

The Adam Child

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Once, an angel child lived in the sky. He played with all the other angel children in and out amongst the stars. One day he came upon the planet earth and found it beautiful.

"Oh, that planet looks so green and shining," he exclaimed, "with oceans of blue and billowing white clouds. I would like to live there."

So the angel child flew to his parents and asked to live on the earth.

"My child," they said, "you cannot live on the earth without a body. First you must make a pot of clay and find the right animals. Fill the pot with water, put the animals inside, and jump into the pot yourself. Then say the magic word, and abracadabra!, you will have a proper body. But take care, dear child, to choose the right animals and say the right word."

So the angel child flew down to the earth. He wandered here, and he wandered there, till he came to a river. On the riverbank he found the right clay to make a pot. It was golden brown with a very fine grain and as smooth as silk.

"This is perfect clay," he said to himself, and he fashioned a shapely pot with graceful, gently curving sides.

Then he gathered wood into a great pile, lit a fire and put the pot inside. The flames crackled and burned merrily as the pot baked and hardened. When the fire had burned itself out and the pot had cooled the angel child picked it up.

"This is a goodly pot," he said, "with no cracks or crooked parts. All I have to do now is find the right animals, pop them inside, say the magic word, and abracadabra, I shall have a proper earth body to live in!"

He placed the pot high on the riverbank and off he went a-hunting. Over hill and over dale he journeyed till he came to a wide prairie covered with lush green grass. On the prairie he spied a bull grazing grass.

"Oh, what a fine animal!" he cried. "So heavy and strong! I shall take him to my pot." So he jumped on the bull's back, and cried:

*"Mighty Bull! O Bull of mine!
Together we'll make a body divine!"*

The bull snorted and reared and bucked mightily! He had never been ridden before! But the angel child just laughed. His body was made of light and the bull could not throw him off no matter how hard he tried. The angel child spoke softly to the bull and soon he stopped fighting and went wherever the child wished.

Off they traveled, over dale and over hill, until at last they reached the place where the pot had been left on the riverbank. But the pot was not in its place. It had tumbled down the bank and was lying on the shore. All around were the footprints of many animals.

"That's strange," thought the angel child. "I wonder what happened here?" and he put the pot back again, high on the riverbank.

He said to the bull: "Dear Bull, stay at this spot; I'll soon be back to fill my pot."

Off the angel child went a-hunting for the second time. Over field and over fen he traveled till he came to a forest. There he heard a mighty roar echoing through the trees. Closer and closer it came! Suddenly a lion appeared, walking fearlessly towards him!

"That is a fine animal," declared the angel child. "So brave and fierce!" He jumped upon the lion's back, and cried:

*"Majestic Lion! O Lion of mine!
Together we'll make a body divine!"*

O, how the lion roared! He had never been ridden before and spun around and around in savage circles, snarling and spitting! But the angel child just laughed and spoke calmly until the lion was tamed. Then off they went, over fen and over field, back to the riverbank. But again the pot was not where it should be.

"I wonder where my pot went?" thought the child, looking all around. At last he found it under some bushes lying on its side.

"That's strange," he said. "I wonder who is moving this pot?" and he placed it back again on the riverbank.

Then he said to the lion: "Dear Lion, stay at this spot; I'll soon be back to fill my pot."

Away the angel child went a-hunting for the third time. Over veldt and over vale he journeyed till he came to a tall mountain. Up its craggy sides he clambered to the top. There he spied an eagle perched on the highest peak.

"That is a fine animal!" he exclaimed. "So steely-eyed and fierce—and with such beautiful wings!" He leapt upon the eagle's back, and cried:

*"Fierce Eagle! O Eagle of mine!
Together we'll make a body divine!"*

Instantly the eagle took to the air. Up he swooped and down he dove; he twisted this way and that way, trying to throw the child off. But the angel child just laughed. He was not afraid of flying; his body was made of light and he too had wings just like the eagle! Gently he spoke and gently he sang and soon the eagle was tamed. Then off they went, high over vale and veldt, till they came to the riverbank.

But again the pot was not where it should be and again animal tracks were all around. This time the angel child had to look high and low before he found the pot far down the river on the shores of an island.

"I wonder who is moving this pot?" he said to himself, and brought it back.

Then the angel-child dipped the pot into the river and filled it with water. He called the eagle, the lion and the bull to him, and commanded:

“Into the pot my mighty bull!” and into the pot leapt the bull.

“Into the pot my fearless lion!” and into the pot sprung the lion.

“Into the pot my sharp-eyed eagle!” and into the pot plunged the eagle.

Last of all the angel child cried to himself: “Into the pot, you angel child!” and into the pot he leapt. He called out the magic word, and ABRACADABRA! — the pot began to shimmer and shake! It trembled and shook and shifted shape. A fine head appeared, with hair as golden as the lion’s mane. Strong arms emerged, with beautifully wrought hands and fingers. Two fine legs grew as well, with feet to run and jump and dance with.

At last the first human being stood on the earth. He was tall, upright and free, with the clear, piercing eyes of the eagle, the fearless heart of the lion and the great strength of the bull. He spoke, and the first word that came from his mouth was the magic word: ‘I am’.

And if you had been there on the ancient riverbank, if you had been able to look into the first human eyes, you would have seen a fire burning within; and that fire was the light of the angels.