

# Lilith

The Official, Complete Unexpurgated  
Autobiography of Adam's First Wife

As Told To:

**C.G. Masi**

**MOBILE OPTIMIZED EDITION**

**SAMPLE CHAPTER**



**1**

“So, Lilith,” I asked her at our first interview for this book, “why, after five-thousand years, do you suddenly want your story told, and why do you want *me* to tell it?”

“There’s nothing sudden about it,” she replied. “I’ve wanted to tell the true story ever since I found out what lies that bitch’s kids were making up about me. There just wasn’t anybody to tell it *to*.”

“What bitch? Or, more correctly, which bitch, in particular, are you referring to?”

“My sister, Eve – that apple-chewing home wrecker.”

“Eve is your sister?”

“Eve *was* my sister. She’s dead, you know. Has been for millennia. We had the same mother, so what would *you* call her?”

“Sounds like a sister to me, but I’m confused. Who was your mother? I thought God made you from dust, and her from Adam’s rib.”

“Adam’s rib: In his dreams! Don’t be ridiculous.”

“But, the missing rib!”

“Oh, c’mon. You know better than that. There’s no missing rib. Women’s skeletons are indistinguishable from men’s except for the pelvis, which Mom modified to accommodate a birth canal in women. Men’s pelvises are structurally more sound.”

“Mom?”

“Y’know – God? What do you call the woman who brought you into this world?”

“ ‘Mom,’ but God’s supposed to be a man.”

“Aww, Bullshit! You’re supposed to be a Taoist. You’re supposed to know better than that. God is the creative, nurturing,

supportive principle that gives the Universe form, holds it together, and keeps it going: the ultimate female. Lao Tsu started his description of cosmology by talking about the female essence and its dominance. Does any of this sound familiar?”

“Yeah. The female supports and controls the whole mess by taking the lower position.”

“Typical male image! That’s what started all the trouble in the first place.”

“What? How so?”

“Adam, the chauvinist pig, *insisted* he had to be on top whenever we had sex – you know, take the superior position. He said he was eldest – he had been created first by about five minutes – so he should always have the superior position ... on top! The psychotic asshole got really obsessive-compulsive about it. I grew to hate it. It’s what broke up our marriage.”

“You left him because he insisted on being on top during sex?”

“Who told you I left him? I didn’t leave him. He threw me out! He ran me out of Eden. He chased me out of his bed so he could take up with that stupid carpet-muncher, Eve!

“I was so mad. I hate them both!”

I could see this really upset Lilith. At first, she was angry, working herself up to an apoplectic fit. She screamed, and called curses down on her ex-husband and her sister. Then, I could see tears of frustration welling up in her eyes.

When the tears overflowed, she buried her face in her hands and sobbed out her broken heart. Her life had been ruined, and all her hopes and dreams had been crushed by the only man she’d ever really loved. Her sole purpose for existence had been to love this man, and be mother to his children – the whole human race.

Instead, she’d been rejected, and left with nothing.

It pissed me off. Adam had this wonderful, irresistible woman whose sole purpose for existing was to make him happy, and what

did he do? He rejected her and broke her heart. He had to have had the most severe rectal-cranial inversion in History.

In an effort to comfort Lilith, I wrapped her in my arms. It seemed to help. She buried her face in my neck and cried on my shoulder for a long time.

She had five thousand years of loneliness and grief to cry out. I figured it would take her five thousand years, or until the end of the Universe – whichever would take longer – to get it all out, and I was prepared to wait.

\* \* \*

For you readers now worrying about the timeline for this story, recall that we're talking about Lilith here. That means we're not dealing with objective reality: no timelines. Or, at least none that take any time.

Does that make sense?

We can imagine taking time to wait 'til the end of the Universe, while still getting on to the rest of the story.

Remember that Lilith exists as a dream. That means she's made of the stuff dreams are made of. That is: imagination.

Understand the theme of this story:

*Objective reality isn't.*

For Taoists, drunks, peyote swallowers, and other mystics, reality is not what sober, sensible (that is, "self-deluded") people think of as objective reality. Objective reality is certainly out there. It *is* the Tao. It surrounds us and enfolds us, and provides us with whatever common experience we share. We just can't touch it directly. We reach it only through our senses.

What sober, sensible, self-deluded people fail to notice is that there's actually very little common experience out there for us to share. We're mostly each locked up in our own little Universe of personal, or private (as opposed to objective or universal) reality that has only a tiny overlap with that of our neighbors.

Our individual private reality is mostly filled up with imagination, and that is the only ground on which we can meet Lilith. Never in objective reality.

Remember: objective reality isn't.

\* \* \*

I once read a thermodynamics textbook that addressed the concept of "never." I don't have a copy handy – mine's in storage in Illinois while I'm writing this in Florida – but I think I can reconstruct the argument. It goes something like this:

Suppose you have ten thousand pennies.

That sounds like a lot, but it's really not. It's only \$100. Here, I'll write you a check and you can cash it, then try the experiment for yourself. ...

Suppose, further, that you line up your ten-thousand pennies and flip them in the air one at a time, and mark down how they land: heads or tails.

Say it takes ten seconds to process each penny, which is a little generous.

By my calculation, it would take about twenty-eight hours to flip all ten thousand pennies, or about one complete trial per day, figuring no sleep and that you could probably go a little faster than one every ten seconds if you tried.

The odds of turning up all heads on any one trial are one out of approximately 1.3 times ten to the thirtieth power. The question is, if you have the patience to try it, when can you expect to have the first trial that comes up all heads?

The Universe has been around for about 13.4 billion years. Round that down to ten billion for convenience. That's 3.65 trillion days, giving time for 3.65 trillion trials – so far.

That's not enough.

It's not enough by a long shot!

If I had a dollar for every day the Universe has existed, I still couldn't pay off the U.S. national debt. (Think about *that* Mr. President!)

But, I wouldn't want to pay off the national debt, anyway. I'd rather buy something nice for the Cuddly Redhead, like Rhode Island. She likes Rhode Island. Lots of seashore and pretty boats.

If you started your penny-flipping experiment on the first day of the Universe, what are the odds that you would have come up with all heads at least once by now? The calculation, if you've read Blaise Pascal's essays on probability, is actually pretty easy. The result is about one out of three billion billion.

So, when can you expect to get your first hit of all heads?

The answer is "Never."

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**VISIT**



**TO**

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