebrows in the room. Sang - "Park Geun-hye is the President of South Korea. She was recently named the eleventh most powerful woman in the world. As a wise man said recently *We must exhibit courage equal to the size of our difficulties.* I've been communicating with animals since I was a little girl. Many of you think animals don't share the same intelligence as humans. Do you know how difficult it is to appear not to know something? Looking at the world through different eyes is a good place to start. Sympathy, empathy and compassion are not the same. I'd like to ask the Trustees and faculty if you think there will ever come a time when economic incentive will no longer rule our planet? Perhaps power and profit have now met their match in Nature.

Do you love coming to work every day? Think about some of the most important things you've learned from your students, relearn how to play, ride a skateboard, fly a kite, paint a picture. Lengthen the social experience of your meals. Take your time. Faster is no longer better. How many years has the human species been advocating temporary fixes, mistakenly tolerating obstacles that could have been overcome? Our habitat is at risk. Alleviating the problem without dealing with the underlying causes isn't the answer. Could what is happening now be explained by what many continue to call a *questionable* theory? Akrasia - humanity seems to be its own worst enemy. Are human beings searching for immortality? Nature has accomplished it. Turritopus nutricula. The immortal jellyfish.

Although intentions are good, you are not operating with the same information I am. A white dwarf star will circle overhead tonight. How will scientists explain tomorrow's three suns and three moons?" The University President stood, smiling, his patience at a breaking point. "Thank you, Sang." The next day three suns rose in the sky. That night three moons followed.

Sang cared about others, was task oriented (both a strength and weakness) and outspoken, sometimes almost scolding. Being totally focused, she was sometimes unaware she had hurt others' feelings. Hearing someone talking about a problem, after suggesting a solution, she would get angry when the person continued to complain, doing nothing to solve the issue. Sang was a fixer. Polite, (she didn't swear), hearing one person talking about another, she would never repeat what she'd heard. Witnessing something wrong and doing nothing about it was not who she was, nor was wasting time anticipating failure. Should she see anyone in physical danger, she would do everything she could to help.

When Sang received the fourteen page genetic analysis, she didn't get past the first page listing the names of her biological parents. A week later she read the full report, listing the names of several generations of her ancestors.

At the end of the meeting with the First Lady, she'd been given a large manila envelope. Enclosed was a printout of the three lectures a Professor from South Korea had given at Oxford the previous month on the life of King Sejong the Great. Although he'd spent the last several years doing research on the King's descendants, authenticating generation after generation, the renowned professor had come to a dead end. One name stood out, catching Sang's attention, suddenly hitting a nerve.

The name was the same one included on her genetic analysis. Sang-Ah Gohk was a descendant of King Sejong the Great. She was stunned, in total disbelief. What did her newly discovered lineage mean? After the initial shock subsided, as she thought about and identified certain characteristics they shared, their parallel behaviors, it began to make sense.

When she was nine, Sang had written a paper on King Sejong. What she learned touched her mind and heart. King Sejong loved his people. His call was to serve them, not rule over them. When he found the common people (particularly farmers) were dying because they couldn't read the public health warning bulletins (written in Chinese), his initial response was to teach the working class how to read and write. Farmers were busy making a living and taking care of their families. With the difficulty of the Chinese system, it would take years.

When Sejong told the government his solution, a phonetic system, they objected, opposing him at every turn. Determined, he continued working, secretly, with a few trusted people, to develop the new system. When ready, he issued a proclamation about Hangeul, the writing system still considered to be the most scientific in the world, affecting how one's tongue performs, both in speech and pronunciation, the method also increasing typing speed. The average adult could now learn to read and write in a few hours. King Sejong's legacy, integrity and pursuit of excellence. would never be forgotten.

King Sejong and Sang were both passionate, goal and detail oriented, loved to conduct research and study, ready (and anxious) with solution based thinking to fix problems. Once they had made up their minds no one could stop their pursuit of what they believed was right. Already in her young life, Sang had twice faced serious opposition. On both occasions, she'd followed Sejong's example, keeping both her thoughts and actions to herself.

In school when she wasn't interested in something, Sang stopped paying attention. Now, at thirteen years old, she would take her time. Whatever lay ahead, she would continue the legacy of her ancestor, King Sejong the Great.

Also included in the large envelope was a confidential intelligence report concerning the present leader of North Korea, who Sang knew hadn't been seen in public for over three months. The official explanation was that he was traveling to attend several secret diplomatic meetings out of the country.

The truth. He was experiencing a medical condition that affected both his ability to reason and to speak. His advisers were maintaining the status quo. The United States government obviously recognized a possible first step - an opening between the two nations. the first opportunity for a beginning diplomatic breakthrough since the end of the Korean War. Sang's direct blood line relationship to King Sejong the Great played a major part, as did North Korea's leader's current incapacitation.

What the United States government had proposed to those who advised North Korea's leader was a first step toward the lengthy, complicated process of the unification of the two countries. The President of the United States, the President of South Korea, the advisers of the North Korean leader would meet, unofficially, in the demilitarized zone with no press coverage, no public statements. Sang would accompany the President of South Korea. To honor her parents, letting them know nothing had changed since her genetic discovery, she asked they also be present.

With the level of security involved, word of mouth would be difficult to contain. The meeting would offer a glimpse of a possible future, not only a change in tone for North and South Korea, but a shift in behavior of the repressive and corrupt governments of North Korea's allies. Once word got out that a process of reunification had started, no matter how preliminary the details of that beginning, regardless of the recovery of North Korea's leader, it would be impossible to stop.

Sang was optimistic. In the last year alone, meaningful progress has been made with the reduction in the illegal ivory trade, transition from fossil fuels to renewable energy, introduction of new fresh water management processes, growth in leopard and panda populations, protection of the rain forests, the end of offshore drilling in the Arctic. Ecuador was the first nation to grant constitutional rights to the Natural World.

When Sang began her classes in Arabic, she was particularly interested in any words that were untranslatable into English. Taarradhin. Similar to the English word *compromise*, it did not involve reaching a grudging arrangement via struggle and disagreement but, instead, implied a solution that is a definite win for everyone involved. suggesting a way of reconciling without anyone in the dispute losing face. What began in the demilitarized zone was not a compromise, but a positive solution for everyone. Taarradhin.

In the weeks that followed, three suns and moons were joined by draconid and orionid meteor showers, The merging of galaxies had begun.

