



# **MISTER BLUESKY**

**GUY LANE**

Mister Bluesky

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Version 2.0

by Guy Lane

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## Part 1- Mister Bluesky

*There once was a man called Bluesky  
Crushed by power he didn't die  
Planet in-synergy  
Charged-up with energy  
He took the fight to the bad guys*

### Chapter 1 - New Energy Policy

The Conference Organizer is too scared to break the news to Professor Bluesky, so he sends one of his assistants, instead.

"Make sure you get his name right," he tells the young woman called Trudy. "It's not pronounced *Blue Sky*, it's *Beluski*."

Trudy finds the Professor standing in the hallway of the conference centre. He is a handsome, sixty-year old man with a bald head and glasses. A divorcee, he has only one mission in life, to save the world's children from climate change.

Professor Bluesky's suit jacket covers a blue and white vertically striped shirt. He has the polished look of a successful academic. He's plump, well-groomed, and accustomed to the good life. As the keynote speaker at an international event, he is in his natural habitat, surrounded by thousands of delegates who will all soon hear that he speaks as eloquently as he looks.

Today, however, Professor Bluesky is not behaving in a particularly eloquent manner. Instead, he is engrossed in the conference brochure, cursing and swearing.

The brochure describes the '*Coal & Ice Sustainability Summit*' where Professor Bluesky is to deliver the results of his ground-breaking research: '*A Grand Unified Theory of Life & Earth*'. According to the brochure, the address is to be delivered by

none-other than Professor Timothy 'Blue Sky'. That's *Blue Sky*, not *Bluesky*. Big difference.

Professor Bluesky rarely gets angry, but the one thing that really ticks him off is when people misspell his name. "Blue Sky!" he grumbles. "Damned Blue Sky!" He looks up to see the young woman approach, and observes her incriminating name badge.

"Sixteen times!" he tells her, abruptly. "I counted sixteen times. People come up to me and say, 'Oh, Hello Professor *Blue Sky*'. And I ask, why is it so? So I check the document they all carry and find it's your fault. You've spelt my damned name wrong!"

"I am very sorry, Sir," the young lady says, taken aback by the handsome Professor's irritation.

"For forty years I study this planet to discover a *Grand Unified Theory*, and you people can't even spell my damned name right. It's not pronounced *Blue Sky*. It's pronounced *Beluski*!"

"I do beg your pardon," the poor woman says, defensively.

"Like a whale," Professor Bluesky rants. "A Blue Whale. On skis. Picture that. A whale on skis. *Beluski*!"

"Professor Bluesky, there is something else," the young woman says, regretting what comes next.

"Else? What else?"

"Sir, I am afraid that your presentation has been cancelled."

Professor Bluesky stops talking. His eyes narrow and he studies the woman to see if she is lying. Or mistaken. Or maybe he misheard. This cannot possibly be happening. The silence is eerie.

She says, "The Government, who funded this conference, insist that your slot is given to the Minister who is to announce the New Energy Policy."

Professor Bluesky mulls this over for a while, crunching the politics through his big brain. It checks out, sort of. You get this on the big jobs. Ministerial intervention, they call it. It's probably well beyond the control of the dopey organizers who can't even spell his name properly.

Professor Bluesky says, "So, you reschedule me and ensure that everyone knows the new time."

"I am afraid that's not possible, Sir."

"Not possible?!" Professor Bluesky adopts the booming, authoritative voice he uses when he is not getting what he wants, "I demand to speak to your superior."

At that very moment, he looks up and sees the Conference Organizer scurrying past cradling an armful of official documents. Professor Bluesky is onto him like a pug on a sock. "What the devil is going on here?"

"Ah, yes, Professor Bluesky," says the bureaucrat, using the correct pronunciation of his name. I am so sorry to bear the news."

"You damned-well didn't. You sent your junior."

"Professor, the Government has insisted that we allocate your slot to the Minister to announce the New Energy Policy."

"Yes. Yes. I know that much. But what about what about *my* presentation? It is integral to Life & Earth, and to save the world's children from climate change."

"Mister Bluesky, I'm afraid that your presentation is--"

"Spit it out man!"

"Cancelled."

"Ca – " Professor Bluesky's face turns the colour of something about to explode. He thinks of his little granddaughter, Dorothy. His keynote address is dedicated to her and all the granddaughters in the world.

"*But – But –*" He stammers, then finds a faltering voice, "This address is the pinnacle of a 40 year research program, and integral to the survival of life on this planet. It cannot be cancelled."

"My hands are tied, Professor. It comes from the Minister's office. And the Minister reports to the President. They funded the conference, you see."

"Is that the policy, there?" Professor Bluesky points at the documents cradled in the Conference Organizer's arm. He snatches one, and reads the title on the cover page: *New Energy Policy: Tax Sunshine. Subsidize Fossils*. At the bottom of the page are the headshots of the contributing editors, the *New Energy Coalition*, a Who's Who of fossil fuel executives covering the evil triad: coal, oil and gas.

"That's not possible," Professor Bluesky mumbles, stunned.  
"They cancelled me for this?"

The Conference Organizer motions for a security guard to come close, and the meat-head asks, "So, you want me to throw this bozo out?"

"Stand by. Let's see what he does next," says the bureaucrat.

Swooning with shock, Professor Bluesky staggers down the hallway of the conference centre. He stumbles through the crowd, aghast, unable to breathe properly, unable to think straight.

He is a man in a suit with a briefcase, in a huge auditorium full of people in suits and briefcases. Two minutes ago, he was at the top of the food-chain, about to execute a carefully planned mission – a wake-up call to Human Civilization to create a healthy future for his little granddaughter, Dorothy, and all the other little children in the world.

His entire adult life has been heading towards this auditorium, to deliver this message, *A Grand Unified Theory of Life & Earth*. But then, an hour before the summit, he is shunned by the system. Ditched. Duped. Dumped. Tossed out like a rag. He has fallen foul of power, and suffered a Ministerial-level assassination. He knows exactly what this is. It's a deliberate professional embarrassment. A political crucifixion. There's no coming back from this. It's over. Terminated. Axed. Finished. *Professor Bluesky is kaput!*

He feels empty and sad, a hollow-man, his spirit poured out of him like air from a punctured balloon. He stumbles down the hallway like a zombie, bumping into the delegates who he was supposed to instruct.

He finds his way a taxi rank and numbly joins the queue. He looks around to see people looking at him, and he wonders, "What the hell am I doing here?"

Then he realizes that he is waiting for a petrol-powered car to take him through a fossil-fuelled city to a hotel that has no solar panels. This profound irony stuns him, and the briefcase falls from his hand. He feels stifled by his suit jacket and tie, so he slips these off and lets them fall to the floor. Even his vertically-striped shirt oppresses him and he numbly undoes the buttons,

revealing a white cotton singlet underneath. Dropping the shirt onto the pavement, he steps off the kerb and crosses the road to the car-park. Heading towards the distant hills, Professor Timothy Bluesky walks away.

## Chapter 2 – Hitch-hiking

Hours later, Professor Bluesky is walking in the countryside. His head pounds as the big brain inside crunches the numbers on the new Energy Policy and what it means for his little granddaughter's future, and the future of all the granddaughters in the world. He calculates the carbon emissions, the global warming, the climate change, the slippery slope to the hothouse and the *inconvenient extinction* of the human race, little Dorothy and all the other children included.

His heart is heavy and he cycles through a series of emotions. He is filled with sadness. Anger. Relief. Catharsis. Fear of what comes next. He feels lonely. And then quiet contemplation. He looks up to see trees all around him. It is a lovely sight, and he wishes that he had someone to share it with.

In the distance there are dark clouds, and a cold breeze washes over him. He rubs his arms, suddenly feeling his skin chill. He stops on the side of the road and looks back to where he has come from. He's been walking for hours. Where is he? Where is he going? A car approaches, and Professor Bluesky, remembers his youth when he would hitchhike everywhere. How do they do it these days? With the finger or the thumb? He tries the thumb. And it works.

An old sedan pulls up. In the driver's seat is a woman in her early forties. She has bleached blonde hair and earrings in the shape of a seahorse, coloured red, orange and yellow. She's wearing scrubs, like she works in a hospital. The woman moves with a freedom and lightness that is instantly appealing.

Professor Bluesky opens the passenger door and watches as the woman clears the clutter from the front seat and tosses it into the back. "Excuse the mess," she says, grinning like something awesome had just happened. Or was about to.

Mister Bluesky takes the seat and the woman pokes out her hand. "I'm Ninian."



"I'm Prof – " he halts, realizing that he has left his academic life behind in the conference hall. "I'm *Mister Bluesky*."

"How do you spell that?" Ninian asks, as she accelerates the car.

"B-L-U-E-S-K-Y."

"Blue Sky! You are Mister Blue Sky!" She sings the words with a distinctive voice, "*Mister Blue Sky*."

"No. No. It's pronounced *Beluski*. Like a whale on skis."

"Oh, come-on," she says. "You don't know who you are. You're dead famous. You're the man who makes things better. Listen." Ninian pulls out a CD and slides it into the stereo. Music bursts into life. The speakers crackle under a 1970's track from the Electric Light Orchestra.

"*Sun is shinin' in the sky. There ain't a cloud in sight. It's stopped rainin' everybody's in a play. And don't you know. It's a beautiful new day. Hey. Hey.*" As the music booms out, Ninian dances behind the wheel, singing at the top of her voice. The car swerves from side to side for a full three and a half minutes until the song closes.

"*Hey there Mr Blue. We're so pleased to be with you. Look around see what you do. Everybody smiles at you. Mr Blue Sky.*"

For those three and a half minutes, Mister Bluesky stops thinking about the *inconvenient extinction* and poor little Dorothy without a future. When the dizzying music ends he is energized, buzzing. Feeling alive.

Puffed from the exertion of her car-seat dance, Ninian says, "Oh, I love that song."

Something touches Mister Bluesky's arm and he glances down to see a peculiar looking animal looking up at him. It is small and scruffy, and its fur is a tangle of grey and white. A long fringe covers its odd-shaped face. It moves through the gap between the front seats and crawls onto Mister Bluesky's lap. The animal is light-weight, just bones held together with skin and fur. Mister Bluesky apprehensively places his hand on the animal's back. Its oily fur has an unsavoury aroma.

"I used to have a cat," Ninian tells him. "When it died I cried so much. Then I got that thing. And I realized that it's all the same, really. You just have to adjust."

"What breed is it?" asks Mister Bluesky, unsure whether he wants the odd animal on his lap.

"I don't know," says Ninian. "I think it's a dog."

"It's a dog?"

"And what are you doing out here?"

"Just getting some fresh air, I guess," Mister Bluesky says.

"It's going to get real fresh, soon. Look, big storm coming. Where are you going?"

"This way, I guess," Mister Bluesky says.

"Well, I have to turn off, up here," Ninian says. "I'm on my way to work."

"Just drop me off here. I'll be fine." As he steps out of the vehicle he says, "Hey, thanks for the song."

## Chapter 3 - Madame Wong

On-foot again, Mister Bluesky, walks in the direction of the distant mountains. The road veers off to one side, but he continues straight ahead, into the forest.

He comes to the bank of a river and sees something quite odd. It's a boat that he recognizes. It belongs to an old-friend who he has not seen for years. "It's Madam Wong," he says aloud.

The sailing boat *Madame Wong* has a black, steel hull and white coach house. She is junk-rig, with two masts and bright red lateen sails folded on the boom. She is an eccentric boat, not unlike her irascible old owner, Lenny. *Madame Wong* rests at anchor on the other side of the fast flowing river.

"How long has it been since I have seen Lenny?" Mister Bluesky wonders. He cups his hands together and calls out, "Coo-eee!"

There's no movement aboard *Madame Wong*, so he calls again, taking a step closer to the riverbank. But he slips on the muddy bank, hits the ground hard and slides into the river.

Winded, Mister Bluesky is dragged away by the swift current. Quickly out of his depth, he thrashes wildly, but swallows a mouthful of river water. Gagging and spluttering, he is gripped with terror, thinking he'll drown. Something hard bangs against his leg and he panics, "Help!" he yells, then disappears beneath the surface. He thrashes to keep himself afloat but he's

not a strong swimmer, and his pants and shoes weigh him down.

Just then a hand reaches out from nowhere and a strong fist grabs Mister Bluesky's white cotton singlet. He turns to see his old-mate Lenny leaning over the side of a dingy.

Mister Bluesky clutches the side of the little boat and Lenny grasps his belt. After some huffing and puffing, Lenny hauls Mister Bluesky into the dingy, and he lays there, exhausted, panting heavily.

"The things you find in the river!" says Lenny, excitedly. "It's old-mate, *Timothy the skiing whale!*"

"I guess so," says Mister Bluesky.

"So, Bluesky, what's with all the drowning? Is this your new thing?"

"It seems that way."

"Come with me, mate. Madame Wong will fix you up."

Aboard *Madame Wong*, Mister Bluesky is shown to a cabin and pointed in the direction of a small shower cubicle. After a hot shower, he lays the contents of his drenched wallet out on a towel. Among the credit cards and the bank notes is a little picture of granddaughter Dorothy. She is about six years old with, freckles, pigtails and a tooth missing from her big smile. Mister Bluesky feels sad, knowing that he is no longer able to make the future better for Dorothy and all the other granddaughters in the world. The insane people have taken power, and now they throw wise people out of convention centres.

Mister Bluesky places the photo gently on the towel. He dons a cotton bathrobe and joins Lenny in the master cabin. It is spacious below decks, the vessel meticulously maintained.

Lenny is browsing news on a tablet device, his face set with a grim look. He cracks a smile when he sees Mister Bluesky in the bathrobe. He reaches for a bottle of rum, tucked behind a cushion.

"Time you get you drunk, you old whale," Lenny grins. He pours a healthy glug of golden liquid into a small glass and slides it across the table.

"I sure need that," says Mister Bluesky as he sniffs the volatile

aroma of the rum.

"What are you doing out here? Where's your damned suit and briefcase?"

"At a taxi rank," says Mister Bluesky. He sips the rum and savours the sensation as it tingles in his mouth.

"I just googled you," Lenny tells him. "You got politically assassinated."

"It was a set up. They got me in a prime spot of the biggest conference at the pinnacle of my career. "

"That's a hard fall."

"It's not the first. But it is the last. I walked away from it all."

"So, what's next?" asks Lenny.

"I don't know. I don't even know what I am, anymore."

"The country is run by mad people," Lenny says, staring at his rum glass contemplatively.

"They are winning, alright," says Mister Bluesky. "Marching in the street with placards doesn't seem to do it anymore."

"We ought to start marching in boardrooms with pitchforks."

"I hear you," says Mister Bluesky. "But I'm not the pitchfork type, myself."

"Really? You just said you don't know what you are."

"Hmmm," says Mister Bluesky.

"Anyway. I'm getting out of here," Lenny says.

"Really? Where to?"

"I'm taking Madame Wong to the Plume."

"The Plume?" asks Mister Bluesky, intrigued.

"An Upwelling Pump in the middle of the ocean. It brings a plume of nutrient-rich water to the surface that kicks off a huge bloom of plankton. It brings the sea alive. There's a community gathering out there."

"When are you leaving?"

"Soon. Just getting some money together to fit-out the ship. It costs money to keep a lady like Madame Wong."

## Chapter 4 - The Tree of Life

Later, Mister Bluesky is in his cabin, asleep, caught in a torrid dream. He is trying to figure out how to put the world back on course, but he is lost in all the complexities. He is drowning in a

sea of data. So many numbers, so many words. He struggles forwards but mathematical equations wrap around his legs and slow him down. Long-winded sentences tangle around his arms. He has written a grand theory of how to protect the planet for the children, but it is so complicated that you need a rocket science degree to understand it. The complexities prevent him from moving towards the dappled, pale blue light, the living planet viewed from space.

In his dream, Mister Bluesky is on a satellite, over a million kilometres away from Earth, in the place called L-1. Here, the gravitational attraction of the Earth is balanced with that of the Sun, and the satellite hangs in space, lazily filming the sunlit side of Earth and beaming the pictures back to Mission Control. From this location, the Earth is a pale blue dot, a Blue Marble against a vast cosmos.

Mister Bluesky watches as the pale blue dot becomes hazy from the smoke of wildfires spreading around the planet. The green bands on Earth, the vegetated areas, shrink down, replaced by the drab-brown colour of deserts and parched lands. Speckles of orange light are intense wildfires raging through the shrinking forests. Smoke pours from the huge fires into the upper atmosphere and soon, all that is left of the pale blue dot is a grey smudge, too thick for sunlight to penetrate.

Under this pall of smoke, the plants and animals die. What's more, the regulatory system this is comprised of all the life on Earth, shrinks down to its most basic form. Some give the name Gaia to the totality of living organisms interacting with the ocean, atmosphere and the surface of rocks. Gaia, so it is said, helps regulate the climate and the chemistry of the ocean to keep things just the way life likes it.

In his *Grand Unified Theory of Life & Earth*, Mister Bluesky had identified that Gaia was not just an emergent property of living things on Earth, but was in-fact a single living organism; a super-organism made from all the others species. He had gave it a scientific name: *Imperium vitae-planeta*, the Empire of the Living Planet. But that word has never been spoken, because his speech was cancelled.

This insight has profound spiritual significance because it

meant that humans were in-fact cells in the body of the super-organism. In the same way that the human body is comprised of trillions of bacterial and fungi, without which we couldn't live, so too is *Imperium* an organism comprised of many. In this manner, humans are no different to plankton or plants, to whales or bees. We are an organ in a body, born to perform a function.

A bright light flashes into the Madame Wong's cabin where Mister Bluesky sleeps, immediately followed by a peal of thunder. The vessel lurches are violent gust of wind heels her over.

Mister Bluesky wakes with a start, his heart racing. He feels the sensation of falling. Madame Wong is rolling around, caught in a violent storm. The noise is overwhelming. Rain hammers on the steel decks with a loud droning noise, and waves make a knocking dull sound against the hull.

Mister Bluesky has a singular idea in his mind as he sits up in his bunk, trying to get his bearings: he needs to simplify the *Grand Unifying Theory of Life & Earth*, so that anyone can understand it. How can he protect the future for the children if only highly educated people can understand the principles of what to do. He must start at the beginning and translate the Grand Unified Theory in to layman's language. The first thing is to trim it down to a simple manifesto – A Manifesto for Life & Earth – with just seven key points. So, what's the first point?

"*Imperium*," Mister Bluesky shouts aloud. "*Imperium vitae-planeta*." A name never before shared. The Empire of the Living Planet is a single life-form made of all life-forms, the ocean and the atmosphere. A self-regulating super-organism of which humans are cells in her body. "We need her to be healthy if we are to survive. How easy was that to say?"

Another flash of light is instantly followed by the thunder, a deep booming noise that resonates through Mister Bluesky's belly and forces him to jump to his feet in shock.

The boat shifts around in the wind, swinging on its mooring. Mister Bluesky staggers and braces himself. Confused, disoriented, he moves to the door to look outside through the round window. Outside all is darkness. Then a sheet of

lightning ripples across the sky. The river illuminates silver-grey, the surface whipped into wavelets. In the distance, a tall tree, the tallest living thing in the landscape, waves around in the violent wind.

"The Tree of Life," says Mister Bluesky. The diagram used by scientists used to describe the relationship between all living things. It needs to be edited to include *Imperium vitae-planeta*. She has a name now.

Mister Bluesky sees the tree flash back into view, waving around in the wind. It is as if the tree were calling out to Mister Bluesky, saying, "*I know my duty. To take carbon from the air, and cycle water into the sky. I am habitat for animals. I feed the bees with nectar. I am in-synergy with Imperium. That's what I do with my life. And tonight, I am braving the storm.*"

Mister Bluesky is stunned. His mind goes into overdrive with a series of questions, "What is he doing with his life, besides creating a theory that no one can understand? What if he adjusted like Ninian did when she lost her cat? What would he do? How does he break free from the inertia? How does he even start?"

More lightning. The river bank flashes with a bluish-white light. And in that light the Tree of Life seems to say, "*Come to me. Feel what it is to be in-synergy with Imperium.*"

"If I were brave," Mister Bluesky says. "If I were *Man Alight*. I'd really walk away. And I wouldn't need a credit card."

A bolt of lightning slams into the ground on the riverbank making a loud CRACK! and a hissing, fizzing noise. Mister Bluesky stumbles back into the cabin, terrified. He calls out in anguish, "I am inside safe, and yet afraid! The tree is outside, naked and brave. I will be like the Tree of Life!"

Mister Bluesky turns to the contents of his wallet laying on the towel. He finds a pen and paper and scribbles a short note with the bankcard PIN numbers, and the instruction to Lenny, "Take the money. Go to the Plume. Go, before it's too late."

Then Mister Bluesky picks up the photo of granddaughter Dorothy, the little girl who represents all the little children forced to live under climate change. A tear comes to his eye as lightning illuminates the cabin and the little girl's face lights-up

and then fades away. Mister Bluesky places a kiss on the photo, and lays it gently on the towel with the bankcards and the note.

Then, wearing just his white cotton undies, Mister Bluesky, steps out of the cabin onto the deck of the ship. It is cold outside and stinging rain lashes his skin. Lightning illuminates the river. Mister Bluesky braces himself against the hull as rain pours down his face and into his eyes. It suddenly all becomes very real and he considers that he might just give it all away, go back into the cabin, have a hot shower, screw up the note to Lenny and go back to bed.

Then the lightning falls from the sky and strikes a branch of the Tree of Light. There is a loud CRACK! as the bough explodes and the branch falls into the river.

The shock sets Mister Bluesky free from his hesitation, and he dives into the water. Instantly, his undies slip off and are lost in the night. He comes to the surface noticing that his final possession, his underpants, have fallen away from him. Now, he is as naked as the tree, as naked as the day he was born. Reborn, he is ready to begin life again.

Mister Bluesky strikes out towards the tree, and the wind whips the surface of the water into a driving spray. He slips and slides his way up the muddy riverbank in the rain. At the base of the Tree of Life, he leaps for the lowest branch.

Lightning flashes, rain lashes his naked skin, and all around is the continual growl and peal of thunder. He slips and falls, but he is determined, so he leaps again and manages to clasp his hand around the lowest branch. With all his might, he struggles to lift his middle-aged man's body from the ground and onto the branch. The tree is slippery, but he keeps at it until he is able to struggle onto the lower branch. He stands, presses his belly against the tree and wraps his arms around it.

The next branch is easier, and he moves from branch to branch, rising further from the ground until he reaches the upper reaches. Here the wind is strongest, the thin trunk swaying wildly to and fro.

Cold, lashed by rain, and stark-bollock naked, Mister Bluesky clings on for grim life. He feels what the tree feels, embracing the storm. Cold droplets sting against his face, filling his eyes.



## Mister Bluesky

He has become a part of the storm. He is the storm. And he is the tree. And he is a part of nature in nature.

Swaying in the violent wind, it is exhilarating and terrifying, a sensory overload. The stinging rain. The noise of the fast moving air. The sight of the landscape lit by flashes of electricity from the sky. And then he becomes part of the lightning.

The bolt of light descends from the clouds and enters the tree branch above his head. It exits the tree through his hands and runs through his entire body, exiting through his feet and back into the tree. *BZZZZZTT!!!!* It lasts just a millionth of a second, but it feels like an age.

In that electrifying moment, every neuron in Mister Bluesky's big brain is electrified, super-charged, energized. All the mathematical formulas, the *Grand Unified Theory*, the tipping points, and critical pathways, they all become crystal clear. The *Tax Sunshine. Subsidize Fossils* policy destroys the last chance of human civilization to avoid climate change. It destroys Dorothy's future, and the future of all the little children. What's needed is expedient action!

In that brief electrifying second, Mister Bluesky sees a hundred trillion planets with civilizations spread out across the Universe. Three quarters of them are on fire, their populations snuffed-out or cruelled by a blanket of smoke. But one quarter of those planets limp by. One quarter survive! Battered, bruised, but otherwise alive! Twenty-five trillion planetary civilizations figure out how to survive their own version of the climate crisis. How do they do it?

"In-synergy!" Mister Bluesky calls out into the night. "Civilization must get in synergy with the Empire of the Living Planet! That's how civilizations survive. We must become partners with nature! But powerful and insane people stand in the way."

Another lightning bolt descends from the clouds. This one strikes the base of the tree, boiling the water inside. The tree trunk explodes like a bombshell. *CRACK!!!*

As the tree topples over, Mister Bluesky falls with it. "In-synergy!" he yells as the tree crashes down. The river comes up

fast. Surrounded by branches and leaves, Mister Bluesky is dashed against the water surface. Unable to escape the branches, he is dragged beneath the fast flowing water and pressed against the muddy bottom of the river.

## Chapter 5 - The Riverbed

Pinned in the mud of the riverbed by the fallen tree, Mister Bluesky struggles to get free, but he is soon exhausted. He desperately tries to hold his breath, but the intense desire for air overcomes him and, reflexively, he opens his mouth and swallows a glug of muddy river-water. Drowning is painful, it wracks his body and he is beset with guilt and anxiety as he struggles in the submerged foliage. But he's not going without a fight. He opens his mouth, and with muddy water instead of air, he screams out "I will set it right!" Seconds pass as the oxygen in his bloodstream is consumed, and his life slips away.

Mister Bluesky's final, parting act is to scream, "*Imperium vitae-planeta!*" It is dark in this watery graveyard, a sensory overload as the river surges past. Mister Bluesky's senses fade as the world slips away from him. A little ripple of light penetrates the gloomy waters as lighting from the storm strikes again.

And then something very strange happens. Something that has never happened before. The river responds to his call.

River has a slow, ponderous voice, a sort of contemplative, undulating gurgling noise. River says, "*So, you know her name. Sorry, I am, Mister Bluesky. But Laws of Nature there are, and for reasons good. All things alive must one day die. Death is a part of life. And today, your turn it is to go to the flux.*"

Mister Bluesky snaps alert and his dying pauses. "Not today," Mister Bluesky pleads. "Not until I have set things right."

"Hmmm," says the river, thinking it through. "*A bad precedent would that set. If for you we do this, next every living will want to avoid dying. Evolution stop, it would.*"

Pinned in the mud on the bottom of the river, trapped in a temporary mid-way state between life and death, Mister Bluesky thinks about Dorothy and all the little children who will be hurt by the actions of the insane and powerful people

who can't let go of fossil fuels. Not satisfied with River's answer, Mister Bluesky adopts the officious voice that he uses when he's not getting what he wants, "I demand that you elevate my request to *Imperium vitae-planeta!*" barks Mister Bluesky, expelling muddy water instead of air from his mouth.

"*You know her name.*" sighs River, again. "*Very well, then. I'll pass on the request.*"

With his death temporarily put on pause, Mister Bluesky waits patiently in the muddy riverbed. The sensation of the dark water swirling past seems to go on for an age. He feels a nibbling sensation as little river crabs pinch his skin, testing him for a meal. Of all the places one might die, this is perhaps the least appealing, pinned in mud. Eventually, Mister Bluesky hears a swirling noise and the undulating voice as River responds.

"*Well, well, well, Mister Bluesky,*" River says. "*For you, this is a lucky day. Normally to do this, she does not. Imperium grants two more days intact. But an important mission must you undertake.*"

"*Yes. Yes. Yes.*" gurgles Mister Bluesky. "*Tell me what it is.*"

"*For this mission, something more than sapien, must you become. Hybridized you must be. Hybridised with extremophiles.*"

"*I want it all.*"

"*Listen good, then, Mister Bluesky. This is what Imperium instructs you to do.*"

Mister Bluesky listens as River explains his mission. When the instruction is delivered, the current changes, the tree trunk shifts, and Mister Bluesky floats free. The current takes him and washes him downstream and out to sea.

## Chapter 6 - The Ocean Vent

For hours and hours, Mister Bluesky drifts with the current. He drifts further from land, out beyond the continental shelf and then down into the abyssal plane. Here the sea floor is flat and muddy punctuated just by the occasional dark crab and bits of plastic. Eventually, the current brings Mister Bluesky to a hydrothermal vent. Like an underwater volcano continually spewing a plume of dark hot water from deep in the Earth

crust. Around this hot plume are the extremophiles, the living organisms that are adapted to living conditions of extreme heat and pressures. The current washes Mister Bluesky into this thick mat of organisms feeding of the hot, sulphurous plume. The extremophiles cover him, and infuse their genes into his body. Mister Bluesky rests there for hours, until he has been thoroughly hybridized.

Then the current shifts, and he drifts free from the hydrothermal vent. The ocean current brings Mister Bluesky to the surface and pushes him towards the shore. Eventually, he washes up on a beach, rolling in the surf. He staggers out of the water and collapses on the sand, exhausted.

## Chapter 7 – Boiling Water Urn

Mister Bluesky wakes to find himself in conditions very different to those the night before. He is no longer naked at the top of a tree, drowned in the river, or covered by organisms on the Abyssal Plain. Instead, he is in a quiet room, in a comfortable hospital bed.

Mister Bluesky takes a few moments to check himself and finds that he has somehow survived the night largely unscathed. Sure, he has a few scrapes here and there, but considering all that has happened, he's intact.

He remembers the Abyssal plain and the deep sea vent. So here he is, part *Homo sapien*, part extremophile. It's an odd sensation, a sort of emptiness, like hunger, but not just in his stomach. His entire body craves energy. He looks around the room to see if there is anything to take the hunger away.

Across the room is a kitchenette with a boiling water urn and a red handle over a silver nozzle. Mister Bluesky steps out of bed in his hospital gown and touches the silver nozzle with a finger-tip. The temperature is what most people would call 'very hot' but Mister Bluesky is part extremophile now, and so it feels just right. He places his mouth over the silver nozzle of the urn and lifts the red handle. The boiling water feels smooth to his tongue, and he swallows it gulp after gulp.

As he drinks, a thought comes to his mind about the abridged version of his *Manifesto for Life and Earth*. Unlike the tree that he

climbed, human civilization is not acting *in-synergy* with *Imperium* and the entire living system of Earth and the climate is collapsing. The breakdown is exponential, which means that it is happening faster and faster every day, and it is becoming increasingly visible to everyday people, not just scientists. So week by week, more and more people are sensing something is amiss in the world. And it's getting faster, all the time. This is *the Quickenning*.

The urn runs dry and Mister Bluesky wipes his mouth with his forearm. The thermal energy has whet his appetite. It's like he has just completed the entrée, and now he is thinking of the main course.

He opens the broom closet and sees an electric vacuum cleaner. "*Hmmm,*" says Mister Bluesky, thinking it through. He checks the kitchenette drawer and finds a knife. He cuts the electrical cord off the vacuum and strips back the plastic so that there are two long stretches of shiny copper wire. He wraps the positive wire around one fist, and the negative around the other. Then he pushes the plug into the power-point and flicks the switch.

The sensation is electric as 240 volts discharge into his body. He sits there, vibrating, a low rumbling hum emanating from his body as the electricity pulses into him.

Just a tiny spark of mains electricity would kill a normal man, but Mister Bluesky is way beyond normal. He is on a mission for *Imperium vitae-planeta*, the living planet, the single super-organism that comprises all other life-forms on Earth including we humans. Mister Bluesky has been hybridized with extremophiles. And now he is charging-up.

As the electrons flow through his arms he trembles, and shudders, making a rumbling, chanting noise. "*Ra-Ra-Ra-Ra-Ra-Ra-Ra.*"

As he charges up, his mind scintillates with images of the overheating planet. Wildfires rage. Hurricanes blow away entire cities. And every year, more and more cars and trucks and planes add carbon to the air to make it hotter still. Mister Bluesky sees the heat in the ocean calving glaciers. Monstrous chunks of frozen water crashing into the sea. He sees the

collapse of the Arctic sea ice, getting worse year on year, moving towards the day when there is no ice left at all. This terrifying tipping point – the Blue Ocean Event – looms closer day by day. It is a unique tipping point that is clearly visible in advance as scientists update the sea ice charts on daily basis. The Blue Ocean Event will bring chaos and pandemonium to the Northern Hemisphere's weather, plunging the whole world into crisis. The looming Blue Ocean Event, just a few years away, is the *Tipping Point*.

Suddenly, the hospital room door opens and a doctor enters accompanied by a nurse. "Step back!" shouts the Doctor, stunned at the sight of the middle-aged man, dressed in a hospital gown, sitting crossed legged on the floor, tangled in electrical wire, hooked up to the mains.

Mister Bluesky looks up, and sees that he is busted. He claps his hands together, shorting out the electricity. There is a bright flash of light as the safety switch trips, and the room is plunged into darkness. In the gloom, Mister Bluesky untangles himself from the copper wires and slips out the door, into the hallway.

## Chapter 8 - The Substation

With a spring in his step, Mister Bluesky moves quickly along the hallway in his hospital gown, with his hairy buttocks poking out the back. The electrons have energized him, and now he is hungry for more.

At the main doorway of the hospital he stops and studies the a map of the hospital layout. He runs his finger along the diagram until he finds what he is looking for. Then he steps outside.

Across the car-park, there is a fenced-off area with the words *HIGH VOLTAGE* and *DANGER!* written in big, bold letters. A safety diagram shows a stick-figure being electrocuted with bright sparks coming out of their head; it's like an instruction manual.

Wearing just a hospital gown, Mister Bluesky straddles the wire gate and climbs into the compound. Thick cables descend from a huge steel tower into the top of a transformer substation that powers the hospital. Mister Bluesky grips a cable and

short-circuits the mains supply for the hospital into his body. The sensation of 33,000 volts of electricity coursing through his body is like nothing he has ever felt before. It is like the achievement of every wish and desire he has ever had. With 33 kilovolts pumping through him, Mister Bluesky glows an ominous blue light and his entire body emanates an intense electro-mechanical hum, "*Um-um-um-um-um.*"

As he charges up, Mister Bluesky's mind glitters with the images of the collapsing climate and looming tipping point, the Blue Ocean Event just a few years away. As the severe magnitude of these events becomes clear, it sparks an awakening in the public, and a *Blossoming of right action* spreads across the world. The public rises up and take expedient action that is commensurate to the scale of the global sustainability crisis. Pitchforks and placards are aplenty as are thousands of other activities that help to make things better. This revolution of right action is *the Blossoming*.

Hooked to the mains, Mister Bluesky pulsates and glows and hums until the electrical system can't take it any longer. There is a loud *CRACK!!* and the transformer explodes in a burst of orange sparks. The percussion tosses Mister Bluesky through the air, and he lands heavily against the chain-mail fence, and flops onto the ground, panting and exhausted.

Slowly, he comes to his feet and rests against the fence. He takes stock of his hospital gown; it is scorched and torn.

"Wow!" he says. "That was intense." But he is still hungry. He looks up. Beyond the burning transformer is the tower. At the top of the tower are the Extremely High voltage power-lines snaking off into the distance. In his ruined hospital gown, Mister Bluesky straddles the fence and walks to a spot under the power lines. He looks up at the cables a hundred feet in the air, and can almost smell the sweet electrons flowing within. It's dinner-time.

## Chapter 9 - The Power Pylon

Mister Bluesky walks under the power-lines, heading to a distant point. Overhead, a news helicopter flies past, on its way to report on the fire at the hospital.

As he walks, Mister Bluesky feels very cheery and content. He is *Man Alight*, on a mission for *Imperium vitae-planeta*, the living organism that maintains homeostasis on Planet Earth, keeping the temperatures and conditions just right for life to flourish. Mister Bluesky is living *in synergy* with Imperium, doing what he was born to do.

He is so engrossed in his thoughts about the *Manifesto for Life and Earth*, that he doesn't notice people staring at him as he walks past wearing a ruined hospital gown, and with his hairy middle-aged man buttocks poking out the back.

Finally, he comes to a steel tower that holds aloft the big power cables that feed the city. The metal structure has four legs and comes to a narrow waist. Above that, two towers reach to the sky like upstretched arms.

Not realizing that he has attracted a crowd of curious onlookers, Mister Bluesky straddles the fence surrounding one of the legs and clambers into the compound. He mounts the power pylon and ascends the tower by climbing from one metal spar to the next. He climbs to the waist, and then continues up one of the arms.

Way, way down below him, a crowd swells and the city folk watch the middle aged man climb the electrical pylon. Chattering and laughing, they film his naked butt on their smart phones and upload to social media. Across Facebook, Twitter, Snapchat, and Instagram, Mister Bluesky is liked, shared, tweeted and followed, all around the world. In no time, he is internet famous.

At the top of the tower there is a commanding view of the city, spread out across the landscape. But Mister Bluesky didn't come here for the view. He finds a way to connect himself into the Extremely High Voltage electrons flowing through the thick electrical cables, and he holds on for dear life. There is a bright spark and a loud *ZAPP!* as he electrons course into him. A loud electro-mechanical hum resonates from him as he twitches and shudders, and his body radiates an intense blue light.

Down below, the crowd swells as more people rush in to watch the man getting zapped by the power lines. The news helicopter returns and the cameraman collects close-up vision



of Mister Bluesky with 166,000 volts of coal-fired electricity surging into him, glowing and humming, twitching and writhing.

As the voltage courses into him, Mister Bluesky's mind sizzles with images and he sees the that Blossoming of right action soon shows up as a powerful social movement, an unpredictable and unstoppable readjustment in the direction of society. It builds momentum quickly and powerful people who run the world so badly are tossed from power and given just whatever they deserve. The centres of power shift from the insane and powerful few to the caring many. This is rapid shift in power and the trajectory of society is *the Swerve*.

Above and below Mister Bluesky, the mainstream and social media are fully engaged, and news of this strange man spreads across the nation, and across the world. The spectacle continues late into the night, the neighbourhood illuminated by the ominous glow as Mister Bluesky charges up.

At the base of the tower, the energy utility sets up a cordon, and experienced engineers are bought in to figure out how to get Mister Bluesky down without anyone getting hurt.

That task is made easier around three in the morning when the aging electricity network finally gives way, and the entire city is plunged into darkness.

When the rescue team reach Mister Bluesky, they find him unconscious, and with a big grin slapped across his face.

## Chapter 10 - Nurse Ninian

In the morning, Mister Bluesky wakes in the same hospital bed that he snuck out from the day before. He opens one eye cautiously to look around and sees a nurse in the room checking his chart.

Mister Bluesky thinks that he is going to get scolded for having escaped the day before. But when the nurse lowers the chart, Mister Bluesky is surprised to see that it is Ninian, the nice lady who gave him a ride in her car a few days before.

"Ahhh," says Nurse Ninian, "Mister Bluesky is awake." She pronounces his name in the original manner, the whale on skis. She takes his wrist and times his pulse. "You are dead famous.

Did you know that?"

"Really?"

Nurse Ninian retrieves a remote control and switches on a TV set. A news broadcast shows Mister Bluesky connected to the wires at the top of the tower, writhing, twitching and glowing bright blue.

"Ooof," says Nurse Ninian. "Didn't that hurt?"

"It sort of tickles, really," says Mister Bluesky.

"Oh, and apparently the President called," Nurse Ninian says, flicking to another channel where there is another news story about Mister Bluesky. "You are on every channel."

"The President called?"

"About ten times, apparently."

"What does he want?"

"He probably just wants to be seen near you because you're popular and he's not."

"I didn't pick you for a political analyst," Mister Bluesky says, laughing.

"I'm not normally. But when bad people get power, everyone needs to get charged-up."

"I agree with that."

"So, are you up for seeing all the people waiting in the hallway to see you?"

"I'm feeling pretty good actually," says Mister Bluesky. "Show them in."

## Chapter 11 - Press Secretary

The first person to enter the room is the President's Secretary. He is an odious man with a limp handshake. Mister Bluesky explains that he has no interest in meeting the President, because the President allows powerful people to destroy the future of all the little children.

The President's Secretary pleads with Mister Bluesky, not wanting to return the Presidential Palace empty-handed.

"Well, I could meet your President," he says, "but only if certain conditions are met."

"And what are those conditions?"

"My presentation was cancelled at the Sustainability

Conference. I demand to be heard by the President and the leaders of the fossil fuel industry who are to implement the New Energy Policy. What do you call them, the New Energy Coalition?"

"It's hard to hold the President's attention," the Secretary says. "Is there a short version?"

"Yes. I have it down to ten minutes. But I am anxious about all this publicity, so it must be done in a highly secure environment."

"Such as?"

"The bomb-proof chamber under the Presidential Palace."

"So you want the President and Minister and the heads of the fossil fuel industry in the bomb-proof bunker?" says the Secretary, making notes in his book. "They won't like being drafted in at short notice. They are very busy implementing the New Energy Policy, you see."

"Well, I am busy too," says Mister Bluesky, resting back against the pillow in his hospital bed.

With the deal struck, and the meeting with the President set for the following evening, Mister Blue Sky is then inundated by doctors and scientists who prod him and poke him, and scratch their heads trying to figure it all out.

Later, Nurse Ninian returns to check on Mister Bluesky's vital signs.

"Say, Nurse Ninian," says Mister Bluesky. "Will you help me with something?"

"Sure, what is it?"

"I'm still hungry. I need to get out of here, tonight."

"You'll never get past all the media and security outside this room."

"It's okay," says Mister Bluesky. "I have a cunning plan."

## Chapter 12 - Daring Escape

Twenty minutes later, the cunning escape plan is executed. Dressed in a tweed overcoat and pair of slippers that Nurse Ninian liberated from a poor old man who passed away in the night, Mister Bluesky sits in a wheelchair. He holds a newspaper close to his face as if he is short-sighted and

engrossed in a story. Nurse Ninian pushes him quickly along the corridor, past the waiting media and security guards.

They get to a service exit and Nurse Ninian scans the car park, left and right. When she is convinced it is safe, she says to Mister Bluesky, "I'll see you tomorrow afternoon. *Go! Go! Go!*"

Mister Bluesky leaps up from the wheelchair and scampers across the car park in his hospital gown, overcoat and slippers, with his white, middle-aged man buttocks glowing in the security lights. Within a minute, he is across the car park, into the landscaped grounds, and out of sight.

## Chapter 13 - Solar Farm

Mister Bluesky walks through the night. By the time morning comes, he has reached the outskirts of the city where there is a huge solar farm. During the sunshine hours this field of mirrors reflects sunlight to the top of a tall tower. Here, the light concentrates at thousands of degrees onto tubes containing liquid salt. The salt heats up and gets pumped down to huge tanks. From these tanks, the heat is extracted to make electricity. This is the sustainable base-load solar that the government wants to tax in order to subsidize planet-killing coal, oil and gas.

Mister Bluesky climbs to the top of the solar tower just as the first rays of sunlight spread across the land. It is a magnificent sight, a vast field of mirrors stretching out in all directions. But Mister Bluesky didn't come here for the view.

The mirrors are all moving now, waking from their sleeping position. They move in unison to collect the first rays of sunshine and direct it to one place.

Then suddenly, the mirrors align and reflect the sunshine to the top of the tower where Mister Bluesky stands with his back against the salt pipes. Instantly, he is bathed in intense beam of energy, as a million-trillion photons of shortwave energy scream down from the distant Sun, push effortlessly through Earth's atmosphere, and bounce perfectly off thousands of sheets of polished glass.

The photons of light strike Mister Bluesky with an intense white blaze, *as bright as a thousand suns*. The sunlight bores into

him, coursing through his body. Instantly his hospital gown and borrowed tweed overcoat are turned to ash, and he emits an undulating hum, “*Um-um-um-um-um-um.*”

The morning progresses, the sun moves higher in the sky and the intensity of the reflected light increases. It goes on like this for hours.

As the sunlight floods into him, Mister Bluesky’s mind is illuminated with images of the Swerve. Now with the public taking right action for sustainability, and the intelligent empaths in power, the conditions in place for the humans to regrow nature and restore the climate to how it was. Now they are free to rid the world of the fossil industry and all the odious psychopaths who run it, and to clean up the mess they left behind. With the population taking right action, it is possible to close down the nuclear power stations in an orderly manner, transition to a Blue Economy and set the planet, her species and people on course to prosper for millions of years. This is *the Long Future*.

For his whole adult life, Mister Bluesky thought that his role was to learn and speak the truth. But when the powerful people who run the world so badly don’t care about the truth, what use is the truth teller?

Now, he has a new role. Under direction of *Imperium vitae-planeta*, the Empire of the Living Planet, the single living organism that comprises all the other life-forms including seven point six thousand million humans, Mister Bluesky is getting close to completing his mission. To so, he needs to be fully charged.

Mister Bluesky opens his arms to expose more of his body to the incoming solar energy. It fills him up, two thousand degrees of intense white light.

As he basks in the intense concentrated sunlight, Mister Bluesky mind is filled with images of the planet-sized super-organism that regulates the conditions on home planet Earth to make it suitable for life. Of *Imperium*, Mister Bluesky is a single cell. And like a cell in a human body, he is either acting *in-synergy* with the rest of the body, or is malignant and cancerous.

*Imperium* will survive the humans – she has survived five

mass extinction events and keeps bouncing back. She may be crushed by the humans, but she will not die for billions more years.

But the humans will be long gone if they fail to live *in-synergy* with *Imperium*. If the humans can Blossom and Swerve, then Human Civilization can accompany *Imperium* deep into the Long Future. And one day, maybe a million years from now, when technology is environmentally benign, the humans can take some Earth species to another planet, and there established a new colony of *Imperium*. In this way, the humans help *Imperium* to reproduce and provide another home for the humans to live beyond the lifetime of Earth. For Earth has just two billion years left before the aging Sun swells and burns the planet to a crisp taking all of life with it.

But before the Swerve comes the Blossoming, the rising-up of right action. And one of those right actions is to eradicate the blockage that is preventing the transition to clean energy and a healthy planet. And that blockage is soon gathering in a bomb-proof bunker in the basement of the Presidential Place.

As the sun moves through the sky, the mirrors that illuminate Mister Bluesky lose the light and the other side of the solar tower receives the energy. It is good. He is full now. He hears a noise above and looks up to see a swarm of news helicopters filming him.

## Chapter 14 - The Ambulance

Stark-bollock naked, with all his clothes burned off, Mister Blue Sky climbs down the solar tower. There is a huge crowd at ground level, solar engineers scratching their heads, the media with cameras and microphones, police, and an ambulance. The back door of the Ambulance opens and Nurse Ninian motions for Mister Bluesky to come over. As he walks towards the ambulance and is interrupted by a journalist who asks, "Mister Bluesky, why are you doing this?"

Mister Bluesky says, "I am just trying to make things better. Oh, and by the way, my name is Mister Blue Sky. B-L-U-E S-K-Y. With the space and the capital 'S'"

He steps into the back of the ambulance and Nurse Ninian

closes the door behind him. She offers him a fresh hospital gown. "Wow," she says, "That is one hell of a tan."

"It's an all-over tan," says Mister Blue Sky.

Ninian addresses the ambulance driver. "To the Presidential Place, Steve. Full speed ahead. And put the siren on."

"Now I need to write a few notes," says Mister Blue Sky.

Nurse Ninian hands over a pen from her pocket and a clipboard with blank paper. As the Ambulance screams through the city with the siren blaring, Mister Blue Sky writes down the *Manifesto for Life and Earth*. People don't have long attention spans in their busy life, so he keeps it short. Just one page. Then he writes a short note to granddaughter Dorothy. It simply says, "Popsy Loves You."

## Chapter 15 - Presidential Palace

The ambulance drives straight to the Presidential Palace and when it arrives, Mister Blue Sky embraces Nurse Ninian. He has a tear in his eye as he hands over the note. "Ninian. Would you deliver this note to my little granddaughter Dorothy?"

"I would be honoured to," says Nurse Ninian.

"Tell her that you were with me, and that I think of her all the time. And what comes next, I do for her and all the little children around the world under climate change."

Mister Blue Sky steps out of the ambulance wearing just the hospital gown, and holding the *Manifesto for Life & Earth* folded in an envelope.

He is met by Security and marched into the Presidential Palace. The security guards escort him into an elevator, and he descends way, way down to the floor where the bombproof bunker is located. He is directed to a waiting room where there is a man seated on the chair. Mister Blue Sky instantly recognizes him. It is the Science Minister.

## Chapter 16 - The Science Minister

"Timothy Bluesky!" says the Science Minister, excitedly.

"I go by the name Blue Sky now."

"When you are as famous as you are, you can call yourself

whatever you like. Listen Timothy, I don't have a theory for what you have done, but I'd sure like to run some numbers."

"Sure. What do you want to know?"

"How much boiling water did you drink?"

"About four litres, I'd say."

The Science Minister retrieves a note book from his pocket and starts writing. "And how long were you connected to the mains in the hotel room?"

"I was in that room for over an hour before the power went out."

"And how long were you hooked up to the 34 kilovolt substation?"

"I'd say about an hour and a half before it blew."

"And the high voltage lines?"

"I got there about six pm."

"The city blacked out at three in the morning, so that's nine hours. And when did you get into the sunbeam?"

"I was there from sunrise to till about 2pm."

"Apparently they found you because the plant was underperforming. I saw the data," says the Science Minister. So all that missing sunshine is in you. Okay. I have the numbers. Let's do the math." The Science Minister scribbles his calculations, tallying up the data.

"What do you do these days?" asks Mister Blue Sky.

"I am the bridge between the scientific community and the President's office."

"And what do you think of this new Energy Policy?"

"It's an atrocity. I've fought it every way I can. But nobody listens to scientists these days."

"Tell me about it," says Mister Blue Sky.

Just then the President arrives with his secretary and the senior executives from the fossil fuel industry. It's the full cast of the New Energy Coalition. There are dozens of them representing the evil triad of coal, oil and gas. These are powerful, overfed plutocrats who care not one bit for the future of the children in the world. They are all grumbling about having to give up their time to listen to a wise man talk about the environment.



"Mister Bluesky!" The President says excitedly. "Your tan is nearly as good as mine."

"I have seen the light, Mr President. Call me Mister Blue Sky."

"Come into the bunker, all the fossil bosses are here to hear your ideas." Then the President spots the Science Minister, and asks his Secretary. "What's he doing here?"

"You were going to fire him for being a scientist."

"Ah, yes. I remember," says the President. He addresses the Science Minister, "You're Fired!"

The Science Minister is shocked by the news. He stands there with his mouth agape.

Mister Blue Sky steps forward in his hospital gown. He presses the envelope containing the *Manifesto for Life & Earth* into the scientist's hands. "You should read this."

Then the President ushers Mister Blue Sky towards the bomb-proof bunker where the heads of the fossil fuel industry are waiting. "Funny place for a presentation," the President says to Mister Blue Sky. "Was this your idea?"

"Oh, yes," says Mister Blue Sky. "And I want to dedicate this presentation to my little granddaughter Dorothy and all the other little children in the world."

Mister Bluesky and the President step inside the bomb-proof chamber that contains the elite of the fossil fuel industry, and the bomb-proof door closes behind them.

## Chapter 17 - The Earthquake

Left behind in the waiting room, the President's Secretary motions for the former Science Minister to accompany him to the elevator. Inside the elevator, the Scientist completes his calculations about Mister Blue Sky's charging up. He concludes that Mister Blue Sky has absorbed a staggering *1.255 tera-joules* of energy from the mains electricity and the solar energy. That is an extraordinarily huge amount of energy.

"That's odd," says the Scientist. "I recognize that number. Where have I seen that number before?"

He ponders this thought as the elevator rises all the way through the bedrock to ground level. When they arrive, the Scientist remembers why that number is familiar. He asks the

Secretary, "Would you pass on a message to the President for me?"

"Probably not," the Secretary says.

"Well that's good," says the Scientist. "You see, over the past two days, Mister Blue Sky has absorbed as much energy as a B61 thermo-nuclear bomb, and the bomb-proof chamber doesn't really work when the bomb is inside it."

"Have a nice day," says the President's Secretary as he shows the Scientist out the door.

Smiling, the Scientist walks to his car and sits behind the wheel, contemplating the turn of events. He opens the envelope to find a single page of neatly handwritten text.

Just then, an earthquake ripples through the car park.

The Scientist looks up to see windows shatter in the Presidential Palace and people running around, confused.

"Good work, Mister Blue Sky," says the Scientist, and then he reads the *Manifesto for Life & Earth*.

This is what he reads:

## Part 2-

# Manifesto for Life & Earth

### *Overview*

Today, human civilization faces an existential crisis that has been caused by an imbalance in the way that humans relate to the natural living world. Humans are as much a part of nature as the plankton and the plants, but we don't behave accordingly. This imbalance is particularly noticeable in Western Society, underpinned by our myth of progress, our beliefs about the unknowable parts of life (spirituality), and the answers to the Big Questions, "Why are we here?" and "What is right action?" Today, our society has an operational model that is driven by capitalism, constant growth, mainstream and New Age religion, fantasy and pop culture. This model is disconnected from the reality of *Life & Earth*.

If human civilization is to survive and thrive on this planet, we need a new model, a new way of seeing the world that is balance with the natural systems of our planet. This new model has seven elements:

- *Imperium vitae-planeta*
- *In-synergy*
- *The Quickenings*
- *The Tipping Point*
- *The Blossoming*
- *The Swerve*
- *The Long Future*

## *Imperium vitae-planeta*

The living system of planet Earth, known by some as Gaia, does not just *exhibit characteristics* of a living organism; indeed, she is a unique life-form comprised of trillions of other organisms, including us humans. We should acknowledge her by using her proper name: *Imperium vitae-planeta* – the Empire of the Living Planet.

## *In-synergy*

We humans were born to *Imperium* in the same way as the plankton and the tree, and for the same reason: to contribute to the well-being of the whole. Our purpose is to *synergise with Imperium* – to live in-synergy with nature – so that we can both be healthy and strong. The scientific foundation of this idea is expressed in concepts such as Gaia 2.0, Class 5 Planets, and Stewardship of Entire Earth System.

## *The Quickening*

Human civilization has not been acting *in-Synergy*, and we have grown to an excessive size and power. Because our growth is exponential, the crisis is speeding up, and increasingly, people are sensing this. They can see it in the extremes of weather, or the youtube videos of flash floods and cities torn apart by tropical storms. This speeding-up and looming sense of dread for the future is called *the Quickening*.

## *The Tipping Point*

The looming Arctic Blue Ocean Event – the complete melting of the Arctic Sea Ice – can be measured day by day in graphs and statistics. When the Blue Ocean Event occurs, sometime in the next few years, it will wreak havoc on the world's weather systems, particularly in the Northern Hemisphere where 90% of the humans live. The Blue Ocean Event is called the *Tipping Point*.

## *The Blossoming*

As the Quickening increases and the Tipping Point approaches, there is a rapid expansion of public awareness about the well-being of the planet, and people increasingly question the decisions made by people in power. Increasingly, people start taking right action for sustainability and climate restoration. This is called the Blossoming. The time of the Blossoming is now.

## *The Swerve*

When translated into right action for sustainability and climate restoration, the Blossoming fosters a Swerve, a rapid and unpredictable shift in the trajectory of human civilization. The insane powerful people will be marched out of power when enough people are taking right action. This Swerve can move human civilization toward living *in-synergy* with *Imperium vitae-planeta*.

## *The Long Future*

While humans may drive themselves extinct this century, *Imperium vitae-planeta* will exist on Earth for another two billion years.

If humans civilization can become *in-synergy* with *Imperium*, we have the opportunity to live on this planet for millions of years into the future. To achieve this, the immediate duty is to transform our global economy to make it sustainable, regrow nature and act as wise and caring stewards of the whole Earth system. In this way, we can create an abundant planet on which human civilization, in partnership with *Imperium*, can begin a very long journey together. We call this the Long Future.

This is why we are here.

This is why you were born.

Do what you can.

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## Part 3 - The Happy Ending

Engrossed in the *Manifesto of Life & Earth*, the Scientist thinks through all of the rapid changes that need to be made to society in order to forestall the worst effects of the *Tipping Point*. What do we need to do to initiate the *Blossoming*, how can the Swerve be directed so that it swerves in the right direction. As he is pondering these things, he hears a knock at the window next to him.

The President's Secretary is standing outside the car. The Science Minister winds down the window, "Yes."

"Sir, the President would like to see you inside the Presidential Palace."

"That was quick," the science minister says. He steps out of the vehicle, tucking the *Manifesto for Life & Earth* into his jacket pocket, and follows the Secretary.

Inside the Presidential Palace, the President is surrounded by the New Energy Coalition. To a man they look like they have just stepped off a roller coaster. Each has a startled, excited look and seem to glow with a fresh tan.

The President sees the Science Minister, "Ahhh. There you are. Maybe you can explain this. Mister Blue Sky delivered his brief presentation, explaining why we need to ditch the fossil and go to the photons instead and then 'PAFF' he just disappears in a puff of light. You're a science guy. Explain that."

"Well, Mister President, all I can say is that Mister Blue Sky is absolutely right. And if we were to have a sensible approach to energy, these gentlemen here would assist you to become the most popular president ever by facilitating an orderly transition to clean energy and drawing 1 trillion tons of CO<sub>2</sub> out of the atmosphere by mid-century. Indeed, many of these gentlemen are crucial to this mission as they control distribution networks

land, and crucial technology.”

“Well, I have seen the light,” says the President, grinning at his own joke. “And what about you guys?” He turns to the New Energy Coalition. “We are going to write a *New New* Energy Policy based on Mr Blue Sky’s work.”

“I’ll come aboard, say the guy who runs the pipelines, knowing that they will be crucial for distributing sustainable algae biofuels.”

“Count me out,” says the fracker.

“Count me out, too,” says the offshore oil man.

“I’ll be a part of the transition,” says the oil man who owns vast tracks of lands that could be used for massive scale carbon sequestration.

The President is confused by the reaction, so he makes it easy. He says abruptly. “Okay, all you who don’t want to be part of Mister Blue Sky’s plan move over here.” He points across the room.

There is a lot of mumbling and grumbling as dozens of old plutocrats move to the assembly point.

“Good,” says the President. “Now it’s clear who the enemy is. You’re fired!”

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