

# **JOURNEY TO SHAMBALLA SEVEN - THE LOST CITY**

By: Tracey Raven Owl 1999 ©

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## FORWARD

By Graham Miller

A bit over 20 years ago, while looking for answers to a debilitating auto-immune issue that our medical system could not solve, I received a clairvoyant reading from the author that provided some valuable strategies for improving my health, some of which I have used to this day.

At the end of the reading, Tracey suggested I read a book she had written that gave a good introduction to the teachings from the arcane school (specifically the works of Alice Bailey – Master DK). As I had already been doing much inner work looking for meta physical causes of my condition, I accepted the book willingly. It was manually produced, double sided A4 sheets in a spiral bind; straight out of her computer / printer I'd say.

I soon found myself engrossed in the story and learned many things about the connection between mind, heart, and soul, and how to connect to one's soul journey.

This is a digital version of that book.

I read the book twice over the next few years; loaned it out a couple of times; nearly lost it more than once; then during a move of home it got packed in a box which never got opened at the other end.

I can't remember when I found this out, but at some stage Tracey told me she had a computer meltdown and lost the original Word document nor did she have any paper copies left. With this in the back of my mind, I was determined to make sure I preserved this book, mostly at the time, so I could read it again sometime in the future.

As time went on and the world became increasingly more hostile towards the everyday folk and more protective of the power mongers and banksters, I intuited that this story would be valuable for others who were standing up against globalisation and tyranny.

So after digging through a mountain of boxes and finding the original manuscript, I started scanning it, so firstly, I had a backup copy. It is interesting how the Universe works sometimes. On the first attempt, I only got a few chapters scanned and somehow I misplaced the manuscript. Not the right time? I was using Microsoft Windows as the operating system on my computer at that time and the physical scanner and software I had to turn the scanned images into editable text did not work very well at all. So I abandoned the project. Maybe it was not the right time to bring this book to the public attention.

Similar road blocks happened a couple of times until just recently, having changed from Windows to Linux on my computer a few years back, and then recently receiving a much

better scanner, I finally got all the pages scanned and began the optical character recognition (OCR) process so the book could be turned into an eBook that automatically adjusted itself to the screen size of the reader.

This time, the system did a pretty good job of recognising the text and transcribing the document. At this time I was getting a bit excited about releasing the book to groups of people that might resonate with the story. So, using the author's phone number I'd written on the front page, I contacted her, who was miraculously still on the other end of that phone number, to confirm it would be OK to release the book and to find out if she wanted a digital copy for herself.

*"Hi Graham, you're welcome to share my book. I'm retired now living happily on a farm. I wish you all the best, Cheers Tracey"*

*"What a great job you have done Graham. I like the idea of it having a resurgence on line. Maybe more people will be ready for the ideas in it. I would love a copy. You've made my day."*

*"Thank you again Graham. I feel very humbled by all your hard work in making Shamballa 7 in to a user friendly form. I wrote it in the hope that it would give humanity the path of following their soul. The fact that you've taken the time to do something with it gives me great optimism."*

So with the author's blessing I present this book to you, the reader, with the same hope.

Note that there still may be some errors in the text that were created by the OCR software and I have done several spell check passes through the document and a complete read in order to correct them. I am hoping there are very few of them left, if any at all.

With love, Graham

## CHAPTER ONE - PRELUDE

Eilheart shivered and leaned closer to the small fire. The cave had been warm earlier, but the temperature had suddenly dropped. He picked up a metal bowl and began to run his stick around the outside again. With the vibration set up by his movement, the bowl began to hum. He leaned over it and began to make slow clear sounds, the notes harmonising with the humming of the singing bowl.

The pressure inside him began to build and as he increased the fervour of his tones and intonations, a cold, pale sweat broke out on his face. He knew not the meanings of the sounds he uttered, but he felt their power. The pressure inside him increased to a blinding roar as he struggled to hold the energy. He felt as if he would be blown apart. A stab of fear gripped him and he wondered if he was going to die.

He seemed to look down on himself and saw an image of his head exploding, and almost lost his rhythm and his grip on the beautiful, but potentially terrible sounds. The fear receded as he remembered his beloved wife's death just a few weeks ago, and her sacrifice to bring the Heart Carrier to the land.

He increased his tempo, he couldn't feel his body now. It was like he was flying. He saw pictures of his homeland, his pod, and then with a flash and warp he was through, and he saw her. She was wearing the sacred rose quartz heart, just as it had said in the old prophecies. He increased his intonations, somewhere way back where ever his body was and reached for her. He hoped he was strong enough.

There was no retreat now.

## CHAPTER TWO - MOIRA

Moira groaned inwardly as she slammed the car into reverse and heard the faint ominous grind of the gear box. Jim Douglas, the mighty never stopping car, at least that's what her three children had christened him, might be going to stop after all. Where they had got the name from she had no idea, but with 345,000 km on the clock and irreparable rust holes (her ex-husband called it the chook tin) he had lived up to his name so far. She hoped he wasn't going to begin to fade, as the budget just wouldn't stand it at the moment.

Speaking of which she had better stop moaning and get moving or she'd be late for work. Not that Hughy would mind, mostly he was pretty easy to get along with, but she was sure one of what she unkindly referred to as the bitch patrol would notice and make some catty remark about it.

She did a mental review of her day, sign on, maybe sneak a coffee if she got there early enough, then pick up the latest pile of dispatches from the board in the office, and down to Smithies to pick up the samples, and then back to her corner of the lab to settle in for the day. Today she had more of those wretched sea water samples to analyse. She had been doing them all week, in batches of fifty at a time, the same additives over and over with the same results. She felt like Bill, the sampler, probably got all the samples from the one place and briefly pondered on what a good job he had; being outside, and with no boss looking over his shoulder and no bitch patrol to attack when ever you weren't looking.

She felt a wave of self pity at the boringness and futility of it all, and remembered how when she'd left Dave, her and the kids were going to have a new life; an exciting one, where things happened and there were places to go. Where they all felt more fulfilled and their life didn't revolve around the telly and the footy and the few friends who they did something - usually the same thing but at a different place - every few weeks or so. You know those gatherings - "How are the kids / work / job / relatives?" were you try to make your life sound interesting and if you actually succeed, you really just make your friends feel like they somehow mustn't be doing it right. Usually the women congregate to one part of the room and the men to another, and mostly you talk about different variations of the same stuff, or each other; or worse, the one who isn't there. She always found those gathering sort of surreal or inane.

Any way, now that she'd left Dave she didn't get asked anymore. Mostly you'd find her and the kids at the supermarket, or at the Pizza Hut for the smorgasbord special, when the budget would allow. Sometimes she felt like she was invisible; her and all the other "normal" people. It reminded her of a poem she'd learnt at school. It went; " I am a poor man in a train, I go to work and come again, And there is nothing in my brain, But go to

work and come again. I am a person in a crowd I can not speak my thoughts aloud...." Boy she really was regressing; Dave and his beer cans were starting to look good and that was a definite myth.

Somehow it was that invisible stuff, as if as you got older or you had kids you somehow lost your sex, and became neutral; no one stared at you in a drooly sort of way. Hell, who was she kidding, no one had drooled much at her any way! "I might as well buy myself a floral towelling dress", she muttered dismally. "That's it!", she thought, when she got home tonight she was definitely going to burn all of Jenny's barbie dolls and all those Cinder-bloody-rella books. It was all a myth any way, life was just like that and she'd better hurry up and realise and make the most of it. It was the same for every one and she should realise how lucky she was.

There were lots of people who had it worse. She had at least managed to keep the family home - although the repayments were killing her and her job was boring, but so was every one else's and it was better than slaving over the deep fryer like she'd had to do years ago. Yep, she was lucky and she'd better stop expecting more and appreciate what she had. The gear box crunched again, and she felt a knot of fear in her stomach. Without the car things would be really bad. Suddenly there was an even louder crunching, and then a shattering noise.

## CHAPTER THREE - THE END AND THE BEGINNING

Every thing seemed really white. She squinted against the brightness. Jeez, what the hell had happened? She heard someone say “probable brain damage“, and "coma" and had a bit of a flash that she might be dead. No, she wouldn't be that lucky, a few weeks off work would be OK though. She must have had an accident. Just her bloody luck. She hoped it wasn't her fault, and that the other person was insured. In the haze she became aware of an electronic scream and a flurry of panic around her. Then there was a huge rushing sound, it felt like a flapping noise. Holy Cow! Maybe there were such things as angels after all! Next thing the fog was gone, and she was looking into the bluest eyes she'd ever seen. They were wide with shock. She figured hers must be too.

The blue eyed being started yelling to someone called Master Nakai. “Quick Master it's awake! Heart Carrier of the Sacred Quartz is awake!” His face was really red and splotchy, and he was sort of pale and sweaty underneath that. He looked a bit like a cherub really.

“Well done, Apprentice Eilheart! You have held the energy well. You have drawn a line with heart love to the great Sketch!”

“Do you think she will be ready to journey to the great Artist soon, Master Nakai? ”, the one called Eilheart said.

“ Be patient Eilheart. We do not know the Great One's plan yet and we must wait on the will of heaven to see if it will deem us the privilege of the sketching. I do not know how you worked the spell you disobedient apprentice, but she is here now, although perhaps a little damaged, and there is at least some hope that the parafearonoids will be foiled in their attempt to take over this sector.”

Moira just kept staring. “Bloody Hell!”, she thought, “they must have given me some damn good drugs in the hospital, these guys almost look real.’ She couldn't understand some of the stuff they were saying. Their language was sort of old fashioned. The one they called Master Nakai fixed his gaze on her. He looked like a garden gnome. She grinned stupidly at the thought.

“Hear, Carrier of the Sacred Quartz”, he said his little face serious, “we apologise for the roughness of your entry or for any inconvenience we have caused in the calling into our dimension. It was one of our apprentices who brought you in, so a thousand pardons. We hope you are not dishonoured by being called by one of a lessor rank, but we tell you in great sorrow much has been lost from the sacred knowledge. The parafearonoids have been gradually whittling away our authority, and we have felt unable to stop them. The new generation wants everything to be fast and believes the parafearonoids propaganda that



possessions will buy the answer to any problem. No one is interested in the old ways or holding the point of tension any more, except for a few right to lifers, but they are cautious of us and mostly isolated and secretive in what they know, so the community is not getting the advantage of their teachings and learning; except where a few have been forced to exchange energy to get enough food to eat." He trailed off, seeing Moira's lack of comprehension. "A thousand pardons, I digress. May we honour your sketch by offering you refreshments? A drink perhaps?"

Moira just stared at him, trying to work out what the hell was going on. He reached out and gently put his finger on the space between her eyebrows. Her arms jerked outwards and she screamed in fright. It felt like someone had just given her an electric shock. There was a flurry around her as the little people jumped back.

"Heart Carrier," said the master looking puzzled at her reaction, "We mean you no harm. Please can we get you something?"

'OK, so I'm having a weird trip,' thought Moira. 'That's OK. Maybe I can ask for a margarita. Hell, maybe I'll have a double. I guess I could have a little fun. I didn't really do drugs when I was younger, this must be what they're like. It sure feels real.' She cleared her throat and was surprised to hear her own own voice sounding fairly normal. "I'll have a margarita please," she said.

"Heart Carrier, we do not know what that is," said the master with a perplexed look on his face. "We have water or juice?"

"This is my dream," snapped Moira. "You must know what a margarita is. It's got tequila in it, and lemon juice, and crushed ice, and salt."

Frowning the master turned back to the little cherub behind him saying, "Apprentice Eilheart, come and intuit what she is saying. I do not understand, but I fear she is damaged."

Suddenly there was a huge rendering, and the walls of the cave began to shake, there was a feeling of revulsion so strong that Moira thought she might physically vomit. A rock fell and hit her on the ankle and a shooting pain went up the outside of her leg. Master Nakai yelled "Align" and all the cherubs - or at least that's what they looked like to Moira - dropped to the ground in to the lotus position and began to chant "om". There was dust all around and the lights were flickering. The one called Eilheart looked over at her and yelled in an almost panicked voice, "Align Heart Carrier! " With an incredible look of fear and resignation he dived for her. She saw his "om", if its possible to see an "om", come towards her, and as it hit her she felt this incredible calm. At the same time he landed on her, and then a large hairy tentacle reached down and latched on to his head. She saw his horror as his eyes bulged, and then, just before his head exploded, he winked at her and nodded. She

felt the warm blood soak into her, and the shuddering of the cave, or whatever this place was subsided.

There was an eerie silence. Moira looked up helplessly from the corpse in her lap, unable to comprehend what was happening, her eyes wide. Master Nakai's eyes met hers. They held reproach and grief, ever so briefly before pandemonium broke out in the cave. Some began to wail, rushing forward to hold their hands over the blood splattered little body. Master Nakai began to chant again, and Moira knew it was the death rites. She could feel the powerful vibrations of his intonations and then the body in her lap began to twitch, as if the energy in it was going back to where it had come from. Two of the little men came forward and picked his headless little corpse from her lap, giving her reproachful stares. Her teeth started to chatter, her brain unable to comprehend what was happening. She felt the loss and confusion around her, and there was a wet red stain on her skin that felt as if it would never wash off. Moira felt numb with shock, and she could feel the grief and sorrow in the cave, and somehow there was a sense that a special person had just died. She felt guilty, though she didn't know why. She shook her head, feeling paralysed, staring at the bloody stain on her skin, mesmerised by its horror.

An fresh uproar erupted in the cave. Every one started yelling at once, with an angry red faced little man leading the charge. "She didn't align! She killed Eilheart! She's a traitor! I say she is not going to help us, and not who the teachings said she was! We should caste her out! Send her back!"

Master Nakai swung around, "Quiet! Grafter," he said addressing the ring leader. Then with a gentle smile he softened his words, "Please, your grief is making you hasty and unkind to our great and wondrous guest. Eilheart sketched bravely and he will have a good medicine death as a result of that. Perhaps the Heart Carrier will restore Eilheart's life, but we must give her a chance. We must also understand that she has travelled many dimensions to get here, and will be weary. Heart Carrier," he said addressing Moira, "Will you bring our friend back?"

The masters eyes were like none she had ever seen before. They looked like normal blue eyes, but there was something more in them. It was like they held all the love and compassion and understanding in the world. It was the sort of look where you felt you would do anything to give this person what they wanted. Moira closed her eyes against their request, feeling useless and saddened. She felt humble and unable to meet the need in those eyes. Then she gave herself a shake. Carefully, and with the mechanical look of some one in overload, she said out aloud, " My name is Moira Sutton. I live at 134 Monogan Avenue, Ilumba. I have three children and an ex husband. I have been hurt. I am in a coma or concussed or something, and I am having a bad trip. That's all. This is a dream. A hideous

nightmare. This is not real. I repeat, this is not real. Testing, testing, one two three testing. " She felt a giggle welling up. "Just my luck ! " she thought, "My only chance at drug taking and I get a bad trip! ' She let the giggle go and grow, until all she could hear was the sound of her own laughter. Even to her own ears, it didn't sound good. She closed her eyes trying to shut out the cave. Then there was a buzzing between her eyebrows, a bit like the electric shock of before, but gentler. She felt quieted, opening her eyes, Master Nakai was still looking at her with infinite love and wisdom and she felt like she wanted to cry. She wondered if that's what religious people saw when they looked at those pictures of Jesus.

"Greetings, Moira Sutton, of 134 Monogan Avenue, Heart Carrier. You honour us with your name. We thank you. I am Master Nakai, the presiding hierarchical leader for this pod. We deeply apologise once again if your trip has been bad. We need to share some talking so that we can see the sketch we make. But first, we need to keep you safe. You did not align. The great spider of fate will eat you if you do not align yourself when she comes searching for the unwary. You can survive her fate only if you are aligned. It does not mean you will necessarily have a positive experience of her visit, but it means you will survive it and you will learn something for your highest good. Apprentice Eilheart projected his alignment onto you and saved your life. He was truly a brave and generous soul. Later we will honour his passing."

"It's not my fault! You're not real! ' shouted Moira, suddenly furiously angry. 'This is a dream! My name is Moira, I live in Queensland, Australia. I am having a bad dream. This is not real! You're not real! You're an illusion. My name is Moira. I have three children, and a job." Moira could hear the desperation in her voice.

The Master touched her with his energy again and she felt calm. She didn't know how she knew that's what he was doing, but she knew.

"She's an unschooled soul! She doesn't have any skills. She will be no help to us. Eilheart gave up his life for a nobody! He probably went to the wrong dimension, or maybe the old commentaries are wrong! Let the spider have her for dinner, look at the trouble she's caused already. We are better to help ourselves. It's what I've said all along. Forget the old commentaries, lets fight fire with fire ", yelled the one called Grafter.

"Quiet!", commanded the master. "She carries the Heart. She would be destroyed by wearing it if she were not an advanced being sent to help us. You all know what happened to Master Pickett when he picked up the one piece of rose quartz we have here; and it wasn't even the powerful symbol of the heart. He died an agonising death as his vibration was too low for it, and he was one of our more advanced masters. Perhaps she is just stunned. She said she had a bad trip. She is our only hope. We must keep her safe. She is in shock. Let us align and

send her energy to align her," said the master.

Grafter propped for a moment and then looking uncertain, he followed suit and sat down in the cross legged position with the other cherubs. The chamber was filled with an incredible humming as the "om's" filled the air. Moira felt this incredible rush of love and peace. She closed her eyes, and felt at peace for perhaps the first time in her life - real peace, not just the temporary kind created by a few wines in the sun on a Sunday afternoon. There was a sense of rightness in her situation. She felt none of the proceeding panic. She opened her eyes briefly to see if the red stain was still there. It was. She felt a shudder run through her but at the same time she understood that he had indeed given his life up for her. She felt saddened but she didn't understand. In the pervading atmosphere of peace she figured that it would all be OK anyway, and with that thought it suddenly came to her that this was what alignment must be; accepting what was happening to you, going with the flow, and feeling OK about it.

The Master raised his hand and the 'om-ing' stopped. He looked her in the eye and very gently said, "Heart Carrier, if you do not wish to be eaten by the Spider of Fate, you must align yourself. She weaves the web that is the infinite possibilities of creation. Her eight legs symbolise the four directions and the four winds of change, and the infinite possibilities of creation are stored in the infinity like symbol of her body. She also weaves the web of fate, and those who are not aware and not aligned get caught in her web and become her dinner. If you are not aligned when she comes calling you get caught in the world of illusion and caught in the polarity of good and bad luck without realising you can take control, to a degree, by aligning yourself."

Moira stared for a moment. She reminded herself that her name was Moira Sutton and that this was not real. This was a dream, a bad trip, a nightmare and soon she would wake up. She closed her eyes, then she felt the skin on her body begin to burn. She looked to where it hurt and realised it was the red stain beginning to itch. She looked at the Master, waiting patiently and felt a wave of sadness for Eilheart, who seemed like he was a nice thing. The burning of the stain got worse. She started to scratch it. Almost involuntarily she heard herself say, "I don't know what alignment is." The burning feeling in the stain subsided. "And I need a bath," she croaked, her voice sounding loud and weird in the chamber. She'd never heard herself speak in a dream before. There were mutterings from the back of the chamber and a few gasps of shock at her omission, but it was quickly quiet again.

Master Nakai looked around, and then seemed to make a decision. "Faltone, come and align yourself and hold the energy for the Heart Carrier. Bringett, prepare a room in my chamber for her and Jingnett, bring some refreshments to my withdrawing room. Heart Carrier," he said with a formal bow to Moira, "Will you do me the honour of accompanying me to my

chamber’? We can talk there and Faltone will hold your energy until we get to the bottom of this alignment business. It's probably just a temporary memory loss due to Eilhearts unorthodox methods of drawing you."

Moira shook her head, and began to say no, when the stain on her skin began to itch and burn again. Instead she whined, "I need a bath. I have blood on me." Her voice cracked and suddenly she felt really sad and sorry for herself, and alone. Hell, she couldn't even create good dreams. And she felt somehow soiled, as if she'd journeyed a thousand miles and had eyes that had seen too much.

Since this was just a dream, an illusion, then it wouldn't hurt to at least dream up a big bath tub and a comfy bed, and she liked the feeling she got when the Master spoke to her. It was like being loved without any expectations. There was this sense that everything was OK, and that the world revolved around you totally. She realised that probably in her whole life no one had ever actually listened to her. I mean really listened, and she realised that was because the Master did actually really listen. She figured that was why she probably talked so much. With Dave you had to say everything three times and then you were never sure if he'd heard, and her Mum had always talked over the top. Humm, feeling heard was good, she decided idly. She made a pact with herself to listen more to the kids when she got home. The thought of the kids jerked her away from her dream like state and she realised it was because the "om-ing" had started again.

A girl 'cherub' came forward. She presumed it was Faltone, and om-ing all the while, took her hand to help her up. Moira was surprised that she could get up. While she couldn't really see any damage, her body felt somehow bruised and battered, and very weary. She took Faltone's arm and they formed a small procession after the Master, out of the chamber, and into the tunnel outside. It was lit with what looked like large fire flies hovering just above floor level. The walls were smooth and looked age worm. Somehow the tunnel felt nice; as if it was friendly, and the air smelt like clean, fresh earth and things growing. Moira caught her thoughts and realised she was beginning to sound like some sort of poet. 'What next?' she thought. 'A tunnel that feels nice? Come on Moira, what's happening to you!' As she thought about it, however, she realised that the tunnel did actually feel nice. She thought about some other clues she had. Weird as it seemed, she had this sudden flash that you could feel things here, where ever here was. With that thought the Master turned around and smiled at her, as if he'd heard what she had thought, and was letting her know she was on track. She gave herself a mental shake. Boy! not only was she dreaming, but she was getting paranoid now. Anyway she would play along for a bit to see if she could dream herself up a bath. By then she would have probably woken up or regained consciousness or whatever it was that was happening, and she would be OK then. It would all be OK and she would

regale her friends at the next gathering about her ‘drug’ experience.

After a slow gradual descent they reached a small pink door on their left. Moira had to stoop to get through it. She had a flash of Alice in Wonderland, and smiled grimly. Just go with it, she told herself. There was a central chamber inside with a number of doors going off it. The Master took the first door and ushered Moira into what looked like a cosy sitting room. There were some crystals around the room and several bunches of flowers. The overall feeling was of peace and simple beauty. On a table in the middle was what looked surprisingly like a huge teapot. The Master asked Faltone if she would wait outside, and offered her a cake from the tray on her way out. After making sure that she was seated the Master began to say some sort of chant over the teapot, and then he bowed to it, touched his hands to the floor, gave thanks, and then turned the pot round three times to the right. It was quite a ritual, as he ceremoniously got the cups and saucers and laid them out with little golden spoons. He smiled at her puzzlement. “ I tell my students that ceremony and ritual are very important and it is our intent which makes our life special or not. This is the tea ceremony, and if we intend health, happiness, and prosperity to the drinkers, then so it shall be.”

Finally he offered Moira a cup, which she felt incredibly needy of suddenly. There were some little cakes on the plate and the Master nodded at her. She popped one in her mouth and thought they were the most delicious thing she had ever tasted. There was the taste of honey, and they sort of melted or vibrated in her mouth. She smiled happily and thought about sunshine and bees. “ Made with love,‘ the Master said cryptically. She nodded understanding what he meant intuitively, and as she reached for a second one, she had this picture in her head of one of the cherubs om-ing over the oven and filling the food with love. Again she caught herself and thought, “ How did I know that?”. She glanced suspiciously at the Master, but he appeared engrossed in his tea.

Finally, after what seemed like a long time, he turned to her and said, “I need you to tell me why you didn't align when the Spider of Fate came? Was it a punishment for Eilheart for bringing you through?”

Moira felt her mouth go dry. The quietly spoken words tore away her peace. She felt totally responsible for what had happened, which was bizarre. She was the victim here, and besides, she thought defensively, it was only a dream. Just a bloody stupid dream! The Master was obviously waiting for her to speak. She felt an incredible pressure to do so. What could she say? She closed her eyes beginning to actively pray for a waking up from this nightmare. The red stain began to itch and burn again. She opened her eyes and blurted out, “ I don't know what your talking about. I don't know what alignment is, and none of this is real. You're a dream I'm having. I must have been hurt and l'm imagining you! You're not

real.' She could hear the rising note of hysteria in her voice.

The Master made some om-ing noises and then he looked at her squarely and said firmly, "I'm sorry but this is not a dream. You have been brought to our land by Eilheart, who was apprenticed to the Great Hierarchy, in service to the Plan. He performed a spell which no one knows how to do anymore to get you here. His wife died in the effort of bringing you in. He then sacrificed his own life to give you his alignment when the Spider of Fate came. He sketched a line in the great Plan bravely."

Moira's voice was a panicked squeak, 'I don't know what alignment is, and I don't know who you are or why you think I can help, but I assure you I can't. My name is Moira Sutton. I have three children and I am very ordinary and I don't really know anything about anything, and I especially don't know what your talking about!" Moira realised she was yelling. "And furthermore I don't believe your real. I've obviously been in some sort of accident and this whole place is some kind of delusion I'm having! "

The Master began to om again and Moira felt her heart rate slow and that sense of peace come back. In a very quiet but firm voice he said, "Heart Carrier, this is most definitely not a dream. Our land is in great peril, and while I understand your distress, our need for your help is too great. We have only a year to the first planetary line up and energy hit, and then 12 more years of chaos and despair to the final end, if we do not act now. We feel that the watching hierarchy allowed Eilheart to bring you in for a reason. You must be the one. We assumed you would understand the principles of energy usage, and at least, the Laws of Service and of Sacrifice. To tell the truth, we had expected an initiate of a high degree, but perhaps I am rushing you. Obviously we need to talk at length. At this moment, however, Faltone will be getting weary holding your energy, so I must teach you how to align." As if he felt Moira's doubt, he looked at her and said, "You will not be safe if you do not align, and there are other things other than the Spider, for the unwary, unaligned."

Moira nodded, feeling too weak and confused to struggle. The stain on her skin stopped burning again. She hoped wearily that they had a bath tub.

'So Heart Carrier," said the master decisively, "Before I teach you how to align, let me just brief you on the principles of energy; and brief it will be so hang on to your pencil for the sketching. The central principle is that our thoughts create our reality, or energy follows thought. Humans are incredibly powerful beings, much more in charge of their own destiny and the creating of their world than they realise. Once when we were in a place called Eden we knew this, but over the long evolution of man we have forgotten who we are or why we came here. On the surface of our planet, people have forgotten to such a degree that they feel powerless victims of their lives and spend most of their time in fear and misery, always

longing for what appears to be out of reach. This fear and misery, because they don't understand the principles of manifestation and energy, becomes self-perpetuating and they find themselves in a viscous circle. There is a totally different way to live which we have been trying to teach them for years, but their fear of trying something new, and their suspicion of us is so great that they can not hear us. Humans are funny creatures because we say to them, 'Do not take our word for it. Test out the theories for yourselves' and we tell them there is a huge volume of information, written and experiential, available on the surface to support our proposal and be tested, but they do not want to know. Every individual can demonstrate these principles for himself. It would be down right stupid to take another's word. We must learn to think for ourselves and not be one of the sheep or allow an "authority" to tell us the way and come between us and the universal source. We do not want blind followers or dummies. We do not want any followers. We are just here to try and help humanity help themselves. Is it not bizarre that people would rather have the pain, uncertainty and suffering that they know, than risk something new, which maybe wonderful, positive and empowering, and certainly could not be worse than what they are already having? Fear is the greatest crusher and the commonest emotion on our planet, and totally unnecessary if we realised how powerful we really were. And let me tell you," he said waving his finger in the air, reminding Moira of Mrs Green down the road, the local gossip and doom monger, "the principle of 'what you think you get' is quiet scientific and provable; none of this cosmic mumbo jumbo that has been the latest fad to offset our fear. It is based on the principles of physics and energy, and is tied in with Einstein's theory of relativity.'

Surprised Moira blurted out, "How did you know about Einstein?"

"His work crossed all dimensions with his brilliance, and we were able to access it through meditation. You can access all the dimensions via directed meditation. It is very useful for travel with out the body hassles," he said with a wink.

Moira found herself smiling at this rare flash of humour despite the strangeness of the situation. She felt relieved at the mention of Einstein, it somehow made this place seem a little less foreign. She frowned suddenly to herself, trying to think if she really knew anything about his theories. Ruefully she realised that all she really knew was the bit she remembered from that chocolate advert on telly years ago, where the professor was scribbling  $E=mc^2$  on a blackboard. "What does  $E = mc^2$  mean," she asked clinging on to the one piece of information that some how seemed familiar.

" 'E' stands for energy, and 'm' stands for mass, and 'c' is the letter used to represent the constant that is the speed of light. So energy equals the mass or weight of an object, times the speed of light squared." Moira frowned feeling like she was way out of her depth. The



master saw her struggling to comprehend and went on to say, "What this means is, if I could run at the speed of light squared, my body would disappear and become pure energy, or if we could make any object travel at speed of light squared, it would disappear and become energy or 'invisible' if you like. In short energy and mass or matter are interchangeable"

He saw Moira's blank look and said, "Let me put it simply to you, and this is why our thoughts create our reality. We are all made up of energy. Matter is the densest form of energy so it appears solid to us as it has the slowest vibration. Things like radio waves or x-rays are higher forms of energy or vibrations, while 'divine energy' or 'light' for want of a better word is an even still higher form of energy. The smallest building block, so to speak, in physical matter is an atom. A compound or substance is formed when various combinations of these atoms join together. In solids, like say ice, the molecules are tightly held together or bonded, so they appear solid to us. In steam, they are further apart. One appears solid and the other 'invisible' but both are still the same, they just have more energy hence more space between the molecules. The difference between ice and steam, is that to get steam you have to increase, or add energy. Now there are only 103 different basic blocks or atoms on our planet. This table of 'raw materials' is called the periodic table and any of your scientists will verify that fact. What makes all the myriad of material or compounds that you see in evidence on our planet, is the energy that bonds the atoms or building blocks together. It is called the energy of attraction, and really, even after all these years of scientific experimentation, science is only just becoming even any where near explaining it. This 'bonding energy' is an invisible energy which doesn't appear to be measurable in our normal physical way. It is actually the same energy as the energy of thought, or the energy of God or the energy of divinity; light or the divine glue if you like. God's a tricky word, as people on the surface have such a lot of misguided passion and connotations around it. It, Light or the divine spark, is the attractive force which causes everything, including us to manifest. I am giving you a very basic description here. We are hindered by our language as we have not developed the words for the concepts yet.

Basically what I'm saying to you is that spirit and matter are the same energy. Matter is just spirit at it's lowest vibration. This means that by the power of our thoughts, and learning to maximise, build and store our energy, we can create what we want in our world, and each of us is able to demonstrate this for ourselves in our everyday lives. The first step is understanding our energy field and learning how to align ourselves with our soul, which is a much greater source of power or vibration than our physical bodies. Are you with me here Girly? Do you see the grand sketch we are making?"

Moira giggled stupidly at him; she hadn't been called Girly since her Granddad had died when she was a kid. It made her feel about five years old. She got a bit of what he had said,

feeling energised because of his animation and enthusiasm. She nodded anyway, not having the heart to tell him most of it sounded pretty far fetched to her. He looked at her suspiciously, opened his mouth to make a comment, and then thinking better of it, he smiled in a self depreciating manner and said, "Humm, I get a little passionate about it all. It is so simple and provable. Let us get to the task at hand, or we will run the risk of the spider coming back before we have taught you the safety of alignment."

Moira shuddered and looked down at the blood stain on her skin grimly, the reality of this weird place, hell she half suspected, setting in. Master Nakai cleared his throat and began to speak in mesmerising tones. She could not help but pay attention, despite the strangeness of the situation. "Alignment," he said, "is a process of increasing your amount of available usable energy. It's like putting money in the bank. It is also the process of aligning with your soul, which guides you and has a much higher vibration than the physical body; hence the increase in energy. We will start with the aura. The energy field or aura around the body is made up of seven layers or bodies. Today we will only discuss 5 of the bodies, as they are the ones we use most. The other two are mostly only used by high grade initiates. So, there is the physical - etheric body, the emotional body, and the mental body. These three are called the three lower bodies, and when integrated or fused, make up what we call the personality, or the personality body. Then there is the soul body, which has the highest vibration of the lot, with the physical body being the densest or slowest vibrating body, and the rest ascending in vibration in the order I have given them. Each body is connected to the plane of that level of vibration. Therefore, the physical body connects and interacts with the physical plane, that is the stuff we call matter.

The emotional body connects and interacts with the emotional or astral plane, as it was called in the old days, and the mental body interacts with the mental plane, and so on. We call them bodies but some of them are more like aggregates of energies and some look like grids. These bodies go out in layers to about three feet around the body in a cloud or aura, though a Master may have an aura of a mile or more. Each of these layers has an energy vibration higher than the one below it. As I said earlier, the physical body has the lowest vibration, which is what makes it seem solid to us. The only difference between something we think of as physical or solid, and something we think of as spirit or energy, is the rate of it's vibration. Hence spirit and matter are different ends of the one line. The next layer up is the etheric body. The etheric body is the closest or densest vibrating level of energy to matter. It is a grid like structure and is what we call the blue print or plans for the manifestation of the physical body. The etheric body and the physical body are duplicates of one another, except one is energy and the other is matter.

When we are training the juniors to see aura's we get them to look for the etheric field first,

as being the densest layer after the physical body, it's the easiest one to see. It is the lowest vibrating non physical layer and goes about an inch out around the body. We get them to practice by looking at candles against a white wall and allowing them to get used to the technique of refocusing their eyes and expanding their vision out to where the light from the flame really stops. We all have 'the sight', it's just a matter of training and awareness, and what we have already learnt in past lives. We treat the physical - etheric body as one body these days, as these two fused in the time of ancient Lumeria, about 18 million years ago.

The next body out is the emotional or astral body, which of course connects to and interacts with the astral plane. The astral plane can be a bit of a slush pit - all those emotions bouncing round and a lot of fairly unpleasant energy forms are in this plane. The old texts say that the astral plane is the seat of cosmic evil in our universe due to it's invasion by the black lodge about nine million years ago in Atlantis. We have an old scripture called the Great Invocation, and it talks about Love, Light, and Power, and the process of energy transference, and " sealing the door where evil dwells." I always think that the door they are talking about is the one into the astral plane. Any way, it is not a reliable place to use the clairvoyant sight from. You are better off to use intuition on the mental plane." At her puzzled look, he paused to explain that instinct happened in the physical body and on the physical plane, clairvoyance happened in the emotional body and on the astral or emotional plane, and intuition happened in the mental body and on the mental plane; that intuition was far more reliable than clairvoyance or instinct, due to it's higher vibration and because the mental plane was a point of access to the soul.

"On the astral plane, there is also what we term 'lost souls', trapped there. Some are harmless and just lost, but others can be malevolent and don't want to leave the physical plane for various reasons - usually mean or greedy ones. We didn't have much trouble with this type of soul in the old days, when most of the people had an understanding of the death rites, and a sense of what dying was all about, but now, sigh, with the loss of much of the knowledge, and the amount of fear created by the new technologies of the parafearonoids, the emotional or astral plane can be dangerous for the uninitiated. Though, by golly, we struck a mighty blow against the black lodge in the great war from 1915 to '45. They gambled that humanity would not enact the law of sacrifice for peace, but by golly, they did. But anyway, I digress.

The emotional body vibrates at a faster rate than the physical or etheric bodies, and then above that is the mental body. The mental body has two levels, the lower concrete mind, and the higher or intuitive mind. The concrete mind is where we do most of our logical rational thinking. The higher or intuitive mind is where we get our inspirational ideas from, and where we can intuit what is going on around us. It's sort of like a connecting doorway for

guidance from the soul. To evolve as a human, you must learn to use your mind fully, so education and expanding your horizons by meditating on and studying things that stretch you mentally, is crucial. We have a program here that teaches academically and spiritually. The two go hand in hand. One is vital to balance out the other. They stopped the spiritual education program on the surface years ago saying it was out dated and useless, and in some ways it was with most of the teachers unable to understand or teach the laws properly. However antiqued and confused it was better than nothing. Now their world is failing and their people are unhappy because there is no understanding of the purpose of life or balance between the academic and the spiritual. They did not understand the use of mantrums or the purpose of meditation. Meditation is a science. It is not a sweetsy form of relaxation. It is the technical process of aligning your lower bodies with your soul so you know your way and so that you can have peace and happiness. Alignment gives you the power to create what you need and the wisdom to accept those things in peace which you can't control. No one understood on the surface why we gave the juniors and apprentices phrases like, ' Though my true home is in the sea of fire, I descend, into the dark and cold of matter, so that lesser lives may feel my fire and Live. This my only pain, is the surest path to bliss for those who choose to serve on earth as fiery hearts of love,' or " Out of the lotus in the head, there springs a flower of bliss. It's earliest form is joy." These are called mantrums and develop the higher mind. Many were given by the masters, who were here in the dim distant past, and contain incredible amounts of information. We use these apparently mysterious ancient phrases or mantrums to pass on a vibration or level of knowledge, which our language has not developed the words to express yet. They are understood by meditating on them and using the higher or intuitive mind." The master suddenly frowned and tut tutted to himself. ' My apologies Heart Carrier, I am rambling.

So, as I said, the etheric body is the blue print for our physical body, and where the stream of energy divine from the source enters into our auric field to energise us or make us alive. It is sometimes called the body double. The energy from the divine source flows into the etheric blueprint / body and then manifests the physical body. I don't know if this will be too much information, but I feel I should tell you that the stream of divine energy splits as it enters the etheric field, into two streams. One anchors in the heart, and is called the life stream. If that stream disconnects the physical body dies. The other stream flows into the head, and is called the stream of consciousness. It can be disconnected and the person will still be alive, although maybe not conscious in the way we know it, or they might be in a coma, or someone else may take over the brain by plugging in their own consciousness stream while the socket is unoccupied, and in effect control the other person's body. That happens sometimes when people take too many drugs, or have an accident which "scares" the consciousness stream from out of the head, or even in a mild way when one person

controls another to do his bidding. We have a disease on the surface called para schizfits, which is where the consciousness stream is knocked out of the socket, and some one else is able to take over temporarily. These people often report hearing voices. We can cure them by working on their etheric field, unfortunately on the surface they just drug them, making the stream of consciousness connection weaker still.

When we teach the apprentices to heal they are taught to work with the ethenc body, as being the plans for the physical body, it manifests all disease in the physical body. Healing is much faster, working with the etheric field, as working with the physical body is only treating the symptoms, not the cause. Working on the physical is like working backwards; it mostly works, but is much slower; you keep correcting the physical problem in the hope that it eventually flows through and changes the 'circuits' in the etheric body. As I said earlier, in most people the physical - etheric bodies fused a long way back in our evolution in Lumeria. Before those two bodies fused there was the possibility that a person would go to sleep, and not wake up because the life force energy would stop jumping from the etheric body to the physical and they would literally stop breathing. These days the only time we see these bodies not fused is in cot death, or epilepsy and rare types of fainting spells, where the person literally dies for a short time. The convulsing in epilepsy is caused by the life force beginning to flow again. In most of us, the energy flow stays steady until death, though some of the people living in the Outer Zones, where the parafearonoids have a lot of power, have less vitality than those who align. It is a more recent trend where the person feels continually tired and they don't know why. The energy stream from the source is not jumping over from the etheric body to the physical body smoothly, and some of the life force is being lost, and so aliveness is reduced. It is aggravated by fear and people feeling their lives are meaningless, hopeless existences. We need to let people know there is a purpose to life; a scientific basis, and to begin to give thanks for their pain as their teachers and as a place to progress from. Are you with me Heart Carrier?"

Moira nodded, feeling a little unsure of some of the terms he was using but seeming to get the gist of the concepts. She noticed how energised and alert she was feeling. She had always tended to drift off at school. They said her attention span was short, but somehow this seemed fascinating. She wasn't quiet sure where it was going, but she felt that somehow the Master was giving her energy as he taught her. She reached for another cake. She had an internal giggle as she thought about eating cakes with a cherub and getting lessons, but somehow it was all beginning to seem very real.

The Master began to speak again and Moira felt the almost pleasant hypnotic pull of his voice. "The goal of the Lumerian race was to fuse the physical - etheric bodies. They succeeded. We still have many unnecessary harsh physical practices such as fasting, self

flagellation, and strict exercise rituals, that were necessary to grow spiritually in that age left over, as an over hang from having to learn to fuse the physical and etheric bodies. The goal of the Atlantian race was to fuse the physical - etheric body with the emotional body and then have these two controlled by the mental body, but the black lodge got in and sabotaged the Plan and that civilisation was destroyed due to it's failure to fulfil it's goals. Most people today are still Atlantian in their consciousness. That is, they are still trying to get their mental body to dominate their emotional body, which was the dominant body of Atlantian times. This fusion is the current goal of our race. When our mental body is dominant then we will have some relief from the continual endless wants of our emotions, and we will be able to tap into our intuitive or higher mind to guide us. Hence, the fear and uncertainty of not knowing the way, will leave us. I am not talking about suppressing our emotions with our mind, I am talking about acknowledging our emotions and including them in our decisions, but not letting their destructive fire and our pain destroy our ability to clearly follow our path, and be at peace. I guess what I am trying to say, is that we are over identified with our physical and emotional bodies. When we become more identified with our soul body, we will feel pain differently as it won't occupy all of our reality.

So you see Heart Carrier, the personality or personal body is made up of the three lower bodies fused together, or integrated, is the technical term the old Masters would use. Alignment is the process of lining up the physical, etheric, emotional and mental bodies, to form a personality. Today unfortunately there are many people who are not personalities. They are their minds or their emotions or perhaps just a physical body trying to meet it's physical appetite. Then there are those who flip between the three bodies, sometimes living in the mind, sometimes just purely in the emotions, and at other times in the physical body. To function well we need to not have our thoughts and feelings and actions displaced. We need to think, feel and act simultaneously so we can make the right decisions. Some of the people now are still acting out patterns that happened on an emotional level years ago, and others have such a large cleavage or energy chasm between their emotional body and their mental body, they don't feel anything at all, they are just their minds. This separating of the bodies, or cleavages between planes, has created havoc in our land. Cruelty and famine and disease were never something we knew. Now we see it every where we look, because we aren't functioning from the physical, emotional and mental planes simultaneously. The parafearonoids have created these devices called commandant boxes or C.B's, designed to play on our emotional bodies, and to harden us to violence and suffering, and to keep us from using our minds. Many are glued to them for hours a day. They fill the people full of fear, and the desire for the unrealistic parade of wants that they show, not to mention unrealistic life styles and unrealistic body shapes. Some of our young people have lost the ability to use their imagination because they never have to think for themselves, the pictures

do it all for them."

"What do you mean the separating off of planes or bodies?", interrupted Moira, feeling like she sort of knew what he meant, but needed some clarity.

The master aligned himself briefly, or at least she thought that was what he was doing, and began to speak again. "This is probably not the best example, but see if this analogy helps. When a person is an integrated personality, that is, has the physical - etheric body, lined up energetically with the emotional and mental bodies, then they function as a much more effective unit. They can think, feel and act effectively and simultaneously. Let me use the simple example of a man who is integrated, hitting his finger with a hammer. He hits his finger, and in the physical body he feels pain, in the emotional body, he goes 'boo hoo', and on the mental plane, he concludes, as a result of being integrated, "Don't stick your finger under the hammer", and has therefore learned the lesson. In getting the lesson and the correct guidance, he has got information from all planes on the events of that moment. This alignment also allows his soul to add it's own wisdom. Because he expressed the three planes simultaneously, he has no trapped or unexpressed energy stuck in his field. If for example, he wasn't good with his emotions, he might neglect to express the energy in his emotional body, and it would begin to build up. That build up would then start to apply pressure to be released any time other events were occurring on an emotional level. Eventually you would have an individual who began to suffer from out of proportion reactions to events in his life, or whose behaviour would become distorted by the unexpressed energy trapped in his emotional body. If the person in our example is not integrated, and hits their finger with a hammer, then on the physical plane he feels pain, on the emotional plane, he may kick the dog or yell at the mother in law who just happens to be there about something else, and three months later he may conclude in the mental body that all hammers cause arguments with mother in laws. He will then deprive himself of the use of the hammer for the rest of his life, or feel resentment at the mother in law for stopping him from building. Does that make sense?" Moira nodded vigorously, feeling like a whole bunch of light globes had gone off in her head. Her reactions to Dave's drinking, and how out of proportion they were, suddenly made sense. The masters voice brought her back.

"Anyway, once we are personalities, we can begin to meet our needs effectively and usually function well in our everyday worlds. It is rare to find an integrated personality with a disease or in poverty. Only when the three lower bodies are aligned to form a personality, can our soul can begin to act on us and direct our lives with the guidance we need. It, the soul, builds a bridge to our personality called the antahkarana, or rainbow bridge. We all know our way, or our soul does, and it should be the only thing we answer to; not guru's, peer pressure or authority figures. The purpose of meditation is to bring our souls in to

direct and guide us. It takes the pain out of our lives. Many have forgotten this; that our pain is caused by an over identification with our emotional body, rather than a source of pleasure and useful information from just one level, and that if we follow our soul we can avoid most of our suffering. Meditation is a science, though unfortunately much of what masquerades as meditation today is simply relaxation. It is not about seeing glamorous visions, or having a snooze. It is about the technical process of lining up the three lower bodies and getting your own soul to show you the way. Meditation will be recognised as a science in the future, and people will understand the gift of lining up their bodies to allow the soul to direct. In the personality we know joy, but in the soul we know bliss. Meditation is about bringing heaven to earth and living as a soul, not escaping off with the fairies or going to live on the mountain and shunning your duty and growth potential in the real world. It's about the soul having a human experience, not the human having a soul experience.

"The Master suddenly looked apologetic and then sad. "Sorry, Heart Carrier, sometimes it is so frustrating; the times we live in and the fear! If people only knew there was a different way. Which brings me back to alignment. To avoid the spider of fate, and ultimately to have peace and health, you need to be aligned in all your lower bodies so that the soul energy flows in easily. So let's have a practice. I will teach you the formal alignment meditation we teach to the juniors at the pod school. Sit with your spine straight to facilitate the energy flow and close your eyes. Allow your breath to flow in and out gently, through your nose if you can, but don't get caught up in the physicalness of the breath or body. If your nose itches scratch it. It will be much more distracting not to, just hold your meditative focus, or keep bringing your mind back if you lose your concentration."

Moira adjusted her position and closed her eyes. The Master cleared his throat and began to speak in clear soothing tones. He started with a long clear "om", and said, 'Imagine yourself floating high above some beautiful mountains, with the sun shining off their snow capped peaks. The air is crisp and electric, and there is a feeling of power emanating from this sacred place. As you look down you notice a plateau high amongst the peaks. On the plateau is a fire, and you know it is the fire of love, the fire of light and the fire of the will to good. It looks like a large fiery lotus and it is emitting a sound. The sound is the sacred word "Om". It calls you closer. You descend to the plateau beside the fire. As you look around you realise there are other beings of love and light on the plateau with you. You feel a rush of love and joy at the sight of them, and you begin to link up with them, recognising them as your soul group; beings of love and light who you have met life time after life time. You connect with them, linking, heart to heart, mind to mind, and light to radiant light. You feel a surge of power as the connections are made. You walk towards the fiery lotus and step into the fire, taking your place on its petals. Working as a group, and with united breath, we sound the sacred word "om" achieving quietness and receptivity in the physical etheric



body.” Moira found herself almost involuntarily sounding the om with the master. She felt a bit weird making some sort of noise, but there was a sense of energy or power around what was happening. As she drifted in the sound she consoled herself with the fact that a spider that popped up and attacked was hardly normal, and that she better pay attention just in case.

“We sound the sacred word "Om" achieving emotional tranquillity.” Again Moira heard herself sound the “om” with the master and felt her stomach relax.

“We sound the sacred word ‘om’ achieving mental poise and clarity. Oooommmmm.”

“We sound the sacred word om focusing and integrating the three lower bodies and forming an integrated personality. Oooommmmm.” As Moira sounded the om, she felt a warmth in her forehead; the space between her eyebrows felt like it went click, click, click, as if the three lower bodies had just locked together to form an integrated personality.

“We sound the sacred word om, lifting the consciousness from the integrated personality, to the soul. Dwell for a few moments within the consciousness of the soul. Oooommmmm.”

There was a tingling in the top of her head, and it felt as if energy had shifted from between her eyebrows to the crown of her head. She heard the master in the distance saying to just feel your soul and encouraging her to keep pulling it closer. She marvelled at her clarity and the rush of love, joy and understanding she was feeling. She felt her acceptance of this strange land, as if her own soul was guiding her and telling her it was all real. For the first time in her life she experienced unity with out the need to control or dominate. She also felt relief from the constant fear which had pervaded and dogged her every step, for most of her adult life.

Some time later she felt the master gently touch her on the arm. Very softly he said, “Heart Carrier, Moira, time to come back. You have been meditating for almost an hour and it is getting late. You have done an excellent job. It takes the juniors and apprentices a quite a long time to achieve the state you were just in. It gladdens my heart and gives me hope.”

Moira gave a carefree laugh. “An hour’?”, she exclaimed. “You've got to be kidding me!”

The master frowned, “Kidding?” he said. “ I do not understand your expression.”

“Never mind,” said Moira feeling at peace. Well maybe not at peace, she corrected herself feeling cautious, but certainly for the moment, in a state of acceptance. She wasn't sure if this land was real, and she suspected she may even be dead, but she made a commitment to move forward and see what would happen. And any way she could hardly claim that where she came from was exactly a barrel of laughs! At that moment Faltone entered the room and Moira looked suspiciously at the master wondering if he could some how communicate on a

different level, but he just smiled blandly.

“Ah Faltone,” he said, “perhaps you could take the Heart Carrier to her chamber, and may the hand of karma and the law of cause and effect demonstrate kindly in your life for your service in holding the energy just now. You must be tired.”

Faltone literally beamed at the compliment, and Moira knew why. Somehow pleasing the master seemed to bring joy. Turning his attention back to Moira, he said, " Heart Carrier, we will talk some more tomorrow and we will see the sketch we make and perhaps create some new lines."

Moira nodded, and rather docilely followed Faltone from the chamber. Finally after winding through a maze of passages, Faltone stopped at a little blue door and held it open for Moira to enter. As she straightened up after entering, she gasped at the beauty of the room. It was all carved out of beautiful natural rock; the chairs, the bed and the dresser. In places the rock had veins of natural crystal, in every hue of the rainbow, running through it. Smiling very shyly Faltone said, “Do you like it, Heart Carrier”? It is very important to have a clear space to rest and sleep in. In the parafearonoid sectors people have forgotten this, and often try to rest in places polluted by their own and other negative thought forms. It is the apprentices job to keep our rest chambers energetically clean. I did this myself for you.”

Moira could hear the pleasure and pride in Faltone’s statement as she took in the glow of the candles and the beautiful flowers with their heady fragrance. She could literally feel the love and respect radiating towards her from the girl cherub. She felt a lump in her throat and her eyes misted with tears, as she tried to express her thanks. Never before had she felt so humbled by another’s caring and thoughtfulness. She had a flash that maybe we had all forgotten the joy of giving and of putting our own dramas aside for another. Was there really a different and wonderful way we could all exist together, she wondered? She laughed aloud as Faltone touched a panel, and the smooth rock wall slid back to reveal a small pool where a heated spring bubbled up out of the earth. At her obvious pleasure, Faltone literally broke into a grin, and her whole face seemed to radiate. As their eyes met, Moira felt like she'd found a friend in this strange place. Faltone grinned again, bowed and backed out of the room before Moira could utter a word.

On the dresser she noticed a beautiful gold kimono type of garment. She let out a rueful sigh as she looked down at herself. “Bloody hell Moira, look at yourself, you look like something the cat dragged in,” she said out loud. She realised that she felt pretty wobbly inside and that she'd better get to sleep before the emotional mess that was lurking somewhere inside her came in to reign doubt all over her new found peace. “Don't think Moira,” she told herself, just get in the tub and into bed and don't think. Leave it to the

morning" She began to peel off her clothes, her mind empty, preparing for the night.

## CHAPTER FOUR - THE DREAM.

Moira was high up, standing on the end of a long tongue of rock. She could see the desert stretching out in front of her. Beside her stood a coyote. He threw his head back and began to make a high keening sound. She felt as if she expanded with the sound, high into the clarity of the night sky. As the note grew louder it became almost a howl, and then a loud OOOOMMMMMMM, OOOOOOOMMMMMMM, OOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMM.

When the exact pitch was reached, it seemed to bounce into her body. It was like a violet ray of light. It landed in her heart, and began to burn like a blazing spiritual fire. The space between her eyebrows also began to glow and grow. The crown of her head began to tingle, and she saw a triangle of energy formed between these three places, joining the centre at the top of her head with the centre at her heart and the centre between her eyebrows. The moment that triangle was formed she saw another triangle, formed between her solar plexus, the base of her spine and her spleen on the right side. She knew as she saw this triangle of lines of force forming, that this was the triangle for physical vitality. She saw her spleen blazing like a mini sun, sucking in vitality from the world around her. Then the glow at her navel dimmed, and its energy moved up to the base of her throat. She knew this was a shift of energy from creativity on the physical plane to creativity on higher levels; art, literature, music, poetry, enthusiasm, zeal and charisma. Hmmm, I'll have more of those thank you very much, she thought idly.

Next, the glow at her solar plexus began to move to her heart. She had an awareness that much of the emotional suffering of humanity was caused by an excess of energy at the solar plexus on an emotional level. She saw that the emotional body was responsible for 95% of disease in humans, and that the etheric body was like the bridge between the physical body and the higher bodies. She realised that the etheric body, while it was the blue print for the physical body and governed its health, was not a principle, but merely a bunch of circuits. The state of the physical body was created by which ever higher body was acting on the etheric body. With a blinding flash from the height of the stone spit, she saw the three worlds, physical, astral and mental, and realised that mass humanity were still dominated by their emotional bodies or what she understood as the desire or animal mind, and hence the state of disease among the race. She saw that epidemics and infections were a group condition created by the belief of the masses creating a reality, and by the burying of so many bodies in the earth allowing the germs to breed and mutate. She understood the phrase, 'purification by fire', and the need to cremate.

The process of evolution in man over the ages began to unfold before her very eyes, seeing its speed leap as man began to learn to use his mind. She saw that the mind had two levels,

the physical brain, which was the receptor for the lower mind, and then there was the intuitive mind, through which the soul could act. She suddenly understood why you had to get the three lower bodies, the physical - etheric, the emotional, and the mental, all aligned or joined together. The process of alignment would make a clear channel for the soul to guide us, via the higher mind, down to the lower mind and then emerging as action via the brain. She had a vision of a disease free humanity as the soul began to become the dominant body in the aura, and the main force acting on the etheric body. She wondered what the soul was. She heard a voice say, “ The soul is the awareness or consciousness produced by the interaction between matter and spirit.”

She looked suspiciously at the coyote, who seemed as if he were a man in a dog suit. She blinked and heard the toning sounds again. When she next looked, she saw the coyote was standing beside a fire, just back from the edge of the spit. As she moved towards him, he stepped in to the fire. He began to disappear, but he watched her and seemed to call her. She stood beside the fire, watching it's flames, and with a deep breath, she stepped into the circle of stones and into the fire. She felt the flames run up her body. There was no pain, just a sensation of heat, and a dancing feeling on her skin. She felt the heat in the crown of her head and she saw the triangles begin to form again in her body. When she looked down at herself she realised that beneath the flames of matter she could see a web all over her body. She knew she was seeing her etheric body and that the lines of energy corresponded to the physical nervous system. It reminded her of a 3D grid, and where the lines of force in the grid crossed there were these little dots or energy centres.

She heard the word “Nadis” in her head, and understood that these nadis and the lines which joined them, were what acupuncture was based on, and corresponded to the physical nervous system. Then she saw these swirling vortices of energy, each with it's own colour, some larger than others. She could see 7 major ones running up her spine. She heard the word “chakras” and realised that different chakras or energy centres were responsible for the energy flow in that part of the body; that they were like whirlpools sucking in energy from the outside. It was as if we lived in a sea of energy, and would be bombarded or overloaded if we didn't have these centres to regulate the flow of energy for our different functions as humans. Underneath each of the chakras, she could see the major glands were located, and knew that the glandular system was the physical correspondence to the chakras in the etheric field. She understood now, how the etheric body largely regulated and affected the physical body through the glands and the nervous system.

She realised that the red glow at the base of her spine was her plug in point to the energy, or her base chakra or energy centre. It was the centre for vitality and the will to live, and was responsible for our getting our survival needs met; food, shelter, money, ecetera . She

moved her awareness up and saw the orange glow at her navel. It was sort of patchy and not clear, and she had an inner giggle as she realised she was seeing her own sexual frustration. She realised that this was where sexual and fertility problems started, and where we balanced our internal male and female sides. She realised the modern saying of ‘get in touch with your feminine side’ to men, meant more than just putting an apron on, it was about balancing the male and female halves of the sexual chakra. She aligned the centre with her mind and it glowed smoothly and clearly again. She felt relief and was somehow satisfied, and understood that you could consciously adjust the size of these chakras to help you meet the energy requirements for each human function. She consciously closed her sexual centre at the navel down a little, with a smile, realising that she was not interested in sex at the moment and didn't need so much energy to be flowing in to that centre. “Wish I'd known that before,” she thought cynically, remembering all the nights Dave had passed out leaving her frustrated.

She moved up to her solar plexus centre, just below her heart. It was a muddy seething cloud of yellow, and she saw clearly what a mess she was emotionally. It seemed as if it was too large and was obscuring and overlapping the centre or chakra at her heart. She knew she had to make it smaller and stop sucking in so much energy from the sea of energy we lived in, if she was going to be calm and happy. She could sense thoughts about Dave in there, and rage at the mess of her divorce and the loss of her happy Cinderella dream, and realised she'd have to do some work and use her mental plane to clear some of the trauma that was wedging this chakra for emotions open too wide. She paused and let the flames of the fire burn up some of her pain.

Then the incredible beauty of the swirling vortex of her heart drew her upward. She heard “love is the answer” and experienced total peace. In shock, she saw how few people she'd ever actually let into her heart, knowing with clarity that hers and Dave's relationship was based on emotional need and a solar plexus chakra connection, not love or a true heart connection, just emotional dependency. She knew that's why their marriage had been such an emotional roller coaster, and that real love was about accepting the person as they were, and not trying to change them or manipulate them to get them to feed your emotional cravings. She realised that real love was not needy, but was calm, serene and joyful. She wondered cynically, if anyone on earth actually had experienced love. A wave of guilt surged over her as she realised what a critical nag she had actually been, and how her emotional expectations of what love should be, had totally obscured the good things about Dave. With that thought she saw her aura dim. "Rats!" she thought, “I've just dimmed my vibration by my negative thoughts about myself. She began to think about Dave and herself in a loving manner, as two small humans doing the best they could with what they knew at the time, and forgave herself and him, as the flames licked over her, and she watched her

vibration lift again.

Curious about the turquoise glow at the base of her throat, she moved her awareness upward, and at this chakra she saw an ugly big wedge. "That's why I'm such a lousy communicator," she thought. She remembered of all the times she'd been told to sit down and shut up, and how she was making a fool of herself by babbling on. She remembered how much she'd loved to sing as a kid, and how discomfited her mother had been by that singing. She realised that sound was a very powerful change agent and understood why scary movies weren't so scary when you turned the sound down. She knew sound could change the condition of your energy field and mood at the drop of a hat, bypassing any resistance your mind may have to blocking change. It acted directly on your energy field. She thought of some of her world's great orators, and the tribal use of drums to change people and to achieve altered states of consciousness, and the mantrums the master had told her about. The song Amazing Grace popped into her head and she realised that some time way back the churches had understood the use of sound as well. She wasn't quiet sure what to do about that wedge so she moved her awareness up again.

This chakra was a clear purple-violet colour, and was right between her eyebrows. 'OK', she thought, 'this must be what they call the third eye.' "No, ajna centre, seat of the personality and control centre for the five lower chakras,' floated back. She wondered if it was the coyote's voice but there was no sign of him. She tried to focus to get more information, but was distracted by the golden glow at the crown of her head. As she watched it, it began to look like a thousand petalled lotus flower, and she felt some sort of connection with something very vast, but she didn't know what it was. It seemed to be just at the edge of her consciousness. With a jolt she was back in the fire, and there was the distant sound of coyote laughter echoing back. Suddenly the fire began to burn her skin. "Oh no!" she moaned, "I've been in here to long and all my baggage is being cleared too rapidly." She screamed as her hair ignited and threw herself on the ground beside the fire, slapping frantically at her head. The next moment, her screams locked in her vocal cords and her teeth clamped onto her tongue, as a huge force ripped through her chest. She began to convulse, agonising spasms ripping through her body. Just as suddenly the sensation eased and she was able to open her eyes. She was looking into blinding lights directly above her. Her jumbled brain tried to work out where she was. The word hospital had just struggled to the fore of her consciousness, when a white coated figure leaned over her and shouted, "Again!" A female voice said, "All clear, Doctor", and the horrendous charge ripped through her body once more. This time the convulsing was so intense she felt relieved to surrender in to unconsciousness.

## CHAPTER FIVE - THE WALLED GARDEN

Moira was woken by a shaft of sunlight streaming through some sort of a skylight she hadn't noticed the night before. Memories of her dream flooded back to her. Instinctively she put her hands up to her hair to see if it was still there. It was. Somehow that didn't give her any relief. Her muscles ached and she remembered the convulsions. A sob caught in her throat as she figured out she must be in hospital, dying. She would never see her children again. Jenny was only five and needed her mother, and she'd promised the boys a camping trip this summer. They were going to go last year but somehow she hadn't been able to prioritise the money to buy the camping gear. Now they would never go camping with their mother! She turned her face into the pillow and began to cry like a baby. She thought of every time she had smacked them, and how some days she'd been too mean to buy them a treat, her fear of money overwhelming her generosity.

She remembered how she had said that when she had children, she would never never smack them, that that was assault. She just didn't know it would be so hard - the repetitiveness, the physical drudgery and the boredom. She loved me kids. Had loved the kids, she corrected breaking into a renewed fit of sobbing. She thought of the day Lennie had taken her coin collection to school with out asking, and lost it. What a fit she'd had! Jeez, over what? Some stupid bloody coins, which weren't really worth much anyway. He had been so upset when he'd told her they were lost, saying the big boys had taken them, but she'd been too angry to notice. She'd just gone off at him any way. She realised now the coins were only things; only things, not people with feelings, not a sad little boy who didn't understand why his Mum and Dad didn't live in the same house any more, or why they were always angry at each other when they met.

Damn, her and Dave were supposed to be the adults! A wave of self pity washed over her. She thought about how few things she'd really had in her life. The beat up car, the well used furniture, the kid's hand-me- down clothes, and how her bitterness over them had prevented her from enjoying them or appreciating her life with her special happy children. She realised the kids didn't care that their clothes were old. They just wanted her to be happy and to play with them. Boy, as a Mum she hadn't left them much of a legacy. And she'd yelled a lot, first at Dave; she had blamed him for everything, and then after she'd left him, at the kids. She had just been so tired and cranky all the time, stuck in that damn house, just her and the kids, struggling to pay it off, and for what? Where was the tribe she wondered? What had happened to our community support system that helped with the burden and stress of caring for those precious little lives, and prepared people in a realistic way for parenting? Why didn't they teach it at school?



She remembered Mr. Neville across the road. He kept offering to take the kids to the park to give her a break, but she'd thought he was just a silly old fool, or worse a child molester. She cried for his loneliness, and for her suspicious mind. It was all those gory stories the media filled you with. They made it seem as if those awful things happened to everyone, instead of such a small percentage of the population. With a horrible flash of awareness she realised that you created those unpleasant things as realities in your life if you focused your thoughts on them. She recalled what Master Nakai had said about the commandant box, and how the parafearonoids had used it to control people by filling them with fear and propaganda. If by some chance she was alive, and she doubted that, she was never going to lock her doors again. She was going to create a positive energy around safety and freedom from robbery, and anyway they are only things. If I am alive, I am not going to live in fear any more, she vowed. She thought how stupid all those fears seemed now; fear of not having enough, fear of being inadequate, fear of being robbed, and most ridiculous of all, fear of being embarrassed or having the children embarrass her. "Jeez, what a control freak I've been," she groaned.

With that thought, she got out of bed and went over and got in the tub. The warm bubbling water soothed her as she began to grieve for what might have been. After a long time, feeling sad and empty, she got out of the tub and put her filthy clothes back on, feeling like she didn't deserve to wear the beautiful kimono. She lifted her chin, straightened her shoulders, and with a hollow laugh realised that she was pretty tough; well good at pretending to be tough, she amended. All those years of her world wearing her down and her crappy life, she supposed, had at least given her a bit of spine, and, after the very negative review of her life she'd just had, she was glad to find something good to review of her forty - one years on earth.

At that moment there was a soft tap at the door. "Come in," called Moira. It was Faltone. She grinned happily at Moira and said good morning. Moira snapped, "Where's the master?" With out any reproach, Faltone bowed and gestured for Moira to follow her. As she turned, Moira saw a brief flash pain and a lack of comprehension in her eyes. She swore softly to herself, thinking, "There I go again, passing my own pain and fear on to some one who doesn't deserve it, just like I did to the kids." She realised that's what people did in her world, venting their stuff on others, instead of dealing with it themselves. It was like a big vicious circle. Very humbly she cleared her throat and said, "I'm sorry I snapped Faltone."

Faltone smiled and said, "That's OK, Heart Carrier. Part of the training we are given at pod school teaches us not to take on board other people's negativity and allow it to dim our vibration. It's as if other people's pain are coats, and if we don't have a hanger for their particular coat inside of us already, then it will not hang on us. It was very hard at first, as

you have to look at your own stuff and deal with it, but now I feel glad to be able to still shine my light for you to see by. When I get very good at it, I will be able to take on board another's pain, and shine it back at them in a positive way for them to understand, so they can have some of the peace and wisdom that comes from pain. Master Nakai says that our pain is our jewel or gift, and the thing which teaches us and makes us grow. The people with the most pain are those with the most opportunities, and The Great Artist never gives us more than we can cope with, even if it seems like it. He says even the most damaged souls can be healed; that the trick is wanting to behave differently and not wearing our pain like a badge that justifies spreading it, or wallowing in it.'

Moira heard the faint wobble in Faltone's voice and sensed sorrow. "Are you all right Faltone?", she asked. Faltone turned around and let Moira look into her clear green eyes, and said very softly, 'Eilheart was my brother.'" Moira felt the breath hiss out of her lungs in shock, and was suddenly angry and defensive. She was about to make a sharp comment, when she paused realising Faltone's eyes held no reproach, projected guilt or anger. Her statement was a simple statement of fact; an acceptance of a greater picture. Moira, feeling fragile, felt her throat choke up and her eyes fill with tears. Not knowing what to do, she clumsily tried to hug Faltone. Faltone let her, and then hugged her back. Her hug wrapped totally around Moira and her heart pressed against Moira's. Moira felt a great sigh escape her and relaxed. It was a hug that gave, with no expectations of receiving. As Faltone gently stepped back Moira gave her a wobbly grin, saying, "Thank you. I think that's the first real hug I've ever had. " Her voice broke as she said it.

Faltone looked puzzled. "Do you not hug in your world, Heart Carrier", she asked.

"Oh yeah, we hug all the time," Moira said sarcastically, 'but we have rules. Things like keep body contact to a minimum, and don't hold on too long. If you do the other person thinks you're being sexual, or their partner thinks you're making a play for them. If it's the same sex, they get paranoid that you're gay. And, whatever you do, don't look into their eyes for too long, or make it too genuine, or you'll make them uncomfortable. We're not used to being real with each other. Hugging has only just come into fashion. It is almost compulsory in our new age world, even if you don't feel like hugging them, you are supposed to. If you say no, and defend your space, you offend them or are weird or frigid."

Faltone frowned, and somehow the expression looked out of place on her face. "I'm not sure I quite understand, but I know we do not hug another without first asking their permission. That is because we must respect another's right to be who they are. Sometimes, when someone is sad, they need to be sad, and the other person only wants to hug them to stop the flow of their hurt from activating their own pain. The master says, 'Love yourself enough to allow yourself the luxury of grieving when it is necessary; that if we didn't have sad, we

wouldn't know what happy was or appreciate it, and we certainly would never progress in the drawing of our life.' The goal is to have a sketch with all the lines, and to make it an artwork of great beauty so that others can get joy and courage from viewing it."

Feeling even more awkward and inadequate, Moira said abruptly, "Well, I'm just very sorry for you, anyway."

Again Faltone smiled gently with no reproach, and said, "Please don't feel sorry for me. If you do your pity will imply that you don't think I can cope with my sorrow and learn the lesson. Compassion says 'I feel your pain and empathise with you', Pity says, 'I don't think you can make it', and creates a negative expectation around the person. Pity would disempower me, and encourage me to wallow. I am glad to be a part of the great sketch we make. We really only experience pain in our emotional body, and I have been using my mental body to learn from it and to heal myself. That doesn't mean that I suppress my grief, it means I acknowledge it, but choose to not let it dominate the positive things which I know will come from it, even if I don't understand it just at this moment. And I certainly would not want to project it on to any one else. Besides, Eilheart would not want to see me in pain, he would want me to be happy and brave."

With a big smile that took the sting out of her words, she turned, gesturing for Moira to follow. They met the master just coming out of his chambers. "Ah Moira Sutton, of 6 Monogan Street, Heart Carrier, greetings on this fresh new day." Moira mumbled hello, her head down, feeling to raw to look at the master properly. "Hmm," he said taking one look at her misery, and her filthy clothes, "Come, let me show you the garden." He turned to Faltone giving her a radiant smile of love and joy, which lit his funny little cherub face up. He asked her to go and clear Moira's room. Moira began to protest, saying it wasn't messy. The master nodded to Faltone and she quietly disappeared around the corner. Seeming to measure his words carefully, he said, "It seems you have been clearing some of your emotional plane debris." Moira nodded, guessing that she probably had been. "It is good to work on yourself and let go of old pain and to make a space for something new to come in, and the mark of a brave person, but you must clean it up after yourself, or get someone who knows how, to do it for you." At Moira's puzzled look he began to explain how clearing old emotional baggage was the same as cleaning out the cupboards, and how it would be stupid to clean out the cupboards and just throw the rubbish on the floor instead of taking it outside to the bin. He told her it was the same when you got rid of your emotional trash; you needed to remember to put it in the bin when you finished.

"It is one of the things that has been forgotten in our modern times. In the old days, people called on their medicine man to do it if they didn't know how. Dumping unpleasant emotions is like tipping your rubbish bin on the floor where you live. Sooner or later germs

begin to breed and re-infect you, so you find yourself going over the same issues again and again. It can eventually make you as sick as it would if you were still carrying it inside. On the surface of our planet, they have a disease called grack, which is almost in epidemic proportions. The cells of the body begin to mutate and attack itself. It is caused by a number of factors, but one of the main ones is that people don't process their stuff and get it out of their energy field, and if they do, they don't clean it up. They think because they can not see it, it is done. So many people have dumped their pain and anger on the surface and it has built up to such a degree, that it is like wading round in an invisible sewer and is making people sick. We hear people say how can the Great Artist be so cruel as to give grack to children, but it has nothing to do with the Great Artist. He loves us enough to give us free will. The fact that we are still able to have children is a testimony to his love and trust."

Moira thought about cancer in her world, and her curiosity was aroused enough to pull her out of her own misery to ask, "How do you clean up something you can't see?"

"Mostly it is about awareness and intent," replied the master. "Some naturally have 'the sight', and can see the ugly clouds of energy left behind, but most of us can feel it, at least on some level. We are just so busy with our own baggage and the physical world that we don't pay attention to the signals we get on other levels. That is part of what meditation does; it helps us read the signals and makes our other senses available to us. Have you ever walked into a house where the people have been fighting constantly, and felt how heavy or sad it feels?" Moira nodded, realising she had. She thought of a place her and Dave had looked at once to rent. It had had all the features they had wanted, but she just didn't like the place. Her and Dave had had quite an argument over it. They had later found out that the owner had killed his wife there.

The master continued, "So, what you do is make an intention to clean it up energetically. There are many ways to do this. You can use sound, say drums or tones, or use can use smoke. The old ones called the use of smoke smudging, and believed that it carried any negativity out. Some of the churches on the surface still use incense, but have long forgotten why. I always use what I call 'divine light', and I fill the space with it and ask for any negative energy to be transmuted into love and goodwill, and to be released as a gift for humanity. Sometimes I send the negative energy, changed into love, back to it's source to help heal who ever created it.'

Master Nakai looked at her to see if she understood. Feeling like it made perfect sense, Moira nodded again. ' It is good that you have cleared some of your stuff Moira Sutton, Heart Carrier," he said giving her one of his special radiant smiles, "Now you will have some room for some new and wonderful stuff to fill up that space. People want to have joy and peace in their life, but how can they fit it in if their cupboards are already full of misery

and gloom. If you want something new you must first make the space for it and then have the courage to hold yourself empty to wait for it to come."

During their conversation they had been winding through a series of tunnels. They approached a green door where two cherubs stood guard. The master bowed, introducing them as Skinton and Whyster to Moira. They bowed very low to her and seemed overwhelmed to meet her. Moira squirmed uncomfortably, feeling like a fraud and unsure of what to say. Skinton held the door open for them, and they entered a dark tunnel with a light at the end. Moira smirked cynically to herself, thinking this was probably the only time she'd ever had a light at the end of any of her tunnels. That thought was immediately followed by a wave of depression, as she thought about her children. She swallowed, gritted her teeth and told herself to shut up and get over it; she was probably dead by now, so who cared any way!

As they stepped out of the tunnel and into the light, Moira gasped. They were standing in the most beautiful tropical garden she had ever seen. She walked forward mesmerised by the sights. Everywhere she looked there was nature in its splendour. Birds of every colour flashed through the trees and shrubs, their calls filling the air. She could see bees buzzing happily between the amazing array of flowers in the scent laden air. Over to one side was a small waterfall that formed the stream which meandered through the garden paradise. In the whole of her life Moira thought she had never seen any place more beautiful or magical. The master sat on a smooth stone bench beside the stream and Moira sat beside him, still trying to absorb the sheer magnificence of this place. She sighed feeling some of her depression lift.

"Yes," said Master Nakai. " You can get peace and energy from nature. Most of the surface's nature strips have been destroyed due to a lack of understanding, or for commercial reasons. If you do not know how to make your own energy by meditating, you could get it from natural sources, but now, up there, they feed of each other, by one upmanship and power games. There is now a state on the surface where everyone needs to feel like they are better than some one else, and they feed off this. They think they are separate from each other, and are filled with judgement, not realising we are all connected and that when you judge another you are really judging yourself. They have forgotten that we can get peace and energy from nature and meditation. We do not need to put others down to get energy and to make us feel OK about ourselves. The plant kingdom is actually more evolved than the human kingdom, so it is able to provide energy readily. Plants demonstrate the laws of Service and Sacrifice, giving us energy and sacrificing their bodies for food for us and animals and for each other to make the forest floor fertile"

"What do you mean, more evolved?", asked Moira, puzzled by his statement.

"Have you not learned about the kingdoms?" he asked, with a worried frown. Moira shook her head, feeling defensive. "Let us walk and I will explain." He began to walk along a neatly paved white stone path that meandered through the garden. He smiled at her in that special way he had, and Moira felt her defensiveness ebb. She forgot she was stupid, inadequate and looked a mess, as his words began to flow. "There are five kingdoms in our solar system. The mineral kingdom, of which gems are the most evolved form, the plant kingdom, of which flowering plants with colour and scent are the most evolved, and then there is the animal kingdom, the human kingdom and the kingdom of souls. Each kingdom feeds off the kingdoms below it. It is the laws of sacrifice and of service, and part of our natural order. This, however, does not necessarily mean that the kingdom below is less evolved. It just means that it expresses its evolution differently.

As a general rule each kingdom vibrates at a higher rate, or has more consciousness than the kingdom under it, starting from the mineral kingdom and working up to the kingdom of souls. A diamond for example would vibrate at a higher level than an unevolved human, but a man has the potential to vibrate higher than a diamond if he begins to consciously evolve himself. A diamond is already at its peak of evolution for that kingdom and does not have consciousness. Animals vibrate at a lower level or have less consciousness than humans for example. Part of our human responsibility is to help the kingdoms below us evolve. That is why man began to domesticate some animals, and work with minerals, forging them into objects of beauty. Where animals are concerned, we were supposed to train them, if I could use such an expression, and give energy back in return for them giving up their bodies for food. We can see this with horses and dogs for example, which are now more evolved due to their long contact with humans.

Moira was silent for a while, going over what the master had said, trying to put it in to fit it in to her concept of the world. It certainly stretched her mind. She thought of Mrs. Elm down the road from her, and how her dog seemed to look and behave like her, and Ted over the back, who had what her and the kids called the killer dogs, and how mean he always was. "I thought man was an animal too, said Moira. "Why are we in a different kingdom?"

The Master looked pleased with her question and she felt her pleasure, as if it was a very intelligent question, though she knew it wasn't. "Animals have only two aspects of the trinity, man has the three aspects." Moira looked totally blank having no idea what he was talking about. She'd heard the word trinity, but figured it was some sort of religious holiday. Seeing her puzzlement, the Master elaborated. "The trinity is the three aspects of divinity. It is a bit of a tricky concept. It is about three becoming one in the godhead, and all the ancient religions have it. The Christians had the Father, Son and the Holy Ghost, the Hindu's had Brahma, Shakti Shiva and Vishnu, the native peoples had father sky, mother earth and the

human child; the idea being that the union of the first two produces the third aspect. We teach it to the apprentices as Life, quality and appearance. Life represents the spirit or the divine spark from god; the father principle if you like. Appearance is the matter aspect or the mother, and quality is what you get as a result of the interaction between these two. That is, the interaction between spirit and matter produces the third aspect, which is active intelligence or consciousness. Humans have consciousness; they can think or reason, act, and feel, and they respond on the three planes, in an intelligent way to their environment. Some of the right to lifers refuse to eat meat, as they say it is murdering the animal. But if it is to meet a genuine need, and there is no suffering or wastage, then we don't have an objection to it. To kill a human is to interfere with something that has the three aspects of the trinity. If a being has three aspects of the trinity then it must be permitted free will. If you kill it, you interfere with its free will and its right to evolution. Of course, we don't eat much meat now, but not because we think it is wrong. It is because on the surface, the breeding of animals for food has become unnatural. They are locked in small cages, and fed unnatural foods and chemicals to make them grow and their meat tender. When they are slaughtered there is no sacredness or honouring of them giving their life so that we are fed. They are killed in a very inhumane way, with each animal witnessing the brutal deaths of the animals before it. The animal is then in a state of fear before it dies, and releases its own chemical hormones into its flesh, and we find that we are affected by the eating of this fear and death energy contained in their meat as well as the chemicals it is fed."

Some of what he said made sense to Moira, but other parts seemed like double dutch. "So why are plants more evolved than humans? Do plants have consciousness?"

"Not as we know it. They don't have the three aspects of the trinity, but they have evolved enough that they have three rays pouring into their field, instead of two rays like humans. Humanity is currently trying to bring that third ray into their energetic make up."

Now Moira felt totally lost. "Rays?", she said. "What are rays?"

"Humm," said the Master. "The rays are the seven streams of energy, or consciousness that make up our entire world." Seeing Moira's total lack of comprehension he said, " Master Hyne is giving a lecture to the juniors this afternoon on this at the school. Perhaps you would like to attend." Moira nodded, figuring there was nothing else to do, and at least it was a distraction. At that moment a chime sounded. " That is the break fast bell. Are you hungry, Heart Carrier?" Surprised that she was, she nodded. "Wow, this is weird," she thought, " a delusion where you get hungry and eat!"

By now they had walked to the far side of the garden, to what looked like a wall of trees and the Master stepped through a gap. On the other side there were long tables, decked with

flowers and jugs of water. At the back there was a servery. Cherubs started to pour in from a doorway on the other side. The master paused not moving out of the shrubbery, frowning to himself. He scrutinised Moira and seemed to come to a decision. He turned and addressed her formally, looking a little uncomfortable. "Moira, Heart Carrier, may I draw a line in our sketch with you before we break our fast?"

"Sure," Moira said trying to appear casual, but feeling her anxiety level jump. The Master looked serious and unsure, which wasn't something Moira had seen in him before. He led her back through the thicket and into a side door, out into a small deserted tunnel. There was a guard on this door too. "Why are the doors to the garden guarded?", asked Moira. The Master looked perplexed, "Guarded?" he queried. Moira looked back at the cherub on the door and the Master realised what she meant.

"They are not guards," he exclaimed smiling with genuine humour, "They hold the energy for the garden to stop the parafearonoids from picking it up on their scanners."

"What are scanners, and why would they be interested in picking it up?", she asked.

"Scanners are what we call those with 'the sight', who know the way but choose not to follow it. They are often affiliated with the black lodge, but not always. Sometimes they are just lost and frightened, and choose to work for the parafearonoids out of fear and ignorance. In the old days we would send someone out to bring them into pod school and train and support them in their gifts, but for many years now it has been too dangerous. The last mission out was when I had just finished my apprenticeship, some forty years ago. The presiding pod leader sent myself and a small band of disciples out to bring in an eight year old boy, who had one of the strongest talents we had seen in years. When I approached his mother, telling her of his gift, she said I was a freak and went and got her gun. She told us to go, but I didn't, wanting to plead my case, so she began to shoot my disciples. I told them to run for cover, but stood my ground on her doorstep. I could see the little boy looking through the boards on the window. She shot and killed everyone of my party, mostly in the back and then set her dogs on their remains. She was so angry saying her boy was staying, and kept threatening that if I didn't leave she would shoot me too. I don't know why she didn't. I heard one of the disciples moan my name and as I walked over to him, she shot me in the shoulder. Every thing was a blur after that. I remember the noise of a mini scooter and long hours of bouncing round in the dust. The only moment of clarity I had was at the end. The boy I had come to rescue, it appears, had rescued me. He spat on me, kicked me in the head, and said, "Don't come back freak!" I tried to talk to him, but he shoved me down a tunnel. The tunnel was one of the secret entrances to our sanctuary down here. We don't know how he knew where to place me, but the pod was able to find me." He paused looking puzzled. "Sorry Moira, I got very off my line there. I have not thought of that sketch for



years and I am not sure why I am drawing it for you. There must be a reason for the sketching, there always is, I just don't know why.

Anyway, the garden has a very powerful positive vibration, and the parafearonoids will not let anything threaten their rule. They can control the people easily if they keep them in fear and separate them from each other and from beauty. They do not want them to know there is a different way to live and be. The guards, as you called them, put an energy blanket over the garden and our pod in general, and keep us from being detected. They know we are in their dimension, but think we are weak and scattered, and their propaganda portrays us as religious fanatics, so they figure no one will listen to us any way."

"It must have been terrible for you, being shot and losing your disciples,' said Moira, not knowing what else to say, but wanting to say something.

"It was a very big lesson, for both myself and the pod. We learned after that, that the rule is to wait. You can offer sometimes or suggest, but generally you have to wait for people to ask before you try to help them or else you violate their free will. You also have to trust that they are where they are for a purpose, even if your own judgement feels like where they are at is a waste. It is not always as it seems," he replied shrugging. They entered his chamber and he gestured for her to be seated. She did, feeling anxious again. He seated himself, and paused as if searching for the right words. His apparent discomfort only served to increase her uneasiness. Finally he cleared his throat and spoke. "Moira, Heart Carrier, this is not an easy thing to say, and I don't want it to appear as a criticism."

Moira interrupted and said flippantly, " There is nothing wrong with constructive criticism."

"Oh yes there is," said the Master. "We frown on any criticism here. It is never helpful no matter how true or constructive it seems. It just increases the negative energy around the person, and most of the time the person knows exactly where they are at on at least some level. They don't need you to tell them, they already feel bad, and are doing the best they can, in that moment. The criticism is usually the other person's way of trying to manipulate them to meet their own needs, or to make themselves feel better than the person they are criticising. The old ones used to say until you have walked a mile in some one else's moccasins, you really don't know where they are at or what their truth is for them. And I'm afraid to say that what I am about to say to you also falls into the category of manipulation. I apologise in advance."

"Well come on then," snapped Moira feeling her tough 'you can't hurt me' exterior closing around her.

The Master looked distressed at the change, but began to speak anyway. "Moira, if you go to break fast looking as you do, some of our people will feel slighted that you have not

accepted the gift of clothes we have provided you with. Others will think we have not valued you and honoured you, and will assume you are not the one whom the old texts talked of. And others still will think you have no self esteem, which we teach as a step of vital importance here, and that you will not be able to fulfil your mission. Times are very hard for our people and the energy of the pod has lifted with joy at news of your arrival. It is the first sign of hope of the prophecies being demonstrated we have had in more than 2 thousand years, since J.B. was here. I would like to ask you if you would consider getting changed before we eat'?", the master concluded.

Moira giggled inappropriately, feeling relieved that it was something so trivial. She had expected something much worse than that. She realised with sorrow that she was like a puppy waiting to be kicked. It occurred to her that your expectations from past experiences could shape your future if you let them. "Sure", she said, "No problem! But I guess I'd better tell you right now, I'm not the one. Hell, to put it crudely, I don't know pooh from pie; you've got a real loser in me. Nothing I've ever done has been any thing but plain ordinary, or worse, a disaster. And, I had a dream last night that I was in hospital in my world, dying, so really I'm just stuck here for the ride, and I guess, while the stuff you say makes sense, I don't really believe you are real."

Looking very sad the master opened his mouth to speak, and then thought better of it. He closed his eyes and began to "Om". The next minute Faltone appeared. He instructed her to take Moira to her chamber, and then to the great mess hall. Feeling guilty, Moira followed Faltone without a word. Once they got there, Moira left Faltone outside while she changed.

## CHAPTER SIX - THE HALL OF LEARNING

Moira felt like a big fraud as she stepped out the door again in her finery. She remembered her Mum saying she looked like a pig's ear dressed up as a silk purse at her first prom, and felt her spirits plummet. Her Mum had sure been right. She had learnt that night that only the lucky beautiful people had fun at proms. Maybe they should change her name to Moira, misery carrier, failure. Faltone's obvious pleasure at her appearance only served to increase her guiltiness. They headed down the corridor in silence. Finally Faltone said, a little hesitantly, "You look very nice. It is good to see your self esteem rising."

"What is all this stuff about self esteem," Moira asked grumpily, not really interested, but not wanting to hurt Faltone's feelings.

Faltone looked pleased to be asked, and Moira felt glad she had put her own pain aside. Her mood lifted a little. I'll have to work harder at not being so fearful and self centred, and I should leave my past behind," she thought, enjoying the feeling as Faltone started to speak excitedly. This must be what the law of service feels like, she thought, but the thread was lost as she became interested in what Faltone was saying.

"So you see Heart Carrier, self esteem allows you to trust your soul and the information you receive. It has two factors, self love and a sound self knowledge. It is different from self confidence. Self confidence requires people from outside to keep reassuring you that you are OK, so you are trapped on a treadmill of keeping on achieving to feel OK about yourself. Self esteem comes from inside. With self confidence, if you make a mistake or have to make an unpopular decision, and others withdraw their approval then the individual flounders. Self esteem allows you to make mistakes and still be OK with your self. And, because your not beating yourself up, and uselessly wasting energy, you are able to learn from that mistake. It allow us to complete our mission in life, and be strong and clear enough to follow our own distinct path. And each of us does have a very unique path. We know that in our head, but somehow we all keep trying to be the same as each other, or judge another by our own standards, instead of allowing them to 'be' their own uniqueness. If you go to a meeting of the Grand Council of the pod, you will see that each person is guided in their voting by their own soul, and not by popular opinion, their pod affiliations or what they think The Great Artist wants. All we have to do here to follow the rules of right living, is to be guided by our own soul and have the self esteem to follow that no matter what others are doing. 'To thine self be true'. And we have to not criticise others who are also following their own souls, and trust that they are on their own unique path, even if we can't see it. That takes a lot more love and courage than telling them what to do; loving them enough to let them walk their own path."

They rounded the corner to the mess hall to see Master Nakai reach it just ahead of them. Moira wasn't surprised at all by his sense of timing. He smiled, nodded in approval at Moira's attire, and ushered them in ahead of him. The hall didn't quite go silent as Moira lined up for her food, but she was aware of being watched and talked about. The master stepped in close, and said in his cryptic manner, "Whenever we talk about another, they can always feel it. It impacts on their energy field because of the sea of energy we live in. If we talk about someone negatively for long enough, they begin to act out our worst fears, or we can actually make them sick, and then of course we wonder why karma does not smile on us. We need to realise that resisting punching the offender in the nose, does not necessarily make us a good guy if we are metaphorically punching them in the nose on the higher planes, for example with our negative thoughts and emotions. It is about disciplining all three bodies; the emotional and the mental bodies, not just controlling ourselves on the physical plane. "They were interrupted by the food server's flurry of activity in proudly presenting Moira with a special platter to eat from. Moira blushed and mumbled thank you, feeling uncomfortable.

'It is a pleasure to be of service," he beamed, finishing with a bow. "We are honoured that you should choose our pod, and we give thanks that our patience in trusting the old texts has paid off. It has been many a long years of hard time for us."

All the way along the food line, and going back to the table, little cherub like figures greeted Moira, honouring her and bowing and giving thanks. She had no idea what to say, not that any one seemed to be expecting her to say any thing, or how to behave back. Her discomfort level was through the roof by the time she sat down. She eyed the door, wondering what they'd say if she did a runner. "A runner to where?", she thought dismally, looking with disinterest at her plate. She had a brief fantasy that a day out with a pack of jackals would be more fun.

Finally, after what seemed like the never ending meal, they rose to leave by a different route. Moira followed the master, nodding and smiling numbly on cue. This was definitely beginning to feel like her worst nightmare; total self consciousness was threatening to take over, and she felt hazy and naked. Just when she thought she was going to panic and lose it, they stepped through a door way; a splendid blue crystalline arch. Being on the other side felt totally different. Searching for words to describe the feeling, she thought that this was the "sound" or note of peace. It was as if you could hear it; the sound in her ears had some how changed. She looked at the master questioningly. He nodded acknowledging her query, but signalling her forward, he gestured patience. They had stepped into a simple warm stone cavern. It reminded Moira a little of a church, except it's magnificence out shone anything she'd ever seen, except maybe the garden. There was a hallowedness about it, with it's high

curved ceilings, and natural sunlight portals, and light streaming in through stained glass windows. There were hanging gardens on the sides, and crystal alcoves, that radiated incandescent hues of different colours. The cavern was filling rapidly, as cherubs took their places on the rows of spectacular silk covered benches. They sat on the back bench, Faltone joining them, her presence easing Moira's sense of isolation.

Leaning in close the master began to explain that this was where they had a daily meditation. It was based on the principle that when you gathered as a group, your collective energy field was increased, and you could use that energy to grow and change much faster than if you did it on your own. A hush descended, and she craned her neck to see what was happening.

"Master Z.B.," was the masters excited whisper. Faltone gasped. In reverent tones the master continued, "He is our leader, and the oldest member of the pod. It is rare that he graces us, as even just for us to see him, he has to drop his vibration. He is an incredibly wise man, his joy and simplicity are legendary."

The air around her started to buzz, and Moira felt a wave of fear. Something was happening she didn't understand. Some sort of weird charge was happening in the space around her. She grabbed the masters arm, feeling like she was being sucked to the front of the great chamber involuntarily. The master calmly met her eyes, nodded, and said, "Yes, we are being summonsed." With that he rose, tugging a reluctant Moira behind him. As they began to make their way up the aisle, she noticed a few others also rising from their seats as if mesmerised and joining the procession. In a flash they were standing in front of Master Z.B. It seemed as if they had glided towards him. She wanted to stare and get a good look at him, but somehow she couldn't get her eyes off his feet. She felt like to look up would hurt her eyes, so great was the "glare" coming from him. Suddenly she felt released, if that was the word, and she felt herself relax. She was able to look up. She found herself almost laughing when she saw this funny little almost nondescript cherub looking at her with a silly grin. He reminded her of Dopey out of the seven dwarfs.

"Greetings Moira Mary Sutton, Heart Carrier," he said winking at her on the heart carrier bit. "I have bought you a beautiful flower, as a gift and as the secret to your mission." He made a sweeping movement and with flourish produced a dew covered purple violet lily with a gold stamen. He giggled delightedly as he handed it to her. "I have laden the mules myself. Of course, it would be quicker to use the automated land scooters, but it would spoil the romance of the mission. Don't you think?" he inquired. Moira just stared, open mouthed, trying to make sense of what he was saying and equate this little man with the power she had felt emanating from him before. "How is Dave and the kids anyway, Moira Mary?" he added, chortling with glee. Moira's brain fumbled with how he knew about Dave, and the

fact that he had just used her middle name twice now.

He turned his attention to the group around her. There was fifteen of them in total. He addressed Master Nakai, saying blandly, "The same amount as last time you went out. Long time ago, of course." Again he chortled. Master Nakai looked uncomfortable, but held his gaze. "So," he said gleefully, looking very pleased with himself, "You are it. The chosen ones. All hail the chosen ones!" he yelled to the hall. Cheering and cat calls broke out, until he held his hand up for silence, wiping tears of mirth from his eyes. "So, chosen ones, you leave immediately, on your trusty mules. Off to the Great Artist! Leave via the jackal tunnel." A gasp ran through the crowd, and Moira felt a sense of foreboding. Hadn't she just said jackals would be more fun? Her mother had always said, 'be careful of what you wish for, you just might get it.' She groaned to herself, shifting her gaze to the rest of the group for the first time. Grafter, the one who had yelled at her the first night in the cave, was there, and Faltone. The rest were unknown to her. She looked back at Master Nakai, but his face was serene and expressionless, giving nothing of his thoughts away. Every one seemed frozen for a moment, and Moira looked suspiciously at the two Masters. There was some sort of flash in her head, and she wobbled, seeming to snap her eyes open as if she'd cut across a conversation, but then it was gone in a split second, and Master Nakai turned and began to move back down the aisle. Without realising she had, Moira fell into line behind him. A cheer erupted among the crowd, and what Moira could only describe as a 'musing battle hymn' broke out. There was the faint sound of laughter, and, as she looked back for Master Z.B., not surprisingly, there was no sign of him.

They stepped back through the blue crystal arch, the sound of the singing disappearing as they did so. Master Nakai turned around solemnly to the small group. "Go and say good bye to your family members, rest if you can, and we will meet after noon tide to leave. I do not know how long we will be gone. Wear your surface attire. Faltone, can you organise Heart Carrier for clothing?" Before Faltone could reply, Grafters angry snap cut across their exchange.

"Your not actually going to do what he says are you?" he asked incredulously.

"Of course we are," said the Master, ignoring the rudeness of Grafter's tone.

"You can't be serious!" was Grafter's outraged splutter. "For J.B's sake, we don't even have a plan. He has told us to exit the most dangerous way. Bejimmies!, no ones been down those shafts for years. We don't even know if they are solid, not to mention marauding packs of mutant jackals. We don't even know what we are going to do! Or how to get there. Go to the Great Artist, he says! We don't even know where, or who, or what for that matter we are looking for. And take mules !!!!!" By this time his voice had risen to an almost hysterical

scream. The master waited patiently, letting him have his say, and watching as he wound himself up. "It is absolute insanity," he yelled. "I'm not coming! I refuse!"

"That is fine Grafter. You have the right to be you. You are free to proceed as your soul sees fit to direct you." He turned addressing the rest of the group, "And that applies to all of you. Allow your soul to be your own guide. Each of us has our own truths. It could be said that much of what Grafter has stated is true. We have all heard the old stories of the jackal tunnel and its horrors. I have also heard the story of the white master and the black master. The two were walking down the path together, when Gareth, the black master, spotted a bright and shining object on the path. Fascinated, he said to Ramon, the white master, "What is it?"

Ramon replied, "it is the truth, a thing of great beauty which speaks for itself."

"Here," said Gareth, "Give it to me, I'll organise it for you."

Master Nakai paused, then stated very gently, "Do not let anyone organise your truths for you. Ask your soul for help. You are never alone, so have the courage to shine your own unique light for all to see. I will see those of you who are joining the journey, at noon tide, in the mule corral." He grinned wryly, stating, "Remember, the journey of a thousand miles begins with the first step, and that step is created in the nowness of the moment, moment by moment." He was about to turn to leave, when Grafter, almost beside himself, clutched his sleeve, saying desperately, "You can't be serious! This is absolute insanity!. We will all be surely killed, if not by the jackals or the tunnel, then in the waste land we've heard that lies beyond. We will need water." He paused, and looking shame faced he said, "You mustn't go."

"Grafter," replied Master Nakai with love shining from his eyes, "My son, sometimes in our lives we have to leap, and we have to trust that when we do, we won't splatter at the bottom; that we can create a soft landing for ourselves, or trust that a soft landing will be provided. It's easy to stay in our comfort zone. We might not be totally fulfilled but it's safe. It takes a lot of courage to reach for the sky and yell, 'This is not my limit!' For me, personally, I've always chosen the safe way, the known way. The one time I took a leap, It could be said I failed. I lost my confidence. I am going on this mission because if I don't I will always wonder, 'Could I have made a difference? Would we have made it?', and, I would lose myself. My peace would be gone. Also, I want to trust the teachings, in real terms. I know them to be true, and I have told myself a thousand times that I already have all the proof I need, but I want to hold myself open to the gift and the promise of such a mission, and to leap in joy." He laughed, his joy catching as others smiled and nodded. He turned back to Grafter, tears of joy in his eyes and said, "Be at peace my son. We all have different timing,

and it is right to follow your own internal sense of timing. There is no judgement, or right or wrong. It is about free will and what you do with the cards you are dealt. You are free to do as you see fit. For me," he said seriously his eyes looking sad and faraway, "It is my time."

With that he turned and left, appearing to be inside himself and detached. Everyone watched him go in silence, and then the group began to disperse. Faltone gave Moira a rather serious smile, beckoning her to follow. Complying, Moira was deep in thought until they reached the door of her chamber. "Are you coming?", she blurted out, looking at Faltone. Faltone looked puzzled. "On the mission," added Moira.

Faltone's expression cleared. "Of course," she said, looking shocked that Moira would think she might not be. "I'm looking forward to it. I know it will be dangerous, but I am not afraid. My own fear of not being enough is greater than my fear of the surface. I want to have it all in my sketch, and I don't mind if it's a short sketch of great beauty. It's the beauty of your drawing that counts," she said passionately her eyes shining. She grinned impishly at Moira and made a mock salute, mimicking the master saying "Yes, oh Master Z.B., we trust your infinite wisdom." They laughed together, feeling naughty, and Moira felt infinite relief that her only 'sort of friend was coming. For herself, she figured she had no choice but to go, and she knew she couldn't handle the breakfast fiasco again, she thought ruefully. "I'm off to get you some gear," Faltone said, winking saucily, "It's a real fashion statement." With a tinkling laugh she turned and disappeared down the hallway. Moira watched her go with a sigh, and feeling rather blank, turned to enter her chamber.



## CHAPTER SEVEN - THE JACKAL TUNNEL

Moira's eyes met Faltone's, and they giggled stupidly at each others attire. Both were wearing buck skins, complete with soft moccasins and hats with lots of fringing and beads. The women's outfits were flared pants, that looked like skirts, with matching vest-like shirts, while the men had fringed buck skin pants, and the same vests. Underneath her buck skins she was wearing a ridiculously exotic silk sheath. She supposed it was for warmth. The master had made some comment about beauty and tradition, but she felt stupid; like she'd just stepped into a spaghetti western. Faltone pulled the sides of her hat down over her ears, and made yet another stupid "Howdy partner" face. Both women sobered as they rounded the corner, seeing the small group huddled by the mule enclosure.

Moira counted twelve, including herself and Faltone in the numbers, as they joined the group. Master Nakai smiled warmly, but he seemed withdrawn underneath his calm demeanour. " So," he said, "Lets, with out further ado, go and meet our mounts." They followed him over to the pens, straw sticking to Moira's boots. She giggled to herself again, looking at the mules, not sure if she felt like Clint Eastwood or one of the three wise men. There was a bustling sound as someone came panting around the corner. Moira looked up in surprise to see Grafter. He joined the group giving her a sullen stare.

The Master turned to a muscle bound cherub and addressed him formally. "So, Thomias, axeman, welcome. Your mount is Samuel. Congratulations on being chosen for this mission, and may your sketch be bold." The Master bowed, and Thomias, with his axe on his back and sharpening stone in his belt, stepped through the rails and took the reigns on a stocky little mule. It nuzzled softly at his hand and he chuckled it under the chin, some of his formal stiffness leaving him.

"Minjarni, weaver of sounds, welcome. Your mount is Elloota. She is young but gentle. I hope she will be a smooth ride for you.' A very pale red head moved frailly through the group, stumbling slightly on the uneven ground. She was wearing a cream satin hooded kaftan - type of pantsuit, with a buck skin cloak over the top. Strapped into pockets on the cloak were strange looking instruments; one looked like a short didgeridoo, and there was a strange harp shaped thing, as well as pan pipes and flutes. Grafters snort of disgust summed up his opinion of her more than adequately. Her breathing a shallow pant, sounding like she was having trouble getting air, Minjarni stepped through the fence with a quiet dignity, immediately bending to snort and snuffle her nose against her mule's. The animal wickered back to Minjarni's soft neighing, the two, strangely enough, appearing to carry on some sort of conversation. Again Grafter snorted his disgust and spat crudely on the ground.

"Tannin, food craftsman, we are certainly glad to have you,' the master said with a smile.

"Gianni is your mount. He's a might frisky, but I'm sure you'll be able to handle him. Each mule has a list attached to his neck, containing an inventory of the supplies it is carrying. Please learn what you are carrying, for the benefit of the group, and care for it as stated." Tannin seemed to have a precision about him as he moved to his mule, and began efficiently checking it's contents.

"Alloow and lloow, master swordsmen, you have Sara and Bemise as your mounts." A pair of identical twins stepped forward, large broad swords strapped to their sides, and moved towards the two identical mules. These two had slight sinewy builds, looking more like elves than cherubs. There was a lithe strength about them. Moira wondered at their heritage.

Bowing slightly, the master smiled at an old woman standing slightly stooped at the edge of the group saying, " Ah, Mother Rachitt, my old friend, I am glad you are here. You shall have Bleehessed. He's a rare treat in smoothness, I'm told, and should be kind to your old bones." Mother Rachitt cackled exactly like Moira had expected she would, but then surprised her by leaping through the fence and on to her mount like a spring chicken, despite the rather large odd shaped sack slung over her shoulder. Moira and Faltone laughed at her obvious enthusiasm.

"Grafter, stone mason, " said the master warmly, "I am really glad you have come. Welcome. You can have Benedict.' Grafter looked pleased and surly simultaneously at the masters praise, and Moira hid a smile to herself as she watched the two emotions war across his face. As he took his place she noticed the bulging muscles in his stout little frame, chin jutting forward, his two hammers and a collection of chisels, slung across his back. She got assigned a fat female mule called Venus. The animal's great warm eyes winning her over immediately. Faltone got assigned Demilo, Venus's sister, a little something which pleased Moira. The master eventually assigned everyone an animal. The three remaining members were; Johab, a fresh faced young 'scribe', whatever that was, wearing a strange pair of goggles on his head and a flat black pack on his back, and Win Chule, and his student Yen Lal, two 'oriental' looking cherubs. These two, along with Minjarni were the only other exceptions not wearing the buck skins. Both were wearing white martial arts suits and soft buck skin slippers.

Master Nakai certainly meant what he said about 'without further ado', thought Moira, as he got on his mule and turned it's head towards a near by tunnel, signalling for the party to follow. She felt an anxiety pain grip her stomach at the lack of information. Just as she was about to ask the Master for some more information, a wild whoop rang out across the coral and reverberated in the cavern, as a tall blonde woman wearing well used leathers and worn knee high boots, came loping rapidly across the space towards them. Moira was sure she wasn't in the group at the altar this morning.

"Who's in charge?", she demanded, giving the group a calculating military type of appraisal. Moira immediately felt self conscious, and thought what a motley crew they must look. She was the tallest and muscliest woman Moira had seen here. Her face was brown and lined, and had a tough 'don't mess with me' look. The cherub equivalent to the amazon woman, she supposed. Moira was surprised by the fact that she was heavily armed. She had assumed they didn't have guns or the like in this world, but the picture in front of her certainly belied that idea. She had a pistol strapped to each hip, ammo belts, rope, knives, the whole kit and caboodle, thought Moira, not sure whether to laugh or be grateful. Master Nakai casually dismounted, turning towards the woman. "I am Master Nakai," he stated, not seeming even slightly perturbed by her dramatic arrival.

"Morcheeva Storm," she said, holding out her hand. "Felt the energy building for this about three days ago, started headin' your way. I work the desert country as a free ranger, thought you might need me. Got my horse just round the next bend," she said, giving a strange neighing whistle. A stocky black horse, slightly bigger than a Shetland pony appeared in the dimness of the passage. "Ready," she said grinning as she threw herself on to an animal that had no reigns or saddle.

"Good," said the master calmly, again mounting and turning his mule for the tunnel. Moira's stomach tightened again; no plan and he just lets someone join with no explanation. She eyed Morcheeva suspiciously, surely he wasn't going to just let her come along, just like that? Hell, as far as they knew she could be anyone. She could feel herself really beginning to wind up. She realised she was starting to get that shortness of breath due to stress. She consoled herself with the fact that at least this woman looked like she knew how to look after herself. She took a deep breath, knowing that slow steady breathing was a way to keep calm, saying to herself, "Your OK Moira, who cares if there's no apparent plan." It was only her expectations that had made her think they would have had a meeting or something before they set off. She felt her stomach rumble as the stomach acid released from her worry began to attack her stomach lining, and wondered about provisions, eyeing the well laden mules, worrying about what Master Z.B. had packed. She wasn't confident as she looked down at the flower he'd given her pinned to her vest. What did he mean that the flower was the secret to her mission? They were in a bloody lot of trouble if he was expecting her to work that one out. She fretted briefly, feeling her shoulders and neck tense to a dull ache, her jaw tighten and her palms begin to sweat. She had no idea if all of this was real or not, at the moment that was the least of her concerns; she was just here now and getting wound up was not going to make any difference. She could only do the best she could, and taking another deep breath, she let out a big sigh, trying to relax. 'What was reality anyway, anymore?' was her last thought as they turned onto a disused side shaft.

The mules wound steadily down and the tunnel became darker, rougher, and narrower. At the next turn, a rustic wooden gate shut the shaft off. Moira didn't like it. She felt the hair stand up on her neck as Morcheeva ripped the lock off, and the gate swung open with a creak. Morcheeva stepped through, the Master following, also on foot, towing both their mules. Moira stayed huddled in the rest of the group, close to Faltone as they came through the gate. A rancid, dank stench assailed Moira's nostrils, and the ground felt slimy or slippery beneath the mule's hooves. Venus wickered nervously, staying close to the pack. A big dollop of something oily and smelly fell on to Moira's shoulder, she slapped at it trying not to yelp. Just as she got herself under control, a spider web caught her sleeve. Panic threatened to overwhelm her, a scream bouncing round locked in her throat; only Master Nakai soft tones floating back in the dim light, prevented its eruption. He held his hand up, halting the group, everyone bunching up close behind him. He spoke very softly, but Moira noticed the absolute unwaveringness and resolution in his tone.

"Group, you are mostly going to be affected on your physical and emotional planes here. Retain your connection to your mental plane and higher." He turned to Moira saying, "Remember Moira, the mental plane gives us access to our intuition and our soul. Refrain from letting physical and astral activity divert you from your centredness. We will travel for as long as we can, resting only when we absolutely must, until we exit the tunnel. It is not a good place to loiter. Do not use your lights and try to keep sound to a minimum, we do not want to attract the bats or the jackals. It may be we have to travel for a couple of days before we get to the waste lands." He paused waiting to see if anyone had any questions. No one spoke.

"Alloow," he said, "You ride at the back, then you Johab. Grafter and Thomias, please flank the sides. Every one else please ride in single file. Your mules will follow the mule in front by smell, so stay close together. Illoow will you ride up the front with Morcheeva, and Moira you and I will ride behind them. Win Chule, can you and your student ride in close to the Heart Carrier. Keep her safe no matter what else is happening. Mother Rachitt and Minjarni you fall in behind them. Tannin, if you could follow and keep an eye on the two ladies, it would be a great service. Faltone, you fall in behind Tannin, and please keep a check on Johab and Alloow behind you. Remember," he added, " Use the dis-identification technique; you know, 'I am not my physical body. I am more than that. I am not my emotions. I am more than that. I am not my mind. I am more than that. I am the soul'. Don't overly identify with your lower bodies or you will be lost. Hold your alignment at all times. If you have difficulty, just try to hold the sacred 'om' in your head. 'Om' is the sound of matter into spirit, and always elevates your vibration, as opposed to 'Aum' the sound of spirit into matter or of manifestation. And, don't fall for that old myth of 'white-lighting' yourself, or putting yourself in a bubble of white light for protection. It just shuts you off

from everything, good and bad. The way to keep yourself safe is to radiate out Love and Light so that anything not of the same vibration gets changed in to light the minute it hits your energy field; also you perform a service by sharing your higher vibration with all who come into contact with your energy field, just by be-ing, and that allows their own soul to have a better channel through which to assist them. " Moira didn't get the bit about white lighting, and was about to ask when Morcheeva's impatient 'get on with it' interrupted. The master gave her a patient smile, and looking a little distracted, said, "Yes, I suppose we should," and began to re-position his mule. There was a shuffling around as everyone got into position. Win Chule and Yen Lai moved in close to Moira as they moved forward in a tight pack. They travelled for a while, Moira feeling very self conscious at having the two oriental cherubs seeming so dedicated.

Feeling a bit of a fraud at having two 'body guards', Moira said, without thinking, " Oooo, I feel like a movie star with my minders." Her flush deepened in the dark, realising how stupid she sounded. Her discomfort was increased by Win Chule's seriousness. "Great! No sense of humour," thought Moira as she watched his serious little face turn to her. Both him and his student dismounted, halting the group. Moira's embarrassment increased.

"Greetings Heart Carrier," he said formally in the dimness, his face inscrutable. He bowed, straightened to a ram rod stiffness, grunted out something that sounded like 'kamakartoo' and thumped his stomach. His student looked uncertainly at him, fear and realisation dawning on his face. Moira didn't know why he was looking so scared and tom, until he also stepped up, bowed and said the same phrase, thumping his stomach.

"No! No Way", yelled Moira, the sound unthinkingly bursting out of her, having a sudden flash that kamakartoo might just mean the same thing as kamikaze meant in her language. "Nuh uh, no way guys," was all she got to say before the air was full of screeching and flapping. Razor sharp talons attached to her head, and she felt gripped by a giant dark shadow. She could just see it's reptilian type of head, curving down looking for her throat; she knew with dead certainty it was some sort of vampire. It was like her worst nightmare. She didn't like the dark and she didn't like any sort of creepy crawlies, especially ones that were into blood. Frozen with terror, she watched me hideous creature pull it's head back to strike. Like an even faster striking snake, she saw Win Chule's hand snap forward, breaking the creatures neck in his first strike, ripping it's talons from Moira's scalp in a smooth second movement. At the same time his opposite leg was a blur as he lashed out at the flapping black mass that had seemed to descend on them from no where.

Stinking splotches streamed from the sky, and she realised that what had landed on her before was bat droppings. She felt the skin on her forearm shred as a talon caught her as Win Chule beat another one off her. She could hear Grafter cursing, and saw his mighty

hammer swinging through the air. Illoow, up the front, had his broad sword flashing, hacking bodies out of the dark. The flapping mass were so thick now the mules were beginning to get skittish. Everything was a blur for a while, the screeching of the bats and the grunting of her parties valiant efforts to save itself, mingling together in the dim light. Moira, arms flailing, swatting frantically at the air, had lost all track of time and she could feel that this endless tide of black horror was beginning to exhaust the party. They were losing. We are all going to die in this stinking bat infested tunnel she thought as she punched hopelessly at another bat as it tried to land on her. They just seemed to be every where and the screeching and the stench of them was overwhelming.

Suddenly the clear strong note of the pan pipes could be heard in the cave. At first Moira thought that Minjarni was playing a last farewell, but as the sound took hold, the screeching lessened and the terrible flapping began to withdraw. Moira's limbs began to turn to jelly as the threat subsided, a great shuddering sigh leaving her. The mystical sounds of the pipes, eerie in the now still air. Moira shuddered as she heard a faint screech high above her. After a timeless moment of drifting in Minjarni's music, the sound faded away. Wiping the tears from her eyes, she realised she was sitting in the mud and crying. Moira wondered if it had been just a few minutes of the pipes or much longer. She didn't know, she felt weak and shaky but somehow cleansed at the same time. There seemed to be a stillness amongst the group.

Very softly, the master asked if everyone was OK. It seemed everyone was shaken, and most had nasty slash wounds from the talons, but no one had major injuries. He mounted his mule, and the group fell back into formation, starting back along the tunnel. Again Win Chule and Yen Lai flanked Moira. She flinched guiltily at the ugly gash on Win Chule's neck, not game to apologise for fear of making any sound that would bring back the bats. They seemed to travel for hours before the master called a stop. The tunnel now brushed against the mule's packs in places, it's stinking wet slime sticking to everything it touched. The light dimmed as they pressed deeper into the tunnel, and the mules struggled with the rough wet ground. She was relieved when the master called a halt. They huddled in a close group, and Tannin produced a gourd full of clear sweet orange juice. Everyone drank thirstily, the mood silent and pensive, all glad to be alive, lost in their own thoughts.

After only a few brief minutes everyone got silently back on their mules and fell into formation. Moira's bones ached, and the slash on her amt was starting to throb with a vengeance. They rounded a corner and the last bit of light seemed to fade. Visibility was now down to dark blurry shapes and she was grateful for the sure footedness of the mules, despite their occasional stumble, and their ability to stay close to travel in a pack. Venus slammed into the mule in front as they came to an abrupt halt. Soft swearing floated back

from Morcheeva, affording Moira with a slight bit of humour at her ability to string together expletives. Word came back that it was a dead end, a huge chasm blocking the way. There was a soft exclamation from Illoow, as he called the Master over. The two stood talking, and then the master called everyone over into a huddle.

"Illoow has found a spit which we think goes over to the other side. He is able to telepath to Alloow, so he will go across first, and if it is okay, he will telepath back to us," he said.

They waited in the group until word came back that it did indeed reach the other side. After a short conversation with Alloow, the master began to organise them saying, "We will dismount from our mules, and send them across to him first, as we do not think it is strong enough to hold all of them and us at once. When they are safely over we will each go over individually, or in pairs, so as not to distract each other's focus. We intuit it being very narrow in places. The mules will be fine; their sense of balance is excellent, but we feel it will be a challenge for some of you who are not used to intuiting your path.

You will need to hold your alignment without fail and in faith and trust to be able to feel the path with your feet. We will rest here for a while and eat and focus our alignment and soul connection for the spit. Let us eat, drink and be merry,' he said with a mock bow and walked over to where Tannin had started to prepare some food. The rest of the group followed in a subdued but orderly manner, Faltone and Minjarni joining Tannin in helping to pass out fat salad rolls. They finished with a yoghurt and a cup of tea, which Tannin said would be their only one until they could prepare a fire. Moira was surprised at how nice the lunch was and at how relaxed she was, leaning up against the wall feeling the stinking slime soak uncomfortably through her buck skins. She felt too wiped out to care. Suddenly she thought she heard something and jerked herself in to awareness. She looked around, trying to work out what the feeling was, unable to hear anything at all. As she scanned the group, her gaze paused on the master and Mother Rachitt, deep in conversation together off to the side. "I bet they're talking about me" popped into her head. With that, Master Nakai got up and moved over to her.

"Moira," he whispered, "Mother Rachitt and I need to talk to you about something. Would that be OK with you ,Heart Carrier? " She nodded wincing as she got to her feet, everything in her body seeming to hurt simultaneously. As they walked over to Mother Rachitt, she realised that most of the group were sitting cross legged in the mud, looking as if they were meditating. She sat down next to Mother Rachitt, Master Nakai sitting on the other side of her. She noticed that her body seemed to feel a little better now that she was seated in between the two of them. She waited while they aligned themselves, wondering what was going on, feeling what she supposed was her vibration increasing, just from sitting in their combined energy fields.





## CHAPTER EIGHT - THE RAYS

Master Nakai certainly didn't pull any punches. "Let me be frank, Moira," he said, "Your energy field indicates that you have not yet reached the point of soul and personality integration. That in fact, and this is not a criticism, Moira, Heart Carrier, it is merely a statement of the facts as we see them," he said indicating to Mother Rachitt, who nodded in agreement, "it would seem that you are still largely focused in the physical and emotional bodies and planes. We are happy to be corrected if you feel this is an inaccurate assessment."

Moira looked at him blankly, trying to work out exactly what soul - personality integration was, feeling a cloud of depression roll over her. She knew that somehow what he was saying meant that she was a failure. She said miserably, "I'm not quite sure what you're saying, but if you mean do I know any thing about all this stuff, then the answer is no. I don't." She added in her head, 'Moira, Heart Carrier, less evolved than a gnat'. Dear God were they really so desperate that they had to rely on her? She just knew she would let them down. She wanted to cry, and she wanted to go home, back to her old life. "What life?", she thought bleakly, having the total poor me trip. "Wake up to yourself, Moira, you're probably bloody dead!", she said to herself, and a tear trickled from her eye.

Master Nakai and Mother Rachitt exchanged glances, and then the master nodded. Mother Rachitt reached behind her and got out her sack, rummaging around in there for some time before she pulled out a smaller silk sack. Moira could barely make it out in the dark as she began to take things out of it. Master Nakai addressed her in a whisper, "Moira, we are going to try to show you between us the process of soul personality integration. We do not know how clear the transmission will be, or if you will be able to withstand the process of integration so rapidly, or even how effective it will be. However we need to try." he looked over at Mother Rachitt and said, "Your ray two soul gives you the gift of wisdom and teaching, perhaps you would like to brief her of the risks? She must apply her free will to this choice with all the facts we can give her."

Mother Rachitt nodded briskly, her face stern and shadowed in the darkness. "Heart Carrier," she said seriously, "I will be as brief as possible. Without sharing the details, I have had a vision that certain things are going to come to pass, and that you need to be as close as we can get you to soul personality integration before these events take place. Soul-personality integration is where the energy in-flowing from the soul is sufficient to dominate the personality and the two begin to work as a unit. What we are asking you is if you will allow us to quicken this procedure for you by transmitting as much of the process as your energy field will allow. As Master Nakai has pointed out, there are risks involved, and truly,

we do not know how successful we will be. Normally the process of soul-personality integration happens over many life times, slowly in the early stages and then more rapidly as the process progresses. The master assists the student by teaching him a little every day and letting the student sit in his energy field. By allowing the student to sit in his aura, he is gradually getting the student's system used to being in an elevated energy field. The master also gives the student set meditations, formulas, mantrums and reading to take him through the soul-personality integration process and to elevate his vibration. This way the student's physical body is gradually strengthened and changed, and gets used to carrying more energy. A master or high grade initiate, for example, will have quite a different molecular structure in his physical body and will be using different chakras to say, a probationer on the Path.

The purpose of the set meditations are designed to connect the student more effectively with his soul and therefore get more energy or light into his field. It is a technical process which builds the bridge to your soul. When you have sufficient energy, or light, or soul contact, you can begin to effectively create what you want in your reality. This is because energy creates form or, matter is energy at it's lowest vibration. So when you have sufficient integration, you have the will, love, and the knowledge to direct that reserve of energy with your thoughts. This is one of the great principles of manifestation or getting what you want ; that is, energy follows thought. You also have more control because you are able to use your mental plane in unison with the lower planes to effectively process incoming information, and, you get shown your part in the plan, or the great Sketch, as we call it. The higher your vibration the more of the Great Sketch you can see.

The problem with someone who is having very rapid soul - personality integration is mostly with the physical and emotional bodies. They need time to adjust to the extra energy. Try thinking of yourself as a house. There are some rooms you know about and are familiar with, and some of those rooms you let people look into through the windows of. Other rooms, you know about, but you don't let anyone see in them, and there are other rooms still which you don't know about. Some of the rooms you don't know about contain magnificent secrets which could make your life wonderful, and some of those other unknown rooms have become dumping grounds for all the ugly stuff in your life that you haven't wanted to face. Some of that stuff may not have been too ugly when you first put it in there, but some of it has had years to fester and be added to. These rooms filled with ugly stuff are what distort our behaviour and cause us pain. When you begin to align with your soul you get more energy or light in your house; it's as if you have been thinking your house is clean because you have been checking it by candle light, but now the electric light has been turned on and you can see every bit of dirt and mess. That incoming light allows you not only to see how clean your rooms are but also to see some of the rooms which have been, up until

now, unknown to you. The most common thing is that most people seem to see the ugly rooms first. Seeing all your ugly rooms too fast can cause a person to be overwhelmed and halt the process, or to lose their way and become so depressed or lost that they never get through the ugly rooms to the magnificent ones. I have had some students say they don't want to see these ugly rooms; that they are causing no harm. Not seeing them doesn't mean they are harmless, it just means their activity is covertly wrecking aspects of their lives and they don't understand why. If you can't find the problem, you can't fix it.

When you add the trauma of seeing the ugly rooms, or sometimes the too rapid expansiveness of seeing the magnificent rooms, you get a range of negative effects in the body. For example, your nervous system will be using up all your vital minerals because all your neurones, not being used to the higher vibration, are firing so fast. Your endocrine system will be secreting chemicals, due to it not being used to the extra activity in the chakras, such as adrenaline, male and female hormones, thyroid chemicals and endorphins, which among other things can make you high or depressed. So you can see the possibilities of some pretty nasty side effects. If you integrate slowly you don't have these problems with your glands and nervous system to such a degree.

The two weak links are the nervous system, which is the physical correspondence to the etheric field system of nadis and lines of force, and the glandular or endocrine system which is the physical correspondence to the chakras. There is the further complication that each of these two systems, the nervous system and the endocrine system, can destabilise each other; so you can be affected in one or both, or an imbalance in one system can create an imbalance in the other system.

This destabilisation of the physical body is caused by the extra energy in the etheric field, due to soul contact, being blocked from flowing through the circuits freely by the contents in some of the rooms, or by the fact that the physical "circuitry" hasn't been re-wired by the gradual process of meditation etc., and literally breaks down at higher vibrations.

Blockages, caused by childhood trauma, poor 'wiring', or ugly stuff in the rooms, can stop the flow of energy so you get damage to the etheric field, which then causes 'hot spots', or poor energy transfers from the etheric field to the physical body, thus creating a state of disease. This disease can occur in the physical body, the emotional body or the mental body. The higher vibration means that extra energy is also flowing through the chakras. If they are in a poor state due to the 'ugly rooms', then the energy can be blocked at the inflow point or the out flow point. As a general rule the location of the dis-ease indicates the chakra which is having difficulty coping. Our 'rooms' are located in our aura on all planes. The lower planes usually have more ugly rooms because average humanity is more focused in these lower levels. What we need to do to create perfect health and a happy life, etc, is to make

sure the dominant body acting on our etheric field is our soul body, and not our emotional body, as is the case with the masses. This can only be achieved by meditation.

So, what we are trying to do is to speed up your process of soul-personality integration by adding energy to fuse your three lower bodies to first form an integrated personality, and then get your soul to fuse with your personality, so it, the soul, is the dominant body acting on your etheric field.

This fusion can't take place until you've spring cleaned all your rooms. This can be uncomfortable, to say the least! The repercussions of soul - personality integration in one's life is huge, and the process or period of time leading up to soul personality integration, is often called the dark night of the soul, or more accurately the burning ground because it can be terrible for the person. They often feel alone, abandoned, depressed, a failure, angry and many other negative emotions, because they view the process from their lower bodies. It was at this phase of his development that the one I believe you know as the Christ said, "My God, hast thou forsaken me?" It is in the soul that we know bliss, peace, wisdom, and our way, as well as many other things, too big for you to comprehend unless you are actually there.

Soul - personality integration happens at the third initiation, so it's quite a way along. When J.B. was here nearly two thousand years ago, he was said to be a third degree initiate. We have a story left by him in our archives called 'The River and the Rope' where he tried to tell us his real purpose in being here, and what he was trying to demonstrate. I will tell it to you if we get a chance. Do you understand the concept of initiation?"

Moira shook her head, trying to take it all in. She could sense the urgency in Mother Rachitt's voice. She began to speak again. "All of us, in all kingdoms, are trying to get back to The Great Artist, or the divine energy source. It is a process of evolution and it happens life time over life time, and we are all at different places on the road. Some are way at the back, and others are performing the service of being at the front of the road and clearing the rocks for those who come behind. We will all get there; all of us are potentially magnificent and equal. In actual fact when enough people have cleared enough rocks from the path, the overall energy system of our planet will be increased and it will actually be easier for those who come behind. We need to stop thinking in terms of one 70 year life span, and begin to put things in place for ourselves and others consciously for our next life time. There is no judgement, some are just further along the path as a result of work done in previous incarnations. For us as humans, our evolution back to The Great Artist started some eighteen million years ago in ancient Lumeria and all of us have been coming back to earth life time after life time ever since, until we complete the required evolution to be able to leave earth and move on. There are those shining examples of the great one's who have

been here and demonstrated the process to us, such as J.B and The Smiling Fat Man, but it is only recently that we have reached the point where the information is now available to more people. The availability of information was freed up by the defeating of the black lodge in 1945. The current planetary crisis we are facing means that we need to understand what is happening and speed up our evolution as much as possible.”

She paused, cocking her head and peering at Moira, as if she was tuning in. “Two things I would like to add to clear up a few of those doubts,” she said accurately guessing them and addressing them briefly. “First; re-incarnation. It's quite simple really; Newton's first law of physics: ‘energy is never lost from a system’, it is just re-cycled in one form or another : and secondly, humanity definitely has been around in a primitive human form for approximately 18 million years. In a few years from now that will all emerge, as we find out that the pyramids and our civilisation is much older than the supposed two and a half thousand years. Already on the surface there are those, particularly from the geological sciences, who are beginning to prove these date discrepancies conclusively. Satisfied?” she said not waiting for a reply and beginning to speak again. Moira marvelled at how she knew about her doubts, and at the same time realised how many things this world and her world had in common, thinking of Mother Rachitt's mention of the pyramids. She struggled trying to put all of this stuff together. Shaking her head she decided it was easier to just go with the flow, absorbing what she could. She re-focused on what Mother Rachitt was saying.

“So, let's talk about the evolution of human consciousness and initiation. We say there are 7 levels back to The Great Artist, and that there are 7 lesser levels in each of the major seven levels. Therefore, there are 49 levels or stages in all, that we evolve through. Here, see if you can make out this sketch on the ground.” She drew an equilateral triangle with 6 lines across it to divide it into 7 sections. She pointed to the bottom level of the triangle.

“This here is tribal mind. This is where we are not very individualised and act as a unit. Every one in the unit depends on each other to literally survive. Any display of individuality risks the safety of the whole unit. This level,” she said pointing to the second tier of the triangle, “ is mass consciousness. This is where average humanity is now; mostly out for the good of themselves and just focused on their own personal survival. The next level up is that of the aspirant. This is where we start to wonder about life, the universe and what the purpose is of our incarnation. We notice injustices and patterns and wonder why. We are usually evolved enough to have enough spare time and the mental capacity to look at our life more closely.”

Pointing to the fourth level she said, “Then there is the disciple level. To be a disciple you must make a firm commitment to ‘The Path’, and to being in service to humanity. And probably, whether you are aware of it or not, have had to have been accepted by a Master

and accept the existence of a hierarchy. In the first few levels of being a disciple you are called a probationer. This is where the real work begins. The word disciple comes from discipline. At this level you must begin to use your mind to discipline the cravings of your lower bodies. This can be a very traumatic process for many, because as more light pours into the person's system, they become aware of parts of themselves that are not OK. Then they have to look at where these behaviours came from, to understand them and to control or change them. This is the place many people lose their way. They are working hard to elevate their vibration; all the negative behaviours that they never knew they had are becoming obvious, and as yet they are not to the point to have the positive benefit of the soul's influence, with its guidance, good health and bliss to ease the way. One of the most common dangers here is blame. The disciple will blame his parents for messing him up, or The Great Artist for giving him a bad deal in life. None of this is possible. Before each soul incarnates it chooses its life, parents and lessons so that it can round out its experience as a soul. No soul chooses more than it can handle. If a soul chooses a very hard incarnation, it is because it has made a decision to have a tough life to speed up its evolution, or to clear some karma. The rewards for surviving a tough life are great. The other thing that makes this phase difficult is the disciple's karma is speeded up as he takes a firm step on the path. He usually perceives that the bad things that are happening are some sort of punishment, instead of seeing them as a gift from his soul and an opportunity to clear old debts and finally learn their lessons.

The next level is that of the initiate. First initiation is control of the physical body and plane. Second initiation is control of the emotional body by the mental body and the fusion of the lower three bodies to form an integrated personality. Third initiation, which is actually referred to as the first great initiation, is the process of soul - personality integration, where the personality is dominated by the soul.

This can be a difficult phase as the personality likes being in charge and by this time is usually doing all right, especially on the physical - material plane. Some times people stay at this point for many lifetimes.

Sooner or later, however, something happens which makes their 'happy' personality life seem meaningless and then they begin what is often called the last great struggle for soul-personality integration. Level six is the level of the masters and level seven is 'God'; you can see that the area of the higher sections is less because less people have been able to evolve that far.

To hold the greater energy of the soul, the physical body is physically changed; even the DNA structure is altered by having helixes added to it. There are also energy transfers in the

chakras as a person evolves. We can see in you that you are only a probationer because most of your chakric activity is in the lower centres. I can see the seven centres in your etheric field running up your spine.

The crown centre, and ajna centre at the brow, are barely energised, with minimal activity in the throat and the heart. What happens as we evolve is that energy begins to redistribute itself differently in our chakras, until in an evolved man, while the lower chakras may still provide information, they are largely closed down, with three chakras being the only ones really operating.” She paused giving Moira a strange look. “Do you know what a chakra is?” she asked.

“Sort of. I had a dream,” Moira mumbled looking at the ground and waiting for them to go into shock, feeling ignorant and ashamed. Somehow it was all seeming to fit, making some sort of weird sense. The bits she grasped anyway. If her world was so clever how come no one knew this stuff, she wondered? She heard Master Nakai’s intake of breath at her omission, but had a huge wave of affection for the wiry old lady rush over her, when she began to launch into her explanation as if it was normal not to know what a chakra was.

“We live in a sea of energy. We are all connected by this sea. It is really a giant etheric field. Some of our ancestors understood this when they talked about trees, rocks, and animals all being alive.

Have you not heard that saying that when a butterfly flaps its wings on the other side of the world it effects us?”

Moira nodded, she’d heard it, but she just thought it was one of those weirdo cosmic sayings that no one really understood, but everyone said to be cool. Mother Rachitt smiled at her and nodded saying “Humm” as if she knew exactly what was going on in Moira’s head. She carried on speaking, causing Moira to realise she was a force to be reckoned with and that nothing short of an earthquake would divert her from her point.

“So you see, if we didn't have chakras we would be swamped by an energy overload from this giant etheric field, and wouldn't be able to separate ourselves from the rest of the world. The chakras open as close like hatches and take in the required amount of energy for each specific function. For example the base chakra, located at the bottom of our spine, takes in the energy for our survival needs; things like vitality, food, shelter, clothing and money are supplied from the form of energy provided from here.”

She began to draw a stick figure in the muck at the bottom of the cave. She put five dots up its trunk and two on its head. “All the chakras have a colour and a sound or note,” she said. “The colour of the base chakra is red. Here just below the navel is the sacral or sexual

centre. It is orange. This is the centre for balancing our male and female energies and our sexual centre and our centre for procreativity. Then there is the emotional chakra at the solar plexus. It is yellow. The heart,” she said jabbing at the chest of the sketch, “Is green and the place for unconditional love. At a higher level it can be a rose-peach colour. The throat, our communication chakra is blue, though it changes to turquoise in a more evolved man. Then there is the ajna centre between the eyebrows. It is purple. It co-ordinates the activities of the lower chakras and is fully active only when we are an integrated personality. The crown chakra is white or gold and is our connection back to The Great Artist. It is said to be a thousand petalled lotus. The lower chakras have less petals. In all chakras, the petals open as we evolve. There are also twenty one minor chakras, examples of these being two chakras in both the hands and the feet. In the hands they are where your tallest finger touches your palm, and in the feet they are located in the middle of the foot just back from the toes. Usually before you can begin the energy shifts required for evolution, you must have all of your chakras functioning and balanced; or at least that's the ideal anyway.

As I mentioned earlier, as we evolve energy shifts out of some of the chakras and they operate automatically, for want of a better phrase. One of the first transfers is usually from the sacral or sexual centre just below the navel, to the throat chakra, which is not only our communication centre, but also the chakra for creativity on the higher planes; that is art, business, literature, poetry, as well as enthusiasm and charisma. In women this shift from the sacral chakra to the throat chakra happens at menopause, if not before, whether they are ready or not. This is one of the reasons why women have such a hard time at menopause, and why they are often much more vocal, or go on to start creative enterprises at this time in their lives. That is, if they can withstand the pressure and make changes to take advantage of what their soul is offering; otherwise they literally begin to die from this point on.

Men have something similar at mid life crisis, but it's not as pronounced. This shift can also happen in some women at childbirth, and we could prevent post natal depression if we understood what was happening and stopped tabletizing ourselves and started meditating and working with these changes consciously.” She sighed, for a moment looking sad and soft, and then her face shut back down into her usual stern, serious manner and she carried on. Moira wondered if she had imagined the moment of vulnerability.

“Simultaneously or generally at around the same time,” she stated, “The emotional chakra at the solar plexus begins to shift it's energy to the heart centre, and eventually closes down. To shut the emotional chakra down, you have to clean every thing out of it. When this chakra eventually does close down, we get huge relief from the desire mind of our emotional bodies. We also get off the Crazy roller coaster of emotions we have been living on and our health improves correspondingly, as the emotional body is not constantly



bombarding the etheric field with every passing desire. One of the symptoms people complain about at this time is boredom. They will tell you that their lives are dull and uninteresting and that they simply couldn't be bothered to go on anymore. All the things which used to push their buttons and make them happy before seem to have stopped working. What is actually happening is that before they recognised their highs by their lows. Living in the solar plexus, and being overly connected to the emotional plane can be very turbulent and is filled with ups and downs. Whether we admit it or not most of us like letting our drama queen out and having a bit of a wallow. It is attention seeking behaviour and our negativity can continue to create a negative reality for us if we indulge ourselves in it. From the heart chakra our lives are much more peaceful and we are 'up' all of the time. At first this can take some getting used to. For a start we don't have the awful lows of the solar plexus to provide comparison, so we find it hard to realise we are in a happy space, and, if we realise we are happy, we are not used to it so we start creating problems because we expect them.

This transfer of energy from the sacral centre to the throat is a shift from using our physical body to create in physical substance, to using our mental and emotional bodies to create in physical substance. Then as your evolution proceeds, the energy transfers from the throat chakra to the ultra major chakra, which is located at the back of our head at the base of the skull. This is the chakra for spiritual creativity, and is not active in average man, though we all develop differently at different rates. When the ultra major opens up before the person is ready, people complain of a loss of physical balance, headaches, buzzing in the head, or just unusual sensations in the back of the skull. The ajna centre, the fifth centre up at the brows, is the seat of the personality. It only becomes fully active after we are an integrated personality. It helps synthesis and control the lower centres. It is also the place from which to create our dreams for the future.

Eventually, at around third initiation, what happens is the base chakra and the heart and crown chakras form a triangle of energy. This is called kundalini. Kundalini is a phenomena that is very misunderstood, and is often called the wild fire or the serpent that lives coiled at the base of the spine. Kundalini happens when the man is sufficiently evolved that the will to live, stored in the base of the spine, changes to the will to good. The shift from the will to live to the will to good causes the kundalini energy to rise from the base of the spine and connect with the crown centre and the heart centre. We then have an energy triangle set up between the heart chakra, the base chakra and the crown chakra. In an evolved man these are the only three centres that are fully functioning.

Kundalini energy has long been recognised as dangerous if it is activated before the person is ready. The energy rising up the spine can blow all the circuits in man if he is not evolved

enough for it, or those around him don't support and understand him in the tricky early stages of this part of his evolution, and there are many people who are in mental institutes today as a result of this. It is like passing an eleven thousand volt current through wiring designed for twelve volts. The wiring is literally burnt out and is almost irreparable. The kundalini rising tears the webs set up in the etheric field between the chakras. This web protects us from accessing information before we are ready for it, and before we can energetically cope with it. Some of the milder symptoms of kundalini when the person is not quite ready for it are, convulsing, dream-like states and excessive manic bursts of energy. So, as you can see the process is fraught with risks, and as Master Nakai has said we do not know how successful we will be at speeding up your process.”

Again she paused and seemed to be seeking guidance from the master. Again he nodded.

Mother Rachitt began to speak in her no nonsense manner, pausing only to have a sip of water. The same as there are laws and rules that govern physical matter, there are laws and rules for the other planes, and laws that govern the process of soul-personality integration. I think if we just cover the first four quickly, Master Nakai, that should be enough, don't you think?” she said looking at the master. He must have indicated yes, but Moira didn't see it.

She started to speak again, “The first of the Law's of the Soul is the Law of Sacrifice. The Law of Sacrifice is about the impulse of giving up one thing in order to get another, or the death of the lower in order to access that which is higher. It's a pretty obvious one really. When you begin to grow and move towards peace and being functional you have to sacrifice some things, behaviours, possessions, etc. to make way for the new. We begrudge giving these things up because we don't realise we will get something better. J.B. taught us about the law of sacrifice during his crucifixion, but no one understood the message of giving up one thing to get another. It was perceived as a negative event, as we were only able to view it from our limited perspective.

The second law, is the Law of Magnetic Impulse. It usually begins to come into play when the mental body is beginning to access the higher levels of the mental plane; that is the higher or intuitive mind which is able to reach high enough to channel in the soul. It is the law which concerns the interrelation of all souls. The law basically states that when you know your own soul you can begin to draw other souls, teachers, etc. to you . You literally magnetise the beings, experiences or things you need, to you. This is how the student finds his master, or how the healer draws his clients, or how you connect with your soul group or guides. It is also the Law of Magnetic Impulse that draws or magnetises your soul in to begin to fuse with the personality. When this law is working effectively a man can work with matter, but can also hold his consciousness in the non physical realms at the same time, hence stay connected to his soul guidance.

Laws three and four are the Law of Service and the Law of Repulse. The Law of Service is about helping others, and says that once we realise the quickest way to progress through our incarnation is to be in service then we will have peace and be able to move from the earth plane and stop re-incarnating. Being in service also allows us to collect energy to meet our needs. It's simple really. We help another and we feel good. This good feeling is an increase or inflow of energy in our system. Our mind is distracted from our own traumas and the process of aiding another aligns us with our soul purpose, which is what causes the inflow of energy. I remember many years ago when I was in the painful process of integration, I would go to my master and say 'I can not work to day. I am too much of an emotional mess to teach my classes', and I would be crying or angry. He would say to me, "Work." I would think he was heartless and hate him, but always after my classes I would feel better. More often than not one of my students would come along with the same problems as I was having and I would be able to understand my own difficulties through helping them. It was as if my soul, through the process of being in service, would align me and provide the information I needed. And that is how it always is. Our soul is our teacher and if we are patient and give it the chance it will always provide what we need.

The Law of Repulse can be pretty brutal and really only starts to act as the soul and personality begin to influence each other. This is because until this point the soul is not 'close' enough to begin to act on the personality life. The Law of Repulse states that once the soul begins to exert it's influence on the personality then what ever is no longer necessary and is holding back the person's progress, will be repulsed. It's sort of like magnets when they create a field where one repels the other.

It can be very hard on the lower bodies as the soul may begin to repulse one's partner or job, or any number of other things which the lower bodies may not want to let go of.

You can expect these laws to begin to act on you. Most of us think we are being punished or badly done by during this phase. We need to remember that these laws are actually an assistance in speeding up our evolution. Laws just are. It's like water boils at 100 degrees C or if you go out in the rain you get wet. The sooner we understand them and begin to co-operate with them the less painful it will be.

We still have the rays, which are the seven different streams of energy of consciousness, to cover, as well as formulate a ray hypothesis for your energy field, but I sense it's time to move on." Abruptly she started to put things in her bag. Moira just sat there, part of her trying to take it all in, and the other part, aware of the smell and the pain in her arm, wondered why she bothered. Feeling depressed, she got to her feet and went to join the small group that was beginning to gather at the stone spit.

The master gathered everyone in the group and asked them to align. Moira felt a surge of energy as the group began to ‘om’ softly. Her depression lifted as the now familiar peace of alignment settled on her and she enjoyed the nowness of just being with the group. Master Nakai began to quietly issue instructions. He told them that the bridge went all the way across, and that it was strong enough, but very narrow in places. “Illoow is already across,” he said. “Alloow will be the last one across.

Grafter, you will be the first. You have a connection with stone as a mason and we would ask you to use your gifts to smooth the way. Then, Minjarni you will go next, leading the mules. Tannin you are next, followed by Thomias, then Faltone and Johab you cross together so it can be recorded with someone in the picture. Win Chule, you and your student will cross either side of Moira and Mother Rachitt. Morcheeva Storm, myself and Alloow will bring up the rear. Morcheeva will you tether your horse to the last mule so it can be led by the pack please.”

Morcheeva shuffled around a bit uncomfortably, which Moira thought strange, and then said a very defiant sounding “No. I'm riding across.” Moira watched as the two considered each other, Morcheeva looking resolute and the master looking calm.

“Is there some reason for this,” he inquired quietly. “I am concerned that it will be safer for you if you walk.”

“Well, it's like this,” she said suddenly her discomfort being replaced by a bravado and nonchalance. “ I hate heights, I was born in the desert where the only high thing was Carson's Pinnacle; no hills, no faith, and I sure as hell ain't interested in “om-ing’ ” my way across. My Daddy did a whole bloody bunch of it, om-ing, and that alignment stuff, and it never helped him and Mumma one little bit. I was only eleven when the parafearonoids came and blew their heads off. Billy Jack, one of the young cowboys, came an’ got me and taught me how to ride, fight and shoot, an’ that has done me a lot more good than your “om” crap. No disrespect intended. You live and then your dead, that's it. I'll take my chances on Winnie, cause riding her across with my eyes closed is about the only way you're going to get me to the other side, thanks any way. An I'm tellin’ ya, I ain't intending to die yet. I got a job to do yet,” she concluded as if she was trying to convince herself it would be OK.

The master hesitated and then smiled his beautiful smile at Morcheeva, “Fine, “ he said nodding. “And Morcheeva,” he added, “Thank you for having the courage to share your fears with us.

Bravely Sketched! It makes it easier for others to be themselves and express their own fears. We always think we are the only one having an emotion but that is rare. It also prevents ‘acting out from happening. There is a theory which says that in any given group or

collective energy field, if anything is unexpressed then the most sensitive person at the time is in danger of picking up the suppressed emotion and acting it out.” At Morcheeva’s raised eyebrow, he went on to use the example of a mother suppressing her rage at her life and one of her children picking up the unowned emotion and expressing anger with out apparent cause, or sending the ‘black sheep’ off to boarding school only to have one of the other children become the rebel.

“Now,” he said, “We will align ourselves before the crossing, then Grafter will begin. We will help hold the alignment and balance of each person as they cross the bridge. Is every one clear?” he asked looking around at the group. Everyone nodded, so he asked them all to prepare for a group meditation and mutual alignment. He explained that if they worked as a group, then they would have the advantage of each person being lifted to a higher vibration then they could normally achieve on their own. They all sat in circle on the filthy ground and the master led them in a guided meditation.

He cleared his throat and asked that he be able to give the essential gift of his being for the good of the whole and be in service to the Great Sketch, and then sounded a low clear om. The rest of the group followed suit. He asked them to align their physical - etheric body with their emotional and mental bodies and to visualise an integrated personality being formed. Each alignment was punctuated by an om.

After the alignment he began to paint a picture for them saying, “Imagine that you are on a beach in the dark. The wind is howling and there is debris flying through the air, the wind sucking at your hair and clothes. Now sense the rest of our group somewhere in the dark there with you. It is so dark that you cling together, and all is uncertain. The weather worsens. You feel as if you are a ship at sea, tossed on the waves and at their mercy; lost in the darkness and the howling storm. Then suddenly to the east over the sea a beam of light appears. It is the sun, a giant golden orb beginning to rise. It's warmth touches your face, caressing and comforting you. At the first glimmers of light, the weather begins to calm and all turn to face this first glorious ray of light. The wind begins to drop and the water stills as the sun begins to rise still more. A luminous road of light makes a path across the water, shimmering, inviting with it's warmth and radiance. We begin to walk towards it, united, drawn by it's golden glow, it's river of luminosity. We enter the water following the glowing, golden road, the sun now half up on the horizon. The water is warm and comforting, enveloping like the caress of soft silk. The radiant half disc calls us closer. We feel cleansed by the satiny, smoothness of the water as if it were pure light, a golden glowing stream. When we get to our waist we start to glide down the river of light, towards the radiant sun. The water seems to vanish and it is as if we were swimming in the radiant warmth of it's light, immersed, at one in it's golden glow. Then we reach the luminous orb

and flow into the heart of the sun and it flows into us, merging, becoming one, with this purifying, radiant ball of golden living light. We begin to repeat the phrase inside ourselves, 'I am light. I am light. I am a pure source of light. I am light. Light guides me.' Feel yourselves filled with that light, no matter what storms are raging outside. Know you can always hold the light within."

After a period of silence he called them to attention and without anymore talking, Grafton rose and went to stand at the start of the spit, awaiting a cue from the master to proceed.

## CHAPTER NINE - THE BRIDGE

Moira watched nervously as Grafter stood at the beginning of the bridge. He bent and touched his forehead to the stone and began to say some sort of very guttural invocation. Very slowly he began to inch forward, his steps becoming longer and more confident as he disappeared into the darkness. Minjarni moved to the edge, looking fragile and ethereal. She turned and made some more strange wickering - snorting sounds and the lead mule moved over to her, the rest of the animals obediently following. Alloow leaned forward and reported to the master that Illoow had telepathed back that Grafter was across. Master Nakai turned and relayed the information to the group.

"Illoow says Grafters across. He says most of the path is OK; a bit rough in places but a good foot wide for most of the way. There is a section in the middle that is only about a palms width wide, that will be difficult as it stretches for about forty steps. The total length is about two hundred steps. Are you right to start Minjarni?', he asked. She didn't answer, but began to walk smoothly and calmly forward, not appearing to be making any effort to see where her feet were going. The lead mule followed her on to the bridge and Minjarni and the mules made their way across with apparent ease. Tannin was next, stepping up to the start in his usual concise, organised manner, with Thomias following once he was across safely. Moira was amazed at how calm everyone seemed. "Like lambs to the slaughter," she thought bleakly, and then panicked, rapidly trying to squash the thought for fear of making something awful happen. She shook her head feeling confused, trying to tell herself not to be stupid; what you thought didn't make things happen, but she realised she wasn't so sure anymore. Faltone and Johab left together, Faltone giving Moira a quick hug before she went, which warmed Moira's heart. She realised with surprise that she felt very close to Faltone, even though they didn't know each other well. She watched proudly as Faltone stepped onto the bridge without flinching. She had finally realised by the Master's comments that the weird goggles Johab was wearing over his eyes allowed the pack on his back to record all the events. Moira wondered gloomily if it was like the black box in aeroplanes. She didn't like heights much herself and wasn't confident about the trip across. She was glad Faltone was going first. She knew if Faltone could do it so could she. As she watched their dim shapes out in the middle her worst fears unfolded. There was an ear splitting shriek, and she watched helplessly as a large bat swooped down at Faltone. Faltone's arms flailed as she swatted at it, valiantly trying to keep her balance. Master Nakai and Mother Rachitt began to chant in unison, as they watched Faltone's struggle. Moira felt an absolute blast of fury as she watched Johab angle his head to film the whole thing. "Why the bloody hell wasn't he helping her,' screamed in her head. The master paused and said sharply to Moira, "Pull your negative energy back now! He must allow her free will, no

matter what." As he turned to begin chanting again, there was another screech as two more bats began to swoop at Faltone. She propped and suddenly stood very still. The bats descend on her. Quick as a flash, Moira saw her clutch at the three bats at once, and then before anyone realised what she was going to do, she threw herself over the edge, taking the screaming bats with her. There was a shocked silence.

Moira felt the most incredible rage and grief explode in her chest, her mouth still hanging open, not being able to comprehend what had just happened. She felt herself zero in on Johab, the cowardly little turd! He was still standing frozen in the middle, looking down into the blackness of the chasm. Probably trying to still film her, Moira thought, fire coursing through her veins. As she opened her mouth to scream her fury, a hand clamped across her mouth and she felt herself jerked into a head lock.

"Shut up, Girly", snapped the voice into her left ear. It was Mother Rachitt. "She's dead. OK. Gone. Eilheart would have been proud of her. Do you think any of us would have gotten across once the bats came? She's taken the renegade ones with her before they could alert the others. Bravely Sketched! We will honour her by completing the mission. Do you hear me Heart Carrier?" Her tone was hard as nails and brooked no argument. She gave Moira a rough shake as if to hammer the message home.

Moira sagged, her fury being replaced by grief and fear. The sound of the master quite intonations drifted over her. She was beginning to feel like she had blood on her hands. Eilheart, and his wife, and now Faltone. She began to sob quietly and Mother Rachitt released her vice like grip on her. "It is the Law of Sacrifice, Moira." Mother Rachitt said gently. "Remember J.B., he gave up his life so that he could have everlasting life. It is not always as it seems. Sometimes death is a purification process, or a gift granted by the soul on compassionate grounds, to release the person from their suffering, and either give them a rest from incarnating or to move them onto a higher plane for a job well done. The great ones left us a saying, ' When a soul is born into a human form, the angels weep and when the form dies they rejoice'."

Alloow reported to the master that Johab was across. Moira shook her head incredulously, surely they weren't just going to carry on as if nothing had happened. Master Nakai turned and nodded to Win Chule. He and his student stepped up either side of Moira, with Mother Rachitt moving forward as well. Moira felt herself go to jelly. "I can't," she said brokenly, " I can't. I can't. I just can't. If Faltone couldn't get across, I'll never make it. The bats will come. They'll suck my blood. I can't! " She sank to the ground, lying in the mud sobbing brokenly. "I don't want to be here. I don't know what's happening. Am I in hell? And where are my kids?" she groaned. "I just want to be with my kids. I don't care about your world or your mission. I just want to hug my children one more time. Please God, if you're up there,



please let me just hold my children one more time. Take me home. I'm sorry I complained all the time; I didn't mean it. Let me tell them I love them just once properly before I go. Oh Faltone, I'm so sorry. I just can't make it. I'm too weak. I should have died instead of her. I'm useless to you. I'm even worse than useless. Please God let me have oblivion. I'm not a bad person. Please don't leave me here. It feels like hell," she babbled, her tone was starting to rise to hysterical, lost in the oblivion of her own self pity, when Mother Rachitt reached down and grabbed her by the scruff of her shoulder and jerked her upright. Then she delivered a stinging blow to Moira's cheek. Moira's mouth fell open in shock, silenced by the almost brutality and strength of the old woman.

"Tough love," grunted Mother Rachitt giving Moira another rough shake. "We," said the old lady, "are going to cross this spit." Her mood changed and she pulled Moira in for a quick hug. "Let me tell you a story as we go," she said blandly, "to take your mind off the crossing. Master Nakai will walk behind you and hold your alignment, and you can follow my voice." Moira just stared, her mouth open trying to work out what on earth she was talking about stories for. Was she insane!

At that moment Mother Rachitt 'omed', her gaze drawing Moira's. "Once upon a time," she began, her voice taking on an almost hypnotic quality, "there was two lands separated by a great and wild river. On one side of the river was the land of Bliss and on the other side was the land of Woe. The land of Bliss was the most heavenly place. Food was abundant, the climate pleasant, and it's beauty incredible. The people were happy. Everything they needed was provided for them. The land of Woe was the exact opposite. It was arid and dry in summer and freezing in winter. Food and water were scarce, and misery prevailed." As she was speaking Moira was faintly aware of movement around her. She heard the master's soft 'om' as he moved in close behind her. Win Chule began to cross, Mother Rachitt following, her voice floating back to Moira. Without really being aware of moving, Moira stepped forward, mesmerised, following the story.

"The river was too wide and dangerous to cross, so the lands were separated," said the disembodied voice, pulling her forward. "One day a compassionate citizen from the land of Bliss was standing on the bank watching the suffering of the people on the other side. So great was his love for them, that he decided to try to swim the river and place a rope across it so the people in the land of Woe could get across to the land of Bliss, and so that they would realise that there was a better way to live. He began to train and strengthen himself for the swim, driven onward by his love for his fellow man, and his desire to be of service to the Plan.

Finally he was ready. He tied a noose on one end of the rope and the other end to a sturdy tree on his side of the river. With his heart full of love, he plunged into the raging torrent.

When he was just over half way across, some hunters from the land of Woe saw him, and thinking he was a fish, shot their arrows at him, one of them wounding him fatally. In his last dying breath and with great effort he struggled for the shore on the other side. As he sank below the waves, he managed to throw the rope over a stump on the other side. When the men from the land of Woe realised what he had done, they hailed him as a hero, saying he died to save us and rushing to spread the news of his heroic deed across the land of Woe.

News travelled quickly, with other's agreeing that he had indeed died to save them and that he was worthy of their love and adulation. And yet although they worshipped and loved him, only a few attempted to cross the river, for others said within themselves, " Even though the rope is there, and we can not drown if we cling to it, the waters are cold and the effort of crossing the river very great.. "

And so in time, the rope was almost forgotten and became covered in weeds and entangled in the fallen branches of old trees, so that it hardly resembled a rope at all. But the worship of the hero continued; and monuments and buildings were erected to his memory and people sang songs of adulation to him, and prayed to him because of his great love for them. Second, third and forth generations of men came into being, and their leaders, men of learning, preached of the hero and how he had died to save them, but of the rope across the river they never spoke, for now it had been forgotten altogether. Consequently, a great confusion arose by reason of the arguments and teachings and oratory, and finally many superstitions came into being, so that only a few were able to discern the difference between folly and the Truth. Also much discourse arose among them and they quarrelled and fought, and those few who were able to discern the Truth were persecuted and reviled. So the land of Woe became more stricken with sorrow and unrest then already it was.

Finally a body of learned men arose and they cried "Why this strife? All that is needful is to worship this hero as a god, and to believe that he died to save others, and lo! when we ourselves die we shall go to the land of Bliss with no trouble at all. For although our bodies cannot float across the river while we are alive, our souls will float across it when we are dead. Moreover, so great was his love, power and heroism, that all we ask of his spirit, he will surely do, if we but shower enough worship on him in return." When the people heard this, they were overcome with joy and heaped honours on the teachers, saying; "Great is their wisdom for they have shown us an easy way. Simple indeed is it to worship and pray and to ask our hero to save us when we die; so let us now eat and drink and be merry and make the best of our sojourn in the land of Woe."

But meanwhile the spirit of that hero looked down upon his brothers with sadness as he listened to their petitions and prayers. And into their ears he whispered; "My brothers you do err, for verily I LIVED to save you, but alas you have forgotten the rope which I placed

across the river between the lands of Bliss and Woe, for to that end did I come, and for no other. Because of my love for you, my spirit is close to you, and I will comfort you and cheer you in your adversities, yet carry you across the river I must not, however much you pray and implore." But although the hero spoke to them thus, yet too loudly did they utter their prayers and petitions, to hear the still small voice of his spirit - and so they remained in the land of Woe.' The end," said Mother Rachitt.

Moira felt her head snap as if she had just been released from something, and in shock, realised she was on the other side of the bridge. She felt confused and disorientated. Mother Rachitt stepped up to her, bowed and then pulled Moira into a big motherly hug. All the roughness seemed to have disappeared and Moira snuggled closer feeling her eyes start to mist over. She cried quietly for a long time, Mother Rachitt holding her patiently and with love. Finally with thoughts of Faltone in her head, she pulled back and straightened herself, and muttered a very humble sorry to the group, who by now were all across the bridge. No one replied, but one by one each member walked over to her and silently hugged her. With each hug she felt her strength increase, feeling loved unconditionally was new to her, and she felt joy and humbleness in the groups acceptance of her, even though she thought she was pathetic, they could still feel love for her. Maybe she should try and accept herself, imperfect but still her, the way the group did, flashed into her head, but it was lost in a rush of anger as Johab moved towards her. It was one of the hardest things she had ever done, but when Johab finally did step up to her, she was able to hug him, a little stiffly at first, but once she embraced him, she felt how hard it was for him to be out there with Faltone and not help her, but love and trust her enough to know that she could make her own decisions and had her own inner guidance, and to not violate her free will. She knew as she released him they were OK. "He's just a kid,' she thought, giving him an extra squeeze as he went to pull back. By the time Grafter was standing in front of her awkwardly, Moira was able to pull him into her embrace and genuinely hug him. He stepped back abruptly and Moira thought she saw tears in his eyes. Maybe he was like her she thought; full of fear and with no idea how to receive love.

Master Nakai interrupted her train of thoughts, suggesting that they rest a little further on, and no one disagreed, all being glad to leave this place behind. Moira's grief freshened when Demilo, Faltone's mule, refused to travel anywhere except at the back of Venus, her sister mule. Moira heart broke as she looked at the empty saddle. Turning to the front she lectured herself ferociously, trying to control the tremor in her bottom lip. The tunnel had widened now, and after an hour or so it was obvious that they were beginning to head upwards. Moira wanted to see the sun again, and she stayed focused on that image trying not to think about her aching body or all that had happened. 'Acceptance,' Mother Rachitt had told her, 'is the way to peace, when it's not possible to change things. Dropping into your emotional

plane is no use, and in the bigger picture, the event that is making us sad may not be as it seems. We must trust that our souls are giving us the lessons that we need, and that the outcome will be positive, no matter what the current evidence is.' Moira shrugged and refocused on the image of sunlight shining on her forehead. The master had said this was a good way, when you were desperate, to get aligned. She had promised herself she would do her best for Faltone, and she was bloody well going to, no matter what sort of tantrums her emotional body or whatever it was, threw.

Just when Moira thought she might fall out of her saddle, the master called a halt, announcing that they would eat and rest for a few hours. Moira felt as if she was in some sort of time warp. She was beyond feeling now, everything was a blur in the dim light. She just longed for sunlight, sleep and a bath. It was all she was capable of thinking of. She gutsed hungrily into the food that Tannin gave her, not the least bit perturbed by the stink from the mud or her own smell. As soon as I finish this, she thought, I am going to lay down right here in this wretched mud, and go to sleep. She swallowed rapidly, washing the last mouthful down with her juice, and began to ease herself down in the slime. Before she got into full recline the master called her over. Groaning, she almost told him to get lost, but then she remembered Faltone. She got wearily to her feet and staggered over to where he, Mother Rachitt and Win Chule were gathered.

Moira felt guilty when the master gave her his 'special energy' smile, as she had come to know it as, and said, "Thank you Heart Carrier, we know you are weary and we appreciate your sacrifice. We really need to cover the rays, and try to work on a ray hypothesis for you. Win Chule has agreed to hold the energy for you and align some of your etheric field while we speak, so that you can feel refreshed and revived when we move on. Will that be OK with you?" When she nodded wearily, he smiled and touched her arm gently and said, 'it is a bold line you embark on sketching, Heart Carrier, praise be to your soul for it's courage." He turned to Mother Rachitt, "Are you ready to begin Mother Rachitt?" he asked directing his gaze to her. She nodded and began to speak in her usual no mess way. Moira was beginning to really like the tough old woman, though she had to admit she scared her.

"So," she began, "this is probably the last piece of information we need to sketch for you before you decide whether to allow us to try and help speed up your soul-personality integration or not. It is about the rays, and in some ways is the most important thing, as the rays are what make up every thing in our universe. They are the seven streams of consciousness and are present in every thing. The divine source emanates from the Great Artist in one stream and heads towards our planet. The constellation of the Great Bear splits the stream of energy into three primary rays, that is the first, second and third ray. In some ways these are the rays of the father, mother and child respectively, or of will, love and

intelligence, or life, appearance and quality. The first and second rays travel directly to us through the sun, and the third ray travels through the constellation of the Seven Sisters, or the Pleiades, and is further split into rays four, five, six and seven. To quote one of our most famous teachers, Master D.K., a Tibetan master who was here a long time ago; 'A ray is but a name for a particular force or type of energy, with the emphasis upon the quality which that force exhibits and not upon the form aspect which it creates.' The forms can be incredibly diverse. Does that make sense?" asked Mother Rachitt.

"Sort of," said Moira, "But I'm not sure of the point."

"Well," answered Mother Rachitt, "Each of us are made up of aggregates of these rays or energies, as is every thing else in our solar system. Knowing that, and what the different rays do, is a way to both understand our world and yourself, and to speed up your soul-personality integration by beginning to work consciously with them. Let me use myself as an example of the usefulness of it. We call it sharing your ray hypothesis, and it's quite a personal thing to do, as it allows the other person to know a lot of things about you.

So, I am a ray two soul, a ray one personality, a ray five mental body, a ray six emotional body, and a ray seven physical body". Moira looked at her as if she was speaking another language. As if Mother Rachitt knew what she was thinking she said, "At first it's like learning another language. It sounds confusing and the words are unfamiliar, but once you learn the new terminology it makes excellent sense and it really explains a lot of things to us, that we as individuals can prove and use ourselves. For example modern psychology is successful when working on lower issues, but the reason it fails in some areas is because it doesn't take into account the soul or the rays, and doesn't have a model which covers all bodies, or situations. Psychologists are still trying to find a theory that covers and really works in all cases, sometimes saying it's conditioning from the environment, other times it's learned behaviours, and at other times it's genetic. They don't have a functioning theory that covers all cases. The ray model, as you explore it, literally covers everything in our world and explains it, including the psychology of people. So, don't be put off by the jargon, everything has it's own words. Look at learning to drive a land scooter. Terms like brake, gears, and accelerator, as well as the road rules seem like double dutch to start with, and when we first learn to drive we are so busy concentrating on everything that it seems a pretty daunting task. After a while however, when we know in practical terms what the words actually stand for, we drive with ease and can even talk, look at the scenery and remember the directions. So let me go through my ray hypothesis for you. First, I am ray two soul. What that means is that my soul is made up of the energy of ray two. The second ray is a blue or indigo colour, and is called the ray of love and wisdom. People with a lot of ray two make excellent teachers and usually have a lot of learning or knowledge. Some of

the strengths of the second ray are; loving wisdom, extreme sensitivity, love of pure truth, patience, tact, faithfulness, tolerance, receptivity, empathy and compassion and an ability to love inclusively and intuitively. Having this type of soul is perfect for the job I perform in the pod, which is lovingly and wisely teaching others to help them grow into their full potential and become whole. Of course ray two also has weaknesses. How these weaknesses manifest depends on what level the ray is located on, and on the individual evolvment or vibration of the person. By that I mean ray two manifesting at a soul level will not really exhibit any of the negative qualities, but say at the lower level of the emotional body, the negative characteristics will be more evident, especially if the overall vibration of the individual is low. The weaknesses of the second ray are; self pity, fearfulness, over-sensitivity, over protectiveness, over attachment, inferiority, non-assertiveness, over absorption in study, coldness or indifference and smother love.

My personality body is ray one. The first ray is sometimes called the flaming sword or the lord of death. It colour is red and it is usually referred to as the ray of will and power. It is said that the contribution of the first ray is the service of strengthening and liberating others, vitalising and directing the power of their will and impelling them to achieve the courage to 'BE'. People with a lot of ray one wit say things like, 'tell me the bottom' line, or 'just the facts thanks,' and will generally communicate with a minimum of words. They have little time for those who babble on and will usually be pretty blunt in telling them so. They can be called the destroying ray, as they have an ability to see what is not working in a system and remove, isolate or destroy it. When this ray is manifesting at a lower level it is prone to such things as anger and violence, arrogance, excessive pride, wilfulness, hardness, cruelty, impatience, destructiveness, separateness and obstinance. In it's positive sense it is a great ray for getting things done, though ray one types are rarely team players; they want to be the boss. Those with strong doses of ray one at a higher level have great strength of will and fearlessness. They are often born leaders with a strong sense of purpose and the power to initiate and to hold a strong one pointed focus, along with the strength, courage and independence to carry this out.

You can see already this ray combination working out in me. Before I was starting to feel the influence of my soul, but after I had worked enough to become an integrated personality, the red ray gave me a really hard time. I was young, cocky and ambitious. I thought I knew it all. It allowed me to progress up the ranks in the pod very quickly, but it didn't make me any friends; not that I minded anyway, and even this 'loner' tendency is a trait of the first ray. In those days I thought I was better than most of them anyway," she said with a laugh. "More seriously though Heart Carrier, this is how the first ray manifests at the lower level of the personality. A ray one emotional body has an even more extreme distortion; they would appear to feel nothing much at all and then would occasionally go right off the deep end into

more than likely an extreme rage; however it manifested you can guarantee it will be wilful and destructive. Then, as I evolved through meditation and working on myself, my soul began to exert its influence, and my ray one began to manifest its positive aspects in my life. At first I felt a bit like a schizophrenic; when my soul was dominant I was all mushy and sweet and wanted to 'save' everyone, and teach them, sharing my love and wisdom with them. I would be very compassionate and loving if someone came to me with a problem in that phase. When my personality was dominant, it was more like 'out of my way, I'm coming through,' or 'I see the goal, don't get between me and it', and if someone came to me with a problem, I'd more than likely tell them brutally where they were at, tear down their behavioural patterns pretty roughly, tell them what they needed to do, and to shut up their whinging and get on with it. My advice was always spot on, but the trauma and brutality of the delivery, unless the other person was very ray one themselves, would make the information almost useless. Often in this phase of development, when the soul is just beginning to dominate, the student has a tendency to try to kill off its personality. That is like throwing the baby out with the bath water. The personality is a valuable aspect of the whole which is us, as are all the other bodies. The personality is the vehicle for the expression of the soul; the actor which plays the soul's bidding on the stage if you like. My ray two soul on its own, in my particular ray make-up wouldn't have had the strength or the will to communicate its message without the drive of my ray one personality.

Now that my soul has control of my personality, I am able to wield the wonderful things that make up my ray one personality in a useful compassionate way, because of the loving guidance and intuitiveness of my ray two soul. When students come to me for advice, if I know their ray hypothesis, I can present information and work with them in a way that they can understand. Or another example would be if I have a ray 2 student who is currently undergoing soul-personality integration, and is in crisis because of that, I can tell them that they need to 'stand in the centre' The ray two integration crisis is that the ray two soul wants to save the whole tribe so is at the back of the circle of humanity, compassionately trying to push the whole circle of humanity to the centre to be saved. Of course this is virtually impossible, so the advice I give is go to the centre of the circle and show the way; use the drawing or loving magnetic power of the second ray to draw the others to the centre. In other words, teach by example, not by trying to manipulate every one to the 'centre'. If I have a student come with a ray five mind, for example, I know I would have to be very factual and scientific in my help, and that I'd have to 'prove it' to them in some way. Ray five minds like diagrams, so that would be an effective way that I could use to teach them. If I started giving them idealistic phrases and emotional clichés, they would not be able to relate to what I was saying. For someone who has a lot of ray six, particularly in their emotional body, idealistic phrases would work fine. Knowing our own ray make up, and

even loosely identifying those around you can be a wonderful way to understand and interact with others. It allows you to be more respectful of each other.

My mind is a ray five mind. Ray five is the ray of concrete knowledge and science and is orange in colour. A ray five person will want you to prove it to them, in real concrete terms. They'll ask for evidence. If you are explaining something to a ray five person, use a diagram and provide accurate technical information. Strengths of the fifth ray are the capacity to think and act scientifically, detached objectivity, accuracy, precision, the ability to analyse and discriminate, and the practical inventiveness and common sense to discover and verify through experimentation. The downside can be excessive rigidity, over analysis, excessive doubt and scepticism, lack of imagination, social awkwardness, rigid and set thought patterns, narrowness, prejudice and criticism, and they often are very insensitive and can be downright boring. My having a ray five mind with the ability to research things, a ray one wilful, focused personality and a ray two teacher cum 'save the world' soul is the perfect energy combination for what I do in the pod, which is teach, counsel and provide research and information on new ideas. My ray six emotional body helps because it gets very passionate and fired up about what I do. If I had a ray two emotional body, I would be much calmer and less fiery about my work, and certainly a lot less one pointed.

Ray six is called the ray of devotion and abstract idealism and it often has a rose pink colour. Ray six can be very passionate or devoted, especially when it is the ray of your emotional body. It's about unshakeable faith, the power to inspire, purity, undimmed optimism, persistence, loyalty, earnestness and the ability to be self sacrificing. The weaknesses can be fanaticism, blind faith, rigid idealism, selfish love, gullibility, martyrdom, lack of realism and unreasoning devotion with it's excesses and extremism. Those with a lot of ray six often take up causes and want a guru to follow, or sacrifice themselves to the beloved. Ray six has been a dominant ray in manifestation for the last 2000 years, and look at the crimes committed in the name of religious fanaticism because of it. This is because of the lack of evolution in humanity, not because it is a 'bad' ray; it has been simply manifesting on the emotional plane instead of the higher levels where it can be the power to inspire and pursue ideals. Look at the good that some of the religious martyrs have done who have had this ray at a higher level. I really enjoy my ray six emotional body; it's passion and it's zeal. I am just careful to keep it under the watchful eye of my mental body.

My physical body type is ray seven. Ray seven is the ray of organisation and of ceremonial magic and order. If this was my soul or personality ray I would more than likely be a magician or in the surface world I would probably get a job as an organiser or in systems management or administration. Building and design is another area where you would find a



person with a lot of ray seven. When the seventh ray is on the physical plane it is about order. Those with a ray seven physical body like to have everything in its place, and a place for everything. Their desks, rooms, appearance etc will generally be orderly and neat. They need to eat regularly and rest in a routine way, as opposed to someone who is a ray three physical body who will be messy, disorganised and forget to eat or sleep if they are doing something that consumes them. Because it is on the physical plane it does affect our appearance. A ray seven physical body will often have a gracefulness about them and a sense of order. A ray three physical type will generally be more stocky or robust. Look at the difference between say Gafter and Minjarni. Gafter has a ray three physical. He is stocky and robust and has the most incredible ability to keep on going. He is a little bit disorganised and was, for example, late for our initial meeting at the corral. Minjarni has a much more graceful physical. She has her person very well organised. For example see how everything is neatly in her cloak, but she needs to eat and rest regularly. These are two extreme examples, but it shows what you can expect from the different ray combinations.

I guess I should just clarify that a ray seven physical doesn't mean you are weak or unwell. Minjarni's ill health is due mostly to her mother repeatedly trying to drown her as a baby to stop her making noises. When I found her and brought her to the pod, she was nine years old and hadn't even been taught to speak. She was washed up in an underground stream and was almost dead, her lungs totally filled with water. I taught her to talk our language and it was only then that we realised her gift for sound. Her ability to sound was so profound that things could be healed just by a note from her. Because of her early life her only friends were animals so she is able to understand them. She is involved in research into sound in the pod and has been teaching some of the students how to communicate with some of our more evolved animals. Her physical weakness comes from the fact that repeated regular 'drownings' damaged the energy triangle in her etheric field that is formed by the base of the throat and a point about an inch above the two nipples. This triangle of energy is about breathing and our will to live. Her health has been improving ever since she has been here, and as she works through her trauma we expect her to make a full recovery. No soul is never so damaged that it can't be repaired and take its rightful place in the Sketch.

The other useful purpose in identifying your ray types is that we have been left information and formula's that help speed up and ease the process of integration. Some of these formulas identify the pitfalls for that particular ray type and others come in the form of mantrums, which when sounded and meditated on, give us the 'frequency keys' if you like, to ease us through that phase.

The rays also explain the other kingdoms, with different kingdoms having different rays dominating them in the bigger picture, creating different forms. Remember the ray is about

the energy, not the manifested form. As an example, the animal kingdom has ray six and ray three as it's dominant ray influences. Ray six, at the lower level especially, is about devotion, and if you look at the more evolved animals, such as a dog, you will see the influence of this ray in it's devotion to it's master. Ray three is the green ray and is called the ray of active intelligence. In a person the third ray will manifest as adaptability, communication skills, mental agility, clear intellect and industriousness. Ray three dominant people make great business people and networkers, and they will get their information from a diverse range of sources and merge it all together in a well thought out package. At the lower levels ray three can be devious, manipulative and prone to exaggeration, or downright lies, or they can think excessively, or spread themselves to thin over too many diverse things. They can be very critical as well because their brain usually works so fast. In the animal kingdom this ray three-ness manifests as diversity. If you look at the animal kingdom the first thing you will notice is how diverse the life forms are in it. It has everything from fish to bugs, to birds to elephants.

The plant kingdom is more evolved than the animal kingdom because it has three rays running through it. These are the second ray of love and wisdom, the six ray of devotion and idealism and the fourth ray of harmony through conflict. The second ray gives plants, especially flowers their magnetism; they draw you. The sixth ray gives them the aspiring tendency to reach upward to the light, and the fourth ray gives them their colour and beauty.

Moira interrupted, engrossed, trying to make sense of it all, forgetting that she was exhausted and in a hideous cave in another land. She felt like she sort of got it - she sensed it made sense; she could feel it, but somehow her brain couldn't quite put it together. "What does the fourth ray do?" she asked hoping she was correct in not hearing it mentioned yet and that she hadn't just drifted off at that point.

Mother Rachitt looked pleased by her question, "The forth ray is the dominant ray of the human kingdom. It's colour is yellow and it is about achieving harmony through conflict. Sometimes I think ray four is about opposites. Those with a lot of ray four always seem to be struggling with conflict and chaos. They seem to have an irresistible urge to bring harmony and beauty out of conflict and chaos. They are often the peace makers who will wade into the fight and fight like crazy for peace. At a higher level a ray four person would have good mediation skills, and the self-expression, imagination, spontaneity, sense of drama, and fighting spirit to make peace. They often can find life a painful struggle at the lower level, becoming moody, unpredictable, self absorbed and addicted to drama. Many of our great actors and artists are often very ray four. They love colour, drama, and beauty, but are often tortured and struggle inside themselves trying to get harmony out of the conflict in their lives.

Now what I want to do is try to see if we can formulate a ray hypothesis for you." She reached into her sack and pulled out a wad of paper carefully sealed in plastic. Here is a copy of a summary of the ray characteristics, and there is also the formulas from the old commentaries for each individual ray integration, and four meditations numbered one to four. We get the students to start with the first meditation and work through eventually to the fourth one. Each successive meditation is more complex and draws more light or energy into your system. By gradually progressing through them you get your system used to holding more energy, and they develop the mental focus and discipline in the individual. Put them on your person somewhere safe, just in case."

She tucked the formula's in a pocket in her silk sheath under her buck skins, but as she did so she had a bad feeling. She peered suspiciously at Mother Rachitt, trying to look for any clues in her expression, but her face was guarded as she started to speak again.

"So," she said, and Moira hid a smile, beginning to notice that when she said 'so' she meant down to business, "Lets start with the physical body. Most people on the planet at the moment have a ray three or a ray seven physical body. Some of the other rays can control the physical but it is rare. A person with a ray three physical body is often untidy, they will have things all over the place or be doing two things at once. They tend to be very robust and can go a long time with out regular meals or sleep. Physically they are often a stocky build, though not necessarily. Just because they have a messy desk doesn't mean they don't know where anything is, although they can degenerate into total chaos at times.

A person who has a ray seven physical body tends to look somewhat leaner and more graceful than a person with a ray three body. Ray seven physical bodies like order, and are usually organised; mind you some of them can be real perfectionists and will pick the lint off your jacket for you if you let them; especially if they have ray seven somewhere else in their make-up. They need to eat and rest regularly otherwise they seem to run out of stamina and generally prefer ordered lives and planning ahead.

What are you like Moira? Are you late or on time, messy or tidy? Tell me which one do you think you are?"

Moira thought for a moment, and then said fairly timidly, "I think I must be a ray three physical. I seem to always be late, and though I've always blamed it on Dave, the kids, and my work commitments, I seem to have trouble getting organised."

"It sounds like ray three to me. I thought you must have been, as it's rare to see a ray seven physical lay down in the mud and look at home," she said with a wry smile. "What about your emotional body? I know it's a bit of a big ask, trying to work out your hypothesis by the side of the road so to speak. In pod school we give the students a two hundred question

questionnaire, and then we prepare a graph which shows up their ray composition. It doesn't tell you which body the ray belongs to but it shows you your dominant rays, so at least gives you a good guide to work with. We call it a P.I.P., or Personal Identity Profile. Out here we'll just have to do the best we can. The most common type of emotional bodies are a ray two or a ray six emotional body, with ray one emotional body being fairly rare, but we see them sometimes."

Moira interrupted, "Why can't you have all the choices of the rays for the different bodies?", she asked.

"Well, theoretically you can," replied Mother Rachitt, "but different times on the planet bring different rays in and out of prominence, and at this time the rays given are the dominant ones for that particular body in this phase of history. There are of course exceptions and there will be those who have, at any given time in history, rays for the bodies that are not the 'norm', but it is usually easier to start with the common one and then if they don't fit, look at the less common options. Rays come in and out of being in cycles of influence on our planet. For example, as I mentioned earlier, ray six has been very prominent for the last 2000 years, now at the turn of the millennium, we can see that ray being phased out for a while and ray seven will begin to dominate and bring with it corresponding changes in our society. You see ray six came in at the start of the piecean age. It brought idealism and devotion with it, unfortunately it also brought fanaticism and over-emotionalism. J.B. came in at the start of that age 2000 years ago, and a heavy ray six influence was necessary at the time to begin to give the then fairly primitive population some basis for spiritual beliefs. Without the devotion and idealism of the ray six, we would have not seen such an effective spread of some of his teachings. Of course at a lower level we have seen the down side of ray six; look at some of the things we have seen during that period. The witch burning here burned nine million people in the name of The Great Artist in the middle ages. As we see the ray six leaving and the ray seven being phased in we can see the changes. As the rays six feels the pressure to withdraw in the last few years of this century, we will see a last minute struggle in terms of fanaticism and holy wars, as those with a lot of ray six in their make up use desperate measures to resist the inevitable changes. We can already see the influence of ray seven coming into being in a few pockets on the surface.

Ray seven is about creating new structures, ceremonial magic, ritual and organisation. We are seeing a more global order as the world shrinks due to new systemisation of knowledge and communication. There are organisations being set up for human rights and world peace, as well as on a smaller scale things like 'win - win' business practices. We are also seeing that increasing sense of order manifesting in the use of our resources and concern about

world pollution. This is a result of the order of ray seven beginning to have its influence felt. Up on the surface they are calling it new age, and while some of the mis-information is terrible, especially in terms of what we term lower psychism, we are glad that people are finally listening, even if it's only due to their desperation and unhappiness.

So, your emotional ray? Ray two and ray six are the most common ones at this time for the emotional body. A ray two emotional body is generally fairly smooth and calm; they tend to be very sensitive and compassionate, whereas a ray six emotional body is prone to emotional outbursts and is rarely in the middle or indifferent about anything. About fifty percent of humanity has a ray six emotional body, as far as we can tell anyway. Any guesses about which one you maybe," she said with a laugh.

Moira smiled not minding that this special lady should make fun of her. "I guess if I say anything other than a ray six emotional body you will all laugh," she said with a touch of irony.

"Definitely," smiled Mother Rachitt giving Moira a quick squeeze to let her know she was doing OK

Moira marvelled at her closeness to this woman, and even to the group. It was nice to feel like you belonged but still to be allowed to be who you were.

"What about your mind Moira, Heart Carrier," said Mother Rachitt in her usual no nonsense manner, beginning to give her descriptions of how the various types of minds worked.

Moira tried to think about how her mind worked, was it all over the place like a ray three mind, or did it hate details like a ray one mind or was it scientific like a ray five mind. Maybe it was a lover of beauty and always trying to find balance and compromise like a ray four mind. Mother Rachitt kept offering suggestions and explanations but feeling inadequate, Moira was beginning to feel sick of this whole analysis thing. Defensively she snapped, "Who bloody well cares what my mind is. What's the point of all this ray stuff anyway?"

Mother Rachitt didn't bat an eyelid at Moira's rudeness, she just launched into a barrage of reasons why, in her matter of fact, no embellishments manner. "firstly," she stated, "Knowing your ray hypothesis can help you understand yourself better and make it easier to correct behaviours which are causing you pain in your life. Secondly it helps you get along and understand others, instead of having a judgement about them or taking their actions personally, and that is very relevant to you, as people with ray six emotional bodies seem to take every thing personally and are always hurt or at war with others over perceived insults or snubs. Thirdly, knowing which rays are colouring your bodies makes it easier for you to begin to line them up. If you have a ray three mind, for example, it is a very active mind and

likes to think, talk or plot and scheme all the time. Ray three is the lord of activity and diversity and will be weaving, analysing and speculating from a wide range of sources all over the place. Those who have a ray three mind have more difficulty in stilling the mind for meditation. The antidote for the ray three is stillness. This is what the formulas give us and their usefulness - antidotes if you like to correct the difficulties of a particular ray. Just knowing your mental ray and learning to work with it rather than against it can make a huge difference to someone just starting out on the path, or for that matter in any area of their lives. With a ray three mind for example, when you do impose stillness on it it often goes into a crisis. It's constant thinking and manipulating can be a way for it to avoid real issues.

And finally, the most important reason to know your ray hypothesis is because when we are trying to fuse our lower bodies together for alignment and for the joy of direction by the soul, there are formulas and mantrums you use which contain information that speed the process up. So, if you know your proposed soul ray, for example, you can use the formula from the old commentary for that particular ray. These formulas also predict what type of crisis that particular ray combination will be most likely to suffer with, and gives, if you like, the 'antidote' for the crisis. For example the integration formula for ray one talks about inclusiveness. For a ray one dominant person to evolve they need to learn to include others, and meditating and working consciously with this formula can give them a lot of peace and clarity and cause them to progress very fast."

Suddenly feeling tired and irritated, Moira whined, "What's all this talk of crisis? Before you were talking about the joy of the soul, now suddenly it seems to be crisis talk."

"Crises need to be thought of as positive things, even though we rarely enjoy them," she answered not appearing to be in the least put off by Moira's deteriorating attitude. "This is probably a good moment to tell you about A.C.L.R.R.I.F."

Moira groaned aloud. "What the hell is ackleriff'?' she said, saying it phonetically the way Mother Rachitt had.

Mother Rachitt smiled at Moira as if she was talking to a grumpy five year old and said, "'A.C.L.R.R.I.F', is a description on the bigger picture of what happens during the process of soul personality integration, but we do it over and over again in the smaller picture in our every day lives. Haven't you ever had a really great day or a good time at a party only to have it followed by a rotten day or a crisis?" Moira nodded able to answer that question at least, but still not having the foggiest idea where the old woman was going. Mother Rachitt carried on saying, "It is really common with those who are on the path. They will have a great meditate or a good therapy session and feel great, only to have a huge downer in the next few days. So let me sketch it in the mud here. Can you make out these letters ?" she

said beginning to scratch on the ground with her rather bony long fingers. Moira nodded, her curiosity to know only just overcoming her irritation. Bleakly she thought to herself, that if it hadn't been for Faltone she'd tell them to get stuffed, but there wasn't any where to dam well go anyway. She leaned forward to make out the letters and her backside muscles screamed. She realised she could actually see the letters really clearly which sort of surprised her. She looked suspiciously at Mother Rachitt. She had scraped in the ground:

A = Alignment

C = Crisis

L = Light

R = Revelation

R = Repulsion

l = Integration

F = Fusion

"This was a huge gift left behind by the old ones and we really only discovered it earlier this century," she said excitedly. Moira's ears pricked up and she leaned closer. She figured it must be important for Mother Rachitt to be getting worked up over, as so far she had seemed a pretty tough cookie. She continued in the same manner. "You see it explained the process. When you align yourself usually the first thing that happens is that you have a crisis. What actually happens is that the aligning process elevates your vibration, or pulls your soul closer, or in short, shines more light into your system. This extra light illuminates some of the 'rooms' or behaviours you didn't know you had and you begin to feel rotten, or like a failure or depressed, angry ecetera; whatever your particular way of expressing your negativity is. At this point your average human buries his head in the sand and denies what is being exposed or illuminated. He probably stops meditating or aligning himself, and usually he will go into distractive behaviours and avoidance. That is he will blame some one else, go to the cupboard and have a stiff drink, get a new toy, have sex, indulge in a shopping spree, or veg out in front of the C.B box and pretend it's all OK. Hence he avoids an aspect of himself which is unpleasant and needs changing, and misses the opportunity to grow and become a happier person.

If the individual knows about A.C.L.R.R.I.F. he will realise that his crisis means he is about to expose a dysfunctional behaviour and that it feels worst just before you work out what it is. So he holds himself firm and he keeps aligning himself no matter how little he feels like it because of his crisis. He keeps pulling his soul closer and asking it to guide him and meditating and then he gets Light. This light will give him a flash of insight in to the

problem. He might go for example, 'Aha, that's why I am fat, because I eat to comfort myself.' At this point some will give up, if however you keep aligning, the process continues and you will get Revelation. Revelation is not just a flash of what the problem is like the Light stage, but the whole picture. The revelation may be an image of his mother giving him food every time he wanted to try something new, because she was tired and didn't want to have to teach him new skills, so she gave chocolate instead to distract him. He might also see because of that tiredness she had no energy to give love and comfort so when he fell over and hurt himself she gave him a lolly instead of the comfort of a hug and some attention. What happens next, is all that aligning on solving this issue has called the soul in close enough for the law of repulse to work, hence the Repulsion phase begins. What happens is that the behaviour which has been causing the problem is repulsed. So despite years of hopeless diets and fitness program failures the person easily begins to lose weight. They will learn to find healthier ways to love and comfort themselves, and will also probably start to do new and exciting things in their life, realising food has always been a substitute for new activities. When our soul is working in conjunction with our lower bodies there is much less struggle and much more clarity. Of course discovering why we have a problem and what caused it doesn't just make it disappear. We still have to apply our will, but the clarity and the impetus of the soul energy stops us unconsciously repeating this behaviour and not knowing why.

Then the next step is Integration. In this everyday example that means that the person permanently adopts this new eating pattern and lifestyle, of integrates the new behaviour as a functioning part of themselves. In the case of the bigger picture of soul - personality integration, the soul begins to integrate with the personality. The last step is Fusion, which is where the behaviour is fused into the person.

In the case of our fat person, this means that the aspect of the behaviour which has taught him something useful or kept him 'safe', or the lesson he has learnt from it, is retained and can be used in other aspects of his life, and the parts which do not serve him are repulsed never to be seen again. The fat person may never have a problem with any addiction ever again, and be very good at self nurturing. Or in the case of soul - personality integration, the soul is fused to the personality and the two act as one body, so the personality or the lower bodies don't run amuck and cause us pain in the way they used to.

So, you can see how important this formula is," she said beaming at Moira. Moira nodded feeling exhausted, but she had to agree A.C.L.R.R.I.F. definitely made sense. She was already thinking of times in her own life where she had seen this process in action. Hell, it happened every time she returned to work from having a nice holiday. Straight from what she supposed was a more aligned space, right into the depression and misery of a crisis;



except she didn't realise what was happening and never really went past the crisis stage. That was probably why her whole life had seemed like a series of crises, she thought depressingly, feeling miserable and like every bone in her body was aching.

Master Nakai came over at that moment and interrupted, saying that Win Chule had been struggling to hold Moira's energy for the last half hour, and that they should all rest for a while as they were going to move on in a few hours. He thanked Win Chule, who disappeared silently in the darkness before Moira could gather her wits enough to thank him herself. She knew she wouldn't have lasted five seconds into Mother Rachitt's talk if it hadn't been for him. Mother Rachitt smiled at her and said "Well done, Heart Carrier," and gave her a big motherly hug as if she was proud of her. Moira's heart swelled with pride and affection for this amazing old woman. To Moira she didn't even seem to be tired. With that thought Moira leaned up against the wall and fell straight in to the oblivion of sleep. She missed Mother Rachitt very lovingly loosening the laces on her boots and adjusting her position more comfortably on the wall. The old lady sat beside her and began to chant softly, holding her hands over Moira's sleeping body, her expression one of radiant love and understanding.

## CHAPTER TEN - THE LAWS OF SACRIFICE AND SERVICE

Moira groaned slapping at the shaking. “Not now,” she moaned, “the kids and I are playing.” She scooped Isaac up, giving him a bear hug and telling him that she was sorry she was always asking him to help with the others kids, just because he was the oldest. “Today,” she said with a smile, “You can have a day off, and so will I. Let's all go out to play somewhere. What do you say?”

Lennie immediately wanted to go fishing. “Come on mate,” she groaned, ”You know your Mum is the worst fisherman in the world. Besides what about Jenny, you know she hates fishing.” Jenny groaned and screwed her nose up on cue.

Lennie paused in his usual manner; he was a deep kid she realised as she watched him mull over the facts. Looking at Jenny he said hopefully, “Jenny could take her barbie dolls to play with, and Isaac and me could bait up your hook for you.”

“Issac and I,” she corrected habitually.

Isaac interrupted, “Yeah, we could have a picnic,” he said his little face optimistic. She looked at him shaking her head, she just knew if you gave Isaac a sack of horse manure for his birthday he would be looking for the pony. He had always been the same, Mr Optimistic Socialite; people, parties, food, his three favourite things. She looked at Jenny.

“What do you think Jen? Are you on for a fishing trip and a picnic?” she asked.

“Can I bring Sally from next door?” she said.

Inwardly Moira groaned. Sally was a spiteful little girl who told lies and caused trouble when you weren't looking. Her mother was all sweetness and light ; too nice, thought Moira, which was probably why Sally was so awful. Pasting a smile on her face and lecturing herself about kids only behaving in the way that their parents demonstrated for them, she said, “Sure”. The boys cheered and jumped on her, giving her a hug and nearly squashing the air out of her. She held them close, marvelling at their warmth and their little boy smells, feeling a rush of mother love and joy.

The shaking became more intense. With a jerk her eyes opened and she found herself looking into Mother Rachitt's eyes. She closed her eyes wanting the image to come back, feeling the tears come and trying to stop them as she realised it was just a dream.

“Moira, Heart Carrier,” said Mother Rachitt gently, “Time to wake up. Are you OK?”

“I was dreaming about my kids. It seemed so real,” she said her voice breaking.

Mother Rachitt sat down beside her, pulling her into her motherly embrace. She let Moira

cry for a while and then said quietly, “You are very lucky, you know. I never had children. I wished for them dearly, even longed for them to the obsession of everything else for a while, but they just never came. I’m sure I cried buckets of tears. We have to trust the Plan Moira. There are never any accidents. Every thing happens for a reason. It took years for me to realise that the reason I wasn’t gifted with children was because I could never have learnt as much or have been as great of service to the Plan if I had spent my time mothering. And you know what?”

Moira shook her head, still too choked up to answer. “The hierarchy always support those who serve the plan, despite their own pain and their lower emotional ‘I wants’. What actually happened is that I became the pod mother. Instead of having just a few children I’ve been rewarded with hundreds, and the joy they have given me; each and every one of them!” she said with tears of joy in her own eyes. ‘It started gradually at first; some of the juniors started saying ‘yes Mum’ to me as a joke, reckoning I was worse than their own mothers and it just grew from there. Now they ask me to their children’s birth day celebrations and their family gatherings; it’s a joke around the pod - Mother Rachitt never cooks, as she’s always at one of the ‘kids’ places. Though some weeks I feel like I just can’t face another piece of sticky brightly coloured birthday cake,” she added laughingly. “Now it seems I have so many children I don’t miss not having my own. That’s why they call me Mother Rachitt. My given name is Vera, but I don’t think any one remembers that.”

She gave Moira a squeeze, and let her see the joy in her face and said, “Trust me. It will work out. Let’s align you so you can sketch bravely in the unfolding of our drawing.”

“Oh Mother Rachitt,” she said smearing mud all over her face as she tried to wipe away the tears, “I just don’t think I can today, my concentration feels lost. All I can see is images of my children.”

“ Let me show you a short cut,” said Mother Rachitt with a wink.

Intrigued despite herself Moira looked at her and nodded, her throat still feeling too held in to answer.

“Come on,” she said leaning forward and using a well used handkerchief to wipe some of the grime off Moira’s face. “Just close your eyes and feel your breath flowing in and out. Now see that breath coming in to your heart; right in the centre of your chest. Imagine you are breathing in and out of your heart. Can you do that?”

Moira nodded, feeling as if the air was coming directly in and out of her chest, instead of her nose.

“That’s right,” said Mother Rachitt, “Now this time when you breathe into your heart, hold

the breath for just a few seconds and feel your heart expand. When you breathe out notice how your heart stays feeling expanded. Now just do that for a few minutes, holding the breath and expanding the heart every four or five breaths or so. Now move your awareness to your ajna centre between your brows and begin to breathe in and out of that chakra.” She waited until Moira had had a few minutes of that and then said, “Now hold the in breath and feel your ajna centre expand. Continue this pattern for a while, holding the breath and expanding the ajna centre every few breaths. Now shift your awareness to the top of your head and repeat the pattern.” The air was filled with soft ‘om’s’ as Mother Rachitt began her own alignment.

Moira felt herself expand and expand. There was a sensation of golden light in her chest and then her forehead and then in the top of her head . The top of her head almost felt like it was tingling, or as if a golden column of light was coming down, and she smiled to herself at the joy of the sensation. The images of her children appeared before her again, but this time instead of crashing into her desire mind and emotional body, she thought how lucky she was to have them, and how she'd had the joy of carrying them inside her body. She had a thought that maybe she could send them energy and began to intently focus on their little faces and visualise a stream of golden living energy pouring into each one of them. Maybe she could send them some of the stuff she had learnt here, she thought. She kept sending them love, feeling a lot of sadness, but also some peace. “If this is the way it's going to be,” she thought, “Then let me act with courage for the first time in my life.”

“Heart Carrier, time to come back. Tannin has food ready. You must be hungry.” Mother Rachitt's voice sounded a long way away.

Moira opened her eyes, still feeling a little spacey and smiled at Mother Rachitt. “Thank you,” she said softly, feeling a rush of gratitude and love for the old woman, leaning forward to give her a quick peck on the cheek. She frowned noticing that Mother Rachitt did indeed look old today. She was sort of grey and tired looking and there were lines of strain around her mouth. She opened her mouth to ask her if she was OK, but Mother Rachitt cut across her thoughts distracting her with, “Better now?”

Moira nodded, saying “I liked that much better than the formal alignment the master taught me. How come you don't teach that one first.”

“Well for one thing,” she said giving Moira a wink and darting an over exaggerated but affectionate look in Master Nakai’s direction, “ there are those who think things should be done formally and to the letter, and also it is important that you know what you are doing when you breathe in that way. It's still necessary to use the formal method to identify each body and check the state of it. Also we have a policy of sharing all the information. We

would not be helping people if we taught technique and not the theory. Those who are blind followers can not sketch any lines in the great plan. It is a mistake that has been made in the past where the leaders have set themselves up as the link between The Great Artist and the individual, rather than teaching the people that they can have direct access themselves. ”

At that moment Master Nakai came over carrying their food and they grinned conspirally at one another as they greeted him. The master looked at them both suspiciously, as if he could sense they were up to something, but then enquired how they were going. Mother Rachitt answered for them both, saying they were doing pretty well considering, and Moira nodded her agreement realising to her surprise it was true. They ate for a while in silence, the food, although cold, tasting incredibly good to Moira. She wished she'd known about stirring love into the pot when she had been cooking for the kids, she thought wistfully. It made such a difference to the taste. She had a bit of a smile to herself, thinking what a rotten cook she'd always been and how any 'cheating' she could come up with would have to help. Having finished his food, Master Nakai began to speak a little worriedly to Mother Rachitt. Moira felt flattered to be privy to their discussion.

“I hope we are able to reach the end of the tunnel soon,” he said frowning. “I can see the strain beginning to show on some of the group members. Tannin forgot to pack up the orange juice cups before, and you know how ray seven he is, both in his physical and his soul. A double dose like that, it's not normal for him to forget even the most minutest detail. And Win Chule, with his huge doses of ray two and the incredible patience that ray brings, actually snapped at Yen Lai earlier when they were doing their drills. Minjarni's chest is getting worse in the damp and cold as well. We need some natural light.” He saw Moira's puzzled look and explained to her how natural sunlight not only cleaned and strengthened the aura and helped the immune system, but was important for the function of the pineal gland.

“ The pineal gland, Heart Carrier,” he said, “Is the physical correspondence to the crown chakra and is located in the centre of the brain. It is a master gland, though medical science on the surface is only just beginning to work out what we have known all along. According to research on the surface they say that the pineal gland is only active until adolescence and then it becomes dormant, except to control melatonin release in the skin. Do you know what melatonin is?” he asked. Moira shook her head. “Melatonin is the pigment in our skin and is released to help us not be burnt by the sun. So they think that that is all the pineal gland does in adults. Though I did read that one of the new clinics on the surface said they were having success curing some types of chronic depression by shining a torch light on the forehead of some of the sufferers. The pineal gland is what we call the third eye. Even though it is not exposed to the outside sun, it has light receptors in it the same as your physical eye does.

The reason it goes dormant at adolescence is not because it's supposed to, but because we are not teaching our young to develop it. That is why there is a generation gap, not because of changing times. There has always been changing times between generations. It's not just something that is particular to the modern world. In our tribal days we initiated our young at fourteen, and the techniques we taught them kept the pineal gland active. They went on to develop happily and fully and didn't have to suffer the hormonal hell of adolescence. That's the way it's supposed to work if we are teaching our children on all levels, instead of just academically. By age seven they have control of the physical plane and body, by the time they are fourteen they should be an integrated personality, and then by twenty one they can go on to fulfil their soul's purpose and walk the path as they undergo third initiation or soul-personality integration. All the signs and evidence are there to support this, and there are the written teachings left behind, if we would just take the time to read and meditate on them.” He paused and looked guiltily at them both.

Mother Rachitt openly laughed at him, saying “I love it when you let that ray six you keep so suppressed out.” She turned to Moira and said, “I keep telling him to dump that ray two emotional body he's been hypothesising for years, and start to own the passion of his ray six.” She laughed again as Master Nakai blushed, making spluttering noises.

“Anyway ,” he said, “We need to get out of here and back into the light.”

Mother Rachitt winked at Moira at his subject change, but let him off the hook anyway. “Yes,” she said, “I agree. I want to see the sun again, and I can feel my time clock ticking.” Moira was about to ask what she meant by that last comment when she turned to Moira and said, “The other thing about the sun is that it has a radiant heart which ray two streams into our solar system from. Each solar system, and there are seven in our system, has a dominant ray, which colours everything else and from which all rays are sub-rays of for that particular solar system. Ray two is the dominant ray in our solar system. It is a beautiful ray to have dominant as it's about pure love. That is what J.B. was about; pure love. He tried to teach us about the initiation and the bodies and his incredible love for us came from his ray two-ness. He is sometimes described as the ‘heart of humanity’. Many on the surface are awaiting the second coming of the Christ, expecting a person to come. What they don't realise is that is what soul-personality integration is about - the second coming; except this time the Christ will be brought in through the heart of each individual who masters his lower bodies and is able to channel ‘Christ consciousness’ in via his soul. The book that he left behind is filled with information if we could just understand it. I think you call it the bible in your world. Remember where it says ‘my fathers house has many mansions’, he was trying to tell us about our bodies and the planes. We haven't covered it yet, but there are still higher planes and bodies than the soul body. Or remember when he was walking on water? Water is

symbolic of our emotions. He was telling us that we need to use our mind to master our emotional body. We have made such a mess of interpreting it! It needs to be meditated on to decipher it's message and to sort out what is fact and what was the opinions of the scribes, who wrote it some two hundred years later.”

Master Nakai interrupted, saying cheekily “ Who has a ray six emotional body?”

“Darn,” said Mother Rachitt laughing, “We better get our pencils out and start drawing this sketch, or we will be here all day like two old fools rambling on.”

They all rose and walked over to their mules, the rest of the group following suit. Moira could hear Minjarni's laboured pant. It didn't sound good. Every muscle in her body screamed as she threw her leg over Venus. She felt a wave of grief as Demilo wickered mournfully behind her. She reigned her mule a little, suddenly wanting to hear what Mother Rachitt had to say about death. As she rode in beside her, something didn't feel right. She didn't know what it was, but something was going on with the old lady.

“Mother Rachitt,” she whispered urgently, “What's going on in you? I can feel something is not OK”

Mother Rachitt smiled and said, “Yay! That's a good sign Girly; intuitively feeling. The technical term for those ‘feelings’ is called intuitive proprioception, or ‘feelings clairvoyant’. It will become stronger as you meditate more and bring your lower bodies in line with the soul. Some people develop in order, so to speak. First intuitive proprioception, then clairvoyance, and then intuitive knowing; it depends on what you have done in previous life times. Intuitive knowing is the most accurate, as clairvoyancy is only a reflection of the soul plane via the astral plane, where as intuitive knowing is direct access from the plane of the soul. Remember the higher mental plane has direct access to the soul? It's funny because it takes people much longer to trust their intuitive knowing than it does clairvoyancy. We think because we can ‘see’ it then it must be more accurate. So, what did you want to ask, Heart Carrier?”

“I was thinking about Faltone and wanted to ask about death and what happens,” Moira replied, realising that the wily old woman had changed the subject on her again.

Mother Rachitt paused thoughtfully giving Moira a pleased nod, but then surprised her by saying, “ My energy feels low just now. Can we cover that when we next stop. I feel like I need to use this travelling time to gather my soul energy in close and call in my will.”

“Sure,” said Moira. “Are you OK Mother Rachitt?” she asked worriedly.

“Perfectly on track for what is happening,” she said with a wink, “But feel free to send me some energy as we go along if you have some spare.”

Moira frowned not liking the answer and was about to say more, when Mother Rachitt said bluntly, “Go! Back to your spot. We will talk later.” She softened her curtness by adding, “That's the advantage of having a ray one personality; you can be bossy as hell and expect others to just obey.”

Not game to argue, Moira gave Venus a little giddy up and resumed her place in the line, feeling her stomach tighten worriedly. A few minutes later she remembered what Mother Rachitt had said about feeling free to send energy, and realised how much energy she was wasting by her useless worrying. She wasn't really sure how to send energy so she tried to align herself and test out the idea of asking her soul for guidance. She just om-ed silently in her head for a while concentrating on lining her lower bodies up. Then with what she could best describe as a knowing she began to think about all the things she loved about Mother Rachitt, smiling to herself as she did so. Then she thought about things which made her happy and tried to hold her focus on Mother Rachitt. She visualised sunshine pouring down on her, and bees and rainbows. She kept sending happy images and everything else special she could think of. She was surprised, when Master Nakai called a stop, to realise that they had been riding for almost three hours. It felt much shorter than that. And she noticed that her body didn't seem to hurt quite so much; in actual fact she felt quite energised and spacey. At that moment Mother Rachitt came bounding up beside her, slapping her on the back excitedly, saying, “By golly Girly, well done! I'm fair jumping out of my skin, you dark horse! You certainly can manage your energy when you actually focus that under-used mind of yours. And much appreciated, I certainly needed my pencil sharpened.”

Moira felt her cheeks redden with pleasure and almost started crying with the joy of being able to give something back.

Mother Rachitt looked her right in the eye and with one of her ‘so’s’ said, “The joy of service, Moira. That's what the law of service is about.” She gave a little bow and turned and headed for the master as if she had something fairly urgent on her mind, leaving Moira to ponder on the mornings events. Before she could get too far into her exploration the master gathered them together. He, Mother Rachitt and Minjarni had been in a huddle and the group formed around them.

The master began a little apologetically, “We were going to take a break now, but Minjarni says a the mules can smell fresh water not too far up ahead, so we'll press on a little further if that's all right with you all?”

Other than a snort of disbelief from Grafter everyone else nodded in assent, getting uncomplainingly back onto their mules. Sure enough within about half an hour they could hear running water. The tunnel began to widen and there seemed to be faintly more light



coming from up ahead. Moira prayed it was daylight, feeling her hopes rise as she looked worriedly at Minjarni and Mother Rachitt. The light grew brighter and finally they rounded a corner into a large cavern. Moira felt her spirits plummet as she realised it wasn't daylight but some sort of luminescence from the walls of the cave. She kicked herself, remembering that expectations were an emotional body response and designed to get those lower bodies discontent. She lectured herself silently on acceptance, managing a watery smile when Johab came up beside her, pointing out a pool over to the side of the cavern where the stream that they had heard made a small waterfall into a clear luminous basin. She heard Minjarni suggest to the master that they unsaddle the mules so she could take them for a swim. He called a halt and asked every one to unsaddle their mules and tie their reigns up out of the way around their necks. Minjarni wickered to them and called them over to the water, all of them wading in for a swim together, while Tannin gathered the rest of the group and began to dish out juice and fruit. Moira felt her spirits plummet further at the prospect of another cold meal. "Jeez, I'd kill for a hot cup of tea," she thought miserably.

At that exact moment there was an awful gasping sound from behind them at the pool, followed by terrible choking noises. Almost as a unit the rest of the group raced over to the pool, just in time to see Minjarni and two of the mules struggle up the bank. There was a ghastly hacking, suffocating sound coming from both the mules and Minjarni. As they rushed forward to help, Minjarni held up her hand managed to grit out "Don't touch," before her body began to convulse. The air was filled with the dreadful snorts of the mules as they too began to convulse and suffocate, some mercifully sliding below the water to drown. Feeling totally helpless she watched their agonising slow deaths in the mud by the pool, tears streaming down her face. She heard Master Nakai instruct them to begin the gayatri, their most sacred mantrum to the light, his voice breaking as he began. Mother Rachitt was sobbing openly as she joined her voice to his. Moira found her self trying to catch the words, her mouth moving as the chant gathered strength as the others began to join in. Soon all she could hear was the hideous gasping sounds and the words, "Om buhr, boovah svaha, tat savitur varenyum, bhargo devusya deemarhe, deeyo yo nahr, pratchodyart om." Over and over they sang them, the hideous dying seeming to go for ever.

Suddenly there was a scream from Morcheeva saying, "You can stick your bloody chanting!", and before anyone could stop her she stepped forward and shot Minjarni in the head. There was a shocked silence, as if the shock of the noise had killed the remaining few mules, and then, without pause or comment, Master Nakai began what Moira now knew was the death rights. Morcheeva crumpled into a muttering, swearing heap beside Minjarni's bloody body, mumbling, 'sorry, sorry sorry', over and over. Moira could sense that she felt too ashamed to face the group. Moira felt her pain, knowing from a life time of experience what it felt like to be the odd one out and clumsily tried to move towards her. She watched

in fear as Mother Rachitt beat her to it and grabbed Morcheeva roughly by her shirt and hauled her to her feet. Moira felt her mouth go dry, scared for Morcheeva and knowing only too well by now Mother Rachitt's ray one toughness and sharp tongue.

Mother Rachitt shook her roughly and yelled, "Bravely sketched! Well done!" With tears pouring down her face and still shaking Morcheeva she said, "I didn't want her to die by drowning or asphyxiation. She's had enough of that. Oh Morcheeva, thank you. Praise be to your ray one courage and ability to act. Bravely sketched with heart love! You are truly a server of the plan. We were all stuck in our emotional bodies. Praise be to the Great Artist for your soul." The two hugged each other while the rest looked, their tears of sorrow and gratitude intermingled together.

Finally the master said, "Come away. Her soul has moved on from here. Let us gather away from this death energy. Tannin, since the gun shot didn't bring any bats, lets make a fire and have a cup of tea. We will drink to the release of her soul, liberated from the physical plane to more pleasant realms.

Perhaps Minjarni's sacrifice and difficult life will be enough to allow her freedom from the wheel of reincarnation. Let us offer a prayer for that liberation for her and clean our auras with the smoke from the fire."

At the master's mention of the word tea, Moira felt her breath hiss out of her lungs. "Oh my God!", she thought, "I've bloody well killed her with my careless thoughts." Her brain began to spin in horror and she stumbled on the rough ground falling to her knees. "Master Nakai told me that you must control all planes, that thoughts and emotions can be just as dangerous as physical violence; that the more powerful you get, the faster you can manifest. Surely I haven't meditated enough to be that powerful." Thoughts jumbled through her confused mind. "I am Moira Sutton. This is a dream; a nightmare. I killed her. No, this is not real. My name is Moira. I'm not from here. I didn't know."

She didn't realise she had started to mutter out aloud or notice Grafter approach; the rest of the group was out of earshot now, over by the beginnings of a small fire. She heard his questioning "Heart Carrier?" and she looked up from her knees at him, wild eyed with guilt. "I killed her," she whispered, "I wanted a cup of tea. I did it with my uncontrolled thoughts and my pathetic spoilt little girl 'I want' emotional body"

He stared at her a moment, hard as the granite he worked with, and then something in his face broke and he reached down and pulled her from her knees out of the mud and into his embrace, his spade-like callused hands patting her back roughly as if he needed to do it as much for himself as for her. She didn't cry. She felt numb. He held her back from himself and said roughly, "I killed her too." It was a blunt statement, it's baldness and lack of

excuses penetrating Moira's addled brain. She looked up at him, realisation dawning on her. They stood for a long time, both just staring into each others eyes. Moira had never seen another human beings soul before, let alone a wounded, guilty and naked one. She knew he was seeing her's. That for the first time she was actually letting someone see all of her; in all it's ugliness. Somehow it felt good to be real and honest; not to be hiding herself anymore. She realised they were like two battle scarred miss-fits, unable to let anyone worthy love them because they both felt that somewhere down deep inside they were bad; rotten and unworthy themselves. She saw the pretence of their lives. How they went through the motions of their lives, but how it seemed like a charade, and how in any big events or tests in life they always choose the soft option or chickened out, preferring to rubbish others for trying, to hide their fear of failure. She wondered why? Why did they have to hide themselves in this guise of 'I don't care toughness'? She saw how it seemed to make people more determined to hurt them; just to get a reaction. How their expectations drew the same kind of people to them and re-enforced their belief system that the world sucked. And she saw their pain, her's and Grafter's, and with a flash realised the toughness was just a camouflage for their extreme emotional sensitivity. That in actual fact they were really soft, not tough at all. They stood for she didn't know how long, naked in front of each other, and then the spell was broken as they heard Tannin call them for tea.

"I don't want any tea," mumbled Moira. "I don't deserve it."

"I don't deserve it either," said Grafter, "But we will have it anyway, so that her death was not wasted, and it will be the best tea we have ever tasted. And we will be successful on our mission, no matter what." With that he held his hands over his heart and said, "I give the gift of my essential being for the welfare of the world and I now begin to learn to love, instead of being tough." He bowed to her as he finished.

Moira looked at him, loving every little bit of him and repeated what he had said, with her hands on her heart, and then ended with a bow to him. Together they turned and walked over to the others for their tea.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN - CONFESSIONS and COMMITMENTS

Moira and Grafter sat silently together sipping their tea. Every one was around the fire except for Mother Rachitt and Master Nakai, who were over to one side just out of earshot. There was a feeling of intensity about them, as if they were arguing. She wondered what was going on. The mood of the group was sombre, as they drank tea and each took turns to throw a handful of leaves onto the fire and pass the smoke through their aura smudging themselves. Moira marvelled at the efficiency of Master Z.B. in his packing; so much for her worries! He had even packed kindling and smudging leaves. She looked down at the flower he'd given her, still pinned to her vest, not surprised to see it was still fresh and alive looking. "Damn," she thought, "What did he mean it was the secret to their mission." He obviously wasn't as loopy as she'd thought, or at least his packing seemed to indicate he had a grip on things. Her thoughts were interrupted by the master and Mother Rachitt joining the group, calling a meeting. Mother Rachitt looked at Master Nakai, who nodded reluctantly, and she started to speak. "Group," she said, "My friends, obviously we have run into some problems, which means we need to re-arrange some of our plans. I have a new sketch to suggest. Each of you must follow the guidance of your own soul. We do not expect you to follow blindly and after the sketching we will give you all time to meditate on your answer. The first thing that I need to tell you is about myself, and I guess there is no easy way to say it so I'll just be my usual ray one blunt self," she said with a self depreciating smile. "I'm dying." There was a shocked silence, then everyone began to speak at once. Moira felt a wave of depression wash over her. She realised she wasn't surprised, that somehow she had known.

Mother Rachitt held up a brightly coloured stick and everyone quietened as she began to speak again, "I knew it when I came on the mission. I assumed that was why Master Z.B. called me. My soul had already begun to abstract before the Heart Carrier came to this dimension." She looked at Moira and paused to explain that the death process was one where the soul got a call that it's mission was complete and began to withdraw it's energy from the physical body back to the higher planes. The first phase was withdrawal from the physical body, and then the emotional body, usually after the death of the physical body, and then out of the mental body. She added that that was why, when people were mentally or emotionally close to their loved ones, they were able to sense them or communicate with them just after death.

"When I heard of the Heart Carrier's arrival I began to apply my will to halt the process. I had an intuition that I had one last job to do before I left. The effort of resisting my soul's calling home has taken a lot of energy. Without the mules and probably even with them, I

doubt that I could have held it off long enough to make it out of the tunnel. That, however is not my concern. My concern is that as one of the only two senior initiates on this mission it leaves Master Nakai short of energy for a job we both feel is necessary. Ideally of course, you need three people in a group to really be able to direct the energy and form a triangle, but,” and she shrugged, “two is better than one. I have some other information, which came as a vision when we left the corral, the gist of which was that it was necessary to try and speed up Moira Heart Carrier's soul-personality integration process, because the pod and it's wisdom for some reason would be no longer available to her; that she could be lost in our world with no guidance and at the mercy of the other forces. Both the master and myself would need to be energetically present to speed up her integration process, as it requires among other things that the probationer be held in an already soul infused energy field. We do not know how difficult it will be, or even if it's possible, or whether Moira's system will be able to undergo the strain of the process. Such a speeding up could unbalance her and put her into a messy emotional space for years, or even send her crazy. We have spoken to the Heart Carrier about the risks, and we will ask her to meditate on whether she is willing to take the risk and allow us to attempt it, when the rest of you are meditating on your own risks. And your own risks are also large.

To perform the ritual you would need to abstract from your bodies. That means they are left undefended to anything that happens here in this cave while you are not in them. Some of you may have the physical and energetic strength to split your consciousness to take care of your body, but this is rare. You will all need to be part of a circuit to help hold the energy we would need to gather to speed up Moira's process. If the energy is too high you run the risk of being destroyed yourself. You could blow your circuits, so to speak. If you discover your vibration is not sufficient to carry the energy and pull out half way through, you break the circuit we have made, destabilising the energy flow and putting us all at risk, but most especially the Heart Carrier, who is the recipient of the energies.

The other risk is that to work such a powerful ceremony outside of the pod makes us liable to be picked up by the parafearonoids scanners, so we risk attack and certain death if they are able to tune in to us and find us. Also there are other forces not of the light which do not want our mission to succeed, who may be drawn by our vibration. And I guess lastly, the vision I had did not give me any more concrete information than to get Moira as close to soul-personality integration as possible, but I have to tell you that my feeling is that it is a very dangerous thing we do and perhaps some of us may die in the effort. I know it will take the last of my energy, but that's no loss for me. I am old. Some of you have families and many long years of living left yet. You could return the way we have come and go on to make fine sketches of great beauty.” With a sad smile she concluded with, “Please go away and think on this. Let your soul be your guide. There is no shame in not participating.

Perhaps the Great Artist has a different sketch in mind for you.”

Everyone sat in stunned silence. One by one they got up and dispersed to spaces of their own and the air was filled with the soft sound of om's. Moira sat where she was, too overwhelmed to move or think. She didn't want Mother Rachitt to die, or any of them. Jeez, what sort of place was this? Did they have to sacrifice every thing? She was probably already dead, but these brave little people? Would they really give everything up for their fellow human beings? Beings who barely even knew of their existence, and who persecuted them and saw them as freaks or religious fanatics. And would it make any difference? She groaned holding her head in her hands. It felt like it would blow apart if she didn't; random thoughts bouncing frantically around.

She thought about the risks of soul-personality integration. She didn't really care. She had nothing to lose, but she didn't want to destroy the others. She lay down miserably in the mud images flashing in front of her. She saw Morcheeva's devil may care attitude, hair flying as she called across the corral, and Win Chule's lightning fast strike as he plucked a bat off her. She remembered the story of the river and the rope and Faltone's courage as she grabbed the bats and dived over the side of the bridge. Then there was the spider and Eilheart. She thought about Mother Rachitt and what an amazing woman she was. She thought of Grafter and his snorting, and his courage in showing her his soul. She realised they were all amazing, each in their own way and she felt her heart swell. She supposed that was their service; to be the best that they could be and sketch their part in the plan bravely. What was it that Faltone said, that it was the beauty of the sketch and it's boldness and colour, not how long the drawing took. She wished she had as much courage. She thought she would refuse the process and maybe save their lives. Maybe they could go back. Maybe she could send Mother Rachitt enough energy to get her back to the pod. She didn't want her to die here, in the dark and the mud. She must have dozed because the next thing she knew Master Nakai was calling them all together.

Mother Rachitt passed Master Nakai the elaborately bound stick she had held up earlier to silence everyone. He placed it on the ground before him and began to speak. “We have decided to use the talking stick again so that we are all reminded that he who holds the stick holds the floor and that they are to be listened to as if it were ourself speaking. This is an important task we all undertake and we need to listen with our hearts as well as our ears. Remember it is not just the personality content we are listening for. A good listener looks below the content of the words and asks himself, ‘what is the speaker's soul trying to say?; what is the real message?’. Since I hold the stick I will begin.”

He paused appearing to be aligning himself before he began. “I am prepared to undertake the task of attempting to speed up the Heart Carrier's soul personality integration. I have

carefully considered the risks, and like Mother Rachitt, I too have seen many seasons. I have dedicated my life to the service of the plan and have no family, other than the pod. I have much to gain and little to lose. Since my failure in an expedition some forty years ago, I feel I have sketched only cautious pale lines. I would like to begin to make bold, brave strokes, and make my personal sketch brightly coloured and of brave beauty. If I am successful I will know I have enough courage and am worthy of a tool I was given a long time ago. It is to my shame that I have not shared this with the pod and I make a pledge to do so at the end of this mission. So,” he said with a small bow to the group, “I give the gift of my essential being to the service of the plan, however it is that the service is to manifest, I accept, and I commit myself to this project.” With that, he passed the stick clockwise to Thomias.

The axeman cleared his throat and said, “I am not one with words. Those of you who know me will know that my wife left me saying I was boring and illiterate. I got very depressed and have had difficulty keeping my emotional body from ruling my being. It is true what she said. I am boring. All my joy has centred around wood work and carving. Now however, there are almost no trees left, and those that there are, are far too precious to be cut down for me to indulge in my passion for woodwork. I lend my support to this undertaking because I hope we can heal the surface and that my grandchildren will know the joy of birds in the trees and the pleasure of whittling a stick. I give the gift of my essential being to the welfare of the world and I commit to this sketching.”

He passed the stick to Alloow, who linked his arm with Illoow, and said, “I speak for both of us as we have always felt as if we were joined souls.” Illoow nodded. “For this, among other reasons, we have not taken wives. We came to the pod eight years ago when the parafearonoids destroyed our colony on the surface. We lived in the last old forest and our people had kept it blanketed from the scanners for many decades. Somehow they found us and the forest. We fought them bravely when they came with their chainsaws and tractors, but we were unable to hold them off. Our people numbered one hundred thousand strong before the war, but we did not have their weapons. We were among the last eight thousand when they fire bombed the bunker we were in. We do not know why we weren't incinerated with all the others. We watched them all burning and their final agony, stunned, with fire all over us, but we did not burn. We wish we had of as we both carry those last horrific memories etched into our souls. We came to the pod by accident wandering around in our grief. We would have killed ourselves except we knew there was no point. That we would only be re-incarnated to do the lesson again, and we could not face that. We figured that the pod must be the place where we were to complete our sketches. We miss our people and our homeland, and that is not to say we have not been welcomed by the pod; we have, but we long for our own kind. Like Thomias, we too are hopeful that this mission may bring back the trees and the nature sanctuaries.” Together as a unit they both stood, bowed and said,

“We give the gift of our essential beings for the welfare of the world. We pray to the Great Ones who guide and inspire human evolution, that we will sketch boldly and in a manner fitting for the last of our people.”

Next the stick was passed to Yen Lai. He looked very young and boyish and Moira felt her heart go out to him. She figured he would probably commit to the mission because of his devotion to Win Chule and she felt angry at the stupid system that had made him take that ridiculous vow in the tunnel just to emulate Win Chule. She was about to say so when she felt the master’s glare. She looked over at him and he shook his head at her, frowning, pointing to the talking stick.

Yen Lai held the stick reverently, his face soft and full of love. “I have already had much longer to think about my answer than most of you. When my master committed his life to the Heart Carrier in the tunnel, I also committed my life to her, but this I did without thought or ponderance. I just obeyed as that is how we are trained in my particular section of the pod. We still follow the old ways where the master’s word is law and we must obey. We have known for a long time now that it is no longer necessary to blindly obey the master as it used to be in the old days.” He looked at Moira and explained, “In the old days the student had to follow the master, as the master was totally responsible for the student and would receive the student's karma should the student fail. That changed many years back and now the student carries his own karma. The master provides the teachings and lessons, but the student operates under his own free will.”

Looking a little shame-faced, he said, “I took the kamarkartoo vow in the tunnel in blind obedience because I am used to the old ways. Since then I have had much time to review my decision. I know that I could rescind my pledge and there would be no shame, and that in some ways it would be a harder thing to do. But I, with my free will, choose not too. That vow, even if I took it by mistake; and Master Chule always says ‘there are no such things as mistakes’, has given my life purpose. I feel like I have a job to do now and that brings me joy. All my life I have tried to obey the law of service, but I realise now that I have never properly understood it; or how much energy and peace it brings into one’s field. The service I have given before has always been because it is the law, and because I knew it was a way to elevate my vibration and rise in rank. I always told others about each little act of service as I wanted them to know and to like and respect me. I see now that my service in the past has been for my own ego, and motivated by a desire to serve myself more than a desire to serve others and the plan. I understand now that real service comes from the heart, and from a genuine willingness to aid the plan and to bring joy. Seeing the happiness that helping others brings is the reward, not praise or recognition. I see now that when you perform an act of true service, from the heart, there is no need to tell others. I am only just beginning to



comprehend the saying, 'service brings it's own rewards'.

And finally, with such peace in my heart, I understand what my service is to be on the planet and what my martial arts and meditative training is for. Heart Carrier," he said looking at Moira his face shining and tears in his eyes, "I thank you from the bottom of my heart for this opportunity to be of service to the plan. My heart is so full of joy, and my direction clear because of you and our mission, that I gladly give the gift of my being for the welfare of the world, and, I do not mind if I die. I will die happy, knowing I have found my own particular soul path and that I had the courage to pick up the pencil to undertake the drawing of it." With that he stood up, bowed to Moira, and smiling with joy, thumped his stomach repeating the words he had used earlier in the tunnel, this time with none of the previous uncertainty.

Moira noticed her face was wet. She felt the most incredible love for this funny little cherub. She had never seen someone so happy or at peace before. She realised she was envious, and wondered what it would be like to know with certainty what your role in life was. Her Grandmother had always told them that everyone had a job or a special talent; something that they could do better than anyone else, but she had long since dismissed it as an old wife's tale. Maybe Nanna was right after all; maybe she just stopped searching for her gift too early. She longed for the peace and purpose that she could see etched onto Yen Lai's face.

His face radiant, Yen Lai bowed reverently to Win Chule, passing him the stick. The two sat locked in a silent communication for a few moments, and then Win Chule stood and bowed to Yen Lai. Bloody hell, thought Moira, trying to wipe her nose on her sleeve, if this keeps up I'll be a blithering mess before it gets to my turn.

Win Chule, his face expressionless, resumed his spot on the ground and looking directly at Yen Lai said, "Service brings it's own rewards." He turned his attention back to the rest of the group. "I am trained for this. My grandmother was a seer and told me of this mission, when I was fourteen. I never lost faith in her prediction no matter how unlikely it seemed. It is to this end I have been prepared for. I give the gift of my essential being for the welfare of the world. May my hand be guided and my skill honed in service of the plan." He bowed and passed the stick to Johab.

Johab looked sad and worried and said, "I wish I could help. My heart wants to, but it is my job to record the events of this mission so that the pod may gain the wisdom and the learning available. I guess like Yen Lai, I am learning the real meaning of the laws we are taught. My lesson must be in the law of sacrifice as well as service. I long for action but I must do the job I was given. I will not take part in the speeding up of the Heart Carrier's

integration. I will stand to the side and record the events.” His voice broke and he said, “I wanted to help Faltone, truly I did. I wasn’t being a coward.” He struggled for a while his face working, and then took a deep breath and omed several times. His composure regained, he began to dig in his pocket for something, saying, “When I checked the contents of my pack there was a piece of paper put in there from Master Z.B. It is a quote from the old commentaries, and since I feel it says it all I would like to read it to you now.” He unfolded a crumpled piece of paper, and leaning close to the fire light he prepared to read.

“Master Z.B. has given a reference. It is the pledge of service from Esoteric Psychology, volume two, page one hundred and thirty five, by Alice A Bailey. He has made a note on it that if the pledge dismays me then I definitely need to work on my emotional body and suggests that I recite it every day.” He smiled in a self depreciating manner, “I guess he saw parts of me I did not see myself. It says ; ‘I play my part with stern resolve; with earnest aspiration; I look above, I help below; I dream not, nor I rest: I toil; I serve; I reap; I pray; I am the Cross; I am the Way; I tread upon the work I do, I mount upon my slain self; I kill desire, and I strive, forgetting all reward. I forego peace; I forfeit rest, and, in the stress of pain, I lose myself and find Myself and enter into peace. To all this I solemnly pledge myself, invoking my Higher self.’ ” He stood, bowed and looking disappointed and proud all at once, he resumed his seat, passing the stick to Morcheeva.

“Well hell,” she said “That's a hard act to follow Johad. Shoot, what a bunch a words. Can't say as your pledge sounds like a lot of fun, but it's darn well the truth, an' that stuff happens to ya whether ya read the pledge or not. An' I sure as hell should know, cause I spent the last twenty years serving myself and god damn, there ain't been any joy in it. I kept thinkin' if I took more I'd be o.k but since I started ridin' out for this mission I've had the only peace I've known since the parafearonoids killed my Mammy and my Daddy. You see guys, I been doin' bank jobs; the ones on the wrong side of the counter. Me an' Billy Jack; stealin' bunches a money, an' livin' high on the hog. We jist used ta go in there an' kill 'em all; Billy Jack always said dead men don't make witnesses. Then here a few years back I shot a woman and her baby. First little 'un I killed. I was gonna' let him go, but Billy Jack called me yella' and my pride got all worked up so I shot him. I didn't think too much of it, 'till Billy Jack an' me had our son a year later. Hell, I didn't realise those little blighters could get a hold of ya so much and twist your guts in to such knots. Man, now I know why that kid's Mumma was begging for his life an' not her own. Anyway, after my Jake was bom, I just couldn't do no more jobs. Billy Jack said I'd lost my nerve, but I knew I just couldn't do any more in case there was kids there.

Jake was about one year old, an' gettin' a bit of sun in his playpen on the porch, when I looked out the window and saw this stranger talking to him. I rushed out tellin' him to get

off our land, but he grabbed Jake and held a gun to his head. I tell ya in that moment my heart just plain stopped beatin'. I never known such fear. I woulda' done anything he said. He told me to get inside, then he handcuffed me to the table. Said he was waiting for Billy Jack and if I warned him he'd kill my boy. Well, Billy Jack came home, walkin' in the door half drunk like he always does, an' this guy just shoots him; no arguing or nothin'. Then he turns to me an' he says, 'You're the bitch that killed my wife and my child in an armed robbery a few years ago. You missed covering one of the security cameras and it got you in full view. I don't know how you can call yourself a woman, because you don't have any of the qualities of a woman. You showed my wife and child no mercy. My other little boy told me all about it. He was under the desk and saw you shoot them. He don't talk much now and he screams in his sleep every night. And now I'm going to do to you what you have done to us. Death would be too good for you. Let's hear you beg for your kid's life! See how you like living without your loved ones'. " Morcheeva's voice cracked but she didn't shed a tear as she said, her voice flat, "He shot my Jake, right in front of me, an' then he just left. I wished he'd killed me too.

I just stayed there for a long time, days maybe; first time in my life I ever remember cryin'. Then I buried my men, but I didn't go after him. I knew that I'd got what I deserved. I donated all the money Billy Jack and me made to an orphanage, an' then I went up to Carson's Pinnacle to throw myself off. 'Cept just as I was about to I had this huge vision, or dream, or somethin', an' I saw all of you guys an' a map on how to find you all. I figured that maybe I didn't deserve the release of death. So here I am. I ain't got no where to go, or no one to go to. I'm on the wanted list, an' the only thing I know how to do is fight, swear, shoot, steal and kill people. An' I'm not fit to be a mother, so that ain't an option. So I'm pledgin' my body; don't have a soul since Jake died, so can't pledge that, but you can have whatever else I got. I ain't doin' no meditatatin' stuff, but I can sure as hell defend your bodies. An' I can tell ya, I don't have no problem 'bout dyin' for you guys. You all been real nice to me and you haven't even asked any questions. I ain't never been accepted just for myself before; always needed money or a gun to get respect. I never knew there was people like you. I feel if I can help, I will somehow be able to die in peace and go be with my little boy." She paused and looked around at the group with her devil may care face on, almost as if she was waiting for the group to reject her, then she passed the stick to Gafter.

Moira almost wanted to kiss the stocky little man when he turned to Morcheeva, and putting the back of his hand to his forehead dramatically and winking he said, " Boy Howdy, I feel much better now you've told us what a tough gal you are. I was beginning to feel like a real weakling beside you. I can now at least rest secure in the knowledge that you had a tougher training ground than me. I thought I would have to hang up my hammer." The group all laughed, directing their smiles at Morcheeva. Moira felt her heart swell at their acceptance

and generosity, and she thought she saw a tear in Morcheeva's eye. She felt glad for her. She smiled at Grafter, loving him even more, seeing his soul begin to shine. Without further ado, he stood up, bowed to the group and said, "I give the gift of my essential being to the welfare of the world." Then he smiled muttering as he sat down something about being ray one and hating details and chit chat, and passed the stick to Tannin.

Tannin looked uncomfortable and fidgeted for a bit straightening his clothes and dusting himself down. Then, looking embarrassed he said, "I came on this mission for a very selfish reason. All of you are so brave. I didn't come because I have courage. Being out of a well ordered environment almost causes me to have panic attacks. I've never been able to cope with mess or disorder. Master Nakai says it's because I have a double dose of ray seven in my energetic make-up, and because I have not elevated my vibration sufficiently to get the combination working effectively from the higher levels. I came because Faltone came. If she hadn't been in the group I would never have considered coming. I have loved her since I sat next to her in pod school when we were five years old. My fussiness and sense of order have prevented me from courting her, because I was always waiting for things to be perfect, instead of just seizing the moment. I feel my fear of losing her probably created enough energy for the bats to find her. I want to try to do something that she would have been proud of. She was always so incredibly brave, even when we were little. And, I want to do something that I can be proud of. I want to take a risk, with out spending two months calculating the odds. I am happy to give the essential gift of my being for the welfare of the world, I just don't think I will be very useful. I have always had trouble staying focused when I am meditating. I'm worried I may not be able to hold the energy." He paused, shook his head and then this time in a surer voice said, "I give the essential gift of my being for the welfare of the world." He passed the stick to Moira.

Moira sat there her head spinning, trying to take in all that had been said. She didn't know what to say. It hardly seemed the time to tell them that she thought they were probably all an illusion; a product of her death throws, or too many hospital drugs. She looked over at Mother Rachitt, who smiled and nodded encouragingly, which only made her feel worse. She felt that lump she got in her throat expanding, until she thought she might suffocate. The silence stretched. She looked around the group. All their hopeful expectant faces only made her feel worse. Damn, what the hell was she going to do?! All of them had more guts in their little fingers than she had in her whole body. She swallowed, opened her mouth and closed it again. Suddenly an om popped into her head. She opened her mouth again and managed to sound a rather croaky om, and then another, and another, until she could hear the sound all around her. She realised that the group had joined in with her and were supporting her.

She picked up the stick and the noise stopped. In a very small voice she said, “I don't think I'm worthy. I'm not from here and I don't really know anything about your world, or alignment, or meditation. In my world anyone can wear rose quartz. I think that Eilheart got the wrong person. I'm scared you will all die for nothing. I don't want any more blood on my hands. I don't know what to do. I want to help, truly, with all my heart, but I just don't think I'm the one. In my own world I probably rate as less than ordinary, even a failure. I'm divorced, and I haven't done much of a job at bringing up my kids, and I have a boring job. I'm mostly scared of everything. Hell, I'm even scared of what people might say about me, let alone anything else. I guess I will do this if you want me to, and I will gladly give my life or my sanity, or whatever; that's if I actually still have either to give, but I don't think I'm the one. I don't think I'm worthy of your trust and I think you should reconsider your decisions. I think your faith is misplaced.” She looked around earnestly at the group, hoping to see some doubt, but all she saw was love. She shook her head sadly, her eyes on the ground, feeling like the weight of the world was on her shoulders. Then, feeling as if she had nowhere else to go, and hoping it was just an illusion, she took a deep breath and said, “I pledge myself in service and I give whatever little bit I've got to this mission and the welfare of the world.” Looking around she saw the joy on their faces, her stomach spasming and her spirits plummeting. Grimly she passed the stick to Mother Rachitt.

The old woman gave her a radiant smile and Moira felt overwhelmed with guilt. She shook herself mentally, remembering that the master had told her that guilt was a waste of energy and that when ever you got guilty you created a punishment for yourself. Bugger, she thought, I've got to get a grip on my random thoughts, delusion or not, I'm going to give this my best shot. She straightened her spine and focused on what Mother Rachitt was saying.

## CHAPTER TWELVE - THE BRIEFING

“So,” began Mother Rachitt in her usual no mess manner, “We will have a briefing now and then we will rest for a while. I guess I don't need to remind you that this procedure has never been attempted before, so there will be no hard and fast rules. The best I can do is outline it for you and see how it goes. It may well change once we actually start so you will all need to be flexible. We will have to be guided by our intuition. The first thing I need to stress to all of you, but especially you Heart Carrier, is that this will only work if we can create a space of group consciousness.” She must have sensed that Moira had no idea what group consciousness was, so she began to explain. “Group consciousness is when the members of the group put the good of the whole group, before their own personal goals. It is different from some of the religious philosophies where the person is not allowed to be an individual and can only use accepted pathways to connect with their god. It is about retaining your individuality and free will and accepting and knowing who you are, but being able to act as a unit for a greater purpose. That individuality is important as it enables you to bring your own unique and innovate skills to the fore so all of the group can benefit from them. Accepting your own imperfect individuality also allows you to accept others and their uniqueness.

Once you get to a certain level of spiritual development you actually can not progress until you have learnt what group consciousness is. The higher initiation doorways can not be entered with the ‘I-Me’ mentality, you need to go through them with a group. That is why the pod was formed and why it is split into smaller groups inside the larger group. The other advantage of group consciousness is that it allows you to tap into a far greater field of energy. In a group, say in your meditation, you can do in a week what it may take you two months to do on your own. Each member of the group is as important as the rest. Your personality may not ‘like’ other members of the group, but you are there to work at a soul level, and need to learn to over ride your lower body reactions. You can guarantee that you soul has put you with someone you dislike for a reason. The most common reason is the mirror idea. Usually when you don't like a person it is because they are mirroring back aspects of yourself that you don't like, and that you are not aware of yet.

All contribute equal gifts, and the group is only as strong as the weakest member. This is why it is important to help each other. There is no point in an individual gaining rank at the expense of the others; ultimately he is bound by the laws of the group. This is why we are opposed to criticism. It is never helpful. If the person needs help or advice they will ask for it; and that is not to say you can't be discerning. It is about using your mind with awareness and making your own choices about what is acceptable to you. Criticism directs a stream of

negative ‘you can't do it, I am better than you’ energy at the person, and adds to their inadequacy. Not to mention the karmic price you incur!” She paused, rolled her eyes, and with a laugh said, “This was a very hard lesson for me when I was younger. I had a quick mind and was often very judgemental of others, feeling better than them. I learnt that when we make ourselves feel better by saying ‘well, I am better than so and so’, we feel good for a bit, but invariably what happens is there is always someone who comes along who is ‘better’ than you and when you meet them, you plummet back to the depths of inadequacy. Comparison and criticism is a fool's game and puts you on an emotional roller coaster. Real security and peace come from knowing that everyone in the group is special and different in their own way.” She looked at Moira and said, “That's what ‘do unto others as you would have them do unto you’ means. I believe you are familiar with the teachings of the Great One we call The Christ?” Moira nodded, realising how little most of her people had actually understood the deeper message of the bible.

“The other painful thing I learnt, was that as soon as I had a judgement and said ‘I am not that,’ or ‘I would never let that happen to me’, my soul would set me up in a similar lesson to teach me that I am indeed that. It was damn painful,” she said with a rueful smile. “I say to my soul now, don't kick me I will learn!” Master Nakai laughed and nodded. Moira was surprised, she hadn't heard him laugh before. It was a happy sound and she realised that they had all changed since they had entered the tunnel. She guessed it was the collective elevated vibration of the group.

“So, we need to act as a group if we have any chance of making this work. Now what I propose is to form a sacred space here somewhere. Grafter, I will get you to douse the earth currents, to find the most favourable energy currents and we will work there. We will all smudge our auras and purify and clean ourselves physically as best we can before we begin. Tannin, see if Master Z.B packed a large bowl and soap and provide as much water as you can for this purpose. Morcheeva, I have something I need to ask you.”

“Shoot,” said Morcheeva, “What do you guys say, ‘it's a pleasure to be of service’?” Mother Rachitt smiled, “You will wish you had not said that when I ask. Numbers are important. They carry particular energetic vibrations and I want to leave no stone unturned in using every bit of positive energy we can. Especially down here in the dark ; it is much better to be able to work in the light. Before I make my request I would like to tell you that I think you are much further along the path than you realise. Your life sketch has many bold lines, probably as a result of your hard life. Some of the drug addicts and criminals I met in my brief time working on the surface were those with the most advanced souls. They lost their way because of the responsibility of their paths and a lack of training, not because they didn't have high grade raw material. When we choose particularly hard lessons, we do so

because we have reached a point of advancement in our soul development that can cope with them. You may think you are a failure or terrible, but your soul never gives you more than you are able to handle. I feel you are quite a way along the path; you simply have not had the training. And you know what the tragedy is? You don't need fancy books to learn. If all you did was learn to meditate and connect with your own soul you would get all the answers and lessons you need. Each of us has our own guidance system. Formal teaching simply makes the process simpler and faster. It can often connect you with your group faster as well.

The fact that you said your parents were, to quote you 'into coming' is also another clue. Parents can usually only conceive a child of their own, or a slightly vibration, though there are exceptions. The higher the vibration of the parents, the higher vibrating soul they will be able to draw. That is why the world is such a mess. On the surface they do not know this and they do not prepare themselves energetically for the task of conceiving, hence many souls of dense consciousness are being brought into the world. I want to be careful using the term 'dense consciousness', as all souls have the same potential; we are all at different places along the path, that is all I mean. It is not a judgement. What's more due to our uncontrolled population explosion, these souls are being brought in too rapidly, so that they are not having enough time between incarnations to have a proper review of their past life."

Sighing and shaking her head she said, "I hear the term 'soul mate' bandied around all the time. Most do not understand what that means. Theoretically and potentially, everyone of the opposite sex is your soul mate; it depends on degrees and how hard you are prepared to work to attune your vibrations. That's why men and women have genitals that fit together. Opposite sex relations are about polarities; two energies that blend to form one. It's like the trinity; the two that can interact to form consciousness. Now that's worth pondering on! And that is not to say homosexual relationships are wrong. Homosexuals simply have issues to work out with the same sex in this life time. There is no judgement, they are not less. They are just folk doing the best they can like the rest of us, and often it is a much harder path they choose. We have all been different sexes many times in our journeys as souls. There is no point in complaining and saying, "Oh all men are rotten' or 'all women are schemers'. We've all been both, so we have to take responsibility for the human condition and make an effort to change it right from where we find ourselves now.

Soul partnerships are about vibration, not some emotional body romantic notion. A real soul connection means that the two people are aligned in their physical, emotional and mental bodies, usually for a purpose that will benefit humanity. That is one of the joys of finding your soul mate; serving each other, your children and the world unconditionally. Whether that is bringing in an advanced soul or building a garden or undertaking to make peace in



their particular neighbourhood, doesn't matter. The service of the union does. And that's not to say that divorce is wrong. Divorce simply happens when a person's vibration or purpose changes, and no longer aligns with their partners. People get so caught up in blame. Why is it that we need to make some one wrong? Wrong and right are two out dated concepts and have been responsible for many of the judgements in our world. We need to accept each other and harm no one. Harmlessness is the first great rule.

What happens in divorce is that the law of repulse begins to work and their soul repulses the partner; that is why the person often feels as if their personality has no control over 'falling out of love'. You see couples who maybe have their physical bodies aligned, so they have good sex, or maybe only their mental bodies aligned, or worse she loves him emotionally but not physically and he only loves her physically but not mentally or emotionally. Obviously this can be very painful for both parties. You can see the problems. Hmmm,' she said shaking her head, "I am going on. I get so frustrated with misinformation. There are many secrets contained in the sex act and a divine marriage; after all it duplicates the divine act of manifestation. That is why it has been kept such a taboo by so many societies; they are scared of it's power. We need research and honest discussion. It is this shoving it in the closet that has allowed it too fester and become sick and distorted in some areas, instead of being an act of great love and joy from the creator.

So Morcheeva, look at how, when Minjarni was dying, you were able to over ride your emotional body and act. What I am trying to say is, will you participate in helping with the integration process? If you do it will give us ten in the circle, with the Heart Carrier in the middle. Nine is the last single digit and carries the energy of completion with it. Ten, the number following it, is the synthesising, organising condition which follows the completion of the nine. It marks a transition to something new or a transforming event. It always represents a group experience and seems to take the personality beyond itself into the universal realms. Since we want to complete Moira's soul-personality integration I feel it would be silly not to take advantage of the numbers we have been provided with. My mother always said, 'Aim for the sky and if you hit the trees, it is better than aiming for the trees and nose diving into the dirt'. Her grip on practicality and common sense was legendary."

She looked over at Morcheeva hopefully, who looked for once stuck for words, at least for the moment anyway. Giving a nervous laugh, Morcheeva exclaimed, "God damn, you're more wily than a coyote! Ya fair got me backed into a corner. Ya know I don't know nuthin' about this soul stuff. I'm a bigger risk than a stick of wet jelly. What if I blow ya' all out of the water? It's like stickin' the whore into the nunnery!"

Mother Rachitt fixed her with that stare Moira knew only too well and said very softly, "

Really listen, I want you to hear what I say with your heart.” She paused, then said, “Morcheeva, I trust you.”

Moira watched the expressions fleet across Morcheeva's face. She seemed dumb struck.

Grafter cleared his throat and said awkwardly, “I more than trust you. I want to have you on my side. You're as tough as they come. You'd be a real asset.”

One by one the group each expressed their faith in Morcheeva, finishing with Moira, who laughed in the joy of the moment and said, “Come on Morcheeva, look on the bright side of it. I know nothing either, at least you're not standing in the middle of the circle.”

Morcheeva, tears pouring down her face, nodded and just managed to get out a gruff, “OK” “Good,” said Mother Rachitt shifting the energy from Morcheeva so she could have some privacy by beginning to go through the ritual. “ So, we will form a circle around Moira. I will stand in the east, with the Heart Carrier facing me. Master Nakai will stand in the north. Grafter, I want you in the west at Moira’s back and Morcheeva, you mark the south.” She paused to explain about the significance of the directions. “The tribal people of many a long time ago called the four compass points the four directions. Many of their ceremonies and rituals were set up around these points. They were smart enough to take advantage of the magnetic energies in the earth and work with them.” Moira wondered if Feng Shu, the Chinese art of arranging your house position and furniture, was based on the same principle. She brought her wandering mind back to what Mother Rachitt was saying.

“They said the east was the place of spirit; of the eagle flying high, seeing far; flying off into the dawn to bring back the light of enlightenment for all. In my grandmothers day when there were still birds of many types, if one saw an eagle it was said that you were going to have clarity and illumination from your soul. It is symbolised traditionally by the element fire and the colour yellow.

The south is the place of growth. If we think of the east as spring, when the new shoot breaks the surface, then the south is the summer. The place of maximum growth and learning; the childhood so to speak. It is the place of play and of trust, innocence and the naive courage of the child. If you watch a child learning to walk you will see it get up and fall over again and again and again. It does not go, ‘Golly, walking is too hard, I give up.’ It knows that mistakes are positive experiences it can learn from. It's colour is red and it's element is water. It symbolises a time for learning to conquer the emotions. We are said to be born physically in the south.

The west is the place of the bear. It is about introspection and goal setting. In the old days, when there were bears, they would walk around in the spring and the summer eating all the

fruits of the forest. In the autumn and winter they would go into their caves and hibernate. This was where they digested. When they came out of hibernation they would eliminate that which was not necessary. Meditation is like that. You 'go into the cave' and you ponder on what you have learnt. Then you eliminate that which no longer serves you. I often think that meditation is sort of like looking at the road map. If you think of our physical body as a land scooter, and really that is all it is; a vehicle to carry our soul around and teach it the lessons, then you will see that we are all driving all over the place higgie-de-piggie-de, wanting to go somewhere but never stopping to look at the map. Meditating is like looking at the map. You can check to see if your scooter needs maintenance, review the wrong turns you have taken so you don't keep taking them, and focus on the destination and how to get there. In many of our legends it is said that there is a doorway to the other worlds between the west and the north. I always think of the west as autumn and harvest. It's colour is black, which is not negative, but in this case symbolises no stimulation from the outside world.

The north is the place of knowledge and wisdom. It's colour is white, like the snow of winter. When a man 'sits in the north' he is said to have walked many roads and has the distilled knowledge from his life's harvest and condensed it into seeds of wisdom. Traditionally it is said that the master sits in the north or the east. The owl is the symbol of the north. It is very wise and is able to see in the dark."

She reached into her sack and pulled out a compass, passing it to Thomias saying, "When Grafter finds the spot, can you mark out the directions please." He nodded looking nervous, pleased to have a job.

"So,' she continued, "It is important to get everything just right. That is what the new age of ray seven is all about; creating new structures and form with care and precision; paying attention to the details. We will begin with a ritual and calling on of the energies of the great ones. I believe you call it praying Illoow?"

Illoow frowned saying, "I'm not sure what you mean. What we call praying is focusing on The Great One's energies, and trying to connect with their energy field. If you chant the Masters name or concentrate on him then you can elevate your own vibration for whatever it is that you are wanting to do. We are taught not to make direct requests of the masters unless it is an emergency. We would never pray for something that is merely for the personality. It is up to each of us to be self sufficient. Personality needs are the students responsibility. The masters, we are told, used to teach personally to some students in the old days, but now because of the world condition they are far too busy with more global causes. It is the senior initiates who do most of the teaching, or more often than not those just above you. That's what I understood in Johad's pledge when it said, 'I look above; I help below'." Mother Rachitt nodded, saying, "Yes I thought so. So, we will call in the energies or pray,

and align ourselves, then we will align as a group. We will link heart to heart, mind to mind and light to light.”

Morcheeva interrupted, “Light to light? Don't you mean soul to soul?”

“Well, yes I do,” replied Mother Rachitt, “But technically speaking it would be incorrect to say that. You see humanity only has one soul, of which we all have our little fragment of light of. That is what the saying ‘I am that, that I am’ means. Perhaps instead of Saying light to light we could use the term spirit to spirit?”

Morcheeva groaned, “Shoot, you mean there's a difference between a soul and a spirit. God damn it woman you're confusing me.”

Mother Rachitt smiled and said, “It's OK Morcheeva, most of the population does not realise there is a difference between soul and spirit. Soul is the consciousness that is a result of the interaction between matter and spirit. The soul is like a bridge, if you like between matter and spirit. Some call these three; spirit, soul and matter; the father, the son and the holy ghost or mother, or the trinity. The son or soul is what happens when Mother Matter and Father Spirit interact. We say the interaction of the two, spirit and matter produces the third, which is active intelligence or consciousness. Spirit is, if you like, what some call God, or the highest vibration there is. Matter is spirit at it's lowest vibration. Have you not read the legend about how The Great Artist breathed into things and they became alive? The breath was used symbolically to represent spirit.”

Morcheeva squirmed uncomfortably, “I can't read ,” she blurted out looking ashamed.

Mother Rachitt winked at her and said, “Well you'll just have to learn how to meditate then won't you. It disciplines the mind to control the bodies and trains you to focus and remember. It might cool off that hot head of yours too.” Morcheeva laughed, her discomfort leaving her.

“So,” she began again and Moira almost laughed aloud. Her ‘so’ and her absolute focus was quite incredible. “We will link ourselves as a unit so that we can increase our collective energy beyond the sum total of the individual energies. Has anyone heard the phrase from the old ones about “when one or more gather in my name’? What the teaching was telling us was that when say ten people in a group link energies the sum is actually far greater than the ten energies added on their own. Also if the masters see you linking for a group purpose then they are more likely to add their own energies. So we will be making a circuit for that energy to flow in to. You, as the group, need to hold your focus steady and we, the master and I, will begin to direct it to increasing the soul-personality integration of the Heart Carrier. First we will attempt to fuse the lower bodies into an integrated personality, then we will begin to attempt to build the antahkarana.”

Morcheeva groaned again, saying “If I'm goin’ to be buildin’ something you'd better tell me what it is.” With infinite patience and love Mother Rachitt explained, “The antahkarana is sometimes called the rainbow bridge and it is the bridge between the personality and the soul. Or to be more precise it is a bridge which links the higher and the lower mind, the emotional body and the intuition and the personal will and the will of the higher self or spiritual will. It, the antahkarana, is sometimes described as threads or many cables. We generally all build different threads one at a time, usually over quite a long period. The antahkarana is built from substance from the mental plane, the same as we eat food from the physical plane to build our physical bodies. It, especially as the soul's progress becomes more conscious, is the self created pathway which allows our soul to ‘take us over’. When the rainbow bridge is complete our joy knows no bounds, and it's impact in our lives is huge. Firstly, we are connected via our soul to the universal source or The Great Artist, and knowing we are a part of Him, we realise that we are co-creators in our world. We are no longer powerless little victims calling uselessly out to our god to save us. We know we can ‘save’ ourselves. Secondly, all fear leaves us. As we know fear leads to anger, which leads to hate, which leads to misery, to over simplify it. And thirdly, we get the guidance we need to allow us to help us make the right decisions for ourselves and to live in peace and happiness.

So, we will attempt to build the bridge from the Heart Carrier's personality to her soul; the antahkarana. Most of the work will be on the inner planes so there won't be any obvious evidence of what we are doing, though some of you may be able to tune in. So, that's the plan. As I said earlier we do not know if it's possible. Normally the person is required to apply their own mind and demonstrate an understanding of the laws. We learn through service and meditation and the lessons our soul teaches us in the outside world. The process of building the rainbow bridge can take years or even lifetimes. It requires discipline; an act of will, which is why we call our main learning phase discipleship. Discipline and will have become unfashionable in the surface world, mostly due to the Victorian concept of will, which was really stern suppression or repression. The real function of will is to direct, not impose; and to focus on the decision, not on the effort of trying or the action. It's like using the will to set a course and then allowing the soul to flow in to keep us on track. We are hoping that by elevating the Heart Carriers vibration we can achieve this, or at least get her a good way along the path. I know it is a bit of a rough sketch, but are there any questions?” She looked around the group searchingly, but no one had any thing to ask. She smiled saying, “Let us prepare ourselves a bit of a feast, have a wash and then rest. We will need to be as fresh as possible for the work to be done.” .

Everyone busied themselves helping Tannin prepare some food. Moira was glad to have a fire to cook over. Gloomily she hoped it wasn't the last supper for the condemned. She

looked sadly at Mother Rachitt, thinking that this may be the last time she would see her alive. She ate and washed mechanically, feeling numb. It felt as if some thing inevitable was happening and she didn't know how to change or prevent it. After the meal the group scattered to rest, each preoccupied with their own thoughts. Moira leaned up against the wall, feeling too worried to sleep and tried to align herself.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN - THE INITIATION

Johab sat on a ledge about six foot off the ground where he had a good vantage point of the proceedings. Everyone was now silent in the circle. Mother Rachitt had called in the four directions and everyone had stated their intent and been given a last minute chance to withdraw. He thought despite where they were it looked quite beautiful as he caught the light of the candles reflected in the four large crystals Mother Rachitt had put out to mark the four directions. He watched as Morcheeva unclipped both her holsters and checked the chambers of her pistols were loaded. Grafter too was making sure he had easy access to his hammers, and he had already watched Thomias spend the last hour lovingly honing his axes. He hoped their preparations were a sign of caution and not an omen. He remembered Grafter making a joke years ago, something about, ‘in The Great Artist we trust but we still lock up our pencils’. He'd always been the same Johad thought, remembering how abrupt and cynical he was when his father had sent him down to the masonry as a child. Master Nakai began to speak, the words resonating powerfully in the cavern. Johab closed his eyes to align himself and try to add as much energy as he could, concentrating on the master's words.

“First we will align ourselves individually,” he said. “We sound the sacred word om achieving quietness and receptivity in the physical - etheric body, emotional tranquillity, and mental poise and clarity.” The group sounded the note in unison, om's filling the air.

“We sound the sacred word om focusing and integrating the three lower bodies to form an integrated personality and we attune it to the overshadowing soul. Om.

We sound the sacred word om lifting the consciousness from the integrated personality to the soul. Dwell for a few moment in the one soul. Om.

Now see yourself high in the sacred mountains. The air is crystalline and pure. As you look down you see a fire burning on the a plateau. It is the fire of love, the fire of light and the fire of the will to good. It is the home of the master and the fire is the fiery lotus of the group soul. Working as a group and with united breath we descend to the plateau beside the fire. Standing in a circle we begin to link to each other, heart to heart, mind to mind and light to radiant light, spirit to spirit. We begin to create triangles of living lighted love between our heart centre and the heart centres of all group members.” There was a pause and Johad opened his eyes and realised he could actually see the master's triangles being formed, until there was a series of overlapping triangles joining him and all the other members of the group in threes. He started to speak again and Johab closed his eyes to focus.

“Now form triangles of vital living intelligence between your ajna centre and the ajna centres of all group members. As you do so visualise the five pointed star of initiation on the forehead of each group member, making sure the single point is at the top, and two points are to the sides and two points are to the sides at bottom.” There was another pause as each person formed their triangles, and Johab felt his forehead beginning to tingle, as he formed the pentagram on his own forehead taking care it with the right way up, knowing that if it was upside down it represented the black lodge. Worriedly he noticed his eyes were wanting to fall shut. He hoped he wasn't going to lose consciousness in this elevated vibration. It had happened to him before when the energy really got humming. It was as if his conscious mind couldn't stay present or accept what was happening. He really began to apply his will to try and stay present. The master's voice floated up.

“Now form triangles of golden, living divinity between your highest head centre and the head centres of the group. Realise yourself as spirit; immortal, immutable, birthless, deathless.” He began to recite a mantram that Johab knew to be very old. “More radiant than the sun, purer than the snow, subtler than the ether is the Self, the spirit within my heart. I am that self, that Self am I’.

Holding the image of the fiery lotus of the group soul in front of us, we, united as a group, pledge our essential beings for the welfare of the world and we take a small step, and step into the fire, taking our place on the petals of the fiery lotus. We see a column of spiritual fire going up from the centre of the fiery lotus to Shamballa, the centre where the will of God is known. We extend our identification as a group to see our part in drawing of the Great Sketch. Let the work begin.”

Everyone began to om in unison, and the sound reverberated throughout the entire cavern. It felt as if the very walls were vibrating. Johab could see the radiance coming from the group. He watched as he saw the Heart Carrier stiffen in the centre of the circle, almost as if she had had an electric shock. He breathed a sigh of relief as she relaxed again. To his horror Mother Rachitt's body caught on fire. He saw her begin to disintegrate as the flames ran all over her skin. Her oming continued as if she was expecting it or didn't notice. As the flames began to die down and then go out, he realised her physical body was completely gone. He could still see her clearly, her mouth forming oms, but he couldn't hear her voice now. It was as if she was made of energy. He guessed that she must have just died but was still holding her consciousness present. He felt a wave of grief, but it was short lived as he saw three jackals enter into the cave from behind Master Nakai. He watched in horror as they began to stalk the master coming closer by the minute. No one seemed to be aware of their presence. Then to his amazement he watched Morcheeva pull out her gun, oming all the while, and shoot two of them, the third disappearing back into the shadows of the tunnel.



Her shots were accurate and both fell to the ground. “Holy Cow!” he thought, “She was able to split her consciousness!

Mother Rachitt was right, she is further along the path than she thinks.” He began to scan the cave worriedly, but he couldn’t see any more jackals. The pitch of the om’s was rising now, the hairs on his arms were standing up with the static electricity in the air. Worriedly he noticed Tannin’s nose had started to bleed. Still the energy kept building.

A savage roar called his attention, this time from a narrow tunnel on the west side of the cave. A huge mutant jackal, with a blistered and misshapen head leapt out of the cave’s entrance. Johab felt absolute revulsion and he knew that this animal wasn’t just mutated. He knew with certainty that it carried the energy of active evil. In the pod he hadn’t been exposed to evil although he had learnt about it; that energy was neutral, and that evil was how you used it and your intent and motivation.

While they were taught that evil was a reality and that there were some forces which fed off misery and fear, they were taught not to focus on it, or give it any energy or power in their lives. The light always wins, he repeated in his head, recalling the master saying that if you held your light and awareness, no matter what, you were always safe; that it was like turning on a light in a dark room. The dark always disappeared immediately; it did not say to the light, ‘No, I won’t go’. He recalled how the parafearonoids had a lot of propaganda on the C.B., trying to scare people and make them think that the dark could resist the light.

The huge beast moved to the side of the tunnel, and a pack of smaller jackals followed it out, grouping around it, as if to shield it. It let out another blood curdling howl. Tannin, distracted, turned his head to see where the noise had come from. His loss of focus caused, what to Johab looked like, his head and heart to explode simultaneously. Johab reeled back from the edge in horror, feeling helpless, trying to think of something to do. No one else in the group broke their rhythm of oms or moved, but Johab noticed the master’s chest seeming to vibrate as if he took up the strain of the empty space.

As he struggled to pull himself back into alignment, he saw a cloud- like shape rise from Tannin’s body, appearing to be pulled over towards the jackals. In shock, he realised it was Tannin’s soul. Frantically he tried to remember what it was the Master had said when Faltone had died. He couldn’t remember! He saw what he was now sure was Tannin’s soul get closer to the jackals. Good Grief, that hideous creature was trying to get Tannin’s soul! He panicked, unable to think of what to do, trying to focus. With a flash of insight he remembered that the master had once said all answers were available if you asked. With extreme effort he quelled his panic and aligned himself, allowing nothing to distract him. Almost immediately he knew what to do and set about visualising the process of the

abstraction of death. He did not know the words but he knew energetically what to do. He felt a rush of exhilaration as he watched Tannin's soul pull away from its course towards the jackals, and rise and disappear. He fought back a sob as he thought he heard Tannin's voice calling to Faltone.

More jackals poured out of the tunnel, amassing around the large evil one. Johab could smell them by now. The air was filled with the hideous stench of pus and rotting flesh. Many of them had open weeping sores and deformed limbs and bodies. Some had two heads and others appeared to have five and six legs. He shuddered in revulsion, fearing for his friends, feeling his frustration and helplessness mount. Unexpectedly and with a swiftness that belied their mutated forms, three lunged forward and grabbed Thomias, pulling him to the ground. He didn't seem to realise what had happened, his om's continuing. He was dragged into the pack by the wall, and then with a sickening gurgle his om's ended as the jackals fell into a feeding frenzy and ripped him apart, snarling and fighting amongst themselves.

The oming seemed to rise a pitch. He watched as Alloow seemed to make a light bridge to Illoow's head, and then, still oming, he broke the circle to stand with his back against Illoow, the bridge between their heads remaining connected as he drew his sword. He saw Illoow knees buckle slightly as if he was picking up the extra strain of his brother, then Johab felt his heart lift at Illoow's courage as his shoulders straightened and he bore the load.

He watched as Morcheeva, moving like a robot, as if it took every bit of her concentration, turned slowly around so she was facing outwards from the centre. With extreme effort she drew her guns at the ready and waited, her om's sounding strong and clear. He didn't see it, but he felt Grafter register Morcheeva's movement. He almost imagined he heard Grafter saying 'if she can do it, so can I', and he watched as the stone mason began to inch himself around. Johab almost laughed at Grafter's absolute mule headedness, but his amusement vanished when he saw him start to tremble.

With a rush of awareness he realised that Grafter was going to explode with the effort. 'No', screamed inside his head, and with all his will he shoved all his energy at Grafter, his love for the prickly little man overwhelming him. He realised his face was wet and he heard himself in the distance panting, 'no, no, no'. And then with infinite relief, he saw Grafter straighten and heard his om resume strength. He thought he heard Grafter's gravelly voice say "Thanks for that, you young pup" and he almost laughed with relief. 'Still the same', he thought, feeling a momentary euphoria, some of his sense of frustration leaving him.

The jackals seemed to be spreading out. Johab wondered what they were up to. He could

sense the big one directing them. He felt his gut clench nervously. With a monstrous collective howl! all the jackals launched themselves at once at the group, seeming to come from all angles. Morcheeva, Grafter and Alloow began to fight, still oming, but they were limited by the fact that they were holding their positions. Morcheeva was a crack shot, thinning their numbers rapidly until she ran out of bullets.

She pulled out her knife, not moving and increasing the fevour of her tones, as the master seemed to lift the energy yet again. Johab could sense her struggle in holding her place as he watched two jackals move in on Win Chule. Win Chule didn't move, appearing totally absorbed in lending his energy to Master Nakai. Just as they leapt for Win Chule, Yen Lai's 'No!' rang out and he kicked out at the two jackals killing one with his foot and the other with a chop of his hand. Johab watched him straighten as if he was disorientated, and then realise what he had done. As he tried to resume his position and oming his body began to convulse and his head exploded.

Johab, now beyond shock and his emotional body reactions, focused on the Heart Carrier as he noticed the pitch change. She appeared as if she was in a bubble and seemed to be floating about two inches off the ground. He could feel the strain in the group as they laboured under the load; the air seemed to be pulsating around them. Suddenly the jackals made another attack, and at the same time the cave began to shake. Rocks and bits of the wall and ceiling began to cave in. He saw a huge slab of stone fall and kill a number of the animals and felt like the cave in was on his side, until the section of Ceiling over Morcheeva collapsed and she disappeared in the rubble along with Alloow and Illoow. In the dust he could still make out Mother Rachitt's energy form, and Win Chule, Grafter and Master Nakai were still standing, their oms strained, but continuous.

He watched in horror as the last few jackals, this time with their leader, began to move towards the Heart Carrier. He almost cheered as another section of the roof collapsed killing one more of the creatures. Frantically he began to scramble down, determined to help, not realising the instability of the ledge until it collapsed and he felt himself being sucked into a vortex of swirling dust and rock.

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN - THE BURNING GROUND

Moira felt her feet hit the ground, the thud jerking her abruptly back to the reality of the cave and the sound of oming. At the same time, some sort of stinking monster hit her in the chest. She had no idea what was happening, winded as she hit the ground. Something smashed into her eye and then she heard Grafter's loud 'No!', as she felt her clothing begin to shred, holding up her arm to fend off whatever it was. She heard a splattering and felt, rather than saw his great hammer swing through the air. The beast was off her as suddenly as it had appeared. She lifted her head slightly realising that the constant noise that she could hear before had stopped. Dimly she was aware that that was a bad sign but she was too fuddled to recall why. The om vibration disappeared and she was just in time to see Mother Rachitt's apparition fade. She wanted to call out to her, but another beast was upon her. Again she felt the swing of the hammer and heard the sickening splatter of bone. She staggered to her feet, realising that Grafter was now between her and this huge hideous dog like creature. Half it's face was caved in where Grafter's hammer had found it's mark, but it didn't seem to notice.

This dog-like creature was much larger than the other one and there was something sinister about it. It's eyes had a strange almost iridescent gleam and it's body was deformed, with ugly festering sores all over it. It was looking at Grafter in the same way she had seen a fox mesmerise a chicken to the wire of a hen house. She watched as it seemed to assess and almost challenge him, appearing to smile at him as he puffed his chest out, rising to it's unspoken challenge. It was that awful, cunning smile that clicked something in Moira's brain. She heard herself yell, "Don't look in to it's eyes!", but it was too late. The beast leapt, catching Grafter off guard. She watched in horror as it's jaws wrapped around his throat. His body was thrown against her's and as they all hit the ground, she heard the sickening gurgle as it tore at his throat . Pinned beneath him, she felt him, with incredible will, give one last swing with his mighty hammer. His blow struck it's mark, crushing the remains of the beasts skull.

Then the full force of their dead weights squashed her, their death throes pressing her into the slime.

Then the terrifying shaking began as the walls began to collapse around her, the two bodies on top of her cushioning her from some of the worst of it until she felt a stinging blow on the side of her head and she surrendered gladly to the blackness of oblivion for a long time.

Her consciousness returned slowly, coming in and out of awareness for a while, Moira groaned; pain radiating from everywhere in her body. Her first thought was that she had been in a car accident, and then the stench hit her. Struggling, she crawled out from under

Grafter and the jackal, feeling her stomach dry wretch at the sight of his neck. Somehow she staggered to her feet remembering where she was, shocked by the devastation around her, standing frozen in the middle trying to take in what had happened. She couldn't seem to get her brain to connect and foggily she shook her head, pain shooting through her temple as she did so. Numbly she looked at the rubble and at the few broken bodies of her friends scattered around the cave. She wondered what happened to the rest of the group. She shook her head again, unable to even begin to comprehend her surroundings.

Pulling in her toughness, she told herself she didn't care anyway; they were all just a dream. A terrible nightmare, thinking this must be what hell is. Somewhere in the recesses of her brain she remembered the mission, and confused thoughts jumbled around randomly in her head. All they represented was struggle and more disillusionment. No hope. None what so ever. She knew she'd never make it. She was too weak. Always had been. She thought of her struggle, her tears, anger and pain, and all the stuff she and many others had been through in the name of God, and she heard herself laugh hollowly. Somehow she always thought there'd be a reward, a gold star direct from God and that it would have all been worth it; that the white hats would win, with a nice, pretty apple pie ending and a happy ever after; that heaven would be waiting. That all the starving children and the good people who had horrible things happen to them would some how "fit" somewhere nice.

At least that's what part of her had believed; had hoped. It was all gone now. She thought cynically, confused and lost in the negative, that there ultimately, was no purpose, and that man really had no free will. That if you helped others a million dollars wouldn't necessarily appear. She realised that in the same way that a microbe that lived in her gut was independent of her, so too was she independent of the gods. Anything they subjected their planetary bodies to, so too was she subjected too. Bullshit to sovereignty and self rule!!! She realised she was furious, in the midst of all the stink, rubble and mangled bodies of the good guys who'd made sure she survived, she felt the urge to mutilate and mangle some more. She started to swear softly, calling God every name she could think of. As her rage built, she staggered over to a pillar of rock and began to try and finish the demolition of the cave. She started smashing at the walls and piles of stone, kicking at bits of bodies as she did so.

All she could feel was a white hot fire, getting hotter, she almost wanted to kill herself to get even. This was all their bloody trip, their bloody lesson. She hadn't asked to be born! She could just see them up there, God and his men, making decisions like, "lets clear some karma from the earth, hell we'll have a world war, that ought to do it. Yeah, well maybe a few mil will get killed but hell it'll make em appreciate peace." or "look at those stupid buggers, spent all their money on getting their sick child to a sacred place to be saved, but hey sorry dudes, faith don't count, you gotta learn the rules."

She could hear herself in the distance screaming and panting abuse. They could stick their burning ground! She spied the masters sacred box, spilt open with his crystals, cards and oils everywhere. It was a magnificent gem encrusted cask, ageless, priceless! "Lot of bloody good it did him," she thought. With a howl of rage she lunged at it, and grabbing a large rock, she began to smash it, screaming and howling with every blow. In a frenzy she tore at the cards and then began with relish to smash the crystals. As one of the large amethysts split in half she saw a crystal fall from it's centre. It was a small rose quartz heart, almost identical to the one she was wearing. Everything went suddenly still, even her own ragged breathing seemed to go silent. She looked down at it, mesmerised.

As if in a daze, she reached for it, and as she touched it a tidal wave of grief suffocated her. Clutching it to her chest, a low keening wail erupted from somewhere deep inside her, as if her soul had been torn away. Mindlessly she stumbled over to the Master's corpse. Kneeling, touching his face, she lay down beside him and laid her head in the bloodied hole where his heart used to be. Images of the pod and their bravery and courage flashed before her, all their faces etched in her memory. Parts of her own life began to appear. She thought about her children, and Dave, and how it probably wasn't his fault that he drank. She thought about his rotten dysfunctional life and her own. She saw the way they had torn at each other in those last few years, before the end. Both two tiny little people with three little kids trying to make ends meet, in a world where everyone was so needy that they had nothing to give.

She thought about the Master and how he had spent his whole life training his pod and never once in his humbleness did he expect a reward or a sign. He just wanted to teach people to be happy and have peace. And in her own world she thought about the Christ, and how they had nailed him to the cross and let him die over three slow days as their way of saying thanks. Damn it why didn't any of the thousands who watched him die try to get him down? They must have outnumbered the guards at least one hundred to one! We're like trained rats, doing what we're told, too scared to question the rules or try anything new, she thought hopelessly. She knew there was a plan, there had to be, and that you had to be patient, but she just didn't see how they could justify it.

What did the master say, 'that this was an experiment'?!? Why? Why had they bothered, and what about heaven? Who had thought of that? Probably the same people who'd thought of Santa Claus. No wonder kids grew up disbelieving adults; we lied to them from the very start! She felt like she had been played for a sucker. A fresh wave of grief washed over her and she realised that part of her rage was due to the fact that she knew she was a failure in her mission. Somehow she had wanted to save their world. Just for once she'd wanted to be someone special. She just wanted to help, to ease the suffering and maybe band aid her own

pain at the same time. She meant well, but she just couldn't get there. She just didn't have the will to endure.

A wave of fury at herself hit her. All her life she had been a “gunna”. Gunna do this, gunna do that, but somehow it just never worked out. It was always too hard, too far, too late, too early or too much. She thought about all the chances she had missed because she'd been self conscious or embarrassed or she thought other people would make fun of her, or reject her. How she had hid her light behind the bushel out of modesty or fear, thinking how could she, one little person change things, and how she missed out on opportunities over and over and over. In the dimness and in the smell of death, she cried and she cried and she cried. Her tears mingled with the masters blood, and her snot matted in her hair. She cried for herself, for Dave, her kids, all the kids and the mess the world was in. She cried for Jesus and how terrible it must have been for him that no one had remembered the rope and how they had killed each other in his name, and she cried for every little itty bitty of hurt that had ever been. Finally she felt empty. She stood up, attached the master's quartz heart to her necklace beside her own and very shakily moved towards the dim light she could see ahead.

She walked for a long time, not caring where she was going just wanting to get away from the smell. Numb and unaware of her surroundings, she just blindly followed the dim light. It felt nice to mechanically move; her opposite arm moving with her leg, and then the other leg, ignoring the pain, over riding her emotions, glad to feel nothing. She came after a timeless mechanical movement to some bushes. Without breaking her stride she just pushed through them as if they weren't there, not noticing for a moment the new stretches on her already battered form. The brightness of the sun almost blinded her as she stumbled out on to what appeared to be a dusty street . She turned left and began to walk past the few dilapidated shop fronts, not aware of the curious eyes of a few passers by.

A saloon bar across the road caught her eye and she made a bee line for it. With a total lack of self consciousness or caring, she walked to the bar and said, “Beer please.” At the bar tenders raised eyebrow she gave him her best, ‘I've just been for a pleasant stroll in the park, any questions’ look and sat on a stool in amongst the men who were by now staring at her openly. She didn't feel slightly bothered by the fact that it was what her father would have called a ‘rough’ pub. As a matter of fact she didn't feel slightly bothered by anything!

As the beer hit the bar in front of her she felt a hand clap on her shoulder. With the calmness of someone who had nothing left to lose and no fear of seeing anything more horrifying then she already had, she almost idly swivelled her head to see who it was. As she looked up, his loud jovial voice said, “Hey little lady, I don't reckon that little beer is gonna do the job, hows about I buy you a big fat margarita?”.

Moira grinned inanely at him, liking his intense green eyes and lazy grin. He was tall and lanky with a sort of sharp look about him. She knew with certainty that that casual glance didn't miss a thing.

He had a big black moustache, a long plait and an eagle tattooed on his muscly arm. If she'd been in her world she would have said he was half Native American, though his almost cats eyes, and the big bushy mustache somehow didn't seem to fit. 'Works hard, fights hard, plays hard,' she thought. He looked dangerous, but she didn't care. She looked up at him, battered her one set of good eyelashes; the other eye was black, swollen and firmly shut, and said in her best impersonation of his drawl, "Why thank you kindly, kind sir, I believe that indeed a margarita would be much better. Perhaps a double?" she added cheekily.

He laughed. It was a nice sound. "Well,' he drawled, "A girl after my own heart. Ain't nothing quite so exciting as pushing your luck, hey? " He ordered 2 double margaritas, and pulled a stool up beside her. He raised his glass to her and knocked half of his drink back in one go. She followed his lead. He ordered two more and they drank in the companionable silence of two people who felt like it had already been all said and seen. Finally, on their fourth drink, he said, "Big day at the office heh?" Moira looked at him in genuine humour, enjoying his approach and the almost ludicrousness of the moment. She figured that she must look an incredible fright.

"Yep," she said copying his drawl again, "You could say that." She giggled quietly to herself, only just managing to stop in time.

"Pretty funny was it?". Moira nodded again, taking another big slurp of her drink to quell the threat of that laughter. "Must be something in the air, cause I've had a bit of a big one myself, today." He ordered another round, eyeing Moira speculatively. " You've got some pretty nice bits of skin showing through there Girly. Are you advertising?" He asked lewdly. Moira looked down at what was left of her clothing, noticing for the first time that her top half was only covered by the silk sheath and that her skirt was hanging in tatters. Grimly, she realised that she did indeed have a fair bit of flesh exposed. She felt her face go hot, and she raised her glance to his almost curiously, wondering at the change in the energy, and noticing that she'd noticed a change in the energy. He was looking at the rip in her bodice, his eyes following the tear to where it stopped just before the swell of her breast. She felt her nipples harden and her blush deepened. He laughed at her, immediately aware of what was happening. His energy became almost predatory.

"A lady who blushes, and gets erect nipples simultaneously. I'm intrigued. Can't say I've actually ever known a female who blushes. Must be the company I usually keep," he said laughing and winking at her, obviously entertaining himself. He was watching her closely.



Moira felt like she was being stalked by a panther, a wave of confusion and uncertainty washing over her. He reached over and casually picked up her hand and brought the back of it to his lips. His lips were soft and warm, and his moustache tickled. His eyes met hers, and she felt her heart start to pound. Suddenly she needed more air. Helplessly she watched, mesmerised as he took the end of her fingertip in his mouth and began to suck on it. An image of her nipple flashed into her head, and she gave a small involuntary moan, feeling energy jump from the throb in her nipples to her crotch.

All the while he watched her closely, like a hunter waiting for the kill. They seemed somehow locked in a cocoon of heat. His tongue moved down the sides of her finger to its base. Slowly he began to lick the ‘v’ between her two fingers. Moira felt unable to move, unable to look away. It felt almost obscene, what he was doing. She knew she was way out of her depth. Who ever he was he'd had plenty of practice, and knew exactly what buttons to push. She had never had this sort of rush before. It was totally unfamiliar, like being in a strange land, with your body giving you wild urgent signals. She didn't think she was very good at sex, or being sexy. Her entire sexual experience was limited to Dave, a few adolescent fumbblings, and the one dirty movie she'd seen. She yanked her hand back, the sticky feeling she was having unnerving her. He grinned even more at her discomfort, not looking anything like the mass of nerve endings she was. He signalled for two more drinks, giving her some space to try and compose herself.

“So what's your name? ,” she blurted out, embarrassed to hear the breathlessness of her voice.

He smiled at her in that lazy way and she felt very transparent, as if he was somehow way ahead of her. He passed her her drink, watching her in a calculating way, letting the moment stretch. When their fingers touched on the glass, she felt like she got an electric shock. She slopped her drink on her hand in her rush to avoid contact, which seemed to only amuse him more.

“Want me to lick it off?” he asked raising his eyebrow and trying not to laugh. Moira looked away, wondering what the hell was happening. She felt upset that he should be laughing at her. Why not, she supposed? Stupid failure Moira, who didn't even know how to be chatted up. Roughly she wiped the back of her hand across her face, annoyed at the lone tear, feeling like she was suddenly going to drown in all that had happened.

“Hey little chicky,” he said grabbing her face, “Don't go getting all sensitive on me now. I'm telling ya, I'm not the type; had any sympathy bashed out of me long ago.” His words struck a cord in Moira and she struggled to pull herself together, trying to think of some sophisticated comment to make.

“Just getting some dust out of my eye, “ she said gruffly; stupidly. He nodded letting her get away with such a ridiculous lie.

“My name is Frank D. Bowington. What's yours?”, he quipped, lightening the mood.

“Donna Disaster, or Heather Having a bad hair day?” Moira laughed and hopelessly tried to straighten the ratty mess of her hair. Two more drinks arrived and taking a good slurp, she said, “My name is Moira. Moira Sutton.”

He held his hand out, “Mighty fine to meet you Moira. I reckon you look like you've got a good story to tell. I'm usually the most exciting thing to happen around here, so I'm looking forward to the competition.” She held her hand out reluctantly and he shook it. His hand was big and callused, exactly what she had expected. It was also really warm. Her nipples started to tingle again. She stood up abruptly, pulling her hand back yet again, throwing the rest of her drink down. “Oh well,” she tried to say casually, “Guess I better be going.” She saw his look of surprise as she turned to go. ‘That'll teach you, you big macho fat head,’ was her last thought, as she passed out at his feet.

Frank looked at the ungracious heap Moira made at his feet ; her ripped skirt rucked up above her rather shapely legs, her filthy, tattered appearance, and the long gash in her arm. He thought about her attempt at a dignified exit and burst into quiet laughter. There hadn't been much around here for a while that had interested or amused him, and especially nothing with a body that this little lady was packing. ‘Hmm,’ he thought, ‘I might just take this one home.’ He laughed to himself as he settled the bill and scooped her up, throwing her over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. Her skirt slid up to reveal the curve of her bottom and her panties. He saw the bar tender leer openly.

“Not like you to have to knock ‘em out Bo. They’s usually like bees to the honey pot round you man.” he heckled from behind the bar. “Who's she? Got a bounty on her? You've brought in a few chicky babes this year. The face of crime must be changin’.”

Frank knew he was only fishing, and winked and said, “Dunno who she is yet mate, but I reckon I'm gonna have a lot of fun findin’ out.” His laughter followed Frank out of the bar and into the clear still evening. Moira stirred as he dumped her unceremoniously on the pavement and unchained a giant black gleaming motor cycle. Once he had it started, he balanced her over the tank and roared off into the early evening twilight.

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN - FRANK & THE SHACK

She gasped, spluttering, trying to get her head above the water. She was drowning! She broke to the surface, sucking in lung fulls of air, realising the water was only knee deep. She heard a familiar drawling laugh, “Figured that’d get ya up and movin’,” He said. “ Was hoping you could swim.”

“Thanks a bloody lot,” snapped Moira feeling fuzzy as she stood up. “ Where am I?”, she said peering round trying to make out shapes in the dark.

“You're at my plot. It's about ten miles from the saloon. You've been sleeping it off for a while, but I was getting bored, and you sure looked like you could use a bath.” He gave Moira that slow hot look again, as he ran his eyes over her body, not missing the way her silk sheath clung to her skin. He picked up a cloth and a cake of soap and waded over to her. “Lets see what you look like under all that blood and dirt will we?” He started to scrub at her face, gentling when he saw her wince. Curious, he said, “Nice shiner, haven't seen such a beauty in a while. Guess who ever gave it too you is looking a lot worse hey?” Moira just looked up at him, unable to think of anything to say, half of her feeling fascinated by him, and the other half feeling groggy and stiff.

When he reached around the back of her and began to peel off her clothes, she didn't resist.

Looking up at him, she felt hypnotised by his eyes. He slid the tattered garment down her body, his hands and eyes following it's descent. A wave of heat spread over her skin. She felt very sexy and powerful; it was like one of those movies. When she was totally naked he began to wash her intimately, leaving no area untouched. Her body was a riot of out of control sensations. He looked hard into her eyes, nodded slightly, and then scooped her up in his arms and began to walk towards a shadowy building up the back. She snuggled into his shoulder, not caring, not thinking, not questioning anything, for once just enjoying the slow burning in her body.

A candle flickered in the breeze from the opening door, and he deposited her on the dirt floor of a modest shack. He was standing very close, she could smell the raw maleness of him. She tilted her head slightly, trying to make out the expression on his face. His lips descended on hers, very softly at first, but with an increasing tide of feeling as the kiss deepened. She never knew kissing could be so erotic. His tongue swirled against her lips, trying to get inside her mouth. He started to suck and nibble on her lips, bent on gaining access. Unable to resist, she opened her mouth with a soft sigh. She felt him electrify, pulling her hips into the cradle of his, his hands cupping her bottom, his tongue plundering her mouth.

Something powerful and woman erupted in her, and she rubbed up against him instinctively. She heard him gasp and he jerked her closer still. She could feel his erection through his jeans, and began to unashamedly grind her hips against his hardness. Flames licked from her nipples to her crotch and she could feel herself getting wet. She pressed closer, and he increased the friction between their bodies, cautiously sliding her tongue between his lips. She heard him growl, like a big bear in the back of his throat, and felt a rush of power that she could arouse such a man. Licking at the corners of his mouth, she felt hot all over and there was a sense of incredible pressure building between her legs. He slid one of those big hands between their bodies, and as his fingers found her wetness, she felt herself spiral out of control. She heard his surprised ‘Well I’ll be’, and then she was there, panting as waves of hotness radiated out from her groin, feeling all her muscles contracting and expanding. It was like flying, and she heard her own surprised laugh in the middle of it, as she clung to him. There was a great shuddering sound from Frank as thrust desperately at her through his clothes, his own body spasming out of control.

All Moira could hear was their breathing, a ragged mutual pant, as it started to slow. She eased herself back to peer at him in the dim light. He looked taken back, and sort of shame faced. She wondered why. Naively she said, ‘I’ve never had that happen to me before, not like that, you know, not without, well with out, you know, more than touching.’ she trailed off, blushing, realising how dumb she sounded. He smiled at her, really softly, in his eyes, and she had the feeling that this was foreign ground to him as well. She sighed, her question somehow answered, and she snuggled back into him.

Very carefully, as if she might break, he picked her up and carried her over to the single stretcher in the corner. He laid her down gently, kissing her ever so softly on the lips as he straightened. He looked at her in a puzzled way, and then began to remove his clothes. She watched intently, as each bit of clothing was discarded, not feeling even slightly abashed. She was hungry for the sight of him, she realised, feeling her nipples become taunt again. Eyes half closed, she drank in his body. The tattoo on his arm, his hairiness, the sheer masculinity of him. She let her eyes drop to his groin. There was something bold and erotic about staring openly at a man’s crotch. She had always been too embarrassed to have a good look. She felt her blood pressure rise as she watched him get hard again as he followed the direction of her gaze. Instinctively she reached for him, and he sank on to the bed on top of her, with a soft predatory growl.

Moira jerked awake at the deafening roar. She had no idea where she was and her mouth tasted real bad. Something heavy was squashing her. She turned her head, shock registering at the nude length of the man sprawled over the top of her. She groaned aloud in shame, memories flooding back, as she thought of all the things she had let him do to her last night.

Hell, she'd wanted him to do them. That was even worse! She'd behaved like a dog on heat. The roar stopped and the next moment the door slammed open as a loud voice yelled "Hey Bo, ya home!"

Frank jerked upright like a commando, producing a sawn off pump action shot gun from where Moira had no idea. She heard the ominous shick, shick sound as he pumped the shell into firing position. She knew she was in trouble, realising she had no idea who this man was. 'Bloody hell, how could she have been so bloody stupid!', screamed in her head. She almost jumped out of her skin at Frank's angry yell.

"You stupid prick Whitey! One of these days I'm gonna bloody shoot ya just to teach you some manners."

Whitey grinned, not turning a hair at Frank's response. "Gettin a bit, were ya?", he chuckled sleazily eyeing Moira, who was by now wishing the ground would open up and swallow her. "A pretty shapely bit by the look of it", he said staring openly at Moira's body. Frank swivelled to look at Moira too, both men enjoying a leisurely ogle.

"Yep, it was a darn good bit too," said Frank winking at Moira.

"Musta been. Looks like you had to hunt it down and belt it into submission first. That'd be a change for you, ya sleaze bag!"

Moira groaned pulling the pillow over her face praying for suffocation. Hearing both men laugh, she thought she had never felt so humiliated in all her life. Frank didn't seem even slightly embarrassed by his nudity. She felt his weight shift from the bed, as both men chuckled again. To her relief, after a bit of shuffling, she heard them go outside. Moira jumped up frantically, groaning as she realised she had no clothes in here anyway. "Just what you bloody deserve Moira", she said to herself, "You behave like a slut, you get treated like one." She shook her head wondering what the hell she was going to do. There wasn't even a sheet or a curtain to wrap herself in. Her head began to pound, her body aching. She looked desperately back towards the bed, her eyes searching the space.

Something red was hanging out from under the corner of the bed and she pounced on it hopefully. Holding it up, she realised with distaste it was some other woman's slinky little dress. She slumped dejectedly on the bed, holding the red number in her lap, trying not to be hurt by obviously being one of a long line in his bed. "No wonder he was so bloody good at it!" she thought miserably feeling a tear slide down her face. She brushed it away angrily as she heard him yell out coffee was on if she was game to come out and get it. At the sound of their combined laughter, Moira's pride kicked in and she stood up decisively, wiggling the tight little dress over her head. She winced at the stiffness in her body, noticing grimly the red swelling around the gash on her arm. There were signs of their passion last night too;

finger marks on her arms and her lips felt swollen. She shuddered her eyes closing spontaneously, having a flash back.

The dress was way too small, what there was of it, and belonged to some one considerably shorter than Moira. Her legs felt exposed and it clung like a second skin over her hips and up her torso. It had a built in bra in the top which pushed her breasts up so that they looked like they were about to fall out the top. She groaned as she caught her reflection in the dusty mirror on the wardrobe door. ‘Jeez Moira, you look like a hooker,’ she thought to herself. About to turn away from her self in disgust, she paused having a closer look. There was some thing different about her she realised.

She would have never worn this sort of dress in a million years for a start, but suddenly she noticed that she actually did have quiet a good body, for someone with three kids anyway, she thought looking ruefully at the slight roundness of her tummy. There was definitely something different and it wasn't just the dress; she couldn't work out what it was. ‘Yeah,’ she thought cynically turning away from herself in disgust, ‘You just got laid, that's all.’ She fluffed her hair, trying not to be put off by the swelling of her eye and the bruising that was beginning to appear, and thought ‘Bugger you Frank D Bowington, I'm not about to let you get the better of me.’ Gritting her teeth, she straightened her shoulders, tugged hopelessly at the hem line of the dress, and walked towards the door, head held high.

Both men turned as she stepped through the door. She almost bolted back inside at the look they gave her. ‘I'll have a coffee, thanks,’ she said, trying to sound confident but failing miserably.

Frank let out an appreciative whistle, jumping to his feet. “Honey,” he drawled suggestively, “You can have anything you want.” Whitey gave a bawdy laugh and both men exchanged glances. With an overstated chivalry, he made a huge performance of spreading an old coat out by the fire for her to sit on. She did her best to sit gracefully, hideously self conscious about having no knickers on. He passed her a cup of strong black coffee, holding it just short so she had to lean forward to reach it. She felt him looking down her cleavage. She was disgusted and irritated to feel herself pleased that he was looking. She focused on the cup not meeting his gaze, sipping her coffee sullenly, her eyes to the ground. They carried on with their conversation, ignoring her until Whitey said, “ You want some of this, chicky babe?”

She looked up and noticed he was holding some weird sort of pipe towards her. She hadn't smoked cigarettes since a brief period in high school, but she felt like one now. “What is it?” she asked feeling uncomfortable, but somehow sensing he was trying to be kind.

He laughed and said “Whacky Baccy,” holding the pipe towards her.

“What does it do?”, Moira asked suspiciously.

He shook his head disbelievingly and looking at Frank he said, “Hey man, where'd you find this one?” He turned back to Moira and said, “You smoke it and it gets ya out of it.”

“What do you mean by, ‘out of it’? Is it addictive?”, she asked wanting to know.

He shook his head again and said, “Out of it means relaxed, feeling cruisey, nothin over the top or hallucinogenic, just happy, maybe talkative, but mostly just relaxed. And no, it’s not addictive. It's one of the few good things the parafearonoids let us grow.”

Moira thought of all the experiences she had missed out on in her life and she reached out muttering “I've probably never been relaxed in my life, but I would sure like to be now.” She took a huge puff on the pipe almost choking herself, feeling even more stupid when both men laughed. Frank explained that you just took little puffs. She had another tun, determined not to appear a coward and then passed the pipe back to Whitey. They sat silently passing the pipe round the circle. Moira liking the way the smoke bit into her throat, feeling pleasantly euphoric. Her thoughts were interrupted by Whitey's voice. She realised he was talking to her. “What?” she said. “I'm sorry I was miles away.”

He laughed saying, “Yeah, it gets ya like that when you first try it.” He smiled, repeating his question. “I said, where you from? Ain't no girls from round here who don't know what whacky baccy is.”

Moira hesitated for a moment, and then was surprised to hear her words begin to spill out. She figured it must be that smoking stuff. “You probably won't believe me, but I think I'm from another dimension; either that or I'm dead and this is some sort of hell. You see, I was going to work in my car when there was this huge noise, and the next thing, I found myself in this cave with all these little cherub type people. They seemed to think I was someone else, because of this necklace,” she said touching it reverently with her hand. “They started to try and teach me things about energy and the way the world works. We went on a mission, to try and find the Great Artist, who ever that is, on these mules.” Her voice trailed off, knowing she wasn't making sense, realising how far fetched it all sounded.

She saw Whitey and Frank exchange glances. Defensively she added, “We got attacked in some place called the jackal tunnel.”

She heard Whitey whistle incredulously and he said, “Shoot girl, the jackal tunnel?” At her nod, he added, “No wonder you look such a mess. Only a dang fool would venture in there!”

At the sympathetic tone in his voice, she blurted out, “Everyone was killed.” Her voice broke as she said, “They died keeping me alive, thinking I was someone they called the

Heart Carrier. But they made a mistake, I'm just a nobody." She swatted angrily at her tears, determined not to feel sorry for herself, and not wanting them to see her pain. She jumped to her feet and hurried back into the shack, thinking they probably thought she was a nut case.

The two men turned to each other. Whitey his eyebrow raised said, "Where'd you find her, bro'?"

Frank, watching the door slam said, "Down at Hinkies' place last night. I'd had a shit of a day; that grubby little suck on parafearonoid, Pinky, short changed me on the bounty for that dude I had to chase half way across the waste lands, so I was down at Hinkies' washing it away. She just walked in, right up to the bar, looking like a battered mess, and in front of all the fellas asked for a beer in this polite as you like little girl voice, as if she was wearing her Sunday best. I liked her spunk." He looked at Whitey, shrugging, "You know me bro', I couldn't resist. Anyway she's obviously not a drinker. I brought her a few and then she up and passed out at my feet." Grinning he said, "What was I supposed to do? I couldn't leave her there, you know what Hinkies is like, so I brought her home for a better look."

Whitey laughed, "Looks like you had a bit more than a look. Jeez your bloody amazin'. Talk about led around by your crotch. Man, one day some little chicky babe's gonna come along and nail your heart to the wall. You still got Kali and Meesarla trying to kill each other over you and making trouble out at my place with the boys."

"Actually mate, despite that battered look, she was a damn good bit. I just might let her stick around for a while. Who knows, there might be a price on her head and I can have fun and then turn her in and get paid for it," Frank said giving Whitey a wink.

Whitey shook his head, "Don't give me that tough shit, Bo. As your mate, I'm tellin ya, all of 'em ain't sluts. You're gonna fall for one of them one day, despite the way your Mumma screwed you up. I know you got a heart. And I got a feelin about this one."

"Come on Whitey, cut the crap. You've been reading too many of them forbidden books you got stashed away, and messing with your gang's head too much. The strain of trying to control that pack of rough necks is beginning to show. What did you want anyway?" said Frank, changing the subject.

Whitey shook his head, knowing better than to push it, and got down to business, the two spending several hours talking.

Inside, Moira could hear the muted sounds of their voices, but not the words. She lay on the bed, her eyes squeezed tightly shut, desperately trying to hold back the wave of grief. She found her self repeating the master's dis-identification techniques, determined not to fall apart. The words 'I have a body, but I am more than that. I have emotions but I am more



than that. I have thoughts, but I am more than that. I am the soul. I am the soul.', going round and round in her head.

She started to oming softly, trying to align herself. Without conscious thought she began to hold her hands over different parts of her body, oming all the while. She caught herself, wondering what she was doing. With a flash she realised she seemed to have what felt like holes in her energy field, and that she was closing them. Surprised, she realised she was leaking energy. She tried to tune in to what was happening, like Mother Rachitt said you could. With a shock she twigged that it was the whacky baccy. It blew holes in your energy field and caused you to leak energy. She also understood that once you had these holes you could be attacked or fed off by things on the astral plane. She didn't know how she knew, she just did.

She immediately thought of what she'd read in the papers back home about people smoking marijuana, and understood why the statistics said heavy users ran the risk of killing themselves. Not only were they exposed to the astral plane and everyone's emotions, good and bad, but they also leaked energy from the holes it blew in their energy field. This energy leakage continued until they lost all motivation, and eventually in the cases of chronic usage, as their life force dwindled, they died; either accidentally or by their own hand. She realised it especially affected people on 'the path' more, understanding that it destabilised their glandular system which was already under pressure from the build up of energy in the chakras; that and the fact that it caused the lower bodies to become more separated. She figured that was probably why the parafearonoids let the people grow it; so that they would stay stuck in their lower bodies. She shook her head in amazement, knowing she was right.

Maybe the ceremony had worked at least a bit. She sat bolt upright, straightened her spine and omed loudly. Then holding her hand over her heart she vowed to try and somehow complete her mission. She didn't want them all to have died in vain, promising herself to do what she could, even though she knew she wasn't the one they said she was. That thought brought her back to earth with a thud. What the hell was she supposed to do, she thought glumly, laying back down on the bed.

Sometime later, she heard Whitey's bike kick over, and as it's engine faded in the distance, she heard the door of the shack open. She felt a wave of embarrassment, keeping her eyes closed wondering what to say. She listened to the sound of Frank scratching round for a while, feeling disappointed when she heard him go outside again. She gave herself a shake, telling herself it was stupid to be disappointed. What did she expect? Him to come over here and try and jump all over her? "Jeez, grow up Moira!" she muttered to herself, "Your way too old to behaving like a love sick teenager. Lust sick," she corrected herself cynically. She lay there wondering about the weird feelings she was having, figuring it must just be the

shock of what had happened in the cave yesterday. She heard the door open again, and he called out that food was on.

“No thanks,” she mumbled, “I'm not hungry.”

After a lengthy pause she heard him sigh and then the sound of him crossing the floor. She felt the bed depress under his weight as he sat on the edge. He reached over and pulled her into sitting position. She looked up at him uncertainly, her face flushed with embarrassment, remembering all the things that had happened between them last night. It seemed a world away now, in the harsh reality of the daylight. He gave her that calculating green eyed stare, as if he was trying to work her out. “Still blushing, even after last night hey?” he said bluntly, amused. Her face got redder and she looked down, wishing she could just disappear. This was way beyond her experience. He put his fingers under her chin, lifting her face to his saying, “Hey it's OK. So we went to bed together. Lots of people do you know, it's no big deal.”

Stung by the nonchalance of his words, she snapped, “Well it might not be for you, but it was for me. I'm not that kind of girl!”

He burst into sarcastic laughter at her old fashioned phrase and drawled, “Honey, all you chicky babes are that kind of girl, so don't pull that one on me. You don't need to make excuses round here.”

Hurt, much more than she knew she should be, she pulled from his grip and threw herself into the pillow, hurting her eye as she did so, feeling like that, and his sarcasm had opened the flood gates. She tried to bite back her sobs, but it was a lost cause, as images of her and Frank became mingled with images of the pod and her children. Frank sat there for a moment watching her shoulders heave. To his surprise he felt like he wanted to comfort her. He found himself laying down beside her almost against his will and pulling her into his arms, stroking her hair and telling her it would be OK.

Brokenly she said, “It will never be OK again! They trusted me to save their land, and now they're dead. Every single one of them. They trusted me! No one's ever trusted me with anything important before. Hell, I've never even trusted myself! It's like I killed them. And they liked me. They liked me just the way I was. I've never had many friends and I feel like I've never had any who I let see all of me. I behaved badly in front of them, and was weak and pathetic and they still liked and accepted me. And now their dead. All gone, and I don't even have the faintest Idea of how to complete the mission! I've failed. I always fail. I've failed my children too. Now they don't have a Mum! And they're only little.” She broke into a renewed fit of sobs saying, “And now I'm stuck here! And what do I do? I behave like a slut! Jeez I hate myself.” She screwed her face up struggling for control. Not wanting to see

her pain he pulled her in close and just held her. He didn't know what else to do, and he was feeling uncomfortable with all this emotion. He generally tried to stay right away from all that feeling stuff. It was bad news.

She pulled back looking up at him, her face all red and splotchy and said in a distressed voice, "There was this little man called Grafter, and he was all tough and prickly at first, and then one day after something awful had happened, he let me see his soul. I looked right inside him. I wished I had half his guts. He was the only reason I didn't die." Very sadly and softly, looking him right in the eye, she said,

"You ever let any one see your soul Frank."

His eyes wanted to skitter away, but something held him and he looked into her eyes. And he saw her, really saw her in the way he had never seen any one before. Her saw her pain and her neediness as well as the courage she didn't see. He realised that she wasn't 'that sort of girl', and he saw that he had hurt her with his careless comment. He saw the knocks that her life had given her, and her insecurity and lack of confidence hidden behind her 'I don't care' front. He realised that she had no idea about her body or her strange charm; that she really was totally without guile.

It was weird; she seemed sort of battered and experienced and naive all at once. He felt as if he was going right inside her, into places she'd never let anyone see before. He wanted to pull back.

He didn't want to see her vulnerability, or her wounds. He didn't want to get attached. With a flash of insight, he could sense how they were both similar in some strange way. He reached out and gently touched her face, feeling sensations in his heart he'd never experienced, softly wiping away the tears, wanting to make her stop hurting. He moved out of her gaze hiding his overwhelmedness by putting his lips on hers. It was the first time in his life he felt something other than sexual arousal when kissing a woman.

He pulled back, magnetised, wanting to look into her eyes again, oblivious to the blackened half closed eye. She reached up and touched his mouth, tracing the outline of his lips with her finger. Then she looked back up into his eyes and he suddenly felt exposed, as if she was going to see into him. He didn't want her to see him. He thought if she saw all the stuff he'd done she wouldn't like him, and it was suddenly important to him that she liked him. He pulled her into his chest, and said, "Are you OK now?" He was shocked to hear himself add, "I'm sorry I was crude before Moira." Uncomfortable with himself for apologising; it was against his policy, he thought cynically, he pulled her into sitting position and said abruptly, "Come and eat." He softened it by saying lightly, "The eggs will be hard." She nodded docilely, and he pulled her by the hand out into the bright midday sunshine.

They sat on a log together, eating hard eggs and stale bread, but to Moira it tasted like the best food in the world. Something had changed in there between them, she could feel it. She knew she had let Frank see her soul, and somehow she felt light and clean. As if she didn't have to hide or pretend she was something that she wasn't. She was aware he had pulled back from letting her do the same, but that was OK, feeling clear in herself, had allowed her to accept him just the way he was. He passed her a cup of coffee and she smiled up at him, liking the way her heart beat faster when he was near, wanting to just enjoy the moment and not complicate it by thinking too far ahead or assigning him with any motives. She remembered her lessons in the tunnel on expectations and acceptance, determined not to make the same mistakes.

He looked at her assessingly and seeming to come to a decision he said, "I gotta drop something over to Whitey's place. I'm not staying. Want to come for a run on me scooter? Get your knees in the breeze?"

She smiled at him happily nodding like a child saying, "I've never been on a motor bike before. I'd like that."

He felt something funny happen inside him at her obvious pleasure, and stood up abruptly walking over to an old shed, needing space. Moira sat there momentarily confused, and then shrugged, glad to be asked, reminding herself to keep it simple. She sat in the sunlight pulling it into her forehead, watching as he wheeled his bike out of the shed. He waved her over, grinning saying, "Ready?"

Moira was about to say yes when she had an awful realisation. "I can't come," she blurted out.

Frank groaned inwardly to himself. 'I knew it,' he thought, 'All these bloody women are all the same; complicated and temperamental. Tits and wheels, he figured was the source of every male problem! Irritated he snapped, "Why not? You were jumping out of your skin to come before.

Looking upset she said, "I just can't, that's all!"

"Have it your way sister, I'll go with out you. I was just trying to be nice anyway."

Stung Moira yelled, " I don't need you to be nice to me! I can't come because I don't have any knickers on! That's why! How do you expect me to sit on a bike in this, you big fathead!", she said, indicating at her dress, and promptly burst into tears turning to flounce away.

Spontaneously Frank burst into laughter, grabbing her arm as she turned to go. His evident amusement seemed to enrage her and she yelled, "It's not bloody funny! How would you

like it if I made you visit my friends wearing no pants?”

“I'd love it,” Frank just managed to get out, laughing even harder. Noticing how miffed she looked he tried to control himself, dragging her by the arm back towards the hut, still smirking to himself, saying, “Come on then, there's bound to be something in here we can find for you. We can't have the maiden's honour compromised now can we?” He burst into renewed laughter, shaking his head. Inside he pulled open the old wardrobe and rooting round for a bit he pulled out an old pair of jeans and a pair of socks, passing them to her as he walked over to a boot locker at the end of the bed. He produced a worn pair of boots and a bit of twine.

“That aughta' do it,” he said tossing them on the bed. She was still standing in the centre of the room holding the jeans, her bottom lip sticking out like a five year old. He had a urge to kiss that pouty little mouth. He supposed, grinning, she'd try to kill him if he told her she looked cute when she was angry. Very patiently, as if he was talking to a child he walked over to her and said, “Hey little chicky babe, I didn't think, OK? Now here's a pair of my old jeans and if you tie them up with a bit of string they'll protect your modesty.” He almost choked on his laughter but just managed to keep his face straight. “OK? The boots will be way too big,” he continued looking at her feet, unable to resist running his eyes up her legs, “But they'll protect your feet.” He got to her mouth and then her eyes, and found himself moving closer, magnetised.

Moira felt her heart start to beat as he closed in on her, unable to move. Mutely she raised her face to his, wanting him to kiss her. Which he did, with utter thoroughness, sliding his hands up her dress. She was astounded that she could go from nought to nine hundred so rapidly, and with a flash she knew that somehow it was because their three lower bodies were aligned. They tumbled on the bed entwined, a mass of heat and fire, rolling together as one, pulling each others clothes off. She looked up at him just as he was about to enter her, intuitively wanting to see his eyes; wanting him to see her's, and be fully present.

As their eyes locked it seemed to Frank as if time stopped. He felt like he was hurtling through space cocooned with her. He lost interest in what his physical body was doing, although he was aware it was going through the motions, and felt as if he was going back and back into her eyes. He felt something peel back in his own eyes and he let her in. It was like they didn't have bodies; they where just one soul flying through the cosmos together. In the distance he heard their mutual united cries of release, but it didn't seem relevant. It was as if they were having sex, making love he corrected, with their souls. He looked at her in wonder as they spiralled back to earth. He felt as if he'd just had some sort of religious experience. His previous idea of good sex, was sex where you could leave with out having to be polite immediately afterwards, and where you didn't have to put on a show of trying to

satisfy a damn complicated woman.

She looked up at him and very softly giggled and said, “Wow!” Then rather shyly she added, “I feel like I had an orgasm in my eyes. Is that what sex is like here?”

He shook his head, pleased she had felt it too, saying, “No way. That was something special. I wasn't even paying attention to what my body was doing. You have amazing eyes Moira, even with the shiner,” he said kissing her eye lids. He watched as she frowned to herself. He could see the cogs turning. Then she made this weird oming noise and began to say, as if she was speaking from some where else, “It's called tantric sex. It is the forgotten art of how a man and a woman are supposed to make love. Don't you get it?” she said words beginning to spill out of her. “The area where two people are the most intimate is also the area where they are the most dis-honest. They talk of love, but what they are really talking about is emotional satisfaction; sexual greed, and the addiction to momentary physical and maybe emotional pleasure. What they call sex is about fear, and self centredness, not love. Love is about divinity and trust, not ownership and control. It's eternal, and something which comes from within us and our connection to all that is; our right as human beings.

Love doesn't begin or end with sex. Love is about truth and honesty, and being brave enough to share your soul; to ask for what you want and not have to fake it. It's nothing to do with orgasm. If orgasm is your goal instead of real intimacy, you're dead in the water, before you even begin. Real love begins with self knowledge and self love. About accepting who we are in all our bodies, in our imperfect form and being able to give that imperfect self to the other. It's about wanting to serve the other, not wanting just to get our rocks off and bolt. That's why sex is always so trance like. We, as people, don't have the courage to stay fully present in all our bodies, so it becomes a dream-like state, which we are too scared to really look at; so we shut down when it's over. I bet that's why people usually drink so much before they have casual sex; there's no love.

For such a natural, normal act, look how little we really understand about sex. After all this time we don't understand it at all. We know it can give us pleasure and pain, but we don't have any real clarity about what the secret ingredient is to good sex. We just theorise about which buttons to push. Don't you get it? That is why sex is so distorted. Why frigidity, impotence, frustration and premature ejaculation are so common. And who would wonder why, with such an emphasis on the low level drive for the big ‘O’, and no emphasis on real intimacy. We don't make love with all our self fully present.

Men mostly make love with their physical bodies and women mostly make love with their emotional bodies; which explains why physical orgasm is more elusive for women. We are missing most of the picture; the union of all of our bodies with all of our lover's bodies.

Because we are all never really satisfied it leads to aggression and violence in men, and premenstrual tension and the ‘controlling bitch from hell’ in women. We don't trust each other.

Due to our underlying dis-satisfaction, men are always on the look out for more, even when they are ‘happy’ in their relationship, and women are always insecure and scheming; playacting, feeling like they need to ensnare and manipulate their men . Neither trusts the other. And that trust can only come from honesty and self love and knowledge; letting your lover see you, and really seeing them; not an unrealistic romantic image of them. A woman releases a special nurturing energy in her vagina when she receives a man from a place of real love. It gives him power. It is the only time she gives up her power, and it is the only time when a man has true authority over a woman. That is why men are so driven. They have forgotten how to make real love to a woman and have lost their only real authority over woman, so they try to control her through other ways. This is the warrior role that man has lost and craves. It is why he feels so displaced in the modern world; especially now that our society has changed and he can't physically control and own her the way he used to in the days of sexism.

It has all become distorted; a power struggle for both sides. Women don't make love like women any more. They make love like men, blindly pursuing their own orgasm, and missing out on the bigger cosmic orgasm; missing out on a joyful loving union with their man and the power it can generate for both of them, often left feeling unsatisfied. A woman is meant to receive a man, with her body, her emotions and her mind and soul; to nurture him, and a man is meant to give to her on all levels. The woman or man doesn't need to thrust around; to get the action right. The penis and the vagina already know how to make love, it's instinctive and intuitive, if we would just get our minds out of the way and let our bodies take over. All a couple have to do is to be in a space of real love, honesty and connection, and for the man to enter the woman and for the woman to receive her man. If they just hold still in that space of love with him inside her body and wait, their bodies will take over, and they will have the joy of real orgasm, with out all the effort, fantasising and sex toys!”

Frank watched in amazement as she laughed, pure joy blazing from her eyes. “I can tune in. I can. They were right ! It is possible to elevate your self and get the answers. Making love elevates your vibration! Jeez, I just feel great. Do you get it Frank?” she exclaimed smiling up at him.

He felt like he was seeing the goddess, a woman connected to herself. She seemed magnetic, magnificent. He nodded at her, getting some of what she was saying, but just wanting to hold her and bask in her glow. He didn't mind if she wanted to make up grand

theories. He just felt satisfied for the first time in his life and his usual urge to do a runner after sex had left him, for the moment anyway. He smiled into her eyes, kissing her softly enjoying the feel of being inside her and her radiance. They lay like that for a long time, conversing only with their eyes, just being.



## CHAPTER SIXTEEN - A NEW WAY

Moira had been at the shack with Frank for several months now. She sat outside in the sunshine smiling to herself, thinking about Frank when he was leaving this morning. He was going to be away for maybe a few days, and she thought about how he had stumbled around with his words telling her to take care, but dodging the word. She knew he loved her; it showed in many little actions and in the way he made love to her. With certainty she knew it would be impossible for them to have what they had sexually without the full force of love being present. In those intimate moments she saw him and he let her see, even though he never talked about it afterwards. She wondered about his early life, and then, missing him already, she wondered how long he would be gone. She had learnt that he was a bounty hunter, working freelance for the parafearonoids. She mostly managed not to worry about him, preferring to trust and create a positive reality with her thoughts for him, though she'd had a fright when he'd come home looking worse for wear a few times.

Mostly she was pretty happy considering; at least it was wonderful being with Frank. She hadn't given up on her mission, she just didn't know what to do. She meditated every day and tried to hold her faith, choosing to believe that if she kept aligning, her soul would show her the way or provide an opportunity. It was certainly teaching her a lot, even if she found it hard going at times. Some days were terrible and she struggled with her emotions, walking around crying about her kids or the death of the pod, or just spending the whole day being screamingly furious at her frustration in not knowing what to do or where to start. A few times she'd had to check herself, noticing that she'd wanted to vent it on Frank, and having to remind herself that that wasn't how love behaved. She thought how ironic it was that you always took your worst out on the people you loved most.

She had learnt a lot about herself in the past few months, especially about love and relationships.

Sometimes Frank was horrible to her, or jealous, but she'd learnt to listen between his words.

Whenever he was having a dump on her, instead of falling into her emotional body and reacting, she would look at him, and try to work out what his soul was trying to say. She could see the link between pain and anger, and how we projected it outwards rather than dealing with it and letting it teach us.

When people behaved their worst was when they were hurting the most and most needed love, not your own unfinished stuff coming up and inflaming the situation and re-enforcing their belief system. If she waited instead of reacting, checking her own issues first, then she

was able to respond, instead of her own pattern of getting insecure and defensive. Respond not react, she reminded herself.

She noticed how much fear ruled most peoples lives, seeing that when Frank was scared or insecure he behaved all tough and macho. It was as if he had a fear of intimacy and every time she got in too close, he would do something to hurt her and try to push her away. She was also aware if she thought that then it must be a mirror to her own stuff. Knowing by now, if it was in your face and bugging you, it was some dis-owned part of yourself you didn't want to recognise; that your soul was presenting it to you so you could learn how to deal with it. She smiled softly, glad she was big enough to be able to see through it, and that they were getting better; learning to trust she supposed. She hoped, in her more optimistic moments that they were bringing in a new role model for personal relationships, realising that the old way of being together didn't work. The thought of her parents flashed into her head. Of how her Dad had always called her Mum 'the enemy', and how they were like two worn shoes together, resigned to their fate, instead of two dynamic individuals sharing their lives with each other.

She started to om softly and began to align herself, offering the essential gift of her being for the welfare of the world. Today in her meditation, she tried to call on the masters to let her be of real service in the world. A wave of frustration hit her as she saw in her minds eye a monkey learning how to use a stick as a tool to open a shell. Her emotional body screamed briefly and she struggled for a moment, pulling herself back into alignment. Trusting her soul she let the vision unfold, seeing this monkey teaching other monkeys of the same species how to open the shells with a stick. The vision pulled back and she saw that the monkeys were on an island, in a group of islands and that it was too far for them to swim to any of the neighbouring islands. She watched in amazement as how when enough monkeys on the first island had learnt to use the stick, monkeys on the other islands began to spontaneously do the same thing. With a flash of insight she realised it was called the hundredth monkey syndrome. That when enough of the population learnt something, it was somehow held in the collective memory bank of the species, and at that point of critical mass, the 'hundredth monkey', it became available to the whole species, independently of any form of normal communication. Changing the world, she realised was about getting enough of the population to the point of critical mass.

She was totally abstracted when she felt a hand touch her. With a scream of fright, she fell off the log and flat on her back, finding herself looking up into Whitey's apologetic, but amused face. Disorientated, she stammered, "Oh! Whitey, I didn't even hear you pull up." She got to her feet trying to focus. She was surprised she hadn't heard the bike, as she knew it's sound now, as he usually called in to check on her when Frank was away. He always

seemed to know when he wasn't there. Looking at him a little more closely she wondered how he knew. It wasn't as if they had phones or anything out here and Whitey's place was more than twenty miles away.

He shook his head, bemused, "Shoot girl, How could you not hear me? The baffle's missing on my bike. Everyone this side of the black stump heard me. And I said your name about three times. If your chest hadn't been movin' I'd a thought you were dead. You haven't been smokin' whacky baccy have ya?"

"Don't be stupid Whitey. I keep telling you and Frank it's a trick to keep you from working out what's really going on in the world. I was meditating." She had raved on to him about two visits ago about meditation and it's purpose, telling him about the pod and some of the things she'd learnt. She didn't know if he believed her story or not. She knew him well enough to know that he never gave anything away. Getting information out of him, or Frank for that matter, was like pulling teeth. Anyway he had seemed interested, but had made no comment. "Do you want a coffee?", she asked.

At his nod, she moved the pot back on the fire, as he pulled up a stump. When he had first started coming he had never stayed more than a few minutes, but lately he'd been staying for a cuppa and a chat. She liked him and didn't feel threatened, as she had met his lady, Sal, a tiny little woman, who very feminine but as tough as they come. She accepted him the way he was, but didn't let him get away with a thing. He obviously loved her and wasn't afraid to admit it publicly. Sometimes she was envious of that, and their twenty years together, but not often; her face softening as she thought of Frank. She looked up noticing Whitey watching her. Like Frank he was a sharp man, missing nothing. Both of them lived by their wits, their survival out here depended on never missing a trick.

Whitey had indeed noticed the dreamy expression on her face. Bluntly he said, "You love him, don't ya girl?"

It was the first personal thing he'd ever said to her, so she answered honestly, feeling like it was important to. She knew about Whitey, Frank, and the boys and their code. It was an unwritten law: do what you want, but mateship was sacred. They would all rather die than let their mates down. There was a deep love amongst them, even though they'd never show it. They totally distrusted outsiders and you had to prove yourself for a long time before you were 'let in'. It reminded her of the stories she'd read in her own country about native Americans and how they would almost fight for fun with other tribes and steal each others horses just to better their opponent. Stealing bikes seemed to be the same for these guys. Mostly the bikes were cleaner than they were, and they were never unattended. They were watched by the 'noms', who were 'wannabe' members, if the gang was in the saloon or

somewhere unsecured. Moira shook her head in wonder. She'd seen bikers at home but she had never realised what a family they were, or how much they looked after their own. It was like the way Whitey checked on her when Frank was away. You only ever saw the bad things on telly at home, and that was usually only when the police interfered with them from doing justice their own way.

So she answered him honestly, looking him squarely in the face saying, “Yes I do Whitey, very much. I'm forty one years old and I've been married and divorced and have three kids,” she paused feeling the familiar wave of grief at the thought of her children, “ and I've never felt anything like it. I'd long given up on the fact that love was real, or that there was such a thing as true love, but I'm really glad I found it, even if it hurts sometimes.”

Whitey nodded watching her and then surprised her by saying, “You're good for him. It's the longest I've seen him go with out running amok, or jumping on every stray bit of skirt that moves, and rarely the same one twice. And I've known him a long time now, he's about the closest thing I have to a brother. We go way back. Somehow he seems less restless and angry.”

Moira felt a rush of pleasure at the information, and embarrassed that she should be so pleased, busied herself pouring the coffee. They sat in silence for a while and then she said, “I'll understand if you don't answer, but how come he has never had a permanent lady in his life?”

For a moment she didn't think he was going to answer, his face inscrutable as he got out his tobacco and rolled himself a smoke. He took a few drags then said, “I have a bit of a theory on it, but the one time I tried to suggest it to him, he damn near beat the crap out of me, so it could be way wrong, but I reckon it's to do with his Mumma. I read this theory in a book and it sounded like him to a tee.” At her puzzlement he said, ‘I've got this collection of books which are outlawed by the parafearonoids. I was gonna tell you about them. Some of the things you told me about meditating and stuff a few weeks ago sort of fits with some of the stuff I've come across in them. I thought you might be interested in them.” Moira nodded, but she didn't to interrupt, wanting to hear what he had to say about Frank.

After a few more drags on his rollie he said, “There's this one book about covert sexual abuse.

You know what that is?” She shook her head. “Well it's where, for any number of reasons a parent makes the child their surrogate partner.” At Moira's shocked look he shook his head, saying, “I don't mean physically, more like emotionally and mentally. It sort of somehow binds them up so they can't get attached to anyone else. It usually happens if the parents are going through a hard time or one is absent, physically or emotionally, for one reason or

another. The parent bonds with the opposite sex child and begins to treat them emotionally like a partner, telling them things or confiding in them in a way that is usually too mature for the child. The child then begins to feel as if he is responsible for that parent and the rest of the family in the same way the absent parent would be. It's like the marriage that you can never get divorced from. Haven't you heard that expression that most kids marry people like their parents?"

At her nod he carried on. "It mostly happens if one parent is missing, but not always. When the other parent is present it can be even harder on the kid. Say for example, there's the two parents and three kids and the oldest child is a girl. The mother might be having a hard time and be unavailable for the father to get his fill of female energy, or maybe the Dad is emotionally immature and the wife is just too tricky emotionally for him. It's much easier for him in those cases to hang out with his daughter, and some how get that energy balance we all need from the opposite sex from her. She probably is sweet and uncomplicated and hangs off every word he says, thinking he's the hero, and making him feel like a real man in the way his wife doesn't. Soon he starts confiding little things to her; maybe things her Mum said or did that bugged him. Of course she's going to feel special and grown up and think this immature behaviour is what love is. She won't be old enough to realise there are two sides to every story, and will probably feel like they have a secret together.

In it's worst case it goes from just covert abuse to physical or overt sexual abuse, but when it doesn't, it is sometimes harder to pin point. It pulls at the little girls loyalty, cause she loves her Mumma, but she likes the extra attention she's getting from her Dad and she feels all grown up. Usually at some point her and the mother begin to start having trouble getting on, or worse on some deeper level the mother becomes jealous of her and rejects her, which just re-enforces what ever the Dad has said. So you get a child who feels abandoned by her mother and has somehow been trained to be what her father's ideal of a woman is. In it's extreme form the adult woman can't form a lasting relationship because she feels like she will be being unfaithful to the father; the now surrogate partner. That might not be obvious at first, she might seem like she is having relationships, but she continually chooses men who are unavailable for some reason. Or the woman may become child-like and useless in her relationships, eventually feeling dis-empowered, frustrated, resentful and unhappy. Then she makes the man's life hell and he doesn't know why. Or the man might feel like he married a woman and ended up with a dependant child. Have you ever seen what I always call those dolly girls? You know, they talk in a little baby voice and are always real prettied up; most of them have lots of fluffy hair, often blonde, painted nails and lots of trinkets? They often act real dumb and soft, but are hard as nails and twice as smart underneath. "

Moira nodded knowing exactly what he meant, thinking of what she called the 'bitch patrol'

at her job back home.

“Well, I reckon they're victims of covert sexual abuse. That's why they are usually such fickle grasping cows. Their only real loyalty is to Daddy, so they use and abuse other men. Or sometimes the father can become jealous, continually interfering in the girls relationship, pulling her in two directions at once, always running her lover down. The whole covert sexual abuse issue seems to have a lot of blurred lines: it can be real subtle, like there seems to be degrees, depending how much the parent fed off the child's energy field. Of course the same thing happens in reverse to men. With men they usually stay little boy, or become overly responsible, having to care for the mother and their adult siblings forever. In men having their only loyalty to their mother allows them to treat their women real bad, and certainly doesn't make for an honest faithful partner.”

Moira sat engrossed in her own thoughts as Whitey reached for his tobacco pouch again. As she thought about it she realised how common it was. She could see examples everywhere she looked in varying degrees in her own dimension. She wondered if that was why some people were homosexuals, because they were so bonded to and dominated by one parent, that to have a sexual relationship with the opposite sex would betray the parent. She wasn't sure, because she'd read in her world that they had proved that genetically there was a homosexual gene that caused some people to be homosexual from birth. She thought how hard this must be for them, being born this way. In men, she'd always thought that it must be a knee jerk reaction to men's denial of their feminine side; an acting out of the unowned stuff men suppressed, picked up by the more psychic percentage of the male population. It was probably the same for gay women, acting out their mother's suppressed frustrated male self. We are all just people doing the best we can, she reminded herself, remembering what Mother Rachitt had said about homosexuality being a hard path and that they needed support and understanding, and to be accepted as a normal part of our community.

Whitey's voice interrupted her musings as he said, “Bo's father ran a string of hookers when we were kids. He was a real he-man, tough guy type, known as a hard man. He would take Bo down to the parlour when he wasn't drinking or in bed with one of them, and show him off to the pro's. Bo's always been a looker. We used to call him the chick magnet.” he said, laughing. “Anyway, Bo got exposed to the seedy side of life real early.

Then when he was only about ten, the old man ran off with one of the girls and has never been seen since. It was clear that his parents relationship was over long before he disappeared, as a matter of fact I actually think he loved her. I remember once being surprised that he bothered to beat up on some one who called her names. I suspect that his Mum probably drove the old man to drink and girls; shut him out because she thought he wasn't good enough. She was very naive and a real snob, and always acting real innocent

and girly, placing more importance on what other people thought and doing ‘good deeds’ than nurturing her children.

I think when Bo was born it was easier for her to have a relationship with him in her fantasy world than face the real world. She never seemed to go out with any men after the old man left. I guess I was lucky as my parents modelled a relationship of sorts, so I had some idea of how to do it. I think she was too busy being into control and manipulation to try and demonstrate a normal life. That's how Bo and I met. Some of the boys at school were giving him a real hiding, so I jumped in and made it a fairer fight. They were saying he was a Mumma's boy, as his Mum used to take him everywhere, speak for him and tell him what to do, so she could look good. I think she was determined to mould him into her romantic dreams; her invasiveness and control were terrible. He had five other brothers and sisters, and she was always making him look after them. Telling him he was the man in the family now. It was way too much responsibility for a kid. Even now he behaves in an overly responsible manner for things that ain't his fault. She even used to kiss him good bye, when we got older and I'd come around to pick him up, in a way that I don't reckon was healthy.

Anyways, she did a real job on him, withdrawing her love and doing a guilt trip on him if he applied his own free will. I guess he learnt that love was conditional. He had to be the best at everything at school, playing every competitive thing there was, always pushing himself. Then when he left school he got two jobs and started bringing home the money. He fell in love with this nice little girl for a while, but his Mumma didn't like her, so she soon made sure that didn't last. His second go at relationships lasted a little longer. He hooked up with this girl who was just like his Mum. It was like the two of them had an agreement to share him and the spoils, but I gather the sex was bad between them so he started straying and eventually ended back up with his Mum. The other kids seemed to take him for granted. If he didn't bail them out of trouble as they got older, or lend them money, they'd turn on him, and dump this huge guilt trip on him. I could see they somehow thought he was the Dad, and that it was his duty to take the crap and lack of gratitude they dished out; that they held him responsible. He was so conditioned by her he never saw it, or how she lied and left out bits of the story to manipulate him. She must have been able to see by later on that her interference was wrecking up his life, but it seemed like her attitude was, ‘I worked to support you while you were younger, now you owe me’.

He worked harder and harder, bought her a nice house and all the things she wanted. He got so busy we lost touch for a while. I moved out here once I was on the wanted list, and didn't hook back up with him ‘til we found ourselves hunting the same man. I was just out to even a score, but Bo, he was just after the bounty. We had a hell of a blue over it. Darn near killed each other. I almost couldn't believe he was the same fella. At school there was

always a bit of softness in him, even if it was deep down you could sense it. Man, he'd got tough. He came and lived with me an' the boys for about four years, saying he didn't have a home, and it wasn't 'til he got real drunk one night, after about a year, that he opened up enough to tell me that his Mumma had died and the brothers and sisters had sold up all her stuff and split the money between them, not even bothering to give him a share. They said he already had a good job and after all it was the 'family home'. He didn't say as much, but I think that's when he lost it. Gave up his job and went real wild for a few years. Now he's a law unto himself. He's been doing the same work now for fifteen years, though the way he punishes himself with his wild ways and that job of his, I don't know how he's survived. Some of the things I've seen him do! Shoot, he's got more lives than a cat. Like I said, you're good for him girl."

Gratefully Moira sat going over in her head what Whitey had said. It was the most she had ever heard him talk. She smiled at him not realising that her smile was like the special smile she had accredited to the master, saying, "Thanks Whitey. I mean, really thanks. I understand a lot of things much more now. It all fits. You love him too hey?"

He looked uncomfortable saying, "Now come on girl, don't go getting into all that mushy stuff.

Blokes don't love each other."

She groaned, " You men are all the same, no matter which dimension you're in. What is wrong with all you blokes? Is it really such a crime to love each other, and I don't mean sexually? Men need to really get their act together. If you all realised how unique but universal you all were, you'd stop starting all these bloody wars and power trips you guys keep having. Someone's got to be the one to start to change the way you all are with each other; to demonstrate how it's done. You all puff you're chests out and mark your territory, showing what hero's you are, but you guys aren't even brave enough to express real emotion, except for a few allowable one's like anger. It takes courage to butt into your mate's life and help him from a place of real love. Hell, if Dave, my ex-husband, had had a mate with the love and guts to interfere, things might have been different for us. Or even if he'd had a man friend who he'd been close enough to talk to, he might not have drank so much. He just needed a mate to hug him and tell him other blokes felt the same. Why don't you fella's ever do that? Don't you wish you could give Bo a hug sometimes?" She stopped abruptly realising she was ranting. Apologetically she looked at Whitey worried she might have offended him. "Sorry Whitey. I didn't mean to go on. I guess I got caught up in my own stuff."

"Hey that's OK, no offence taken." He sat for a bit and then said thoughtfully, " You know



you might be right. And yeh, I guess I do love him, pig-headed mule that he is.” He looked at her surprised and they both laughed together. He nodded, saying almost to himself, “Yep, you might just be right.” Uncomfortably he addressed her saying, “And you know, it feels good to say it out loud.”

They sat for a while in companionable silence, and then pouring the dregs of his coffee on the ground he stood up and said, “Well, glad you're doin’ OK. Guess I'd better get going.” She followed him over to his bike, and just before he kicked it over he turned around and said, “Nice talkin’ to ya Moira, reckon I learnt something.”, and without a backward glance he roared off. Moira felt a rush of pleasure, and as if she had actually made a friend. She sat by the fire for a long time just smiling to herself, learning to appreciate her happiness in the moment, before she got up and went inside.

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN - THE ACCIDENT

She had just been trying to tell Frank about how to meditate and about ‘critical mass’, when they heard the familiar roar of Whitey's scooter. You could always tell it was Whitey as the engine was always screaming at full throttle. He liked to live dangerously, him and ‘the bitch’, which was his name for his bike. Moira smiled, she was beginning to get used to the way he and the boys were. She liked their lack of pretence, as if being outlawed by society had somehow given them the freedom to be real. In a cloud of dust he came to a screeching halt in their driveway. As he walked over she saw him checking a nasty gash on his elbow.

“Hey Whitey! How ya doin’?”, called Frank. Seeing Whitey’s gash, he laughed saying, “What's up mate? The bitch spit you off?”

“Yeh,” said Whitey grinning. “I got Holly to fiddle with the carby yesterday. She's fair hootin’ now. I just gave her too much stick on that last corner coming down the ridge and the old girl spat me into the dust. I tell ya it got me fair pumpin’. Sometimes I think she’s better than sex.”

Shaking his head Frank said, “Man, you've always been the same! When you gonna learn that you do have to use the brakes some time? You're just an adrenaline junkie.”

Whitey came up and slapped him on the back, almost giving him a sort of sideways hug, and they grinned at each other. Moira had noticed that since her and Whitey had had that conversation about men, that he seemed much more ‘touchy’ with Frank. It made her feel like she had at least done something useful, she thought, pushing down her familiar sense of frustration at her lack of progress on her mission.

“Giddy Girly,” said Whitey. “Got any coffee happening?”

She nodded, not minding being called Girly, knowing it was his term of affection for her.

“Sure Whitey. Are you OK?”, she said looking at his arm.

He and Frank both laughed, exchanging glances, Whitey saying, “We've had far worse than this, hey bro’”, as he pulled a stump up by the fire and sat down.

Moira had a weird image of a yellow bus flash in her head and suddenly said to Whitey without thinking, “You didn't see a yellow bus on your way here did you?”

He gave her a strange look, saying, “No. Why?”

She shook her head feeling stupid, “Aw nothing,” she said. “Sometimes I get these pictures of things in my head and I was just trying to work out if they come from anywhere, that’s all.”

She passed him his coffee and they chatted for a few minutes, catching up on their news.

Whitey said he was going over to Ed's place for a quick spin and asked if they'd like to come. Frank looked at Moira and she nodded, going inside to pull on her jeans and boots. She had grown to love the bike and the feel of the wind in her face. There was a sense of freedom about it and it seemed to blow the cobwebs away. She always felt high as a kite when she got off. They headed down the road at their usual break neck speed, and she felt that familiar rush. Maybe I'm turning into an adrenaline junkie too she thought, giggling happily to herself, the noise lost in the loud thump of the engine.

About halfway there they came around a sharp bend, to find a yellow van over turned in the middle of the road. There were about six Nehad women and a handful of scruffy children standing around one corner trying to lift the van back over. One of the women was crying and waving her hands about, but Moira couldn't see why. The Nehad's were the native desert dwellers out here. They were outcasts and distrusted people since the parafearonoids had started to hunt them for sport. The parafearonoids said they were savages, who worshipped the earth, but Moira had learnt to be suspicious of anything the parafearonoids said.

They rode past and then pulled up, their motors still idling, about fifty yards up the road.

“What do ya think Bo?”, called Whitey. “Do you reckon it's safe to give them a hand?”

“Dunno mate,” replied Frank. “You just never know with the Nehad's. It doesn't look like an ambush.”

Before they got any further Moira was off the bike and running back down the road, without thinking, almost in a state of blind panic.

“Shoot! Guess I'm off to help or rescue her,” said Frank shaking his head. “She gets a bit weird sometimes mate, and goes on about this meditating stuff and ‘the mission’, but she doesn't seem to know what the mission is, and then she gets all sad. I don't blame ya if you want to wait here,” he added.

Whitey shook his head saying, “Darn it man, as if! When are you gonna work out that you're the closest thing I got to a brother and that I love ya, ya stupid prick!” He waited for Frank to make some sarcastic comment, surprised when Frank froze and looked at him with a strange look on his face.

He managed to say, sounding choked up, “Yeh, you too man.”

Whitey felt something good happen in him and looked down the road gratefully after Moira saying, “Well, guess we better go see what sorta trouble that wayward woman of your's has

gotten us into.”

They grinned at each other, their eyes actually meeting for a few brief seconds, sensing a change between them, and then turned their scooters back down the road. They were met by a babbling Moira, almost beside herself, trying to pull Frank off his bike before it stopped, tears running down her face.

Her words falling out in a jumble Moira said, “Quick Frank, you've got to help. There's a little girl. She looks like my Jenny. Her leg's trapped. She's screaming and screaming. Quick!”

“Hey, take it easy Moira,” said Frank. “We're here aren't we?” He looked back at Whitey as she pulled him towards the bus. Whitey nodded, unclipped the pistol inside his jacket, and followed suit a little more cautiously, hanging back and having a good look around as he approached.

When he got closer Frank could see a child of about six had been thrown out of the window and somehow got her leg caught under the back of the van. The women were all babbling at once, mostly in their own language, nervous at the intruders, but needing help. He heard Whitey come up behind him and nodded to the van. He told Moira that when him and Whitey lifted she was to drag the little girl clear. Moira nodded, her face wet. She seemed far away. ‘Must be the shock,’ he thought realising how hardened he was to violence, ‘ Or maybe it was because it reminded her of her daughter’. He shrugged, him and Whitey and the women giving the van a great heave, holding it until Moira pulled the child clear. Moira and what was obviously the mother were kneeling over the child. Her shin bone was sticking clean through her flesh. Frank shook his head, thinking she would probably die. These people didn't have access to any medicines and tetanus was real bad out here, especially for any deep wounds like this one. He was just about to go and drag Moira away when he felt Whitey grab his arm.

“Wait a minute man, somethin's happening with Moira. I can feel it.” he said softly.

Frank looked at him puzzled, but he didn't argue. Whitey had always had this weird sixth sense. He was rarely wrong. It had gotten the two of them out of many tight spots in the past. As they watched, he heard the mother say to Moira, “She die now, no medicines. Parafearonoids kill all medicine women and men, long time ago.” She began to make a strange wailing sound. To Frank it sounded like the death howl.

“No!” yelled Moira. “I won't let anyone else die in front of me!”

They watched as she told the mother to hold the little girl still and she leaned over her and said, “Sorry little one, this is going to really hurt.” She grabbed the ankle and the knee and

pulled them slowly apart, making the oming noises Frank was now familiar with. The child screamed and then thankfully passed out, as the bone slid back under the skin. He could hear Moira panting ‘sorry, sorry’ in between her oms. Suddenly her oms got louder and then he heard her saying in a voice that barely sounded like hers, “ ‘May the energy of the one soul, radiate upon you my sister, healing soothing and dissipating all that hinders good health and service.’ ” The women all fell back, forming a circle as if they knew what was happening. They seemed to be concentrating on Moira intently. He heard her mumbling something like, ‘linking heart to heart, mind to mind, and light to light.’ Then she started oming again holding her hands about three inches above the child's leg. She stopped as suddenly as she started, and sweat beading her brow she looked up at the mother rather vaguely and nodded. Frank couldn't see the little girls leg but he was amazed when the mother, placing her palms together in front of her heart, bowed to Moira, saying something in her own tongue. Then to his horror, Moira collapsed beside the child into the dust. He and Whitey rushed forward at the same time. Frank could feel his heart beating as he leaned over her.

She was still breathing and he couldn't see any visible signs of injury. Fighting his panic, he heard one of the women say something and he looked up snapping, “What?”, feeling like he had his heart in his mouth.

The woman smiled at him and said, “She OK. She medicine woman. Tired now, need to rest.

She wake up soon. Heal daughter. See. All better. We send her many blessings. Hope great mother goddess smile on her.”

Frank turned to look at the girl's leg wondering what she was talking about, and to his amazement, other than an ugly scar, it seemed healed. He shook his head, having another look. He turned to Whitey, who was grinning like a fool, and said “Shit mate, do you see what I'm seeing?”

“Yep”, said Whitey, still grinning.

Frank gave him a hard look, suddenly wanting to kill him, and said, “Shoot man, what are you looking so happy about. She's bloody well out cold! I dunno what wrong with her.”

“I'm with her,” he said nodding to the Nehad woman. “I reckon she'll be OK. They seemed to understand what she was doing, at least in part anyway. It almost looked like they were somehow helping her.” Whitey looked at Frank's worried face and said, “Don't ya get it man?”

Frustrated Frank yelled, “Get bloody what? What are you talking about?”

Whitey smiled again and said, “Bo, this might be part of her mission. She might have found it.”

Frank looked up at him, realisation dawning, and thought for a moment he saw tears in Whitey’s eyes. He felt his own eyes mist over. Instead of turning away he let Whitey see his tears and nodded, looking back at the little girl's leg and then to Moira in wonder. Lovingly, he picked her up and walked back to his bike, Whitey right beside him, the two of them grinning happily at each other, ' sharing their joy.

“I want to get her home Whitey. That woman said she needs to rest.”

Whitey nodded coming over to hold her while Frank started his scooter, and then helping as Frank balanced her on the tank in front of him. Then he got on his own scooter and giving the women a wave they roared off, heading home.

Frank looked down at her and was reminded of that first night he brought her home from Hinkies’. He felt a stab in his chest as he realised it had been months ago now. Remorsefully he also realised how precious she was to him and how short life was. Too short not to appreciate every moment for what it was. He didn’t want the past to shadow his ‘nows’ anymore. This must be what love feels like, he thought with awe. He wanted to tell her that he loved her, and as he thought it, he realised it was true. He did love her. He thought about the way she had accepted him totally and all the special things she did and said, on the ride home. He had never told anyone he'd loved them and meant it, and he hadn't even used the word for more than twenty years. He smiled happily to himself as they finally turned into his plot. He hit the kill switch on his scooter, and carried her into the shack, Whitey following. Carefully he took off her boots and covered her up. She seemed to be sleeping peacefully. He looked up at Whitey and said, his heart exposed in his eyes, “I love her, you know.”

Whitey gave a hoot, slapping him on the back, and said, “Bo, you made my day. And yeah, I knew. I just never thought I'd hear you say it, and as your mate, I can tell you that real love is worth having. I thought you'd never get it! You're so damn mule headed and pricklier than a cactus. Shoot where's ya whiskey, bro’. I'm celebrating!”

Checking Moira again, Frank followed Whitey outside, grabbing the whiskey bottle from the shelf on his way out, feeling euphoric and elated. They sat around the fire for a long time, for a change, not drinking too much, both of them feeling like alcohol couldn't add to their natural high. Awkwardly Frank told Whitey that he thought of him as a brother as well, and Whitey told him what Moira had said about men. After some discussion on the new closeness their honesty had brought them, they talked late into the night, sharing real bits of their lives, complete with their feelings about things that had happened. As he was leaving,

they had a clumsy hug, with Whitey saying he would send some of the boys over to right the van tomorrow and check the mechanics on it. Frank nodded, liking the good feeling he got from the thought of helping them. These days, other than Moira, the only thing that made him feel good was the satisfaction of the chase when hunting someone down, and lately he had noticed that the thrill of the capture was beginning to fade.

He stood watching Whitey's tail lights disappear, smiling at the thought that Sal would be sitting on the porch waiting as she had been so many times when he and Whitey had been out late. He only now understood why she waited. He thought it was because she was bossy, but he realised it was love.

She always had a dry comment to make, but he now knew it was her way of expressing her relief. He shook his head thinking, shoot, what a day. His whole world had changed, but then he knew that wasn't quite true. It had been changing for a while, he just hadn't wanted to admit it. A lecture he once heard Whitey giving one of the boys popped into his head. It was about change being the only constant in our world, and if you accepted that and went with it you'd be OK. He turned, suddenly weary and headed back inside. He had been checking on Moira regularly, but she was out for the count. As he looked down at her he saw she was smiling in her sleep and snuggling in beside her in their little single bed, he gathered her close, feeling at peace for the first time he could remember.

A noise just before dawn roused him and he jumped up, grabbing his shottie, heading for the door. As he went to step outside he almost tripped over something in the doorway. Swearing and looking down, he saw a huge chunk of what looked like rose quartz sitting on the step. He almost laughed aloud, feeling suddenly ashamed of his shotgun. He looked around in the shadows, but as he'd expected he couldn't see or hear anything. The Nehad's were known to be as silent as the night and twice as elusive. He called out, "Thanks, she'll love it!" into the darkness and then grinning he carried it back inside and put it on the table, knowing how she had this thing about rose quartz and how pleased she would be. He shook his head thinking how cagey the Nehad's were, as all precious and semi precious stones had been confiscated years ago. Rolling himself a smoke and watching Moira sleep, he wondered where on earth they had managed to come up with such a big lump, not to mention get from the van to wherever the crystal was and back here in such a short time.

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN – ALLIES

Bringing herself back from her meditation she sighed in frustration. It had been four days since the incident with the yellow van and she was still none the wiser as to how she'd actually done what Frank had told her she had. She couldn't actually remember anything after thinking that she had to set the bone straight in the hope that it would heal. The details that Frank had given her were sketchy. He'd actually told her that he had been too concerned about her to pay too much attention. He had also told her that he loved her very much. She laughed aloud in pure joy at the memory of that moment. Even yesterday when he had left, he had actually told her that he would miss her. It was wonderful to be able to openly give him love back without him retreating or getting uncomfortable. She put her hand up to her chaffed lips, giggling at the thought that he might kiss them clean off if he didn't stop smooching her every five minutes. She had never realised what a form of communication touch was, or how wonderful it was to be able to touch the person you loved openly. Sadly she thought about her kids, wishing she had touched them more, focusing again on their faces and sending them a little bit of extra energy.

Everyday in her meditation she sent them energy and tried to let them know she was OK, and that she loved them.

Looking down at the rose quartz at her feet lifted her spirits. She liked to have it in her energy field when she was meditating, hoping it's elevated vibration would give her a clue as to what had happened. She supposed her conscious mind was blocking the details, unable to accept that it was possible. The master had alluded to such healings being possible but she'd been too caught up in her own stuff to ask for details. The story of her life, she thought ruefully. Oming loudly, she yelled up at the sky, "Come on you guys, if you're up there give me a clue." Almost on cue she heard Whitey's bike, and having already learnt that there was no such things as coincidences; that every little thing that happened was part of some invisible plan and happened for a reason, she pushed the coffee pot back on the fire in anticipation. She hadn't seen Whitey since it had happened. Maybe he could throw some light on the situation. Frank had said that he had seemed to have had some sense of what was going on, or at least that he stayed Frank when he would have come and got her. She stood up and looked down the drive way hopefully.

"Hey Girly, how's it goin' ?", he said throwing his leg over his bike and walking towards her.

To her surprise, he kept walking right up to her and gave her a huge bear hug, before pulling up a stump by the fire. She smiled at him delightedly, still standing where he'd left her, thinking that that was the best hug she'd ever had. Well, second best, she corrected herself,



thinking of Frank.

“Just wonderful, “ she said, meeting his eyes, laughing as they shared the moment honestly.

“Hmm, it looks it,” he said dryly taking in the new glow and confidence about her. “Well, how ‘bout a coffee? Or are you too important for such a lowly task now? ”, he said reaching for his tobacco pouch and beginning his familiar ritual.

She grinned, shaking her head, “Master Nakai said that enlightenment was about staying present on earth, not escaping from it. He said, ‘Enlightenment, chopping wood, enlightenment, carrying water’; that every single act was sacred and should be treated as such.” Fiddling with the cups she looked up sensing something was happening. There was a strange look on Whitey's face. Worriedly she said, “Whitey? What is it? Are you OK.?”

“Nakai, where'd you get that name from girl?” He said it in an almost accusing tone and Moira felt flustered, unable to understand what was going on.

“Master Nakai was the presiding leader of the section of the pod I ended up in when I first got here. It was he and Mother Rachitt who taught me a bunch of things. What's going on Whitey?”, she asked again.

Not answering Whitey said, “What'd he look like?”

Sensing it was important, but not understanding why she replied, “Well, he was short and bald and looked a bit like a garden gnome. Or at least that’s what I thought. And he had these most amazing blue eyes; like when he looked at you, you felt like you were really loved and that he saw all of you. It was like being accepted and loved without any expectations.”

He seemed to be struggling with something. With a flash of insight she said, “How old are you Whitey?”

Miles away, he answered automatically, “I’ll be fifty next year.”

Excitedly she yelped, “It was you, wasn't it? The one who he came to get? He told me a Story; said he didn't know why he was telling me, but that he was sent on a mission about forty years ago with some others, to get an eight year old child that had exceptional ability. They were going to bring him back to the pod to train; that he had an important role to play in the future. He said the boy's mother shot all his disciples, and that the child ended up rescuing him. That was you, wasn't it ?”

Looking, for once bewildered, he said hesitantly, “Yes. I think it might have been.” With more confidence as if the years were rolling back he repeated, “Yeah. I reckon it was. I heard one of the other little guys call his name, before Mumma shot him.” Always the

master of understatement, he looked dryly at Moira and said, “She wasn’t keen on strangers. My Dad had was involved in a lot of dubious activities at the time and Mum was like the lioness protecting the cubs. She was one tough lady! I used to hear them fighting at night over what he was doing, but he just told her times were tough, to hold the fort and not talk to strangers. I guess she took him pretty seriously. I was a bit young to understand really. I remember hearing that funny looking little guy, Nakai did you say?” She nodded confirmation. “Telling my Mum I was gifted, and needed to be trained for some events that I would be involved in in the future. He said they had a special school; that I would be well educated. My Mumma said that I was already special, and not going to no fancy school; that the best school was the school of life.”

Moira interrupted, “Special? What did she mean by special? Is that how come you always know when Frank’s away, and why you used the term energy fields the other day when you were telling me about covert sexual abuse?”

Whitey nodded sheepishly, saying “Yeah. I get these feelings and sometimes I see clouds or colours around people. It’s nothing big, mostly just feelings or knowings.” Looking even more uncomfortable, he added, “Since you told me about meditating here a while ago, I’ve been practising and I noticed it has been getting more. Like the other day, I wasn’t actually going to go over to Ed’s until later in the week, but I just had a hunch, I suppose you could call it, that it was important to go on the day we did.

Anyway, I asked my Mum about what it was years later. She said my Grandmother had it too; that before I started school it was more noticeable, but that it seemed to disappear once I got into ‘the system’. She told me it was just little things, like she was always telling me to close the screen door after myself, and a few times, she said she’d yell at me to close it, and it would just close on it’s own. Or that when I was colouring in, I would just put my hand in the pencil case and be able to pull out the colour I wanted without looking. She never made a fuss about it, and I guess I’ve kept pretty quiet about it too. Sal knows. I always thought no one would believe me or that they’d think I’d lost it, if I started talking about it. Some of the boys out at the plot give me a bit of a ribbing about it, reckoning I always know what’s happening, but I never let on. Hell, with that pack of hooligans I need any advantage I can get. And anyway what’s there to say? We are all just who we are. Though I got to tell you the coincidence of this all is starting to spook me a bit.”

“There are no such things as coincidences Whitey,” she said, telling him about what she’d learnt at the pod about synchronicity and that there were no mistakes or accidents. She added that she’d been asking for a clue when she’d heard his bike. “I was waiting to see what you had for me,” she said grinning. “I’ve got no idea what happened out there the other day. I can’t remember a damn thing.”

Whitey shook his head in amazement and said, “As a matter of fact I do have something for you. I’ve been up half the night trying to understand it. I don’t know how useful it will be. It seems to say things almost in riddles, and the language is hard. It’s called ‘Esoteric Healing’ by a lady called Alice Bailey. According to a leaflet that was in it, she channelled more than thirty volumes of information from a guy calling himself Master D.K., along time ago. It claims to be the most accurate stuff on the planet about all the laws and rules about all this weird stuff. I don’t know if that’s true or not, but I know she sure got up the parafearonoids nose, as it was at the top of their hit list of forbidden books.”

He walked over to his bike and pulled it out of one of the saddle bags, along with two other books, with Moira almost running after him like an excited puppy to see what they were. Nearly grabbing them she began to flick through the pages of the Bailey book, Whitey smiling at her, thinking she was like a desert dweller finding an oasis for the first time.

“Look! Look! ”, she squealed. “Here. Look, it says something about the law of service. That’s what Mother Rachitt was telling me about. Oh Whitey, you cagey sod, I just love you to bits,” she said jumping up and hugging him, beginning to tell him about the law of service.

He smiled looking pleased and interrupted her narration to say, “I wouldn’t be getting too carried away just yet Girly, they seemed pretty hard to understand to me. Nothing in them seems to be written so you can find it easily. I read one page five times and got a different lot of information every time. It’s like you’ve got to sit with each sentence for a while.”

“That’s because we are supposed to apply our mental body and work it out for ourselves. It can’t be understood with just your logical mind. You have to be able to apply your higher mind. I think if you were just given the information up front you wouldn’t grow as a person, and could even harm yourself by getting to places your energy field and physical body couldn’t cope with. I think it’s about working it out for yourself. They were strict at the pod about using your own free will and following your own soul, not blindly following another. Also Master Nakai said we don’t have the words in our language to explain a lot of the concepts, so they are given almost as energy vibrations that we have to absorb and ponder on.”

“Hmm,” he said. And then added “Don’t suppose you could tear yourself away for long enough to get me that coffee you were offering earlier?”, he quipped, raising an eyebrow and making fun of her.

“Oh Whitey, I’m sorry. In all the excitement I just forgot clean about it. I can even offer you a fresh piece of cake, if you’d like some?” she said apologetically. At his nod she jumped up and went inside to get it, saying as she walked back, “It was on the door step this morning. I

gather it's from the Nehad's. They brought me that crystal the night of the accident too," she said indicating to the piece of quartz by the log.

He nodded saying, "I've had a bit to do with them here and there over the years and they always seemed like good people to me. They are certainly not the stupid savages the parafearonoids make them out to be, though their a bit unpredictable and strange in a wild sort of way at times. Though who could blame them. The parafearonoids have been trying to get rid of them or 'civilise' them for decades, killing hundreds of thousands of them when they managed to resist all efforts. Now there is only a few left, out here in the desert, though no one knows for sure how many. They keep to themselves totally and don't trust any one."

Moira nodded only half listening, her mind elsewhere she blurted out, "Do you have any regrets - Whitey?" At his puzzled look she added, "I mean about not going to the pod school? Your life could have been really different."

He paused, dragging on his smoke, obviously considering what she had said. She watched the expressions flitting across his face. Finally he looked up his face soft and said, "Nah. Not one, and I can say that without a doubt. For a start I wouldn't have met Sal, not to mention the job I reckon I do with the boys. Maybe you would call it service, but I just call it being a human being. It been a big life Moira, and really it just seemed to come at me, without me having to make it happen or do anything other than deal with whatever was in my face."

Curious, she asked, "How did you end up with 'the boys'? There must be more than a hundred of them at your place, and some of them look real mean to me. Yet they all look up to you and treat you like your the boss."

"It's a long story, but I guess it all started with my son," he said reaching for his tobacco pouch looking sad.

"You've got a son?", she asked.

"Had," he corrected. "His name was Tobias. He died when he was eight years old. Damn near broke Sal's heart. She's one hell of a woman. I tell ya, the things she's been through, and she ain't bitter or soured by it neither."

Feeling her eyes fill with tears she said softly, "Oh Whitey, I'm sorry. Can I ask what happened to him?"

He looked her squarely in the face and then, seeming to come to a decision, said " I ain't never really talked about it since. Most people don't even know we had a son, but I guess, with the stuff I've been learning lately, maybe it would do me good. Any more coffee there? It could take a while," he added wryly.

She nodded and busied herself getting them both a cup as he started to speak.

“I've always had an attraction to some of the things on the parafearonoids banned list. I never questioned it, though now I understand why. My Grandmother left me a collection of forbidden books and objects and I've been building on them ever since. The boys know about it and often bring me things. Anyway, one of the things she left was called a Tibetan singing bowl. It's a hand beaten metal bowl that you run a piece of stick around the edge of, and it sort of hums or sings. It's an amazing sound. I guess with what I know now, I'd say it probably aligns you. Back then I just used to know it made me feel good. Toby loved it. I used to play it to him as a baby to soothe him. One day without me or Sal knowing, he took it to school. As you can imagine, all havoc broke loose. The parafearonoids were on our doorstep, wanting to know where he'd got it from. I wasn't home at the time, and Sal, knowing how precious my collection of stuff was told them she didn't know.” His voice broke as he said, “They shot him right there in front of her.”

He paused, sipping on his coffee, struggling for composure and then said, “We were both arrested and sentenced to five years in prison. Sal really copped it. She got raped by the warders repeatedly. I think that's why she couldn't have anymore children. Me, well it wasn't that bad. The other inmates seemed to like me and I made quite a few friends. After a year, they transferred us to a Nehad rehabilitation camp. They were taking young Nehad males off their parents and trying to civilise them. Cutting their hair and beating them if they spoke their own language or practised any of their own customs. Some of them just pined away and died. Darn, it was brutal. Sal and I were supposed to be in charge, with the parafearonoids breathing down our necks of course. We tried to help them best as we could. Sal can speak a fair bit of Nehad. I know a few words, but mostly I was out in the field with them under the watch of the guards, so I didn't get the chance. Any way, a bunch of them escaped. Well, Sal and I helped them to be quite honest, and the parafearonoids cancelled the program. That's when they declared them as sport and began to hunt them. They used to have hunting parties come out into our part of the desert, but me and the boys soon made sure that stopped. We used to follow 'em out and kill the lot of them. Didn't want any tales getting back, making trouble for us. I know they still do it in other places but I'm glad to say they've given up on it round here.

Anyway, they cancelled the rehab program, saying they couldn't be changed and shot all the remaining Nehad's in our camp. There wasn't a thing we could do about it. They turned it into a wayward boy's detention centre. We were there for another five years, before they let us go; well over our sentence but they aren't the sort of people you argue with. Our job was to rehabilitate them, but I guess our definition and their's were two different things. I just taught them how to survive and get around the parafearonoids. I used to say, ‘Intact body,

broken pride, was better than, intact pride, broken body’ ; that if you don't tell some one what you're thinking they'll never know and taught them to use their minds not just their emotions. I learnt a lot. Some of them kids were pretty messed up. And Sal? Sal was amazing. I remember coming in one day and finding one of the real bad ones beating her up in the kitchen. I dragged him off and was about to give him a real hiding myself, when she pulled me aside and all battered, walked up to him and gave him a hug and told him she could see the good bits inside of him, and that she loved him anyway. He looked at her for a minute; at first I thought he was going to kill her and then he burst into tears. She just held him while he sobbed out the awful story of his life. I realised that we all just need to be heard, and that sharing your pain without someone judging you or feeling sorry for you can make it manageable. Man, she’s special. She taught me that no person is ever so broken that they can't be fixed, and that love wins every time. If you just have enough to give and the patience to wait. I guess she had plenty of love to spare after Toby died. Like you said maybe everything does happen for a reason.

After we left the boy's home we came and settled out here. The plot was a bit of land my father acquired in a poker game. It was basically worthless as the Nehad's drove anyone away he tried to sell it too. They've never given us any trouble. I don't know how, but I think they knew about us from the detention centre. There hadn't been anyone living on it for years and it was real run down. We decided to make a go of it, hoping to have some more children and eke out a living in peace. By that time we'd realised that possessions and chasing them was a fool's game. It was real hard going for that first six months, until I was in town one day trying to get some supplies on tick, when I heard all this yelling and fighting. It was Bazza and a group of boys making trouble at the saloon. You've met him haven't you girl?” he asked.

Moira nodded, thinking that she had liked him immediately. He looked really tough and battered on the outside, but there was something really nice about him. He seemed happy and had a wife and family out at Whitey's place. She had sort of gathered he was second in charge after Whitey, if there was such a thing as an order amongst them.

“Well, he was the one beating Sal up in the kitchen that night. To cut a long story short, him and the lads he was with came and stayed for a while. Well, Bazza never actually left, though the boys he was with scattered eventually. It made a huge difference to Sal and I, having some help, and it seemed to fill a need in Sal to parent someone.” He paused and then said, ‘To be honest, maybe we both had a bit of a need to do the parenting trip, as I got a lot out of it too. That was nearly twenty years ago now. After Bazza, the word seemed to get out and we got a steady stream of people coming. Outlaws, runaways, renegades, trouble makers: you name it we've had them. We always treated them with the love and respect that

no one else ever had, and gave them shelter from the weather and the law. Some have stayed and made a life here, and other's have moved on. I feel like I've done my little bit on the planet to try and make it a better place. All a man can do is the best he can. And regrets? Like I said, it's been a big life, and hell some times I've scratched my head and thought about kicking them all out, but they don't have no where else to go. And I got to tell you, for every bit of pain we've had, the rewards and the sense of joy we get from seeing them have some sort of normal life makes it all worth it. So no, I don't reckon I have one single regret, and I know if you asked Sal she would say the same. Hell, we got more 'family' then we can handle."

He looked up at Moira, who was wiping tears from her eyes. "Jeez Girly, what are you blubbering about now?" he said affectionately.

She smiled with joy at him and replied, "You Whitey, you're just so special. You do all these good things and you never tell anyone or look for praise. I reckon you're a legend. Some one should give you a medal."

He shook his head and said, "I don't need no medal Moira. I get one inside me every time I see one of those boys achieve something. And anyway, really, I didn't have anything to lose. No fear, I suppose. The time we spent in the detention centre taught me that life was precious and to appreciate every moment. I was just behaving like a decent human being, who knows what it's like to hurt and be standing on the outside. I don't reckon we're as different as we all think we are."

He reached for his tobacco as Moira topped up his coffee and they sat in companionable silence for a long time. Finally he stood up and said, "Guess I'd better be going girl. Sal will be wondering where I've got to."

She followed him over to his bike and he gave her a huge hug, saying "Thanks for listening Moira. I feel somehow lighter and as if I've been washed clean."

She nodded too choked up to answer, and watched as he roared down the driveway at his usual speed. His phrase 'no fear' echoed in her head and she understood why he rode the way he did, he had managed to move beyond some boundary that the rest of us had. It was as if you did little things that challenged you and made you push through your fear boundaries you eventually got more confidence and were able to build up to bigger things; that somehow the more you applied your courage the bigger reservoir you got of it.

## CHAPTER NINETEEN - MEDICINE WOMAN

Moira looked up, hearing the now familiar cry of ‘Virocheenah’ echoing across the desert. This usually indicated the imminent arrival of someone needing help. It was the Nehad word for medicine woman. For months now they had been coming, slowly at first, but more, lately, bringing their sick and injured. Word had even got out among the local town's people as well, a few of them beginning to appear on her door step looking spooked, but desperate enough to give her a try. Frank was worried about the parafearonoids finding out, but Moira encouraged him to trust and create a positive reality; that fear was like a magnet, feeding on itself and generating more fear, and ultimately drawing to you what you feared the most. As she stepped outside she marvelled at the transformation. The Nehad's had explained to her that they always exchanged energy fairly, and as a result there was now a vegetable garden, a hen house and a dozen other little improvements. Most night's, especially if she'd had a big day, some delicious concoction of food arrived as well. At first she'd tried to say no, wanting nothing in return, but she was told she would run out of energy if she didn't take the exchange, and that healing was always a team effort; she supported them and they supported her.

She felt funny about being called a medicine woman, still feeling very small, inexperienced and human. She had somehow expected that you would ‘get there’ and everything would be easy, perfect and blissful, but she had discovered that this was not the case at all. The higher your vibration, the bigger challenges you were given; that this continual stretching was how you grew and learnt. She supposed it was stupid to think that consciousness was a static state, discovering the more you learnt the more you realised there was to learn. At least it wasn't boring, she thought dryly. The synchronicities were becoming more obvious too. No sooner had she read or learnt something, than she would be sent a situation where she had to apply whatever she had learnt. It was like you got the information and then your soul would test and challenge you on it to see if you really understood it, or to add another dimension to it.

The Bailey books that Whitey had brought had proved invaluable, giving her a proper understanding of what she was doing, and some laws and rules as a frame work to be guided by.

Whitey certainly wasn't wrong when he said they were deep, realising that the study of them was a life times work. She had even found the mantrum that she had said the day of the van accident, word for word, in one of them. She had learned that there were two types of healing; magnetic and radiatory, and that the effectiveness of the healing really depended on the vibration, or degree of soul personality integration of the healer.



Radiatory healing was the safest method unless you were more experienced, and involved the heart, in aspiring to heal the person and loving them unconditionally; and the mind, in directing the necessary action and focus. It involved elevating your own vibration and therefore raising the other person's vibration, so that their own soul could come closer and correct the condition causing the problem. In radiatory healing, most of the work was done in the healer's own body. In this method she would first find out where the injury or illness was located. The chakra nearest to the site was usually the one that was out of balance. Then she would balance that chakra in her own body and hold it steady. This would bring the corresponding chakra in the person's body back into alignment, hence stimulating the body to heal itself, as well as giving the patient an inflow of soul energy. It also gave the patient a feel of what being in balance in that area felt like, so they could tell if they were out of balance there in the future and be their own healer. Often while she was doing the healing the patient would remember some unpleasant event and have some sort of emotional release and clarity around whatever it was that came up for them. She was reminded continually of what Master Nakai had said about ninety-five percent of all dis-ease originating from the emotional body.

Magnetic healing, the other type of healing, was much more tricky, the books stating, rather depressingly, that there really were very few people on the planet evolved enough to do it, and that most of them were third degree initiates. It involved using the hands as well as the heart and mind. It said that most people who were doing 'hands on healing' were actually doing radiatory healing, or if they were achieving any real energy flow in their hands, were doing more harm than good; that their focus on the dis-ease and their putting energy into the dis-ease site, only served to increase the illness.

Real magnetic healing required a detailed understanding of the etheric field and a good understanding of anatomy and the nature of the dis-ease being treated. The saving grace, the book stated was that those who were doing 'hands on healing' were not actually competent enough to affect the body negatively or positively, though they did make their patients at least feel good by their genuine desire to help and their slightly elevated vibration.

One of the things Master D.K., the man who Bailey was channelling, was very clear about was that it was essential to have a group to work within the context of, if you were going to be a healer. That group formation was essential for effective healing, and that when a group met regularly, not only did you have the advantage of the group's elevated vibration, but that a group soul was formed which supplied an infinite source of energy and provided a stable body with which to draw in safely even more energy. This had cleared up a problem she had had in understanding what Mother Rachitt had said about humanity having one soul; that what she had meant was that the whole of the collective of humanity created a group soul.

As soon as she'd read about the need for a group, she had set about organising one. They decided to meet once a week in person, and to link every day, and connect up where ever they were to add energy to the group soul, and to try to elevate the collective vibration of the human soul. She had stumbled across a mantrum called the great invocation which was said to help elevate the human soul vibration, so they had included that as well. She had asked Frank, and Whitey and Sal, to join, not knowing who else to ask and hoping that was enough. Whitey had bought Bazza and his partner Lilly, and a small gentle man called Will, who all said they were interested in what she was doing. The first night, just as they were about to begin, four Nehad's had appeared out of nowhere and indicated that they wanted to help too. Moira had long stopped wondering how they knew things; it had happened too many times now to question. There were three women and a young man. She had been thrilled that it had worked out to be the number eleven, knowing from a book Whitey had dug up on numbers, that the word 'light' vibrated to that number.

She went and sat outside under a skilnet roof the boys had constructed for her, that she had affectionately dubbed the sanctuary and waited. Sure enough she saw a group of about five Nehad's carrying a woman on a stretcher coming up the driveway. They laid her down in front of Moira and after a brief conversation about what the unconscious woman's possible problem was, they stepped back out of her energy field to let her do her job. She felt a familiar rush of energy and began the ritual that the books had recommended. First she aligned herself, and then she began to link with her group, heart to heart, mind to mind, light to light. Next she said the healing mantrum that she had used the day of the van accident. After about five minutes she stopped, shaking her head and calling the Nehad's back over, explaining to them there was nothing that she could do, that the woman was going to die.

This was the second time this had happened to her. The first time had really rattled her, sending her running back to the books to find out what was going on. She had discovered that some people could not be healed and that to begin the healing process would only speed up their death. It was because it was that person's time to die, either because they had refused to, or were unable to deal with, the issues that were causing the illness, or simply because their time was up. In either case, their soul was calling them home to review the lessons they had learnt during their incarnation or to reincarnate them again to have a fresh go at resolving the issue they had been unable to come to terms with in that particular body. She had had to learn that death was a purification process and to lose her fear of it as being 'the end', or to think that the death of the patient indicated the failure of the healer. She thought about the debate back home about voluntary euthanasia and shook her head, realising that if we just understood the laws and aligned and supported the dying person, their own soul would take care of it; that lack of understanding and fear kept the person hanging on in space of pain and with a lack of dignity.

As they had done before, the Nehad's took it in their stride, seeming not to have the fear of death that the so called more intelligent races had. They understood the need for the death ritual to pass the soul on safely, and that you needed to cremate the body as a purification process to stop germs breeding and mutating in the earth. She shook her head at them in amazement as they left, thinking what a wise race of people they really were and how much knowledge had been lost in their slaughter. It reminded her of Grandmother Muscatt, an old Nehad woman, who had appeared about a month ago with a young girl in tow as an interpreter, and begun teaching her what she called esoteric astrology. At first Moira had not been interested, remembering what she had read in the women's magazines at home about astrology, thinking it was a load of hogwash, but the old lady had been insistent.

Esoteric astrology, it turned out, was the astrology of the soul, as opposed to what she had thought of as astrology, which was personality based astrology. Esoteric astrology could predict strengths and skills that were available to the person, as well as difficulties and crises which were likely to occur, as the person evolved. It gave clues as to what was necessary for the person to develop as a soul. She explained that it was one of the most effective tools to give you signposts as to where you were going and what the next step was; that as different planets moved through your sign, different lessons unfolded, and that you could take advantage of these varying energies and progress very fast if you made use of what they offered. In just the same way as the magnetic pull of the moon could affect the huge body of water that was the ocean, so too could the planets that were circling overhead both when you were born, and as your life progressed, affect your personality and energetic make up.

So far she hadn't learnt very much. It seemed very complex, with each planet and star sign having some of the rays that Mother Rachitt had mentioned running through them as well. Just based on what the old lady had been able to accurately predict from her birth chart, was amazing and enough to cause Moira to think it had some basis. She had learnt that her sun sign, which was the one she knew about and had read about in the magazines, only described you at the personality level, so if you were more evolved then it wasn't as accurate. Those who had begun to move towards their soul, actually exhibited more of the characteristics of the star sign that governed their ascending or rising sign, and those who were less evolved had more of the characteristics of their moon sign. The sign your moon was in was apparently your past or the baggage you brought into this life with you, and in Moira's case her moon sign was certainly accurate in predicting her worst characteristics. She shook her head looking forward to learning more, but thinking she had better get moving as tonight was one of her teaching nights.

The teaching nights, as she called them, had started about six weeks ago, born out of the

desire to teach people they could heal themselves and to try to shift the critical mass, so that the message would begin to pop up spontaneously in other places. She remembered what the master had said about guru's being dangerous and certainly felt too inadequate to want to be in that role herself, hence the teaching nights. Last week there had been about thirty people, the numbers growing rapidly every week. Everyone, she realised was hungry for knowledge, on some level knowing there must be a different way to live that would give meaning to some of the painful events that happened in their lives. She had a moment of worry, hoping she was up to the task, wishing she had more stuff in the practical meditation line to teach them. She was just working from her memory in that area, which in some places was a bit sketchy. Realising she was wasting energy on worry, she pulled her emotional body back into line and began to meditate, asking her soul to direct her.

About five minutes into the meditation she had almost a lightening bolt of insight hit her. She jumped up and ran down to the edge of the water hole and began to frantically dig through the mud, muttering to herself, "Jeez Moira, you twit! How could you be so bloody well stupid to forget that?" She had remembered the package that Mother Rachitt had given her in the tunnel, all that time ago containing the integration formulas for the personality and the fusion formulas for the soul and personality. Almost beside her self she caught sight of a bit of cloth half buried in the mud and pulled it out. It was her silk sheath and rattling for the pocket stitched into the back, she pulled out the battered sealed plastic package with a whoop of triumph. She laughed to herself on seeing that it was still dry, thinking what a clever woman Mother Rachitt really was. Suddenly she sat down in the mud, feeling like the stuffing had been knocked out of her as a wave of grief hit her, and began to cry in earnest, missing the old lady so much and wishing her and their original group was here to guide her. "Oh why?" she called out aloud, "Why aren't you here now? I need you," breaking into renewed crying. She was totally shocked to hear a voice in her head say, "It is the laws of sacrifice and of service, Moira, Heart Carrier.

We go in peace and joy, knowing our part in the great plan emanating from Shamballa has been forefilled. It is humanities turn to 'play their part with stern resolve' now."

Excitedly she called out, "Mother Rachitt? Is that really you?", but there was no answer. Getting up out of the mud and looking ruefully at what a mess she was in, she called out aloud, "I think you were right about that ray three physical," and smiling between her tears she walked back up to the shack, somehow understanding that what had happened was necessary and right. She felt a wave of peace with the events of the tunnel, which had up until this moment had been a raw spot of pain, sitting by the fire for a long time crying with both joy and grief to wash away her pain and become whole again. The words of Johab's pledge, rose unbidden in her mind and she silently repeated it to herself, getting up and

hurrying back inside, reminding herself that there was work to be done.

## CHAPTER TWENTY - THE RALLY

Moira omed to herself loudly, struggling for focus. After nine months of hard work they were going to 'go public'. They had organised a huge rally just outside of Sheihkina, about eighty miles from here and just in the desert on the edge of one of the main urban regions. They hadn't been game to publicise it openly, but they had put the word out among the rapidly growing community of what she called light workers. She omed again as a flash of foreboding hit her, pushing it aside, knowing that it took courage to stand up and be counted, and that you had to start somewhere. With relief she heard the roar of a motorcycle in the distance, looking forward to seeing Whitey and Sal. A wave of affection hit her as she thought about what a tower of strength the two of them had turned out to be. Like Whitey had said, Sal really was amazing. She had what Moira now identified as a calm ray two emotional body, which helped settle Moira's more over excitable ray six emotional body. Not to mention a ray seven physical body, which turned out to be invaluable in terms of organisation. Moira found her ray three physical body incredibly frustrating, marvelling at how Sal could be so efficient. Especially now, when there was so many groups all over the place to co-ordinate and a huge swag of mail, needing replies in answer to questions and information required. Sal had stepped in calmly taking over all of that stuff, organising a group of the boy's and some of their women to act as secretaries and couriers.

Will had also proved invaluable, having hefty doses of ray seven himself. Coupled with his science and technology ray five mind, he had been a publicity machine to be reckoned with, spreading information with incredible efficiency. It turned out he was a computer hacker and was on the wanted list for fraud. He had set up a computer system for their 'office', powered by motorcycle batteries, along with the P.A. system they were hoping to use today if enough people came. She smiled as she thought about him confessing sheepishly that last month that he had broken into the local parafearonoid computer banks and down loaded a whole heap of literature, which would have by now been mailed out to tax payers all over the country automatically. She had always distrusted technology, especially since she had been here, seeing the worst of it's uses by the parafearonoids, but she was beginning to realise that wisely used it could be a wonderful tool.

Their 'turning on the light' campaign as Whitey had fondly nicknamed it, had grown beyond their wildest dreams from their humble group of eleven. She knew also that the Nehad's also had similar groups organised amongst their own ranks, set up from the original four Nehad members. She walked towards the door still trying to shake the slight feeling that something wasn't right, hoping Frank would be back soon. He had gone to alert several of the main media groups yesterday promising to be back early today. She knew she would

feel better once he was here.

Whitey roared up the driveway in his usual manner, Sal clinging on the back for dear life. She usually rode her own scooter, saying Whitey was way to much of a speed freak for her. He came bounding up the driveway giving her a huge hug, saying, “How ya doin’ girl? The lad back yet?”

Worriedly Moira shook her head saying, “Giddy Whitey, and no he's not back. For some reason I'm worried about him.”

Giving her a wink he said, “It's OK. He’s not far off. I can feel him.”

Sighing with relief, she turned to greet Sal, giving her a grateful hug. It was like stepping into a calm pool and Moira felt herself settle. Lately she noticed she had been feeling like a space cadet, seeming vague and forgetful. She made a commitment to herself to spend some time working on grounding her energies when this rally was over. She knew that what was happening was that she had all her energy located in her upper bodies and that it was necessary to spend more time pulling those energies down to earth, so that she could function effectively as a human being. She had seen it happen with some of the new members of her meditation groups, when they first came into contact with their soul energy. She was distracted by the sound of Frank's bike coming up the driveway and rushed past Whitey and Sal to go and greet him, missing their exchanged glances of affection at her vagueness and her obvious love for Frank, as they followed her outside.

Frank took one look at her after he'd given her a big smooch and said, “We'd better get you some food into you, hey. That should help bring you back down. I don't suppose you've eaten today.”

She shook her head guiltily realising that she hadn't saying, “Sorry Frank. I just forgot.”

“Hey it's OK,” he said. “I've seen you like this before. I figure that you are starting to get incoming energy building for the job you are going to do today. Don’t you reckon Whitey?”

“Yeah,” he answered putting the coffee pot on the fire and beginning to roll a smoke. ‘I've had it a bit myself, sometimes after I've led a pretty big group in meditation, haven't I Sal?”

Sal laughed exclaiming, “A bit? Shoot, you've come home some nights higher than when you used to smoke that whacky baccy.”

They all laughed sitting round the fire, aware that they had all changed for the better, having a snack and enjoying the easy camaraderie of the moment.

Finally Whitey said, “Well Girly, suppose we better get moving. Will and the boys went out early this morning to get everything set up. So I guess it's now or never.”

“Let's have a little bit of a meditate first hey,” suggested Frank, “ and form an intention to create a positive out come.”

They all nodded in agreement, beginning to align and link themselves. As each one offered up their essential being for the welfare of the world, Moira had a flashback of a similar ceremony a long time ago, praying they could be successful this time and make the previous sacrifice worthwhile. Once they had finished they climbed silently on to the bikes and headed down the road for Sheikina. The site they had chosen was a good one, high cliffs rising at the back about two thirds of the way round, with a natural ‘stage’ at the base of them, and a huge expanse of open desert stretching out in front. She wondered, if any, how many people would come. Sneaking out to classes and reading forbidden literature was one thing, but standing up to be counted publicly was another. She banished such thoughts aligning herself and focusing on a positive outcome.

She come back to awareness with a surprise, noticing how much traffic there suddenly seemed to be as they got closer. She prayed they were going to the rally. About five miles further on she looked over at Whitey and he gave her the thumbs up, his face split into a huge grin as he indicated to the now obvious build up of traffic. By the time they got to the site she was almost ecstatic with joy. There were people everywhere, driving walking, cycling; even a few mules she noticed affectionately, thinking of Venus. There was even quite a group of tents, as if some of the people had come from a long way and stayed overnight. They rode over to near where Will was working on the P.A.

He rushed over to greet them, almost beside himself with excitement, exclaiming, “Shoot man, look at ‘em! We nearly fell over when we got here. There was already a bunch of people here. And can you feel the energy! Everyone we've spoken to has been real nice, just beaming like lighthouses as if they already know what is going on. A few I've spoken to have come more than a thousand miles. Can you imagine the collective energy field this will anchor on the planet?” He laughed euphorically adding, “One of the guys who came up and offered to help wanted to know what was happening here today. He said he had no idea, that he just felt like he should come here. He’s been driving all night. Can you believe that? I reckon your right Moira, about the critical mass point. If we're not already there than I reckon this will do it.” He laughed again saying, “I've prepared a space in a hollow at the back of the platform. We're due to start in about an hour, so we'll have time for a cuppa and a meditate. Nikail, Siemila, Chehill and Droon are here as well,” he said mentioning the names of the four original Nehad members. “Bazza and Lily have just gone to settle their kids with Billy.”

He lead them over to where he had mentioned and they sat around the fire sipping their coffee, all deep in thought. She hadn't been sure if the four Nehad's were going to come or



not. She knew they weren't very comfortable around what they called foreigners. It was a big step for them and she appreciated their courage. To her surprise she felt very calm. She thought she would be nervous, especially with so many people, and she hadn't really prepared a formal speech, jotting down only a few key points in case she had a fit of nerves. She had decided to trust that she would say the right thing, wanting to speak from her soul, not her lower concrete mind, amazed at how far the tongue tied curt Moira of the past had come. She looked over at Frank and felt a wave of love for him, thinking how much he had supported her, in those dark moments of frustration and despair. How he'd kept believing in her no matter how far out her suggestions had seemed at times. She realised that that's what soul mates did for each other and that they were a team, adding energy to a united purpose.

Whitey called them to begin meditation and she felt that familiar rush of energy as they began to link. After about forty minutes they all got up silently and climbed on to the platform, Frank on one side of her and Whitey on the other, with the rest of their eleven forming a circle facing the crowd, out and to the back from Frank and Whitey. As she stepped up to the microphone the crowd went silent, Moira calm and centred despite the thousands of faces she saw looking up at her. She felt her heart open and somehow she sensed that Mother Rachitt and the mission group were watching.

“Hello and welcome,” she began as she heard the soft oms of her group behind her, their energy supporting her. “It's wonderful to see so many of you here, and I thank you all for your courage. For me this journey began a mere eighteen months ago, and I'd like to say that the fact that I'm standing up here in front of you is a testimony to the power of what I call the love, light and power of the soul being able to heal anyone and give them the courage to speak their truths. The information I am about to share with you today may not be new to some of you. I know that there are many among you who already knew about these things long before I did, and for others, if your soul brought you here then you are ready to hear what I have to say. None of this material is my own. I'm not that clever. It was brought onto this planet a long time ago and developed by people who have much more courage and intelligence that I can claim. Some of those people lost their lives in making sure I got here today and I'd like to start by acknowledging their sacrifice and courage, in the face of years of persecution and ridicule. They were the ones who never gave up, no matter what, and originally taught me a lot of the stuff I'm going to share with you today. But first I'd like to start with a meditation to build our energy, align us and to anchor this vibration on to the planet firmly.”

She lead them in a simple visualisation and linking, and then went on to share what she learnt since she had come to the land. The crowd were still and attentive and Moira could feel their huge collective vibration supporting her and the work they were all doing here

today. She knew it was a collective effort and that every single one of them was important and necessary. Finally she broke for lunch, saying that now everyone had the basics they would try a more advanced meditation after lunch.

As the eleven of them stepped back into the hollow for lunch, she noticed Whitey looking around nervously. Their eyes met but neither said a word, content to take it as it came. She didn't eat, just wanting to sit in Frank's energy and hug him, to absorb the preciousness of being able to just sit beside him.

Back up on stage once again she began to instruct them in meditation, beginning to get them to consciously align and form a group soul. Despite the numbers there wasn't a sound coming from them; all having their eyes closed tightly, intent in their focus. As she looked out at them, she saw a huge cloud of dust rising from the desert and she knew without a doubt that it was the parafearonoids with their army. It seemed at the moment she had realised it so had the rest of the eleven, all opening their eyes, watching the distant approach. She felt herself begin to go to pieces and covering the mike with her hand she turned desperately to Frank and whimpered, "Oh no Frank, they are all going to be killed and it will all be my fault." Her pitch rose to hysteria as she looked out at the silent unaware masses and babbled, "I promised myself that no one else would die because of me!"

With a calmness that surprised her, given that he usually worried about the parafearonoids more than she did, he said, "Love always wins Moira. Always!"

She cut him off, panicked, saying, "But I don't know what to do! How to keep them safe!"

His om sliced across her and as he looked into her eyes she could see his love for her shining out. He omed again and Whitey joined in and then the rest of the eleven. With great effort she joined them and they omed together for a few minutes, and then almost in a daze she saw Frank nod to the microphone and she stepped up to it surprised that she could even speak, let alone that she had anything to say.

She heard her voice as if from afar, telling them to hold their meditative space, no matter what and to hear her calmly. "Light and Love always win," she began, her earlier fear seeming to have evaporated. "If we want to change the world we can only do it by these two mediums. If we fall into a space of fear or violence, we have lost and only serve to make more of the same. There are no accidents or mistakes and all of you are here today because you are ready for the test you are about to undergo. I want you all to begin to make a circuit of energy. Feel yourself linking to every one else who is here." She paused linking herself in and giving them time to complete that.

"Now I want you to reach out to the Great Ones who guide and inspire human evolution and pull their energy in to our circuit. Link yourself to all the beings of love and light who have

been before you and cleared some of the rocks from the path to make your way easier, whose sacrifices have made this meeting possible. Know that you too are also part of that hierarchy and that today you are clearing rocks for those who were too fearful to come here today, who follow along behind you. You are the pioneers of your own generation, and that your courage and ability to be true to your own soul can change your world. In a moment I am going to tell you to begin to om continuously, staying linked as a circuit, no matter what happens.”

She took a deep breath and said, “Now I know this may be hard and I want you to start oming the minute I stop speaking, but I have to tell you that I can see a large group of parafearonoid troops coming across the desert. You need to remember that these people are your brothers and sisters, and that the reason they joined the parafearonoids was because their fear and their need to try and control their world was even greater than ours, and that the meaner people get the more they are hurting inside. If you are able to hold your alignment and you want to turn and face them feel free, but you must hold the circuit and radiate as much love and light to them as you possibly can with every om you sound.” She began to om, knowing the troops would be upon them in a few minutes.

At first, although no one moved, the oms from the crowd were only faint, as if they were in shock, Then suddenly she felt a huge wave of oming coming from behind her, She swivelled her head to see where it was coming from, knowing the wave of energy she felt was far too great to be coming just from the eleven. She felt a rush of absolute joy as she looked up at the cliff tops behind her and saw thousands of Nehad's standing to attention oming in unison. She looked at Frank, tears streaming down her face and saw him break his oms to mouth ‘I love you’ and then they turned together to watch the arrival of the parafearonoids.

About half of the crowd, their oms now loud and confident had risen to their feet and also turned to watch their arrival. From about a hundred yards away she saw them begin to mount their charge.

The pitch of the oms seeming to increase by itself as they got closer. Then without warning they seemed to falter, hesitating about fifty yards back. She could see a man who appeared to be their leader, waving his arms around shouting orders, angrily urging them on. Then with a sigh of relief she saw one of them drop his weapon and begin to walk towards the crowd, his mouth forming an om. As he broke ranks, another followed, and then another and another, until there was a mass exodus as the soldiers joined the crowd and began to om. She felt joy start to erupt in the group, but they held their oms steady. A few turned and ran the other way, dropping their weapons as they went. Until finally there was only the commander left yelling abusively at his deserted troops.

She watched as he pushed angrily towards the front. When he was about twenty yards away she saw his eyes and realised that they reminded her of the big jackal's eyes in the tunnel. Before she could act, he pulled out a pistol and fired it at her. Everything seemed in slow motion as she watched the projectile come towards her. She heard Frank's shout and stunned, watched as he dived in front of her taking the bullet in his chest. She reeled back in shock, suddenly feeling as if she was being sucked backwards. She saw Whitey throw the microphone to Sal, who urged the people to keep coming, as a few of the men wrestled the commander to the ground and took his weapons. Whitey was leaning over Frank and she saw him look up at her and shake his head. She tried to scream but no sound came out, a huge rushing flapping sound filling her ears, and she felt her self begin to vanish, as if she was being sucked into a tunnel.

Whitey looked at up at her, watching her go, his heart filled with love, understanding what was happening and hoping her children were waiting, and then tears in his eyes he looked down at Frank.

At least he died with a smile on his face he thought, looking down at Frank and feeling his heart break.

“Bravely sketched my brother” he heard himself say as he picked up his body and cradled it in his arms. Then to his amazement he heard a rushing flapping sound, and to his surprise Franks body began to disappear. For a moment he was dumb struck and then with a loud hoot he realised what had happened. He'd gone with Moira. At that thought, he heard the distant echo of Frank's laughter, and he knew that indeed love does always win. He looked up at the sky and said a simple ‘thank you’, and then walked over to Sal, and putting his arm around her reached for the microphone. There was work to be done, he thought as he hugged her close.

## REFERENCES AND ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

### **Alice A. Bailey**

There are some thirty volumes of work written by Bailey, which provide detailed information about what is referred to as The Ageless Wisdom. I have listed the ones that I used specifically for this book, however there will be other information from them which is not referenced which came to me from them via The Esoteric Sciences and Creative Education Foundation as a result of my master's degree studies with them.

Esoteric Healing, 1953. - this contains information about death, the chakras, methods for healing, the laws and rules for healers, diseases, the glands and nervous system, karma, and energy transfers between centres.

Esoteric Psychology, vol. 1, 1936. - this contains information about the kingdoms and the rays, sex, the bodies, human evolution and the development of the human soul and it's place in the cosmos.

Esoteric Psychology, vol. 2, 1942. - information about the rays, the laws of the soul, integration of the personality and soul personality integration. It also contains the passages from The Old Commentaries for soul fusion, personality integration and the law of repulse as well as other formulas. It has information on the diseases of disciples and mystics and the world situation today.

A Treatise on White Magic, 1951. This is the 'rules of the road' and a good place to start.

Discipleship in the New Age, vol. 1, 1944. The two books on discipleship (Vol. 1 & 2 ) were the teachings given by the Master D.K to help them evolve via Alice Bailey. They contain letters from the group chosen and questions Master D.K. answered personally for them on their development, meditation and the rays among many other things.

Discipleship in the New Age, vol. 2, 1955.

Esoteric Astrology, 1951. Explains esoteric astrology. Reading Alan Oken's books first is often a good introduction to Esoteric Astrology.

A Treatise on Cosmic Fire, 1962. This is a book on the cosmos and our place in it. Mostly I use it as a reference book as it is extremely complex.

Initiation Human and Solar, 1922.

The Rays and Initiation. This book contains the 14 rules for group initiations and talks about the rays and various initiations.

All these books are published by the Lucas Publishing Company, New York. Their Australian distributors are Sydney Goodwill, Caringbah.

## **Others**

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Robbins, M.D. 'Tapestry of the Gods, vol. 1, The University of the Seven Rays Publishing House, 1988.

Robbins, M.D. 'Tapestry of the Gods, vol. 2, The University of the Seven Rays Publishing House, 1988. These 2 books go through the rays as they apply to people, describing all the various soul personality combinations, how they would behave and what other difficulties these combinations are likely to encounter. They are invaluable for studying the rays and their practical application and understanding.

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Schlesscher, 'Handbook of Bio - Chemic Tissue Salts' pub by Martin and Pleasant, Melbourne, Australia.

## **Esoteric Sciences and Creative Education Foundation**

This university is the sister organisation of the University of the Seven Rays in the USA. It provides degree, masters degree, and Ph.D programs in a range of fields, by external study with several residential study intensives during the courses. Much of the information in this book has come via my two lecturers, Eila Laurikainen and Aggie Lim, from my studies in Esoteric Psychology for my masters degree. A prospectus is available, as well as regular news letters detailing tapes and books for sale, both short and long courses available as well as regular meetings and meditations. The university can be contacted by writing to E.S.C.E.F. at 49 AVENUE RD, CUMBERLAND PARK,S.A. 5041 .

## **Meditations**

With the exception of the meditation on page 35 on the beach, all other meditations in this book, are copyrighted by Eila Laurikainen. Eila is a therapist, and esoteric astrologer, as well as the director of E.S.C.E.F.

She can be contacted for further information on these meditations through E.S.C.E.F.

The meditation on page thirty five is an adaptation of a meditation of Ferrucci's taken from his book 'What We May Be.'

## **P.I.P or Personal Identity Profiles.**

These were established by Dr Michael Robins along with some of the faculty members of The University of the Seven Rays. They are a detailed questionnaire and indicate the percentages of each ray in the persons make up. They are available through E.S.C.E.F. in Australia.

## **One hundredth monkey syndrome?**

The River and the Rope - page 37 - came from Katerina - I am still trying to find author.