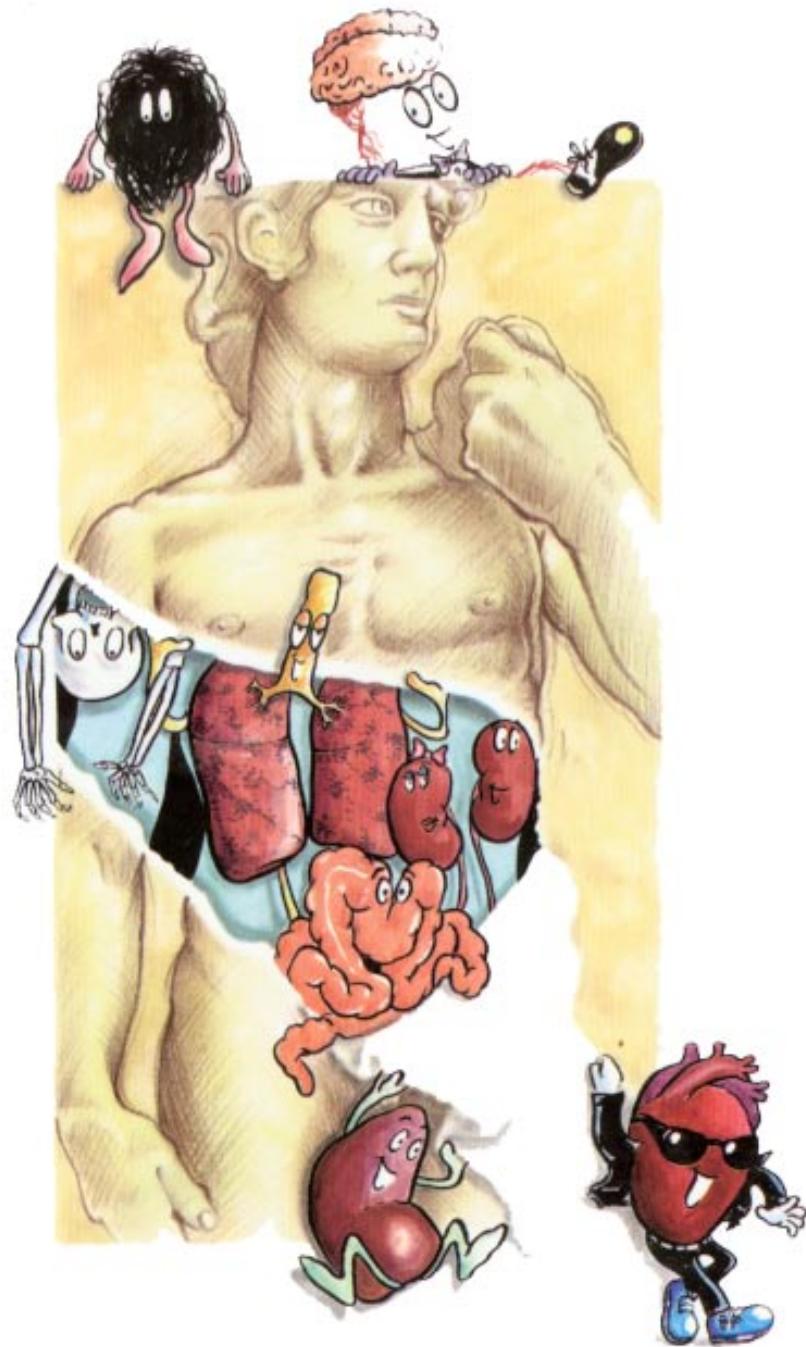


Who's the Boss?



Gambhiro Bhikkhu

Who's the Boss?



Gambhiro Bhikkhu

Joel Israel

The body dies and departs without asking permission.

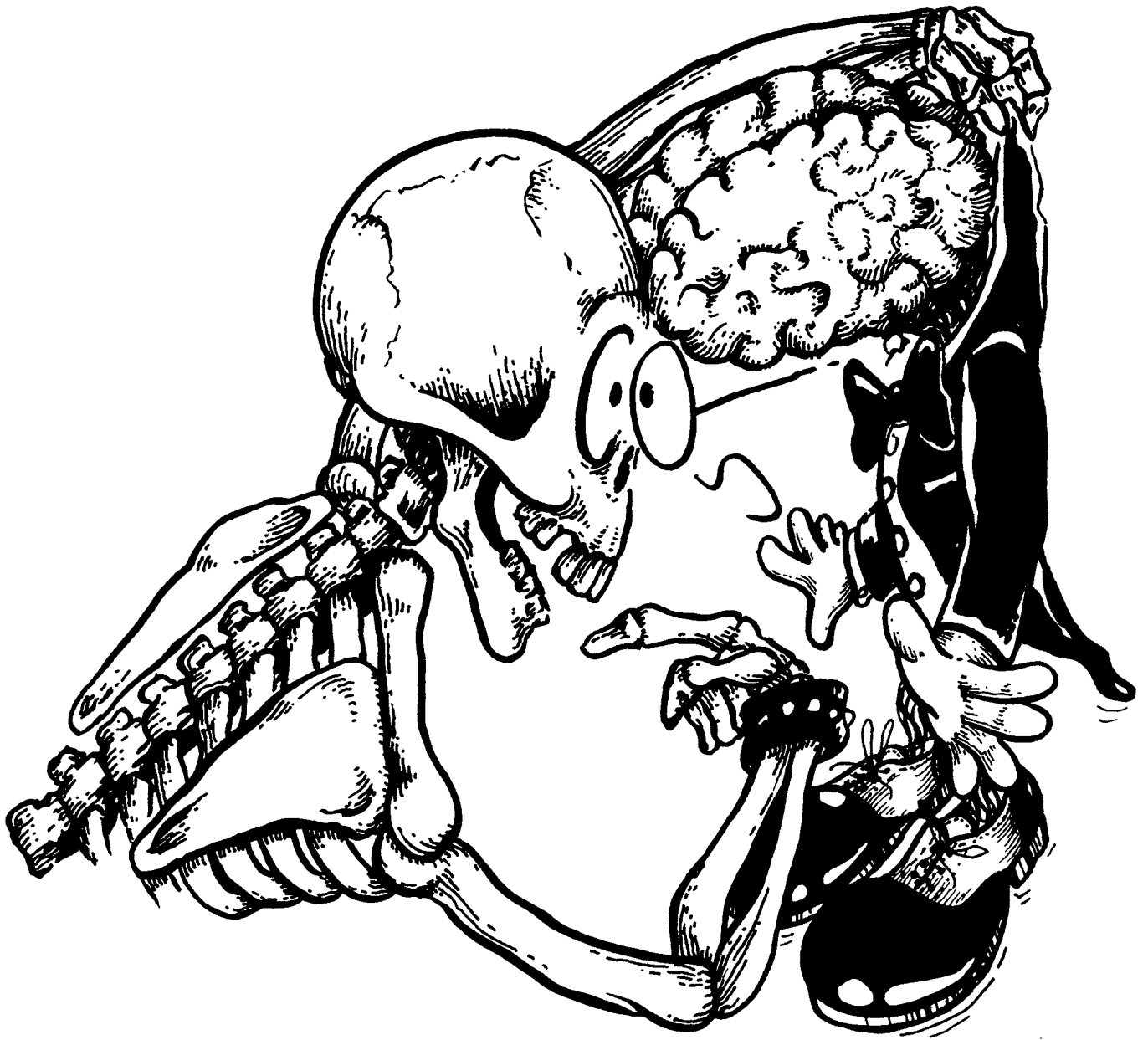
So who is the boss?



The organs-nization got together to decide who the boss of the human body was. Of course, everyone wanted to be the boss. This is how each tried to convince the others of their superiority.



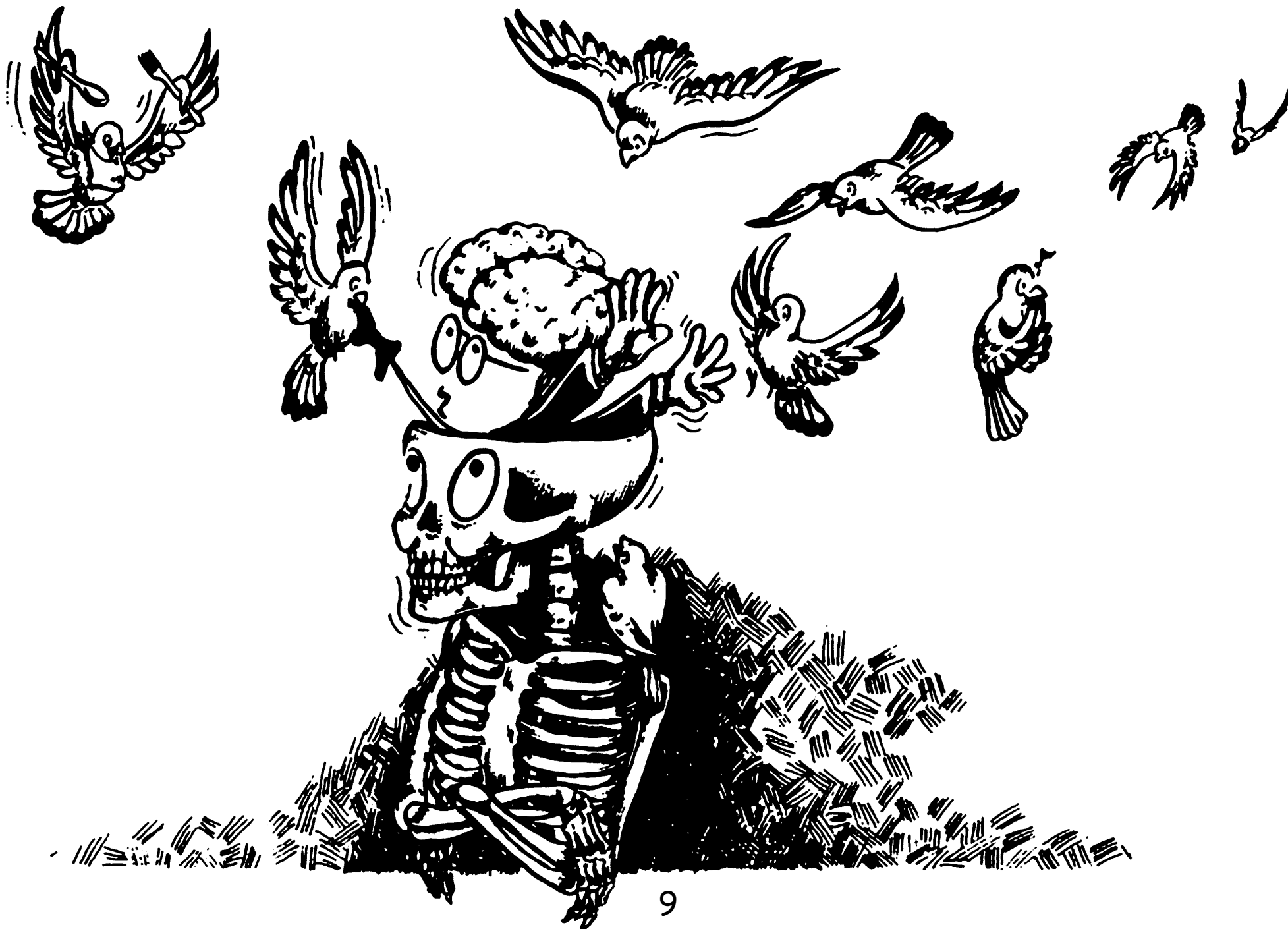
The brain was
the first to
speak and
addressed
himself to
the skeleton:
"Now, don't
forget, you
old lazy
bones! I am
the boss of
the lot! I
give all the
commands!"



"Oh, yeah?" rattled the skeleton. "Who are you calling 'lazy bones'? And **YOU** are the boss of us all? Ha, ha, ha! That's the funniest thing I've ever heard. One more wisecrack like that out of you and we'll split. You know what you'd be without a skull for protection?"



Bird food, that's what! So don't get so high and mighty, cause I'm the boss!"





"You're the boss?" laughed the muscles.
"Without us you might just as well apply for a job
as bowling pins! Where would you be without us?
You wouldn't be able to stand on your skull, not to

mention your own two feet! What kind of boss is that?! A spineless one, that's what! We're the boss.





The heart was the rapper, it had the rhythm and the beat, and this is what it had to say: "Hey, ho, wait a minute, Muscles and Bones! You'd be just moans and groans, dry as stones, without me pumpin' it, pumpin' it. You too, Brain, you're

a strain and a pain, not the main one like you think, 'cause you'd be dead in the head without me pumpin' it, pumpin' it.



"Well, hear, hear, O great and mighty ones!"
the arteries snapped. "Now how would you all
manage if we weren't here to bring you any fresh
blood full of nutrients?"

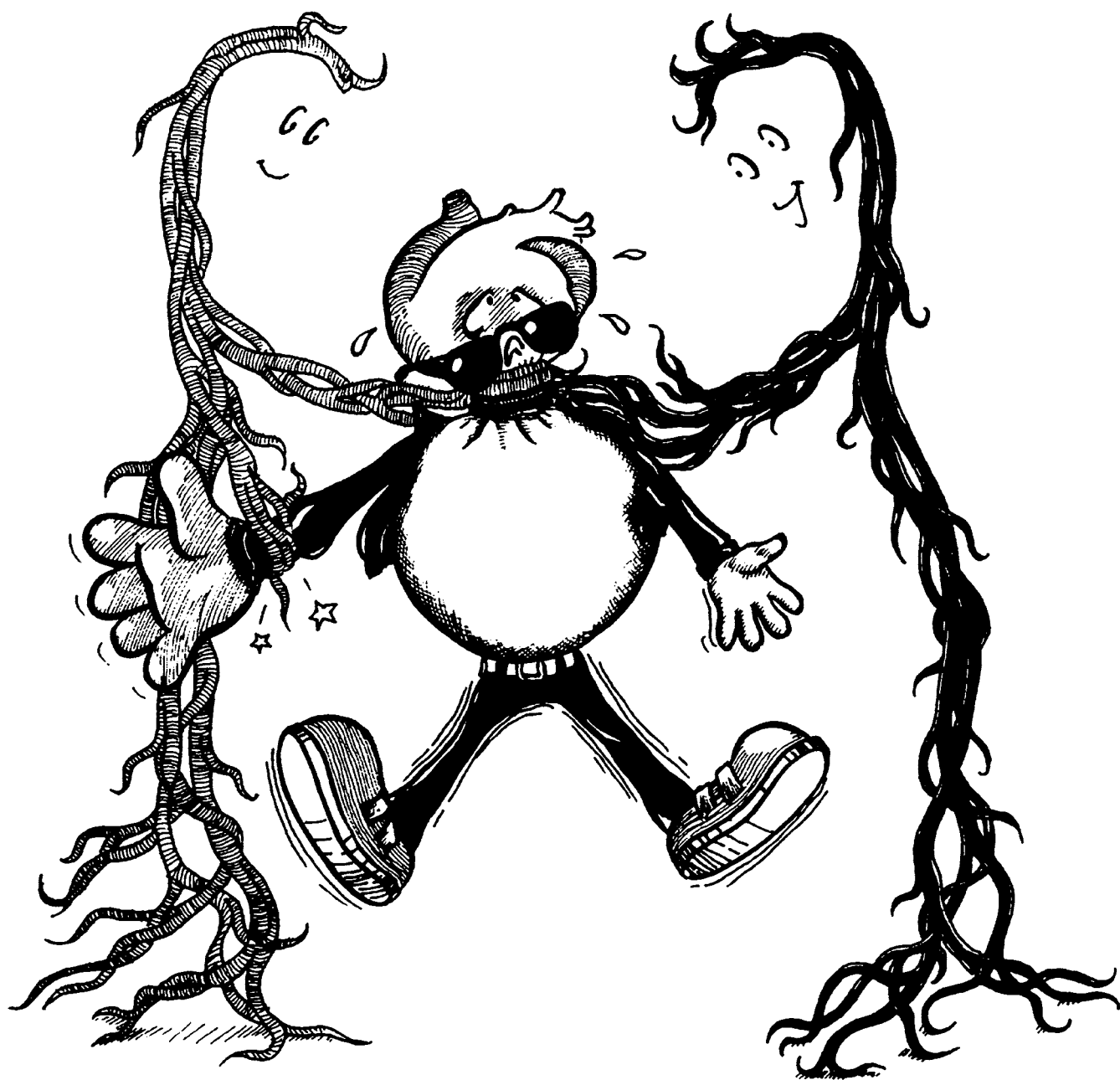


And if we weren't here to take away all your trash?" boasted the veins.

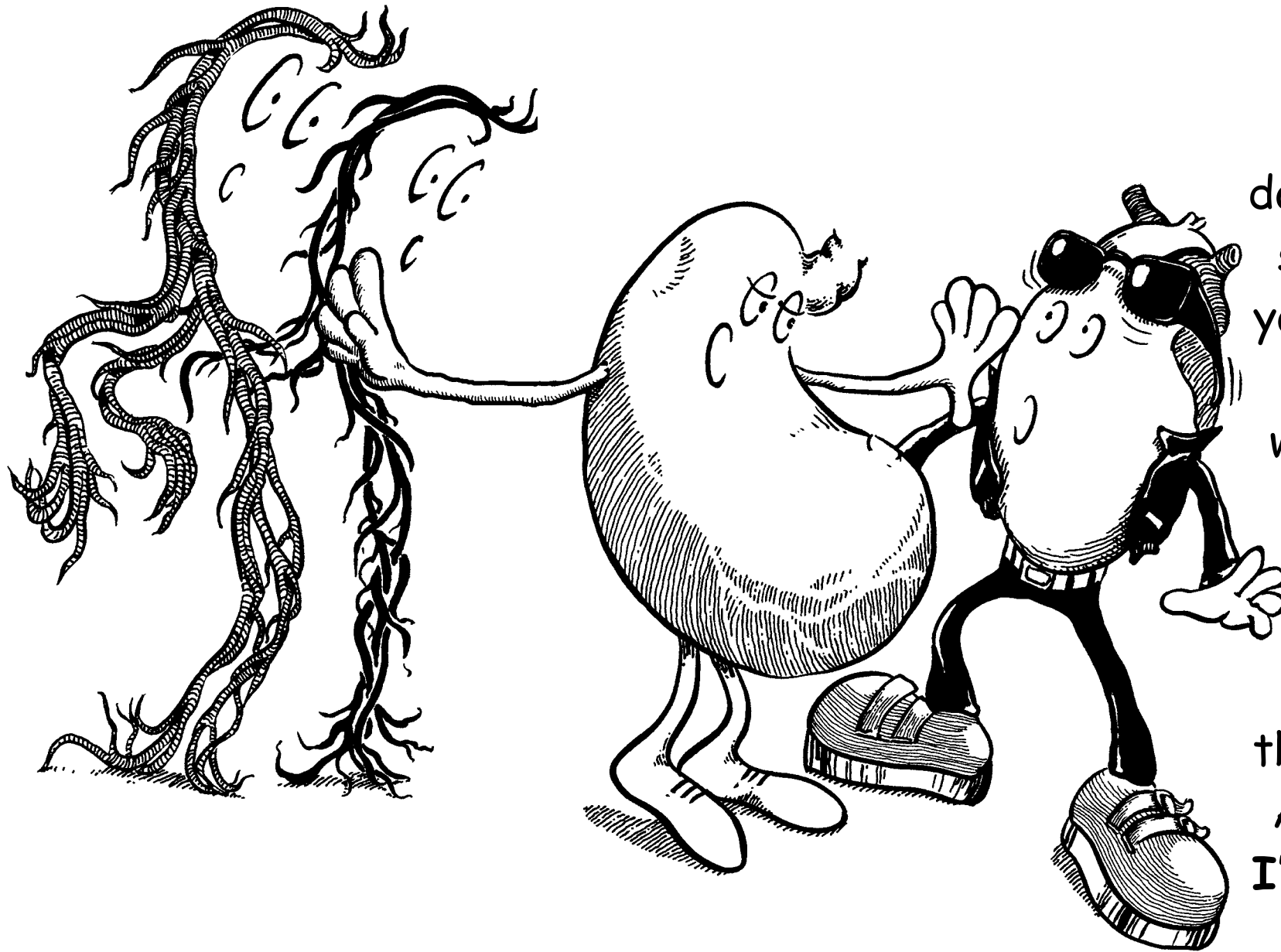


Rapped the heart, "Hold your tassles, Blood Vessels, you'd be in hassles without me pumpin' it, pumpin' it. Think you can move blood in your groove to and fro without me pumpin' it, pumpin' it? To and fro, yeah, I say to and fro, you gotta know you can't go to and fro without me pumpin' it. You're just juiceless, absolutely useless without me pumpin' it.





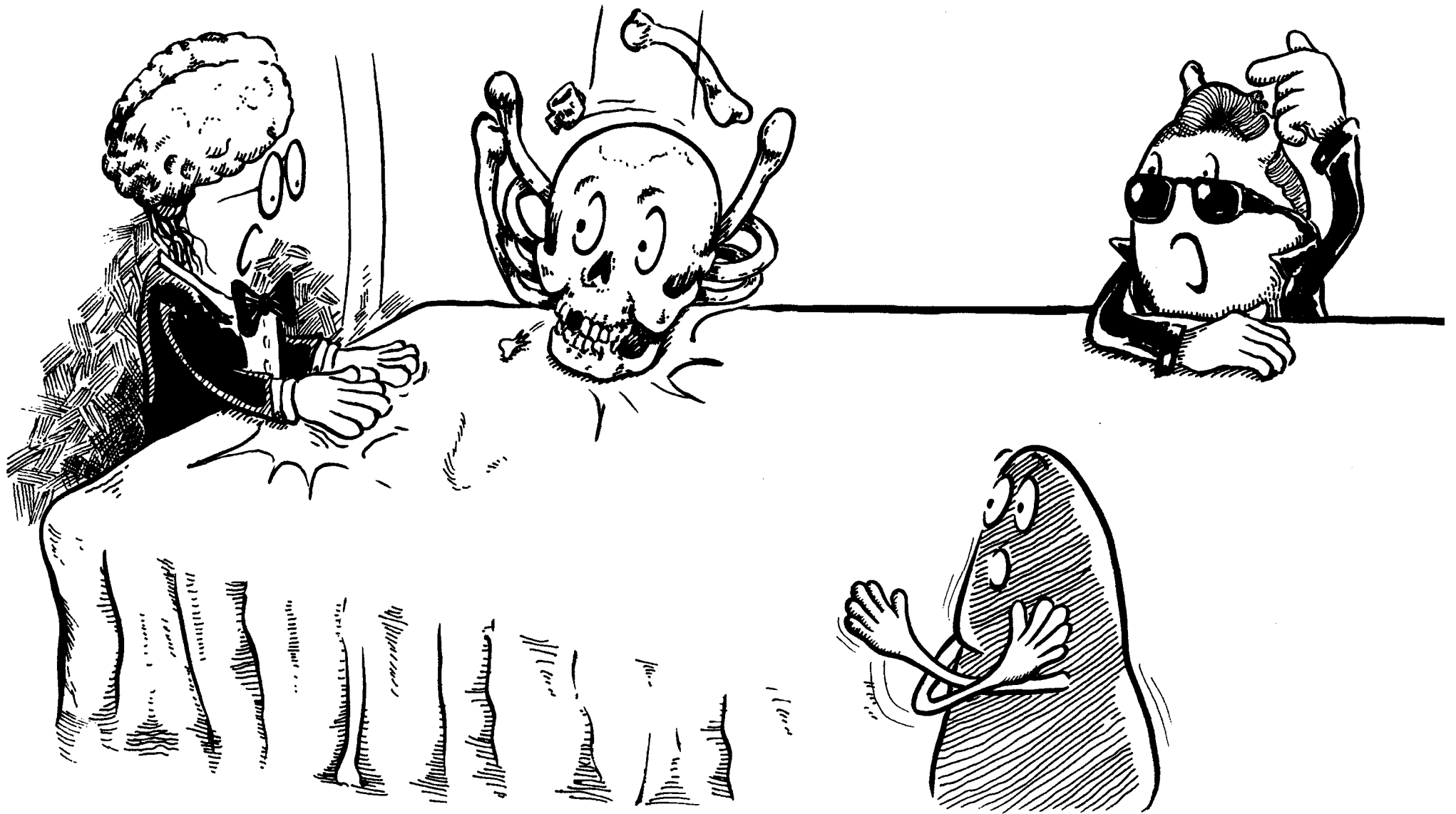
"You're right, Heart, but where would you be if we didn't bring blood back and forth to you? You'd be as dry as a cough on a hot summer afternoon! Then, dear Heart, **YOU** would be the useless one! **WE** are the boss!"



"Well,
I'm sorry to
bring you all
down," said the
stomach, "but
you all seem to
be forgetting
where you get
your energy
from. Can't
get very far
without me,
that's for sure.
Admit it, guys,
I'm the boss?"

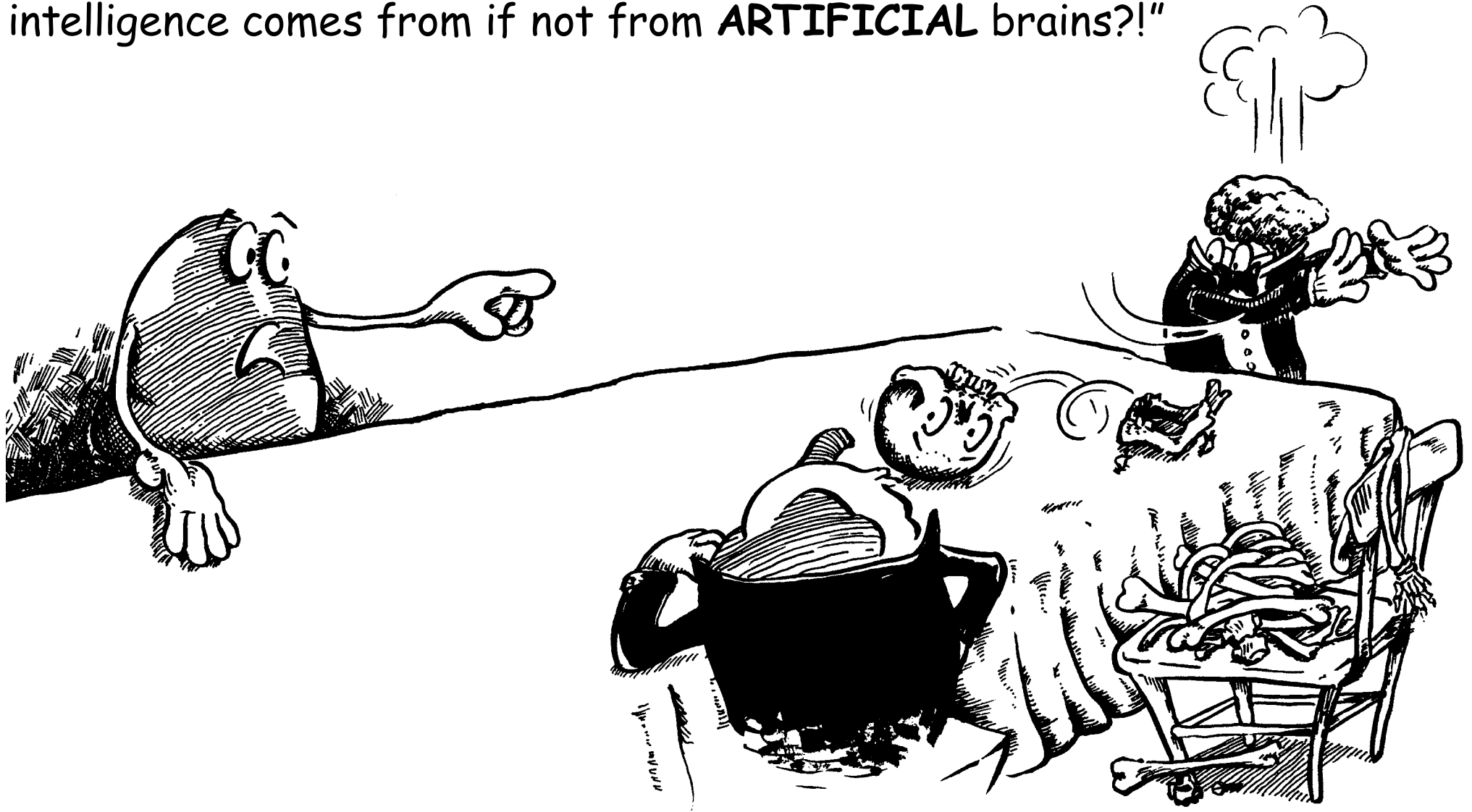


"No, I am!" declared the liver. Ever hear of artificial hearts, bones? Yes! But an artificial liver? Never! I'm so complex that scientists are still trying to figure me out. I can't be replaced. So I guess I'm the superior one! **I'm the boss!**"



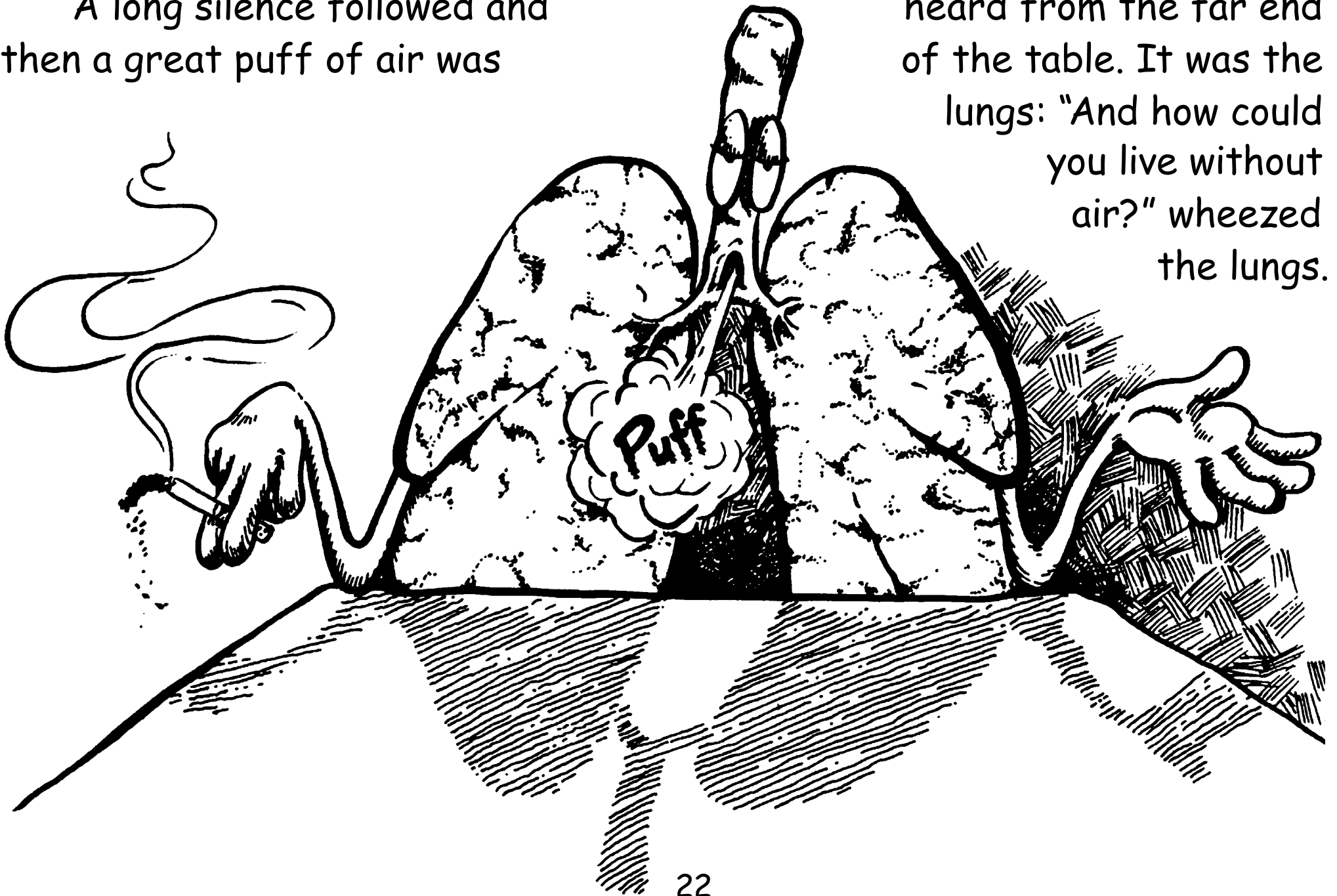
"What you're saying is true for me too!" interrupted the brain.
"Ever see an artificial brain?"

"Well, sorry to deflate your importance, Big Head," said the liver, "but ever hear of artificial intelligence? And where do you think artificial intelligence comes from if not from **ARTIFICIAL** brains?!"



A long silence followed and
then a great puff of air was

heard from the far end
of the table. It was the
lungs: "And how could
you live without
air?" wheezed
the lungs.



"Yes, how could you live without hair?" echoed Hair, having misunderstood 'hair' for 'air.' "Does that mean I am the boss?" he asked timidly.



HA
HAHA

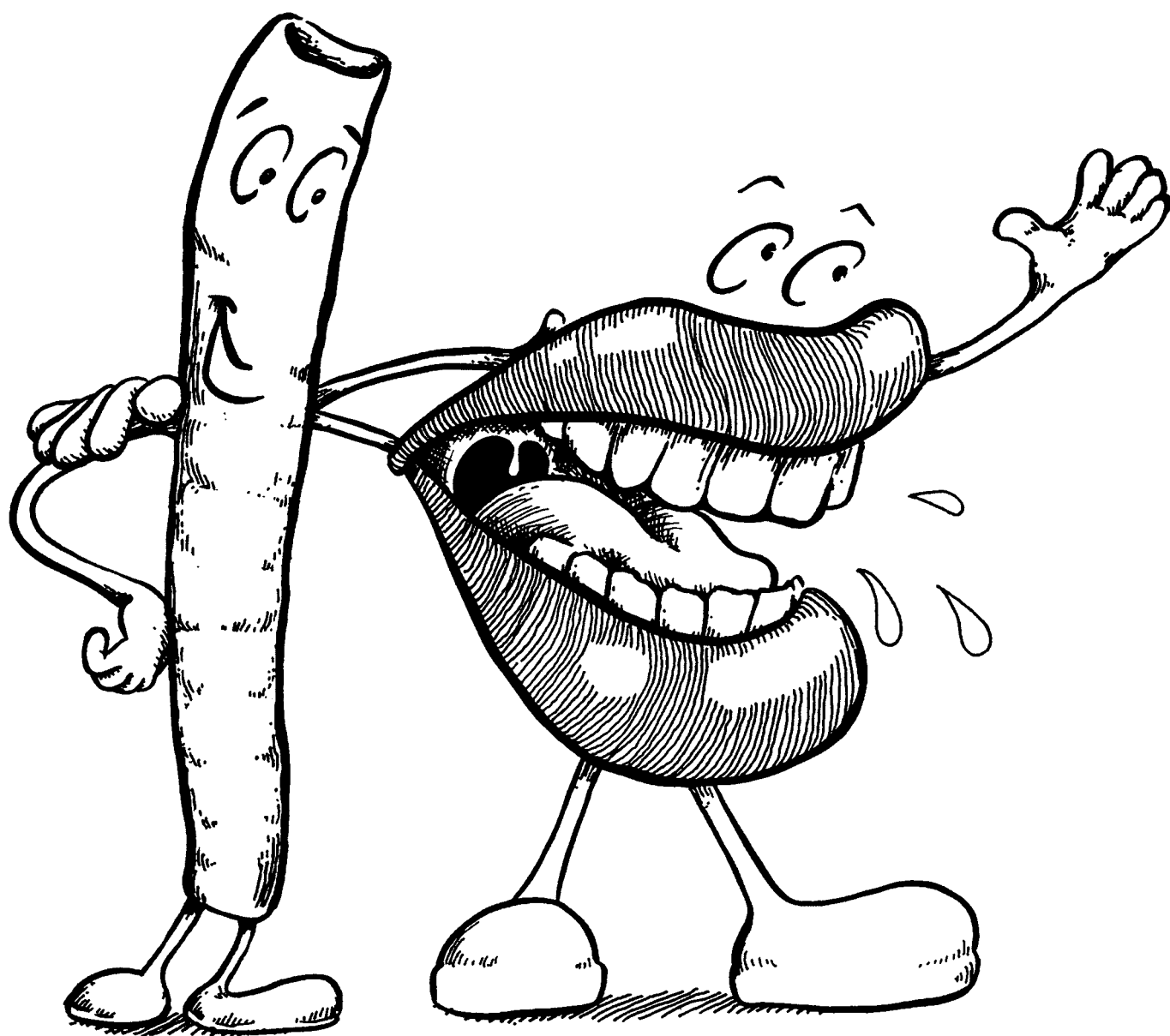
There was a great burst of laughter from all sides. "Go jump in a bowl of soup and stay there where you belong!" teased the skeleton.

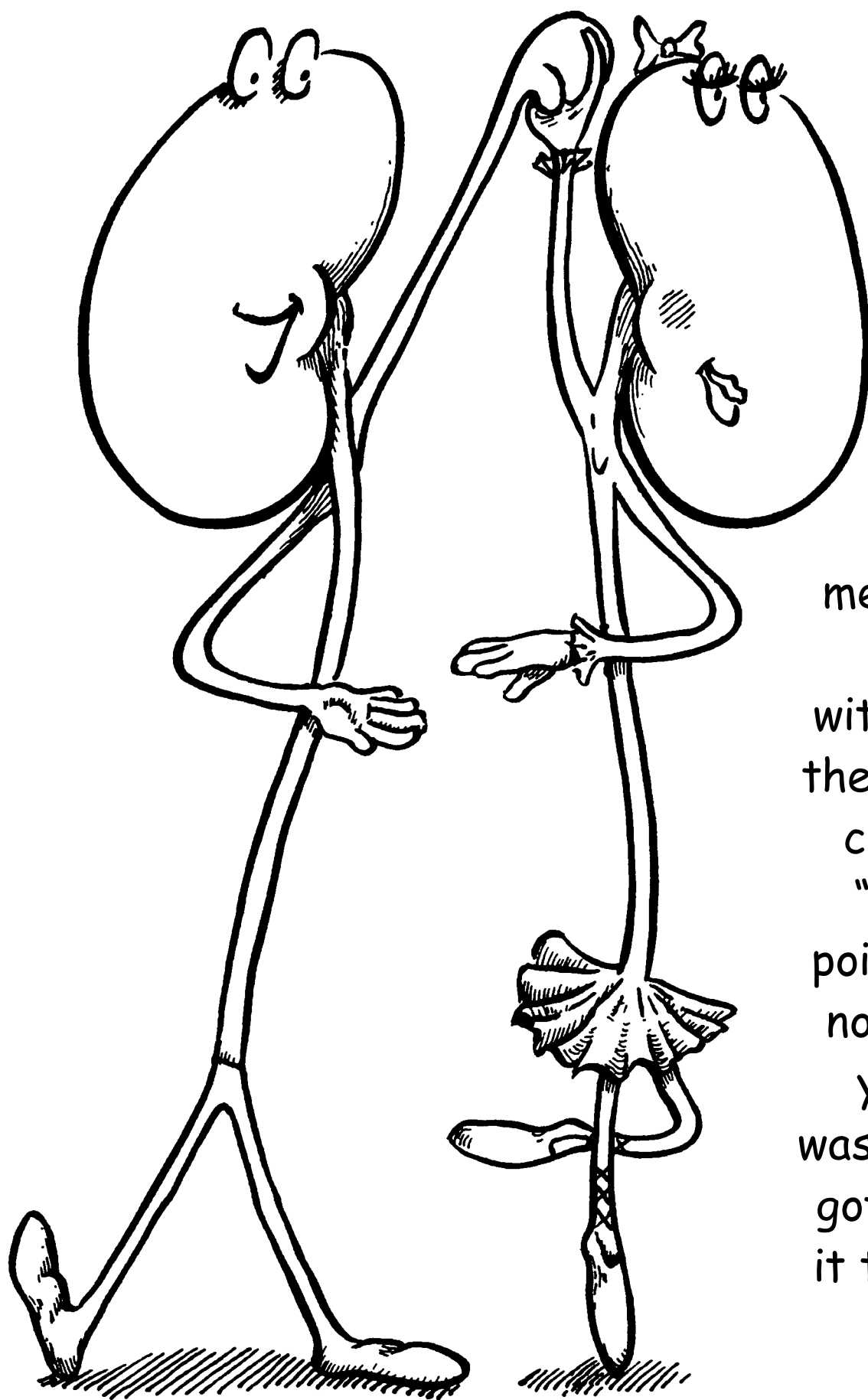
OH OH OH

NYI-HI-HI

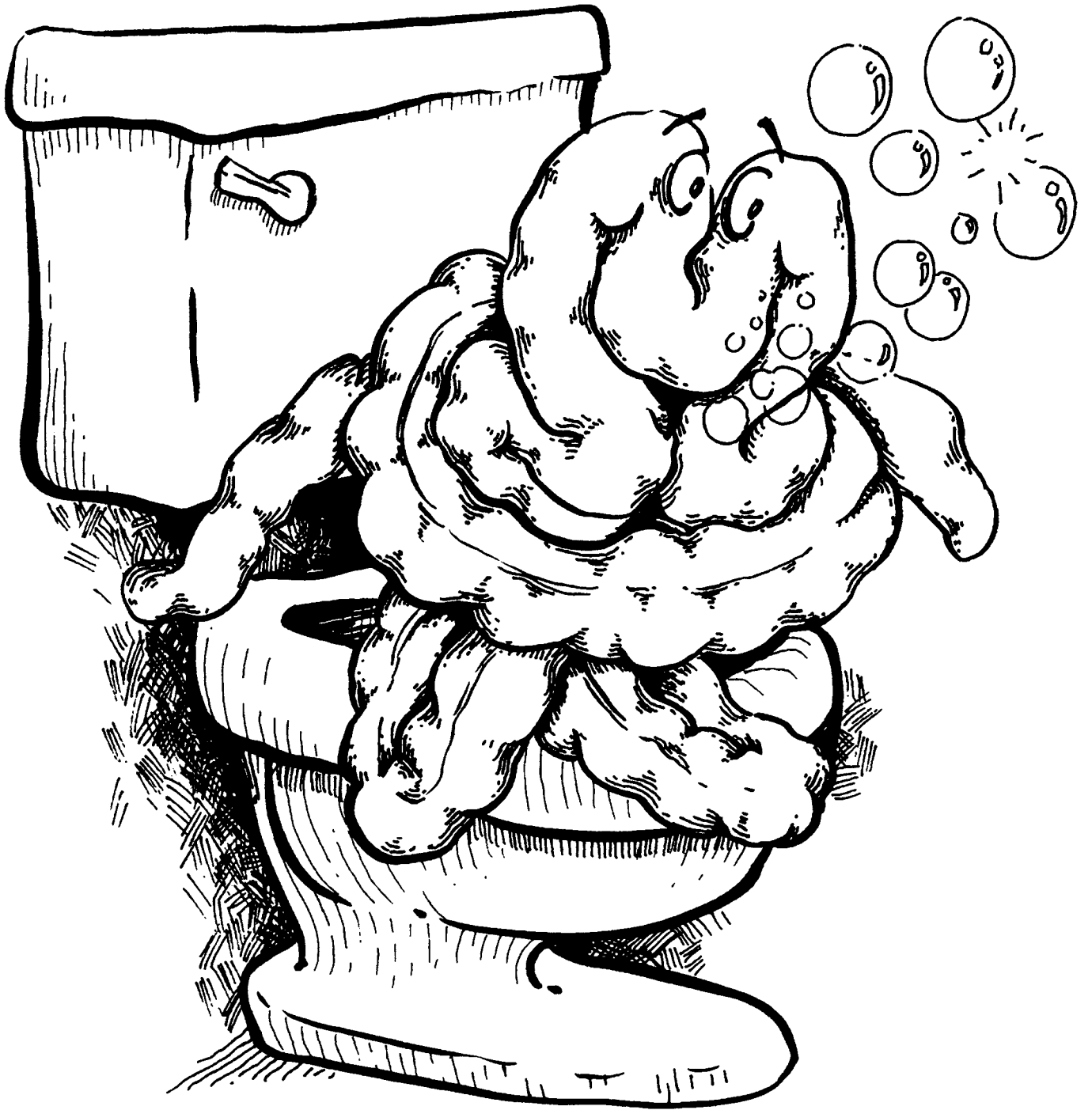


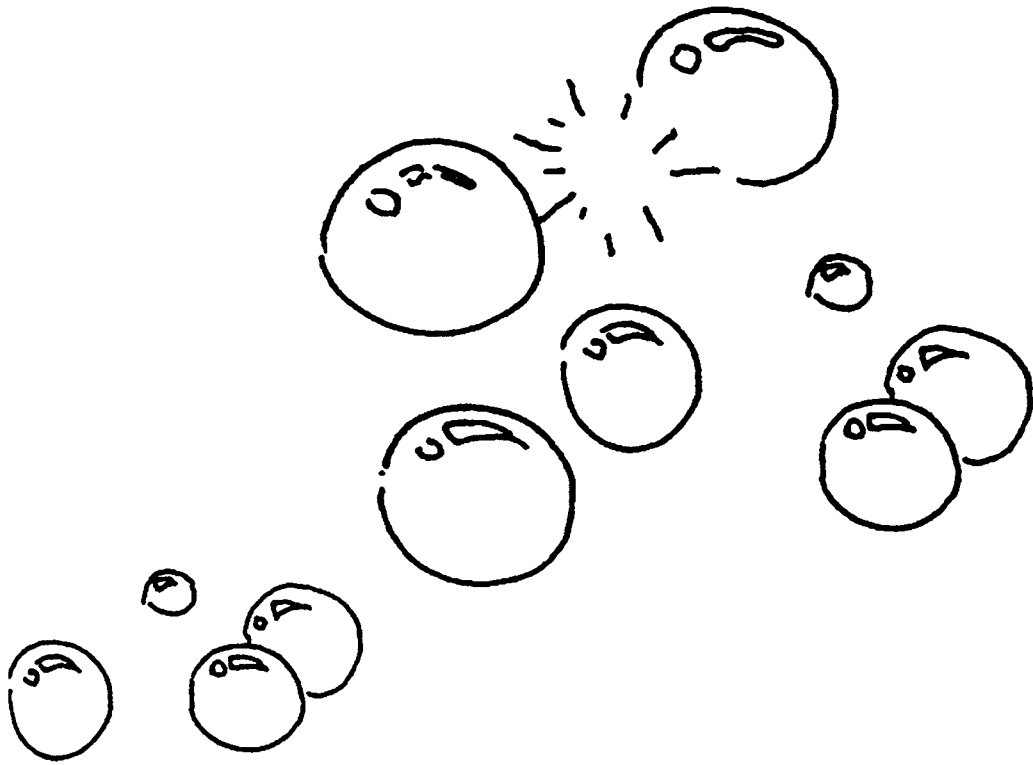
Mouth finally opened up and exclaimed, "Stop it all of you! Without me and Esophagus you'd all die, for food couldn't get to old Stomach in the first place. And, Lungs, man can't live by hair alone, I mean, air alone, you know!"





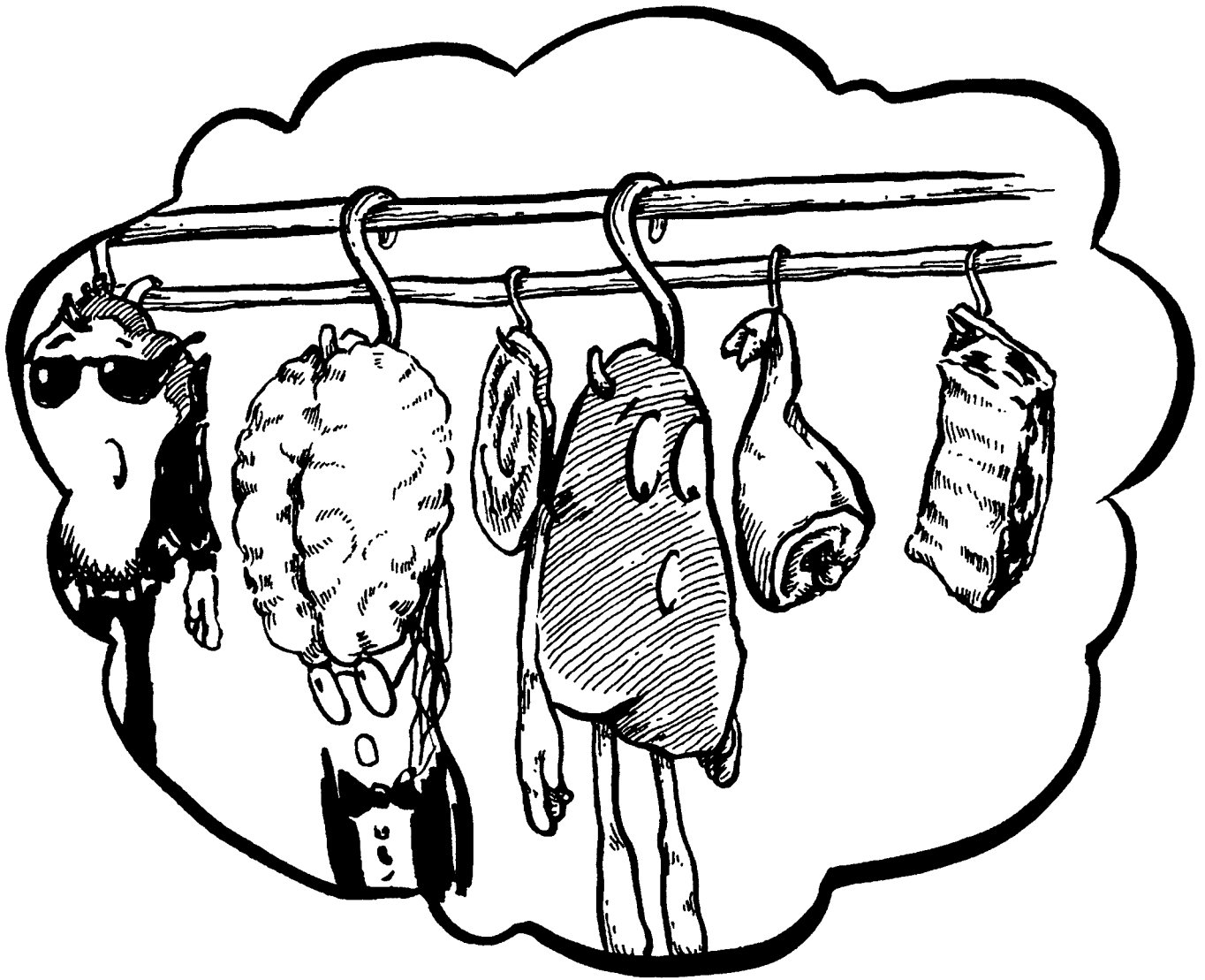
"Fine
mess you'd
all be in
without us,"
the kidneys
chimed in.
"You'd be
poisoned in
no time by
your own
wastes! You
gotta hand
it to us, we
are the
boss!"





"Talk about wastes!" gurgled the intestines.
"You certainly wouldn't want us to be out of order!
Ever had a toilet that couldn't flush? Yes, we're
the boss!"





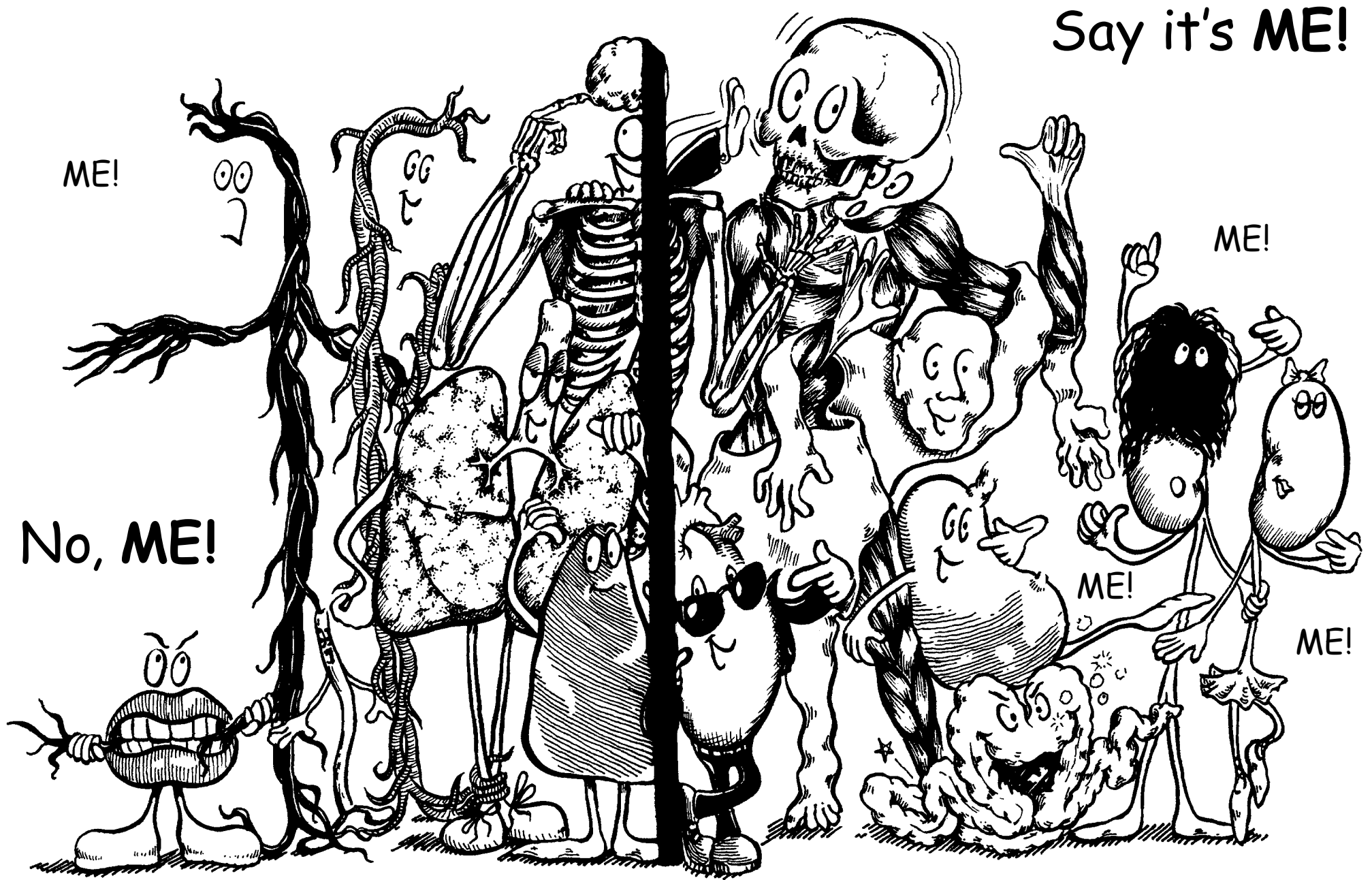
"Hey, everybody," warned the skin, "I'm the keeper of the house and I'm what's holding you all together. If you don't stop quarrelling, I'll just leave and you'll all end up looking like a window in a butcher shop!"



And so they argued on and on but no boss could be found.

Who do **YOU** think is the boss?





We all think that "I" is the boss. Well, here's an exercise that may help you to find out the real answer. When you go to take a shower tonight, don't stop at taking off only your clothes. Start taking off your skin, your heart, your lungs, and everything else. What are you left with? Where is the "I" that we think we are? Good question?



The primary truth is the
truth of no-I, no-self.

If we realize it, suffering
comes to an end, for without
a self, desire, the root of
all suffering, has no abode.
Without a self, no confused
Kamma can be created and
so no retributive suffering
can follow. One is free, no-
where attached, without the
delusion of self.

The truth is there is no boss.