

the TRUTH.

Tim misses Sarvi....



But continues to learn from her...

Figure 6 Me and my Rats

A man who cleaned rat cages in a laboratory told me this story. He had worked there 20 years, and over these years, he had come to know the rats very well. He knew when they were sick; he knew when they were frightened. They were genuinely happy to see him because besides bringing them some cheese, he also talked to them. He wasn't a weirdo or anything; he had a wife that loved him and kids that bugged him for money. He just had a lot of love for everyone, including rats.

So one day, the lab shut down, all of a sudden. He was luckily able to collect his retirement. But before he left, his employer asked him to get rid of the rats, in whatever way he chose.

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He spent a sleepless night considering it, and decided that he would just release the animals outside, as the lab was in a remote area with some woods. He thought to himself, "At least they'll get a taste of freedom".

He waited until all the cleaning and construction people had gone, and carried all the rat cages, about 20 of them out the back door and lined them up. The rats had been frantic as they were being moved, but in the moonlight, stillness came over all of them at once.

They didn't know what they were experiencing. There was no memory or feeling in their lifetime they could draw from to process the change in their environment. Time, thought and life as they knew it stood still. There is something more...

Perception becomes distorted within a cage. Even the concept of freedom becomes illusive to entities that have been born and bred in confinement.