

BUG CITY

Once, at a time when no one really seemed to care, there was a colony of bugs. These bugs were very special because they knew how to dig in a very unusual way. They would start at the ground and dig up!

DIG UP??? Yes, that was what was so unusual about them. They would start any old where and dig up. Straight up into the air. It was tricky balancing on next to nothing, and at first it was hard to dig holes that went straight instead of wobbly but after a while the digging got much easier and more and more of the bugs mastered the art of digging up into the air.

Soon they had created a great city in the air. The digging went quickly because once they mastered the art, it was easier than digging in the dirt because air was so much lighter and not nearly as messy. Also, they could see much more easily in the air than in the pitch-black dark below the ground.

The city thrived until one day several things happened at once. There came a large wind which whipped down the streets of the city. It was as if the whole town came awake all at once. The bugs got blown down the street bumping one against the other until most of the them had gathered on the down-wind side. The weight of the bugs was enough to unbalance the foundations of the whole city. At that very moment a big black bird was blown right past the city where all the bugs were assembled. They were in such a big fright that they scrambled up-wind in the direction away from the big black bird.

The wind blew so hard, it was difficult to move about in the city which was now tottering on a much-weakened foundation. The wind blew through the city and when the gusts reached above a certain power, the streets and buildings began to break away in large pieces. The bugs united and grabbed and held themselves close, one against the other, to form a wall of bugs in order to protect the town from the wind.

So powerful was the wind that when the bugs lined themselves up, the whole city was lifted like a kite without a string. Up it went above the trees.

The bugs acted quickly, but with confusion. They ran this way and that. The wind bucked and switched direction. Faster and faster went the bugs, protecting this or that part of the city. Finally, after one gigantic gust, they were left, spinning, in a vacuum, a vacant timeless spaceless space.

What a panic ensued, what a thrusting, twisted chaos! Melding in terror they touched a single point. All of them together in one point, one mind which absorbed their dizzy dyeing. The nightmare ended with this soft connection. The next and final burst of wind brought them to a hillside meadow where they landed with a thud.

The soft connection survived. The bugs were undivided. They moved as one transmitted thought across the meadow in the sun.