

SCAR WARS or; THE ROOKIE'S LAMENT

An Allegory of Principals and Principles
Book the First - A Book of Origins

I'm a Rookie. Rookies are neither Sures nor Pures, although they have friends in both camps. Rookies tend to be very hairy and often try to be even Purer than the Pures. But above all, we're Aliens. Just ask Dark Raider.

Somewhere on the road to 1984 (which on INSULA had long been anticipated and planned for: it was to be the year of the ultimate miracle) wuPEI blew up. Or at least I think it blew up. It's kind of hard to remember now. Oh yea, I recall something about Principals and Principles, and committees and commitments, but when you've been recuperating from severe head wounds for as long as I have, you tend to lose track of detail. I do recall we were charting our course toward something very Sure and very Heavenly, and definitely very Technological..

Maybe if I fill you in on a little history, it will help me get my own memories straight. As the Sures, and even some of the Pures, used to say, "understanding history is the key to understanding the future." (If there is such a thing as a future: the Sures were often pretty vague about that. But the Pures sure weren't. And as for the EmpUmp, who was a really Big Man, he was so dedicated to THE FUTURE he could hardly keep track of the present and he had completely forgotten the past! That was some big man, the EmpUmp - so

big everyone just called him The Rock - both to his face and behind his back. It didn't matter - he liked the name. He used to run around saying, "Just call me Rock." Even the Sures, who were pretty dubious about his future hangup, found something very comforting about a man called Rock. Must have something to do with history, because the Sures were right devoted to history. However, I digress.)

INSULA was a space station. It tried to remain stable so that returning Insulars would always be able to find it. Former Insulars used to pay pretty good money to come home and stay a few weeks on good old INSULA. It was a small, snug space station, with an undercoat of red paint and a rich coat of green on the surface. The Sures used to run around ensuring that the coat of green was perennially renewed, for they didn't want anyone to think the place might be red underneath.

wuPEI was the nerve centre of INSULA - at least everyone who worked there thought so. wuPEI was a large training module which was anchored on the after-deck of INSULA. It had some mighty big pretensions, as you can judge by its name. Spelled out, the name was "worldly universal Pure Empire of INSULA". But everyone just called it wuPEI. On bad days people would wake up, look out the window and shout wuPEI-oh!

On good days, and especially on play days, people yelled wuPEI-yay. That's how it was around that place: wuPEI-oh! wuPEI-yay! Headed for the last roundup with the Sacred Cow - but, I digress! We'll get to the Four Horsemen later.

wuPEI wasn't the first training module to be located on INSULA. There used to be two of them, in fact. They had some fairly big pretensions too. There was Sure Divine Universe, which had been anchored up on the afterdeck right where wuPEI is now located. But one day old Sure Divine Universe (which some also called Sainly Distant Universe, and others called by other names) disappeared. No one is really positive that it's gone. On dark nights and even on dark days (wuPEI-oh!) the Insulars claim to see it hovering in the heavens, waiting to land again on INSULA).

Slightly to the right of Sure Divine Universe was a smaller, but equally pretentiously-named module - Pure Worldly Cosmos. Pure Worldly Cosmos also disappeared. Most people are sure it will never come back. People called it other names too. But... I digress.

wuPEI has survivors from both the Universe and the Cosmos. But there are also a lot of us Rookies. As I said before, we Rookies tend to be Aliens rather than Insulars.

But a lot of the Pures are Aliens too. Even some of the Sures were Aliens especially just before THE END. Most of the Alien Pures left just after wuPEI landed.

I was talking earlier about principles. The values of the old Universe were, of course, rooted in the cardinal principle of Universality. The old Cosmos tried to exude Cosmopolitanism with its pretension to be an Empire, but the latter tended to contradict the former.

To be continued....

Who is the Dark Raider?

Who are the Four Horsemen?

Who was that Masked Man, anyway?

What is the Rock's cardinal principle?

What is the Sacred Cow?

Will the future really be Sure and Heavenly?

Tune in next week,

Love and Peace,
The Rookie

A Fable

Once a farmer had a small grove of trees. It was very pleasant to stroll in, the trees many sizes and shapes, multi-coloured in the fall, green with promise in the spring. One tree the farmer loved best of all. It was a tall and slender beech that had grown up very quickly in the centre of the grove. The beech had more leaves than any of his other trees.

The farmer loved his grove of trees, but he was also very poor. He needed firewood and he could not afford to buy it. Then one day he had

an idea. He would cut the tops off all his trees, leaving the rest to grow again. "That way" he said, "I will still have my beautiful grove, but I will have firewood too." Quickly he took his saw and began to cut. But in his excitement he forgot to leave any branches with leaves on them, that could grow up into new trees.

The farmer did not notice. Yet he decided to leave one tree alone. "I will spare my favourite, the tall beech," the farmer said, "That way I

still have one full tree, with leaves that are multi-coloured in the fall and green with promise in the spring." So saying, he cut up the tops of the other trees into firewood and brought them to his house.

That night, as the farmer lay asleep in his warm house, a great wind sprang up, as was common at this time of year. The tall and slender beech now had no protection from the other trees. The wind buffeted it, and bowed it, and finally, with a crack, the beech tree broke off at the top,

like the other trees.

When the farmer woke up next morning and looked out his window, he saw that his beautiful grove of trees was, in reality, nothing now but black trunks, bare and grim in the wind-swept dawn. The farmer wept for what he had done, but he was a practical man. That morning he went out and cut up all the trunks for firewood. The firewood lasted one winter and a half. After that, the farmer had neither heat nor trees, multi-coloured in the fall and green with promise in the spring.