

# Earth Magic

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## The harvest of Life

by

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The esoteric ritual of the cabalistic cross  
is contained within this story.

Adam surfaced from a deep dreamless sleep, and found himself in the darkness of the communal sleeping chamber. For a few minutes he lazily listened to the sound of his fellow workers stirring about - it was the beginning of a new shift, and the noise level in the chamber was rising as bodies became animated.

Adam stretched his stiff limbs.

'Hell!' he grumbled, 'surely it's not time already?'

His old body was warming with renewed strength, having been refreshed by a supper laced with honey dew, and six hours of uninterrupted sleep. Adam could now face the rigors of the working world again.

Harvest was pervading the air, thrusting itself relentlessly everywhere. He could even feel it beckoning to him down here. And it was rudely forcing its way into his very being. Adam felt restless, and wanted to be up and attacking the intruder.

He left the sleeping chamber, and merged with the trail of labourers pressing with a common urge upward... upward... always upward. The dirt tunnel ascended, and grew wider. There was turbulent life everywhere, seemingly moving in all directions at once, yet there a common purpose pervaded the chaos.

Adam could feel the outside world drawing near, its warm early autumn breath was wafting down the tunnel's throat. A feeling of anticipation bubbled up inside him as he approached the great world once again. He stretched out his feelers to extract every scrap of vital energy from the moment... And then... with a blinding burst of amber coloured light, the great world was upon him. With his companions he spewed out of the low ant hill - a brown stream of purposeful existence.

Adam had emerged on the west side of the mound, and was welcomed by a tired and hazy orange preparing for bed. Late afternoon was his favourite time of the day, and he felt good as the last warm rays of the weary sun caressed his cool carapace.

'That feels better,' he muttered, as the warmth percolated into his old joints, and relaxed the bunched muscles.

Looking around, and taking his bearings, Adam set off towards the Great Oak which lay in a north westerly direction. The great tree was rooted some five thousand ant lengths from the mound. After

locating the correct scent trail, he resolutely set off. Again, all around was bustle and action - droves of workers, guarded by the haughty soldier elite, were bringing in provender for the winter and its long sleep. Adam could see it was a bounteous harvest, tender larvae, mouth-watering carcasses, succulent maggots, sweet seeds, and honey dew were the plentiful cargoes born by the passing caravans. He recognised many of the other ants, but this was no time for idle chatter or pleasantries, labour was the order of the day, and the store chambers needed to be filled before the russet Autumn kissed the year farewell.

On reaching the Great Oak, Adam looked around, and observing that he was alone, he faced the ancient tree, and closed his eyes. He relaxed his body by quietly drawing in deep cleansing breaths of the oak scented air. His body quivered slightly as the worldly vibrations drained into the earth, and a new energy flowed in.

Adam then touched the front of his head with the tip of his right foreleg, and feelingly whispered: "ATEH" (thou are).

Touching his breast he continued: "MALKUTH" (the Kingdom).

Moving the tip of his foreleg to his right shoulder, he quietly said: "VE-GEBURAH" (and the power).

Finally, touching his left shoulder, he said: "VE-GEDULAH" (and the glory).

Touching the tips of his two front legs together, he softly intoned with an indrawn breath: "LE-OLAM" (for ever).

After a pause of a few moments, Adam opened his eyes, and reverently bowed towards the tree. As he moved forward he could smell the richness of the bark, and a surge of universal life force energy entered into him. As the puissance swirled through his being, he looked up with inner sight, and felt his reality of existence within the cosmos.

With trembling breath he whispered: "Thus it is, and thus shall it be... Amen."

After taking a long and deeply satisfying breath, Adam began the long ascent. As he climbed, he weaved in and out of the deep cool crevasses of the fibrous bark. The Great Oak had always been there... it had always been sacred... and it had always been the mysterious domain of the aphid bug shepherds.

Since the dawn of time, the aphid bug shepherds, a select ant caste, had tended the royal flocks of aphid bugs amid the green meadows of the Great Oak's branches. The aphid bugs provided something very special - honey dew. This was the ambrosia of the ant world. This honey dew... this elixir of life... was a central bastion in the ant culture. Its mystical properties were enjoyed by all, independent of caste or assignment. The honey dew had many uses - a healing substance, a pleasant uplifting stimulant, an hallucinogenic compound used by the mystical jongleur ants. However, irrespective of use, the elixir was greatly enjoyed by all members of the community.

The climb to the Great Oak meadows was a long one, and when Adam finally arrived, the veil of dusk was falling on a serene pastoral tableau. The aphid bugs were quietly browsing in huddles on the broad oak leaves. The sweet scent of honey dew hung heavy and tantalising on the warm air. Adam could see his fellow shepherds lounging peacefully at the distant end of the meadow, and he started making his way towards them. As he moved forward he identified the movement of the runt ants (workers of a lower caste) as they quietly removed the honey dew crystals that had collected into small shimmering pools. The white translucent crystals glowed with a warm life giving energy.

As Adam stopped to watch the runts at work, docile aphid bugs came and nuzzled against him. Again he felt happy, and at peace with the Great Life Force. He looked down, and tenderly touched the gentle creatures with his feelers.

"Thank you," whispered Adam in a soft voice, "we're going to have a good harvest."

End

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