

IMAGINE WITH ME IF YOU WILL, THIS CONCEPT TAKEN FROM ANCIENT LEGENDS ON A FUTURE EVENT, WHICH HAS HAPPENED BEFORE AND IS THE REASON THE INDIAN HAS REMAINED UNCHANGED SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME.

"A group of Indians, women, men, children, animals, young and old, can be seen making their way up a hill against a fierce wind which is permitting only inches of land area to be covered per physical effort. Please notice! Once the group has reached the top, the rear guard comes down the hill and can be seen writing something on the wet ground, and they quickly return and join the others.

This group is tired and exhausted shouting for a time to rest but it is the Tribal Head Clan Mother who commands and demands the group to continue.

Once again the group in great physical effort start down the other side which requires every bit as much strength to go down that was needed to come up.

If one was able to listen to the thoughts going through the minds of this group, you would hear- that in their wildest dreams and imaginations or even a vision, no human mind could have expressed or described or constructed such an event because it was beyond any human understanding or comprehension.

There is however, no question in their minds that they are in the middle of a reality and truth of legends heard when they were young and being on what is called: THE GREAT MIGRATION WHILE THE RED WIND BLOWS OVER THE LANDS TO CLEANSE THEM, is abstract because destruction and cleansing are so closely related that the marginal line between the two cannot be seen.

But for this group, each step taken requires the strength needed to cross a Nation, but there are no Nations or Countries or Armies or Navys or even Planes that fly. No Boy or Girl next door (sought by good standard concepts) because there are no houses, streets, roads, Highways or even hospitals. No gas for the Car or money to buy Food.

Everywhere there is madness among humans as well as animals with expressions to describe the event which would have relieved the madness in their minds.

It is the brilliant never before seen by human eye colors moving through the skies like flowing rivers that one cannot escape their majestic display. (Many West coast Indians have song and dances that describe this scene.)

The blowing wind is fierce and unbelievable. A Horse has been blown from a ridge and is seen sailing across the skyline. Everywhere there is panic and fear, with both animals and humans running in a stampede, not knowing where to go.

Occasionally the brilliant colored sky lights will dip down and touch Earth as if there was a command, because it is the animals and humans on the run who come into contact with these sky lights. When these skylights return up to the skies, one can see a bright red shadow remain for about a moment and disappears. Both animals and humans no longer move but remain like statues till a fierce wind again blows them and other objects across the sky.

There are rivers of mud that do not obey the civilized physics laws by flowing downhill, but up and down as they chose or wherever the wind blows. First these winds are hot, then cold and change so fast one cannot extinguish which. There is rain, snow, hail mixed all together and along with stones, rocks, sand, and mud blowing everywhere.

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