

A Wintery Mixx

By Richard Tornello

“Mixx did what?!!!
“Where did this occur? “
“When, are you sure?”
“What were her instructions?”

“Independent study, go among the beings, and grant a wish.” says a voice.

“She certainly did. Send her here, immediately!”

The Lyceum Master says to no one in particular. “Why I have all these gray hairs, they wonder. I can’t believe they let HER loose down THERE. Senior project, independent study, and where was her mentor? Sometimes, I wish I were other than here.”

“Sir, you wanted to see me?” A short skinny adept stands in front of the Master, thinking, What have I done this time? I stuck to the rules, for once.

“Mixx, please, I’m very interested in your senior project. It seems you completed it with results that are amazing, and, disturbing. Your mentor and others are surprised.”

“Oh yes, that.”She says, “I thought I screwed up, again.”

“Well, yes and no. Just tell me the story as you have it. We’re interested in this, Common Cause, as you titled it.”

“Gladly.”

“I went down to the place I was assigned, small planet, semi advanced in technology, but myth wise, kinda slow. I guess that’s why we keep it as a training ground?”

“Yes, yes, go on.”

“Well I found one monk and I took over his body, as per regulations.”

“Where did you place his atman?” The master’s eyes squint.

“It was wintry cold so I put it on ice. He’s Okay, I checked before I left, a little confused but fine.”

“As proposed, I spent some time listening to the inner workings of the beings. But ALL their thoughts revolved around, toys, sex, money, and power. They all wished for one or all of it.”

“All of them?”

“Not all of them, most though, and monks were just as bad. I was about to give up, and ask to rewrite my thesis, when walking around a corner, I saw one being sitting in a café reading a magazine. It wasn’t a sex magazine, that much I knew. His mind was foggy. I couldn’t get into it. However, out of his mouth came my inspiration.”

“He banged the magazine and said, ‘Why don’t people just have common sense?’ ”

“What a thought! What a wish! So I granted it, Common Sense, for every one! You should have seen the looks on all the people. Most stopped in their tracks, as if they ran into a wall. Some started crying; others started laughing. But there was calmness after a bit.”

The Master, incredulous, asks, “Don’t you see what you did?”

“Yeah, I granted a wish for common sense.”

“No! We are out of business there because of you. No one is going to put up with the controls we have

instituted on that training planet. We spent eons cultivating their fears and superstitions. In one wish granting session, you wiped it out. Would you believe that crap that we've been propagating?

If.

You.

Had.

Common.

Sense?"

The Master's eyes are red coals.

"No!" The adept is stunned. "What are you talking about? WE'RE cultivating fears and superstition? No one mentioned that to me." She says with hope, "Now maybe they can come up to a new level of belief. Something that matches reality?"

"Those monkeys? Not likely. They'll twist anything. We added that to their brain patterns when we made them."

"So you're saying my granting a Winter Solstice Wish for planetary common sense affected the celestial world order?"

The master grows, "In A word, Yes. I have no idea what the Big One's will do."

The student replies emphatically, "Not much as I understand. This is a lock. All independent study projects are kept as learning tutorials for follow-on adepts."

"It was common sense to keeping them in the circles they were going. Now there is no telling what they will do or become." Opinions the Master.

"Better I would hope."

"No, not better. They are a source of energy for us. I...I mean, we, get a lot of power from them. We derive energy from their prayers and gifts. And now you've basically ended it with the wish of common sense."

"Others planets have mythology..."

"They don't kill for it. We use them for games and amusement as well as power."

"I believe I did the correct action. And sir, you are mistaken and mislead."

"I am waiting on the decision to reverse your wish from the higher ups. And along with that, your banishment to that planet you so stupidly corrected. I will leave it up to you to straighten out on your own, with out celestial powers, if I get my wish."

"Sir, no disrespect, I believe you can't see the benefits."

"Benefits? Where? We will have to make a new world, and possibly destroy this one."

"Sir, why, since when?"

"I do it all the time."

"If WE believe that one group becomes a threat to our existence, I terminate their life forces and reapply those forces elsewhere."

Mixx says, "I grant a "common sense" wish There. And Now you and our people are threatened? Something is wrong Here."

The Master, composed, serenely states, "I would have granted common "base" intelligence. Nothing fancy, simple living, no great works, no high end science, nothing other than COMMON, Base, Simple, and not as you did."

"What am I doing...? HERE? What's happening?"

The powers that be speak:

“We granted you, OUR winter solstice gift wish that we grant to one of our own. You wished for a change, it’s yours... as You would have.”

“Not this... I was thinking... retirement and...”

“Oh, but you are retired. You will not be harmed. You can pick any monastery, ashram, temple, or a cave of your choice.”

“Your adept did a good job. We were waiting for one of your students to show creativity, initiative, and spirit.”

“She’s your replacement.”

“Good luck.”

“Have a wonderful life.”

THE END