

Chapter 1

(Where-in the author reveals a straight fact)

Since the human began to talk it has had lots of ideas about what it was. It looked at the world working all around magically and perfectly. The sun appeared and disappeared. The weather grew warm, then cold, then warm again. There were plants and animals for food and clothes. There was the warm excitement of joining with another human. Smells, tastes, pain, everything. And order, so much order. Everything working. Everything right. So much to wonder at. So much to take for granted. So much to fear.

The human looked at the animals. Some were stronger. Some were faster. But the human survived by the power of its very good brain and one by one established power over the quicker and stronger animals, caused plants to grow where it wished, held back the cold with fire and shelter, and began to think.

"What am I?" it thought. I don't make the sun rise and fall. Something must be above me. I have beaten the animals, they must be below me. "And after all," it reasoned (as it began to reason) "I can reason!, and that makes me sparkingly different from all I find around. It

must be that the thing above me has placed me above the beasts - Master of the Earth. I am something great and terrible. Not a god, of course, but god-like above all else.

My will be done."

The human forgot it couldn't easily swing from tree to tree - or jump 5 times its height like a cat - or fly like a bird. It didn't see that the order came from everything taking its place. Playing its part.

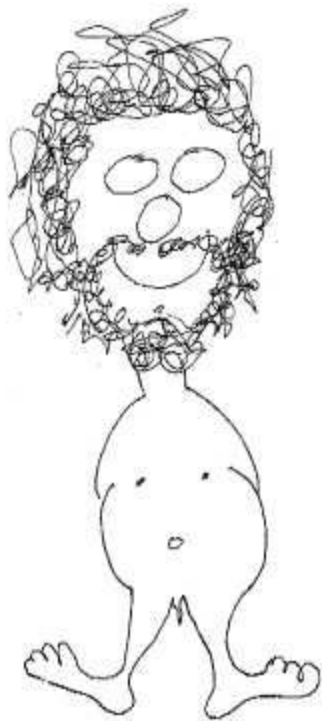
So the human - the planet's greatest brain - closed its eye and began to grow.

Much, much, much, much later when the human was no longer quite so sure there was any power above, "Earth, Moon, rain, stars all seem quite natural," it observed, certain humans came up with the idea that Man had erupted from the animals. Well, most humans didn't like that idea, but it slowly began to be believed. Still the human clung to its superiority - it had erupted out from and above the animals

"What is it that separates us from the animals?" the human is fond of asking.

Here is the answer.

Nothing.



You're an animal.