

The Well

Chapter 1 - The Monk

It was Quantum Cold. Well below absolute zero. From a complete absence of vibration, it emerged, phantoms of energy, randomly flipping into and out of existence. Wavelets collided and coalesced into particles of matter and then congealed into molecules of oxygen, bound to hydrogen of varying density. It was water, the basis of Life Itself. It was The Well.

Across the heavens, it was to this most subtle of all vibrations that the Monk awoke.

In Truth, it was a vibration no more random than any pathway sustaining Life, compelled into existence by unseen laws of nature, by the Design of a Single Universal Mind, Whose Thought would now impel the thinking to choose, to grow, and to evolve...to grasp the Perfection underlying All Things.

Just as in countless times before, The Well became the Sperm, swimming upon gravitational waves, again falling toward an uncertain outcome, but unlike before, now an outcome based upon mankind's choice. Not just gravity. It was Attraction. And as before, The Earth was its Egg.

While seated on red curtains of satin, the Monk's eyes opened upon a golden pot. It had been foretold by the vicar, eons ago. He, the Monk, both Buddhist and a disciple of Lao Tzu, would be a link in the chain of destiny.

As instructed, he picked up the yarrow sticks and threw them. And there it was...the image, juxtaposing two states of Nature:

Outward Fire, expanding up and burning Wood, projecting the inner Wind of an invisible force, penetrating all elements of

Heaven and Earth, the image of a golden nutrient pot, roasting on a spiritual fire, the symbol by which collective awareness might manifest in a single man or a single woman. The Cauldron, the receptacle of the waters of The Well.

But who were to be these invisible people?

In the chain of causation, it was not his to choose or determine. His was to subsume the vision, and, in its recognition, set in motion the journey.

Having confirmed the image, he closed his eyes, and once again, the vision sprang forth.

The Well, a vibrant crystal, blossomed out of nothingness, aggregated rock and ice, and tumbled toward warming sunlight. A luminous trail of agitated ions released a vibratory force that echoed through the vacuum of cold, dark space and focused upon an emerging Earth, blue of ocean and green of land.

The spot to which it would arrive had already been determined by Mind, gravity, and the struggles of mindful men long gone. It was simply the task of the Monk to observe.

Screaming through the ionosphere, the tumbling rock convulsed in a suffocating air blast. Now a fiery crystal cone of green, it shredded the vacant air before it, through the dusk of day, magnifying and illuminating rolling vistas of verdant rainforest that oscillated over hills and valleys of river tributaries.

The mating calls of tropical fowl fell silent.

Slanting across a gushing mountainous waterfall feeding river below, the meteor crashed into a river-fed pond, buckling but not breaking the palms surrounding it, ejecting water into a vibrant funnel mist. The crystalline meteorite glowed in a

cratered center, hesitated, then downward burrowed, sucking remaining water into a swirling green whirlpool.

From geocentric orbit, over a land mass he could hardly imagine much less observe, the Monk saw a pinpoint flash of light in his mind's eye that became indelibly seared into his consciousness.

Now far too old himself, it would be to this place he would charge his Chinese adept, Ch'ien, the Modest, to initiate the Cauldron's journey. How or when it would get there was uncertain. His years of dedicated study and his own experience had taught him that the path of mankind's enlightenment was a circuitous one, promised by Mind but dependent on struggle. Only through the enlightenment of the self-chosen few could the base instincts of the selfish to subjugate the world be overthrown.

The Monk deeply pondered this last thought as he exited his snow drown temple into the still, but frigid Himalayan air.

Why had his thought migrated into emotion?

Now, nearing the end of his life, he so much wished that the promise of The Well could be realized. The power of Mind's awareness that he, though learned, was only beginning to accept beyond the taint of his solitary perspective, could it finally be universally experienced? The power of feeling, recognizing, and revealing one's own perfection, the power of any man or woman to empower his or her own destiny, his or her own identity, the Power of The Well?

One deep, whole inhalation. Suddenly, without exhaling, a shattering contortion squeezed his gut and forced him to his knees. He could not visualize the future, but the cataclysms of past impacts rushed forth. With each mass death, new life had

sprung forth. Could Mind intend or even allow mankind's march toward enlightenment die? But having given man choice, was it even Mind's Choice to make? The riddle he had never considered had shaken him to his core.

Back into the temple he returned to frame the warning. Throughout the night, he arranged the ancient Chinese characters:

“Shenming de quanyuan; yi tuan siwang.”

“The Well: A Fountain for Life; or A Pool of Death.”