

There once was a king and a queen who had a daughter who was stolen out of her crib by a roving band of flamingos. The flamingos took her to a small island and raised her. They taught her secret flamingo arts and she walked around thinking she was a flamingo. One day, as fate would have it, a great spiritual sage was traveling through the astral planes and saw the little island of flamingos where the young girl lived. Seeing a delightful opportunity to confuse everyone, he manifested himself on the island in the form of a flamingo, naturally, because she would only listen to flamingos since she only spoke flamingese.

The sage approached her and explained that she was the daughter of a great king and queen and that she came from another kingdom. She listened and the light of knowledge dawned and she left with the sage, they married and lived happily ever after.

No. What actually happened was that she went back to the kingdom and discovered that her parents had died and she had inherited a lot of money, and she lived flagrantly but happily ever after.

No. I'll get the story right. What happened was that she realized she was not who she thought she was. So she decided to walk on two feet and give up flying.

Anyway, someday when you run into your spiritual teacher, you'll realize that you're not a flamingo. That's my point. You will change. The sleeper inside you will begin to awaken and you will find that you are far different from the person you supposed yourself to be.

— Rama in conversation at the  
Beverly Theatre, November 1984