

Chapter III

Ran looked at the house. He almost laughed. The Farmer's house was not even the size of one of Ran's chicken coops at his country estate far north of Golden Mountain. He looked around to find something that could have produced all of this water.

The Farmer was smart. He had worked for Ran Rold Hybrid Seed Corporation for three years. It was at a Christmas party that the Farmer had met Chutney.

"Oh, sweet Chutney," Ran muttered to himself.

Ran could not understand why the farmer would quit such a high profile career to marry Chutney. What could she possibly see in the Farmer? To the day he died he could not ever understand the desires of the chattering classes. "Obviously, a Communist," he said to himself.

Independent contractors, not his employees, had inadvertently destroyed the aquifer. That is what his tort lawyers at Dodge, Liam & Steele would say.

There is no way water could flow here. No rain was forecast by the Ran Rold Meteorological Survey for weeks. He looked at his satellite images of Mojave County from two weeks ago and could not understand how so much rain could fall in just one area of the county.

"There should have been a mud slide. Impossible! Maybe the images he had received were false. Maybe the farm was productive all along. No way," he thought to himself. Nothing can prosper in Mojave County.

Ran told his CEO to personally instruct the driver of that twenty ton earth mover to come through this part of Mojave County. Of course, such weight would crush the road bed. The aquifer was only ten feet below the road bed. It was only six inches deep. "Accidents do happen," laughed Ran to himself. The other farms along the Farmer's lane were all bleak with drought. Soon, I will have to foreclose on them as well.

"No hard feelings. It is just business," that is what grandfather Ran, a previous Ran Rold, taught him as a boy.

Ran hated the Farmer. His goodness. His Jesus this. His Jesus that. How could he be so naïve? Where did he get this blind belief from? Ran made a mental note to have his lawyers advise the Archbishop to transfer all of the priests out of Mojave County and to bring in some new priests from Golden Mountain.

"It is so hard to find a good priest today," quipped Ran to himself.

As Ran approached the house, a powder blue glow appeared in the windows. Its iridescence was barely noticeable to a man who was always focused on the color of money. Ran looked around the house looking for seed packages and horticultural tools. Anything that would lead him to believe that the Farmer had come up with some new hybrid seed. After all, the Farmer had been one of his best scientists.

Nothing could be found. Ran looked through the windows and noticed the Magic Rug. "What's this," he asked himself?

He came around to the front of the house and looked into the window. There was the blue glow again but it seemed to be coming out of the rug. The more he looked at the rug, the more the glow got brighter.

"What sort of magic is this?" asked Ran.

Ran didn't notice the blue light emanating from the home. The closer he got to the house, the brighter the blue glow got. His desire for power pushed him forward to his certain doom. He grabbed hold of the brass door knob. The Magic Rug was no ordinary rug. It was a quantum gateway. For those who could suspend avarice, it was a portal to greater happiness. For those who were cynical and looked for power, wealth or fame, it was a vast labyrinth of despair.

He looked at the Magic Rug. The blue glow appeared green in his eyes. "My destiny! What if I

possessed it? I could conquer India with it! I would be the Lord of All Hosts. King of Kings. The pashas of Araby would be my slaves."

Slowly, he entered the house and walked onto the Magic Rug. A big mistake! It transported him through his past. The Magic Rug placed him in suspended animation. Space and time stopped for Ran. The Magic Rug spewed cosmic energy at him. He saw all the evil he had done before. His greed. His false promises. He saw the families he had dispossessed. He watched as hundreds of people's agonies roamed past his consciousness. The pain was intense.

The blue energy of the Magic Rug robbed him of his avarice. The Magic Rug replicated every stage of his life and changed his heart to gold. His complexion gained pallor. His brown teeth became clean. He looked healthier. His hair grew and became dark brown.

The Magic Rug transformed his hatred into love. The evil in his mind tried to shake free of the visions placed into his soul, but it was no use. Ran could not move. His ego could not shake his body

free. He stood there frozen in time. Lollipop entered the house and waited earnestly for the intruder to move. But Ran Rold did not.

The Farmer was driving up the hill when he noticed the speeding Rolls Royce. It was Ran's Rolls. Everyone in Mojave County knew what Ran's Rolls looked like. He sped up to the farm. The door to his house was open. The kids were nowhere to be seen.

He walked in to his living room and looked at the frozen Ran Rold standing on the Magic Rug. He lifted him up and moved him onto the sofa. Lollipop brought a pillow over. The Farmer placed it under Ran Rold's head. Lollipop licked Ran Rold's face. The cosmic energy from the Magic Rug did not seem to bother the Farmer, the dog, or Maya and Karma who waited outside.

Ran came to his senses within a few seconds of being removed from the Magic Rug. Jubilation shown on Ran's face. His vitality returned.

He had no desire for wealth, power or fame anymore. Tremulous, he pointed at the Farmer with good humor. "There is a God, Farmer. Hallelujah. God is not a manifestation of my id!" he yelled.

"I understand!" he exclaimed joyously into the heavens.

His driver, Sharma, was speechless. His jaws fell agape. No one said anything.

"Good news, children!" he yelled. Before he could finish his sentence, a bolt of energy hit him right in the index finger. His gold plated Ran Hold University ring turned into solid diamond. He fell to the ground as the power of the Holy Spirit had overcome him.

The Farmer told the children to go inside and start their chores. Maya and Karma stopped staring at what was going on and went inside their humble abode. Lollipop enthusiastically followed.

Sharma, the limousine driver, came and helped Ran up. A few minutes later, a helicopter from the Rold Stipulated Simulacrum Sanitarium (a subsidiary of the Ran Rold Psychiatric Association) landed nearby on the road. Dr. Muhammad, an old man with glasses in a big white coat came and talked to Ran.

The man who determined all that IS on Golden Mountain told Dr. Muhammad, "There is a God! There is a Jesus Christ! I saw Him!"

"He towered over Babylon. I walked with Him through Zion. He cleansed me of my hatred for my father. He told me that the hydrocarbon age has ended. For once where I was confused, I now know the answers."

The Farmer humbly went into the house thanking Jesus for saving Ran Rold, the Ran Rold, owner of all that Is on Golden Mountain.

"Merry Christmas, Farmer! Merry Christmas, Children!" yelled Ran.

The psychiatrist attempted to inject him with a mild sedative. "Get that away from me!" screamed Ran.

The psychiatrist put away the needle. Ran Rold, the Ran Rold, healer of all that Is of Golden Mountain, and Dr. Muhammad, his chief psychiatrist, got into the white helicopter with the big red letters R.S.S.S. written on it.

"We all serve a purpose here!" howled Ran in ecstasy from his levitating helicopter. He threw the original mortgage note for the farm to the Farmer with "paid in full, Ran Rold, President" written on the mortgagor blank.

"Whether you live on Golden Mountain or here on this farm, there is nothing on this earth we can bring to the next life. Nothing (no wealth, power or fame) can match everlasting life. Every Christmas we honor the faith God has in us, His greatest creation. That is why He sent us Jesus.

"To remind us that the greatest gift at Christmas is faith. Faith in our nation and its leaders. Faith

in our parents. Most of all, faith in what Jesus Christ loved the most, our children."

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas, dear children."