

## ~~~ *The Story Of The Lost Expedition (part three)* ~~~

### 0) *The Story Of The Lost Expedition Continues*

- When the 2nd version of the story of The Lost Expedition arose it took a good while for the newly available levels of The Story to really sink in. It was one thing to go out looking for some missing group of unknown explorers, but it was quite another to realize that we might actually be the members of the Lost Expedition ourselves. All of a sudden this was not a story about somebody else - it was not conceptual in any way - we were each an integral part of the story and were all implicitly responsible for the way it evolved and grew.

- More expeditions were mounted in an effort to explore these new levels. We searched everywhere in the Territory for ourselves and our circle of seats. Some progress was made, but all in all it was a slow and confusing process. Eventually though, because we **acted as if we believed** that we were members of The Lost Expedition ourselves, The Story responded in an intimate way and provided some very much needed help as to how to proceed. Though it didn't provide any answers as such, it often suggested useful directions for us to pursue as we tried to remember our own true selves and the group-as-a-whole.

### 1) *The Story Of The Lost Expedition ~ Part Three ~*

- So, as you now know, when The Lost Expedition returned again to the everyday world they forgot all about the work they shared with *The Empty Circle*; they forgot all about their own personal skills; they even forgot their own true selves. And each of them wandered off and away through the everyday world, alone and apart on their own.

- And so it was then and so it remained for a very long time. But finally the members of The Lost Expedition began to hear the call of *The Empty Circle* and they each felt a deep and compelling longing to return to their circle of seats.

- The Story Of The Lost Expedition arose again in response to this passionate yearning. Each of The Lost Expedition members heard The Story and one by one they made their way back to the *Territory*. It wasn't an easy task. The border itself was very illusive and difficult to cross. Still even so, one by one, they made their way through.

- But when each of them finally returned again to the *Territory* they couldn't remember anything much about who they once were or what they had done so long ago. And even though each of them carried an aspect of the essential element they had left their circle to find, none of them remembered what it was that they had found. All they knew was that something important was hidden somewhere deep inside them, buried a long way down

- Gradually though, fragments of their personal memories found a way through to their conscious mind. Without even knowing how or why, they began to find their way.

- They each followed clues as each clue arose, every hint and allegation was carefully pursued. They laughed and cried through endless parties at the Happy Ghost House. They had heated discussions and tense consultations at the Hungry Ghost Hotel. They danced many strange and beautiful dances on moonlit nights with the Dangerous Ghosts. They sought out the Pirates, the Hags sought out them, they spent sweet afternoons and soft twilight evenings listening to stories in the *Boaters Café*. Everyone they met remembered them well but none could tell them anything much about what their work was or where their true home might be.

- One small fragment they did remember was that the *Territory Orphanage* had been a safe refuge for them when they first found their way to the *Territory* all those many years ago. So because they had no place to stay in the *Territory* they each made their way to the *Orphanage*.

- One by one they began to arrive, sometimes occasionally two together. Once inside they soon realized that the *Territory Orphanage* was a very unusual place.

- There was no-one in charge and very few rules; but the other orphans already there assured them there was an older, more experienced orphan who knew everything that an orphan should do. Her name was **Lee**, though unfortunately, she wasn't there in the *Orphanage* right then. She'd recently gone away for a while on important orphan business.

- The other orphans were all quite sure that *Lee* was due to return again to the *Orphanage* very, very soon. They had many stories about what she had done before she left and many more about what she was planning for them all to do when she returned. But as days went by and days became weeks, it soon became clear that *Lee* wasn't going to be coming back to the *Orphanage* anytime soon.

- The other orphans did seem to know a few useful things though. There was a group of **Elders** who took care of the *Orphanage* and mysteriously stocked it with all the essentials an orphan might need. The *Elders* only came by to visit the *Orphanage* one day each year, but on that one day they hosted a massively wonderful feast with presents and prizes galore. By all accounts The *Elders* Day Celebration was certainly something not to be missed!

- And in-between visits from time to time the *Elders* arranged for amazing things to appear in the *Orphanage* in the middle of the night while all the orphans were sleeping tight. And when they awoke on the following day the orphans found that many new amusing things had been left for them to play with and use in whatever way arose for them.

- So the *Orphanage* was truly an excellent place. An open refuge for any true orphan: no rules, no bosses except for the *Elders* who only came through just once a year to distribute prizes and other largesse. And occasionally, from time to time, new and amazing things arrived for the orphans to amuse themselves with. The best of best places certainly, perfect in every conceivable way, except for one thing: **Hooligan**.

- All the other orphans agreed, this *Hooligan* guy was a truly unsavory character. He lurked outside the *Orphanage* hoping to catch unwary orphans as they made their way in or out. He set out traps and tried to entice them with all sorts of various nefarious stories. He tried anything and everything to lure them into his dangerously awful clutches.

- However, there was one silver lining to this rather dark cloud: *Hooligan* was certainly mean alright, he was tricky and cruel, but he wasn't all that smart. So even if one of the orphans got caught, if they didn't panic and kept their head, they could almost always escape. And if they couldn't, all the other orphans would rally around and come to their rescue.

- The orphans there in the *Orphanage* told each member of The Lost Expedition as they arrived at the *Orphanage* door that if they wanted to stay they'd have to agree to look out for all the other orphans and help them escape from *Hooligan* if any of them ever got caught.

- The returning members of The Lost Expedition all agreed and they each took on an orphan name. The other orphans welcomed them in, and after a brief initiation they showed them the latest amazing thing the *Elders* had left for them during the night: the **Mahamundi Mandala**.

## 2) Working with part #3 of The Story

- When we first tried to remember ourselves and **acted as if we believed** that we were a member of The Lost Expedition we found it quite hard to do. Sitting down on our seat in *The Open Circle* was too great a leap to make all in one go - too much to remember and no place to rest and allow the process to continue and grow.

- Being a member of The Lost Expedition was an extremely serious thing to be: a very high status role compared to our usual everyday self. It turned out we needed a more gradual role to help us remember ourselves and our circle.

- As we struggled to find the best way to proceed The Story responded and led us back to the *Territory Orphanage* again. This was just the sort of casual place we were looking for. It offered a role that we could pursue in a playful way that allowed us to find our own comfortable pace. Being a *Territory Orphan* was a mid-status role that could gradually take on a higher degree of ability as we each remembered our own true selves and what we once did when we sat on our seats.

- When we **acted as if we believed** that we were orphans in the *Orphanage* it didn't conflict or intercede with being a member of The Lost Expedition. Which wasn't all that surprising really: according to the third part of The Story the returning members of The Lost Expedition each did exactly that! They made their way back to *The Orphanage* where they stayed and played in an orphan way!

- We quickly discovered that by working on two different levels of The Story simultaneously all the work that we did on one level supported the work that we did on the other and both of the levels evolved and grew.

- Here are a few of the various things we've remembered so far about being an orphan:

- The first thing to do in *The Orphanage* is to take on an orphan name.

- It's important to promise to look out for all the other orphans and help them escape from Hooligan if anyone ever gets caught.

- A willingness to play and interact with other orphans is helpful

- It's important to try to pay attention to what arises in *The Orphanage* and to follow along to wherever it leads.

- More information will surely arise as more returning members of The Lost Expedition arrive and take on the role of a ***Territory Orphan***.

- Although the *Elders* only come by *The Orphanage* once a year, they do sometimes leave things during the night for the *Orphans* to play with. Often these are items that were once used by members of The Lost Expedition and can be very helpful to all the orphans as they try to remember themselves again.

- Sometimes what the *Elders* leave for the orphans to play with can lead to a newly unfolding direction of The Story itself. All of these possible new directions may not actually actualize, but they do give the orphans an on-going role to play in the evolution of The Story.

~~~~~ **End of Part Three** ~~~~~