



Stories and Fables for Climate Age Kids #3

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A Million Maypoles - a Forest Ritual

“The maypole dance is a spring ritual long known to Western Europeans. Usually performed on May 1 (May Day), the folk custom is done around a pole garnished with flowers and ribbon to symbolize a tree.” Wikipedia

Today, thousands of Treedomers are planting trees where clear-cuts, aerial spraying and fires have devastated the forest.

“Shovel dig, insert the sapling, tamp down the soil. Repeat.” The science is that by planting trees, carbon will be trapped by sequestration, reducing climate change.

Each new tree is a “mini maypole,” blessed by the community.

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At the Tree Planting Festival known as Treedom, the following Climate Age ritual song and dance is sung in the round in celebration for the newly planted trees and a vision for a new human:

(Drum Beats)

We must live our lives as we know them
We must find new ways to live

Accept that the disaster is so big that we will only survive if we unite
We can have brilliant and meaningful lives together

The best way to cope is to connect with other people
Plant a tree and share your heart



Leaf Pile Alchemists

The 12 7' tall piles of color-filled fall leaves are set in the backyard like mini-pyramids in a mythic play. Seenah is hiding deep within one of the piles, scheming that the neighborhood gang can find her. A bandana covers her mouth and nose and goggles protect her eyes.

“Where are you?” Sing the kids. They know that any mess they create is theirs to fix!

The children are on a shared journey, poking and seeking as the leaves break-down into compost under the piles...

... heat, moisture, leaves, dirt! Alchemy!

The game with Sheenah and the others is an example of transmutation, of change and discovery. A kind of magic with inputs and outputs of chemistry and kid energy. Multi-tasking,...an organic springboard for learning.

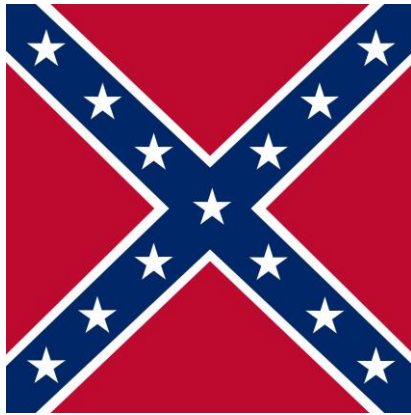
A community of leaves. A fine example of re-use and a Nature-made playground.

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Sheena cannot hear the hunting and pecking running around her and pokes her head out of her leaf nest to see where her friends are hovering.

Xen spots her and tags her as “it.” Grudgingly, the Queen bee yields to the laughing crowd, as the game is up. She looks like the permaculture monster with a new “skin of detritus” covering her head to toe.

The armor of permaculture!



The Uncivil War

“More people than usual are talking about a civil war and breakdown happening soon. Would be good to get away from populated areas. I am going to Columbia for a while. See my Facebook page.”

- C. Anthony

My Dad grabbed his gun and rushed out of the house like an eagle nose diving after prey. The red light is blinking in the kitchen, over the stove. The marauders are here.

I jump to it, raising the trap door in the hall closet and escaping into the cellar. The butchers are coming.

#####

Father said that a civil war would eventually come to America and that many established organizations like the military and local police would have traders in their ranks. White Supremacists are the blackest of their hateful legion, including red necks from the KKK.

Shooting positions were created long ago at both entrances to the town. I know these nests well. Town folk, both men and women, are protectors and are armed to the teeth.

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My Dad knows the enemy will lead with fiery torches in an attempt to start fires and create panic. These torch bears are the first to be killed tonight.

He also said that the second wave of killing would include the rapists and looters, including older boys and young men.

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Bringing up the rear of the dark force are the commanders and older men, too frail to fight at the front. It is these men that Father especially wants dead in order to stop any further advance of the death squads in mountainous California.

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It is pitch black in the cellar but the rifle in my hands is crystal clear. God help me if I have to use it.



Portal of Return

The Departure

Xyla and Shane really want to see what's on the other side of their Sunday hike as they stand before a big rock with a smallish hole along the sea cliff. The ocean several feet below is at low tide.

Shane: "You go ahead."

Xyla: "OK, should I go in backwards in case I get blocked along the way?"

Shane: "Good plan."

The hole leads to a tunnel of unknown length and promise. The scene looks ancient but largely untouched by modern human hands. The kids are on Xyla's family estate on the west coast of Ireland.

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Inside the tunnel an internal chamber rises high over Xyla's head and water is dripping off of the rocks.

She retraced her path way back to Shane at the entrance and described the chamber just nine feet down the path.

Xyla: "It's dimly lit but seems to be large enough for a dozen explorers and some gear."

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The Initiation

The next morning, with head lamps and first aid kits, the explorers entered the rock portal and made their way to the internal chamber. What they found would last the kids for a lifetime.

On the walls of the chamber or cave are drawings of small animals and human-like figures, in what

appears to be a herding activity. Much of the paint is gone but they can see what could be sheep and ranchers looking for grazing land?

They also found some hand prints in the ceiling.

The Return

All of this journey was very exciting to Shane and Xyla as they visited the library to research their findings in books, maps and online.

It turns out that the neighborhood library has some information on the chamber and that it proposed to be a site for local fertility rites for ranchers and their families who lived in the 16th Century - before the estate and way before Xyla and Shane.

The two kids are now famous in Ireland and considered community heroes.

You can never know where your ancestors have been!



Crush Car Build House (a permaculture tale)

“Recycle your car to build your Cob home.

A hybrid design: the Compactor comes to you, crushes your car and makes the compacted metal into blocks on the spot. Extra blocks come from neighbors, cars or junk yards. Fluids are fully drained prior to crushing.

Combine your repurposed crushed auto with sustainable wood like bamboo, good for window framing and doors.

See our web site or call the number below to set an appointment.”

(Ad from the Crusher Company, on the family mini-frig)

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The Ember’s lot in the hinterlands of Wisconsin has minimal structures on it, namely an old barn. Lots of soil, sand and straw for their new Cob house and a few junk tractors and cars for the crusher.

“Today the crusher folks will transform the vehicles on the property by placing the blocks on the spray painted foundation outline,” beamed Danny.

“When does the Cob House building crew show up,” shouts Emily from their trailer?

“Tomorrow, early.”

####

There are approximately 2.5 million junk cars and zillions of running cars and trucks in America alone.

In contrast, there are approximately 650 Cob Houses.

Question: How much land would be freed up for food crops if we reduced the number of vehicles and junk yards and planted gardens instead?

And: How many cob homes could be built?



GreenTown

Imagine a place
You can see it with your heart
Where rivers runs clean
and the air unseen

Our hope abounds
Love astounds
Where the kids are lost
And found

Welcome to GreenTown
Where solarized Minds
And garden pleasures
Grow up over time

The “old” food forest looks better then ever, with its layers of like-minded plants, crescendoing with the old oak trees.

GreenTown planted their food forest in a circle pattern, a delicious labyrinth of berries and corn, wild flowers and nuts. The place feeds both humans and animals, alike.

The food forest is town center, arcing over the homes of GreenTown, with cob benches and bird feeders generating the news of the day.

Farmers have always lived in GreenTown, adding their ingredients and wisdom to the soil, and earth smart kids to the mix. Planting, harvesting and canning came to the permaculture crowd from the wise ways of the initial inhabitants back in the olden days:

Passing on the seeds of sustainability, so to speak.

You would know when you were in GreenTown! People smile and say “hello” and rarely check their screens. The good news is on page 1. Come and visit us?



Golden Boots and the Thrift Store Angels

The local thrift shop is one place where my friends and family agree to shop. We are re-use freaks and love to find value in the refuse of others. Whether it's a wedding dress or an unopened ACE Hardware ratchet set, people and things often become one here.

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While combing through the Men's shirt rack, I notice a strange glow in the shoe section. What could be making such a scene? It's a pair of golden boots, lit-up like the Vegas strip. I check the size: 10. These boots are making me rethink the definition of "used boots!"

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As I try them on, the thrift store slowly dissolves and a new place emerges. I now have a new tee shirt on, along with the golden boots, that says:

"Thrift Store Angels."

"What have I gotten myself into this time?"

###

A near-by voice calls out: "I see you found the golden boots we left for you?"

"Yes, obviously! Why am I here?"

"As a reward for your good works on Earth."

“Where are we?”

“Let’s just say somewhere between the sky and the Moon. We are the Gods of Sustainability.”

“You are on the right track, just try to extend your re-use idea as far as you can.”

The boots are starting to dim a bit, they must have a half-life!

#

Suddenly I am back in the thrift shop, and the golden boots have turned into a dull leather brown. I quickly scan the floor but no one seems to have noticed my absence.

“The Golden Boots? A dream? An illusion?”

“A ticket to the re-use side!?”



Jungle Ocean

“Everything, and everyone, is dripping wet.” Santell is just stating the obvious! The kid’s hike into the Rain Forest exhibit at the National Zoo is a wild ride into a “jungle ocean,” complete with water snakes and kelp-like greens hanging down all around! Whether it’s a rain suit or a swim suit, Hank isn’t prepared for this “eco-aqua” journey.

###

“OK, crew, follow me...please watch your step!”

Lush green moss is everywhere. Way above, skylights compete with watering systems and grow lamps hidden around the space.

“We are going in a big circle,” shouted Danni. “Bugs and frogs and magic flowers, oh my!”

“It’s like the Wizard of Oz only our heart is our destination.”

###

“So, why are corporations burning down the Amazon jungle?” Lamented Hank?

“To kill-off the local Indians and take over their historic property...

“And prepare that scared Earth for non-sustainable crops....” said Bart.

“Don’t forget about lumber, they are taking down as many trees as they can.” Called-out Hank.

#####

Hank: "In the end, jungle oceans require our love and protection; we are one huge living and connected organism. Let's hope that the Museum exhibit is not the last example of how Mother Earth is under attack but interconnects and teaches us about our sacred planet."

Bart: "Amen."



The Drone Hunters

“There she is, the American woman we saw at the airport two days ago. Up a tree with a drones eye view!”

“Loaded for bear but searching for big game like elephants and lions no doubt.”

The Game Wardens are supplied with two drones that do surveillance in the uplands of Central Africa.

Hunting the wild game hunters and poachers. With high tech.

###

“Her guide is equally to blame.”

“Right, she has no license to shoot anything in our territory.”

“Especially endangered species.”

The “drone enforcement army” is a new way to track and shut-down illegal hunting and the Wardens success rate in preserving animals in their native habitat is improving.

####

The drones land and they drive over to the hunter with startling speed. To punctuate their case, the officials show the woman pictures from their drones, captured on video just moments ago.

“Oh shoot, she exclaims.” The woman gets a hefty fine and is escorted back to the provincial headquarters for her payment and a visa out of the territory. Her gun is confiscated.

####

The drones have brought this African territory a new perspective and hope for a peaceful and

sustainable life.

The Wardens, once two men in a truck, are now a community supported army of animal loyalists supported by 'technology for the birds.'



Worm Farm - a composted fable for Kids

“While moving through the soil, earthworms convert decaying residue and raw, in-soil nutrients into microorganisms that plants can easily access and absorb.” Wiki

#####

Two worm friends are here from the back porch worm farm to tell us about life in a wooden box and how they spend their days converting compost into microorganisms and dozens of offspring.

“Welcome Skinny and Red Bean!”

“Hello Farmer Jo!”

“You are red worms, correct?”

“That’s right, man,” called-out Red Bean.

Skinny then “took the farmer by the soil” and invited Jo to take a look at the channels left by the worms and the organic matter that is left behind.

Red Bean: “Out in the field, this is how your soil is built-up and turned over if you will.”

Jo: “Where are your children these days?”

Skinny: “Out in the garden, doing the work we taught them. Supporting the crops and multiplying like crazy!”

Jo has a question for the earth works pair!

“Would you rather be in this box on the back porch or in the garden with the wriggling throngs?”

“No doubt, in this here worm incubator,” offered Red Bean.

Yup, nodded Skinny. “The nutrient rich compost is a better meal ticket than the soil out there and the roof keeps us comfortable in inclement weather.”

#####

Charles Darwin calculated that earthworms can move large amounts of soil from the lower strata to the surface and also carry organic matter down into deeper soil layers. Wiki