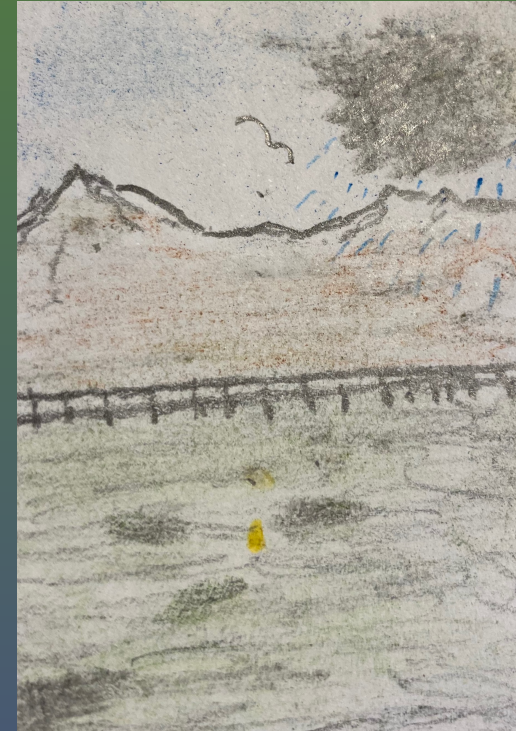


Teejays, Specialitos and the Rustling of the Loyas (an eco-history)

Long, long ago there lived a patch of earth, whose name was Lor.
While rich in soil, deep and wide, Lor was rather barren and dry.

A bird passing by one day pooped on Lor. That very same day, Lor's
distant cloudy cousin Paulymento brought replenishing rain from the
sky.





With the usual comings and goings of the seasons, a tiny sapling grew and grew to become a strong young tree. Lor named the tree Kort.

Lor admired and was very proud of Kort. As the years rolled on, Kort sprouted hundreds of leaves. Lor thought of those leaves as grandchildren, but of course, there were too many to give each one a name. So Lor affectionately named them all the Loyas.

Lor's other distant cousin, windy old Gubbermenti, would blow through, sometimes fiercely, but ordinarily quite gently. Gubbermenti brought news and other things that were nourishing for Lor, and in general they got along.



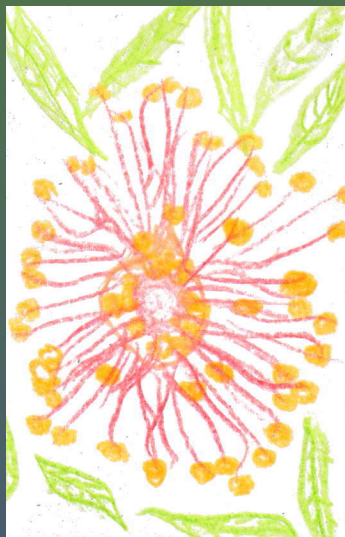
One day, Gubbermenti was blowing hard, and now the Loyas numbering in their thousands, had great cause to rustle and bustle up against each other. It created such a racket that old Lor piped up from down low:

“What is all this rustling and bustling my dear Loyas? Can you not remember who it was that made you? I wish for some peace and quiet!”

But the Loyas ignored Lor’s firm words, and continued to rustle and bustle.

As the wind of Gubbermenti brought new rustle and bustle, Kort dug his roots deeper into Lor, to make sure all things remained steady and strong. Cousin Paulymento meanwhile continued to quench the land from the sky, helping those roots dig down deep.

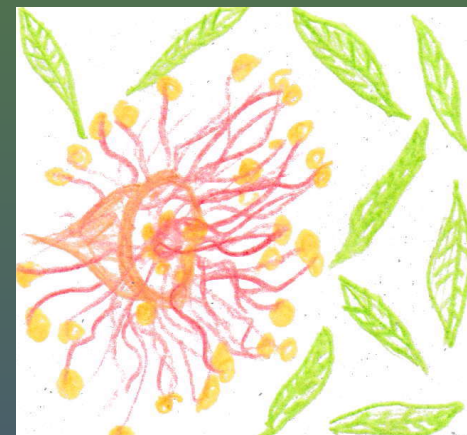
Time went by, and Lor remained somewhat snickety about the Loyas and their rustling and bustling, and was a little grumpy that Kort did nothing to corral those waifs other than to dig his roots down deeper.



So things continued, until they became ordinary. Then when no one thought anything would ever change again, there suddenly appeared buds, and then flowers, in small patches among the Loyas.

Lor stopped grumbling when he noticed these little arrivals, and marvelled at their bold red and yellow colours. Assuming again the right to name all things new, Lor called these the Teejays. Of course again, Lor had no appetite to name them all one by one.

Lor, Kort, the rustling Loyas and now the little Teejays found ways to live together. There was some disagreement and Lor continued to grumble from time to time, but all in all, that was just the way things were.



Until the arrival of a visitor who had never before been seen. The creature had bright yellow bands that matched the yellow of the Teejays, and bands of black, the colour of Lor. And it made a buzzing sound, not so very different from the rustling of the Loyas.

The visitor buzzed around Kort, and as quick as they came, buzzed off. Lor, Kurt, the Loyas and the little Teejays wondered: who was that?



The next day, the visitor came back, with a whole gang of friends. Lor, as usual, was the first to speak up: “Who are you?” Lor boomed.

The visitor who had come the day before buzzed down and hovered just above Lor, and replied: “We are the Specialitos”.

Kort, who was working hard to hear anything given all the rustling and buzzing going on, chimed in, asking: “And why have you come?”

“Well”, replied the little Specialito politely, “Lor made you, and you made all these Loyas, then the Loyas made room for the little Teejays to come along, and so here we are”.

Then the Loyas, in their thousands, stopped their rustle and bustle for a few seconds to ask, in one voice: “To do what? Here to do what?”

“Well”, the little Specialito continued, not at all troubled to be asked so many questions, “we are here to connect you and we ask only that we be allowed to gather some pollen from the Teejays to build our house and feed our little ones”.

One of the little Teejays, a tad nervous about having to handover their pollen, asked: “But connect with what? And why?”

“Aha!” replied the buzzing Specialito, that is a very good question my little Teejay friend, and you will know the answer in good time”.

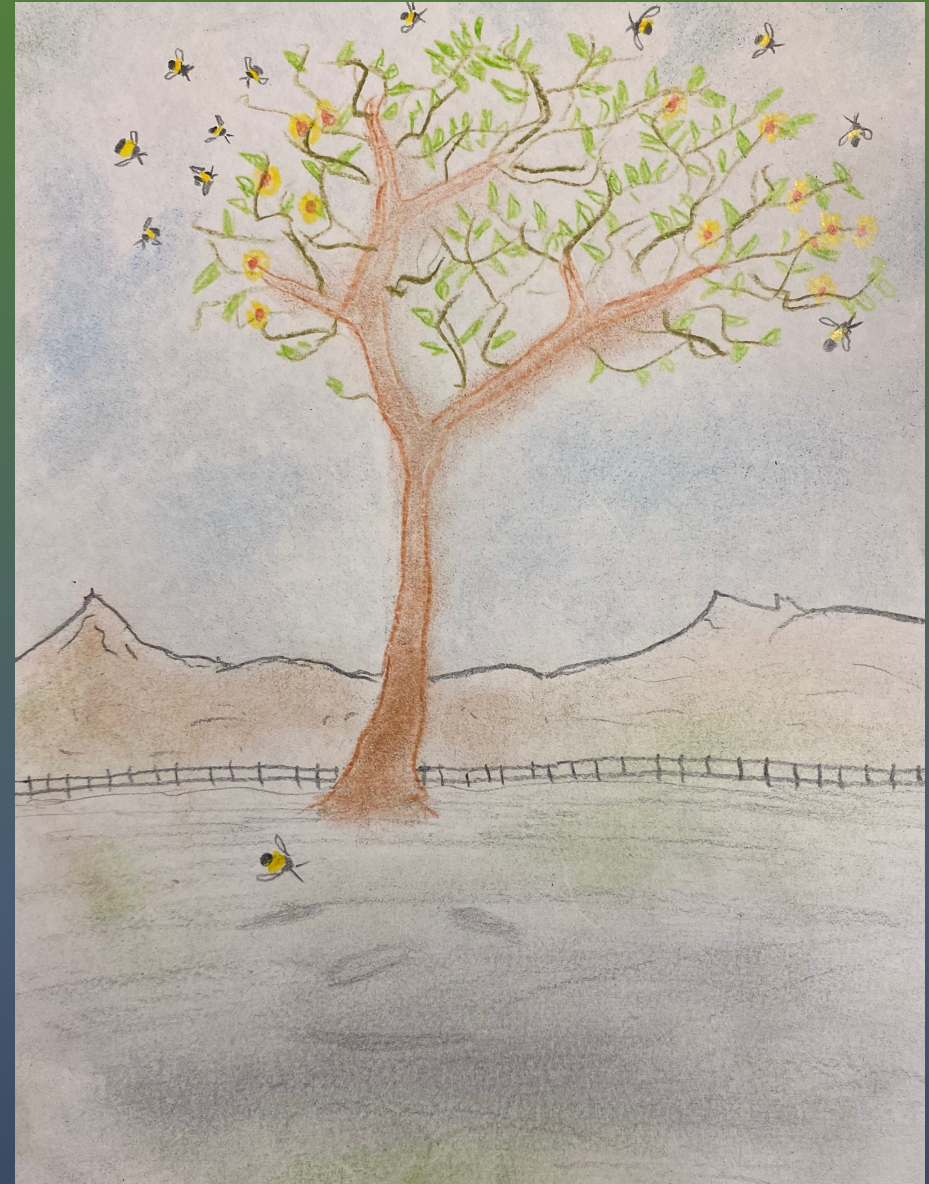
So, time went on, and Lor, Kort, the rustling Loyas, the little Teejays and the buzzing Specialitos learned to live together.

Seasons passed, and it was Lor who first noticed the change, because he had the big wide view from below. Every season, there were more and more little Teejays bursting out among the Loyas.

Kurt similarly noticed small changes, including a little less rustle and bustle among the Loyas. Not having to worry about keeping things steady, Kort enjoyed sending roots in many and different directions, exploring new parts of Lor.

The gaggle of Loyas never truly stopped their rustling and bustling, but having the little Teejays around softened their hard edges, and made for a life more colourful.

And for the little Teejays, as far as everyone could see they got on very nicely with the buzzing Specialitos, each of whom would visit many different little Teejays on any given day.





One afternoon, a little Teejay jumped from the very top of Kort, all the way down to where Lor lay, big wide and flat. Lor, noticing the little visitor asked “Hello little Teejay, to what do I owe this honor?”

“I have the answer to the question of the Specialitos” said the little Teejay excitedly.

With genuine curiosity, Lor replied: “Please do share, little Teejay”.

“If only you could see from the top of Kort – like I can”, continued the little Teejay in a hasty way. “You would see that there are other Korts growing tall across the fields. They too have lots of rustling Loyas and also little Teejays like me.

Lor looked thoughtful for a second, and went on to ask:

“The buzzing Specialito said what they do is to connect us, have you learned, little Teejay, how that comes about?”

“YES!” the little Teejay almost jumped as he spoke. “It is with their hard work and their love of stories and just generally talking, and because stuck to their little hairy legs is the golden pollen from faraway Korts and their little Teejays. That is how they connect us Lor, that is their way”.

“All that buzzing has a reason after all”, said Lor, grateful to the clever little Teejay. “Well”, Lor continued, “as long as they remember where it all began – with me, that is – then I am just fine with that”.

Kort overheard the conversation between Lor and the little Teejay, and chuckled quietly. Kort's roots has spread so far and so wide now, they held Lor together just as much as Lor held Kort strong and sturdy.

Thousands of Loyas also overheard the talk down below and they rustled together. They could agree on a few things including their gratitude to Lor. But they also felt strongly about how Lor's distant cousins Paulymento and Gubbermenti had quenched their thirst, and blown news of change, but mainly, had always given them good reasons to rustle and bustle about.

The little Teejays were so busy chatting with the Specialitos they didn't notice anything at all.

And for those whose winding path led them to it, this was a place where the local honey was sweet and nourishing.



Cast:

Lor - The law

Paulymento - Parliament

Kort – The Court

Gubbermenti - Government

Loyas – Lawyers

Teejays – Therapeutic Jurisprudence

Specialitos - Specialist Courts and Programs

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