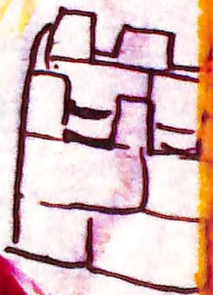


Tales Of The
Divine Romance
by Max Reif





Reed
18th Sept. 1986
addressed to Maui.

TO MY READERS

We have all been travelling together a long time now.
I am beginning to feel some sense of "audience" as a writer.

Perhaps you (personally) were part of the secret
inception for one of these tales, or another that will come
sometime.

The writer is only one part of the secret codings of
the universe. He feels indebted to be somehow swimming in
a pool of Mystery and Wonder; yet he knows that pool is
only a small part of a great vast Ocean.

"When your Heart is in your Dreams, no request is too
extreme," could be said to be the motto of this book, and
of the Age that is upon us.

Dare!

Max Reif

Berkeley, California

January 30, 1986

12/15/57

...

TO W. B. ...

... of ...

... of ...

... of ...

1-705625

"The sojourn of the soul is a thrilling divine romance"...

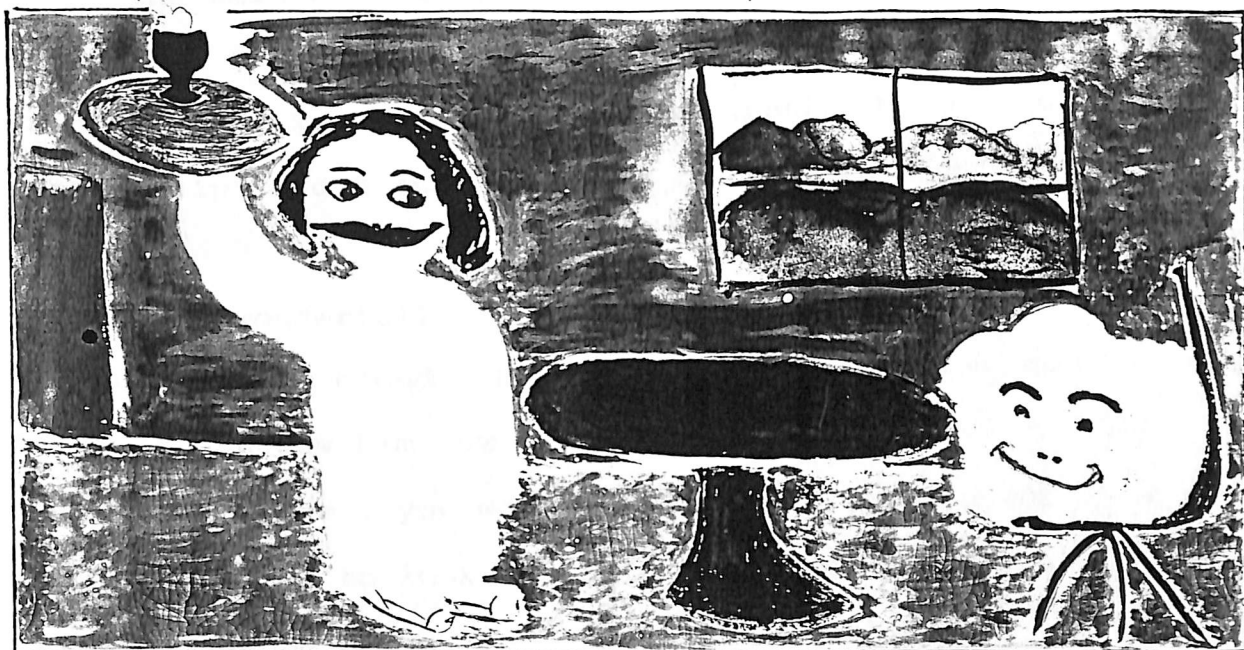
Meher Baba
Discourses

all stories ©1985 by New Humanity Publications

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 351



THE BALLAD OF A WARM CAFE

A cloud walked into a small cafe and said, "I would like a little Sun, if you please."

The waiter said, "If you get too much Sun you will evaporate. You will not be a cloud any more. You will not be your self any longer."

The cloud said, "Then just give me a little bit of Sun. I have had enough of dark, stormy skies and in fact helping to make them dark, helping the Thunder's bluster."

"But I didn't know that to come out of all that I would have to evaporate. Dear me, what would I be then? I could not deal with that, not at all."

"So I will have, then, please, a small dose of Sun."

The waiter brought the cup of Sun, on his tray, and set it on the table in front of the cloud. The cloud saw the Sun swimming in the cup, and brightened. He placed the cup to his lips and drank, emptying the cup in a long, deep draught.

"How wonderful!" he said, and the Sun was very definitely now within the cloud. He no longer looked threatening; in fact if you saw him now you would not immediately think of a cloud any longer, you would think rather of the Sun, and then you would have to look again to see that it was indeed only a sun-drenched cloud.

The cloud was silent. For a long while it said and did nothing at all. But the rays of the Sun shone, shone, from out of the cloud, and the cloud truly seemed a center of brightness all its own.

The cloud began to cry.

"What's wrong?" asked the waiter.

"I remember a long time before I was a cloud," said the cloud, "When it was always like this. And now the draught of the Sun is going to go away, evaporate, and I will only be my old self again and have to go out there and follow Thunder up in the sky again."

The understanding waiter said, "You do help things grow, even now, don't forget. And the Sun doesn't evaporate, it remains inside you."

"But if you want more Sun and want to leave the raining to others, you may always come back here, to this place, any

...the ... of ... on ...
... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...

time at all. This place will always be here for you."

The cloud said, "That is good. But I don't want to evaporate, and if I get too much Sun I will."

Perplexed, the cloud left.

But a week or so later, the cloud was back for another draught of Sun.

"I couldn't stay away," the cloud said. The waiter smiled.

Soon the cloud was coming in frequently and looking brighter and brighter. With all the sunshine he was getting, his appearance seemed to be changing in a permanent way, so that at all times now you were not sure if he were a cloud or something else.

"I am so afraid of losing myself," the cloud said again one day. "But I cannot stay away from this Sunshine."

"Losing yourself?" said the waiter. "It appears to me that what is actually happening is that you are finding yourself. You are finding that a cloud was not you, only something you had been molded into for a period of time. It appears to me that you are now on the verge of finding who you have truly always been."

"One more cup of Sunshine," said the waiter, "And I believe your number will be up."

"I cannot do anything about it any longer," said the cloud. "I must have the Sun no matter what."

The waiter brought the cup of Sun on his tray. The cloud drank. He was infused with Sun, more than ever before,

and the light in the room for a moment was blinding.

When the light cleared the "cloud" had a form just like the waiter. The two looked at each other.

"Now you will take over here," said the waiter. "I have a further journey awaiting me."

"I, too, was a cloud before I came here," he announced. "Now it will be your turn, to serve all who come here, for whatever reason, to serve all who come to this special place, hidden in plain sight of all, to give them Sunshine and fill their clouded hearts.

The eyes of the two met fondly and they embraced.

"I will serve," said the former cloud.

"And when we meet again, it will be for all time," said the waiter.

With that the former waiter turned and went out the door, and the new one was alone. He picked up his tray and holding it in one hand began wiping tables in the small cafe, waiting for those who might come.

... the fact that a woman had been ...
... the "phone" had a form ...
... the fact of each other.

... take over, but, "said the ..."
... "said the ..."

... a child had to ...
... the fact that the ...

... to arrive. It was ...
... the fact that the ...

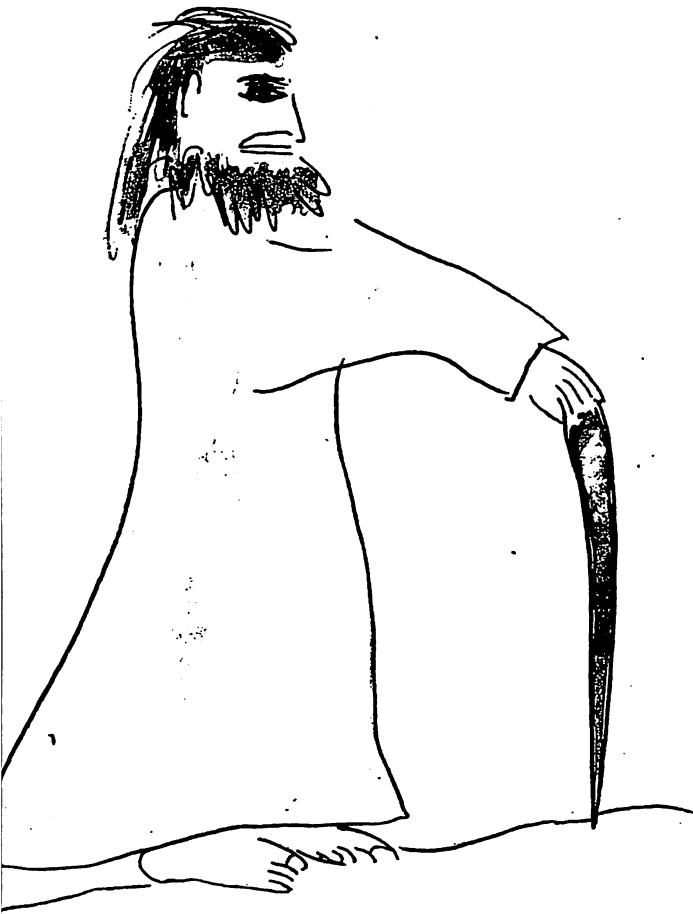
... the fact that the ...
... the two ...

... the fact that the ...
... the fact that the ...

... the fact that the ...
... the fact that the ...

... the fact that the ...
... the fact that the ...

... the fact that the ...
... the fact that the ...



THE DREAMER

There was a man who could do nothing but write. He had to be led in a city, like one blind. Otherwise he stood on corners and gazed as though oblivious to his surroundings.

If his helper led him to a table and chair he could sit, but he could still do nothing. But if the helper gave him a notebook and pen, he would begin to make pleasant sounding noises in his throat.

Then, if someone asked him "What can you do?" he would say, "I can dream."

It so happened that his dreaming could be connected to his pen so as to record image, thought, and emotion as accurately as an EEG machine records brain waves.

The man was now a maker, a maker of dreams.



The drawing is a simple, vertical, slightly curved shape, possibly representing a stylized letter 'L' or a simple figure. It has a horizontal base and a thin vertical stem that curves slightly to the right at the top. The drawing is very faint and appears to be a pencil sketch on a light-colored background.

The text below the drawing is extremely faint and illegible. It appears to be a series of lines of text, possibly a description or a list of items, but the characters are too light to be read accurately. The text is arranged in several paragraphs, with some lines indented.

Now in the city where he lived, men and women had forgotten how to dream. It so happened that they heard of the dreamer in their midsts and found, at first a few, then hundreds and finally thousands of them, the house with the table where his helper had led him.

Outside the building they would gather awaiting the news of dreams. The helper would come out from time to time and hang the newly recorded dreams for all to see. And the people would read and be amazed, and go away refreshed and fulfilled.

"He dreams of a new world!" they would say. "He dreams of a new world, right here."

And the dreams would record where men should put things, gardens and monuments and wonderful new buildings, marvellous to the eye, where men and women could meet, and the wonderful new things they would do when they met, the cities they would design and how they would live in these cities, as in a world beyond dreams.

Slowly the people began to talk of the news of the dreams. Little groups would buzz. And then a small group, seemingly told by no one, would build a garden or a statue, or even a building, exactly where the dreamer had dreamed. None knew how the instructions were conveyed, but it was known that all got built and none ever built the same thing twice, nor did two groups ever show up to duplicate any effort.

Then one day the helper came out.

As though expectantly, an unusual hush came over the crowd,

"The dreamer is dead!" said the helper.

The crowd heard in silence, then dispersed, silently also.

But strangely, there was no end to the new things appearing in the city, and somehow also they continued to have the same new look.

This went on and on. The city continued to built itself.

And soon it became known to all, although none needed to speak the words:

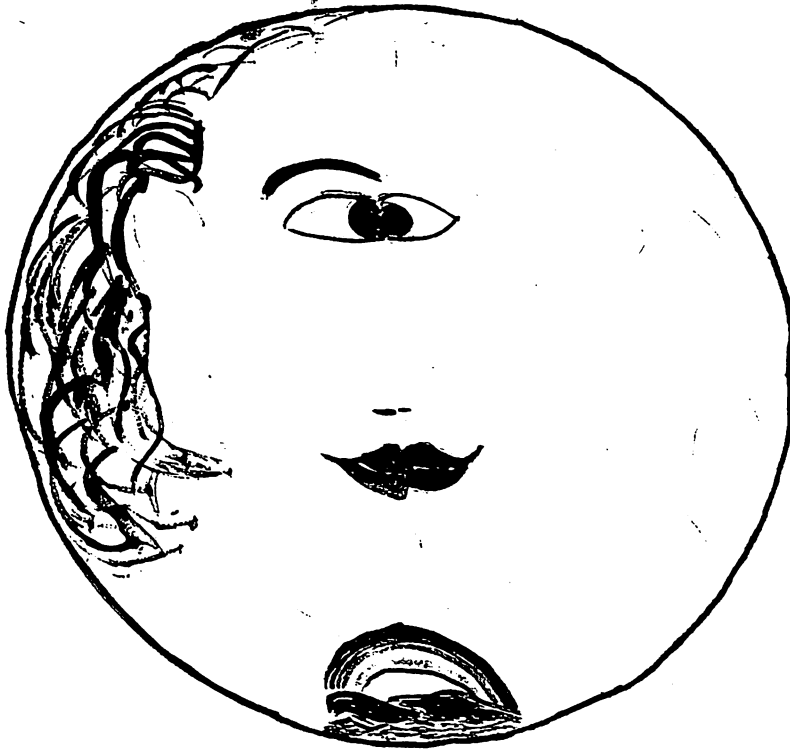
men had started to dream again.



...the first ...
...of the ...
...the ...
...the ...

...the ...
...the ...
...the ...





A MYTH

There was a broad flat plain that went on to Infinity, and it was completely empty of all life.

Then, from off the end of that Infinity, at one end, wandered a man, and from the other end of the Table-top-like Infinity, wandered a woman.

After inestimable lengths of time, the two wandered upon each other in the middle of this broad, flat, infinite Reality.

"Hello," said the man.

"Hello to you," said the woman.

Then the man uttered the Question.

"What do we do, now that we're here?" he asked.



PLATE I

The sketch above is a study for a portrait of a man, showing the head and shoulders. The man has a high forehead, deep-set eyes, a straight nose, and a slight smile. He is wearing a dark coat and a white shirt with a dark cravat. The sketch is rendered in a light, sketchy style, typical of a preliminary drawing or study.

"Anything we want, I suppose," said the woman.

"I don't know about you, but this infinite broadness and flatness is getting a little oppressive to me," said the man.

"How would you like it to be?" asked the woman.

"I don't know," said the man . . . "Different."

"How, different?" asked his Counterpart.

"If you must know, anything would be better than this," the man said.

He could not think of anything to say after that. Finally he said something.

"Let's sleep on it," he said.

So they slept, and after a certain length of time they awakened.

"You think of anything?" asked the woman.

"I got an . . . an IDEA," said the man.

"What is your idea?" she asked.

"Here is my idea," he said. "You remain here. We will call this place in this endless expanse of Sameness, Home. I will journey off that way," he said, pointing in one direction, "In search of something different, beyond the Horizon. When I find it, then I will bring it here."

"I like your idea," said the woman. Then he set off and journeyed for what seemed an infinite duration, beyond the horizon of the blank white and unending expanse.

At last he came upon something totally different. There were hills and trees, mountains and rivers. There

...of the ...
...of the ...
...of the ...

...of the ...
...of the ...
...of the ...

...of the ...
...of the ...
...of the ...

...of the ...
...of the ...
...of the ...

...of the ...
...of the ...
...of the ...

...of the ...
...of the ...
...of the ...

was a switch that said on one side "Day" and on the other, "Night." There were clouds and a beautiful Sun and Moon, and stars to fill the night sky. Most impressive of all, perhaps, there was a Rainbow.

There was a Keeper of all these things. The man said to him, "I want to bring these things to my wife off in that endless expanse of white, beyond the Horizon, to make things more interesting for us."

The Keeper said, "Yes, I can release them to you."

The man said "Wonderful."

"Take them," said the Keeper. "Or if it is too much we can deliver."

"Let me take a few things," said the man. "I cannot carry a mountain range and an Ocean by myself. Please deliver the rest as soon as you can."

"Fine," said the Keeper. "Where shall I have them sent?"

"Over there," said the man, pointing. "Way . . . over . . . there."

The Keeper smiled.

"We'll take care of it," he said.

The man was happy. He journeyed and journeyed back through the blank white infinite expanse. Finally he reached his mate.

"I have much to show you," the man said. "Much that will make you very happy and enrich your life and fill it with joy."

"Show me," said the woman with a smile.

... on one side they had on the other
... beautiful the way they
... that landscape of his

... the weather

... of all these things. She had said
... things so my way all in this
... toward the nation to make things

...

... You I can't believe that so young
... beautiful.

... the way, for it is not just

... I think

... I have the
... the way, thinking

...

... the way

... the way and naturally
... the way

... the way

... the way

And the man showed her what he had.

He installed first the switch that said "Day" and "Night."

"This will always be on 'Automatic,'" said the man.

"Watch." And he pulled from his pocket the Sun, and flung it into the sky, which it filled with brilliant golden light.

The woman marvelled at the light that was like liquid golden Fleece upon her.

"It is Wonderful," she said. "What Treasures you have found."

"Wait."

For a long while they waited together as the Sun lowered in the sky and sank below the horizon, trailing after it the most glorious oranges and reds and yellows and golds that filled the sky for a few sublime moments.

The woman looked at him with tears of joy in her eyes.

"Yes," he said. "Is this not wonderful? But wait yet again. There is still more for you to wonder at."

As sunset faded to dusk and dusk to night, the woman feared, but the man comforted her.

"Do not fear," he said. "Watch."

And from his cloak he pulled the Moon and Stars, which he also flung into the blue-black cosmos.

The woman gasped at the starry firmament.

"For us," said the man.

And they wondered and marvelled, and then they slept.

Morning came, with its cool gold beams like beautiful locks curling onto their bodies, and they were awakened by

the Keeper's voice.

"Excuse me," said the ageless man. "I have brought for you the rest of the things you wanted."

"See!" said the man, his eyes shining at the woman's like the two were lights from one Source.

The Keeper brought his delivery and unfolded it before them. He set a sparkling stream beside them.

"A stream!" said the man.

"Where do you want these hills?" asked the Keeper.

"Place them just beyond our Home," said the man, "so that the stream flows down from them and passes right beside us."

The Keeper soon had the endless green wooded hills in their place, and the healing green created a wonderful, pleasant peace in the woman's heart. She smiled at the man and they shared the peace.

"Far beyond the hills you may place mountains," said the man. The Keeper obliged them and they gazed with awe at the distant peaks glistening purple and white with snow in the Sun.

"The rest you may place where you see fit," said the man. "You have served us well and I trust you now as one of us."

"I seek your happiness," said the Keeper. He filled the valley with trees and grass, and showed the man and woman the Ocean, which he told them he would put in its proper place on his way back over the horizon. He placed trees and flowers and grasses in their valley, and released many kinds of

dazzling-hued birds and animals into their world. These the woman loved with all her heart.

The Keeper then showed them that wonderful things which they might eat grew from the trees and in the fields of the valley.

"Now you have a world," said the Keeper. "Use it to live in true harmony and peace and happiness. It is for your hearts' joy that this world has been made yours."

"There is one more thing," said the Keeper. He pulled out a switch similar to the one the man had installed in the blank expanse to make day and night.

"This switch causes Weather," the Keeper said. "It will give you rain, and after the rain you will have this-- and he pulled out the Rainbow, which shone on the woman like a crown of precious jewels.

"I will set this weather so that it never gets too cold for you, nor too hot," said the Keeper.

And with that he gave the man and woman each an embrace, and departed again for the land where all things were kept.

The man and the woman never wondered for what to do for many long, long ages. Instead of uniformity they had been given a world of unending variety. Instead of blank white expanse there was the color, the brightness of the different life-forms, the blue sky, the sunrise and sunset, the Rainbow--an Infinite brilliance that dazzled and enchanted their beings for many millenia. They were friends too with the animals that had been set down in the kingdom for them,

and acted as lords of the many tame beasts, living in gentle harmony with them all.

After a great, great number of Ages, even Epochs, of enjoying themselves in their world and endlessly repeating all the great varieties of manifold pleasures that were to be had in their Kingdom, and savoring those pleasures deeply of color and life, the man turned again one day to the woman and said, "What shall we do now?"

"Anything we like," said the woman.

"No," said the man. "I am ready for more variety in our world. I have enjoyed all these things as much as I can. I am going to see the Keeper again."

The woman smiled.

"Yes, it is time," she said. And after the night spread its array of stars upon the heavens which sang the man and woman to sleep, and then sang to them in their sleep, and the dawn's cauldron of red and orange spilled across the sky and the Sun came over the horizon like the yolk of a brand new freshly cracked egg, the chords of its golden light wakened the man and the woman, and the man said, "It is time," and he set out upon his journey.

This time his journey was not over an endless blank expanse but over fruited and hilly lands infinitely delightful to the eye, upon narrow mountain passes over great vistas, across rivers of crystal water and mighty salt oceans.

At last the man arrived at the end of the world, and found the Keeper at his post.

"Yes, I knew you would come again," he said.

"Yes, I have come," said the man. "My friend and I are ready now for more," he said.

The Keeper was silent for a long while. Finally he stroked his aged chin and seemed to ponder before he spoke.

"It is dangerous," he said, slowly. "It is dangerous . . . and yet it must be."

The man looked at him, seeming to see a tear at the corner of his eye, and did not comprehend.

"What can be . . . dangerous?" asked the man.

"God's Harp makes its melodies of the high strings, and also the low," said the Keeper, again slowly, and cryptically, to the man. "It is a thing of great sadness, yet ultimately an occasion for joy."

"What shall we then have now?" asked the man to break the silence, not comprehending the Keeper's portentous words.

"You shall have . . ." he looked at the man. "Yes," he finally continued. "You shall have."

"Return to your wife," the Keeper went on. "I shall bring what you shall have next." He still seemed to hesitate, appearing to gaze as though into a distant future.

"Yes, it is quite true," he continued. "In this world there is always a next."

He turned more directly to the man.

"Do not worry," he continued. "You shall have what you shall have next. And you shall enjoy it, that is not the problem. I shall bring it for you, for it is my duty to

fulfill your request, and you can not help but ask."

The man understood nothing of the Keeper's meaning.

"Yes, you have done your job by asking," said the Keeper.

"Now, return. I promise you I shall come."

The man felt strange and turned to go with a sense of unease.

"Do not worry," the Keeper called. "It is all right."

With that the man felt more ready, more complete in his mission, and set back off across the oceans and the rivers, over the mountain ranges and through the valleys of their world to his dear mate.

He found her tending the animals, lying with them as they often did, feasting on golden fruit under the sun.

Their eyes met in the joy of reunion and the peace of the neverending union of their love.

"He will come," said the man. And they went about their business for many ages more.

Finally after many thousands, countless, suns and moons had again come and gone, the Keeper was among them again one day.

"Greetings," he said and the three of them exchanged looks like old friends, or indeed, like three torches taken from one flame.

The man looked at the Keeper then with newly lighted eyes.

"Yes, I have brought what you asked for," the Keeper said.

"May we see?" asked the man with great solemnity.

"Here is what I brought you," the Keeper said. And he motioned a ways over in the valley.

There stood a sight that was so wonderful the man and the woman had to blink back their tears. It was again like the day when they had first been shown the rainbow and the stars.

Before them stood a conglomeration of many large gleaming structures, dazzling with colors of pink and turquoise, bright green and yellow and gold, gleaming with the light of newness. Among these mammoth crystal-like structures there seemed to be men and women like themselves going about their business silently.

"This is a City," said the Keeper. "It is a city in the Golden Age, a place of freedom and wisdom and bliss. It is wonderful, a new blessing for you with others like yourselves and of like spirit to share your world with. And for you it will always be like this."

"But in another way it is the beginning of different times. For the time now looms over the distant seas when you will pass beyond this world, and others of your time will take your places, and slowly the light will go out of this world. These gleaming edifices you see before you, heaven sent, will some day be filled with smoke and soot, and the beings who walk their streets will resemble the two of you only in the basic structure of their form."

"But this is not your concern yet. You have asked for something else and now you have a society of individuals,

... brought you, the report said. And he

in the water.

... that was so wonderful, the man and

... have thin beard. It was the same

... first seen about 1935, and the

... of a couple of years ago.

... relation with other people and

... low and still, standing in the light of

... the common people in a friendly way.

... of woman like the other people.

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

with which to experience more joy, in the form of celebrations and artistry and the joy of collective life."

"You will enjoy this life also for many millenia, but at the time which has just appeared over the sea's horizon you will take your leave of this world."

"And then slowly man and woman will forget, age by age, the original Beauty and joy that you knew. And they will be set, man against man, man against woman, against beast and against the soul in his own breast." The Keeper winced in pain as he seemed to see in his mind's eye the materializations of the things to come.

"And then," he turned to the man and the woman, "It will be time for you to come back. You will come back and tell them again what they have forgotten. And they will hate you, but eventually they will love you, and return to your Original ways. And one by one, over the ages, they will join you, and come with you on the Next Journey as they are ready. This is the destiny of Humankind."

"But when you return," said the Keeper, "It will not be as two but as One. For you will have become one another completely and eternally. It shall be your lot to return for as long as there is a humankind. Which shall be as Forever as the original blank white expanse of your territory at the first was Infinite.

"Now I go yet again to my post," said the Keeper, "To await the next stage of the Timeless drama."

He embraced them each and turned and departed, an old

distance more for in the form of relationships

the joy of collective life.

For this life also for every individual, but

one just appeared over the sea's surface

leaves of the world.

They are and more will be, and they will

and joy that you know, and they will be

the new standard work, which binds and

the old world. "The world is bound to

be in the same way as the world is

in time.

It is found in the same way as the world is

in the book, and will come back and

have to be written, and the world is

the same with love, and a world is

the same with love, and a world is

the same with love, and a world is

the same with love, and a world is

the same with love, and a world is

the same with love, and a world is

the same with love, and a world is

the same with love, and a world is

the same with love, and a world is

the same with love, and a world is

the same with love, and a world is

the same with love, and a world is

the same with love, and a world is

man yet somehow young in bearing.

Alone again with their city before them, the man and the woman looked at one another with the mirror-look they had come to have after millions of years of life side by side.

They had understood only a little of what the Keeper had said, for it was not meant for their hearts to grow heavy with portents of mankind's future.

"Shall we?" the man finally asked.

The woman looked assent.

And together they stepped into their new life adventure.

to be heard.

to their city before then, the man had the

mother with the same look they had

of years of life on their side.

and only a little of what the lawyer

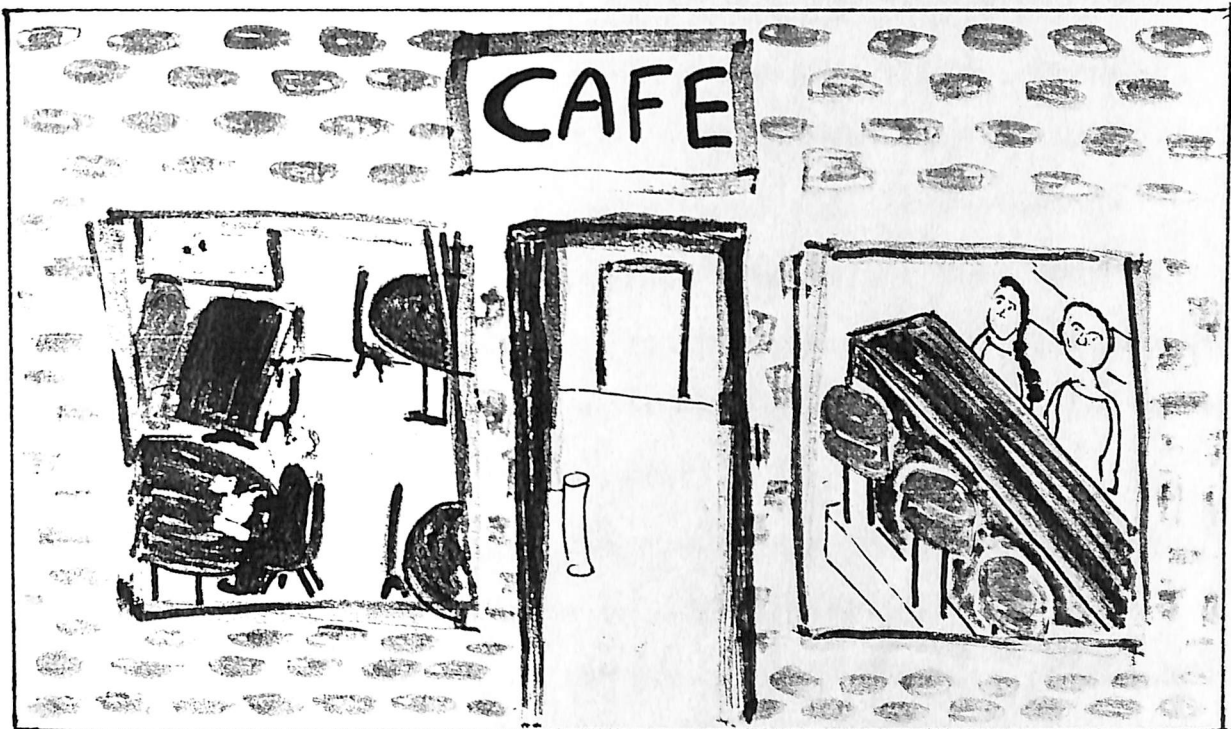
had wanted for their hearts, a good heavy

weight of things.

and they were

all around.

they were all around the same way.



THE EMPTY RESTAURANT

At the end of the day the little restaurant sighed in Joy, "At last I am freed from use!"

It relaxed into the delicious midnight hours of liberation from being anything in particular. It ebbed along with the refrigerator's peaceful hum. At times it completely forgot itself in spaces of freedom, and no one would ever be able to say where it went: whether it was sporting at the ends of far galaxies, or had passed into shimmering unknown realms, or what?

Its glorious non-being lasted ages or infinities: for what is Time?

Then, in the morning, the proprietors, a Chinese couple,

CAFE



The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes the need for transparency and accountability in financial reporting. The text continues to describe various methods used to collect and analyze data, highlighting the challenges of data integrity and security. It also touches upon the role of technology in modern data management systems, noting both the benefits and potential risks. The document concludes by summarizing the key findings and offering recommendations for future research and practice.

The second part of the document provides a detailed overview of the research methodology employed. It outlines the selection of participants, the design of the study, and the specific procedures used for data collection and analysis. This section is crucial for understanding the validity and reliability of the study's findings. It also includes a discussion of the limitations of the study and the potential for bias. The final part of the document presents the results of the research, supported by statistical analysis and graphical representations of the data.

opened its door, came in, and turned the lights on. They busied themselves with little tasks of sweeping, brewing hot water, and so on. They walked about each of them humming unconsciously a merry tune, and the restaurant thought, "This is, if anything, even better than where I was. For now I can linger on the very edges of consciousness, and share Being with these other two happy souls. And Love is always greater when shared."

The Chinese couple finished their chores and waited for the customers to come in. Happiness still breathed through great spaces of the place, like swimming otters of light. All the food in the place was freed from ideas about eating or being eaten. Drinks were freed as though forever from the ideas of mouths, rather everything danced purposeless in joyous shared coordinates of existence.

A man came in, ordered tea and oatmeal, and his presence augmented the symphony like a gentle harmony. Money, it seemed, had never been invented yet. It slept quietly in the cash register.

Two more men came in, then a young lady, then an old lady, then three truckers.

The place began to fill and buzz with conversation. The Chinese couple began to be pulled this way and that by people's demands.

The restaurant thought, "Oh, God, time to go to work!" for it was becoming a chore to host these beings who thought of nothing but food and whose conversation in the infinite

... and raised the ladder on ...
 ... the ...
 ... they ...
 ... a very ...
 ...
 ... as the very ...
 ... the ...

...
 ...
 ...
 ...
 ...
 ...
 ...
 ...
 ...

...
 ...
 ...
 ...
 ...
 ...
 ...
 ...
 ...

...
 ...
 ...

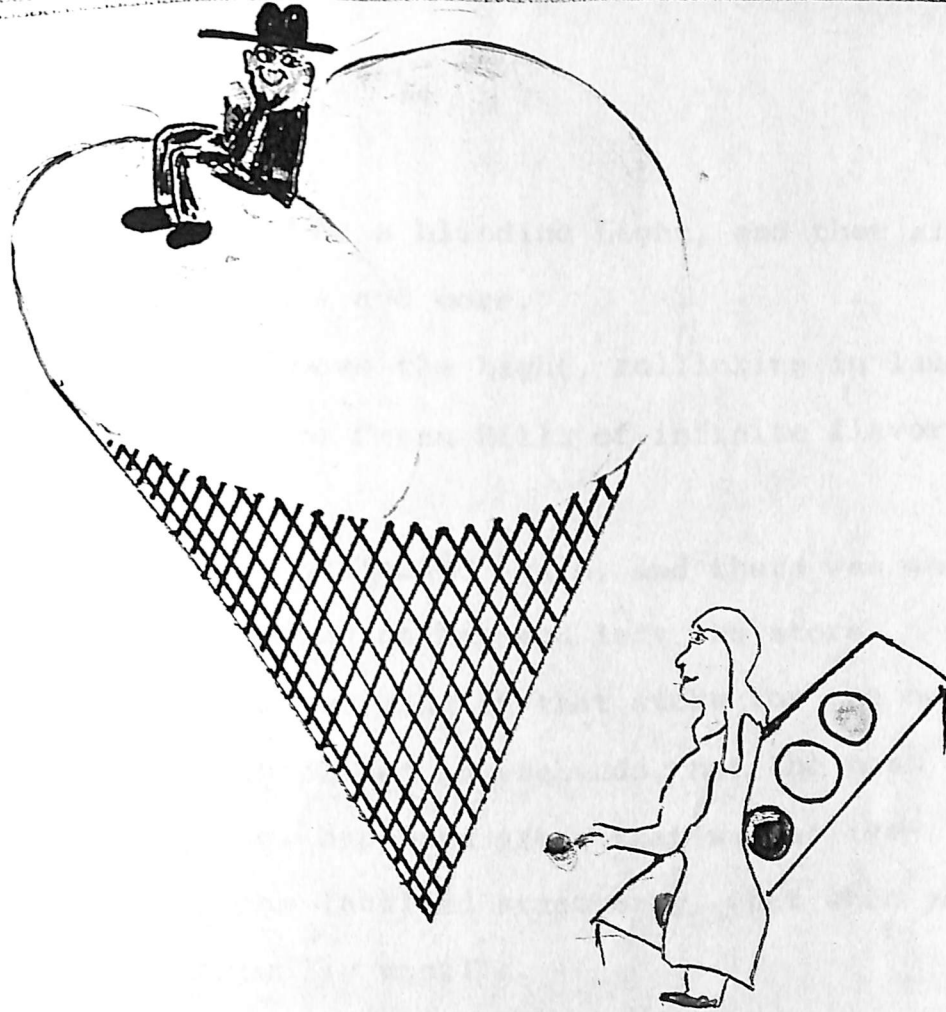
realm of possible subjects was like the same untuned old fiddle scratching the same weak note over and over and over again while enormous harps, organs with undreamed of range, grand pianos and guitars and flutes and millions of instruments we have never even heard of yet, went begging, unplayed.

The restaurant forgot its freedom in the foetid sameness of the rest of the day's customers and transactions, until shortly before closing time it began to have presentiments, in the emptiness, of who it was again.

The weary Chinese couple cleaned and departed, honestly spent.

And the restaurant was left to Dream for another infinite night.

The first line of the text is very faint and illegible. The rest of the page contains several lines of text that are also extremely faint and difficult to read. The text appears to be a list or a series of entries, but the specific details are obscured by the low contrast of the scan. Some words like "and", "of", and "the" are barely visible. The overall appearance is that of a very faded or underexposed document page.



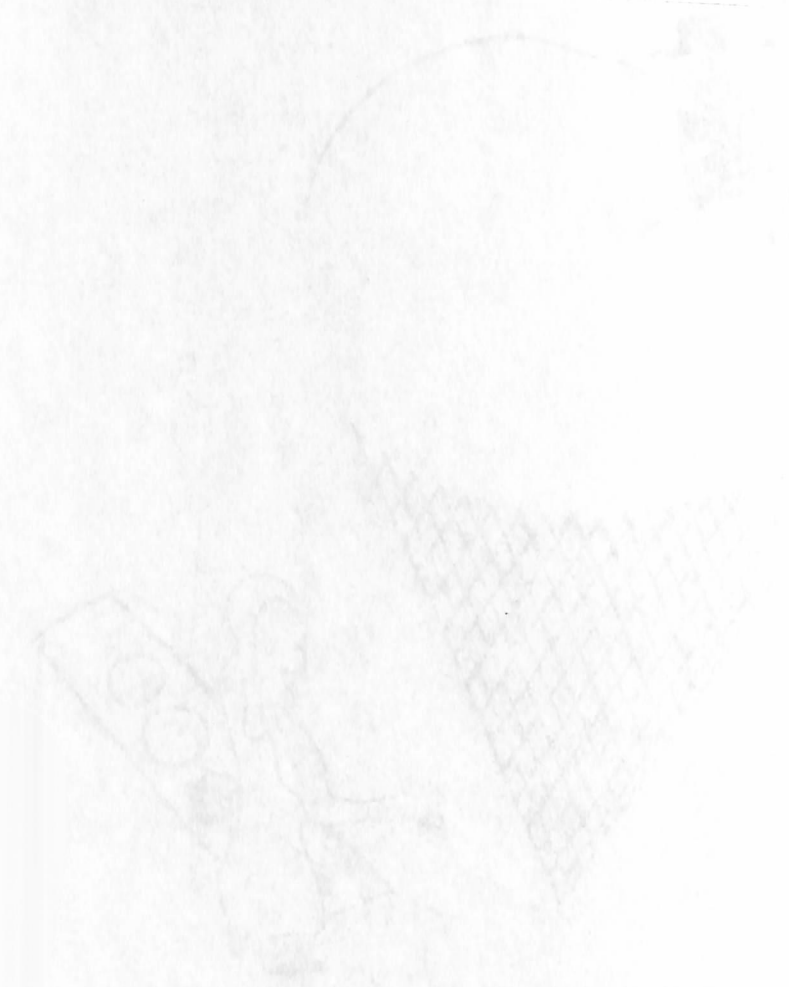
THREE TALES OF THE PATH IN AMERICA

I

A mysterious man walked into Baskin-Robbins and proceeded to order and eat, one at a time, an ice cream cone of each of the forty-two flavors on the store's board.

The waitress thought the man was extremely peculiar, and after the fifth cone or so began demanding his money each time he ordered one, but as long as he continued to pay she thought it was his own business.

Finally she was daydreaming over a pitcher of water she was filling behind the counter, and she happened to glance over at the man, who had just finished his forty-second and last cone.



THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY
VOLUME I
CHAPTER I
THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
AND THE EARLY HISTORY
OF THE CITY
IN THE SEVENTEENTH
CENTURY

She saw not a man but a blinding Light, and then all the colors of the rainbow and more.

Then she saw him above the Light, rollicking in laughter through a paradise of Ice Cream Hills of infinite flavor and color.

Then she blinked and looked again, and there was only the little man, who nodded at her and left the store.

The girl continued working in that store for the next three years, after school and on weekends, but the most unusual thing that ever happened after that was a five-gallon can of ice cream labelled strawberry, that when you opened it up, was actually vanilla.

II

There was another man, an old, bearded individual, who could be seen in the same City a year or two later, waiting at bus stops--except that nobody really paid any attention to such disheveled old types as he.

This man had come to the city from none knew where, and begun to ride the buses, seemingly at random . . .

But he actually had a secret Plan.

Every day he patiently rode the entire route of the bus he boarded, till it came back to its starting point . . .

And every day he would choose a new route.

On the thirtieth morning he boarded the bus that would complete the final circuit for him of all the connections in the city.

Unassumingly, he arrived at the stop at the usual time and waited in the same black coat, hat, and scarf that he wore every day.

When the bus came he got on with nary a smile.

But he knew where he was going, and neither bus nor passenger has been seen again on this earth.

III

Mother and Father were looking at houses to buy.

"This one's nice," Father said.

"Yes, this one is nice," said Mother.

Then a house a little ways off caught Mother's eye and she said, "But that one over there's nicer."

Father said, "All right, we'll go and look at that one."

When they got over there, Mother was again distracted, this time by a house over on the next hill, just before they could close the deal.

Poor, patient Father took her to the house on the hill, but she saw one on the horizon that looked "more interesting."

Always the new houses that caught Mother's eye were of a completely unique design from all the others they had seen, so that she felt she couldn't be blamed for not closing the deal each time, but wanting to go on farther.

And so it went.

In this way Mother and Father house-hopped from California to New York, stopping at all the places in between, and were about to go to Paris to investigate an Ad Mother

...agreed to be reviewed at the end of the fiscal year
...the same time as the other reports, and shall be

IV

...the same time as the other reports, and shall be
...the same time as the other reports, and shall be

V

...the same time as the other reports, and shall be
...the same time as the other reports, and shall be

...the same time as the other reports, and shall be
...the same time as the other reports, and shall be

...the same time as the other reports, and shall be
...the same time as the other reports, and shall be

...the same time as the other reports, and shall be
...the same time as the other reports, and shall be

...the same time as the other reports, and shall be
...the same time as the other reports, and shall be

had seen for a house there, when Father's health gave out.

Mother now takes Father along with her and puts him in hospitals or rest homes, or cottages, in various cities, and then goes to look at houses herself.

Every day she tells him, "I think I'll find one today," but there is always another that appears to tantalize her mind.

Father has gotten totally resigned and patient, and now displays a wise, compassionate smile whenever Mother speaks of the subject.

These two souls have attained a remote and transcendent human possibility, although no one can say exactly what it is.

1

1

1