



***The Moon
Whistling By
On A Cloud***

by Brian Wizard

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**Front Cover:
Moon Whistling By On A Cloud Sculpture by Brian Wizard**



The Moon Whistling By On A Cloud

The story behind a sculpture by Brian Wizard

Early in January, 'way out in the Pacific Ocean, the water south of the equator was heated by the sun to an abnormally high temperature. The increasing evaporation rate at the ocean's surface filled the sky with an abundance of moisture. A gigantic cloud soon filled the air as a tropical storm was born. For a while, the cloud roamed aimlessly over the vast ocean. Within the thunder and lightning, the wind and the rain of this cloud, a consciousness came into being. The first conscious act of the large cloud was to spiral its energy in one direction. In doing this, it gave itself focus and direction. It soon spun itself into a cyclone. From the calm of the turbulent air around its center the cloud eyed the upper jet stream racing off to the east. The cloud calculated the possibility that the jet stream could be used as an external resource to enhance its power. The jet stream bent and swayed as it was buffeted by the intrusive force of the large cloud. The encounter with the jet stream spun the cyclone into a greater frenzy, which sucked more moisture from the ocean and increased the size of the cloud's body. The massive atmospheric disturbance followed a path north-northeast set by the dominant flow of the jet stream.

The cloud reveled in its power as it churned the previously calm ocean into a turbulent frenzy. Funnel clouds by the hundreds sucked water thousands of feet into the air, only to pour it back down with the intensity of a gigantic waterfall. The rage of the ocean was lethal to anything it encountered. Any island that didn't have a substantial elevation was sure to be submerged in the swollen ocean and torrential downpour.

The cloud soon became the strongest storm ever to exist in the Pacific Ocean. Contact with the Hawaiian Islands brought the cloud a sense of pleasure and acknowledgment of its destructive power as it ravaged the land below. It celebrated in its destructive brute force by increasing its might. The islands were left in ruin.

Looking ahead, the massive cloud saw the enormous land mass of North America lying in wait for its off-shore assault. Consciously, the cloud sucked massive quantities of water into itself as it built up hyper-hurricane-force winds exceeding two hundred and fifty miles per hour. It hurled a seemingly unending torrent of water onto the continent without



showing any mercy. The continental plates shifted from the impact of the pounding rains. This created monumental earthquakes that shook, cracked and crumbled the saturated land. A new coastline from Los Angeles to Eureka was formed.

The aggressive cloud roared across the barren wasteland of the North Pole, then set a southerly course for the European continent. Great Britain was doused without mercy and the Netherlands was flooded of existence. From Iceland to Turkey cities fell; cultures were all but washed away. The Mediterranean splashed around its basin like the bath water of a two-year-old.

All this havoc and destruction was great fun for the rampaging whirlwind of devastation, but the novelty and excitement had begun to wear off. Boredom began to take its toll. The massive cloud wanted more. More what? More anything. More destructive fun. More challenges. More power! It tore up Africa just for something to do as it made its way into the Indian Ocean. There, it pondered the idea of growing so strong and powerful that it would engulf the entire Earth.

The storm's conscious awareness noticed how the sun reigned over the sky above during the day, and the moon, stars and other planets would rule throughout the night. The closest of these celestial bodies is the moon, and the massive atmospheric disturbance that now embraced the majority of the Indian Ocean looked upon it as an equal and someone to talk to. Perhaps a second opinion regarding what to do next would be helpful in escaping the boredom of merely plundering the planet below.

How the cloud actually broke the atmospheric bondage of Earth, and remained whole, I don't know. Sheer brute force and determination to reach its goals would be my guess. Nonetheless, it did. Pushing itself away from Earth, the celestial voyager was soon within speaking distance of the moon. It knew this because it could hear a whistled tune emanating from between the moon's puckered lips.

"Hey," the cloud said. "Have you been watching me wreak havoc on the planet below?"

The moon looked down its nose at the maverick cloud, never missing a note in the merry tune it was carrying. With all of its wisdom, the moon knew better than to show any sign of fear from the approach of the runaway cloud. The moon would have ignored the blatant hooligan if it



thought such a subtle rejection would make the annoyance go away. Anything that would torment, vandalize and destroy another innocent entity for its own personal pleasure couldn't be worth befriending. As a matter of fact, now that it had been asked for an opinion of all of the changes on the planet below, the moon was sure it did not approve.

The renegade cloud didn't possess much patience. "Hey!" it reiterated with such force that a swift wind blew across the moon's surface, creating a dust storm. "I asked you a question."

The dust storm blew a cloud of particles off the face of the moon and into space. This thin cloud immediately fell prey to the gravitational pull of Earth. The moon was fully aware of the brilliant show of shooting stars its particles would create as they burned up in the Earth's atmosphere. Such a dazzling show of shooting stars might be a source of amusement for the nefarious cloud, and it may want to repeat the hostility, just for more cruel fun. The moon realized how powerless it would be to defend itself against any continued attacks, and that it had to act fast to deter this cloud from any more intolerable destruction to its surface.

The cloud immediately realized how vulnerable the moon was. Lightning and thunder flashed and roared deep within its body at the excitement of all the destruction it could cause to the surface of the moon.

"What is it you want?" the moon asked as pleasantly as it could, although it was aware of an underlying distrust and annoyance in its tone.

"I came to ask you a question," the cloud answered. "You spend a lot of time circling around and around, pretty much in the same path, day after day. I'm sure you have your purpose. But what is it that allows you to keep from becoming so bored that you simply want to scream?"

"Is that the reason you came all the way up here?" the moon had to ask. "To ask me how you can keep from becoming bored?" The moon let out a little snicker. It would have let out a hearty laugh, but it didn't want to offend the hostile cloud, as it might respond violently.

Unfortunately, the cloud heard the condescending undertone of the moon's question, and its snicker. "Don't get smart with me, pal, or I'll blow you out of existence," the cloud threatened.

"Pardon me," the moon requested. "Don't get all in a huff."

The cloud circled the moon while it spoke. At this point it wanted to turn this ball of dirt into a shroud of dust, but it also wanted some-one to



talk to. “Please?” the cloud asked, with a politeness that was out of character. “You must have a secret.”

The civil side of the moon’s nature wanted to allow this aberration of energy to find peace within itself. Its defensive side was up in arms about the earlier dusting of its surface, which it considered to be the first strike of mortal combat. The abnormal cloud’s desire and willingness to create havoc and destruction was inappropriate behavior if peace and coexistence in the universe was to be shared. “I can tell you what I do,” the moon offered.

“Yeah, I’m listening,” the cloud said.

“I could simply tell you what I do, or I could show you, and you could join in, just to see if it works for you,” the moon suggested.

“Join in? I’ve never joined in anything. I’m a loner, not a joiner.” The arrogant cloud insisted.

“Oh, yes,” the moon agreed. “I can see that, but please listen to my answer, and if you feel comfortable doing as I do, then simply follow my lead.”

“Only if I’m comfortable with it,” the suspicious cloud retorted.

“Okay. Boredom is a simple thing to dispel. All you have to do is whistle a simple tune. A merry tune that will lift your spirits and put wind in your sails!”

“Whistling a tune will put wind in my sails?” the cloud asked. It liked wind and soon followed the moon’s lead in whistling a merry tune.

The moon’s tune was simple and cheery. It chose one it knew the cloud would be able to follow. It took a few verses before the cloud actually joined in. It didn’t take long before they were whistling in two-part harmony. The moon stopped its music just long enough to encourage the cloud to position itself beneath it. “Come. Gather yourself around me. Let us share an orbit around the planet below as we whistle this merry tune. I’m sure you’ll find it an enjoyable experience.”

The cloud found the moon’s invitation to cuddle somewhat intimidating. To get so close and not decimate whatever it touched was more of a challenge than simply whistling a merry tune. Nonetheless, whistling was as much fun as the moon said it would be, so maybe snuggling up to the moon for a few loops around the planet below would be fun, too.

Meanwhile, the moon had been debating within itself what right this



rude and destructive entity had to exist. Sure, they were orbiting the planet together whistling up a merry tune, now. But what would happen when the novelty of whistling wore off? What would the misplaced atmospheric disturbance want next? What could the moon deliver? Not much more than whistling.

To the moon, it became clear that orbiting the Earth was something it needed to do forever. It knew from the destructive force of all the meteorites and space junk that had pocked its surface that only so much damage could be sustained before serious changes would take place. This outlaw cloud from the planet below was a perversion. It shouldn't exist.

Immediately thereafter the moon put a defensive plan into effect. It increased the resonance, tempo and passion of its tune. The moon and the cloud whistled faster and harder, with more feeling and zest. With every passing rotation of the Earth below, something was happening to the huge cloud. To the moon's surprise, the cloud continued to whistle, even when the moon had the merry song wound into the pounding rhythm of hard rock-and-roll. Every time the cloud caught up to the speed and enthusiasm of the moon's lead, the moon would up the tempo, strengthen the beat and increase its volume.

To the end, the cloud never suspected a thing. Whistling was a good way to beat back boredom. The harder and faster it blew, the more fun it had. It was as much fun as any of the destructive damage it had caused to the surface of the planet below. "Lucky I have a lot of wind," the cloud boasted, just before it took a final deep breath. Then it blew and blew and blew until it blew itself away.



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