

ZOR

Philosophy, Spirituality, and Science

J. B.

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For my two boys, Adam and Tyler;

What Zor can't teach you, you don't need to know.

Dear Reader,

Remember when you believed you would change the world?

It's not too late.

Let's change the world together.

J.B.

www.gotozor.com

The Beginning

There are two things you need to know about Zor.

First; the man is brilliant. A native of Haiti, he stands less than five feet tall boasting broad shoulders and a muscular build. Classically handsome, with mocha skin and European features that suggest mixed ancestry; Zor is charmingly soft spoken with a disarming, Caribbean lilt.

Second; he destroyed my life.

Chapter 1

We met one day in late March. It was sunny with temperatures approaching 60 degrees. For most of the country that may seem cold, but to the residents of Boston, after a long New England winter, 60 degrees is a balmy respite.

Daylight saving time had recently started, so I decided to join the seasonal celebration by taking an early afternoon walk through the Public Garden. Turning a corner by the Duck Pond, I noticed a solitary figure coming off Boylston Street. He was a very short man with a purposeful stride. Something about his gait, gliding more than walking, held my gaze.

As he approached, I realized he wasn't just short, he was a dwarf. I couldn't tell his age, but he walked with a rhythm of confidence.

I was not the only one to notice him. He passed two teenage boys sitting on a park bench. A comment was made by one that drew laughter from the other. Ignoring them both, the dwarf continued on his way.

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Angered by this disregard, the boys jumped to their feet and quickly overtook him. Standing directly in his path, they both started talking; measured at first, it soon became heated. I could not hear what was being said, but the louder the boys spoke, the calmer the dwarf appeared.

Failing to elicit any response, the antagonists became more direct, pointing their fingers and shouting wildly. It was to no avail. The dwarf just stood there, shaking his head no.

No one else seemed to notice what was happening. Fearing for the dwarf's safety, I started towards them to intercede, though my concern proved unfounded.

The boys quickly tired. Unable to escalate their taunts into an altercation, frustration set in and they stepped aside. The dwarf continued on as the weary tormentors skulked away.

I was stunned. I had to talk to this man and find out how his protagonists had been so easily dispatched. I caught up to him and started a walking conversation.

"Excuse me," I said. "I just saw those two guys harassing you. How were you able to remain so calm?"

The man smiled and responded in a slight Caribbean accent, "I guess it's my nature."

I continued. "What were you saying to them each time you shook your head?"

"No thank you."

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“No thank you?” I asked

“No thank you.”

“What does that mean?”

“I was politely refusing their gift,” he said.

“I don’t get it.”

He stopped walking and patiently explained. “If someone offers you a gift and you refuse to accept it, who then owns the gift?”

“The original presenter, I suppose.”

“Exactly! Those boys were trying to give me their gift, their gift of negative ch’i.”

“Ch’i?” I repeated.

“Ch’i, it’s their life force, their karma, their energy. Nothing is more insidious than negative energy. Once accepted, it festers and grows and contaminates your entire being. The only relief is to pass that poison onto someone else.

“Those boys were filled with negative energy, slowly devouring them like a flesh-eating virus. They were desperate to unload their ch’i onto me, but when they realized I was unwilling to respond in kind, unwilling to share in their anger, unwilling to accept their gift, they had to move on. The weight of their retained burden was overwhelming.”

He fell silent. I wasn’t sure what he had just said, but I knew he was done talking.

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“Well, regardless that was a remarkable display,” I said extending my hand. “My name is John. John Brewster.”

His hand was small but his grasp firm, much firmer than I expected. Before turning to walk away he nodded once and said, “I am Zor.”

