

A Gestalt of Gaia

The Moogh Radio studio is located in the back of a truck that moves wherever the Moogh goes. It is a mini nerve center with satellite dishes and data streaming in from all over the Mooghsphere. Today, the journalist is an old hack from the BBC. He is gaunt with sallow smoker's skin. The inside of the truck smells like an ashtray and Maggie grimaces as she steps inside. She thinks that she could cancel the interview, but then that would most likely get back to the Dim Director. Moogh Radio is good promotion for Fractious News.

The hack announces her arrival, "We have with us today Maggie Tarp from Fractious News Network. How are you today Maggie?"

Maggie slips the headphones over her head, frustrated that the radioman is hurrying her along. Normally, she would take a few seconds to adjust them properly so that they didn't pull her hair.

"I am feeling Mooghy today," she says, honestly as the cry had done her the world of good. She grimaces, noticing that she has rested her arm on a surface and now has cigarette ash on her sleeve.

"Today is the sixty-third Moogh crying event. They happen about once a month, on average. Is this the first time the Moogh has sniveled over road kill?" the journalist asks, abruptly.

Maggie is unimpressed that the man has referred to the Moogh as having 'sniveled over road kill'. It is a crass expression that trivializes the profoundness of the event, and he is clearly trying to get a rise from her. She wants to take him to task but decides to let it slide. So instead, she makes a little smile demonstrating that she is not taking his bait. Then she replies using perfect Moogh English, "The first time that Moogh Tears were drawn by something killed on the road, it was an otter."

"A flat otter?"

"A very rare otter, poor thing, threatened with extinction. But this is the first time that a dead bird has drawn Moogh Tears on the road."

The radio man looks Maggie over with that same hungry expression that the Dim Director uses, and Maggie has no option but to suffer the indignity in silence. She keeps the grin affixed to hide her real emotion, which is that of pity for the wretched man, stuck in this gloomy box full of electronic machines and his dirty habits.

"I keep hearing that the Moogh Tears are an empathic response, tell us what that means," the old hack says.

"It is believed that the Moogh is picking up on the collective mental energy of the Empaths amongst us and allowing these sentiments to be understood by other people."

“And what is an Empath?”

“An Empath is someone who has empathy for people and things other than themselves.” Maggie looks around the radio desk trying to locate the source of the ashtray, but it seems to be hidden by documents spread messily around.

“So, aren’t all humans Empaths?”

“To a degree, yes. But most people care most distinctly about things that have a direct influence on their lives. They care about the families, their work-mates, and possessions. They have no real empathy for abstracts and concepts like biodiversity or the ozone layer, for example.”

“So the Empaths are people who care about the Moogh?”

“Empaths are people who care about everything including the Moogh,”

“That must be exhausting,” say the radio man, snidely.

“Empathy has its own energy supply,” says Maggie, “so you are always fully charged.”

“So the Moogh is telling us the things that we should care about. Acting as a guide as to how we should live our lives on Earth?”

“That’s the theory that has been trending for a while now,” says Maggie.

“And it’s a Blue Ocean theory. No competing theory comes close to it for popularity amongst the Adherents.”

The video monitor shows that the Moogh has started to wipe its eyes with the side of its clenched right fist. It doesn’t wipe the tears away, so much as allow them to absorb into the fur on its hand.

The radio man asks Maggie, “Now the theory about this eye drying technique is not Blue Ocean, is it?”

“No, this is completely Red Ocean. There’s about a dozen theories and new ones all the time. Lots of competition here.”

“Is there any theory that trends more consistently than the others?”

“One that keeps popping up is that the Moogh is transferring some of the lacrimal fluid to the contents of its hand.”

“Lacrimal. That’s a big word for what exactly?”

“Yes. Sorry,” Maggie remembers the Dim Director telling her off for the same thing. “Tears. Lacrimal fluid is tears.”

“So, it’s transferring the tears to the thing inside its right hand.”

“Assuming that there is something in its right hand, yes.”

“And no one knows why.”

“That’s right.”

“So whatever it is, it needs to be kept moist? Is that how we read this?”

“That’s one of the theories,” says Maggie.

“Fascinating,” says the radio man, unconvincingly.

The video feed in the radio truck shows the Moogh make one long sniff and then the crying stops. It raises its head and then starts to amble again, moving slowly down the road.

Around the perimeter of the computer monitor, there are strings of data. The radio man looks at the numbers and says, “Okay they have called it. That’s the end of the sixty-third Moogh crying event. It lasted for one hour twenty-three minutes and twelve seconds. And the Moogh was crying over a dead bird on the side of the road. This is Moogh Radio, and we have Maggie Tarp with us. Maggie, from whence did the Moogh come?”

“That’s the million-dollar question.”

“One minute there is no such thing as a Moogh and next minute ‘poof’ it just shows up, wanders out of a Greek cork forest. Its genes don’t match anything known to science. It has an influence on people that has never been observed before – nearly a billion Facebook friends – and people flock to it like whale watchers on steroids. Where’s it come from, Maggie?”

“There’s lots of theories. It came from under the ground as a result of the global warming. It came from space. There is a theory based on quantum physics that it popped into existence as a result of an interference pattern of subatomic particles. There is even a new theory that there is no Moogh.”

“No Moogh? That’s a good one. Maybe the Moogh is God?” suggests the radio man, provocatively.

“Oh, no,” says Maggie, instinctively. “Although there is some interesting research into the way that the various religious people relate to the Moogh.

“Can you share that with us?”

“This is not official. It is not from the leaders of these religious organizations, but random phone polls. The results are that the Buddhists believe the Moogh to be a manifestation of the Buddha. The Bahia’s think it a new heavenly messenger although they don’t know what the message is. The Christians regard it as another of God’s creatures over which they automatically have dominion. Muslims think it’s a daemon. And the Jews decline to comment.”

The old journalist starts to laugh and Maggie grimaces as he shows off his yellow stained teeth. “And what’s your view on this?”

“I’m with the atheists on this one. I think that the Moogh is from Gaia.”

“This is Gaia Theory you are talking about?”

“Yes. Gaia theory says that all the living things on Earth are in-sync with one another, and they help create a self-balancing system. We humans are a part of nature but through our culture and technology we have fallen out of

sync with nature. We've disturbed the balance. I think that the Moogh is a gestalt of Gaia that is showing us how to get back in-sync with nature."

"A gestalt? Is that like a synergy?"

"It is similar. A synergy is something greater than the sum of its parts. A gestalt is something 'other' than the sum of its parts."

"And what's it doing here?"

"I can tell you what I think."

"This is Maggie Tarp, Senior Moogh Reporter with the Fractious News Network on Moogh Radio."

Maggie feels herself to be on the home stretch, just seconds away from departing the confined, odorous space. She chooses her words carefully hoping not to provoke any more questions. She leans forward, closer to the microphone and places her fingers on her headset. Then she says very clearly, "I think that the Moogh is a physical manifestation of Gaia that has been formed to show us humans how to live in balance with nature. That's why it is here."