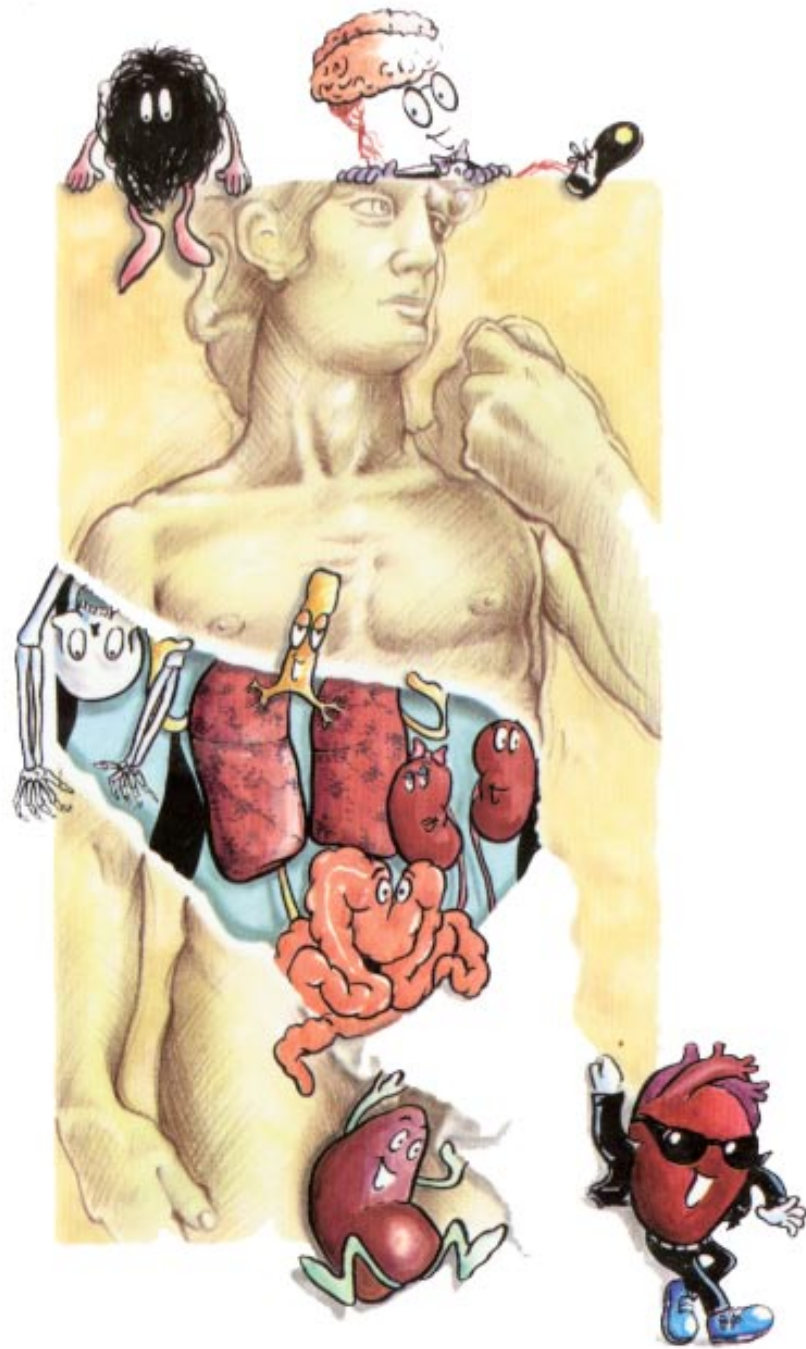


# Who's the Boss?



Gambhiro Bhikkhu

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Gambhiro Bhikkhu

Joel Israel

The body dies and departs without  
asking permission.

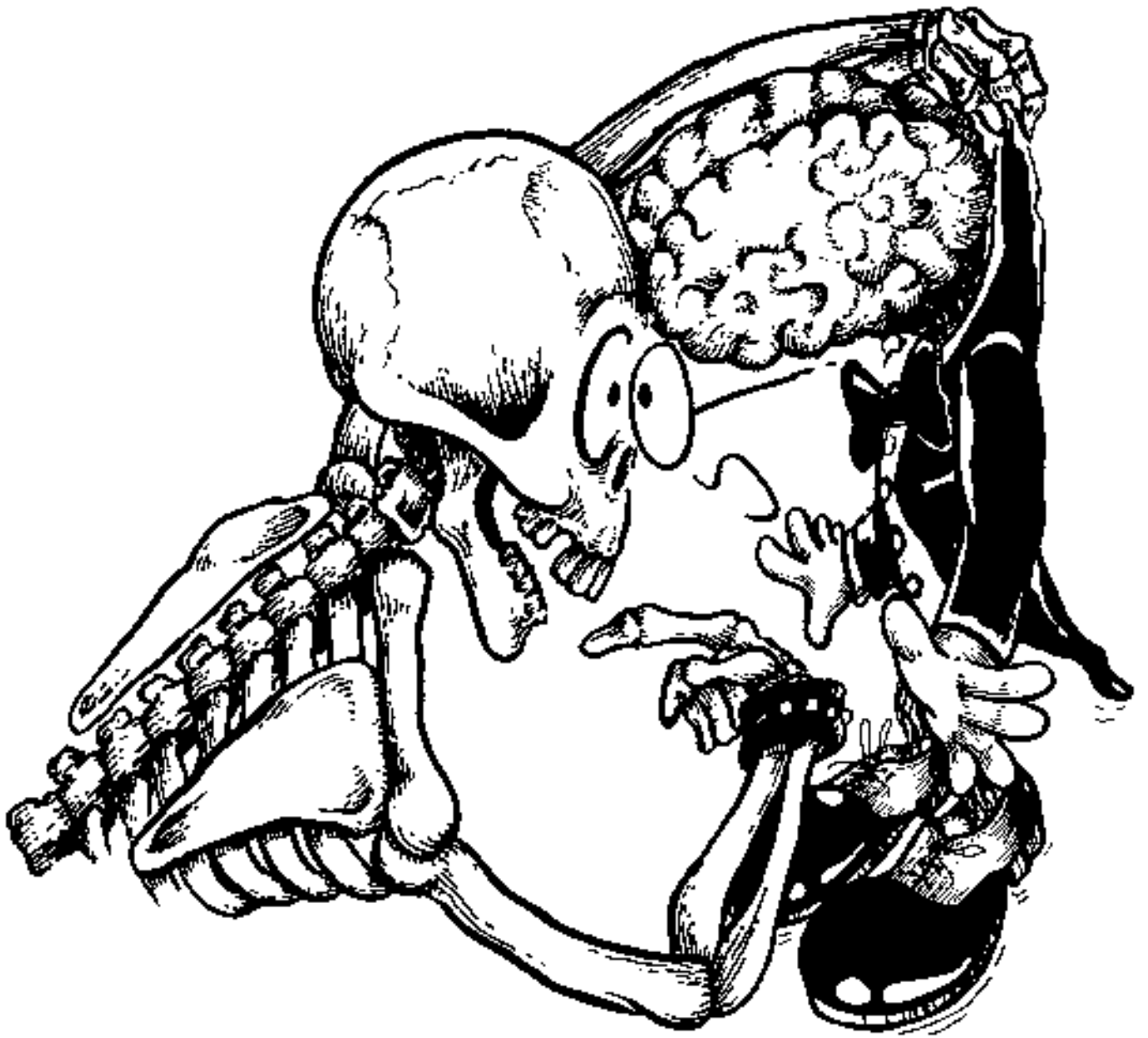
**So who is the boss?**



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.



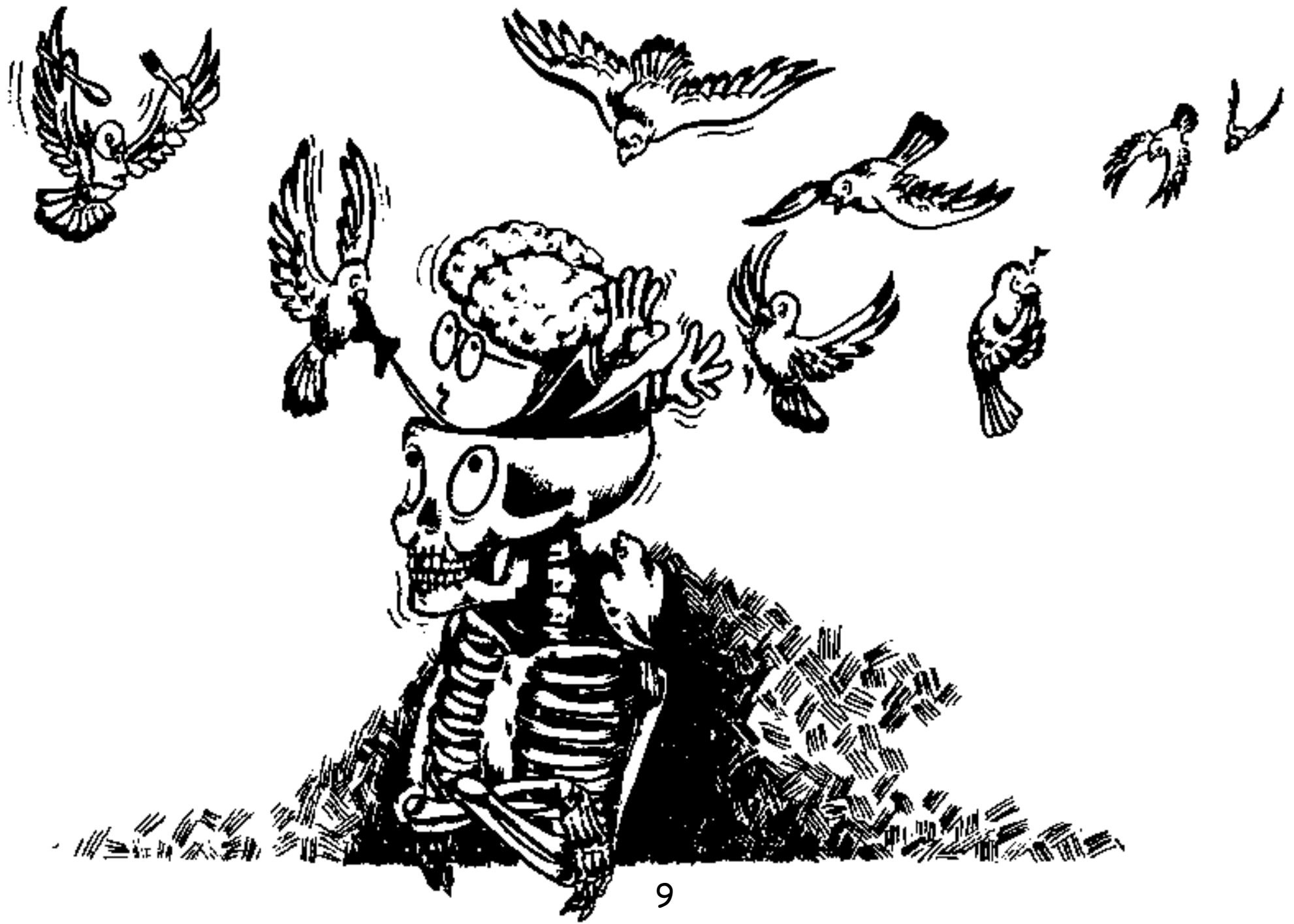
The brain was the first to speak and addressed himself to the skeleton: "Now, don't forget, you old lazy bones! I am the boss of the lot! I give all the commands!"



"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!"

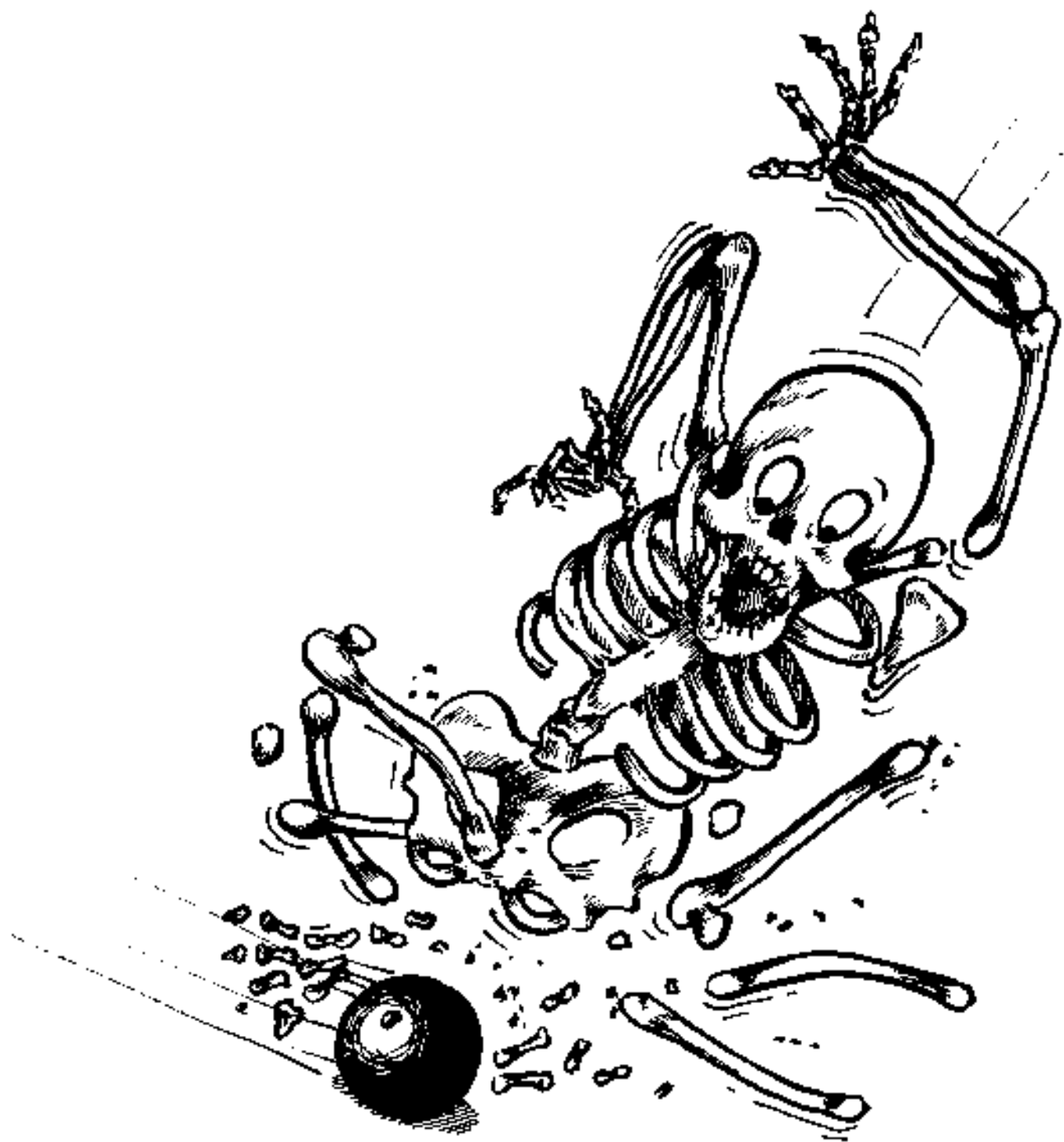




"You're the boss?" laughed the muscles.  
"Without us you might just as well apply for a job  
as bowling pins! Where would you be without us?  
You wouldn't be able to stand on your skull, not to



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.



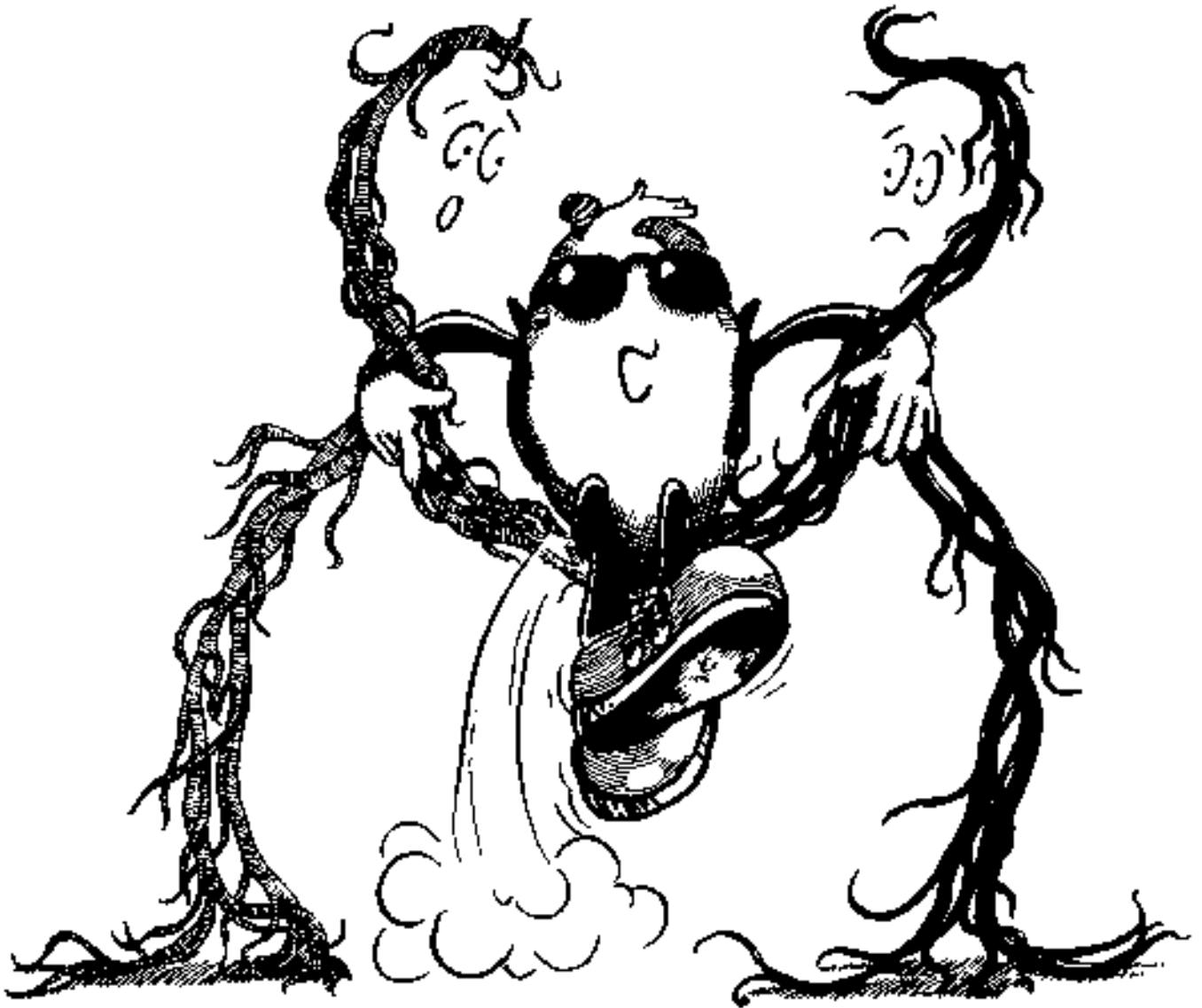
“Well, hear, hear, O great and mighty ones!”  
the arteries snapped. “Now how would you all  
manage if we weren’t here to bring you any fresh  
blood full of nutrients?”

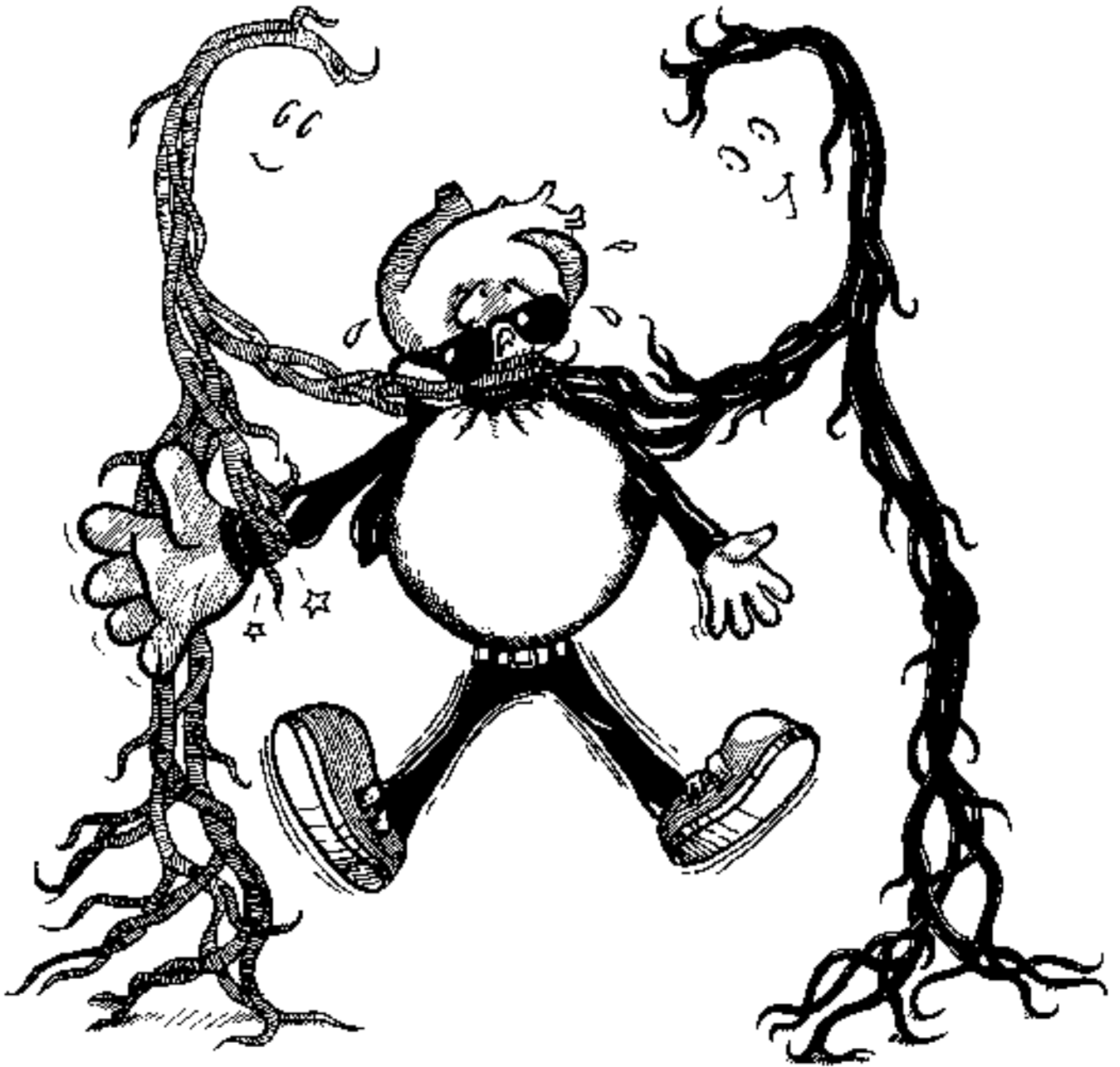


And if we weren't here to take away all your trash?" boasted the veins.

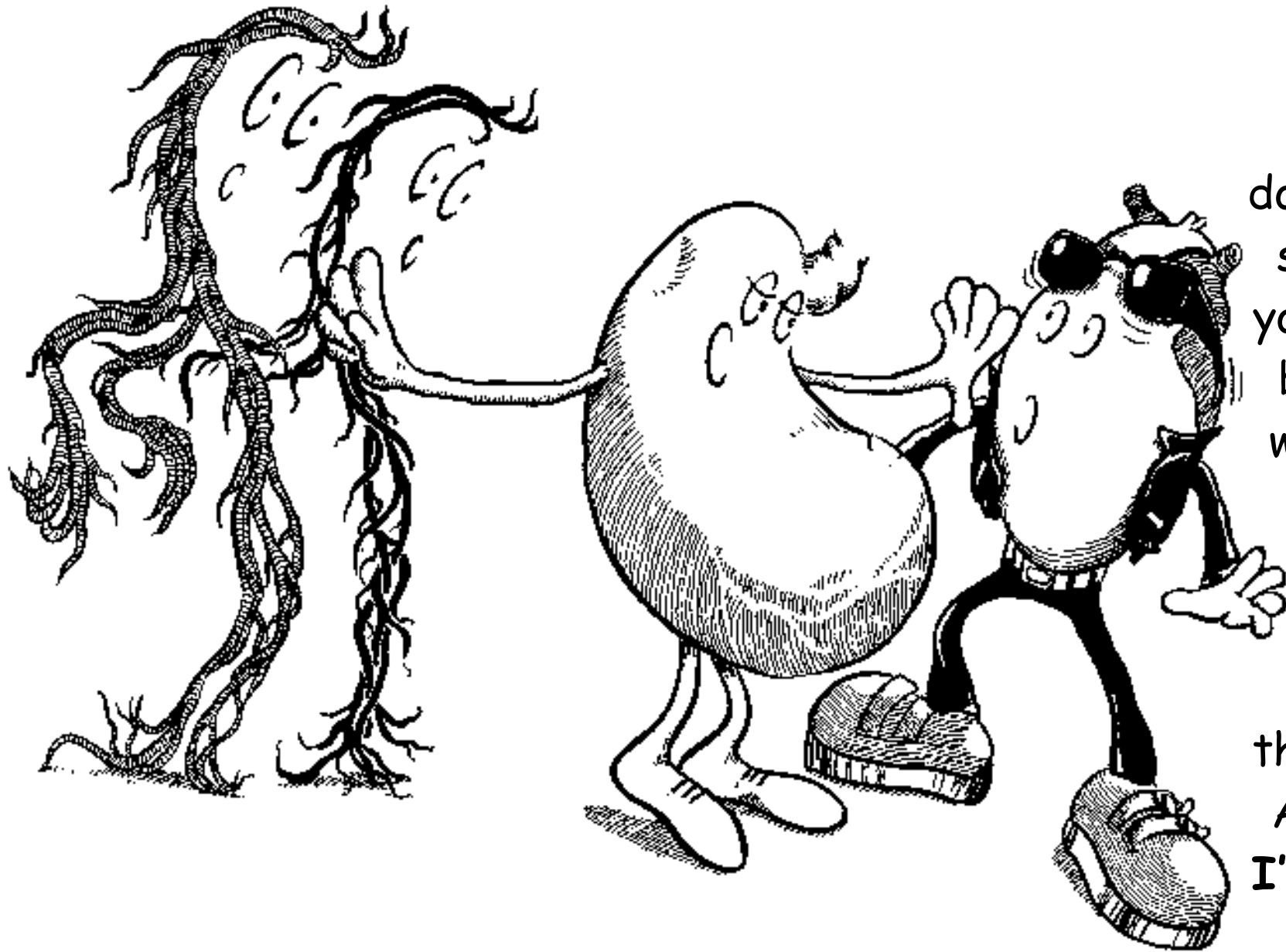


Rapped the heart, "Hold your tassles, Blood Vessels, you'd be in hassles without me pumpin' it, pumpin' it. Think you can move blood in your groove to and fro without me pumpin' it, pumpin' it? To and fro, yeah, I say to and fro, you gotta know you can't go to and fro without me pumpin' it. You're just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

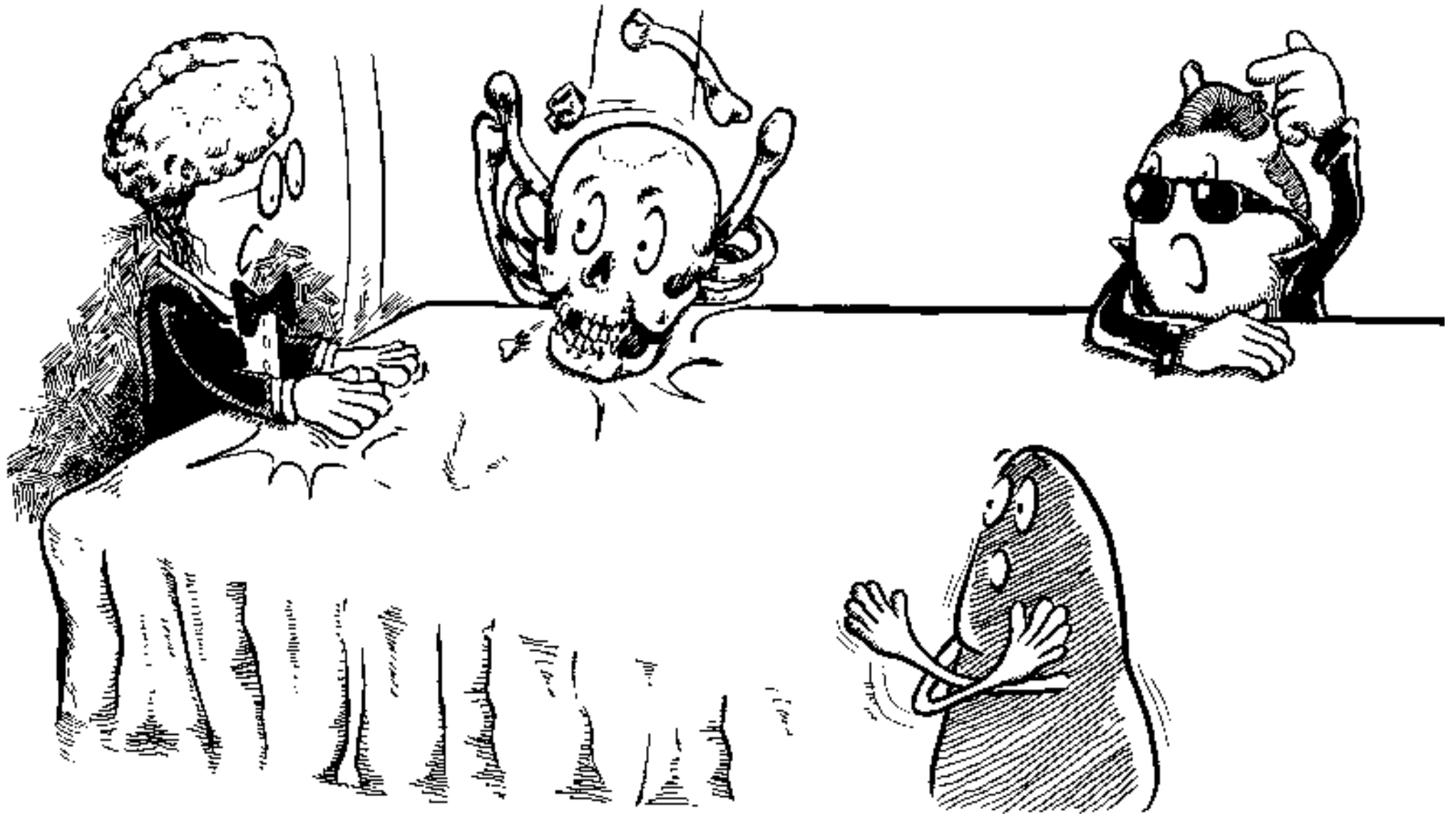


“Well, I’m sorry to bring you all down,” said the stomach, “but you all seem to be forgetting where you get your energy from. Can’t get very far without me, that’s for sure. Admit it, guys, I’m the boss!”



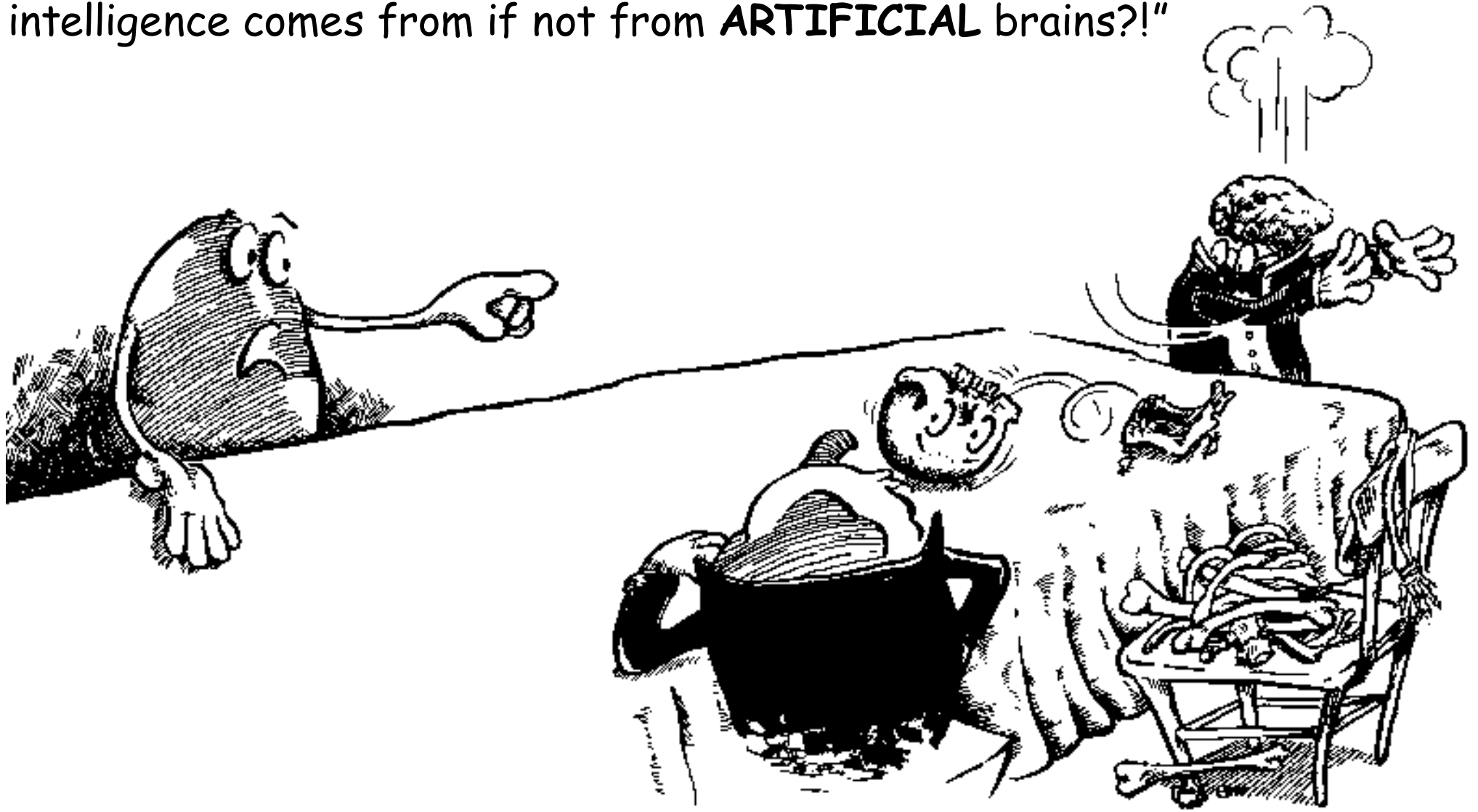


"No, I am!" declared the liver. Ever hear of artificial hearts, bones? Yes! But an artificial liver? Never! I'm so complex that scientists are still trying to figure me out. I can't be replaced. So I guess I'm the superior one! **I'm the boss!**"



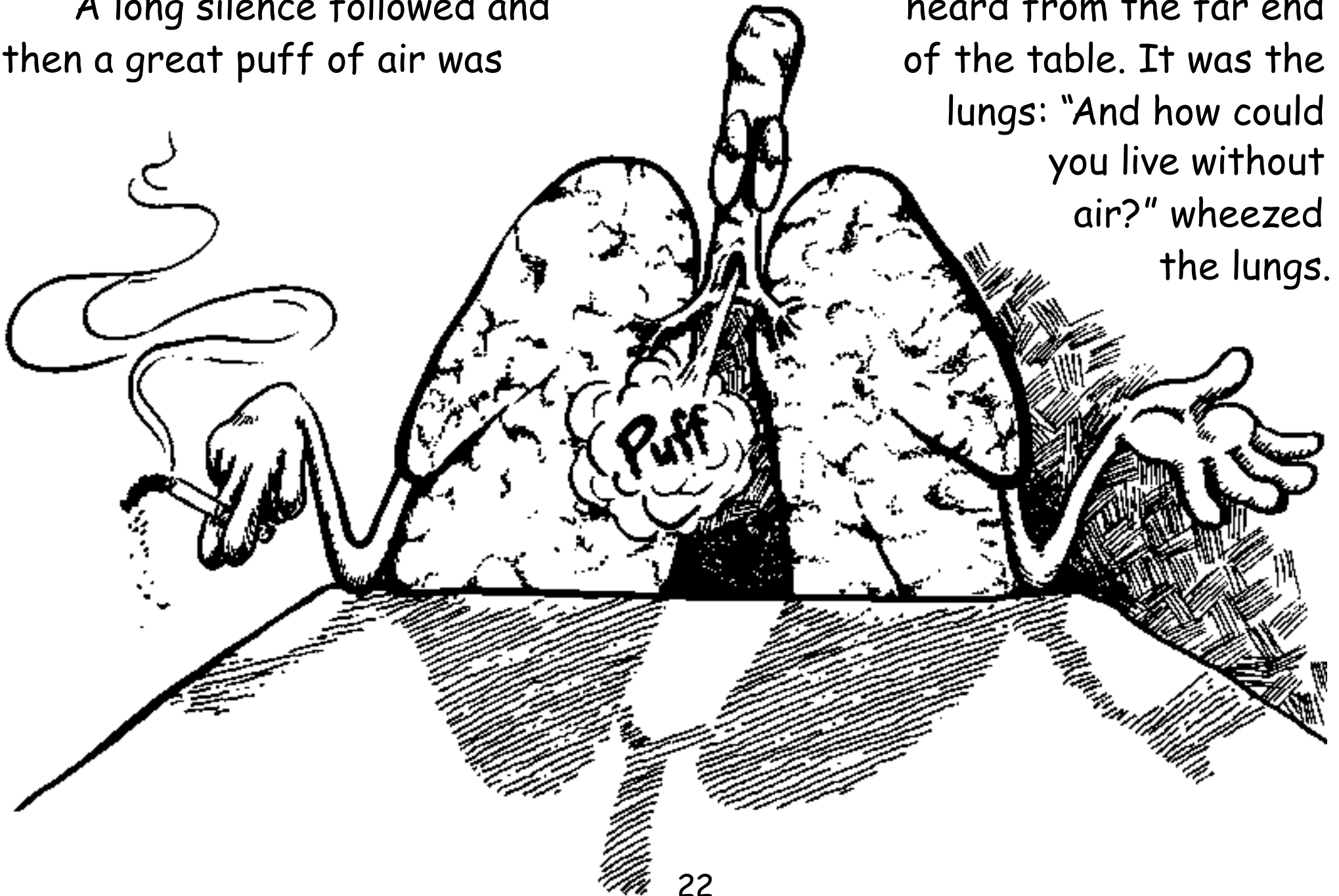
"What you're saying is true for me too!" interrupted the brain.  
"Ever see an artificial brain?"

"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

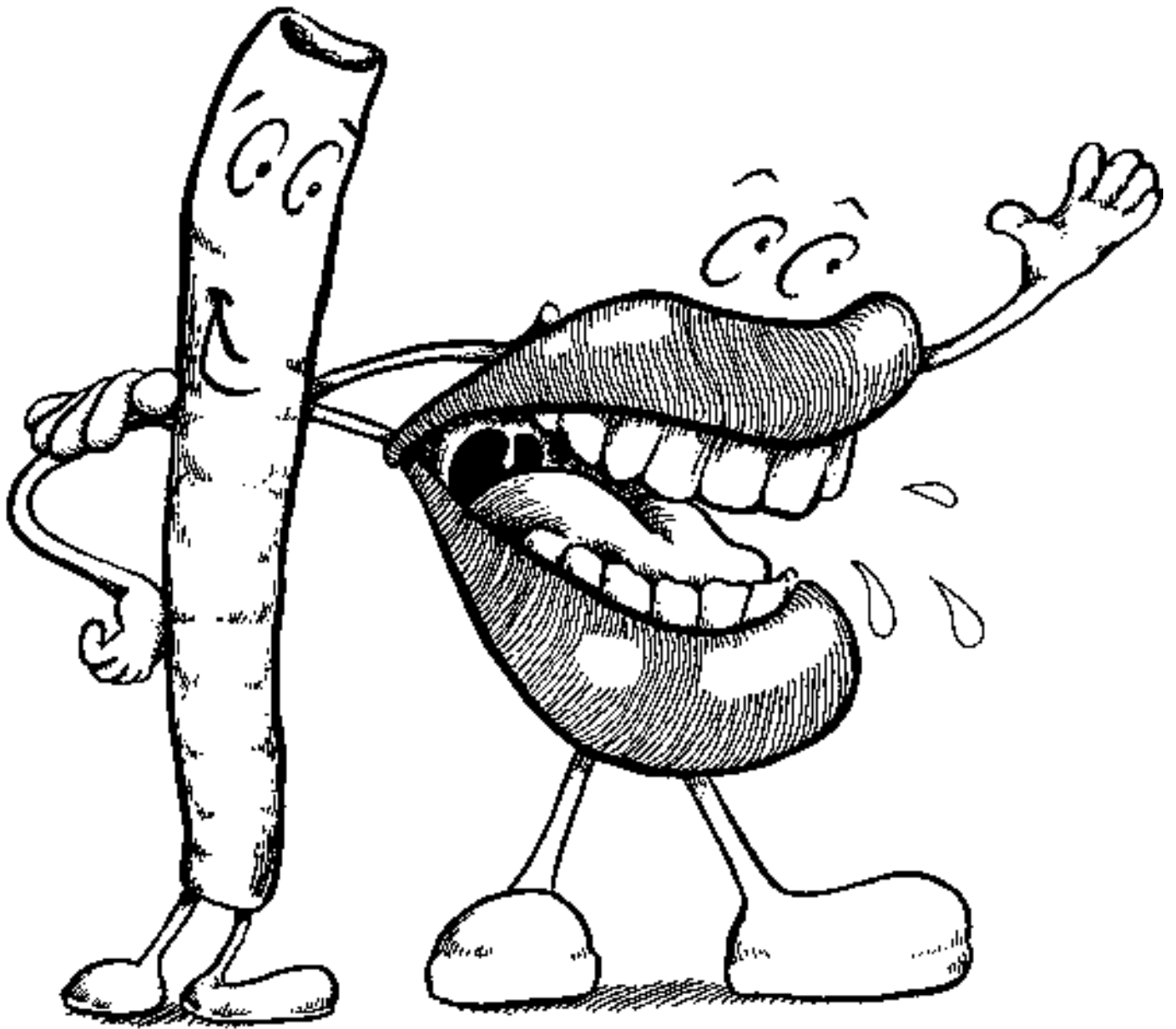
There was a great burst of laughter from all sides. "Go jump in a bowl of soup and stay there where you belong!" teased the skeleton.

HOHO

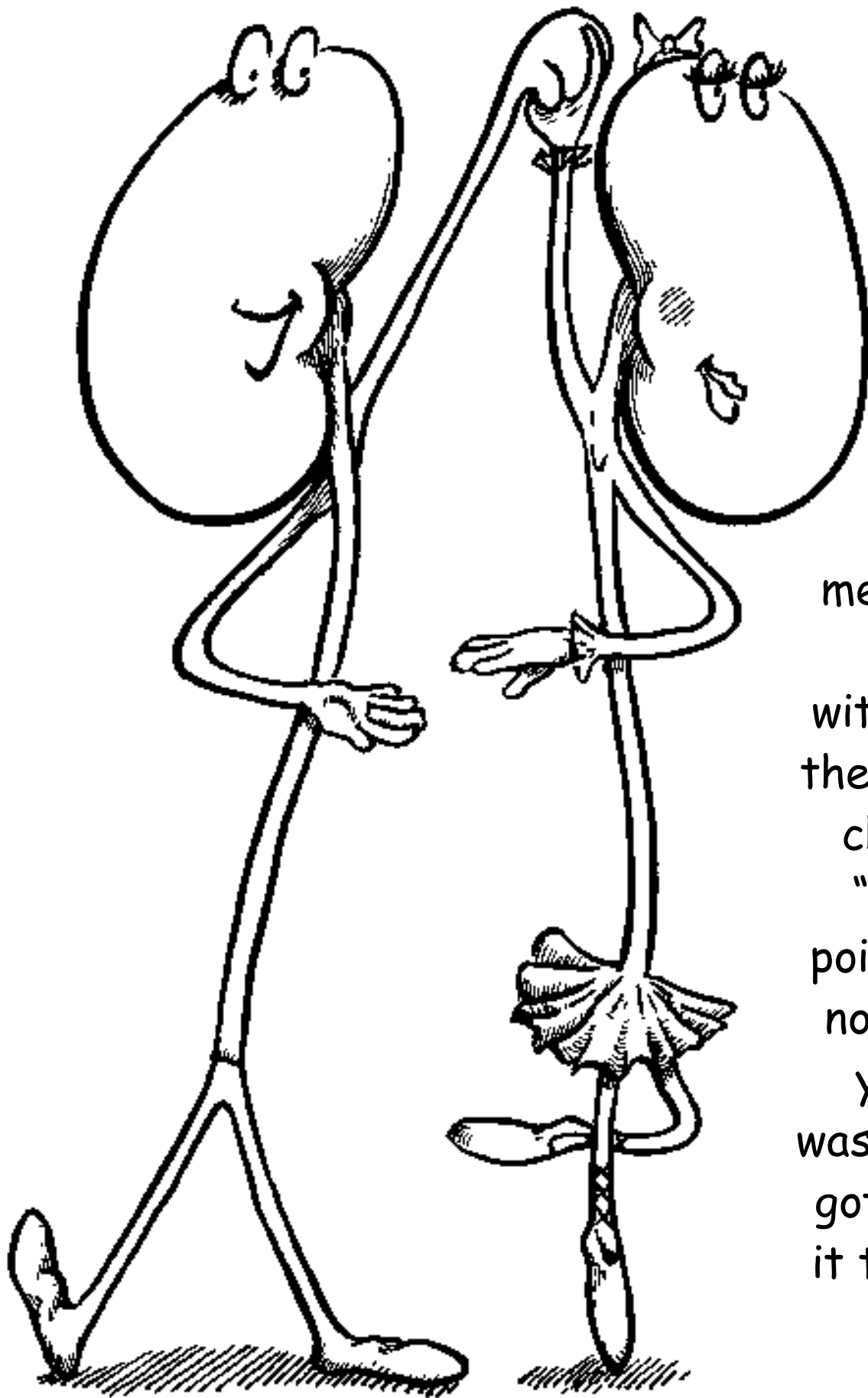
NYI-HI-HI



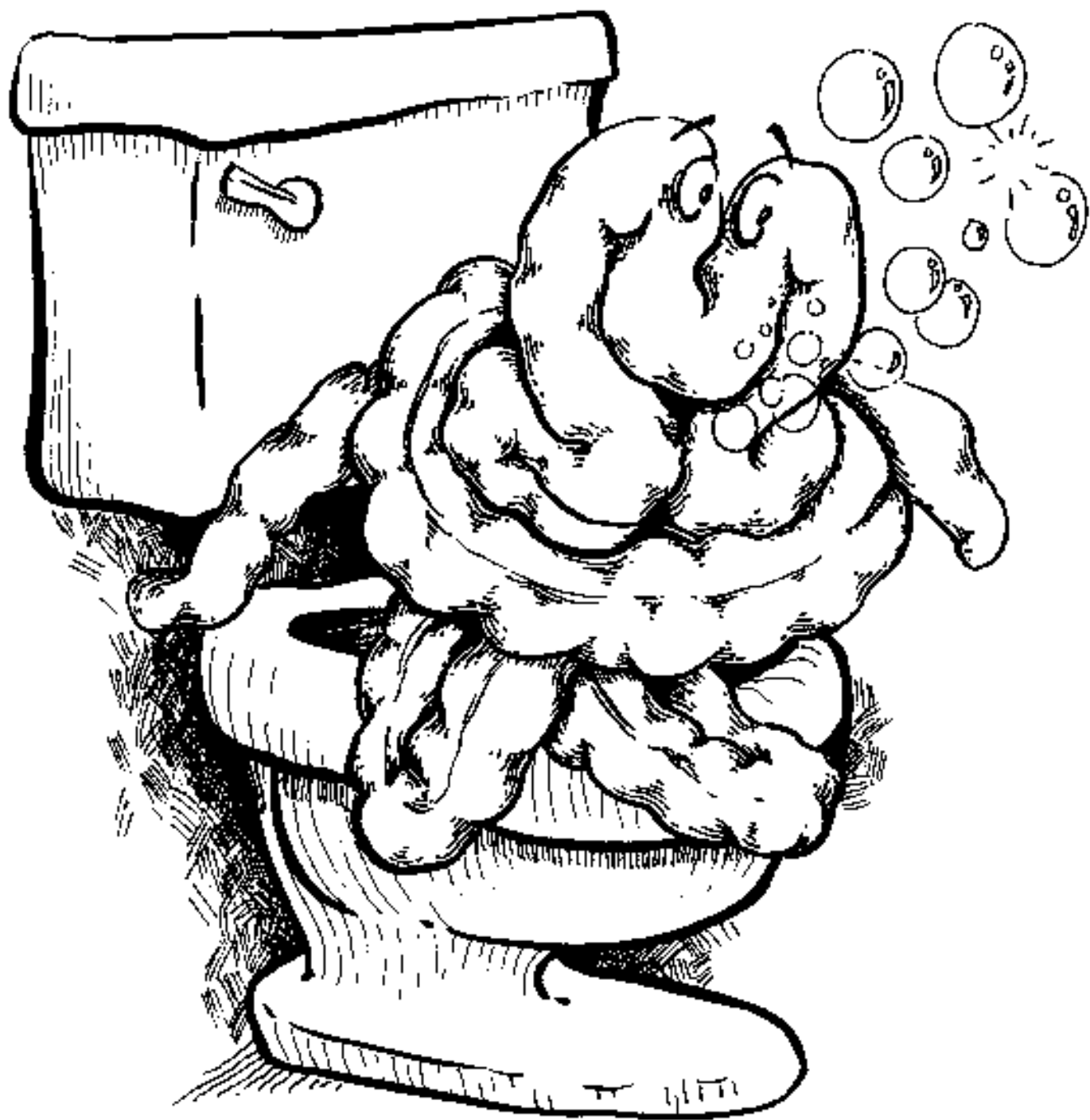
Mouth finally opened up and exclaimed, "Stop it all of you! Without me and Esophagus you'd all die, for food couldn't get to old Stomach in the first place. And, Lungs, man can't live by hair alone, I mean, air alone, you know!"

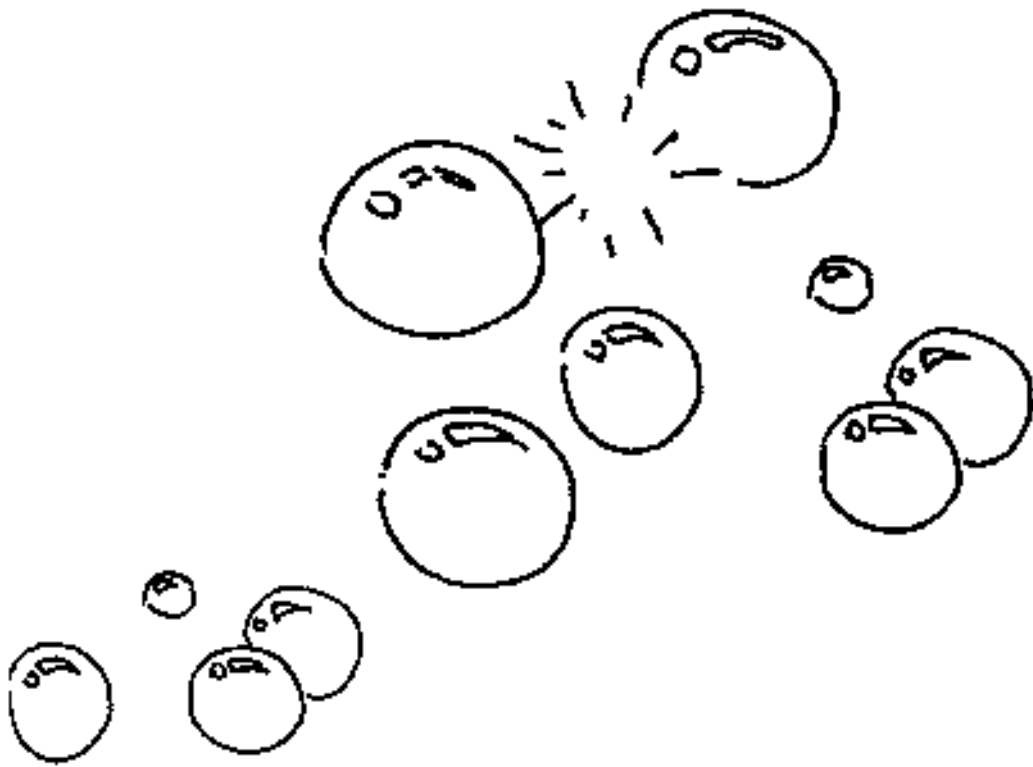






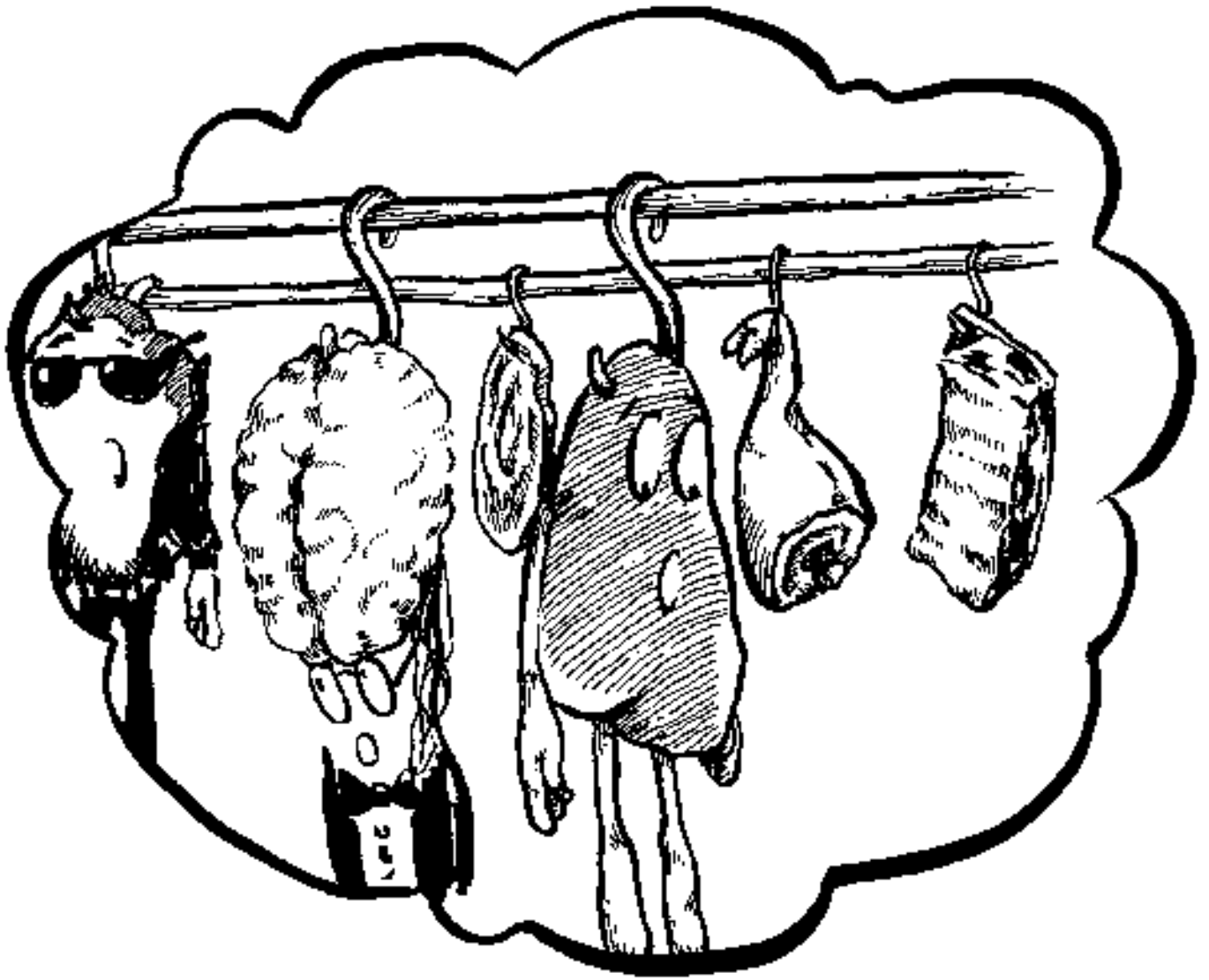
"Fine  
mess you'd  
all be in  
without us,"  
the kidneys  
chimed in.  
"You'd be  
poisoned in  
no time by  
your own  
wastes! You  
gotta hand  
it to us, we  
are the  
boss!"





"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!"

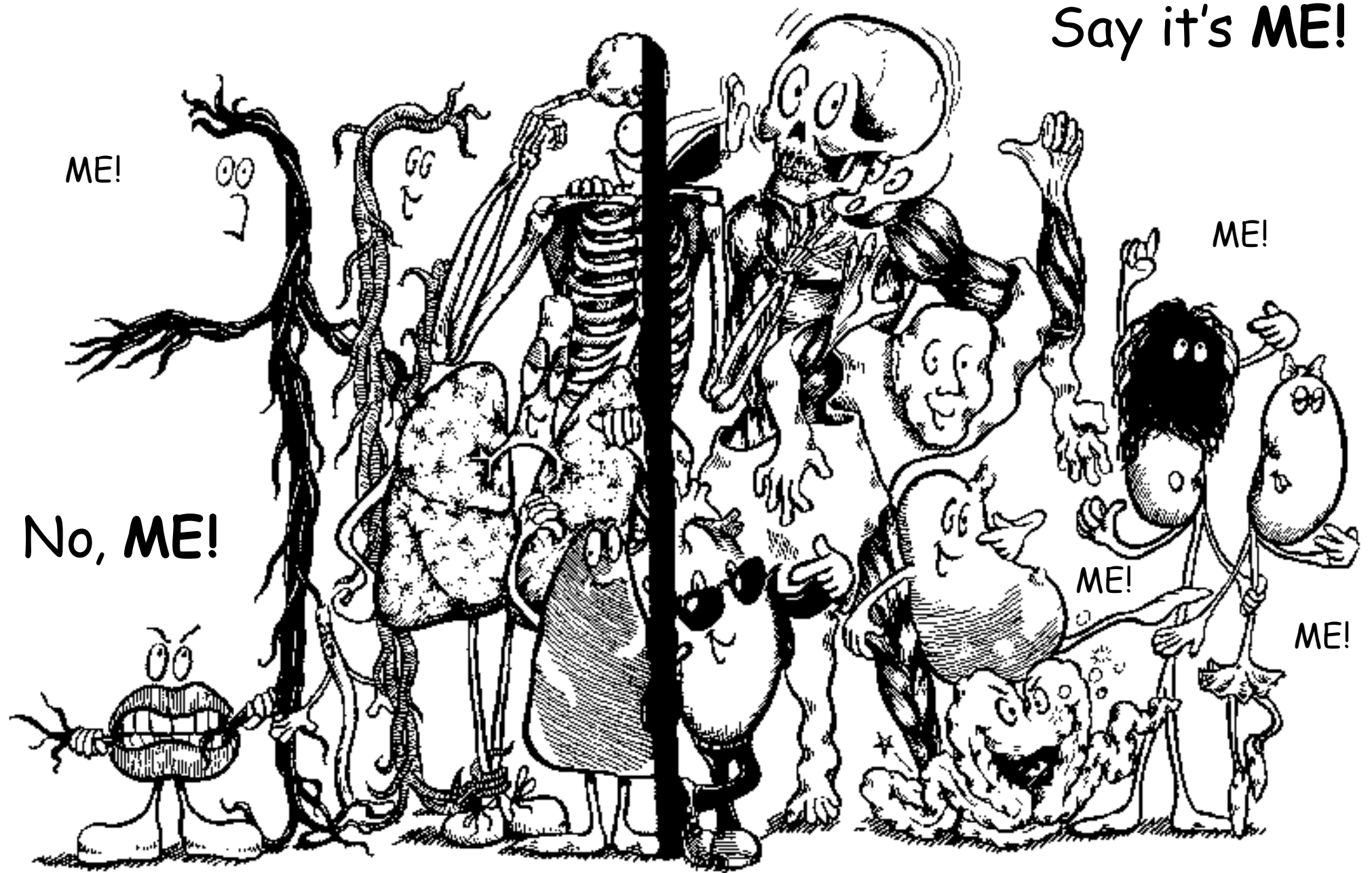


And so they argued on and on but no boss could be found.

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



Say it's ME!



ME!

No, ME!

ME!

ME!

ME!



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, nowhere attached, without the delusion of self.

The truth is there is no boss.