

CHAPTER THREE: REIGN OF FLOWERS

This chapter was never completed.

A STORY OF THE ANCIENT WORLD

It was a custom in ancient Babylonia to choose a “king for the day” one day out of each year, taken from the common stock. This king would rule Babylon until his first sunset on the throne, after which he would be sacrificially put to death. There is one incident in which the real king, Era-Imitti, chose his gardener, Enlil Bani, to be this doomed king. Era-Imitti, ironically, was even more doomed, and died of natural causes while the ceremonial party still raged on. The Mock King ruled for two decades, and did it well. Thus may the sacrificial lamb wield the dagger for himself. Somebody, somewhere, has to win the lottery.

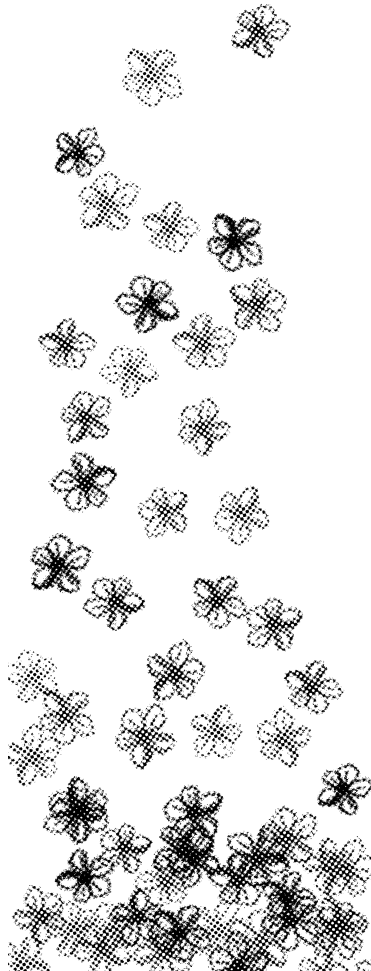
HELPFUL ADVICE FROM TWO SOURCES

Don't Wake Up, If You Aren't Finished With The Dream

— St. Peshier

“Not with that O.P.A., Brother”

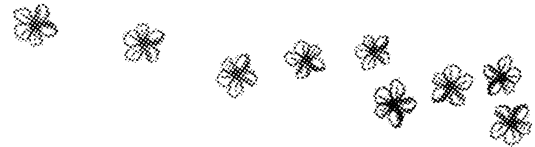
— Legionnaire L. C.



an Eristic work to be shared in reflection, celebration, and play

Peshier the Gardener

— *Sincerest Nonsense, Excerpted
From the Novus Ordo Discordia*



CHAPTER ONE: THE GARDEN OF THE KING

Peshier lived in a City, a dreary maze of concrete and glass where the legacy of Greyface was ubiquitous.

Peshier was a gardener for the City's King, a bitter and pained champion of all that is old and tried and in accordance with things that are also old and tried. Peshier the Gardener had been hired because he had a magic with growing things, and could make them green, when all the King could do was make things become ashen and die.

The garden of the King was atop a skyscraper, high above the streets below where people shuffled nervously in dull-colored coats that hid their bodies. Lovers in the City met in darkened rooms with blinds drawn, and didn't laugh about everything.

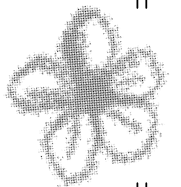
The garden was overflowing with life and color, a discordant blend of greens and reds and whites and purples. Some paths went noplac at all, some were apparently very structured, but their structure made no sense to the King.

Near the middle of the garden was a pool, around which Peshier had made a flower-clock that ran backwards. It was here that he spent most of his time, tending the clock-flowers and dipping his toes in the water. The King seldom visited the garden, which he had wanted simply to remind himself that he could isolate anything on top of his tower, Peshier and the garden included. The King didn't like the bright colors, the humidity, or the bugs.

There were many bugs in the garden, and they did buzz.

And each flower is the Sacred Chao. Some of the bugs did sting, and Peshier was stung often. When he could, he swatted the bugs away or smashed them. Peshier cried out to Eris when he was stung, crying “Why do I have a magic with plants but not with bugs? The plants do not sting me! Only the bugs do!” But the Goddess laughed, because Peshier did not understand. Peshier kept getting stung, sometimes in embarrassing places.

Peshier did have a magic with the bugs, who never once stung the King. The Bugs flew in the eyes of the King, but never in the eyes of Peshier. But Eris forgave Peshier for not seeing the truth of this, because she was always invited to Peshier's garden, and to his room, and to his parties with his friends, and to the movies, if she was ever up for it.



Eris had taken a Holy Shine to Peshier, and had made him her Passing Fancy for a time, but she didn't go to the movies with him. Eris is playful with her lovers, and likes to bite. It is written that all who love Eris are her lovers, and we are all, at a time when we do not know it, her Passing Fancy.

CHAPTER TWO: RAIN OF FLOWERS

The seeds of flowers can be the seeds of Discord in any place where flowers are not wanted. Some men fear flowers.

Peshier tended his garden with care, for his friends and his room and the movies gave him no pleasure like his magic with growing things, and, despite his cries, even the bugs felt comfortable to him.

In a year in which the Curse on mankind seemed to weigh down more heavily than ever, there came rumors to the Royal Court about Peshier's garden, and many of the gentlemen and ladies of the court longed to see its beauty. Peshier knew none of this. If he had, it would have made him smile and invite the gentlemen and ladies there. But in the laws of the City, the garden was not Peshier's. The garden was the garden of the King.

And the King, too, had heard the mutterings of the ladies and gentlemen of the court, and was worried. The King didn't like his garden, and saw it as a prison for Peshier, whom he both envied and hated. The King didn't think the garden was beautiful, the King just hated the bugs. Which was fine; the bugs didn't especially like him, either.

It was the bugs which inspired the King to do what he did, which was his plan to make his subjects forget about the garden.

One day the King appeared before the court, at one of the Royal Parties. It was a dreary affair; the music was the kind that hid the soul of the composer, and the costumes and masks were the kind that hid the souls of their wearers. But the ladies and gentleman still danced. It was all they could do.

The music stopped and the King stood up before the Band, and spoke out to the dance floor, saying "I have heard echoes and mutters and shapely silences, and their shapes were all the same. You, my subjects, envy me my garden. This is as it should be; a King must have enviable things," he said, "but a King's wealth is the wealth of his people."

The dancers shuffled nervously in clothing that hid their bodies, behind masks that hid their souls, and felt fear. All of them wanted to see the garden, yet all of them knew that the King's words were somehow not sincere. They knew the Order of the City, and the Order of the City didn't include sharing anything that belonged to the City's King.

The King spoke thus: "Come, my subjects, to the top of my skyscraper. There you will see all things as I do, both the garden and the City. As you have heard, the flowers there are beautiful, and are of colors seldom seen." In fear, the gentlemen and ladies of the court followed their king to the top of his tower. The members of the Band, mercifully, were allowed to stay behind to polish their instruments.

Peshier the gardener was dipping his toes in the water of the pool, and the flowers of the flower-clock were opening

and closing all around him, each one the Sacred Chao. He was surprised and delighted when the sounds of a crowd was heard, arriving from the brick and glass house where the elevator was. The King entered the garden, smiling. He knew that the bugs he so hated would pester and irritate his guests, and that they would stop longing for his garden.

The bugs didn't go near the King that day. Not even to cloud his eyes.

The ladies and gentlemen stepped fearfully into the garden, and were struck by what they saw. Colors, bright colors, and dances of swirling mist. Green leaves and pebbled paths, following structure that they had never seen, and sometimes no structure at all. The garden of Peshier was a Creative Trip, and they were tripping on it. The bugs did not go near the Gentlemen and Ladies, and they did not go near the King. The subjects of the Royal Court watched in wonder, instead, as the bugs swirled in the mist, their golden wings glittering in the sunlight, bright and dancing above the shadowy fog of the streets far below. The bugs formed circles and swirls, and suggested symbols that the ladies and gentlemen did not understand.

And Peshier saw the light in their eyes, and was satisfied, and kept right on splashing his toes in the water. Happily, the subjects from the dance tore off their masks, and hiked up their costumes, and joined him. Some wandered barefoot to the edge of the garden, to watch the mists swirl down into the blackened corridors of the grey skyscrapers of the city. They shook their heads and laughed.

The King was pissed. Royally. "These bugs!" he cried. "They always fly in my face! They always buzz in my ear! They fight me and drive me away! "These colors! They are too bright! They inspire no sense of Order! They inspire no sense of Dread!" And the King railed and cried and the ladies and gentleman kept right on splashing their toes.

The King killed the garden that day.

With his bare hands he started, and with his bare, bloodied hands he finished. He tore up every flower, he tore up every shrub. His hands ripped roses from the ground and threw branches into the gravel. His feet crushed tiny flowers barely born. And he threw it all into the black abyss of the concrete canyons of the city. The ladies and gentlemen put on their masks, and shrank away in fear. Peshier, the gardener, simply wept, lying dirty in the ruins of his flower-clock. On the streets of the city, men and women shuffled nervously in dull-colored coats that hid their bodies. They did not know that the King was above them, murdering a garden. They did not know that the gardener was crying.

Until the flowers fell.

And the streets of the city were filled with colors seldom seen, and fresh earth and mist and dancing bugs with glittering golden wings. For the first time, the people smiled, and the women put flowers in their hair, and the lovers laughed about everything.

THE TRUTH ABOUT LOVE AND FEAR

If your tendency is to love the opposite of what you fear, you have no freedom.