

## WHO NEEDS GORILLAS ANYWAY?

### Millions Of Years Ago

A thriving band of gorillas was basking under the dappled rainforest sun following a sumptuous feast of bananas. The group comprised an alpha male, his various concubines and their progeny. The females were absorbed in stroking and grooming each other and their younger family members. Suddenly, the male leader who was feeling frisky, approached a pre-adolescent female, and presented himself before her. The young primate, confused and intimidated by the overbearing gorilla's erotic advances, instead of submitting to him, groped in the undergrowth, picked a flower and extended it with her hand for his acceptance. The old ape, angered by the young female's sexual refusal, and insulted by her paltry and inedible offering, swatted her aside and moved on to one of his tried and true breeding-mates. Taking their cue from their mighty simian leader, the senior females of the band attacked the younger gorilla, screaming and biting at her, until they drove her from their midst. The next morning, when the group moved on to new feeding grounds, the outcast female was left behind to lick her wounds and fend for herself. In her perilous jungle habitat, where security was derived from physical prowess and safety in numbers, it was doubtful that she would survive alone for long. But soon after the band of great apes had vanished from view, a rogue teen-age male returned to where the female lay. As he approached, he plucked a flower and waved it before the young female's face, wafting its healing fragrance for her to inhale. With a grunting sniff, she took the delicate bloom from his outstretched hand, and held it to her nose. Then reaching with his strong arms, the male gorilla gently assisted the ailing female to her feet, and they slowly disappeared through the trees together.

### Thousands Of Years Ago

It was a day of great celebration in the village. The old chief had decided to choose another wife, and today, when the sun rose directly overhead, the ceremony to bind her to him forever was to take place. Eema, his twelve year old bride-to-be sat quietly, as her mother and sisters painted her face and limbs, and braided bright blossoms into her jet black hair. As they worked, the women reiterated the words the medicine priest had said when he had proclaimed her betrothal to the tribal leader. How it was an extreme honour for Eema to be selected by such a renowned hunter and warrior. And how her future would be safe and prosperous under the protection of his household. But as her family enhanced her god-given beauty for her new master, Eema, silent and apprehensive, couldn't help but reflect on the disturbing rumours she had heard from her girlfriends – bits of gossip whispered while they gathered nuts and berries. How the chief was ruthless with his women during his sexual sessions. And that he often beat his wives without cause, especially on those nights when he had drunk the medicine priest's potions. As the sun was reaching its full height in the sky, the ladies added their final adornments to Eema's bridal image. They fitted intricate bracelets made from bone around her wrists and ankles. And over her neck they placed a heavy necklace made from multiple strands of shells, seeds and colourful pebbles from the river. It hung down across the young girl's breasts, which were just beginning to swell. Eema, who had never been fettered by elaborate jewellery before, felt the cumbersome weight of the collar on her shoulders.

At midday, when Eema walked out to the central courtyard of the village to face her future, she looked like a work of art. Clad in only a simple grass skirt and her natural adornments, Eema cast a majestic aura, and the tribal elders agreed she was the personification of feminine beauty and charms. In the background, a group of men were drumming and singing to welcome the villagers as they gathered to witness the wedding spectacle. When all were assembled, and Eema had

taken her place beside her husband-to-be, the medicine priest called on the gods to look favourably on everyone who had come together that day. He reminded the crowd that the gods had given mankind the sacred gifts of music and art, so man could use them to worship and glorify his divine masters. The medicine priest further warned that any creative endeavour which was not meant as a holy tribute was blasphemous, and offenders with devious ways would surely face dire consequences for incurring the wrath of their powerful and vigilant deities. Looking directly at Eema, he declared that wives must always stay faithful and pure and attractive for their husbands, so their marriages would remain eternally sanctioned by the gods. Then he called on the gods to bless the union of Eema and the chief, and to provide Eema with the grace and strength to serve her husband. He asked the gods of fertility to bring her many fine sons. And he prayed to the gods of harvest and war, that her children would grow up to provide a plentiful supply of food for the tribe, and protection from its enemies. To demonstrate the sincerity of his supplications, the medicine priest slit the throat of a wild boar, and sacrificed its heart to the gods in a burnt offering. When the ceremony concluded, the chief took Eema to the privacy of his hut, where he parted her skirt and claimed her body as his personal property. While her virginity was being extinguished, Eema was unsure which of the gods had inflicted this ordeal upon her, and how she was supposed to appease him.

That evening, under the full moon, the tribe feasted on the wild boar which had been killed that afternoon, and the women frolicked with the warriors of the clan, to the music of the drummer chorus. The rhythms and songs filled the air all around, building to a fervent climax of religious frenzy. As Eema engaged in a fertility dance with her husband, she locked eyes with Gudu, one of the drummers, who had been her childhood friend. Eema had always admired Gudu for his bravery and foraging skills. In fact, it was Gudu who had captured the boar that had been sacrificed earlier. And until her recent betrothal, she and Gudu had often prayed to the gods that one day they would raise healthy children together. Now, beating on his tom-tom, with his gaze focused on Eema, Gudu's chant sounded more like a plaintive wail, compared to the joyous whoops of the other drummers. And even though Eema was matching her new husband step for step in their sacred dance, in her heart she was singing with Gudu. Just as the festivities were coming to a close, the moonlight was obscured by a storm cloud and a soft rain began to fall. The crowd cheered at this favourable omen from the gods, believing the gift of water from above to be a sign of approval and fertility. Eema was particularly grateful for the rain, which she used to hide her tears.

Fourteen sleeps after the wedding, when the moon was new and the sky was dark - and the night following Eema's first beating from the chief - Eema and Gudu, took their fate into their own hands. The couple escaped from the village to seek new gods together, and were never seen in the land of their birth again.

### Into The Future – A Few Centuries from Today

Tammy Temple McFearsome is a woman who adores her Heavenly Lord and Maker. She is also a woman who adores slogans. In the worldwide communications network of her day, Ms. McFearsome is gaining attention for her unabashed hallelujah talk, and developing a loyal following of like-minded men and women who identify with her brand of God. Plain-spoken folk who find resonance and validation in her friendly catch-phrases such as 'MY God loves YOU!', and "SOS – Save our Souls". As well as those individuals who are comforted in their troubled moments by her deeper thoughts, like 'Who wants a God that's simple?' Tammy T, as she is affectionately known by her supporters, can concoct a bromide for every occasion and situation. She is one of those insightful types who has their finger on the pulse of the population, and who can sense a change in

the public mood in a flash, and react to it immediately. So over the years, she is becoming a woman of substantial influence on spiritual matters across the global cyber-community.

Tammy Temple McFearsome lives in exciting and interesting times. The world's leading scientists are forming a consortium, and planning to conduct an experiment to replicate the original big bang which started the universe. The procedure, called "Operation Apocalypse" will take place in a laboratory deep in outer space. The purpose of the exercise is to create matter and anti-matter, positive and negative energy, and forward and backward time, starting only from a vacuum at "absolute zero" degrees of temperature. Tammy T. and her swelling flock regard this project as the devil's work, for they believe it puts their God – the creator of Heaven and Earth - on trial, and they condemn it from the outset. Nearly all of Tammy T.'s tag lines about Operation Apocalypse contain the words "blasphemy" and "abomination", except when she is urging her followers to "*Praise the Lord from the bottom of your heart!*", using italics to enhance the shrillness of her message.

Operation Apocalypse turns out to be an unquestionable success, exceeding all the goals of its academic partners, and proving that something can be created from nothing without any superhuman involvement. While the experiment is conducted on a relatively small scale, resulting in a relatively small "big bang", there is nothing about the procedure that would prohibit it from applying on a universal dimension, resulting in a "big bang" of multi-galactic proportions.

The scientific advances that emerge from Operation Apocalypse are astounding. This single exercise results in remarkable revelations in the fields of physics, chemistry, astronomy and mathematics which are quantum leaps ahead of anything ever discovered before. Once empirical data from the big bang reconstruction are collected, it's fairly straightforward to fit the observations into a series of equations representing the "Theory of Everything", linking all the fundamental forces - electromagnetic, nuclear and gravitational - in a concise format. This is a solution that researchers ever since Einstein have quested for all their lives. From there, solving those mind-boggling problems that have stumped mankind for centuries becomes more or less a matter of working through the details. Consequently, "Cold Fusion" of atoms can now be developed as a clean and safe source of energy. Elements and minerals can be created to replenish scarce resources. And instant travel through space and time becomes a possibility whose complexities are bound to be unravelled.

Tammy Temple McFearsome regards the news of Operation Apocalypse's success, and its promise of a technological heyday with a certain dismay. The results of the experiment, and the rapidly proliferating scientific advances which ensue, make the credibility of Operation Apocalypse irrefutable. Only an idiot would try to call the thing a hoax. And Tammy T. is far from one of those. She can see clearly that her God is facing a monumental crisis of confidence, that makes the historic religious controversy over Darwin's Theory of Evolution seem like a mere tempest in a teapot by comparison. To maintain her credibility and authority, she knows she must take a stand on the spiritual problems Operation Apocalypse poses, making some quick decisions urgently necessary. The overriding issue, of course, is that if God is not required for little "big bangs", he would be just as irrelevant when it comes to the big ones. Which implies that He had no hand in the creation of the world. Ms. McFearsome considers siding with the churches, who are attempting to defend their designated Gods, at least as the continuing purveyors of Heaven and the afterlife. But seeing their attendance rapidly faltering, she recognizes that it would be a hard sell to convince anyone to believe in a diminished deity, who is supposedly just in charge of a spooky domain that no person alive has ever experienced. Especially when it's a proven fact that this lame duck Being has nothing to do with the everyday environment people live in, and thus no bearing on their daily existence.

With her canny intuition of human nature and crowd mentality, Tammy T. senses that everyone, including her following, will hasten to welcome the world of new technology that Operation Apocalypse is ushering in, without giving the doomed God of their past a second thought. So instead of accepting the challenge of trusting in a God who apparently doesn't exist, Ms. McFearsome – with no super-Being left to pray to for guidance - takes the popular option, and resolves to embrace His non-existence wholeheartedly. Thus she elects to turn her bandwagon totally around, and lead her supporters in their impulsive charge, rather than attempt to deflect them back in the direction of a worn out God, who cosmological accomplishments have been thoroughly discredited.

So as her former God becomes more incomprehensible than ever, Tammy T. abandons her own previous rhetoric, such as “Who wants a God that's simple?” and initiates a verbal crusade against her one-time holy hero. Ms. McFearsome kicks off her new offensive with a vengeance, spewing forth a slew of anti-religious mottoes. “God – Weighed in the Balance and Found Wanting”, is her first salvo. Followed by the provocative “Who Needs God Anyway?”, and the “cheeky” “*Praise the Lord from the Heart of your Bottom!*” After that sacrilegious insult, Tammy T. knows there's no turning back, so she throws out another bombshell – “Tax the Churches!” which brings her further acclaim.

However, Tammy Temple McFearsome is also aware that she must give her mass audience something else to worship and believe in, to replace the God they're tossing aside. So she chooses to focus on the human body as her new divine icon. Thus all things to do with caring for and catering to the physical form become sacred. Eating, drinking, sex, sports – and gambling to stimulate the brain – are hailed as her new-and-improved rituals of worship. But Ms. McFearsome endorses these practices from an Epicurean, not a Hedonistic perspective, urging a moderate and healthy approach over pleasure simply for pleasure's sake. “SOB – Save Our Bodies!” becomes Tammy T.'s modified mantra, and her followers, whose numbers are now greater than ever, adore her for it.

When Tammy Temple McFearsome eventually passes away, she is revered by multiple generations of surviving devotees, who love and respect her for assisting them in their journey, out of their God-forsaken spiritual wilderness and into their modern state of Godless well-being. And in her own mind, right to the end, Tammy T. firmly believes that she has been a progressive agent of change on the path of evolution. On her tombstone, according to her instructions, is the inscription “RIP - Tammy T. - SOB”.

### A Few More Centuries Later

When Travis Clark is nine years old, he comes across a word he's never really noticed before. “Soul”. Being a precocious kid, he looks up the pronunciation and definition, for which he finds several possibilities.

1. The spiritual or immaterial part of a human being, regarded as immortal.
2. A person's emotional or moral nature or sense of identity.

Finding neither of these explanations particularly helpful, he asks his Dad what the meaning of soul might be. Mr. Clark tells him, “A sole's at the bottom of your shoe or your foot, Son. It's the part

you walk on. And it also used to be a fish, but by now it's probably extinct. People caught them all and ate them."

"Not those kinds of soles," Travis replies. "I know what they are. This one's spelled different. S-O-U-L. I think it's a thing people have inside them, where you can't see it."

"Oh that soul," says his Dad. "That was something folks thought they had in the old days, when they believed in God. It was a part of their brain, I guess. A person's soul was supposed to help them appreciate art and music, when those sorts of things were important. People thought that God gave them a soul to make them special, and when they died, God took their soul back up to Heaven to keep it with him." He tousles his son's hair. "Weird, huh? Where did you dig up a word like that?"

"Isn't it in that nursery rhyme Grandma used to tell?" said Travis, thinking fast. "Old King Cole was a merry old soul." Actually, Travis has been pouring through an ancient book of off-colour limericks he's found in the basement. Specifically, the poem which has drawn his attention is:

An eccentric old spinster, Miss Dole,  
Announced to her friends, "Bless my soul,  
I've gained so much weight  
I am sorry to state  
I fear that I'm going to foal."

Travis has looked up all the words he didn't know, and figured out the naughty gist of the poem. But he's intrigued by a word like soul, whose existence he has never conceived of before.

"Nursery rhymes go back hundreds of years," says Mr. Clark. "So they have a lot of old words we don't use any more."

Travis still isn't quite certain he knows what a soul is. But he's pretty sure he wants one, if he can just figure out how to get it.

"Need any help with your math homework, Son?" asks his Dad.

"Bless my soul, no," Travis replies, before he can catch himself.

### Twenty Years Later

Travis Clark has grown up cursing Operation Apocalypse and Tammy Temple McFearsome, and ruing their legacy of atheism. He's convinced that by destroying God, mankind's ultimate patron of the arts, they deprived the human race of its imagination and creativity – those indefinable sources of inspiration embodied in the soul. Travis has his own slogan of rebuttal for Tammy T. - "God may be dead. Just let Him live". He languishes, sad and solitary, in a society whose recreational activities focus on physical narcissism, shopping and casino binges. Art and literature of the day depict things as they are, not as they might be, while humour and personal introspection are thoroughly discouraged. New music is typically composed of fanfares, anthems or football stadium chants. And those museums which still exhibit paintings and sculpture, present these works for their archeological context, not their aesthetic merit. Thus any piece that stands apart and is deemed not to represent its era is deleted. Travis finds this form of curatorial censorship particularly appalling.

The only silver lining in the stifling cloud of Travis Clark's existence is the opportunity for time travel. He has always regarded it as the sole beneficial by-product of Operation Apocalypse, and he hopes it will be his gateway to places where he will find intellectual stimulation among soul mates like himself. And so he has followed its progress with a great fascination since childhood. Even as an adult, Travis is still awe-struck by the fact that technology has overcome the human condition, allowing mankind to sidestep Newtonian physics and move at will through time and space. He is familiar with all the early heroes of the time travel genre, including where and "when" they went, and everything they reported about their exploits. The first successful missions occurred nearly a century before, and as with most new technologies, early time explorers were pioneers, who tested out theories and whose expeditions were closely watched. Initially, scientific trips were aimed mostly at researching outer space and verifying historical events. But by degrees the process has become more widely available, so for the last fifty years it has gradually opened up to the general public. And during the past few decades, when prices have become affordable, time travel has reached the point of being the preferred vacation choice of most tourists.

Although Travis has made the study of visits through the ages his special hobby, he has always regarded time travel itself as his ultimate goal. For he knows that it will be his means of escape to a richer world of long ago, when God meant something, and where he can fulfill those passionate dreams he so craves to bring to life. So after years of waiting, his parched soul now brimming with excitement, he is finally preparing to take his first leap into history.

The final two weeks of the year, culminating in the New Year's celebration, are a popular holiday period in Travis' time. The interval includes December 25<sup>th</sup>, formerly Christmas. Now, having no religious significance, Christmas is referred to as Nicholas Day, with a similar status on the calendar to Valentines Day and Patrick's Day, all of which have dropped the Saint in their titles. On Nicholas Day, kids are given candy and toys, but it's no longer a major celebration, and there is no Santa Claus hype. New Year's Day, with its wider secular appeal, has taken over as the main holiday of the season. But Travis Clark has always had a burning desire to experience a real old fashioned Christmas. And so he's decided during these closing days of the year, to forego their banal and inconsequential events and take a Yuletide excursion to New York City instead, choosing a December holiday during the Kennedy era of 1961. With a feeling of great exhilaration, Travis steps into the cubicle from which he'll be dispatched through time and space, and waits for the beam of energy to flash and transport him centuries back into the past.

### December 1961

Dawn is just breaking as Travis is deposited in front of Tiffany & Co in midtown Manhattan. It's a bleak, frosty morning, several days before Christmas, when he materializes on the sidewalk of Fifth Avenue, which is still quite deserted. The famous Tiffany clock above the entrance reads 7:30, and Travis sets his watch by it. He can hardly believe where he is. He even pinches his arm to convince himself everything is real. As he stares up and down the street at the skyscrapers surrounding him, a taxi stops at the curb and a young woman gets out. She is wearing sunglasses and pearls, and carrying a small paper bag. Slowly she strolls along the street, stopping to look at the jewellery display in each Tiffany window, while sipping from a paper cup and nibbling at a pastry from the bag in her hand.

Travis Clark is dumbfounded. Before embarking on his trip, he has extensively researched New York City and the culture of the day. So he knows he's witnessing a reenactment of the first scene from the movie *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, which has just been released. The woman even looks a bit

like Audrey Hepburn, but he is pretty sure it isn't her. So Travis just stands enthralled, watching with a sense of déjà-vu-for-the-first-time, as the woman continues her window-shopping snack, and then totters off on her high heels, down the street and out of sight.

With such an amazing beginning to his New York experience, Travis is eager to soak up more magic moments. He spends the next few hours roaming the paths of Central Park, delighting in its natural setting and inhaling the crisp wintry air, completely oblivious to the city's morning bustle just a few steps away. At ten a.m. he returns to the imposing doorway of Tiffany & Co., and drawing a deep breath, enters the shop. Taking the elevator to the sixth floor, he approaches a metal wicket and slides a small cloth bag through the opening. "I'd like to sell some diamonds," says Travis.

The man behind the security cage is in his forties, with a greying beard, and he wears a crocheted yarmulke. He looks at Travis skeptically, but he pulls his lens down over his eye and picks out a stone. As he inspects the gem, his off-hand manner suddenly changes, and his concentration noticeably increases. He takes up a second diamond, and then a third. "Where did you get these?" he raises his head to peer at Travis through the bars with his uncovered eye. "You know they're flawless."

The mass production of synthetic diamonds was perfected a century before Travis Clark was born. So being inexpensive and easy to carry, they're the ideal currency to exchange for spending money when visiting back in time. "Oh. Um. They've been in my family for as long as I can remember." Travis decides to opt for brevity over truth.

"Same old same old." The jeweller shrugs. "You're not the first person to show up out of the blue with perfect rocks like these. But no one ever admits exactly where they found them."

"I'm from... elsewhere. Here for a holiday," said Travis.

"Elsewhere Idaho? Elsewhere Missouri?" presses the man.

"I came to see the churches. And for Christmas." Travis is reluctantly drawn into the conversation, thinking an amiable response might get him a higher price for his gems from the jeweller.

"You don't have churches in Elsewhere?" The man's tone is mocking, but he is also puzzled.

"I just haven't had much to do with God," confesses Travis. "But I thought Christmas at St. Patrick's Cathedral would be special."

"My God tells me Christmas is over-rated," says the jeweller. "But that's for you to find out for yourself."

It suddenly dawns on Travis that the man is a Jew, which explains his peculiar hat. He has never met a Jew who was practising his faith before. "Do you have any more advice about what type of God to look out for?" he asks. Travis hopes this isn't too dumb a question. He's simply never discussed God with anyone in his life.

The man sighs. "My God led me through the holocaust," he says. "But He can also guide me around The Guggenheim. You should be so lucky to find a God like that."

"Thanks," Travis says. "I'll see what I can do. And I'm sorry. About the war."

“I’ll give you two thousand dollars for all three stones,” offers the jeweller. “And just for you, I’ll throw in the Brooklyn Bridge. Take it or leave it.”

“It’s a deal,” says Travis. He expects that he can live like a king, even in Manhattan on that kind of money.

“And when you get back to Elsewhere, send me a postcard,” the man says after counting out the bills and passing them under the wicket. “Just address it to Nathan, care of Tiffany & Co.”

“Sure thing, Nathan” says Travis, collecting his cash and the bag, which still contains a few emergency diamonds.

“Same old same old.” The Jew shakes his head, watching Travis leave. “They always promise. They never write.”

Travis meanders through the busy streets, infatuated by one amazing scene after another. On Fifth Avenue, Salvation Army bands are playing Christmas music on every corner, blaring to be heard over the noise of the traffic. Travis wishes he could hum along, but he doesn’t know the tunes. While marvelling at the animated North Pole scenes in Macy’s windows, Travis is overcome by an innocent sense of wonder he never felt as a child. Later, like a sailor on a spree, he takes the elevator eighty-six floors into the sky for a panoramic view from the observation deck of the Empire State Building. And then he rides the Staten Island ferry for a close-up look at the Statue of Liberty. The whole city seems buoyed by an air of optimism and confidence. The Kennedy’s are in charge. The Cuban Missile Crisis is over and the Russians have backed down. Americans have flown into space, and they’ve set their sights on the moon. Anything is possible. And now it’s Christmas. For Travis, the exuberant spirit of the city and the season is overwhelming - an entire dimension beyond the tedium of his work-a-day world. On a last-minute whim that night, he buys a ticket to see the musical Camelot at the Majestic Theater. The overture has just started and the lights are dimming as he settles into his seat.

During the show he sits enraptured, gazing at the star-crossed lovers Julie Andrews and Robert Goulet on stage, totally spellbound by their melancholy songs. After the curtain has fallen, while dabbing at his cheeks following Richard Burton’s final heart-wrenching “one brief shining moment” speech, he’s disrupted out of his reverie by a voice from the seat beside him. “Excuse me, would you have a spare tissue?” When he looks around, Travis can’t believe his watery eyes. He’s sitting next to the apparition he saw early that morning outside Tiffany’s. She’s even still wearing her pearls.

Travis digs through his pockets. “My name’s Travis,” he says, handing the woman his least crumpled wad of tissue.

“Call me Holly,” she smiles through her empathetic tears. “Like the Christmas plant with the berries.”

“Could we have breakfast together tomorrow morning?” asks Travis, astounded at his own brashness. “The same as today. Outside Tiffany’s?”

“I’ll be there,” replies Holly. “I never miss.”



Holly and Travis meet the next morning as planned, and they spend the rest of the Christmas season together. On a typical day they have breakfast at Tiffany's, lunch at Tavern on the Green, and dinner at Sardi's. They get lost in the Met for hours, see the gorillas at the Bronx Zoo, take in the Rockettes' Christmas matinee at Radio City, and visit Santa Claus in Macy's *and* Gimbels. Sometimes they go skating at Rockefeller Center under the dazzle of the giant Christmas tree. And every night they fall asleep happily exhausted, entwined in a tender embrace. Travis Clark is elated to have finally found the kindred spirit he has longed for all his life, for Holly also loves and admires all things creative that feed the soul. It almost seems too good to be true. Holly tells him she's visiting New York from Wisconsin, and Travis says he's from Elsewhere, Indiana. They both agree that they could easily meet halfway in Chicago, to keep their romance alive in the future. Travis inwardly commits himself to frequent time travel from now on.

On Christmas Eve they attend midnight mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral, where they sing Christmas carols and listen to the Nativity story from the Gospel of St. Matthew. Travis and Holly are both deeply moved by the solemnity and joy of the spectacle. During Christmas dinner, which they celebrate at the Russian Tea Room, Travis gives Holly a silver bracelet from Tiffany's, with a heart-shaped medallion on which their initials are engraved together. Holly gives Travis a silver Tiffany tie-pin, also engraved with their initials. Even though Travis has never worn a tie, he greatly cherishes this gift, not just because it's from Holly, but because it's the only real Christmas present he's ever received.

"Merry Christmas, Holly," says Travis, choking up. "I love you." It's the first time either of these phrases has ever passed his lips, to Holly or anyone.

"I love you too, Travis," Holly answers. "Merry Christmas. And God bless us, every one."

In the week between Christmas and New Years, Travis' and Holly's love for the city and each other grows daily. They continue to savour the nostalgic treats of 1961 Manhattan, attending the New York City Ballet's production of the Nutcracker one day, and watching Elvis Presley on the silver screen in Blue Hawaii the next. They share a candy cane and a handkerchief as they laugh and cry together during the film version of West Side Story. But their favourite moment of all is when they hold hands from start to finish during the movie Breakfast at Tiffany's.

On New Years Eve, after the ball has dropped in Times Square, marking the stroke of midnight and the beginning of 1962, Travis and Holly engage in a passionate kiss. Caressing the love of his life, Travis begins to reminisce about the first time he saw Holly, when she emerged from the cab at Tiffany & Co. Although it was less than two weeks ago, it seems as if a lifetime of wonders has elapsed since then. But while he's in mid-sentence, Holly looks up at him and whispers, "Travis, I have to leave today."

"Yes," Travis answers, hugging her tighter. "Me too."

"I know you won't believe or understand any of this," says Holly breaking free of his grasp, "but first of all, my name isn't Holly."

"That isn't surprising," replied Travis. "It would be totally too cute for you to have the same name as the heroine of Breakfast at Tiffany's – and a Christmas bush. But I don't want you to be anyone else. So you'll always be Holly to me."

"My real name's Doris," she continues. "And I also don't live in Wisconsin. My home's in Queens."

“That’s no reason for me to love you any less,” affirms Travis, trying to kiss her.

“Darling, Darling Travis, I adore you with all my heart and soul,” says Doris. “But I’m afraid our “one brief shining moment” illusion has to end. There’s a huge obstacle we’ll never be able to get around. I’ve traveled here through time from five hundred years into the future. I know you’ll think I’m crazy, but it’s true.”

“Holy Christ!” replies Travis, who has picked up on the vernacular of the day. He grabs her close. “I’m from the twenty-fifth century myself. And I live in Brooklyn. We’re practically neighbours!”

After sorting out their true identities, the lovers are ecstatic to discover that Travis is born only a couple of years ahead of Doris, so they will be able to continue their romance without a hitch as soon as they return to their designated future era. In discussing the hard-nosed times they actually live in, Doris and Travis deplore how society has sold its soul for the sake of science, and they thank their stars that they can now share their ideas, fantasies and dreams with one another.

To make sure they can identify each other on their return to the twenty-fifth century, Doris gives Travis a string of her pearls. And he gives her one of the diamonds from his bag, promising to have it mounted on an engagement ring when they’re reunited. Just before leaving their Manhattan adventure, Travis mails the jeweler at Tiffany’s, a postcard of the Brooklyn Bridge. On it he writes, “Dear Nathan - Elsewhere is located five hundred years into the future. Wish you and your God were here. Best wishes - Travis. P.S. You can have your bridge back for now.” As the lovers wait to be swept forward through time, they softly croon “Moon River”, trading lines back and forth.

“Two drifters, off to see the world...”

“There’s such a lot of world to see...”

“We’re after the same rainbow’s end...”

### Into The Future – Five Years Further

J. Carnivore Cooper runs a very efficient zoo. It has an international reputation for effective reproduction practices that successfully churn out large numbers of exotic animals to supply other zoos and pet stores around the world. For some species, like gazelle and alpaca, Mr. Cooper’s breeding mill is so successful at generating surplus offspring, that its animal husbandry program actually provides a bountiful selection of rare and tasty meats for sale in its gift shop.

However, some species are trickier to raise than others. No zoo has ever managed to encourage its gorillas to mate and proliferate, except on a very hit-and-miss basis. Thus the gorilla population in captivity has continued to dwindle. Gorillas in the wild of course were wiped out centuries ago - victims of poaching, wars and man’s invasion of their habitat. So when only two gorillas – a male named Gudu, and a female named Eema – are left on the planet, they are both shipped to J. Carnivore Cooper’s zoo as a last resort, in hopes that under his management they can be enticed to reproduce and save the species.

Both Gudu and Eema are quite old, and although they seem to copulate regularly, no pregnancy occurs. Fertility hormones and artificial insemination are administered, but with no success. Eventually Gudu is found dead in his cage one morning, leaving Eema as the last gorilla on earth.

J. Carnivore Cooper then orders a cloning experiment to be performed on Eema, but its results lead nowhere.

J. Carnivore Cooper considers himself to be a patient and reasonable man. He is convinced that he has done all he could to foster the continuation of the gorilla lineage. But luck and the odds were against him. Mr. Cooper is also proud of his record of zoo efficiency, where all the beasts in his keeping are intended to breed and multiply. Unfortunately for Eema, as an animal with no mating prospects remaining, in J. Carnivore Cooper's opinion she no longer fits into his menagerie's master plan.

In a brief press release, J. Carnivore Cooper announces that Eema the gorilla will be euthanized the following afternoon. After the procedure, her body will be stuffed and placed in a museum. He points out that there are many more-or-less-similar simian specimens in zoos all over the globe. His closing remark - "Who needs gorillas anyway?" – is a phrase seemingly adapted from the Tammy Temple McFearsome slogan-book.

The next morning, Travis and Doris Clark visit the zoo with their three year old daughter Holly, and toss sweetly scented flowers into Eema's cage. They are the only people who show up to say goodbye. Later, when Eema is shot with a tranquilizer dart and injected with a lethal dose of drugs, she is still holding a petal in her fingers.

When Eema's death is officially confirmed, Travis and Doris weep in each other's arms. Then they pray to God to save her soul.

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**THANKS FOR READING WHO NEEDS GORILLAS ANYWAY.**

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