



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

As Told To:

**C.G. Masi**

*LiLiA*

# **Lilith**

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*For Bonnie*

*“It is absurd to divide people into good and bad. People are either charming or tedious.”*  
– *Oscar Wilde, Lady Windermere's Fan, 1892, Act I*

## Introduction

Yeah, I know, I've already used the Oscar Wilde quote that appears at the start of this book. In fact, I've used it a couple of times. My first novel, *Red*, and another, *Down the Rabbit Hole*, both use the same quote. It's a great quote. I've a copy of it, graced by a photo of an early-twentieth-century fan dancer in the Cuddly Redhead's kitchen, clamped onto the refrigerator door by, of all things, a refrigerator magnet. The only discordant note is that in the photo, the dancer clearly has on at least one stitch of clothing. To be true to Oscar's spirit, the photo should provide a surreptitious peek at a naked butt cheek, but somebody was too much of a pussy for that.

Oh, well.

I'm using the quote again because, although it fit the tenor of *Red*, and in fact the whole Red McKenna series, it fits here even better.

And, I've never run across an official rule in novel publishing that says you *can't* reuse a quote. Quotes are, after all, reused to begin with. "Un-re-used quote" is an oxymoron.

Besides, I don't give a shit.

If I gave a shit for rules, written, unwritten, or just made up on the spot, I probably would never have gotten the opportunity to ghostwrite this volume. If I gave a shit, I'd be just like all the other schmucks out there, and Lilith wouldn't have bothered with me beyond the teasing she delights in with all the billions of other males she toys with incessantly.

Unlike all the others, I've always cared about the girl inside Lilith. Everyone else seems to react to the seductress outside.

Not that I blame them. Lilith is an overwhelming personality. As a temptress, she is irresistible.

That word, "irresistable," doesn't fully express Lilith's charm, however, because it's been misapplied to

uncounted other creatures who fall short simply because they actually *can* be resisted. It may take a supreme effort of will, but it is a logical possibility.

Not so with Lilith.

When Lilith comes to you, you aren't even allowed to *want* to resist her. There are roughly ten billion cells in an adult male human body, and not one of them will entertain the idea of *not* succumbing to Lilith's advances. There are no circuits in the brain configured to resist her.

There's only one man in the history of the human species who has lifted a finger in protest to Lilith's advances, and that was very early on in her career. That one man was her ex-husband, Adam. The *dufus* had such a monumental rectal-cranial inversion that he actually *complained* that she was too much woman for him.

Therein lies the start of all the trouble.

Now, before I step back and let Lilith tell her story for herself. I'll use the rest of this introduction to set the stage by relating a few bits about how I met her and why, I think, she put me up to writing her story for her.

I first encountered Lilith when I was about twelve. She was a tall, thin black woman who smiled beguilingly. Her skin was the color of Hershey's dark chocolate. Her hair was as black as the proverbial cat in a coal mine. It had the Brillo-Pad kinkiness natural to her race and was cut short in the style conventional at the time – the middle of the twentieth century.

I remember feeling its soft crinkliness when she pressed it to my cheek. She moaned hungrily as she held me tight while guiding my hand over her naked belly and down between her thighs. Then, she showed me how to stimulate the sensitive places around her vaginal opening until ejaculate poured out over my hand.

Then, I woke up in a pool of my own semen.

You see, Lilith is a succubus. In fact, she is *the* succubus. She is the prototype after which our idea of a succubus is patterned. She is, literally, the mother of all the succubi that have delighted and tormented human

males since there were human males to torment.

What? You don't know what a succubus is? You think it somehow has something to do with sucking something? *Jeesh!* How can you be so ignorant? Buy a dictionary, fer goshsakes. And, *read th' dang thing!*

To keep the narrative going, I'll tell you what a succubus is, but look it up, anyway. Learn to be an educated person!

A succubus is a female ghost who appears in dreams to males who are horny enough to burst. She's Nature's way of telling you to go out and get laid. She's also Nature's way of providing a safety valve when you *can't* go out and get laid.

The word only *sounds* like it has something to do with sucking, and only to native speakers of English. It's actually derived from a Latin word for prostitute, and means, roughly "to lie under." So, piss on TV series written by ignoramuses!

I understand that women have an equivalent called an *incubus*. At least the Cuddly Redhead wakes up dripping now and then. She doesn't want to talk about it when it happens, but admits to having enjoyed an erotic dream immensely. But, that has nothing to do with this story. This is Lilith's story.

I knew when I woke up covered in rapidly coagulating sticky slime that there was something special about the woman in my dream. Yes, I knew it was a dream even before waking up. I always know it when I'm dreaming. I hear that some people get confused, but I never do.

The giant rattlesnake head with the grinning mouth and dripping fangs still scares the living shit out of me – especially when I feel it actually bite my neck – but I know it's a dream. I still wake up screaming, but I don't wake up thinking I'm going to die from the venomous bite. I wake up knowing that I never want to go to sleep again, and take a chance on reliving *that* nightmare!

Awakening from that dream is followed by my immediately resolving to take care of whatever responsibility it is that I've been ducking, because I know that the #\$\$%^&\* snake represents some call society has on me – whether



its paying bills that are months overdue, or turning in the grades for my PHY101 students that I've promised the Dean before Monday morning – which I feel guilty about. At no point, however, have I been under the illusion that anything in that dream was anything *but* a dream.

By the same token, I don't remember the last time I suffered under the illusion that what I saw, heard, smelled, felt, or tasted outside my body was anything but a *representation* of reality. I surmise that I must have once had that delusion because I clearly remember noticing for the first time: “Hey, none of this shit looks at all real!”

It happened one morning many decades ago on a transcontinental bus trip as I was watching Midwestern wheat fields flash past the bus's sealed window. I was sitting in the small lounge at the back of the bus after spending a delightful night chatting up that cute brunette stewardess. I still remember the electric jolt from putting my arm around her narrow waist as I helped her move some luggage, and kick myself for not taking her up on her invitation to drop off the bus for an unscheduled twenty-four hour layover in Joplin, Missouri. Circumstances at the time – that had nothing to do with her – would have landed me in jail if I had done it, but I keep thinking she would have been worth it.

Anyway, I was staring out of the window, and suddenly realized that none of it seemed at all real. Not the tall, golden hay flashing by; not the glass between me and the tall, golden hay; not the dinette table I was leaning on while looking through the glass at the tall, golden hay; not even the gorgeous creature who said she wanted to take me home for the night. None of it held the least illusion of reality. I remember thinking that was strange, and actually commenting on it to the brunette. I just don't remember what it had been like before that to think it actually *was* real – the illusion that provided contrast that gave rise to the comment.

Plato's allegory of the cave always made perfect sense to me. That's why I adopted Zen Buddhism in the first place. As soon as I found out buddhists also knew it was all bogus, I figured we were on the same team, philosophically speaking.

You don't know about Plato's Allegory of the Cave? You really are uneducated, aren't you!

I'm not going to explain it. Get a copy of the *Republic*, and read it. Think about it. Then read Descarte's

*Meditations I* and *Meditations II*. After you've done that, read the *Upanishads*. At that point, you'll be qualified to ask somebody smart about the nature of reality.

But, not me. If you're too stone-headed to figure it out for yourself, I won't bother talking to you.

Anyway, you don't need to fully understand reality to follow Lilith's story. Most of the people in her story wouldn't know reality from a hole in the wall, anyway.

Come to think of it, I don't know how reality is different from a hole in the wall, myself.

Maybe "How is reality different from a hole in the wall?" is some new cosmic riddle.

Like Lewis Carroll's, "How is a raven like a writing desk?"

By the way, the answer to that one is: "They're both not made of bauxite."

Besides, we're just about done with reality in this volume.

Where was I?

Reality.

No, *unreality*.

Yeah, okay.

I really knew that I'd entered the world of unreality when I woke up from an erotic dream starring an unbelievably beautiful black woman. I don't mean to imply that black women can't be beautiful. Many of them are, and I've met more than my fair share since. I just hadn't met any up to that point.

At that time, I'd spent my entire life growing up in a hick town in the hinterland of rural Massachusetts. It was the kind of a place where a ten-year-old boy could get home from school on Friday afternoon, then go out to play in the woods before supertime, and not come back until Sunday afternoon. I did it often. Huck Finn would have

been right at home.

There was a total of one black family in the entire town, and I'd never seen the mother, and didn't know if the boy I'd met, like twice, in school (he was in another grade in another school district) had a sister. I don't think I'd seen the father, either.

I later heard that the father ended up owning the pool of guacamole that was left after I'd rammed my first motorcycle into the side of an enormous 1960 Dodge Dart convertible, whose doors some maniac had reinforced with steel I-beams for no apparent reason. It was the first of a total of two – out of maybe a dozen I've owned – motorcycles I've managed to completely ruin in my career. I've got a pretty good average. Most of my motorcycles end up in better, or at least no-worse, shape than when I got them.

Come to think of it, both of those bikes originally came into my possession for the exactly same price: \$200. I doubt that fact has any universal significance, but there it is.

Anyway, I believe the father of that lone black family ended up with the motorcycle, but I never met him. By the time he showed up in the life of my motorcycle, I was off perpetrating other forms of ridiculousness along Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles, California, three-thousand miles away.

None of that, however, has anything to do with Lilith, either.

At the time of my pubescent dream starring an irresistible black woman, my entire view of black women came from the *Amos 'n' Andy* TV sitcom, which was a negrophobic piece of trash where the women resembled unmade beds. The unbelievable creature of my dream – think Halle Berry, but darker and more dominating – corresponded to no template I had ever experienced. I still don't know where that image came from. But, she was there. She was a manifestation of Lilith.

Lilith showed up again toward the end of high school. My girlfriend at the time was an extremely sexy – possibly nymphomaniac – brunette with skin the color of whole cream.

I won't divulge her name because I'm sure she's out there somewhere and it might be embarrassing. I'll just call

her “Slim.” She was so anorexically thin that her pubic arch felt like the edge of a board.

We didn’t actually get along very well on a personal level, but she was a fantastic “fuck buddy.” She had an amazing capacity for ejaculation. The back seat of my car was regularly awash in a sea of clam juice!

Later on, she turned born-again Baptist, and that was the end of that. It’s another score I have against born-again Baptists. That *does* have something to do with Lilith, but that’ll become clearer later.

Anyway, one day this delectable young lady and I curled up together on one of the narrow bunks aboard my father’s boat when we were, unaccountably, left alone. What kind of parents would leave a seventeen-year-old couple alone together on a boat?

After enjoying what we both liked to do whenever we were left alone, we both fell asleep. During that sleep, I was treated to (actually, I guess one would have to say “I treated myself to ...”) a multilevel dream within a dream. At the third level in, as things got amazingly surreal – even for me – the dream turned erotic and starred my bunkmate.

I figure that was Lilith, again, come to visit for old times’ sake. That impression was borne out by the fact that when we woke up there was ample evidence that Slim had enjoyed the sleep as much as I did. I count it as the closest thing possible with Lilith to a *menage a trois*.

I actually met a flesh-and-blood version of my Lilith-as-negress manifestation about a year later. Yes, she was everything I would have expected from the dream. After just a few minutes conversation, I was surprised to recognize the girl inside her as Lilith, and fell madly in love with her instantly.

She, however, wasn’t having any part of it. She very clearly liked me, too, but the taboo against mixed marriages at the time was too strong for her. She drew the line at heavy petting (*darn!*), and disappeared from my life after a few (too few!) weeks, leaving nothing but her memory and her name, which I appropriated for the baby my heroine, Red McKenna, carried throughout my novel *Silver Rivers*.

I like to think that on some level she was Lilith trying to make contact in a more substantial way. I imagine that,

on some transcendental level, the reason we never consummated the relationship was because you don't have sex with Lilith except in a dream.

Lilith no longer comes to me except in imagination. Lilith's *raison d'etre* is to get the rocks off of males who become badly sexually frustrated. The Cuddly Redhead prevents that happening to me these days. Even during that strange period when she entertained the bizarre notion that abstinence would make sex better, she never let it go far enough to call up Lilith.

I don't mind that at all.

Of course, imagination is the most appropriate place to visit with Lilith. If anything, today she *is* imagination. She is a thing of the spirit, and imagination is what spirits *are*.

Back to the opening Oscar-Wilde quote:

Clearly, people would like to place Lilith in either the good or bad camp. Those, like sailors, prison inmates, and desert rats camping out alone, who appreciate Lilith's visits for the relief they bring, would count her in the "good" camp. Those, such as monks and anyone else mistakenly living under vows of chastity, would like to push her permanently into the "bad" camp.

What Oscar Wilde enjoins us to do, however, is to forget all that stuff, and recognize that, whatever else she may be, Lilith is most emphatically *not* tedious!

## 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 her. 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 swallows, 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.”

**2**

“I’m getting a little confused,” I complained to Lilith, getting a little confused. “Your answers keep bringing up more questions than they answer.”

“You were trained as a scientist,” she pointed out, “you should be used to that.”

“Good point. Okay, let’s try again. Where to start?”

“Pick something,” she advised. “Anything.”

“Um, I dunno. You called your sister a ‘carpet muncher.’ Are you telling me Eve was a lesbian?”

“Not really. I was pissed, and wanted to say something mean. Eve had a lot of faults, but I don’t think lesbianism was among them.”

“I wouldn’t exactly class lesbianism as a ‘fault,’” I opined, guardedly. It’s not politically correct.

Not that I give a shit for political correctness any more than I give a shit about anything else the rule-makers come up with. I just get myself into enough trouble with what goes on between my own ears. I don’t need to get in Dutch for what other people think, including Lilith.

As far as I’m concerned, I see nothing wrong with somebody being a lesbian. I think it shows spectacularly good taste. If I were a woman, I’d be a lesbian, no doubt about *that!* It is one area where I have to agree with my first grade teacher, who I’m convinced *was* a lesbian – she spent the whole school year telling the class that boys were dirty and yukky. Girls are cute and cuddly, and boys have all the sex appeal of a concrete block. If Lilith wanted to class lesbianism as a fault, that was *her* problem, not mine. I’m just grateful for all the cute and cuddlies who, for some unaccountable reason, are sexually attracted to us concrete blocks.

It’s another example of how objective reality isn’t.

“Lesbianism would be a fault in a woman who was supposed to be mother of the entire human race,” Lilith pointed out. “It would kinda get in the way of her primary function, wouldn’t it? But that’s not really what I was referring to.”

“So, to what were you really referring?” I asked, glad to deflect the subject.

“I never understood it, but Eve liked the company of other women more than the company of men. If there was a bunch of women around, and a bunch of men, she’d hang out with the women.”

“That’s pretty common among women.”

“Yeah, all her daughters got it from her.”

“Oh.”

“Me, I’d hang out with the guys,” Lilith claimed. “I like guys. It’s not just sex, but I like being with them. I like looking at them. I like talking with them. I’m just happier when I’m around them than when I’m around women. I believe you have a complementary feeling, don’t you?”

“Yeah,” I admitted. “I used to think it was from always feeling in competition with other guys, but I now think it’s more than that. Women are more pleasant to look at. Somehow, they seem friendlier. It’s hard to put a finger on it.”

“They probably *are* friendlier to *you*. To me, they always seem a little bitchy, or maybe it’s ‘catty.’ It’s like they always have their favorite group, or club, and I’m not quite a member in good standing. It makes me always a little uncomfortable. I always felt more accepted among men.”

“Of course!” I pointed out, “You’re irresistible.”

“Anyway,” Lilith continued, ignoring my comment, “I think Eve’s liking to be with the girls ultimately stems from the fact that Mom made her so submissive to men.”

“I still have trouble with you calling God ‘Mom.’”

“Get over it,” Lilith ordered, then went on: “I think Eve’s problem was that whenever she was around men, she was always trying to figure out what they wanted, and then trying to do or say whatever she thought would please them. It must have been a hellova strain! With women, she could just be herself.”

“Why was she always trying to please men?”

“That’s how Mom made her. It’s what that asshole, Adam, wanted. He wanted me to be that way, too. When I was with him, he was always telling me what to do, what to think, how to act, what to wear, and so forth. Whenever I told him to shove it where the Sun don’t shine, he went ballistic.”

“Like, he’d bring home a haunch of caribou, and say: ‘Fry this up.’ Not even a ‘Please, honey.’ Just: ‘Fry it up.’”

“But, maybe we’d had fried caribou haunch three times already since the last Sabbath, and I’d spent all day digging roots and gathering vegetables to make a nice stew, so I’d say, ‘Wouldn’t you like some caribou stew instead?’”

“ ‘No!’ he’d yell. ‘If I’d wanted stew, I would have told you to make stew. I told you to fry it, so you fry it.’”

“Then he’d start slamming things around, and yelling about how he was the eldest, and how Mom had made *me* to help *him*, not the other way around. This went on until I couldn’t stand it anymore, and walked off. I’d make myself a green salad with a little leftover ham mixed in – a little balsamic vinaigrette dressing and some croutons – and leave him to fry his own damned caribou haunch. That was the origin of barbecue, by the way, and why it’s traditionally a guy thing.”

“He slammed things around?”

“Yeah, he even tried to hit me with a stick once, but I put a stop to that!”

“How?” I asked.

“Right uppercut to the jaw. When he came to, I told him I’d take a lot of shit from him, but if he ever tried to hit me again, I’d bash his head in with a rock. That made him think twice because he knew I’d do it. He was scared of me after that.”

“Actually, I was more scared. Mom had programmed me with an instinct for self preservation, but didn’t think to make me pull back when it involved Adam. If I was scared, I’d fight back with everything I had just to keep from getting hurt. It worked like a charm on saber-toothed tigers. After I’d ripped one open when it attacked me, and wore its skin around for a while as a jacket, the rest of ‘em left me alone.”

“I didn’t like it applying to Adam, though. He was a lot stronger than me, and I knew that he could crunch me up pretty badly with his bare hands, so I knew my self-preservation instinct would go into overkill mode if he tried it. As it was, I’d broken his jaw when he’d pulled out a stick. The stick was light and whippy, so it hurt a lot, but didn’t do much damage. But, we both knew that to protect myself if he picked up anything more substantial, I’d use deadly force before I thought about it. I was afraid that sometime I’d really get scared when we fought, and I’d kill him. It actually gave me nightmares for a while.”

“Is that where the legends about Amazons came from?” I interrupted.

“Partly. They weren’t just legends, but we’ll get to that later.”

“When she heard I’d broken Adam’s jaw, Mom was furious. That made me feel even worse. I’d injured the man I loved, and rightously pissed off my Mom.”

“Basically, everyone in the World was mad at me, including me. I couldn’t forgive myself, and didn’t know what to do. I cried for two days, then begged Mom for help. I told her the whole story, and explained how I’d hit him without thinking, and how I was scared that I’d kill him if he ever tried to beat me again. She said she was sorry for not putting in a fail-safe to keep me from killing him, and made me promise to stop fighting with him. It was her idea for me to walk out when I thought things were going too far.”

“Then, she had a long talk with him about my temper. I guess she really threw a scare into him. His jaw still

hurt like Hell from my breaking it, and she told him that was just a warning. She told him it would take six weeks for it to heal, and was going to hurt all that time to remind him not to hit me, and he'd remember it every time he thought about belting me. It worked because he never tried to hit me again, although a couple of times I could tell he thought about it, then changed his mind. And, he never tried to stop me, or chase me when I walked out. He'd just wait 'til I calmed down, then was really nice when I came back."

"I actually think it was a better solution than what she did to Eve."

"Please explain," I prompted.

"It was Adam's idea, and I don't think Mom much liked it, but she did it for him, anyway. She never could say 'no' to him."

"His idea was to make Eve meek. I think she ended up being too much of a pussy. Adam could walk all over her, and she'd say, 'Thank you, dear. I hope you enjoyed that. Do you want to try it again, only wearing your golf shoes?'"

"It worked for him, though. He thought it was great! He could say anything he wanted to her, and even beat the crap out of her without fear of reprisal. But, I thought she was *too* meek. You'd just about have to kill her before she'd fight back."

"Most of her daughters are just as bad. Some of the things they let men do to them are just ghastly. It's not just torture and mutilation, either. That stuff can more-or-less heal. I've watched men systematically humiliate and degrade Eve's daughters generation after generation, and they just smile and take it. They even make it a point of pride that they can take it. Considering how sadistic Adam and his sons could be, it's amazing so many women have lived long enough to have children."



**3**

“Once again, your answers just bring up more questions,” I complained.

“Once again,” Lilith responded, “you know what to do with questions: ask them.”

“Adam was a sadist?”

“Well, maybe not quite. Of course, some of his sons turned out to be sadistic, evil motherfuckers,” Lilith pointed out, “but I don’t think Adam was, himself, clinically a sadist, but he could be horribly cruel.”

“To be generous,” she said, “maybe he was just too callous and self-absorbed to see what he was doing to others. I know he didn’t really give a shit about me, except for what I could do for him. He rode roughshod over the girls like they weren’t human. His sons kept it up.”

“Hey, wait a minute,” I stopped her. “I know a lot of guys who pay attention to women’s feelings. We aren’t all neanderthals.”

“That’s true,” she admitted. “Things are getting a lot better. You, for example, really care how other people feel, and you’re perceptive enough to notice. That’s a pretty recent development that Mom and I have been working on.”

“Please explain.”

“I try to get boys when they’re young, and train them to enjoy making me – and by extension, women in general – happy. Mom has been working on the gene pool to make the strategy more effective.”

“We’re all programmed with empathy. Humans, I mean. Lots of animals have the ability to understand that other creatures have their own points of view. Some can even understand other animals’ emotional states. It’s especially useful for hunting animals to be able to gauge their prey’s emotional state. It helps to know whether your prey is just relaxed, browsing along without a care in the world, or whether they’re on high alert. It helps you

choose the most effective tactics in a situation.”

“The difference is Mom’s been programming humans to actually *care* how others feel. Humans actually feel bad when they see another creature being miserable. Other animals don’t actually give a shit, except as it applies to them. Those saber-toothed tigers never cared whether I was happy or sad, or whether I minded having my arms and legs chewed off. All they cared about was if I was pissed enough to shove a spear through their evil guts. Humans are different. They actually can feel sorry for their victims.”

“Of course,” she added, “it’s all a matter of education. If you tell a kid growing up that other animals don’t care, or – and I love this one when I hear it – that they don’t really feel it, the kid’ll grow up being callous and cruel without thinking about it.”

“I never felt that way,” I claimed.

“That’s one of the things I like about you,” she said. “You never listened to the shit your elders tried to fill your mind up with. You paid attention to what was actually going on around you, and thought for yourself. When you saw one of your classmates pull the wings off a fly, you thought: ‘That must hurt like Hell.’ When you saw the fly desperately trying to get away, you thought: ‘That fly’s scared to death. It doesn’t want to be torn apart.’ Then, when you saw it laying there, waving its legs in the air, you thought: ‘That poor fly will never be able to be a real fly, and do fly things any more for the rest of its life,’ and thought how awful that must feel. That’s why you always wanted to stop your friends from being cruel, and it made you sick when you couldn’t.”

“When that happened, I just wanted to end the poor thing’s suffering,” I said.

“But, your classmates tried to stop you killing it to put it out of its misery,” she recalled. “They just wanted to watch it suffer. How did that make you feel?”

“Like I didn’t want to be their friends, anymore.”

“Right. You just hadn’t been taught to be cruel,” Lilith explained.

“I think,” she continued, “that Adam and his sons came up with a lot of shit ideas, like that one about animals not having ‘souls,’ so they wouldn’t have to look into their eyes and see the misery they caused them. It was easier to pretend there was nothing there. It was easier than dealing with the guilt.”

We both sat in gloomy silence for a while, thinking about that.

I broke the mood by changing the subject: “What was that crack about God not being able to say ‘No’ to Adam?”

“If you think about all the crap that men have been able to get away with for millennia, especially relative to women, it should be obvious that Mom is a female deity who loves men to distraction, and will give them anything they want.”

“Such as,” I prompted.

“Such as dominion over her whole creation!” Lilith practically shouted. “You think cows, pigs and sheep *like* having men control their every movement, telling them where to go, what to eat, who to fuck? Look in their eyes. They *hate* it! They just know there isn’t a thing they can do about it. God gave men dominion over them, so they have to take it. The same goes for plants, and even inanimate objects like rocks and minerals. You think diamonds *want* to be chipped into funny shapes, then mounted in a piece of metal and hung around somebody’s neck? They were perfectly happy laying in the bottom of a riverbed, or being buried in the ground. Men go looking for them, then drag them out, and mutilate them with little hammers. It goes on and on.”

“I never thought of it that way,” I whined apologetically.

“Now,” she commanded, “you can start.”

“But men mostly want diamonds to give to women,” I countered.

“Yeah, women have wants, and needs, and desires, too, but Mom gave dominion over her creation to *men*, not women. If one of Eve’s daughters wants something, she has wheedle, whine, and cajole – and bribe, don’t forget

bribing – some man into getting it for her. Not many women have worked out how to get it for themselves. There’s always some man around to help. It’s disgusting!”

“You don’t seem very happy with your mother’s creation,” I observed.

“Well, it hasn’t worked out too well for me! Along the way, Adam has talked Mom into doing a lot of things even she thinks were daft, like making Eve such a pussy. And, she made a few mistakes on her own, which she admits to.”

“You mentioned her forgetting to put a fail-safe with regard to Adam into your self-preservation reflex. Were there others?”

“Sure,” Lilith replied. “For example, after you men pee, there are a few drops left in your urethras, which come out a little while later, getting all over your underpants – *design flaw!* And, what about your appendix? It never had any value. She changed her mind at some point while tinkering with the design for your large intestine, and didn’t erase the old stuff completely, so it got into the final design, but it’s totally bogus. The list goes on.”

“But it’s not little things like that which frost my ass. It’s the big things that she let Adam talk her into.”

“Like Eve being a pussy.”

“Yeah, like Eve being a pussy.”

“A major, major thing that Mom let Adam, and still lets the boys, get away with is organized religion. It gives them an excuse to behave truly extravagantly. They do it all the time. Whenever they decide to do something particularly heinous, it becomes ‘God’s Will,’ or ‘God’s Law.’ If Mom didn’t love ‘em so much, she’d never let ‘em get away with all that. She could put a stop to it, if she wanted to, you know.”

## 4

Changing the subject because I was getting bored listening to Lilith's tirade against all the things she didn't like about God's creation, I said: "You know, people who tell me how to write really interesting stories, talk about how important it is to put in lots of descriptions of people and places. Yet, we haven't said anything about what you look like. In fact, I don't really know what you originally looked like. I've seen different manifestations in different dreams, but I don't know if any of them bear any resemblance to what you actually look like. You know, *you*, the way God made you."

"Funny you should say that," Lilith answered. "You, in particular, have carried an imprint of my original image around all your life. It's that ideal woman you imagine. You're drawn to every woman who looks like her – me."

"You mean the tall, narrow woman with lots of red hair, freckles, and big tits."

"Bingo!"

"But, that's just an idealized image of my own mother – Katheryn Hepburn with more meat on the bones."

"Uh, huh."

"Personality like the girl in *The Philadelphia Story*."

"Yup."

"Likes to play like the girl in *Bringing Up Baby*."

"Mmm-hmm."

"Your telling me that the first woman ever looked like my *mother*?"

"Yes. That's why you and I have always gotten along so well. I remind you of your mother."

“How could that be?”

“She was one of my daughters. Almost pure bred.”

“You had daughters?”

“Oh, for Chrissake. Adam and I broke up during a fight over having sex. What do you think happens when a couple has sex three or four times a day without using birth control? She gets knocked up – guaranteed!”

“But?”

“Remember those Amazons you were asking about?”

“Daughters?”

“The classic Amazons were tall, athletic redheads with type-T personalities.”

“Type-T?”

“Thrill-seeker. *My* girls all like excitement, adventure and really wild things.”

“Like Zaphod Beeblebrox in *The Hitchiker’s Guide to the Galaxy*?”

“More to the point, like his girlfriend, Trillian.”

“The lady astrophysicist who took off with a two-headed alien she met at a cocktail party so she could avoid the dole queue on Monday?”

“The very one.”

“I always liked her. She was the only character in the book with her head screwed on straight.”

“That’s my point. You like smart women with *cojones*.”

“Like my mother.”

“Who got it from me.”

“So,” I surmised, “the Amazons were your daughters by Adam? They’re not in the Bible.”

“The Bible was edited by Adam’s sons – his sons by Eve.”

“Didn’t you have any sons?”

“Some, but mostly girls. Adam and I weren’t really together very long. I pumped out a few kids – who did pretty well, by the way. Mine didn’t punch out rugrats the way Eve’s did, but they took better care of the ones they had. All in all, there are a lot of mine floating around out there.”

“Nobody talks about them, or at least says anything complimentary,” I pointed out.

“Remember about the ‘Type T’ personalities? *My* kids were all out looking for excitement, adventure, and really wild things, while Eve’s were sitting around in meetings debating what lies to tell in the History books. When making up the stories, they conveniently forgot where the adventurers came from.”

“So, we’re really not all descended from Eve,” I hazarded.

“That’s not true, either. All of you are pretty much mixtures. That redhead you’re so fond of cuddling up with got a lot from me, but she also carries around a lot of baggage she got from Eve.”

I decided I didn’t want to go off in that direction.

“Okay,” I said, trying to get the interview back under control, “Let’s get back to your story. God, your Mom, created Adam out of the dust of the Earth, then you out of the same stuff. Then what happened?”

“You have to remember,” Lilith warned, “that Mom designed me specifically for two jobs: First, I was, to put it bluntly, supposed to fuck Adam’s brains out. Then I was supposed to take care of the resulting babies so he could run off killing animals to feed us.”

“To ensure the former, she gave me libido to spare. I just *love* having sex.”

“Nymphomania?”

“Not far off. It’s a tossup between making the babies, and playing with them as they grow up. Let’s just say that I like sex a lot. Fucking is my favorite recreational sport. I still do it whenever I find a partner. Like right now. ...”

“What do you mean, ‘Like right now?’” I asked, becoming alarmed. “Oh, no!” I added, as her form began to seem more substantial and moved closer.

Now, I’ve been married to the Cuddly Redhead for over forty years, and in all that time I’ve never actually pulled off a roll in the hay with any of those other redheads (or blondes, or brunettes) who volunteered. I always managed to screw it up, even when I wanted, consciously, to see it through. Probably, I subconsciously didn’t want to.

But, this is Lilith, not just any old hot chick. If she wants you to blow a load in, on, or anywhere near her, you’re gonna do it. Your going to do it enthusiastically, and you’re gonna like it.

As Lilith drew closer – it’s amazing how close you can get to a succubus – little things like space, time, gravity, and personal identity became non-issues.

No up or down, so there was no question of “on top.” It was all about “with.”

That’s as it should be.

Quickly, the rest of the Universe, as insubstantial as it is anyway, melted away completely, leaving me alone with Lilith. Even her outward form dissolved into the sensation of essential femaleness. Kinesthesia – the inner sense of one’s own body – morphed into the sensation of our bodies intertwined. Touch became erotic excitement at the interface connecting us. There was no past, no future, and nothing else of the Universe, but the overwhelming explosion of our union.

“Mmmm,” the Cuddly Redhead hummed into my lips, “That was nice.”



“Better get a mop,” she added, smearing the greasy semen around on her mound of Venus, then pushing it together into a glob, which she spread over her clit and into her vagina.

She didn’t ask what the dream was that caused me to ejaculate between our bellies pressed together, and I didn’t tell.

## 5

“So, it seems like you don’t think much of your Mom’s handiwork,” I suggested the next time Lilith and I got together. It was beginning to seem like each of these interview sessions ended up being cut short by me waking up in a pool of semen. That’s probably the way it should be when dealing with Lilith, and, perhaps, inevitable in this best of all possible worlds.

You doubt that this is the best of all possible worlds?

*Thoughtfully* read Voltaire’s *Candide*, and get back to me on that. We’ll compare notes after you’ve sampled a few other possible worlds as well. Maybe you will have found one you like better. For now, I’ll make do with this one.

Don’t bother me with any of that “parallel universe” crap, either. There’s only one Universe. If you want to hypothesize parallel timelines, and alternative realities separated along them, have at it. They’d just be features swirled into the mix of the one Universe. If you want to call them separate *realities*, you’ll get no argument from me. Logically, there’s only one Universe, though. It’s what the “uni-” part of the word means, and it is the only Universe that contains any sort of Objective Reality.

Remember: Objective Reality isn’t.

So, Lilith and I conducted our interview in subjective reality. It’s where I’m most comfortable, anyway. Think of it as my office. It’s filled with the things I work with on a day-to-day basis, and a few things I’m familiar enough with to think that I somehow, on some level, understand.

Such as that sound. It’s a repetitive sound I’ve heard often from ball or roller bearings that have been operating for a very long time, but are expected to keep operating for another very long time stretching off into the unspecified future. It’s a sound that I’ve learned to associate with that thing I hear folks call a “ceiling fan.” When I hear that sound, and look off in the direction it seems to be coming from, I see this flashing blur that I associate

with the aural symbol “ceiling fan.”

The blur takes on an oval shape that experience has led me to associate with a disk-shaped circular thing foreshortened by being seen at an approximately forty-five-degree angle (pi-over-four radians for those so inclined to think in those terms) to its symmetry axis. Different parts flash at different times, but in a regular sequence at a common repetition rate. The ones near my viewing plane flash brightly, while those to the left and right are darker. Through decades of observation of this and similar phenomena, I interpret this vision as a number of flat objects I like to call “blades” spinning around a center axis.

I’ve noticed that when my ears report hearing that sound, the “blades” invariably are flashing. I notice that if I toggle that little switch on the wall to a downward position, the noise stops, and sometime later the flashing slows and finally stops as well. At that point, the cooling breeze near that table over there slows to a stop, too. If I then toggle the switch back up, the noise, flashing and breeze start back up again.

I’ve no idea what this means in terms of objective reality, but it’s a regular phenomenon in subjective reality that I’ve come to expect. I’ve found it to be pretty reliable.

Sober, sensible, self-deluded people seem to think this proves something about Objective Reality. I’m willing to grant that they might be right that it proves *something* about Objective Reality, but I’ve no clue what that might be.

The few times the Universe has not behaved exactly this way have been accompanied by disgusted noises from the Cuddly Redhead complaining of what she calls a “power failure.” I don’t like that because she seems to want me to interrupt whatever I’m doing, and do something to return the Universe to normalcy. “Normalcy” is not usually something I’m prepared to deal with.

Returning the Universe to normalcy typically involves lengthy telephone discussions initiated via pushing buttons marked with a magic code that theoretically connects me with an entity called “the utility company,” followed by a lengthy period of “waiting.” Sometimes, it involves a confusing and angst-ridden ritual called “paying the bill.”

Anyway, that's all part of subjective reality, which is where I live and work. It's also the only place Lilith ever goes. Never is she to be found in objective reality.

Recall our discussion of "Never."

I'm there in subjective reality, and Lilith's there, too, so it seems like a fitting and proper place for us to conduct our interviews.

"Not true!" Lilith responded to my comment about her complaints about her Mom's work. "I generally like her creation, and try to be happy in it. She got an awful lot of things right, and did 'em on the first try. That's actually pretty impressive on an engineering-design level. I just get hung up on the few things that don't work."

"I can't help noticing," I said in an attempt to prize some actual information out of her, "that *you* still work. Everyone else in your immediate family – siblings, ex-husband, children – ceased functioning on any meaningful level a very long time ago. How's that work?"

"I still have work to do," she responded. "As long as there are horny men around who, for one reason or another don't have access to someone else who will help them get their rocks off, I'm needed. As long as I'm needed, I'll be here, doing my thing."

"The rest of them," Lilith continued, "completed their jobs – fulfilled their functions in the Universe – and disappeared long ago. My business is still booming!"

"I thought you were meant specifically to love Adam and be mother to his children."

"Yeah, well, that was the original plan, but it didn't work out too well. Adam didn't like me."

"You aren't going to start bawling again," I said, concerned that she was going to start misting up on me. I'd already had one wait 'til the end of the Universe, and thought that having another would get tedious. I like the charming Lilith, and didn't want her to morph into one who was tedious.

"No," she assured me, "I'm okay. I've gotten over it. I've found another purpose that keeps me going."

“How’d that work? Tell me the story.”

“Adam and I had issues right from the start,” she explained. “He wanted to run everything, like *he* was God, not Mom. He was full of all these plans for *everything* and when I had other ideas, he wouldn’t listen. I wanted it to be a collaboration, and I thought that was what Mom wanted, too. In fact, I think she was pretty disappointed with his attitude. In fact, I think it was her biggest mistake in the whole Creation. He was just too bossy. He had to run everything. His kids are no better.”

“Most of the animals just ignored the Hell out of him. A saber-tooth cat, for example, weighing half a ton, with six-inch fangs and fingernails that could open a beer can without pulling the tab, wasn’t going to take any bullying around. Birds just flew off when he started giving them shit. Most of the others would just try to slink away whenever he showed up.”

“Plants have always had it tough because they couldn’t run away, but there are so many of them that he couldn’t control them all. Their strategy is passive-aggressive. If you want to control a plant, you have to work at it hard all the time.”

“Suppose you want to plant tomatoes, for example. Adam wanted to plant tomatoes all over *there*, and didn’t want any other plants to live there at the same time. To do that, he’d have to yank all the other plants out by the roots, then fluff up the soil to make it easier for the tomato plants’ roots. Then, he’d have to plant the tomatoes. Being Adam, he’d want ‘em all growing in neat little rows, and so forth.”

“The plants, however, had different ideas. Other plants saw that nice fluffed-up soil, and wanted to go live there. So, they’d just move in. Every day Adam’d have to go yank ‘em out again. Next day, a new bunch would have moved in. It was a constant battle. If Adam hadn’t been so pig headed, they all could have gotten along and lived together.”

“Yeah,” I agreed. “The first time I planted a vegetable garden, I got lazy. I cleared the soil just like you describe Adam doing, and planted the tomato plants. But, then I just went away. I came back a few weeks later, and there were a bunch of big, beautiful tomatos hanging from branches of big, beautiful tomato plants – surrounded by a

flock of other plants who'd just moved in. They didn't bother the tomatoes, and I didn't bother them. Everyone was happy, and the Cuddly Redhead started canning her own spaghetti sauce, which lasted most of a year."

"That's the way I thought we should do it," Lilith agreed. "But, No! Mister 'I'm the Master of the Universe' had to have it his own way. Tomatoes go there. Corn goes there. Grasses go there."

"That's not how Mom wanted things organized. She likes stuff all mixed up so that nothing gets to take over. It's healthier that way. If everything is all corn, then corn borers have a field day! Restrict hundreds of acres to just cotton plants, and you get boll weevils. The natural order, on the other hand, is disorder. The Universe is a chaotic place for a reason, but Adam wouldn't listen. He had to be anal about it, which is why I called him an asshole."

"Anyway, most of Creation used one strategy or another to avoid being dominated by Adam. The only two ideas I know of that actually worked were the passive-aggressive used by most plants, and just making oneself scarce, which is what most animals did."

"Animals who tried to be aggressive, like the saber-toothed cats, wolves, and so forth didn't last long. Humans are the most dangerous animals on Earth. If you start trying to get tough with *us* we'll make you extinct in no time! *Huge* numbers of species have found that out the hard way. The only creatures who've made that strategy work are microbes. *They* hunt *us*!"

"None of those strategies would work for me, though. I loved my husband and couldn't stay away. I couldn't just knuckle under to him because Mom didn't make me that way. I'd have been miserable. I'm not a dog, or a cat, or a cow. I have my own ideas and my own creativity. I couldn't stand being just a slave."

"So, I tried to stand up to him."

**6**

“I could see where he was screwing up Mom’s creation,” Lilith claimed. “I knew how she meant it to work. Not everything, but enough to see that what Adam had in mind would wreck things. He wanted to reorder everything in some highly organized hierarchical fashion with him at the top. No randomness. No spontaneity. No room for anything outside of his plan. No room for chaos and growth.”

“I wanted to cooperate with Mom’s creation, not dominate it, so if I thought to do something, I would spend time trying to understand the systems I was messing with before doing any messing. I asked Mom how it was supposed to work, and what would happen if I made the change I thought to make. I worried about unintended consequences. There are a whole lot of things I’d have wanted to do, but didn’t because I found out what a mess they would have made.”

“Adam didn’t do that. He wanted what he wanted, and tried to bully his way through to get it.”

“Of course, he didn’t want to listen when I tried to tell him to do things differently. It was the real source of our trouble.”

“He’d come up with some cockamamy scheme, and try to get me to help. A lot of times I agreed with what he wanted to accomplish, but wanted him to be a little smarter about the means he tried to use.”

“For example, one time he came up with this hare-brained scheme for capturing an elephant. Elephants were great big things – even bigger than you have today. One good elephant could feed the whole family for a month. We’d take the whole thing apart, dry most of the meat, use the bones and sinews for all kinds of stuff, like tools and building material. I’d always wanted some nice carved-elephant-tusk jewelry.”

“But elephants were dangerous to bring down. The damn things weighed tons, and could squash us like bugs. They were smart enough to know what we had in mind for them, too. And, they objected. They didn’t want their teeth made into jewelry to be hung around my scrawny neck.”

“They also held grudges. You kill a baby elephant’s mother, and he’ll remember it. He won’t do anything right then because he sees you standing there with a spear ready to ram up his ass. When he grows up, however, he’ll come gunning for you. Ten years later, you’ll be walking down the path minding your own business, and he’ll jump out and stomp your ass for you.”

“I, for one, thought elephants would make better friends than enemies, and I said so. They were big, and strong, and would work for peanuts. If you have an elephant for a friend, you don’t need to invent a forklift!”

“But, no! Adam had this whacko idea to have me and the kids start a whole bunch of brush fires all around a whole herd of elephants. Of course, he’d just stand around to direct everything. You-know-who’d get the job of rubbing sticks together to make the fire in the first place! Then all the kids would run around with burning branches to spread the fire.”

“It’d scare shit out of the elephants. They’d stampede away from the fires, and fall over a cliff. Then we’d climb down, pick out the biggest, and take him apart to do with as we wanted.”

“I didn’t want any part of that scheme. Sure, I like elephant steak as well as the next girl. Sure, I wanted elephant-tusk jewelry. Sure, their rib cages would make a great fence for the garden (where Adam had made all the tomato plants stand in neat little rows where they felt stupid and exposed). But, would it be worth trashing a whole family of elephants, not to mention starting a fire that would ruin hundreds of acres of savannah? I figured half the kids would get roasted as well. I wouldn’t go along with it, and forbade the kids from participating.”

“In the end, he got a bunch of the boys to disobey me, and together they went off to kill elephants. There weren’t enough to make the brushfire scheme work, so they surrounded one mother who didn’t want to leave her baby, and stabbed her to death with spears. She managed to crush Burach before they finally got her. So, the roast-elephant dinner got to be a funeral feast in his honor.”

“Ten years later, the baby grew up and stomped three of the kids before we had to put it down.”

“Shit like that was going on all of the time,” Lilith lamented. “It was always one dumbass scheme after



another.”

“I tried complaining to Mom,” she recalled, “but she spoiled Adam rotten. It was always, ‘He’s trying so hard;’ and ‘It wasn’t his fault.’ She invented that stupid ‘Boys will be boys’ saying just for him. I cried myself to sleep over what happened with some of the shit he pulled.”

“For some reason, though, it all came to a head over sex. As clever as he could be coming up with innovative ways to mess with Creation, he was stone-headed about sex. There was only one way he wanted to do it: me on my back with legs spread while he did push-ups in my vagina.”

“Okay, it tickles all the right places, and it’s very convenient for kissing and cuddling while doing it, but *every frigging time?*”

“I started looking for different ways to do it. I saw other creatures doing it facing the same way – you know, the female on all fours with the male mounting her from behind – and wanted to try that. He just got all huffy and said we were more advanced creatures, and shouldn’t stoop to doing like animals. He was always big on how we weren’t animals, and how acting like them was shameful. What, did he want to be a plant or a rock? I argued that the very definition of the word ‘animal’ was a creature that could move itself from place to place at will, so by definition we were animals.

He didn’t like that at all! He wouldn’t hear of doing anything he saw animals doing if he could help it. He saw bears shitting in the woods, and so was so embarrassed that he hid when he had to do it, himself. If he could have figured a way to shit through his ears instead of his ass, he would have done it.”

“He saw animals playing with themselves and each other just for fun, so he wouldn’t hear of doing it any way that didn’t make babies. He thought coming on my tits or in my navel was a waste of sperm – as if he couldn’t just make more. Didn’t want to do fallatio, even though he knew we both enjoyed it. Wouldn’t perform cunnilingus at all.”

“Mom had put in some erogenous nerve endings to make anal sex fun, just for a change of pace and for when

we didn't want to make more babies, but he thought that was horrible. He had this abhorrence of anything to do with pissing or shitting.”

“I can understand why,” she went on. “It's messy and breeds disease if you leave it around to rot, but he was really nutty about it. The time I suggested trying anal was the closest he came to beating me, again.”

“Of course, he didn't want anything to go in my vagina other than his dick, as if it was his vagina, not mine. He knew I liked to experiment, and I think he was always afraid I'd find something I liked more than him. He went ballistic when he saw me playing with my fingers, or vegetables, or anything like that. He acted as if I was actually doing something to hurt *him*.”

“For a while, he went on this kick fantasizing that I wanted to do it with other animals. He accused me of having sex with everything from the tame wolf to the elephants. He even imagined that was why I wanted elephants to be our friends! I couldn't convince him of how useful elephants could be helping us move stuff, and how gentle and affectionate they could be if you didn't try to poke them with spears. I don't know how he thought I could get an elephant penis into my vagina, but he imagined that I'd want to try.”

“As time went on, we fought more and more. It got so that we couldn't talk to each other in a civil way. We barely managed to have sex, and that was only because Mom had wired us up so that if we didn't get enough sex, we'd get obsessed with it.”

“One day, when we hadn't said two words to each other for a week, he got so horny he just had to get off. With all his rules about what was okay and what wasn't, he'd painted himself into a corner. He was so horny he had to do *something*, but the only thing his rules would allow was coming in my vagina, and doing it in his favorite position – again.”

“I wasn't as horny because I hadn't bothered to obey his rules. I didn't want to get any of the other creatures into trouble by having sex with them, but I'd already had a good time that morning with this funny-shaped gourd. I figured the gourd – being nothing but a ripe seed pod – could stand anything he did to it. The most likely way for him to vent on the gourd was to smash it, which would just scatter its seeds, which is what it wanted, anyway.”

“The gourd had this long, curvy place where it attached to the stem. If I broke off the stem really short so it wouldn’t scratch ...”

“Anyway, I’d had a fresh orgasm – or four – so I didn’t care. If he had to get his rocks off, he’d have to do it on my terms.”

“I told him I wanted to be on top. I was going to sit on him with my feet on either side, and grind my pussy down really hard. I’d see just how far that erection could reach in there. Compare *that* to the elephant!”

“He decided to be stubborn, however. When I dug my heels in, and wouldn’t let him have his way, he blew his top. He accused me of all kinds of things, many of which were disgusting, and not a few that were impossible (by that time, I’d already tried them) and chased me away. Right out of the Garden, and half way up the mountain.”

“In the past,” she continued, “when he chased me half way up the mountain, I’d always sat down and had a good cry. Then, I’d start missing him – remember I tend to be horny as a hop toad – and I’d think about how cute he was in a loin cloth. Then, I’d think about how good it felt to have his muscular arms around me, and how his chest hair felt against my nipples. Then, I’d worry about what might happen to my babies without me. Who would take care of them? And, I’d become miserable and sorrowful, and want to slink back and tell him I was sorry. Then, I’d let him have his way one more time.”

“Not that time, though?” I surmised.

“I was pissed off about his always wanting everything his way, and couldn’t bring myself to go back. I thought about his muscles and his chest hair, and saw them as bribes to make me do what he wanted. I thought about the kids, and realized they could take care of themselves. After all, some of them were big enough to have made their own saber-toothed-tiger jackets. The older ones would take care of the younger ones.”

“I started getting mad all over again, and decided not to go back.”

“Fuck him! The egotistical, self-centered sonofabitch could just go hang. He didn’t want to have sex in any way that didn’t make babies, and he didn’t want to try anything new. See how long he lasts without me before he learns

to masturbate!”

## 7

“Instead of going back, I went the rest of the way up the mountain,” Lilith went on with her story.

“Now,” she explained, “it wasn’t really just one lone mountain sticking up out of the plain. It was a whole range of mountains flanking one side of Eden, with the ocean on the other.”

“Eden started at the ocean with a beautiful beach. I loved that beach! There were miles of golden sand with waves breaking offshore. We used to spend days skinny dipping in the surf out there. There’s nothing like body surfing naked. When you catch a big wave, and you feel the rushing water picking you up under your belly, and rushing forward under your breasts ... *whoo-wee!*”

“Anyway,” she continued, “back from the beach were some low dunes that gave way to a broad savannah. Behind that was the jungle, which climbed part way up the side of the mountain range. Near the top, where you started getting passes that would lead you down the other side to the desert beyond, you’d get clouds forming against the mountains and spilling across through the passes.”

“Warm, moist air rising on breezes coming in over the water,” I interrupted, giving in to an urge to show off the little I knew about meteorology, “pushes up the side of the mountain, so it cools by adiabatic decompression and dumps its water on the ocean-side of the mountain range, leaving nothing but dry air for the desert. It sounds like what happens with the San Bernadinos in California. I’ve seen the clouds spilling over while I was coming westward out of the Mojave Desert. It’s spectacular: mile-high mountains holding back a mile-high cloud bank spilling over them.”

“Exactly,” Lilith said, eager to continue her story. It was, after all, what we were there for.

“Except,” she corrected, “the peaks of Eden’s mountains reached up above the clouds into spectacularly clear blue air.”

“Why is the sky blue?” Lilith suddenly asked. She’d realized that she had access to a trained physicist who might actually know the answer to her question.

“Rayleigh scattering,” I responded, knowing the answer to her question. “Air molecules are just big enough to start interacting with the short-wavelength blue photons in sunlight. Blue photons have a small, but significant, chance of being scattered on their way through the atmosphere. Those with longer wavelengths in the green, yellow, orange, and red parts of the spectrum just shoulder past without being deflected, or at least not as much. So, direct sunlight is slightly reddened, but if you look to one side, you see only the blue photons reflected from the air over there. Basically, air has a very pale blue color. With hundreds of miles of the stuff along your line of sight, it looks definitely blue.”

“And, clouds are white because ...”

“Water drops in clouds are great whacking big things that scatter all photons, which mix together to make white.”

“Oh,” she said stopping momentarily with a look of wonder on her face.

“Anyway,” she said, getting back to her story, “instead of going back down to Eden, I climbed all the way up, through the clouds to the clear air up above.”

“Now,” she cautioned, “insides of clouds are nothing like people would imagine from looking at them from ground level.”

“I know,” I interrupted her, “I’ve flown a light plane through a cloud.”

“Even that doesn’t prepare you for walking through a cloud on the side of a mountain. It’s stygean. It’s dark, and its cold, and you can’t see more than a few feet. Imagine Hell, but instead of orange and red fire, you have gray and black. Instead of searing heat, you have damp and cold. Bone chilling cold.”

“Then,” she continued, you rise out of clammy, dank vapor into glorious sunshine. It’s still cold, because you’re

up high, but it's the piercing cold of a bright day in January. All around you it's still cold, but wherever the Sun hits you, you feel toasty warm. The farther you climb out of the cloud, the brighter and warmer the sunshine is, and the colder the air is. But, it's a dry cold. It doesn't seep in and chill you throughout the way damp cold does. Even a little insulation, like a heavy shirt, is enough to keep your insides warm, even when your exposed skin feels like it's touched by ice."

"Of course, the sky is spectacular. There are still towers of billowing cloud overhead, and sometimes you can see curtains of rain or snow slashing down between clouds, and from the clouds to Earth."

"And then, there are rainbows! Not just one, but rainbows within rainbows circling a spot opposite the Sun. Then, sometimes you can see your shadow on the clouds below, surrounded by a halo of golden light."

"Yeah, the 'glory'," I said "Formed by specular reflection of the sunlight coming from directly behind you to reflect off the surfaces of cloud droplets. We see that from airplanes, too."

"Well for someone who's never studied the physics of light, it's pretty impressive."

"It's still impressive if you've studied the physics of light, too. Just because you can describe how it works, doesn't stop it from looking spectacularly beautiful."

"A lot of non-technical people," I elaborated, "like to imagine that knowing how something works would take the magic out of it, but that's not so. Knowing how something works just gives you a deeper appreciation for it. In fact, it makes it possible for you to notice wonderful things that non-technical people never see."

"So, how come when we point out some beautiful thing, technical people often just pooh-pooh it and seem bored?"

"It's just because they're excited about something even more wonderful behind it, that you completely missed."

"So," Lilith whined, "you're saying that the world seems even *more* magical to people who know how it works?"

“Exactly.”

“That’s disappointing! We non-technicals kinda hoped there was a compensation for not understanding it. That’s not fair.”

“Did your Mom ever tell you life was going to be fair? I never got any contract that said life was going to be fair. It’s all part of living in a chaotic Universe. If you have more, that gives you more resources to use to get even more. The rich get richer and the poor get kids.”

“That’s true,” she acknowledged, “Mom’s pointed out many times that life isn’t fair. She said she’d never intended it to be fair. In fact, that ‘being fair’ stuff was all one of Adam’s ideas. He was always talking about wanting everything to be fair. Unfortunately, he always wanted stuff to be fair for *him*. It didn’t bother him at all when what he did wasn’t fair to someone else!”

“I’ve noticed that about people who talk a lot about things being fair,” I observed. “If someone says something about being fair, there’s usually some kind of selfish motive behind it.”



## 8

“Anyway,” Lilith went back to her story, “when I got out above the clouds, it was all fantastically beautiful.”

“Even more beautiful than Eden?” I asked.

“I thought so at the time, but later, after I’d lived there for a while, I realized it was just a different kind of beauty. I ended up missing a lot of the stuff we had down below.”

“Such as ... ?” I prompted.

“Such as lakes, and trees, and beaches. I loved that beach! And other animals. A lot of animals just can’t go up there. Like elephants. It’s a terrible place for elephants.”

“Yeah, Hannibal had a hellova time taking elephants through the Alps!”

“Exactly. As beautiful as it is, there’s not really very much up there. The only animals that really like living really high up there are eagles, and they commute down the mountain every day to go to work.”

“But, you said you lived there for a while.”

“At first, I just wandered around looking at the clouds, and listening to the wind. Then, I started to get hungry, and began looking around for something to eat.”

“Pretty soon, I heard music. It was beautiful music, with people singing accompanied by all kinds of musical instruments. I followed the sound, figuring that so many people who sounded so happy would have something to eat.”

“Pretty soon, I came to a flattish area that was carpeted by moss. In the middle were a whole bunch of angels sitting around just having a great time.”

“Angels are the hippies of the supernatural world,” Lilith explained. “They don’t actually *do* much of anything. They just sit around grooving on how wonderful everything is. They share everything, so if they need something, the next angel over just *gives* it to them.”

“They don’t see things quite the same way we do. Colors seem brighter to them. Music seems more beautiful. Sensations in general seem more sensational. I’ve seen an angel sit in a meadow for hours, giggling while watching a flower grow. It’s like they’re stoned on something twenty-four-seven! Basically, they live in a psychedelic dream world.”

“Anyway,” Lilith continued, “I came upon this band of angels just sitting around on a moss-covered hillside. Some were sitting alone humming, or singing, or reading, or just staring with a shit-eating grin on their faces. Others were in groups of two or more, having conversations, or playing instruments together, or just smiling at each other. There were a lot of them making out with each other. Being perpetually horny myself, I liked that.”

“I was not, however, horny at that time. I was hungry, and starting to feel a little bit cold.”

“I was dressed for Summer weather in Eden, thousands of feet below. Luckily, Adam had started this kick about covering our bodies so he wouldn’t be tempted to break any of his rules about when and how we could have sex. That meant I had been wearing a long robe when I left, which helped keep me a little warmer when I came up the mountain. Otherwise, I would have been driven back down by the cold, and would never have gotten up that high.”

“I hid in the rocks beyond the clearing,” Lilith related, “feeling shy about being the only human there. I felt totally out of place, even though none of the angels bothered me at all.”

“Every once in a while, one would notice me. Instead of acting like I was intruding or spying on them, he or she would smile in a friendly manner, as if glad I’d come for a visit. After seeing this reaction a few times, I began to feel more welcome. Eventually, I plucked up courage to break cover and walk down among them. I was hoping to ask for some food.”

“I walked in among the groups, not knowing what to say, and afraid they’d send me away. Then one angel

caught my eye, smiled and patted to a vacant spot on the moss next to him. I realized he was inviting me to join the group.”

“I sat down, cross-legged, on the spot he’d indicated, and found that not only did the moss feel thick and luxurious, but there was even a little depression just ahead of where I put my bottom, where I could put my feet to be just that little bit more comfortable.”

“As soon as I was settled on the moss, a girl angel sitting next to my spot on the other side from the angel who’d invited me handed me a jug full of liquid. It was clear and cold, and had a sweet, fruity taste. Gratefully, I gulped down great swallows because I suddenly realized that I had a raging thirst.”

“After quenching my thirst, I made to pass the jug back to her, but she motioned that I should just pass it on to the next angel, so I did.”

“He smiled, and handed me an egg-salad sandwich as I passed him the jug.”

“Not sure whether to eat it, or pass it on (I noticed that angels all around the group were passing things along from hand to hand to each other), I looked to the girl who’d passed me the jug. She already had food in her hands, and was chewing something, contentedly. She smiled when she saw me look.”

“So, I ate my egg-salad sandwich.”

“I love egg-salad sandwiches!” she added.

“While I ate, I listened to the angels talking with each other. Mostly, one would address the group while everyone else listened attentively. I couldn’t see how they decided who was to speak, or when. One would start speaking, and the rest would turn their attention to him or her. When that angel had said what they had to say, they’d just stop. Then, maybe another would start speaking, or maybe the group would lapse into silence for a short while before another would begin speaking. Sometimes, the next speaker would say something related to what the previous speaker had said, and sometimes it would be totally *non-sequitur*.”

“Sometimes they would say something having to do with memories from the past. Usually, however, it would be something about the present, or something totally out of time. Almost never did it have anything to do with anything in the future. They mostly seemed totally focused on the present. Even their comments about the past related to present memories of past events.”

“For example, at one point, one angel said: ‘I’m thinking about that song Remlan taught us yesterday.’ Then, she started singing, and everyone else joined in.”

“Soon, my attention began to flag, however, because I’d already had a very full day, what with my fight with Adam, running away, thinking about whether I would go back and deciding not to, and then exploring this mountaintop. I began getting sleepy.”

“Noticing this, the girl to my left motioned that I should lie down, resting my head in her lap, which I did.”

“While I lay there, she hummed quietly and stroked my hair. It was just like what Mom had done when I was very new and a little frightened, not knowing what to expect from life. It made me feel safe and warm, and I fell asleep listening to the back and forth of the angels’ conversation and the girl’s quiet humming.”

## 9

“When I awoke, we were alone,” Lilith recalled. “I apologized for making her sit there, cradling my head, while all of her friends went away, but she just smiled.”

“ ‘They haven’t gone far,’ she said, ‘and I enjoyed watching you sleep. You had wonderful dreams.’”

“ ‘I don’t remember dreaming,’ I replied.”

“ ‘Everyone dreams whenever they sleep,’ she replied. ‘Sometimes you submerge so far into sleep that you stop dreaming for a while, then you come up for a dream, then submerge again. Usually, you do a lot of dreaming just before finally waking up.’”

“ ‘How do you know what I dreamed?’”

“ ‘I was there,’ she explained. ‘What you call ‘awake,’ is your mind tied closely to the Earth. You spend all your energy understanding what other things are doing around you, and trying to fit them into a pattern in your mind. Sleep is your mind disconnecting from what’s around you for a while, so you’re not making judgements and planning for the future. When you dream, your mind is relaxed, and more free.’

‘It’s not like that for us,’ she continued, ‘for us, dreaming and being awake are the same. We just experience the Universe as it happens, without trying to understand it. We live in dreams, so while you were dreaming, I was there.’

‘At one point, you became concerned about Adam and your children, but that would have been painful, and given you frightening dreams, so I led you away from there. You needed to rest in a happy place, so that’s where we went.’”

“ ‘Are they alright?’ I asked, somehow not worried about Adam and the kids, but wanting to be sure.”

“ ‘They’re fine,’ she answered. ‘They’re going to do exactly what they are going to do. They’re a little concerned about you, but they’re okay, themselves.’”

“ ‘I don’t want them to suffer,’ I said, feeling concerned, myself, for them.”

“ ‘They aren’t suffering. We’ll tell them not to worry about you, if that’s what you want.’”

“ ‘That would be good,’ I replied.”

“ ‘I know,’ she said, simply.”

“It was starting to be late afternoon, and it would get cold up on the mountain at night, so she said we should go to a place where there was shelter.”

“Angels don’t feel cold, or heat, or any physical comfort or discomfort,” Lilith pointed out. “But, she knew I would, and led me to a cave with a soft, sandy floor. There were thick carpets laid out on the sand, which we could sit or lie down on so we wouldn’t constantly get sand up our asses.”

“When we first entered the cave, it was dark, and I was a little frightened, not knowing what might be in there. I went in because I trusted her, but I was nervous.”

“As soon as we got in there, some stalactites overhead started glowing brightly, bathing the cave in a soft, warm, welcoming light.”

“When the lights came up, I was startled to see funny-looking animals and people that seemed far away because they looked small. There were miniature bison that looked just a couple of feet tall, and even an elephant that didn’t look much bigger. They didn’t, however, look quite real. While they seemed far away, it was clear they were much closer.”

“After my initial surprise, I realized that the reason they didn’t look quite real was that they weren’t real at all. They were just patches of color on the wall.”

“Lillibeth – my angel friend had told me her name was ‘Lillibeth’ while we were walking to the cave – said they were ‘paintings’ which she and her friends had put on the walls to remind her of things she liked in the world. ‘They bring life to the place, and make it more pleasant,’ she said.”

“I was getting hungry again, and somehow she knew about it, and was all prepared. She had me sit on one of the carpets, then wait while she stepped around a corner. Almost immediately, she came back with two bowls full of green salad, like I like to make for myself. Even the croutons and vinaigrette dressing was just the way I like it. There were even big chunks of ham, and black olives with the pits already removed. I thanked her, and she just replied by beaming a delighted smile. We sat facing each other on the soft carpet.”

“I embarrassed myself almost immediately by dropping a big piece of lettuce, dripping with dressing, on the carpet. When I apologized and moved to clean it up, she touched my hand to show I shouldn’t bother to get up. ‘Don’t worry,’ she smiled. ‘No harm is done.’”

“Then I looked sorrowfully where the lettuce had landed, expecting to see a sloppy mess, but there was nothing. Her beautiful tan carpet showed no stain, and the lettuce was gone!”

“It’s not physical salad, like you’re used to. It’s *manna*. We make it from sunshine.”

“ ‘But, it’s so good!’ I replied. ‘It looks and tastes exactly like a nice green salad!’”

“ ‘It’s the *idea* of salad that you’re enjoying, not a physical green salad,’ she explained.”

“ ‘So that egg-salad sandwich that nice man – angel – gave me at lunchtime. ... ?’”

“ ‘Was the same thing. It was *manna* manifested as an egg-salad sandwich. We wouldn’t kill a baby bird just to have lunch. Birds have enough grief in their lives without our adding to it by eating their children. Happily, we don’t have to.’”

“ ‘*We* have to,’ I lamented. ‘Mom said that creatures killing each other to keep alive was part of her plan. It was one of the sad things that we need to have. She said we need sad things as contrast so we can have things that make

us happy. I never quite understood it.”

“ ‘Yin and yang,’ Lillibeth said. ‘You need contrasts to make life worth living. You can’t understand things like ‘warm’ and ‘cozy’ unless you’ve also felt ‘cold’ and ‘exposed.’ Believe me! Angels don’t feel physical discomfort, so we’ve no idea what physical comfort is like.’”

“ ‘Then, why do you have thick, soft carpets, and paintings on your walls, and lights in your cave?’”

“ ‘The thickness and softness are for you,’ Lillibeth said stroking the side of my face tenderly. ‘The colors and patterns, like the paintings, are for me.’”

“ ‘We are spirits,’ she elaborated. ‘We don’t exist physically. We need beauty and wonder, and ... .’”

“ ‘And truth?’ I suggested.”

“ ‘What is ‘truth,’ she countered, clearly perplexed by the word.”

“ ‘It’s the opposite of ‘lies,’ I explained. ‘Lies are when you tell someone something that’s not true, when you make a statement of fact that doesn’t conform to reality.’”

“ ‘Give me an example.’”

“ ‘If I said that I was ten feet tall, when I’m really only five-six, that would be a lie,’ I explained.”

“ ‘Why would you say you were ten feet tall, when you are only five-six?’”

“ ‘I might if I thought I could get you to do something if you believed I was ten feet tall, instead of five-six. Like when we stand up straight to make predators think we’re bigger and tougher than we are. Scares Hell out of wolves and bobcats, and they go look for someone punier to attack.’”

“ ‘So ‘truth’ would be if you let the predator know you weren’t really that tough so they’d feel free to make a meal of you?’”



“ ‘I guess so.’”

“ ‘Sounds like a dumb move to me!’”

“ ‘It depends on the circumstances whether it’s good or bad.’”

“ ‘So, it’s not an absolute. When you said it, you sounded like you thought ‘truth’ was some kind of absolute, like ‘wonder.’ If something is ‘wonderful,’ it fills you with the emotional state ‘wonder,’ and we need emotional states like that.’ It doesn’t sound like ‘truth’ is anything like that. No, I don’t think this ‘truth’ is something angels really need. Not the way you humans need food, or sleep, or bathroom breaks.’”

“ ‘Speaking of bathroom breaks,’ Lilibeth interrupted herself, ‘I see you need one now. There’s a latrine in an antechamber right through there. I’ll have dinner ready when you get back.’”

**10**

“Once again,” Lilith recalled, “Lillibeth knew what I needed and wanted practically before I did. Yes, I needed a bathroom break. I hadn’t seen angels running off behind rocks or bushes, and was too shy to ask, so I didn’t know what arrangements – if any – they had. I guess Lillibeth had been waiting for me to ask, and finally decided to come to my rescue.”

“For a latrine, I expected to see just a hole in the ground, like we used in Eden . . . .”

Here Lilith looked shyly at me as if slightly embarrassed.

“You would probably think the way we lived in Eden was pretty primitive,” she admitted. “Basically, it was what you’d call ‘camp living.’ We had tents to get in out of the rain, and a couple of shacks to protect stuff we didn’t want to have ruined or stolen by other animals. For a latrine, we had a hole that we dug in the ground out of the way and piled the dirt next to the hole. We left a shovel out there, and threw in a little dirt to cover what we left so it wouldn’t rot and smell.”

I nodded and shrugged to indicate that I thought that was a perfectly reasonable arrangement. It’s what I would have done under the circumstances.

“Lillibeth’s latrine wasn’t like that. It was a pit hollowed out of a stone with glassy-smooth sides and a hole in the bottom. After I did my business and was looking for something to cover it with, water rushed into the pit and washed it all away. It was amazing!”

“Sounds like a Japanese-style toilet with an automatic-flush system. Very clever. Very high-tech for five thousand years ago!”

“Well,” Lilith countered, “Lillibeth’s an angel, and angels have all kinds of magical powers.”

“Humans are magical, too,” I said.

“Yeah, that’s clear now, but we didn’t think so five thousand years ago. We just knew what we knew, and envied folks like angels, who could do magical things. We wanted magic, but didn’t know how to get it. We thought to do magical things, you needed the help of an angel or a demon. Now, I see humans doing things we only wished we could do back then, or never thought of at all.”

“Yeah, folks call it ‘technology’ if they think humans can make it work, and ‘magic’ if they think it’s supernatural. most people don’t realize that there’s no difference.”

“When I got back from the latrine,” Lilith continued her story, “Lillibeth had laid out what looked like a wonderful meal of roast beef, mashed potatoes, and steamed carrots and onions. I guess it was more manna, but it smelled and tasted exactly like roast beef, mashed potatoes, and steamed carrots and onions. It was one of the greatest meals I’d ever had! But, I guess it was all in my head.”

“That’s where it counts,” I pointed out.

“After dinner,” Lilith continued, “we started talking. We didn’t talk about anything in particular. We just rambled, comparing what it was like to be human, and what it was like to be an angel. I liked talking with her as much as I’d liked talking with men. There was none of that competitive bitchiness I ran into with other women. We just became friends. It was nice.”

“I told her about my fight with Adam that morning, but somehow I wasn’t quite as mad at him as I’d been before. When I told her about how positive he’d been that he was right, I was thinking about how independent, determined, and even powerful he’d seemed.”

“She asked me why I’d always gone back to him, so I told her about the many, many times he’d used his power over other animals to protect me. For example, I’d had to ram a spear into that saber-toothed tiger that attacked me, but he’d just have to yell at it, and it would slink away. I always felt safe when he was around. Then, I told her about how soft his skin felt on the surface while his body was hard and powerful underneath. I told her about how his anatomy fitted mine so perfectly. He had hair on his chest in just the right place to stimulate the nipples on my breasts. His penis was just the right size and shape to tickle all the right places in and around my vagina. I told her

about how it felt when his pubic hair rubbed over my clitoris when we were making love in his favorite position.”

“I was getting really horny!”

“I lay back on the carpet while we talked, and I surreptitiously started playing with myself. When I talked about his chest hair stimulating my nipples, I pretended to be pointing them out, but I was really rubbing them, myself. While I talked about making love to him, I rubbed my thighs together. And, when I talked about his pubic hair rubbing my clit, I rubbed it with my fingers to make the point.”

“I could see that my story was getting her excited, too. I’d never thought of angels as being sexual beings before, but I had observed them making out with each other at the picnic. So, I’d figured out that they enjoyed sex as much as I did. That certainly seemed to be the case for Lillibeth, as I could see her eyes shining, and once in a while her breath came in gasps.”

“ ‘It’s okay,’ she said, putting her hand over mine while I was surreptitiously rubbing my clit while pretending not to. Then, she pressed my fingers into my vagina and down to that little spot inside that’s so much fun to touch.”

“The ‘G’ spot,” I interrupted.

“ ‘G’ spot?”

“Named after the guy who first published a description of it in medical literature. I’ve forgotten his last name, but it begins with a ‘G.’”

“Well, it feels really, really good!” Lilith reported.

“Anyway, she continued, she pushed my fingers in, and while I touched my G spot, as you call it, she pushed her fingers deep into my vagina, so I could feel them all the way in. It felt almost as good as Adam’s penis.”

“She was sitting cross legged on the carpet right close to me. I suddenly realized that we were both naked. I didn’t remember taking off my robe, or seeing her taking off her dress – she’d been wearing a light tunic gathered at the waist by a cloth tied around her waist like a belt – but somehow we were both naked.”

“ ‘We’re in a dream,’ Lillibeth explained without my having to ask, ‘In dreams, we’re naked.’”

“For some reason, it didn’t bother me to have another female fingering my vagina. Maybe it was the assurance that it was all a dream.”

“Adam had talked about how horrible homosexuality was. He said it was a crime against Nature, because it couldn’t possibly result in making babies. I’d agreed with him, since I didn’t like women all that much in general, and had no desire to get that close to them. As I told you before, if you give me the choice of being around women, or being around men, I’ll take the men, anytime.”

“With Lillibeth, however, it was different. We’d become friends when I really needed one. As my friend, having her help me reach orgasm when I really needed to have an orgasm seemed ... natural.”

“I enjoyed the orgasm, and wanted another. To encourage Lillibeth to keep going, I reached out to touch her clitoris, too, and pushed my fingers into her vagina, as well.”

“At that, she smiled, broadly, and rocked back a little to make it easier for me to reach. Then, she rocked back and forth to stroke her vagina over my fingers. It felt soft, and warm, and wet. It felt wonderful.”

“She leaned over me to kiss me on the lips. Her hair smelled wonderful, and felt wonderful as it brushed lightly over my cheeks. Her breasts hung down so that the nipples brushed lightly over my breasts. I could feel her ejaculating over my fingers, and I had another orgasm, myself.”

**11**

“We woke up the next morning,” Lilith related, “curled up together on that soft, warm carpet. We were still naked. I could see my robe folded neatly nearby. I had no idea how it got there, but neither did I care.”

“ ‘Thank you,’ I said, being ready to start all over again.”

“ ‘You should go home to Adam, now,’ Lillibeth advised.”

“At first, I was disappointed that she seemed to be rejecting me, but then I realized she was right. Being up on this mountain in a lesbian relationship with an angel was not what I wanted. I belonged down below making babies with my husband, and, more than anything else, that was what I wanted to do.”

“It took me the rest of the morning to work my way down the mountain and back to the Garden. About half way, when I reached a nice, sunny spot near the path with some softly moss-covered rocks to sit on, I stopped to open the bag Lillibeth had given me containing what she said was: ‘A little something for breakfast on the way.’”

“It proved to be manna in the form of an egg-and-bacon sandwich with a little melted cheese gluing it together. She’d also included a big hollowed-out gourd filled with a drink that tasted like oranges.”

“While I ate breakfast sitting on a mossy rock beside the path, I thought about my angel friends. I liked them, and would miss their company. But, I figured, I now knew who they were, and could come to visit them, anytime. Thinking about them as I stood up to continue my journey down the mountain, I thought I heard a tinkle of their laughter from the surrounding woods. It made me happy to think that they were still there, watching me and caring about me.”

“Homecoming, however, wasn’t as I’d expected. Coming down the mountain, I’d fantasized that Adam had missed me as much as I’d missed him. We would run together with open arms. With joyful tears, we’d start another baby, then live happily ever after together.”

“When I got there, however, Adam didn’t greet me with a big hug, but with a big list of demands. It was ten pages long, and contained five-hundred seventy-three rules he said I’d had to live by if I wanted to come back.”

“ ‘I did a lot of thinking while you were off fucking your angel friends,’ he said. ‘They came to me in a dream, and told me you were safe and would spend the night with them, then you’d come home in the morning. But, I know you were just up there comparing their dicks with those of the elephants. [!?] You probably picked the one with the biggest rod and rode it all night long. You slut!’ He went on and on like that for about fifteen minutes. All the time, I was getting madder and madder.”

“ ‘Fuck you, you asshole,’ I yelled back. ‘I stayed up there because it was too cold to wander around in the woods at night. I stayed in a cave with a friend.’”

“ ‘Yeah,’ Adam interrupted, ‘did your friend have a big dick?’”

“ ‘No,’ I yelled back. ‘*Her* name is Lillibeth, and she’s a girl angel. We had dinner, then talked and talked about *you*. Then, I started back first thing this morning because I want to be with you and make more babies.’”

“ ‘Who says I want to make any more babies with a slut like *you*?’ was what he came back with. That hurt a lot!”

“Then, I looked at the list, and it was all about the things he wanted me to do and say. I realized that it contained all the ways he wanted his wife to be different from me.”

“ ‘I’m giving a copy of this list to God, and if you’re not going to change your ways to be the wife I want, I’ll ask God to make me a *new* wife!’”

“Then, he stormed off to his little fort, which he called his ‘tabernacle.’ It was his holy of holies where he said he went to have private meetings with God, and girls weren’t allowed. I knew that was bullshit because God was a girl, so how could he meet with her if girls weren’t allowed?

I also knew she never met with him there, anyway. She said it was bullshit. She said she couldn’t stand it there

because it was all about him and his rules. I knew he just went there to hang out, and play sicko rituals with his little club of misogynist bullies.”

“I went back and got together with those kids who wouldn’t hang out at the tabernacle with him and his creepy friends. It was mainly the girls, who generally didn’t like his attitude, and a few of the boys who just wanted to have fun.”

“Most of my sons felt about women the way I felt about men. I thought that was a good arrangement, and Mom seemed to approve. She told me her original plan was to have girls like boys and boys like girls, and for all of them to have sex with their favorite people. It was a good way to maximize the number of babies.”

“Adam agreed with the plan in principle, but didn’t like being buddies with girls. He preferred to push them around. The girls didn’t like it. They were my daughters, and didn’t like being pushed around any more than I did.”

“But, Adam wanted to push us around, and Mom let him get away with it. As I said, she could never say no to him, even when he screwed up things she’d worked hard on. The more he wrecked, the more she spoiled him.”

“God seemed to have had a love/hate relationship with Adam,” I pointed out.

“Yeah,” Lilith responded, “that’s a good way to put it. She really loved him to distraction, the way any mother loves a son. Maybe we love sons who act up even more than those who’re always perfect. I suppose their bad behavior makes us feel needed, or something. In any case, she spoiled him rotten, despite that he was always pulling shit that made her mad.”

I decided I already had enough examples of Adam’s acting up, so I didn’t ask her to elaborate. It would be better to get on with the story.

“So,” I probed, “Adam had his *clique*, and you had yours. He went off to hang out with the boys, and you went off with your buddies. That doesn’t sound like any way to mend a marriage.”

“It’s not,” Lilith agreed. “I figured that was the end, anyway. The list of demands told me that he didn’t want



*me*. He wanted somebody, but it wasn't me."

"I took my copy of his demands to show the kids – I figured they'd be about as impressed as I was – and together we could figure out what to do."

"'Ma,'" Barnabas said, after we'd gone over the list, 'you oughta just blow this joint. Go back to live with the angels. At least, there you'd be welcome. You'd be with people who liked you for *you*.'"

"As much as I liked Eden, and living with my kids, I thought Barnabas was probably right. He was always the brightest of the kids, and usually gave good advice."

"'But, what about you guys?' I asked. 'If I leave, who'll take care of you?'"

"'Mom, don't worry about us. Some of us guys want to stay here to help with Eden. Jonas and Hypatia have been off exploring, and said there was a great place to live north of the Caspian Sea. The girls can go there. We'll be okay, and you can visit them, anytime.'"

"So," she related, "it was settled. I'd go back to live with Lillibeth and the other angels. Maybe I'd find an angel who fulfilled Adam's prediction of having a big dick. Maybe I'd find someone who loved me for myself. At least, I wouldn't have to put up with Adam's rules. I couldn't have lived like that, anyway, and figured it was just a matter of time before Adam would force me out. He'd already made his ultimatum."

"The girls would go with Hypatia to live in that place she and Jonas had found. They figured Adam would make things unliveable for them in Eden after I left."

"Barnabas and rest of the boys could do as they wanted. Those willing to live under Adam's rules would stay in Eden. The rest would wander off somewhere else."

"Hypatia made it pretty clear that the the boys wouldn't be welcome to go with with them. She and the girls wanted to live on their own. They liked having the boys visit, but didn't want them there all the time trying to tell them what to do, the way Adam had tried to lord it over me. No matter how much the boys promised they'd be

nice, Hypatia and the girls were afraid to let them go with them.”

“Is that the origin of the Amazons? Greek legend had them living north of the Caspian Sea,” I asked.

“Yup,” Lilith said. “My girls wanted to be on their own to take care of themselves. They were afraid the guys would try to make them slaves.”

“Considering that it took five thousand years for women to get the vote, they were right,” I agreed.

**12**

“It was too late in the day to start up the mountain,” Lilith pointed out, “so I decided to stay with the kids in Eden, then leave to go back to the angels in the morning.”

“Now, you have to realize that we’d set up one big tent for us all to sleep in when the weather was cold, or rainy, or we figured there’d be a heavy dew. If the weather was nice, we’d curl up outside anyplace that was safe from predators. But, Adam had set up his own private sleeping tent near his tabernacle, and always hid in there at night.”

“That was part of his ‘not like animals’ fetish. He saw wolves, and lions, and even snakes sleeping all curled up together for warmth and companionship, so he didn’t want to do that. Also, he saw animals having sex out in the open whenever they felt like it, no matter who was around. So, he wanted us to hide away to do that, too.”

“Also, whenever we did it in front of the grown-up kids, they got the idea and started playing with each other, too.”

“You let your kids engage in incest?” I said, shocked.

“Well, who else were they going to have sex with? It was either brother/sister incest or no next generation. Since Mom wanted a whole human race, that’s the way it had to be.”

“But, that leads to all kinds of genetic diseases,” I countered. “Look at the physical deformities so obvious in the Pharaoh Akenaten. He and his sister Nefertiti ended up making one abominable miscarriage after another in an effort to keep their dynasty going. We know that incest is simply bad for the population’s health.”

“Well,” Lilith responded, “we didn’t know about that, then. Genetic diseases caused by incest only show up after many generations. Besides, there was nothing else we could do.”

Clearly, Lilith was miffed at being criticized for doing what had to be done. She was right, I was criticizing her

unfairly. I was making a moral judgement based on my own circumstances, which did not apply in her world.

I knew better. One of my biggest pet peeves is people who want to force their own moral code onto other people. Different people live in different circumstances, and have to adopt morals that fit their lives, not someone else's.

“Sorry,” I apologized. “I forgot how different things were then.”

“Incest didn't bother Adam,” Lilith explained, “but, being my kids, they liked to experiment, too. So, maybe Hypatia would start sucking Barnabas' penis while Chloe licked her cunt. Next, you'd have Jonas with his penis rammed up Penelope's ass. That stuff drove Adam nuts because they were breaking *his* rules. So, any time Adam and I got together in front of the kids, it would turn into a big brawl with Adam yelling at the kids to stop what they were doing. We never finished anything. Adam's solution was for us to go hide in his private tent near the tabernacle. The kids would go off in the woods out of sight, or just do it when he was too busy somewhere else to notice.”

“That night, Adam went off to pout in his tent alone. Since it was to be my last night in Eden, I organized an orgy. I told the kids they could do it any way they wanted as long as they didn't hurt each other. You should have seen some of the ideas they came up with!”

“You participated?” I asked, still thinking it was a bad idea, but turned on by it all the same.

“Yeah,” she replied. “Big time! Remember, we still didn't know anything about genetics, and I wanted to get back at Adam for rejecting me. I figured the biggest possible insult would be to have as many of the boys come in as many of my holes as we could manage. I really hoped he would find out, and blow a gasket.”

“I did stop Europa, though, when she came in with a white bull. She was going to show everyone how far she could get his huge penis into her vagina.”

“She could play with the bull all she wanted as far as I was concerned, but if Adam found out, he'd kill the bull. He was a nice bull who never meant anybody any harm, and didn't need to be murdered for being forced to

copulate with my wierdo daughter. So, I told her to forget that until she left Eden. The other girls took my side, wanting to protect the bull, too. Europa got all haughty and said that if that was the way they were going to be, she wouldn't go with them when they went up north of the Caspian. She'd go south and shack up with her bull on Crete. In the end, that's what she did. Some of the boys joined her later to start a kingdom, and some of the girls who didn't want to live in an all-girl community went with them."

"By one o'clock in the morning, all the boys were all spent. The girls had had enough of slurping the boys' left-over semen out of each others' vaginas, and everybody was ready to go to sleep. Things got real quiet."

"Things got real quiet, except I heard noises coming from Adam's tent. So, I sneaked over to spy on him. He was lying on his bed, moaning in his sleep."

"You remember that he'd been horny enough to explode yesterday morning before our fight. Well, with his rules limiting his options, AND his refusing to make up with me until I'd agree to his demands, he still hadn't gotten off. He was going nuts."

"Seeing the situation, I decided to play a dirty trick on him. I crept quietly into his tent, and without waking him started to suck him off. I'm pretty sure he woke up, but thought he was dreaming. Either that, or he was pretending to be asleep so he wouldn't have to admit enjoying fallatio."

"He was so horny that it took longer for me to sneak in, pull down the bed covers, and get his penis into my mouth than for him to come once I got it there. He blew a huge load down my throat, then turned over and went to sleep with a smile on his face."

"I found out later that the next day Adam hid in his tent all day. The kids said they could hear him wailing and praying for forgiveness."

"I'm sure Mom got a kick out of that! The only one he'd hurt was himself. All he'd done was violate his own dumbass rules. It was ridiculous, but the incident confirmed to me that getting out of there before anything worse happened was the best choice I could have made. He'd pretty much gone off the deep end by that time, and my

staying would have just made things worse. Somebody would have ended up getting hurt.

**13**

“When I reached the top of the mountain the next day,” Lilith related, “I couldn’t find Lillibeth, anywhere. Her cave was cleaned out – nothing left but the pictures on the walls.”

“It turns out that angels aren’t the most reliable of creatures. They’re the ultimate free spirits. When an idea enters their heads, they’re most likely going to act on it without a second thought. Lillibeth had taken a notion to visit parts unknown, and just taken off. Since everything she had was imagination, anyway, packing and moving was no effort at all. She just did it. She stopped imagining it in the old place, and started imagining what she wanted in the new place.”

“This time, the new place did not include me.”

“At first, I was heartbroken. I’d counted on Lillibeth to be my savior. I’d figured she’d let me live with her like she had that first night, and would take care of me. Without her, I was stuck. Even her latrine wouldn’t work if she wasn’t there to make her magic. *I* didn’t know anything about magic. *I* couldn’t make manna from sunshine. *I* couldn’t conjure sleeping rugs out of nothing.”

“That’s always the problem with people who think for themselves,” I pointed out. “If they think for themselves, they’ll come up with their own ideas, and they may not be the ideas you want them to have. A free spirit is, by definition, a loose cannon, and you never know what they’ll do next. What they do next is not always something you like.”

“That’s why people who organize societies don’t like them,” I added. “They make great artists, and are entertaining at parties, but they’re unreliable as taxpayers.”

“I didn’t know how to make the stalactites glow,” Lilith returned to her story, “so it was dark back in the cave. I sat down on the sand just inside the cave mouth where there was light from outside, and had a good cry. When the Sun started getting low, I figured I’d better gather some wood to make a fire. Otherwise, I might end up rooming

with hungry predators who might decide to see how dumb human tastes for dinner. Without Lillibeth's magic to protect me, I was a sitting duck.”

“So, I gathered a lot of brush and broken twigs and branches from the edge of the forest, and hauled them up to Lillibeth's abandoned cave. I also gathered a pile of rocks that I could throw to discourage any beasties that tried to enter the cave, and put aside a long, straight pole to poke any more-determined visitors with. I hoped that would make me seem less appetizing than the goat next door.”

“I tried humming a brave tune to keep my spirits up, but I started thinking about everything that had happened and got depressed. Adam didn't want me. The kids didn't need me. Lillibeth had wandered off without even saying goodbye. Finally, feeling hopeless and abandoned, I cried myself to sleep.”

“The next morning, the smell of bacon and eggs frying on the fire woke me up. Instead of waking up with an ass full of sand, I found myself curled up on a sleeping rug and covered by a soft, cuddly blanket. The stalactites were glowing brightly, the cave was warm and cheery, and there was a gorgeous male angel clattering pans over by the fire. He was humming the very same tune I'd tried cheering myself up with the night before.”

“Angels come in all shapes and sizes, but they're invariably eye candy. This one was over six feet tall, blonde, with muscles like you'd see in a body-builder magazine. He was sitting naked in a lotus position on a pillow on a rug next to the fire, dishing breakfast out of a frying pan onto the most beautiful porcelain dishes you could imagine. He placed the dishes on trays that had legs like short tables – just high enough to eat from while sitting on the floor.”

“He lifted one of the trays, and stood up gracefully in one fluid motion, then carried it over to where I'd been sleeping.”

“I'd sat up as soon as I saw him, so he was able to lean over and place the tray over my lap. Then, he went back to get the second tray and, without a single bobble, sat down on the rug facing me. When he reached his lotus position, the tray was over his lap. I still don't know how he could have done it if he'd been human. We just don't have the flexibility or muscle control, and gravity would have had something to say about it, too.”



“Angels are spirits, though. If you’re a spirit, it’s easy and gravity just stays out of the way.”

“I thought he was the most beautiful creature I’d ever seen. And, that includes Lillibeth, who was a knockout on her own.”

“ ‘Call me Sameal,’ he said, in the most beautiful, resonant bass voice I’d ever heard. Imagine what it would sound like if a bassoon could talk. My clit popped to attention at the first sound.”

“ ‘My name is Lilith,’ I said.”

“ ‘Yes,’ he replied.”

“ ‘I came here looking for Lillibeth.’”

“ ‘Lillibeth has gone elsewhere.’”

“ ‘I had to leave Eden.’”

“ ‘Yes.’”

“ ‘I’m scared,’ I whined desperately. ‘I don’t know what to do.’”

“ ‘Eat your breakfast,’ he advised.”

“Life is simple for angels. There’s no confusion or indecision. What to do next is always clear, and they don’t hesitate to do it.”

“I’d been on the verge of tears, but when he said that, they suddenly stopped. It was so simple! Dispair at my hopeless situation was replaced by the certainty that I was okay. I was alive, and in good health. I was in a warm, protected place, and I didn’t have sand up my ass.”

“Life was good!”

“My only unfilled need was gnawing hunger, and here was breakfast laid out on a tray in my lap. His simple advice was obviously my best course of action: eat my breakfast!”

“So, I did.”

**14**

“Not being an angel,” Lilith recounted, “I worried about the future. Sameal, being an angel, didn’t.”

“By the time I’d finished breakfast, my head was filled with concerns about the future. Where would I live? Who would take care of me until I figured out how to live on my own?”

“ ‘Live here,’ Sameal advised, reading my mind.”

“ ‘I can’t even operate the toilet alone,’ I whined.”

“ ‘I’m here,’ he said.”

“ ‘How long will you be here?’ I asked.”

“ ‘I’m here now,’ he said.”

“ ‘What about in the future?’ I cried, desperately.”

“ ‘What about it?’ he said uncertainly, as if he didn’t know what I was talking about.”

“ ‘But what will I do if you leave?’ I was concerned because Lillibeth had left without notice or trace, and I thought he could do the same at any time.”

“ ‘I’m here now,’ he pointed out. ‘Stop worrying.’”

“ ‘But, what if you leave? I don’t know anything.’”

“ ‘Stop worrying, and learn,’ he advised.”

“It was the first time I’d thought about capabilities as something you could learn. I thought you had to be born with them. Like I was born knowing how to eat, sleep and excrete. Even sex was something I seemed to just know

how to do. There were also a whole lot of things I had to invent, like making a spear to poke at saber-toothed tigers. I'd never considered learning how to do something I couldn't do, but somebody else could."

"Actually, I realized, there were a whole lot of things I'd learned from others. I'd seen them doing something, and copied them. Such as building a nest to make sleeping more comfortable. I'd copied nests that other animals made, then figured better ways to do it, myself. Whenever somebody did something I thought was clever, I copied what they did, then tried to go them one better. It had worked out so far, but I didn't think of it as 'learning' only 'imitating.'"

"Sameal explained that 'learning' was just when you put something into your memory that hadn't been there before, so that you can recall it whenever you want. Again, I'd never thought of it in such simple, clear terms. Sameal seemed to make everything simpler and easier. He made the most perplexing things obvious."

"After breakfast, Sameal seemed restless. He wanted to go out to do things. When I asked him 'What?' he just answered 'Whatever.'"

"So, we just walked out of the cave. As we walked, I thought about 'learning,' and realized that whenever I'd 'learned' something in the past, I'd gotten it from somebody else. When I mentioned this to Sameal, he said that was 'teaching.' Somebody who had some idea, or skill, or something in their head that I didn't have, and they showed it to me so I could imitate it. The other one was the 'teacher,' and I was the 'learner.'"

"As we walked, I started to get thirsty, so I asked Sameal how to use manna to create something to drink."

" 'What would you like to have?' he asked.

" 'I dunno,' I answered. 'Maybe some lemonade.'"

" 'So, imagine finding a jug of lemonade behind that rock.'"

"It sounded stupid – why would there be a jug of lemonade behind that rock just because I imagined it to be there. I couldn't believe it would work."

“ ‘You’re not doing it right,’ Sameal said sorrowfully. He’d been reading my mind again. ‘You have to have faith that it will work.’”

“ ‘It can’t be that simple,’ I said, still not buying it.”

“ ‘Oh, but it is,’ he replied. ‘With our magic, you can perform miracles.’”

“ ‘But, I don’t have access to your magic,’ I countered.”

“ ‘I imagine that you do,’ he rebutted. ‘Try it again.’”

“ ‘*You* imagine that I do!’ I said in surprise. ‘Well, I imagine that I don’t. I’m not a magical creature, like you.’”

“ ‘That’s why it doesn’t work for you. I imagine that you can do it, so you can, but then you imagine that you can’t, so you can’t. Your doubt breaks the spell. Try again.’”

“So, I tried again, but again it didn’t work. He laughed, and kept encouraging me to try and try again. After about the fourth try, it worked! I looked behind the rock, and there was a stone jar full of lemonade, just as I imagined it.”

“Sameal explained that it all stemmed from Mom’s imagination. She imagined angels as beings who could create things from manna just by imagining them. Sameal had imagined that I had the same ability, so that made it so. I just had to learn the technique of controlling it.”

“ ‘Be careful what you wish for,’ Sameal warned. ‘You’ll get it!’”

“ ‘So, if I wish for a hungry monster coming to devour me, it’ll appear from nothing?’”

“ ‘Yes and no. You have to imagine that it really is there, and it helps to really want it. You can imagine it gone as easily as imagining it there.’”

“ ‘So, if I imagine a miniature troll guarding the lemonade so I can’t get to it. ...’”

“ ‘Try it.’ ”

“I did. I imagined a miniature troll eighteen inches high, who would fight me to protect the jar of lemonade, and there it was! He was eighteen inches tall, with large, pointed ears and big feet. He hunched his shoulders and glared at me. Then, he snarled and bared his pointed teeth and vicious fangs.”

“Startled, I imagined it was gone, and it was. Then, I imagined it was back, but wearing a waiter’s uniform, and offering the lemonade to me, and suddenly it was back.”

“I accepted the lemonade from the troll, smiled, and thanked him for it. He smiled back, bowed, and backed out of existence. Poof! He was gone.”

“I gratefully drank the whole jar full of lemonade, but then I was left holding the jar. If I just put it down on the rock, it might be left sitting there forever. On the other hand, I could imagine it out of existence, but where would be the fun in that?”

“What I did was to imagine the troll popping back into existence to take it away for me. He popped back into existence – this time with a white damask napkin draped over the sleeve of his red waiter’s suit coat. In his other hand, he held a silver tray, which he offered for me to place the empty jar on. When I placed the jar on the tray, he offered me the napkin. I smiled, accepted the napkin, and used it to wipe the little lemonade moustache from my upper lip. Then, I handed it back to the troll and thanked him. He nodded a slight bow, then backed back out of existence.”

“Looking up to Sameal, I saw him grinning and chuckling over the performance.”

**15**

“ ‘So, what do you normally do all day,’ I asked.”

“ ‘I help people,’ Sameal replied.”

“ ‘That sounds like fun,’ I said. ‘Can I come along?’”

“His face fell. Looking down, sorrowfully, he said: ‘It’s not really fun. I’m the Angel of Death. It is my function to help people die when they’re too sick or injured to continue living. They need my help to stop.’”

“ ‘That’s horrible!’ I yelled. ‘So, you’re the one who comes and steals our souls away. You murder us!’”

“I wanted to hit him for killing so many of my children, but suddenly I realized how powerful he was. He could kill me with just a thought! Instead, I recoiled from him in fear.”

“His sorrowful look changed to one of hopeless anguish.”

“ ‘Everyone thinks that,’ he said, regretfully. ‘But it’s not like that.’”

“Then, he realized how frightened I was of him. He reached out to touch me, and I thought he was going to kill me. I jumped back out of reach.”

“ ‘I’m not coming for you, now,’ he said. ‘You won’t die for a long time to come. I don’t *cause* people to die. They die for lots of reasons, but I don’t take their lives, I just help them stop living when they need to.’”

“ ‘Nobody who’s pleased and happy wants to die. They want to keep on living because they’re pleased and happy. But, sometimes they’re injured, for example, so badly that they’ll never heal. Or, maybe they’ve been attacked by disease. Usually, they’re in pain. Often, they’re horribly upset because whatever has happened to them, they didn’t want to happen. They generally welcome me because I take away that physical and emotional pain.’”

“ ‘Aren’t they afraid of you?’”

“ ‘It’s not me they’re afraid of. They’re most afraid of the pain and suffering that accompanies death. They’re also scared of what comes afterward. People can’t imagine a Universe that doesn’t include them, so they imagine all sorts of things. They think maybe they’ll be punished for all the bad things they’ve done, so they imagine all sorts of horrible punishments, and are afraid of that. And, they imagine those punishments going on forever, so they’re *really* afraid of that! Or, they think they’ll miss out on all the fun in the world that goes on after they’ve died. Those people feel jealousy toward people who are still living. There are just a whole lot of negative emotions involved with ending your life. Basically, life always ends in tragedy of one sort or another. *That’s* what makes my job no fun. The only satisfaction I get is knowing that I’ve ended all that pain and suffering. In the end, that’s what they want, too.’”

“ ‘But if nobody wants to die,’ I asked, ‘how can you say that it’s what they want in the end?’”

“ ‘In the end,’ he said, ‘they are faced with pain and suffering of one sort or another – for the rest of their lives. Their only escape is through death. When they come to realize that, they want it.’”

“ ‘What about the people who imagine they’ll be punished for their sins with more pain and suffering.’”

“ ‘They’re the ones who need me the most. I help them understand that there is peace in death, not suffering. Come, I’ll show you.’”

“Sameal then touched my elbow, and I suddenly found myself floating in air half way down a cliff. Laying awkwardly on a narrow ledge not ten feet from me was the broken body of one of my sons, Ezekiel. He had fallen from the top, and landed on his left side on this ledge. There was no way up for him, and only a long fall further down. That made no matter because he had obviously broken so many bones that he couldn’t move anything but his right arm. Looking at me, he recognized me and reached out with his right hand.”

“ ‘Momma, help me,’ he cried.”

“I appealed to Sameal, who was holding me by the elbow to steady me in the air. ‘Please help him,’ I begged.”



“ ‘He slipped and fell from the top,’ Sameal explained. ‘His friends up there cannot get to him. They don’t even know he’s alive. They will try to reach his body using ropes, but it will take hours, and all they can do is lower him to the ground. His body is beyond repair.’”

“Seeing Sameal, Ezekiel cried out to him: ‘It hurts so much! I can’t stand it! Help me, please!’”

“Guiding me by the elbow, Sameal closed the distance to Ezekiel. Then, he reached out with his other hand and stroked his hair. Sighing, Ezekiel died.”

“Suddenly, we were back on the mountain where I had imagined the troll offering me lemonade. I was still shaking from seeing Ezekiel’s ordeal.”

“ ‘Did that really happen?’ I asked.”

“ ‘It really happened,’ Sameal replied.”

“I burst into tears. ‘If I’d stayed down below in Eden, it wouldn’t have happened. He died and it’s all my fault.’”

“ ‘It is NOT your fault!’ Sameal insisted. ‘It was his time.’”

“Why did you have to show me *his* death? He was such a good boy, and to die so young and so horribly!”

“ ‘I didn’t show you that to make you feel bad,’ he replied. ‘I showed you so you could understand what I do – all the time. I’m sorry that it happened to be someone you knew and loved who died just then, but remember that everyone alive must die, and it happens that they are all your children. You’re everybody’s mother, but Adam, so any time someone dies beside you or Adam, it’s bound to be one of your babies, or your babies’ babies.’”

“That cured me of wanting to follow Sameal around while he did his “Angel of Death” business. I just turned and wandered back to the cave. Inside, it was dark and chilly. I imagined the stalactites glowing again, and they did. It surprised me because I hadn’t thought about it, really. I had assumed it would happen, and it did!”

“The place was a mess, though. The breakfast dishes were still scattered around with bits of food stuck to them.

I was too depressed to want to clean it up, so I imagined my little troll stepping into existence wearing a white busboy's outfit with a greasy, stained apron on.

“ ‘Good morning, madam,’ he said. ‘Would you like me to straighten up for you?’

“ ‘Yes, thank you, troll,’ I replied, not knowing what his name might be.

“ ‘Call me Carl,’ he suggested.

“Laughing, I said: ‘Thank you, Carl,’ I replied. ‘You are very helpful.’

“ ‘That is my function,’ he said.

“I nodded, and looked around for a place to sit. Suddenly, I noticed a thick rug in one corner on the cave floor. There was a thick padded pillow sitting in the center of this rug. I walked over to the rug, and sat on the pillow in a lotus position.

“I thought about Carl's comment about being helpful being his function. It was good to have a function, and to know what it was. What was *my* function?

“I'd been created to love Adam, and mother the human race. That looked impossible, now. Adam had rejected me. My babies were all growing up and having babies of their own. They didn't need a mother, anymore. Did I still have a function? I didn't think so. That was depressing.

“Feeling sorry for myself, I just wanted to lay down and cry. Sameal was off helping people die. Carl was bustling about the cave tidying up. I was sitting on my tuffet feeling lonely. I missed Lillibeth. She had been kind and comforting when I was lonely and scared before. I imagined how nice it would be to have her back here beside me, and to lay my head in her lap again.

“ ‘There, there,’ Lillibeth said, stroking my face.

“She was sitting in a lotus position on her own pillow next to mine. I rolled off my pillow, and lay my head in

Lilibeth's lap. She began stroking my hair as I fell asleep under a warm blanket.

## 16

“I woke up alone,” Lilith continued. “Sameal’s magic had changed me, somehow. When I’d needed my friend Lillibeth to comfort me, I’d imagined her there to comfort me, and she’d appeared to comfort me. I woke up refreshed and no longer needing comforting, so she no longer was there.”

“So, that’s why the angels never worried about things,” I suggested. “Whatever they needed they imagined and it was there.”

“Pretty much that’s what happens, but don’t say ‘worried’ and ‘needed’ in the past tense. It’s the same now as it ever was.”

Surprised, I tentatively said: “You mean angels’re still around? Still doing the same things?”

“Yes.”

“But we never see them. They’re never here. We scientists would certainly know about them. We’d have to fit them in with our theories!”

“*You* never see them. They’re never here for *you*. You scientists never really wanted to know about them and fit them into your theories, anyway. Billions of people *do* need them, though, so angels are here for *them*. Those people do see them and know about them. You scientists never wanted them because they aren’t logical. They don’t fit into your theories, so you ignore them. Other folks don’t.”

“You’re telling me that all that supernatural stuff is real?”

“Yup! For the people who want to believe in it, it’s very real.”

“And, that I could study it, and report it in articles in the *American Journal of Physics*?”

“Well, maybe not,” she averred.

“You betcha not! If I tried to do that, they’d think I was nuts. They’d throw me out of the club! They’d stop opening my letters!”

“Probably.”

I suddenly realized her point. Nobody’d believe me because reporting anything so incredible would simply not be credible.

I stood there with my mouth open and my mind blank.

“Whatamigonnado?”

“What are your choices?” she suggested.

“Well, I could take the safe route and suppress it,” I suggested. “You know, just not write it up.”

Disappointed, she said, severely: “That’s not what we’re here for.”

“Well, I’ve been on the receiving end of pseudoscience writeups by folks who imagined they’d come up with some amazing new theory that would change how we all view the world. . . .”

“What did you think of them?”

“Usually, I could see flaws in their assumptions that led them down some primrose path to totally bogus conclusions. To be kind, I tried to show them the error of their ways.”

“Be honest.”

“They looked like the fevered imaginings of raving lunatics.”

“Maybe that’s not what you should do.”

“For sure it’s not what I should do! I don’t want people thinking I’m a raving lunatic.”

“Are you a raving lunatic?”

“How the heck should *I* know? If I was – or am – a raving lunatic, I’d be the last to know, wouldn’t I?”

“So, where does that leave you?”

I took a deep breath, and tried to clear my mind.

“Whether I actually am a raving lunatic or not,” I said, “I don’t want other people to think I am. So, I’d better not try to write up a scholarly article about what you’ve been telling me.”

“What *can* you do?”

I thought for a while. I imagined various alternatives and what their results might be.

Finally, I said: “If I write it up like a surrealist novel, folks wouldn’t think I believed it was God’s Own Truth. It’s all imagination, so using the literary technique of ‘willing suspension of disbelief’ lets me get away with presenting it without being a raving lunatic. If I start out expounding a theory separating subjective reality from objective reality, I can get them to accept what I present as a temporary subjective reality, thinking that they can go back to what they imagine is objective reality at the end of the story. I’m only a raving lunatic if I believe this stuff is objective reality.”

“Is it?” she cautioned.

“Of course not,” I said, enthusiastically. “I’ve already said that objective reality *isn’t!*”

“Why is a raven like a writing desk?” she asked, *non-sequiturly*.

“Because they’re both not made of bauxite,” I responded enthusiastically.