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The Tambolian Paradox

Book Three

Lysandra

An Original Manuscript

by

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Acknowledgement

The insight tests and other meditational practices are based on personal experience and lineage traditions. The scientific details are contemporary, though the applications can be controversial. The Tambolian Paradox is not AI-generated.

Dedication

Maria Moskina
To those who know and know they know
A Tamboilan Map Master
Pilgrim Wanderers
Teacher Friends
Mystic Hermits
and
Shaman Healers

Odd Bits of Stuff

Most people wonder if Tambolia exists. It might be better to think, given all the time the universe has had to establish something like a Galactic Library, why wouldn't it exist? Of course, access is the key and the most challenging part. The Galactic Library has two initial conditions: one is the Mark of Emptiness; the other is Self-Secret. Once you understand these conditions, you can enter this library.

The science

The science and scientific ideas in the Tambolian Paradox are contemporary, though clearly fringe and controversial, and sometimes prove to be true. All the yoga and meditational practices described are authentic and have lineage from traditional Buddhist Masters. Applying these practices is also conventional, although there are numerous ways to utilize them, some of which are more controversial than others. You will be mostly disappointed if you think you can be taught these practices at contemporary meditation centers. If you think you can do these practices without getting into at least as much trouble as the people in this book, good luck!

All the people portrayed in this narrative are mythical, as we all are to some extent. Some of the information in this narrative makes consummate good sense. Also, speaking mind to mind is mentioned. The Lamas called this upstairs telephone. It is easy to do, and, mysteriously enough, once you figure it out, it becomes a challenge to avoid. What you figure out first is what you are, and then anything extra is someone else's busy noise mind. Roger Sorenson (a mystical character) has often been quoted as saying, "Reading minds is a problem of stupidity management."

Discovering the content-rich information in ancient,

symbolic, and even megalithic structures was neither apparent nor straightforward. Temples, Mandalas, Yantras, Stupas, Statues, Celestial Mansions, Lineage visualizations, the hidden lines of Tibetan Cosmology, and other esoteric artifacts. According to Dr. Solt from Harvard University's School of Japanese Studies, this could only have been done under these specific conditions. First, one needs a technical background in physics and mathematics to understand the mathematical arrangement of the various ancient symbolic components. Second, have lineage access to these ancient esoteric pictographs and meditation techniques.

Esoteric and Symbolic Architectures have endured for thousands of years, establishing their durability and confidence in their sustainability. Noting that the information is content-rich, accessible, and culturally neutral is convenient. Deciding that all this information is obvious is not obvious and has been overlooked in contemporary times for obscure reasons. If the symbolism seems ambiguous, you might appreciate our ancient ancestors' ingenuity in the original allegorical organization and Mapping Strategies for Sustainable Decision-Making.

The Silent Hand

There is no time, place, or culture that does not have a story about the Silent Hand. Martial Arts may be the most apparent contemporary application of the Silent Hand. The Silent Hand tells us the truth – relentlessly, especially when we least expect it.

The Greek letter Ψ

The Greek letter Psi was added to the Phoenician alphabet by about 800 BC, but we intend to use it symbolically as a pictogram. It includes an (I) in an invested emotional sense

and a shadowed (I) as a ‘one’ that represents the unity of awareness, a (Y) as an acronym for the question of why, and a chalice that represents the feminine quality of partnership equanimity, our only hope to save humanity from itself, and finally a stylized trident, a Tantric symbol for mystical insight. The Bodhicariyans wear this symbol somewhere on their body, not as a talisman but possibly as a provocative visualization.

The Bodhicariyan Dilemma

The Sanskrit words Bodhi, meaning enlightened wisdom, and Cariya, meaning reasonable action, are used as criteria to encourage people who have decided to become Bodhicariyan to remember that women and children are not the problem. In times of absolute despotism, those who have the ability to act must also bear the responsibility to act, regardless of the consequences. Unfortunately, the patriarchal delusions we currently suffer from mandate that men kill anyone who criticizes or disagrees with them. So, how do you explain to delusional men that they are delusional, without being martyred, a serious problem?

The Tambolian Book of Deeds

At the beginning of each chapter, there is a quote from the Tambolian Book of Deeds. Yamantaka, the enigmatic guardian of Tambolia, proposed them, saying this was a very naughty thing to do. When asked to explain, he said, “In journalism, it is said that if two people know something, it is not a secret. In mystical traditions, it is said that if one person knows something, it is not a secret. What the Tambolian Book of Deeds explains is that everything essential to the human condition is still secret.

The Story Tellers

The Paleolithic period was before writing and the pyramids, before hieroglyphs and petroglyphs, before settlements and politics; it was a time when storytellers and secret dances wondered about what we were and what we knew. The campfire was the stage, the ceiling of stars, the theater. The old and ancient ones were trusted and believed because they were the custodians of the memories. There were many memories about being here. How to be safe? How to be a good person? The strangest and most magical memory was ‘How to get to where you need to be.’ This memory was called the Map, which has had many names throughout the centuries, and has traveled far, perhaps to every possible place.

When we settled into agricultural villages, the storytellers became the Map Masters, Shaman-Healers, the Mystic-Hermits, the Pilgrim-Wanders, the Teacher-Friend, and the memory of the Map persisted. The appeal included masks, tattoos, and secret movements, as well as hand gestures, the rhythm and cadence of the story, spectacle, and drama. Storytime was a time of enchantment and wonder when the children were quiet, the dogs were quiet, the fire was warm, and everyone could hear. There was a mystery, and the mystery was the Map itself.

The most recent version of the Map is still 2500 years old and was hidden in the Mandalas and visualizations of Tibetan Vajrayana practices. It was not translated, nor even appreciated, until 1971, when it was discovered hidden under an altar in an ancient monastery. At that time, an unrecognized, strange, and hidden Mystic Terton stumbled across these ancient teachings and was fascinated. Forty years later, the Map was complete again. The journey was made fresh by adventurous pilgrims searching for the next place, the place they needed to go, a place where the solutions to problems were found, a place not hidden but deeply unnoticed - Tambolia.

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Lysandra

“Some people are born who have not forgotten anything. The tricky part is being here. How does one explain the truth to people who don’t remember? How does one interfere with institutionalized delusions? One application is to make people hungry where they are most satisfied. Another is to remove hunger where one is least satisfied. Both and neither often matter. Throughout the ages, there have been many names for people who have been able to do this; so far, they haven’t found a way to kill this one. ”

From the Tambolian Book of Deeds

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Chapter 1

You came here; you might as well be here.

“Life is a tight rope, secured in the middle, and the middle is a muddle, like a puzzle in a puddle.”

From the Tambolian Book of Deeds

The monsoon in the summer of 2006 had moved further to the northwest, leaving the little village of Qasba Maker, on the Gandak River in Northeast India, in shambles. The local people resigned to such karmic misfortune, set about doing the clean-up work, and managed their personal tragedies, which were always heartbreaking and lingering. The death toll was not as high as storms go, but there was no laughter in the street and no celebration in the local square that the British made them build a hundred and fifty years ago.

The locals watched as the river rose past flood stage, then receded back into its banks and settled down. The temple Yogis and Sadhus scrubbed out the sanctuary, lit the incense and candles, and chanted prayers offered for renewed health and happiness, which had worked reasonably well for the last four thousand years or so. Only this time, the monsoon had brought a gift of sorts in the form of a small girl.

She was sleeping in the arms of the black Kali (Redeemer of the Universe and Shiva’s consort) when the waters receded from the temple. This was both a minor scandal and a slightly larger miracle. No one in the village recognized the young girl, and no one seemed to be interested in adopting her. She spoke an unrecognizable dialect, and she smiled too much. She seemed entirely too happy about her circumstances, though she was nagged and homeless, and without a family, she would

surely die. The elders decided to take her to a refugee camp downriver to Patna.

The journey was uneventful, except that the rowers seemed affected by the young girl's laughter and genuine affection for everyone in the boat, which is unusual in small Hindu girls. At Patna's River Gott, they left the girl with the priests and rowed back to Qasba Maker. It was another twenty years before they would learn about her again, and no one would have believed the story of her first appearance in the arms of Kali, even if they had remembered it themselves.

The Dalit priests at the Patna Ghats, later referred to by Gandhi as Harridans, were untouchables, and they got rid of the girl as fast as they could at the refugee camp, as the Qasba Maker's rowers had expected.

You might have thought she was one of the staff wandering around the camp with her singsong lisp and delightful happiness, chanting what sounded like ragas, mantras, or sutras, but no one was sure. She did not seem to know how to wrap her sari properly and keep it out of sight, which was generally expected. After a while, the homeless families and refugees grew accustomed to her and grudgingly allowed her to do as she pleased. Occasionally, someone would give her some millet or Dahl, which she ate happily, and then she would wander off again. Almost everyone was thankful that there seemed to be enough food, that the injured and sick were recovering, and that people were getting organized and rebuilding their lives after such a destructive storm. There was not a single person, either spiritual, mystical, old, or learned, who thought this little laughing person had the slightest influence over their well-being and better conditions.

After a couple of weeks, the temporary refugee camp remained somewhat chaotic, but it became slightly more organized when a Westerner arrived with much-needed

medical supplies and additional food. He seemed unusual for a Westerner because he spoke Hindi rather well and was polite in a traditional manner. His name was Roger Sorenson, whom they called Sahib out of respect. They let him wander about and be helpful where he could. He eventually came upon the little laughing girl. They seemed to get along well enough, as he had figured out her spoken language through various translators, such as Pali, but she looked like a much-tanned European. Supposing that she was the daughter of some European spiritual traveler, he contacted the local authorities. They informed him that there were no missing European children. Surprised, he set about trying to discover who she was. This took another week or so, and led to a surprising conclusion: no one had the slightest clue about her identity. Eventually, he tracked her down and talked with her.

“What is your name?” he asked, using what he hoped was recognizable Pali, using a rather sophisticated pocket translator.

“Tram,” she replied.

He recognized this as a Tantric syllable, not a traditional name, and continued, “What did your parents call you?”

“Tram,” she said, with a slight tilt to her head as if she was trying to remember something from long ago.

Hum,” he thought, wondering how to proceed, “Do you know where your parents are?”

“Not about,” she said, as if it did not matter much.

“Do you know your parents’ names?” he asked, hoping for a response.

“Tara,” she said happily.

Roger knew that the name Tara had numerous matriarchal connotations, but he just sat there, wondering about this little person. He decided to change the subject a bit: “Why are you so happy?”

“Is this happy?” she said, almost meditatively, slowly, and in such a way as though coming back from the meditation was the tricky part. The day had been full of rainbows, and one had appeared vividly not far away; he decided to point it out to her: “What do you think that is?”

“Home is that,” she said, in a matter-of-fact sort of way.

“Really!” was all he was able to stammer, realizing that this little person had opened up a whole avalanche of possibilities.

A short time later, he was on his mobile phone with his business partner for this project in Geneva, Switzerland. “Hello Nancy, this is Roger. Is George in?”

“High Roger,” said Nancy in her most friendly secretarial voice. “How’s India? I heard the storm was quite bad.”

“Yes, it was a mess and still is, as far as I can see. I need to talk to George if he isn’t too busy.”

“He said that you would call this morning and told me to put you right through,” she said, sounding hollow in her voice. “He still surprises me when he knows these things; you would think I’d be used to it by now.”

George picked up on the second ring, “Hello, Roger, what have you found?”

“I think I have found another girl for the institute, but I would like your confirmation,” Roger said, liking George Haywood and the Wynyard Institute and what it represented better than ever.

“Tell me about her,” he asked, interested.

“She fits all the conditions we established for sponsorship in the institute; her age is about right, parentless and homeless, but something about this one seems particularly wonderful. I know it is a bit premonitional, but I think she is the one we have been looking for.”

“Why do you think that?” asked George.

“She did a prostration when she saw me, then laughed. It

was something I had only seen in a spiritual sanctuary. She knows about balance, and she can project that awareness. The locals have not noticed anything unusual about her. I suspect that has more to do with cast and prejudice than their spiritual awareness.”

“Does she have any hidden marks?” asked George, even more interested.

“Yes, but in unusual ways,” continued Roger, “When I got her some clothes that she could more easily wear, she wanted a teaklock on her forehead and henna drawn on her hands. This is just a tradition, but she added eyes to the palms of her hands and the soles of her feet. I asked her why she did this, and she said, ‘It’s how to see,’ and walked off, laughing. Other marks are that her fourth fingers are longer than her index fingers, and she has unpierced ear lobes, which is uncommon.”

“What about countenance symmetry?”

“Yes, I took pictures of her face and drew an axis of symmetry, both frontal and on both sides. She was as close to a perfect symmetry as anyone I have profiled. Oddly, her belly button is perfectly centered and almost non-existent. You might almost imagine she was mantra-born or something comparably mystical. I like this girl.”

“Sounds good to me,” said George, “Does she have a name?”

“No, not a normal name, as far as I can tell?”

“Is she adoptable?” continued George.

“Probably, although I expect the usual bureaucratic migraine, but I’ll get right on it. Do you have a name we could use?”

There was some rustling noise and some computer typing. “The next name on the list is Lysandra Vajrayana,” said George, who said she would be the ninth girl we had found. Keep up the excellent work, and I expect to see you when you

return.”

“Thank you, George,” said Roger, trying to remember why the name seemed familiar. “I’ll do what I can, but the Institute is going to need some attention and more political support if we want to continue at this pace.”

“I’ll manage the politics; don’t worry about that. I expect it’s time to bring in the rest of the teachers you mentioned and get them settled in. Several other girls are in the works, and more are coming in daily. Also, the article you wrote in *The Economist* sure got people’s attention.”

“I’m surprised they printed it. A *Sustainable Matriarchal World Village* is not normally what they advocate,” but Roger could hear George’s hearty laugh over the phone.

“I suspect that owning eight percent of their stock might have helped,” added George unnecessarily.

“I thought it was my convincing argument,” stated Roger, humorously knowing that George got the article published. “See you soon.”

It was more than a small task to get Lysandra adopted and out of India. With consummate patience and generous baksheesh, the job was done.

“Are you my father now?” asked Lysandra as they left Patna on their journey to the Wynyard Institute in California.

“I think you will find that you have many fathers and a large family waiting for you when we get to your new school,” Roger answered. What bothered him significantly more, and not just in a typical biological way, was who her mother might have been.

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Chapter 2

To enter, you must know Numbers...

“You have to believe it before you can see it.”

From the Tambolian Book of Deeds

This message is written above the entrance to the library at the Wynyard Institute in California, as it was written in the town of Crotona over the entrance to the Conservatory of Pythagoras, a fourth-century BC Greek settlement in southern Italy, and in Alexandria, Egypt. What everyone understood about this inscription was that if you were going to be here, you had better pay attention.

One of the insights at the Wynyard Institute was noticing the current conditions, which were not as easy as expected. The condition that had gone unnoticed for the last five thousand years or so is that *women and children were not the problem*. The hierarchical dominance of patriarchal social and cultural values, as well as patriarchal gods, has devastated the world we live in. The idea that rape and pillage were a value standard, as contrasted to nurturing and sustainability, seems like an absurd choice. I suspect that it is hard to argue against the patriarchal policy that - if you do not do as I say, I will kill you.

Roger Sorenson introduced George Haywood to the idea of a Partnership World Village, along with a list of other conditions, and created the Wynyard Institute in California. George did not know much about the contribution made by the people from The Applegarth Library in Tambolia (where pins and socks go, and sometimes people). These others made up the support personnel and were unusual in many ways.

Indeed, their most controversial characteristics were that they were all potential felons: serious, committed, and dedicated rule breakers.

Violating local jurisprudence was done with utmost care and thorough research, bordering on obsessive, but when it was done, it was done with skillfulness. Violating cultural norms and traditions took on a much different character. If one became an issue, like eating protocols and numerous others, the Tambolian people thought three alternatives were the minimum expected number. When asked to decide between two alternatives based on cultural or traditional norms, they tried to choose the one that had not been chosen before.

It would be easy to think that these people might be unreliable and untrustworthy, but they were the perfect people to do the job that needed to be done at the Wynyard Institute. I might add that several years at the Applegarth Library in Tambolia had moderated some of their obsessive individualism and enabled them to value cooperation and teamwork. This made them significantly more effective, which was highly beneficial to the Wynyard Institute and a massive problem for the local and international authorities, who, as far as they could tell, never discovered their existence or any of their shenanigans. They were collectively known as *the Shadow People* and seemed genuinely pleased with the implied metaphor.

Katerina Crawford, the office manager, was an elfin figure with large, passionate eyes and a locomotive personality. To say *no* to Katerina was a life-threatening proposition. Although we never found any bodies, everyone figured it was a close thing. Katerina discovered Tambolia through the hole of *irony-corrupted emptiness* and never looked back at her former life. She had been associated with the political activities of the Suffragettes and the Women's Social and Political Union (WSPU) in 1902. She discovered *The Pillars*

of the Dawn shortly after coming to Tambolia and migrated there. The Pillars were able to bestow a persuasively youthful appearance and vigor upon her, which she kept for her entire, very long life. Katerina had a perfect photographic memory and was thought to be precognitive. Someone who could remember the color of her diaper pins and discern the future was definitely someone to have on your side. As a pastime, she mainly painted murals with faux textures; if she was working, it would be a good idea to leave her alone. Her work was consummately provocative, and she could have been a professional artist, but she loved being part of the Tambolian extended family. She was devoted entirely to Roger from the moment she discovered him in a cave in Nepal, and she was dedicated to the idea behind the Wynyard Institute and everything it might achieve. She got up early and filled the day with getting things done.

Everyone supposed the three Kahanies were all Iranian, and no one could tell them apart, though they looked different when together and varied in age by a decade or more. Nevertheless, when one of them showed themselves, everyone simply said that one of the Kahanies was there, and everyone knew what that meant. The Kahanies came to Tambolia together through the Tambolian hole of *recursively diminishing options*, and they were more frustrated with Tambolia than most, because there was nothing that needed to be fixed, done, moved, or stolen. However, they never claimed to have stolen anything. They usually used a Persian/Iranian slang term that meant - forever borrow, the unwatched is the unwanted, or possibly anything you wanted it to mean. The Kahanies were occasionally criticized for holding an antisocial opinion - it is not a crime if it remains unnoticed.

The Kahanies were transporters. If you needed something moved or taken somewhere, or something else delivered,

however controversial, complicated, or legal for that matter, the Kahanies were who you talked to. You sent them an Email, told them what you needed, and sat back and waited for it to happen. They once delivered two shipping containers full of contraband rugs, furniture, and other anthropological and historical objects from Kazakhstan, Uzbekistan, and Kyrgyzstan to the Wynyard Institute in Alexander Valley, California, through seven international borders, ten time zones, and an ocean without a single question being asked or an inspection by any official. There is a rumor that they could deliver a baby without the mother knowing about it.

They were also fluent in fifteen languages and dialects between them and could pass for locals almost anywhere in the world. They lived, when at the Wynyard, in one of the houses on the estate, and there were always machine noises and banging at all hours, with occasional explosions to liven things up. They also had access, through their basement, to a labyrinth of hidden passageways and secret rooms full of wonderful surprises that they used to help them do all sorts of odd things.

Cap Porter handled the Internet and all other computer maintenance and IT communication. Cap achieved 1600 points on her SATs at the age of ten, her Doctorate in Computer Information Systems, and was valedictorian at twenty from Stanford University. Cap worked for the NSA for two years without them noticing, creating for herself a considerable salary, benefits, and travel expenses, which she abused regularly. She walked into the building and interrupted a secret meeting of all the department heads and the NSA director. Then, she informed them that there was a slight issue with their internal security system, and then promptly disappeared.

One of her projects was to have more CRAY T3E-900 computers than the NSA, but she decided two was enough,

which was fifty percent of the CRAY T3E-900 computers in the western USA. She could double the efficiency and output management by using one of her neural network processing programs, which she had not disclosed to anyone, and figured that was enough capacity for the time being. She ran N-body *decision protocol* problems for George Haywood, including one that involved one-fifth of the world's population as a coupled number in a PageRank algorithm matrix, just for fun.

Cap had been conceived in Tambolia and could get there in numerous ways, but usually came to Tambolia through the hole of *consummate absurdity*. In contrast to her earlier history as a notorious prankster, European socialite, opportunist, and heartbreaker, she became everyone's surrogate mother, which worked out rather well.

Cap was the ultimate wonderful person and always seemed to have the time to chat and sympathize with anybody. If any of the girls at the institute, or anyone for that matter, had any concerns or a discipline problem, they would find Cap and have a one-hour session with her, and that was happiness itself. She lived in one of the attic apartments in the main building, which was filled to the ceiling with memorabilia, knick-knacks, photos, student drawings, and projects.

The chief financial officer, CFO, for the Wynyard Institute was Stephanie Gale, an investment broker at one of the international investment houses for many years. She refers to herself as a white-collar adventurer and, when excited or a little drunk, as the *Prelate of Money Laundering Strategies*. She mentioned, from time to time, that only three percent of her transactions were ever discovered, and none were traced to their intended destination. Stephanie said that the most fun she ever had was transferring two million dollars from a Republican Political Party Action committee to the Libertarians' political campaign during the 1984 Presidential

election campaign.

Stephanie almost drowns the Institute in money; apart from George Haywood's contributions, the only money that was disclosed to the public. The net worth and annual budget of the Wynyard Institute were larger than those of most American countries and ten of the poorest countries in the world. The Wynyard Institute could have been listed on the NASDAQ if it were a publicly traded corporation. As a private international trust institution, the Wynyard Institute was not obligated to disclose its net worth or the sources of its income. The total expenses for the Wynyard Institute and all its projects for the first ten years of operation were \$1.976 billion, and the net worth was approximately \$10 billion. It took them quite a while to figure out how to spend all this money, but they eventually found a way to spend it, and a whole lot more, in the end.

The Shadow People were invisible to the general public, and the Wynyard Institute students didn't know their work. However, as you can imagine, their contribution was significant and essential to its ultimate goals.

One of the projects the Shadow People adopted was to become omniscient. It would be easy to think this was presumptuous and an affront to the Gods or something, but this was only partly true. To become omniscient, all you need to do is decide it is possible and open the door. A message on the door to omniscience asks the enigmatic question – *Why not?*

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Chapter 3

The Road on the way to Life

“It will be there when you get there.”

From the Tambolian Book of Deeds

On the plane trip from Calcutta to San Francisco, Lysandra first dazzled the customs agents, then enchanted the flight attendants, and generally made a nuisance of herself in a thoroughly charming way. It seems crucial to her to show everyone on the plane her new clothes. She kept Roger busy rummaging through their bags, looking for this or that, or she walked about just touching things. Other little people seemed to get her attention the most, and the feeling seemed mutual. One little girl, a few months old, seemed fussed out about something until Lysandra touched her arm and sang one of her mantra-raga-like songs.

Roger paid close attention to this chanting style, mostly because he couldn't figure out how she was using the ancient Pali language she was chanting. He was sure it was not ordinary Buddhist chants. Although there were hundreds of these, the cadence she used was noticeably different. He also decided he felt like Professor Higgins in *My Fair Lady*, trying to teach her English.

They were met at San Francisco International Airport by one of the Kahanies in the Institute's black and pretentious Lincoln limousine. Lysandra seemed pleased but pensive. On the way to Alexander Valley, the home of the Wynyard Institute, she spent most of the time almost motionless, looking out the window.

“What are you looking at? Roger asked her, wondering what

might be so intriguing to him. What she did was interesting in itself; she just raised her index finger close to her face and pointed out the window at the scenery as if it were a movie on a television. He suspected that little minds are excellent absorbers of everything.

It takes a few hours to drive to the Wynyard Institute, and there was almost no talking, although Roger had some Mozart playing, which was consoling as always. As they were rounding a sharp curve in Alexander Valley's scenic roadway, a family of raccoons dashed in front of the limo. Kahani tried to both stop and swerve simultaneously, but could not avoid hitting them; you could hear and almost feel a thud when the limo collided with them. At that moment, Lysandra screamed in shock and sadness, put her face in her hands, and cried piteously. However, Roger did not know how she knew what had happened.

"We had better stop and see what we might do," he said to Kahanies, which they did, though it seemed that Kahanies was distraught and hurting himself.

"Maybe you had better stay in the car," he cautioned Lysandra, but she slid out and walked back to the accident. It seemed that the mother had managed to escape, but two of her babies lay in the road. "Don't touch them; I'll get Klahanie to move them." She ignored him, went right to them, gathered them up in her little arms, walked into the woods on the side of the road, sat down, and started rocking and chanting her singsong mantra.

They watched and waited patiently for her to stop. To everyone else, the babies looked quite broken and dead.

"Lysandra, dear, you need to put them down. Maybe the mother will come back and take care of them." However, she continued with her chanting.

After a bit, he said encouragingly, "Really, Lysandra, it's

time to go.” He sat beside her and explained, “Sometimes things die, and we must let them go.”

She stopped chanting and solemnly made a nest for them to lie in, then gently placed them down. “The mother is quite frightened; she doesn’t know what to do,” said the sad little girl, walking back to the car. As the car drove away, what could not be seen by anyone but their mother was that the little raccoons began to stir.