

Boy and Girl

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When you think about life and its ontological reasons, it's almost unavoidable thinking about death, especially if you're a Scorpio (at least so say those who know about astrology).

By the year 1980, I was coming through these cabalistic paths, reading, among other topics, about life after life, aliens and similar things. Thus, I came to write this story that was included, such as a collaboration, in one of the first issues of the cultural magazine of SUBUD¹.

For the first time Boy was conscious of himself.

He had existed for some time; but up to now, his brain had not still produced sufficient energy for him to be aware about its own existence.

From a quick mental study, he concluded that he was formed by a head where the real and prime essence of his being was lodged. Above this, a body or intermediary receptacle where food accumulated by means of a long, narrow duct.

An organ within this body extracted the needed elements from the deposited food and sent them, in specific doses, to the head and to the rest of his body, so that his whole being might be properly fed. In addition, through this same afore mentioned external conduit all waste matter was expelled outside of it.

This conduit stretched away until it suddenly expanded wider. It was to form an all-encircling skin, which constituted the limit of his whole being. Contained within its walls there was a liquid, which allowed the head and the body to be supported in a soft flotation state; chiefly by virtue of some protuberances or extremities that sprang from the top and bottom parts of the body enabling him to keep a continuous and pleasant balance.

A brief pause in his thoughts was immediately broken by a stream of questions: What am I really? What am I doing here? Where am I

¹ Anyone wishing to know what SUBUD is, enter www.subud.com

coming from? Is there anything else than what I am aware of? Am I alone?

His unease, his anxiety, grew progressively, painfully, out of the ever-increasing emptiness that was taking place in his mind caused by the lack of answers.

Perhaps this tremendous disturbance produced sufficient telepathic energy from his thoughts for, unknown to him, make them arrive, in an incomprehensible mumble, to Girl's mind, Boy's bivitelline sister.

Without understanding what her mind was receiving, Girl sensed that someone else was near by and so she launched a mental question "Who are you?"

Those milliseconds of surprise and doubts experienced by both of them seemed endless. Boy was not at all sure whether that "Who are you?" Captured amid his turmoil had been generated by his own mind. However, he had the feeling that the question had arrived to him from outside.

Just in case, he eventually made up his mind and decided to reply with the only thing he knew about himself: a tight and brief outline of those conclusions to which he had reached concerning his anatomy and physiology; but he, in turn, also asked "And you, who are you?"

Girl's answer was instantaneous. "I am, more or less, just as you have described you are and I feel very close to you".

Boy, encouraged by her answer, entered in a more concise description about himself, inquiring if she also, on her turn, coincided with him in all the specified particularities.

Girl's reply reached him clearly overjoyed.

"I'd already realized about my existence, though I hadn't noticed, as you've done, about those so many aspects on our different organs and I certainly hadn't bothered to find out whether there was anybody alike me nearby..." Girl made a brief pause, as reviewing her own thinking and feeling.

"In fact, I felt so happy, comfotingly floating here, fed and loved by Mother..."

"Mother?" asked Boy baffled and full of wonder "What is mother?"

“Don't you know who Mother is?” Girl asked in some astonishment at Boy's weirdness, feeling fearful of having expressed something inappropriate; scared of having exceeded herself showing too openly her feelings and beliefs, about which he stated, as it seemed, oddity and possibly now he would laugh at her; but... and why not?

“... you mean you don't feel Mother? Don't you believe in Mother?”

Boy felt frankly astonished, and interested, as well. “Sorry, but no; you tell me, please, what... or who Mother is?”

“I don't know how to tell you, it's hard to explain” she replied hesitating but taking heart from Boy's apparent interest.

“To me, Mother is the one who has given us being, provides food for us, keeps us alive and she waits for us in the life to come when we are born”.

Boy was amazed and it took him some brief instants to react. He was full of wonder how anybody could come to believe such ideas; to him completely unfounded and unnecessary.

“How is it possible for you to believe in someone you can't feel like you can feel me? someone with whom you can't communicate as you can with me? I don't..., I don't understand..., I'd like you to explain me your beliefs in more detail, perhaps I can clarify for you where they fail... or, perhaps you can even convince me... (adding with slyness) ... though honestly I very much doubt it.

Ignoring Boy's mocking tone, she answered with eagerness, totally caught in her theme and increasingly fired by her own beliefs according to she sets them forth.

“Well, as I said, Mother is to me the being who has given us life, a being who surrounds and envelopes us. We form part of Her without being Her. I know that this is hard to understand and I don't know how to explain it, but... that's the way I feel it”.

“Continue, go on” Boy insisted.

“Mother has created us in an act of love. She wants us to live healthy, strong and good, so that when we are born and pass to the other life, She will receive us to her bosom, so we will be able to exist with Her and we will feel her directly, in a different way to how you and I feel each other, closer and more real”.

A slight pause from Girl, wondering whether he would be following with detail all her ideas, whether he would be understanding a bit what even she herself did not understand, but she did not have to understand, she knew it was so.

“Yes, yes” Boy assented when sensing her doubts “Go on, I’ll tell you what hasn’t convinced me when you finish”.

“Well, it is not as if there’s much more to state, only that all this is something I feel and don’t ask me how or why. I feel Mother in a different way to how I feel you and I think that Mother feels me in some way and that I can communicate with Her. I like directing my feelings to Mother and want to think that somehow She understands me”.

“Sometimes I do it so:

Our Mother who art out there.

Hallowed be Thy name.

Let Thy essence come,

Thy wish in here be done,

as it is out there.

Give us this day our daily food.

Forgive us our kicks,

as we forgive each other.

Abandon us not,

and deliver us from any evil.

What do you think?”

Girl was more out of curiosity for Boy's opinion on her literary skills than on her philosophical theories.

He sensed the subtlety of the question perfectly. “It is nice, and if it’s of any use to you...”

Boy tried to organize those ideas got from Girl and likewise his own thoughts.

“If I forget nothing you’ve told me, I’ll try to answer you point by point: I don't think one needs a Mother to exist; I mean, can’t a sim-

ple, single cell, but containing all the necessary elements for life, lie down waiting for the conditions to be produced so that its latent life can spring into existence?”

“I know that a long time can go by, even millions of milliseconds; but, at a given moment, the cell just sets in action the whole biological process which finally would culminate in the formation of a complete being like we are. All that gibberish about we are in her without being her is deliberate mystery making when things are plain and simple”.

“No one has to bother about feeding us” Boy goes on with his opinion “Food is produced by natural processes and our heart and our will take care of drawing it and absorbing it through our umbilical cord. No one has to bother about giving us food because it’s quite clear how we only have to wish it and we receive it”.

Boy paused, waiting shortly to see if she wanted to express anything, but he noticed how she was waiting, with curiosity, for him to continue.

“You say that this so called Mother has created us so that she can later receive us into a better life than this one. Do you really think that after birth there is another life? Don't you realize that being born is the end of everything? You know very well that when we are born our skin breaks and all the liquid inside it, that keeps us afloat, is lost, and the cord our food comes through breaks too; and you still believe that there can be another life under such conditions? A very strange one it would have to be for being able to exist without a cord to receive food through, without liquid to float in saving you from bumps and the rest... I don't know how you can have reached such absurd conclusions”.

Girl didn't answer, she didn't know how to; besides that, this first contact, owing to lack of habit, was also very exhausting; therefore, they both decided to restore their strength.

A strong flow of nourishing blood reached them through their respective umbilical cords. This gave them the chance of abandoning themselves to the enjoyment of this new delivery of food, and each of them, meanwhile, going over all they had just discussed about.

After feeding, they fell into a deep sleep, which cut the dialogue for quite some long period.

Girl awoke first, perceiving at once that Boy was still sleeping. She moved her arms and legs to get a new position; then she realized that she could open and close the three openings on her face, which, until that moment, had remained sealed.

Overjoyed, she began to call her brother with a strong energy of her thought. “Boy! Boy!”

The intensity of the call was such that Boy could not help waking up.

“What’s wrong? Is that you, Girl?”

“Yes; it’s the openings on my face, I can move them! I guess you have them as well, don’t you? Can you open and close them?”

The answer took long in coming back; repeatedly Boy was making an effort to move those supposed openings, but he couldn’t.

“I can’t” he said desperately.

“I can, instead” Girl confirmed “I couldn’t before but I can now; and some liquid comes into my mouth and I can expel it out again” worried about her brother “I suppose you’ll be able as well sooner or later...”

Girl perceived how he felt comforted by her last cheering remark, so she tried to encourage him a little bit more.

“The main thing is that you understand that this must be part of the improvement process needed to be able to attain the other life”.

“Let’s not start again!” Boy mocked, still worried without stopping his attempt to open his hermetic holes “What does one thing have to do with the other? If it is true that sooner or later we’ll be able to use these openings and the liquid our head and body are floating in can come through them, it must be because we need the effect of this liquid in our more inner part as well”.

Boy continued forcing his openings, wondering if all that he had expressed was right; if so, why could he not open them?

“But, don’t forget” he insisted “that when being born, this liquid disappears and then there would be no reason for the existence of these openings or mouth and eyes, as you call them. You see? You can’t consider being part of an improvement for that other life something that is only useful in this one; therefore that whole tangle of yours isn’t clear yet”.

For several long minutes, they continued arguing around their divergent opinions.

“If that being you persist you can feel” he insisted “really existed, I too would have to notice its presence “ Boy made a brief pause ”Besides, the existence of that being is impossible; my mind can’t understand how one being can create other beings inside itself and give them life and feed them”.

Just trying to imagine a being like that, was anguish causing to him, as a sort of seasickness and, being not viable for him to figure out such an impossible being, with derisive self-sufficiency Boy added.

“Sorry, but life comes to me through my navel”.

She remained silent, Boy's statements did not convince her, but she didn't know how to invalidate them. She felt that something close to what she had supported was very near to the truth, but how could she make someone see when that one doesn't want to see?... or, perhaps, would it be more realistic to admit that you can't make someone to see something that cannot be seen?

Girl gave up trying. Her spirit weakened and even she started doubting about her own beliefs, wondering whether she was not insisting out of sheer stubbornness, instead of admitting that things are plain and simple, just as Boy had reasoned. However, admitting such a thing produced her a distressing, disquieting vacuum... no, she didn't want to be influenced by such limited ideas; but, what? Dear Mother, what?

A very long silence was made, neither of them could resist a too extensive dialogue, they were not used to it; their organisms, undergoing a continuous development, needed long and frequent rests of days and days.

As soon as they woke up, each sought the other's presence, and nearly always got an immediate reply; their conversation was resumed at the very point at which it had been broken off.

Days passed, many days..., most of this time they were resting; most of their energies were dedicated for their own development, but at vigil moments, sometimes, they treated life and philosophy topics; sometimes they spent long spells commenting their latest organic, anatomic or physiological progress and some other times they amused themselves with muscular agility competitions.

“I bet you can’t open and close your hands as fast as I do!” Boy challenged.

Without needing to count (neither of them knew how), their brains sent impulses synchronized with the movement or exercise they were competing in; they nearly always found that Boy's rhythm was quicker than his sister's was.

Despite this advantage, Boy felt something of a complex in comparison with her, because it was always Girl who felt changes and improvements in her development first, he being quite a bit slower in the process.

The first few times he had not paid any attention, thinking that she just wanted to make fun of him, because of her exaggerated imagination. However, after several experiences, he understood that it was always like that, as every time she announced a change, he despaired seeing how a time had to pass before experiencing about the same change in him. This vexing circumstance made him to strive all the harder to refute Girl's beliefs.

“I don't agree” he insisted annoyingly on “nobody has made us; there are no superior beings; you and I exist by reason of the logical and organized process of cells, etc”.

Boy, ultimately more interested in physical exercises than in philosophical dialectics, often challenged Girl to see who could kick the harder. He liked to challenge her to this because she always refused on the grounds that it bothered Mother, and this amused him a lot; how could he, by giving a simple kick, bother a superior being?

He liked this exercise because the harder and stronger his leg movement, the better all the amniotic liquid moved around his body and head, producing a caressing sensation of pleasure.

By insisting that she also ought trying to experience this pleasure, he managed, on odd occasions, to get Girl participating with him, but it was always with a little bit of fear and shyness. She considered that a light kick produced a more than enough pleasant fluidal caress, but harder or more frequent kicks would not add anything else to the already got enjoyment and, on the other hand, it could disturb Mother.

Boy amused a lot with his sister's ingenuousness.

A long time had passed, when one day Boy bumped into a different, new and disconcerting excuse.

“I don’t feel well, I feel very strange...” said Girl.

Boy got alarmed; what could be wrong with her? He had never felt her so uneasy; it could not be a new change in her organism because she was always overjoyed communicating him about any of them.

“What’s wrong? What are you feeling?”

“I feel as falling, all my being is sinking”.

Girl flapped a little her hands in order to keep balance, but immediately got tired.

“Don't panic, it will soon fade away” Boy comforted her, not much convinced himself.

He was trying to guess what could be happening to his sister.

“Boy” she cried frightened “I feel I’m being born!”

“Keep calm!” Boy pleaded tearfully “Don't think about such things, it will soon go away and we’ll carry on again with our normal life”.

Boy was truly concerned; he had never felt his sister like this before, if she was really being born, what could he tell her? How could he encourage her, he who had so often insisted that birth was the end of everything?

Girl, becoming more and more terrified, cried imploringly to Boy for help, something that he was unable of giving, making him to feel powerless to relieve her anguish.

“Boy, please, this is terrible; I feel as if my whole being is tearing in pieces: my surrounding skin has broken, my amniotic liquid has run out, it doesn’t protect me anymore and I feel uncomfortable grazing myself on the ground beneath my head”.

Girl now stopped communicating with her brother; the experience of birth began to be too absorbing, too dramatic.

“Dear Mother, help me! help me to be born well!”

This was her last thought. The ground seemed to open under her head, noticing as a sort of vacuum, dizziness. She felt she was going along a narrow and crushing tunnel. Her whole organism was tense, her eyes opened dreadfully. Suddenly, a huge luminosity burst from

the end of the tunnel; the brightness increased, a mighty power held her head and tugged as if to tear it off.

This brought her out of the tunnel for good and she felt how an unimaginable light surrounded her. Her eyes had to close, hurt by such brilliance, but with time enough to perceive the outlines of some enormous beings.

She felt cold; and a heavy oppression in her chest. A few slaps on her body drew from her throat a first cry in her new life and her lungs began to function.

How strange she felt! Part of her being: the placenta, the amniotic liquids, her umbilical cord, etc., had died forever.

Something soft wrapped round her, bringing pleasant warmth.

A large being, gently and very lovingly, took her into Her arms. There, close to Mother, exhausted, Girl slept placidly, utterly happy. All her former life had been forgotten with neither time to think about her brother nor to wonder what could have happen to him in the meanwhile.

Boy, worried by his sister's silence, realized that he had lost her forever. The time for her to be born had come and that was irreversible, nobody returns after birth.

A few seconds later, he made an effort to overcome his sadness and carry on with his routine: his exercises, his feeding and his resting periods. He would have to forget to Girl, but it would be very difficult not to miss her. He was sorry he had been so sarcastic on some of the occasions he had refuted her beliefs. Now he regretted not to have enjoyed her company more instead of that permanent discussion and competition.

Reluctantly he started some exercise, but he was unable to go on with it as he began to feel some strange symptoms, which he easily recognized as those that Girl had described in the moment of her birth.

His hour had also come! It is everybody destiny and there is no solution. This was the beginning of the end; so, with sadness and distressed, he made up his mind to accept the idea.

His organism began to tear apart, his placenta broke. Boy tried to keep calm, but he was overcome by a tremendous anguish.

His terror of birth, his fear of disappearing forever, grew in such distress that he began to move restlessly.

His body sank to one side. The umbilical cord, that which had sustained and fed him, fell over his head.

The ground opened before him. Boy flapped wildly, without control, unable to avoid dragging the cord with his arm and it crossed fatally round his throat.

Boy had guessed right. There was no another life after birth.