



The 2012 Chronicles

Volume 2 Myca's Quest

Linn Vermilion Smith

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The 2012 Chronicles: Volume 2 - Myca's Quest

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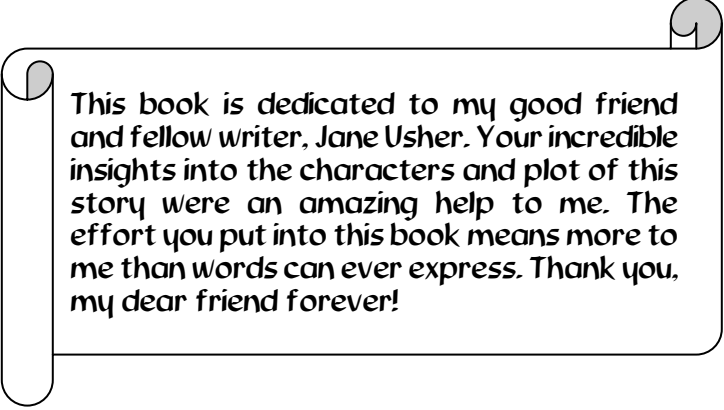
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This book is dedicated to my good friend and fellow writer, Jane Usher. Your incredible insights into the characters and plot of this story were an amazing help to me. The effort you put into this book means more to me than words can ever express. Thank you, my dear friend forever!

A Word from the Author

I have received many notes and emails from readers of the first book in this series, *To the One World*. I would like to thank you all for your interest and say a few words here about two of your most popular queries: 2012 and channeling.

What Will Happen in 2012?

What will happen? Will I be safe? There are many so-called experts touting the horrors of the cataclysmic events that are supposed to occur - the end of the world, disaster, destruction, Armageddon. Many people are frightened and confused. This is precisely the challenge facing those of us who work in the light.

First and foremost, I want to say that there are no experts. No one knows exactly what will happen or if anything will happen at all. Many of the world's indigenous cultures and spiritual sages throughout history have predicted that *something* is coming to an end in late 2012. Whether what arises from this ending will be better or worse is the source of much debate. Many theories abound, and more are surfacing daily, but let me repeat, no one knows for certain.

My belief is there are myriad probable outcomes and we have the power to affect what, if anything, will happen. But until a significant percentage of the population moves away from the lower vibrations of fear and panic, we will most certainly wreak havoc with our feelings of despair and actually bring to fruition the very things we fear. The good news is that more and more people are learning to live in a state of joy and happiness, which is the best thing we can do to create the outcomes we desire.

People ask me if what is written in my books is the truth, if these things are really going to happen. I do not know, but I do know that this information has been given to me, not as a predication, but in an effort to get people to think about the possibility that the "Awakening" could very well herald an unprecedented era of peace and harmony here on Earth.

We have always had the ability to affect everything that happens on this planet. As more and more people come to understand how their dominant thoughts and feelings shape our world, we can cause a new world to be realized, born again in this very era, simply by changing the way we think and feel. Heaven can be here on earth.

This is the message I have been given, in the form of an entertaining fantasy series. It is designed to get people to start asking questions about this "higher vibration" stuff, and explore the possibilities of living a more joyful life. This alone will bring about global change.

I, for one, am excited about the changes occurring. I know that how I live my life is positively affecting whatever

occurs on the planet. All over the world millions of individuals are choosing to live a more positive life and are therefore affecting everything else around us. It is a beautiful thing to behold.

Regardless of what may or may not occur in 2012, I have no fear. I personally believe we can create a beautiful new Earth, here and now. Even as the forces of darkness exist, fanning the flames of panic, I will continue to thrive, whether it be here or in another place. My primary and dominant state of mind is love, for myself and for everything and everyone around me

I invite you to pull yourselves out of the fear and see this "end of times" as an ending of a time when we live predominantly in a state of negative emotion. I invite you, instead, to see it as the beginning of a new era of peace, love and well-being for all of humankind, all plants and animals, and for the Earth itself.

About Channeling

Many people have a hard time wrapping themselves around the concept of channeling, a term used to describe the process of receiving messages or information from non-physical beings or spirits. Let me explain where I stand on this. I believe everyone on the planet channels; they just don't recognize it as such. Every daydream, bright new idea, instinctual choice, beautiful piece of music or lovely work of art — all are coming from Source. They are all examples of how we are connected to and inspired by Source Energy, God,

Universal Spirit, Cosmic Intelligence or whatever you choose to call the great Primary Consciousness that started this whole thing.

Some people act upon these messages, but most do not. That is all there is to it. I hear the call of Source and act upon it. Like a composer writes down what inspires him or her, I get the images and actual movies (like a virtual movie theater) for my books and turn them into the written word.

You would be amazed at how many people have come to me since Volume 1 and told me they see little movies in their heads too and thought they were crazy. I tell them all, *write it down, express it!* It is a gift to humanity and it is our privilege to share it with others, as does any artist. Those of you who know me also know that it took some convincing for me to arrive at this open attitude about channeling. Some of my friends call me the “Reluctant Channel.” Whatever!

Are you inspired by daydreams that are so vivid you would swear they are real? They are! They are messages from Source and a gift to you. Just know that everyone has the ability to channel. Some of us act upon those impulses and some of us don't. There is no right or wrong; we all have freedom of choice. I just want you to be aware that it is there for you, should you choose to listen.

Love always, Linn Vermilion Smith

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Introduction

In *To the One World*, Volume 1 of *The 2012 Chronicles*, our Earth, called Dark Planet by the inhabitants of One World, was in turmoil due to a manipulation of the earth's magnetic energy that was causing massive unrest. In late 2012, the Port of Long Beach, California was blown up by terrorists and millions were killed. Rachel, Myca and their friends, along with over a million others, were transported to another planet, physically identical to earth but in many ways very different.

When they arrived on One World, they attended special universities, studying quantum physics, telepathic communication and many other wondrous facets of life on their new world. Filled with extraordinary technology and wisdom, this new world is a planet of ultimate connectedness. On One World, people travel with teleportation, do not age unless they choose to and live in peace and joy in a society that needs no police or court system, has no country distinctions, does not use a monetary system and has only one language.

The people who came to One World discovered that they were all part of a massive cosmic experiment in human

evolution. The two worlds existed simultaneously, as twin planets. But the experiment had gone horribly wrong due to unforeseen multiplication of dark energy. This darkness had enveloped the Earth, taking control of the hearts and minds of most of the population. Thus the Dark Planet was in mass chaos and threatening to destroy itself.

Volume 2 picks up the story nearly three years later, and Dark Planet has become immeasurably worse. Natural disasters, disease, terrorism, civil unrest, fear and hatred permeate the planet. Infrastructure is failing, resulting in no electricity, no commerce and no communication. Food supplies are running out. Many people have escaped into the countryside and are living in secret hideouts, caves and underground shelters. Those left in the cities are fighting for their lives against mobs of rioters and bombings.

But there is one great hope for those on Dark Planet — the master emissaries. These highly skilled and enlightened individuals travel the globe, working to raise the consciousness levels and thus vibrational frequencies of the remaining inhabitants.

It is the time of the Great Awakening. Myca has joined in the quest to awaken the populations on Dark Planet to their divine origins and help them join their brothers and sisters on One World before the Dark Planet ceases to exist.

Chapter One

Myca meandered along the water's edge, stopping to inspect this shell and that. She observed the antics of the sand crabs scurrying across the surface, hanging on when the waves poured over them, then loosening their grip to rush on. The turquoise water gently lapped the short stretch of beach where she strolled at the bottom of the gorge. She glanced up at the Keep, nearly a mile above on a hill overlooking the dense jungle, and smiled at the sight of the impressive structure she had come to know as home.

When she came to a lava rock flow blocking the beach beyond, her feet left the sand and she glided gracefully over the sharp surface to the other side of the outcrop. She found an area next to a stream shaded by fan palms and koa trees, and decided to stop for her picnic. Setting her satchel down, she untied the wrap around her waist and spread it out like a blanket. Kneeling upon it, she opened the bag to remove her lunch of fruit, cheese and crunchy whole grain bread.

While eating, she contemplated her two years at Caledonia's Keep. She was close to the end of her formal training to be a master emissary. Soon she would be taking a brief

vacation to visit her friends "off island," as her associates referred to the rest of the world.

The Keep was nestled in the jagged mountains on the northeast side of the tiny island of Caledonia in the immense Leonean Ocean. Here is where the master emissaries were taught advanced skills to use in their mission to help raise the vibrational frequencies of those left behind on Dark Planet and guide them to One World.

Myca had come to One World with the first group after the Great Awakening in late 2012. For years before that, she had been studying and practicing focused thought and emotion, working to raise her consciousness level. One World, she soon discovered, was a twin planet to Earth. She learned of the cosmic experiment in human evolution which started when these worlds were created, and that all entities involved were given the option of incarnating on one or the other. Dark Planet held enticing contrasts, dark energy to overcome and opportunity for huge spiritual evolution. One World was devoid of those dark energies, a place of peace and harmony, but minus the intriguing drama of tremendous contrast, so technological development was much slower.

Those on Dark Planet whose vibrations had risen to more closely matching One World began incarnating here and sharing the scientific knowledge borne of the extreme contrasts on Dark Planet. This is how One World caught up to Dark Planet technologically, and passed it.

Myca was brought back to the present moment by a pair of crimson Apapane, who flew in and settled in the Koa tree

right above her, chirping their hello. She smiled and broke off a piece of bread, tossing bits for her dining companions to share. When they joined her on her colorful nest, she stretched out on one elbow and stroked them. They seemed more interested in her company than the food.

Her eyes wandered across the deep blue-green ocean, which stretched out to soft cloud puffs dotting the surface on the horizon. She imagined that this same tiny island on Dark Planet, Kauai, had been like this before humankind’s touch had spoiled the pristine and perfect natural habitat.

“Well, my sweet little friends,” she said to the birds, “I wish we could communicate like my friend Rachel does with her animal friends.” Rachel had come to One World in Myca’s group of seven along with Jeremy, Joseph, Reno, Batey and Karen, at the time of the first wave of the Awakening. Over a million had come at that time, those of the highest vibration.

Her transition to One World had been both exciting and challenging. It was a shock to suddenly find herself on a different world, even though she had been preparing for something, knowing that some great transformation was about to happen. The One World masters had discovered the coming events on Dark Planet in the Akashic Records and had begun to prepare for the arrival of the newcomers years before. They had set up universities to educate and integrate the additional population. Their arrival was a day of celebration to the people on One World, so glad to be of help to their brothers and sisters from Dark Planet.

Myca had been chosen early on to become an emissary, part of the elite group of entities who journey to Dark Planet, working to enlighten the population still there, in an effort to help them also make the transition to One World.

The birds hopped closer to her face. “If I could, I would invite you to join today’s ceremony.” The Apapane tilted their heads, squeaked and whistled back to her. “Some of our greatest masters will be speaking. You would love the energy there,” she told them, as she softly ran her fingers over their little heads. When she rose to go to the creek for a drink, they flew to a low-hanging branch and sat watching her.

She filled her cupped hands and brought them to her lips, drinking the sweet water until she quenched her thirst. She was not surprised at the birds’ ease with her presence. After her studies at the Keep, she was well advanced and connected to All That Is. In any case, she had found the creatures on One World to be at ease with humankind since she first arrived here almost three years before. They were not only fearless but quite friendly.

Just then, her study partner, Daniel, appeared in her mind. At first, she looked around for him, feeling his presence. It was still a bit magical to her, this telepathic communication. She chuckled to herself, knowing she had best get used to it because she was, after all, becoming a master.

“Hello Myca,” he thought to her. “Did I catch you by surprise again?”

“Not at all, my friend,” she sent back to him. “I was just finishing my lunch.”

“I just wanted to let you know that they have announced the arrival of the first of our special guests in about an hour.”

“That is exciting news. I will return momentarily. Thank you.”

“Indeed. See you then,” he responded, and his thoughts and presence in her mind faded. She tossed the remains of her meal into the bushes for other animals and shook off her wrap. As she did, the Apapane lifted from their perch and soared to a higher vantage point.

“Suit yourselves,” she told them. “Maybe I will see you there.” She waved her goodbyes and headed upstream, dissolving from sight.

* * * * *

She appeared on the stone veranda overlooking the beach where she’d just eaten her lunch. Several fellow initiates sat at tables, filling the air with the excited buzz of conversation. She did not see Daniel or any of the guest speakers outside, so she passed through the arched doorway into the open-air courtyard. She found Daniel sitting on a ledge next to a shallow pool.

“Hello,” he greeted her. “How was your picnic?”

“Absolutely wonderful, as usual. I will never get over the beauty and serenity of this exquisite island.”

“It is extraordinary, I agree, and how fortunate that this will always be home to us.”

“Ah yes, the students become the teachers. I look forward to the time when my first students arrive, eyes wide with anticipation and determination, just as mine were,” she contemplated.

He nodded and placed his hand on her arm. Touching his finger to his lips, he pointed across the courtyard. A dark-skinned man in a shimmering white robe tied at the waist with a brown sash moved slowly among the flowers, touching them and speaking softly into their outstretched blossoms. A man and a woman accompanied him.

Myca gasped, and then threw her hand over her mouth to quiet her outburst. “Yeshua ben Joseph! I would know him anywhere,” she whispered into Daniel’s ear. When she turned back to watch, Yeshua was looking at her, smiling. He nodded and waved as she smiled back. Then he turned into a corridor, his two associates following closely.

“Oh my gosh, that took my breath away! I have heard so much about him and spent hours watching his lectures in the library holograms. To finally see him in person is so amazing!”

“You forget yourself, Myca,” replied Daniel. “You are an emissary initiate. After tonight’s commencement, you will be a master emissary. Soon you will be making the journey to Dark Planet, doing the very same work that he has been doing.”

Myca took a deep breath, calming her school-girl enthusiasm, and responded, “Sorry. It is a challenge to get past the reputation of some of these great masters, and what an

honor for them to come to share with us on this occasion. And you,” she teased, “are probably just as excited to meet them as I am, right?”

He sheepishly looked at his sandals. “Yes, although maybe not as much as you. That very enthusiasm is one of the qualities that will make you a superb emissary.”

“Thank you, Daniel. I know I am qualified and I am very passionate about the work we will be doing, but I have to say I am relieved that we will be partnered with experienced master emissaries for our first trips. Do you know who was with him?”

“I do not, but perhaps we will see them later. As far as you being a bit star-struck by your first encounter with the entity many revere as the greatest master of all, it’s okay to give yourself time to get used to your position and those we work with. Before long, you and I will be master emissaries, leading initiates on their first passage to Dark Planet. We...” He was interrupted by the tower bell, signaling that the gathering would soon commence.

They made their way through the courtyard and entered the corridor leading to the forum, a spacious area lined with potted palms and tropical flowers. Large pillows provided the seating arrangements. She and Daniel helped themselves to beverages from the refreshments table and positioned themselves on front and center pillows.

Several teachers entered the room and took seats among the students. Almost everyone was well in place when the bell rang again, the room electric with anticipation. The first

to enter was Master Director Jenson. He stepped onto the low dais and made his way toward the grouping of cream-colored settees known as the speakers' couches. He held up his hand and a hush fell over the room.

“Initiates, masters, welcome. You have studied well and we are so proud of you all. Today, this commencement ceremony, marking the completion of your schooling, enables you to join the ranks of the master emissaries. We are honored upon this celebratory day with the presence of six of our greatest emissaries, all masters with considerable experience to share with us. Each will speak and answer questions. Use this time wisely. They have much to offer and are as delighted to be here as we are to have them.”

He waved to the hallway and they began to enter — four men, one woman and one androgynous¹, all dressed in the traditional garb of emissaries on One World, a white hooded robe with a brown sash. The six made their way across the room and took their places on either side of Master Jenson. “May I present,” Jenson announced, “Buddha Shakyamuni, Yeshua ben Joseph, Akka Mahadevi.” He waved to the three masters to his left. Turning to his right, he waved again. “Martin Luther King, Deladono and Muhammad.”

The audience put their palms together in reverence, and the masters took their seats on the low couches. There was

¹ An entity that expresses neither male or female gender.

utter silence in the room as all present took a moment to connect. Then the Buddha began to speak.

“We have come a long way to be with you here at our home, Caledonia’s Keep. This space is precious to me, as is this island. It pleases me to be here on your special day. I am privileged to be among so many budding master emissaries. All of you have incredible gifts to share with our collective consciousness and we are eternally grateful. With every group, we advance great strides. Already we have prodigious abilities, both on One World and upon Dark Planet. Adding your talents will allow us to influence humankind as never before.

“I have been traversing the area known as Sri Lanka, which is in very low vibration. It is my charge to work among those entities to help them develop a spark of hope. There is much confusion. Many of them believe the world is ending. We know we have less than a hundred years to help them evolve to a frequency that more closely matches One World before Dark Planet ceases to exist.

“The planet’s frequency is twice what it was five years ago and is rising rapidly. Many humans of lower vibration in Sri Lanka have crawled into caves and dugouts to survive. Interestingly, the animals on Dark Planet are thriving in this uncertain environment. It is no surprise, given that their normal frequency is much higher than most of the humans on the planet. The wild beasts are more docile and relaxed than ever before. The domesticated animals went through a

period of intense stress, but as time passed they returned to their natural state.

“I often pass among the population as an animal, a butterfly or a bird, to gauge the social consciousness of an area before approaching them as a teacher.”

He paused for a sip of water and continued his story. “I approach them, one hole in the ground at a time. They are usually hungry and thirsty, dominated by their lowest seal² in survival mode. I take the likeness of an acquaintance, perhaps a former neighbor or coworker, and enter with hands outstretched, bearing food and water. Once they recognize me as their friend and realize that I did not come empty handed, they are usually happy to see me.

“While they satisfy their hunger and thirst, I seat myself as they are seated, matching their body language. I mirror them and send them the highest of loving vibrations. They invariably start asking questions about the rest of the world. This is when I can begin to plant within them the seeds of hope for something better.

“I speak of love and trust. I tell them of a place where everyone lives in peace and harmony, a place where many people have gone and where they too can go. I often see a spark in someone’s eyes, hope arising.

“After I have shared with them, I always invite them to join me on my journey and promise them safety and a better

² Also called chakras — energy centers within the body.

life than their hole in the ground. I then take my leave, but often at least one follows. Those who do almost always progress in their studies and observation to a much higher level and eventually make the passage here. It is most rewarding to watch a group of twenty or thirty just dissolve before my eyes as they transition to One World. It always brings me tears of joy.”

He paused and asked, “Are there any questions?”

Myca’s hand shot up. He nodded to her. “Yes Myca?” She was not totally surprised that he knew her name, because of their telepathic connection, but her eyebrows went up nonetheless.

“Master, how long does it typically take for them to become enlightened?”

He grinned. “Ah, my dear, enlightenment is a journey, not a destination.” The whole room laughed at his joke, including Myca. “I believe you are asking about the amount of time between hiding in a hole in the ground to transitioning to One World, yes? These people are of very low vibration, living in absolute terror. The time varies, based upon many factors: their desire for change, their dedication to doing the work required, their trust level and their environment before the Awakening began. I cannot give you a definitive answer. One person might pass over in two weeks, another in two months.”

“Thank you,” Myca responded. “How many have you seen make the passage?”

He smiled thoughtfully, eyes shining. “In the last ten years I have been helpful to that end for over a hundred thousand entities. For that I am most appreciative.”

“As are we,” she replied, noting that many of her colleagues were nodding in agreement.

Another hand went up. It was Petra, an initiate who had come from the Slavic region of Dark Planet. “You said ten years. Did you work with some of us who came here during the first wave?”

“My dear Petra,” he answered, “I have been doing these works for thousands of years. It is only at this pivotal point in history that we have been experiencing the mass transitions to One World, as the Council planned. We prefer that the individual make these vibrational shifts and pass over to One World, bodies and memories intact, than to die in this present incarnation and enter the non-physical realm at Sabbatical.³ And to answer your question, yes. I did work with some of you who came with the first transition.”

“Thank you Master Buddha.” She bowed slightly in respect.

“You are most welcome, Master Petra. And now, we have many speakers today so I would like to relinquish the spotlight to our next presenter. I am so delighted to share this day with you and welcome you into our family of emissaries.

³ A special holding area, a place of contemplation and learning, created for entities on Dark Planet who die during the Awakening.

“I will be here for two days and would be pleased to commune with any of you individually, especially with those of you who will be working with entities upon Dark Planet who are at lower vibrational frequencies. I can share with you my techniques. Believe me, you will want to know them all.”

The audience thanked him, honoring him with deep bows of their heads. Suddenly, a gentle presence in Myca’s mind spoke, causing the hair on her arms to stand on end and goosebumps to well up all over her body.

“We could communicate easily this way, with our minds, should we so choose. It is a necessary skill in our work and we are all adept. However, I find it much more delicious to speak aloud for the musical sound upon our ears.”

Looking around, Myca sensed that everyone in the room had experienced this same powerful presence in their minds.

“Don’t you agree?” said Yeshua ben Joseph, raising his glass for a toast. He was joined by the entire room. “To our amazing new master emissaries. We offer congratulations upon the completion of your studies. We bless your talents and dedication. You shall help transform the human-gods upon Dark Planet.” Everyone tipped their glasses and drank.

Chapter Two

Yeshua began, “All of you know me, as I know you. I am privileged to be here in person to share some of my latest observations of Dark Planet.

“I am working mainly in the area known to you as the United States. As you know, when the first bomb killed millions in southern California, the infrastructure of the country began to crumble. Millions tried to flee to the neighboring countries, Mexico and Canada, but the borders were soon closed, making crossing difficult and dangerous. It was not long before more of these bombs went off in metropolitan areas worldwide. Whole populations felt that no one was safe where they were, but there was no place to run. Soon the entire planet was spiraling into deeper darkness and despair.

“On the positive side, as we manipulate the planet’s magnetic frequency in our efforts to awaken people, those of higher frequency continue to vibrate faster and higher until they are a close match to the frequency here on One World. Many are making the transition every day.”

Myca was remembering her university course, *The Evolution of Dark Planet*, where she first heard that the two pla-

nets were an experiment in evolution. She had been startled by this revelation, but understood that as a divine entity, she herself had chosen to be a part of it, although she did not remember doing so until she attended the class and the veil was lifted.

On Dark Planet, almost no one had any conscious awareness of this. They were all so wrapped up in the intoxicating extremes of the contrasting experiences that dark energy allowed for, they had forgotten their divine origins, their connection to Source and the choice they made to incarnate there in the first place. In time, the dark energy became so pervasive that the planet itself, the living entity, could no longer tolerate it — and made the decision to destroy itself.

Yeshua's words brought her back from her reverie. "Those of lower vibration are quite distressed, thus the worldwide hostility. The dark energy is controlling the hearts and minds of the basest of the people there. I know you have all studied this and even seen some of it in the remote views. However, until you experience it firsthand, you cannot fathom the complete scope of what is happening there."

Closing his eyes, he breathed deeply and stretched his neck back and forth. After a moment, he continued. "As I stated, I have been visiting the United States area, and the entities I work with are vibrating higher, for the most part, than those that our esteemed colleague has been teaching in Sri Lanka." He motioned to Buddha, who nodded in agreement.

“The entities I work with are living primarily in their third seal and above. They are usually leaders in their small groups, hopeful and looking for solutions to help their followers. Many have led their small bands into rural and mountainous areas, where they have established sheltered hiding places. Groups of two to ten, typically, are sharing caves or makeshift underground domiciles. It is very primitive but safer than in the urban areas, where rioting, burning and murder prevail.

“Sometimes they take up residence near other groups, with several ‘families’ living within a short distance of each other, working together for protection and food gathering. It becomes a clandestine township of sorts.

“I move among them and speak. At first, I capture their attention easily with what they consider to be ‘miracles,’ and then help them to remember who they are, a spark of the divine. I teach those who want to learn how to do these same miracles. When one among them begins to catch on, the believability factor goes way up and it takes on a ripple effect. They become as sponges, learning rapidly to connect with All That Is, and soon vibrate right off the planet.”

He looked around the room and spoke directly to an initiate in the third row. “Yes indeed, you could call it trickery, Andrew. We have not much time and we will use every so-called trick in the book to wake them up. How often in my last time upon Dark Planet did I tell them, ‘You are all gods’ and still they allowed my words to be distorted by those who

would control them, who in turn were controlled by dark energy.

“This time, they must be deliberately led, however we might, to discover for themselves the power within them and thus realize their own divinity. It is like driving a wedge into a small crack in a dam. As the wedge goes in further, the dam splits and the flood pours out. So it is with their awareness. It floods over them and they wake up. It is a precious thing to behold.”

Andrew asked him, “Could we not just give it to them telepathically?”

“In order for them to own it enough to raise their consciousness level, they must discover it themselves so that it becomes wisdom within them. We can capture their attention by flying through the air or walking upon the water, but then we must teach them that the power to do these things is also within them, because they are divine entities. To paraphrase my own words... All these things that I do, you can do more. The big difference now is that they are listening and believing because they are hungry for knowledge and they know that something historic is happening. Their world has been turned upside-down and they are looking for answers.”

Mark, one of the oldest within this assembly of initiates, raised his hand.

“Greetings, Mark. I see that you have chosen to retain your age. It does give you a certain ‘fatherly’ look,” Yeshua commented with a smile.

“Thank you. In doing these miracles, as you say, do we not run the risk of being worshipped as deities?”

Yeshua contemplated the question, brow furrowed. “Indeed, it could happen as it did before. However, one must remember that hundreds of years passed on Dark Planet in the creation of that colossal imprecision. My true followers in that time knew the purity of my teachings and knew who they were. Two of them are with us now.” He motioned to the rear of the forum, and the two companions that Myca and Daniel had seen with him earlier rose from their cushions. “Mary and Judas, my dear friends, knew the truth of what I taught over two thousand years ago on Dark Planet.”

Mary acknowledged, “So it is as you say, Master Yeshua. I always recognized the divine within all of us, as you so clearly taught.”

Judas added, “Many of us, hundreds at the time of your last life upon that planet, understood these truths. But the teachings were distorted by others wanting to control the masses. The truth, however, survived. Even today, it is available to them should they desire to hear it, as all of you did.”

“I would also add that it comes in many forms,” Mary continued. “There is not a singular path to the truth. Over the history of humankind upon Dark Planet, many have offered the same teachings. It is, however, interesting to note that most of the time, once the messenger had imparted the truth, it became distorted by men and women seeking power.”

“Thank you, masters,” Yeshua said. “Two of my best students and friends, who are also two of my greatest teachers.” He paused and bowed his head.

He then spoke slowly and deliberately. “I do not allow them to follow me around in throngs, as before. My works, at this time, are specifically with entities of a higher vibration, who do not need to be near me at all times to practice the disciplines required to actively raise their dominant frequency. The world is no longer as primitive as it was. At the time of this Awakening, it is technologically advanced. With the availability of thousands of books on personal empowerment and widespread use of the internet, people have moved far from the simple life that existed there so many years ago. Most people are not searching for someone to worship, they are searching for truth. It is our mission to provide that truth.”

“Thank you, I will remember that!” Mark responded. “One more question, please. Do they know you, as you teach? Do they realize it is the Christ consciousness known as Jesus who addresses them?”

Yeshua threw back his head and laughed heartily. “They most certainly do not. I appear to them in many forms. To make known to them who I am, I run the risk of having them worship me. Our goal here is to help them discover the Christ consciousness within themselves, which is precisely what will enable them to transition to One World. And, were I to simply announce myself, there are definitely those among them who would renounce me as the devil. This is, of course,

ludicrous, because the devil exists only in the minds of humans. I have been visiting Dark Planet for centuries, imparting my true teachings to those who would hear. I seldom announced myself and will not do so now either.

“Many of our greatest sages have also been visiting regularly. We have kept this pure knowledge alive within the population, waiting for this time. When it became known that the planet intended to destroy itself, we began taking steps to ensure the continued existence of all the entities who are reincarnating upon that planet. We do not change history, we enhance it. You also will do so, as you deem necessary, in your travels on Dark Planet.

“We are at an important juncture. The end of time on Dark Planet is drawing close. And now,” he added, as the director fidgeted, “it appears the Master Director is announcing a break for sustenance. I would be delighted to meet with any of you individually during my time here. We are complete.”

* * * * *

Myca was one of the first on her pillow as the room began to fill after the dinner break. It had been a stellar session. She knew she particularly wanted to spend time alone with Yeshua and Deladono, who were both working with entities on about the same vibrational frequency as she would be coaching.

The final speaker was Muhammad⁴ and she was eager to hear of his experiences. None of these notable masters were visiting the same geographic locations on Dark Planet where they had lived during their last incarnation. She was curious to find out where he was working and with whom.

The bell sounded again, and everyone was in their seats and ready to go. “Our time today has been most productive,” the Master Director announced. “The final speaker will be Muhammad.” He nodded toward the distinguished speaker, who nodded in return and began.

“My journeys to Dark Planet during this time take me to the British Islands.” He spoke in a deep voice that filled the room with an energy that sang to Myca’s senses.

“I am working with those entities living predominantly in their second seal. The people in this area are living in the countryside, like much of the population all over the world, for their protection. They are skeptical and not open to intruders in their familial groups. But most of the time I am able to ensconce myself within their fireside discussions with gifts of food.

“Talk of who is at fault for the state of the world usually dominates the conversation. I do not attempt to lead the topic elsewhere until I have sufficiently gained their trust. Until then, I listen and emanate positive thoughts and vibrations. Some cannot bear it and move away, not understand-

⁴ Muhammad is an ancient spelling of the Muslim leader, Mohammed

ing why they are uncomfortable in my presence. Some, however, are overcome with curiosity and are compelled to draw closer. They want to know how I am so peaceful in the face of world calamity.

“I share words of encouragement to all who will listen. I tell them of tolerance and love for all humankind. I ask them to look for the best in everyone and every situation. As they soften to my words, I connect with them at a profound level. Most of these entities have never experienced divine love and it is intoxicating to them.

“And so they ask for more. Little by little, I am able to restore a sense of peace within them. I instill the idea that any emotions that feel better than the hopelessness and panic they have been experiencing are worth pursuing.

“Unlike my friend Yeshua, I do not use miracles, although I never visit a fireside circle in the same form. I come in the night as a humble traveler and flood them with love. After an evening with them, I take my leave and move on to another location. A few weeks later, I revisit the same familial band at their campfire, but in a different physical form. They usually accept this new stranger more warmly than they did the first one, and I can see that they are progressing. I impart more tidbits of wisdom, which they eagerly devour.

“By the time I have made my third appearance in a small group, they have significantly shifted to a higher vibration and it is time for a candid discussion about One World. I tell them what has happened and how. I also tell them they have

it within them to make the same passage.” He paused to take a sip from his glass.

Myca took the opportunity to ask a question. “Do they believe you?”

His dark eyes penetrated her. “Many want to believe. They want it so desperately that they will work toward it. That is all that is required, as you know, Myca. The very act of consciously choosing to reach for better thoughts and feelings will take them there. As they experience some relief, it picks up momentum. It also spreads among the group as the others witness the changes in their comrades.

“We all use our strongest skills to affect the same outcome. Mine is love. I love them so fully they cannot help but be moved by it.”

Many hands went up as they moved into the question and answer segment, but Myca was deep in thought at the endless possibilities. She intended to use any and all techniques available to her. She also knew she would pick the brain of this amazing master, Muhammad.

Chapter Three

As Peter and his motley band of refugees hugged the ground on the cliff above Laguna Canyon, they shivered in fear at the scene below them. A mass of insects blanketed the valley, devouring everything organic in its path. Peter held his arm around Tish's trembling body and comforted her as best he could, wiping tears from her face and kissing her forehead. Some of the others were crying as well. An occasional sob escaped, quickly followed by a hand covering their mouths in an effort to stifle the sound.

Marlene, a newcomer to the group, spoke in hushed tones. "What are they? Can they hurt us?"

Peter whispered back, "I don't know what they are, but I saw something like this devour a dog a few weeks ago on one of my scouting trips, and I don't want to find out what they might do to us."

Her eyes widened in terror. As she turned to look again, she screamed and pointed.

"Oh no!" yelled Frank, the oldest among them. "They know we are here." The hoard of insects had risen and was seething up the side of the cliff toward them.

“Run!” commanded Peter, and they all made a mad dash for their cover, a fall-out shelter nearly a hundred yards away. Peter was the first to reach the hatch and flung it open. He helped the others quickly inside. “Hurry, hurry,” he hollered, as everyone quickly flew into the hole, disregarding the ladder and diving inside, tumbling in a heap at the bottom.

As he stepped onto the ladder and grabbed the handle, he caught sight of the black cloud swarming over the ridge. He pulled the cover down, latched it and descended the steps. “Is everyone okay?” he asked.

There were seven in all, sharing a tiny space designed for no more than six. The fall-out shelter was all that remained where a large home had once stood. Now, only shattered glass and cold ashes lay on the foundation. The shelter was a series of three underground tanks, connected with narrow hallways. One tank housed six bunks and a tiny bathroom, which contained a toilet-shower combination and a small sink. Another tank held supplies — food, clothing, first-aid kit, two-way radio, survival gear — and a tiny galley. The last tank was a common living area with couches and shelves loaded with books and games. They were unsure as to the source of the water and air but assumed that other supporting tanks were buried nearby.

Peter and his companion, Tish, discovered the shelter as they fled the riots in Laguna Beach months before. Peter had found Tish under a porch, where he crawled to hide from some nasty looking thugs. She was curled up against the

back wall in a fetal position. Her clothes were filthy and her hair was matted and greasy. She was startled by his appearance in her hiding place, and he quickly put his finger up to his lips to ensure her silence as the feet of the marauders passed by.

He waited until their voices drifted off and then he gently touched her arm and pointed. "We need to go. It's not safe here. They're burning the houses," he said.

She whimpered, but slowly moved into a crawling position and followed him as he emerged from under the porch. "I am going to higher ground. I do not know where it is safe, but at least I'll be able to see anyone coming from a distance. Will you go with me?" he asked her. She nodded, turning frightened eyes to the distant screaming and smoke-filled sky.

"What is your name? Mine is Peter."

She opened her mouth to speak but nothing came out. Coughing, she cleared her throat, and croaked, "Tish. My name is Tish."

The pair stumbled upon the underground shelter and took refuge, thrilled at their discovery. Beds, food and water were welcome comforts, as was an impenetrable hatch. They depended upon one another and often fell asleep in the comfort of each other's arms. They felt safe together in their little shelter and, despite the ten-year age difference, fell in love in the weeks that followed.

As the time passed, the rest of the members of the small band of survivors hiding in this haven had wandered by as

they escaped the chaos in the nearby towns. Frank and Sherry came northeast from Dana Point and were sitting near the hatch when Peter opened it one morning. "Please sir, my wife and I are hungry and thirsty. Do you have food and water? We have not eaten in days," Frank pleaded. When Sherry turned her sad eyes toward him, Peter could not help but invite them inside. They ate beef jerky and crackers, quenched their thirst and promptly went to sleep for two days.

Dawn found her way to the group from South Laguna three weeks later. The following day, they found a seven-year-old boy sitting in the heap of rubble where an outbuilding had been. His eyes were glassy and he was in shock. When Tish led him inside, Dawn immediately recognized him as Jackie, the child of a neighbor. After a few days, with Dawn's nurturing and a safe environment, he was physically well, more relaxed and joining in conversations with the group. He stuck close to Dawn, feeling most comfortable with a familiar face.

The little family unit decided they could take no one else into the space. There was simply no more room. They had no idea how long the food and water would last and knew that one day they would be forced to leave, but for now they were safe.

Often, they heard banging on the hatch. Afterward, they kept quiet and did not go outside for days in fear of what might be waiting. Eventually, Peter would venture topside for his scouting missions. He was gathering anything he could

find — food, clothing, information. Frank stayed behind to watch over the family in Peter's absence.

About three weeks after Jackie showed up, Peter was returning from one of his missions when he came upon Marlene in the ravine near their underground home. She was unconscious, bruised and bleeding. He felt for a pulse, and it was weak but she was alive.

"Damn," he said under his breath, knowing if he left her she would surely die, but also knowing she would seriously crowd their already cramped space.

He lifted her into his arms and carried her limp body, laying her down gently when he reached the hatch. "Frank, give me a hand here," he hollered, opening the hatch and slowly lowering her down, feet first, to Frank's waiting arms.

"We don't have room for another," Sherry cried as Frank and Peter laid her on a bunk.

"I could not just leave her to die. It looks as though she's been beaten. I have no idea of the horror she's been through, but she survived and made it into my path. I couldn't just ignore her." He got a wet towel and the first-aid kit and began tending to her cuts. Tish took over for him, adding, "She can have my bunk, I'll sleep with Peter."

And so the family unit was completed. Marlene, the newest member, was from San Juan Capistrano. She had been hiding in her apartment when the rioters set the building on fire. They attacked her as she fled the flames. After beating her into unconsciousness, they left her for dead and moved on. When she came to, she managed to crawl and stumble

fifteen miles over hills and through underbrush before collapsing where Peter found her.

“Is everyone okay?” Peter took a head count as he slammed the lid on the rapidly approaching hoard of insects. “Yes, seven here. Good!” They all plopped down after their near escape, gasping for breath.

“That was scary, Dawn,” Jackie whimpered. “I don’t want to go out there any more.”

Dawn put her arm around him but said nothing. The horrific scene had profoundly affected them all, and they were faced with the awful truth of their situation again. Yes, they were safe for the moment, but sooner or later the food and water would be gone.

Later that night, Peter and Tish snuggled on their bunk. Her breathing slowed into the steady, deep rhythm of sleep, but he did not join her in slumber. His mind was racing. Small earthquakes had begun rocking the area and he suspected that inevitably, a larger one was on the way and the whole coast could end up in the ocean. They were safe underground during the frequent and violent windstorms. Massive waves pounding the coastline had not yet reached a velocity to overtake the hill where their shelter lay, but Peter knew they would eventually need to move inland for safety’s sake.

For now, they hunkered down in their sanctuary and passed the time reading the books in their library, not knowing that this pastime was precisely what would save them when they needed it most.

Peter's final thoughts before drifting off were of Rachel. He hoped that somewhere his big sister was alive and safe. A whisper crossed his lips at his last waking moment, “I miss you so much, Rachel.”

Chapter Four

Myca appeared on the white sandy beach in front of Rachel's home in time to take a short walk before their scheduled lunch. This was her second visit to the rustic dwelling provided to Rachel at the completion of her studies at the university, and Myca particularly enjoyed the area. The palms that lined the beach and the thick tropical blooms touched her to the core. As she slowly made her way north, the smell of the salt water and plumeria blended into a sweet fragrance that invited her to pause, close her eyes and breathe it deeply in.

"Hey there stranger, lunch is almost ready." Rachel's voice carried across the isolated beach. Myca looked back to the porch to see Rachel waving her over. She laughed and ran toward her friend, who hurried down the steps to meet her. They threw their arms around each other and hugged for a few moments.

"I have missed you so much," Rachel said softly.

"Me too, Rach." Myca pulled back and looked at Rachel closely. "You look radiant. What have you been up to?"

“Let’s talk over lunch, sweetie,” she responded, taking Myca’s hand to lead her up the steps onto the veranda. Rachel had prepared a sumptuous spread. The round teak table was set for two with brightly painted dinnerware and a luscious looking salad.

“Have a seat,” Rachel directed, and poured them each a glass of iced tea from the pitcher on the side table. “You look great too, Myca. I can’t believe it’s been a year since your last visit.”

“I know. I have been so engrossed in my studies that the time has flown by for me, but now that I see you and this magnificent place again, it reminds me of how much I miss you.” She tore off a chunk of bread. “How is your work going?”

“Fabulous!” Rachel replied. The two served up their salads and ate while they caught up. “This place is perfect for me. I knew it would be when I first moved in, but living here has meant even more to me than I could have comprehended. The wild creatures have become my family and they teach me more every day. Of course, it is still necessary for me to travel some. However, this place is more than just a peaceful domicile to which I return. It is my school.”

Rachel’s occupation as one of only sixteen animal interpreters on One World kept her very busy and demanded her attention worldwide. Now that millions more had made the passage from Dark Planet, nine more animal interpreters were in training. Rachel helped by taking her turn and individually coached each of them monthly, teaching them her

particular skills. Each animal interpreter assisted in this manner, so all learned from each other and their collective consciousness grew in the process.

“I am on the brink of formulating the exact process used among my animal friends to connect with each other telepathically. A formula can be duplicated. It is completely vibrational in nature. Tapping into that exact vibration could not only allow other people to communicate with them as I do, it could also lead to the formula that they use for their deep connection with All That Is. This is what I have been searching for from the start of my work here.”

She beamed with enthusiasm and Myca smiled back. “I can see that this excites you. I am so happy for you, and that you love your work. How soon before you have this formula?”

“Weeks, maybe. It is close.” Rachel answered.

“Wow, that’s wonderful!” She paused from her salad and took a drink. “Now, I absolutely must hear about Jonathan. Tell me.”

Rachel’s excited demeanor changed immediately to a dreamy glow. “Oh, he and I have become very close. On our very first date, we connected. I mean, his unbelievable energy bowls me over. But you already know this. We spoke of it last time.”

Myca nodded as Rachel continued, “I have come to believe this is the love of my life, of my very existence.”

Myca took her hand and asked her bluntly, “This is not merely physical attraction, is it? You have dated him for almost two years, right?”

Rachel blushed and looked demurely into the napkin on her lap. “I’d be lying if I said that the chemistry was not there from the start, but we did not act upon the physical attraction between us for what seemed an eternity. We both sensed something much stronger between us. As the relationship grew, the emotional and intellectual connection developed into a powerful interdependent bond. Now that we, ummm,” she blushed again, “also connect physically, oh my gosh! I have never experienced anything like it. I can’t begin to describe the ecstasy of this kind of lovemaking.”

Myca burst out laughing and held up her hand in mock modesty. “Okay, okay. I get the picture. More information than I needed.” They both giggled. “Then you two are in a committed relationship, yes?” Myca asked.

“Oh yes. As a matter of fact, he is moving in next month.”

“That is great news! I could not be happier for you. You make a powerful team. I’d love to see him. Will he be here at all during my visit?”

“He is touring the universities in Region Four right now, but may be able to pop in for an evening. I will confirm with him and let you know. All done there?” she asked as Myca pushed back from the table.

“Yes, thank you. It was delicious.” They gathered the dishes and carried them into the house. “This is the home

you have always wanted, isn’t it?” The hexagonal house with cedar siding had a wide deck all around it. High ceilings with huge beams complemented the simple stone-tiled floor. The kitchen, dining area and living room were one great room and large windows all around afforded a breathtaking view of the ocean.

“Indeed!” Rachel gushed. “I got exactly what I requested.⁵ Karen’s house is charming too, and she loves it.”

“How is Karen?” Myca quickly asked, at the mention of their mutual friend.

“Very well. She is in Region Two, at the temporary university in Sector One. She is taking further studies to become a teacher and is working in the children’s recreation department. She loves her work and is very good with the young newcomers from Dark Planet. They are resilient. Give them a month on One World, and you would think they had always been here.”

“Ah yes, they are not as conditioned as we were, do you think?” Myca commented.

Rachel quickly responded, “Exactly! Karen will join us for dinner next week. Well, okay... I must fess up. We’re throwing you a party to celebrate your commencement. Joseph and Jeremy will be here, and Reno and Batey are leaving their vineyard in the hands of helpers so they can join us too. We

⁵ All inhabitants on One World are given a home when they finish school. For newcomers, this occurs at the completion of their six months of university studies. They pick the location and design of their home.

are all so proud of you and want to show our support before you take off on your first journey back to Dark Planet.”

“That is wonderful! It will be so nice to have everyone together again. It’s been a long time. Will Jody be here?” Rachel had not mentioned Jody and Myca was curious. The two had become the best of friends during their studies at the university and at that time, were inseparable. Jody’s absorption with inter-planetary and inter-dimensional exploration was unusual for One World, and Myca found it fascinating.

“No, she is gone.” Rachel’s eyes clouded. “She has left on an extended venture to another galaxy or dimension, as far as I know. I do not really know where she is, but she’s not on One World, that is for sure.”

“Is that a good thing or a bad thing?” Myca asked, sensing trepidation in Rachel.

“Well, it is exactly what Jody always said she wanted to do. I miss her terribly, but I am pleased for her because it is her dream. So, it is bittersweet for me. One day, she’ll return to share her stories of adventure. I guess I just never really thought she would go. She could at least send me an email,” Rachel joked, easing the tension that had invaded their otherwise joyful reunion.

Myca talked about life at Caledonia’s Keep. She answered Rachel’s questions about the island, her studies and her teachers, the master emissaries.

“I am astonished by the depth of wisdom you hold after only two years,” Rachel remarked.

“Ah, but the learning is as it was at the university. We use a combination of information, imprinting and practice. Of course, they cannot imprint wisdom, but they can certainly imprint knowledge. Then, it is my job to practice diligently to gain the wisdom of knowing. I am quite prepared.”

“And I am quite impressed! So you are living your dream as well,” Rachel stated definitively.

“So I am!” Myca agreed.

“Myca, can I ask about Peter? Do you know what he is doing, if he’s still alive?”

Myca smiled and responded, “Don’t worry, Rachel. He is alive. I can’t tell you much, because I have been so busy with my studies, but I did peek in on him recently. You will be happy to learn that he has found shelter and is safe for now.”

Rachel beamed, “I just knew he’d be okay. My baby brother is nothing if not resourceful. Thank you for sharing that with me.”

“Indeed, and when I sense anything new, I will let you know!” Myca assured her.

“Fabulous! And now, would you like to meet some of my friends?”

Myca flashed a smile. “Definitely!”

As they stepped onto the back porch, Rachel pointed to the treetops. “Those nests are for the Great Blue Herons, which are out scouting the waters for fish as we speak. There are three pair, all with different personalities.”

“Over there,” she said, gesturing toward the bougainvillea bushes, “is where the deer usually sleep. See, there are two of them now. Let’s chat. Listen to my thoughts and I will speak to them.”

“Monique, how are you this fine day?” Rachel thought to one of the deer resting in the shade.

“Relaxed and contented, my friend. Who is that with you?”

“Monique is asking who you are?” Rachel explained to Myca, who could hear Rachel’s thoughts but not the deer’s.

“Please tell her that I am a servant to humankind and peace, who is also a close friend of yours,” Myca suggested.

Rachel conveyed the message to Monique.

Monique yawned and nodded her sleek head. “How very fortunate of you to have a friend like Myca.”

“She says I’m lucky you are my friend,” Rachel told Myca.

“Perceptive creature, she is,” Myca chuckled.

“Sorry to disturb your napping, Monique. We will leave you be for now,” Rachel told the deer, who closed her limpid eyes in slumber.

Rachel walked out to the edge of the yard and beckoned Myca to follow. She spread aside the tall grass to reveal a pair of rabbits hiding underneath. They looked up, noses quivering, and Rachel knelt to pick up one of them. “Hello, Randi and Rupert,” Rachel thought to the long-haired bunnies, as she stroked the rabbit’s soft fur and nuzzled its head.

“These are two of my best friends,” she said to Myca. “They have been instrumental in helping with my formula.”

“Is it okay for me to pet it?” Myca asked.

Rachel thought to the furry little creature, “My friend Myca wants to touch your luxurious coat. Would that be okay?”

The rabbit wrinkled its little nose and thought back, “Of course, as long as its hands are clean. I just groomed myself and I do not need any greasy human prints on my perfectly bathed coat.”

Rachel laughed. “Randi says you can touch but only if your hands are spotless.” Myca stroked the soft bunny affectionately, looking deeply into its eyes with love.

“This one is very gentle and compassionate, Rachel. Keep her around,” said the rabbit.

“How is it that these particular animals are helping you so much with the formula?” Myca inquired.

“They are prolific, and their offspring come in with the instinctual wisdom of the parents. I don’t have to start over with the babies; they already know what we are doing and are usually one step ahead of me. Randi and Rupert are the sixth generation of the original rabbits I began with. Often, the wild animals I work with get bored and move on. They have different priorities than us nonsensical humans. With the rabbits, the work continues to be seamless.”

She set Randi down. “Do you have more babies on the way, sweetie?” she thought.

“Of course,” the rabbit thought back condescendingly. “Need you ask?”

Rachel translated and they both giggled at the bunny’s remark as they headed back to the house. A large blue point Siamese cat jumped onto the railing as they stepped onto to the porch.

“Miko says that you can pet him, too, but he also insists that your hands be clean and dry,” Rachel offered. “He is none too fond of water.”

“Thank you, Miko,” said Myca, as she caressed the soft fur of this blue-eyed beauty. The cat rubbed his face across Myca’s arm in a sign of acceptance and jumped down to stroll haughtily off into the yard.

“I adore your animal family. You must gain so much pleasure from their company and your work with them,” Myca said.

“I certainly do. And they’ve got attitude. It keeps me hopping!” Rachel chuckled.

They continued their visit all day, enjoying the conversation, catching up and just sitting in silence together, as good friends often do, not feeling the need to constantly fill the air with chatter.

At dusk, they poured glasses of a rich red wine, provided courtesy of their friends Reno and Batey, and went out on the back deck to watch the sunset.

“This has been an incredible day, Rachel. Thank you for taking this time with me.” Myca sighed and stretched out lazily, placing her feet upon the wooden railing.

“Wild horses could not have kept me from spending this day with you,” Rachel answered, and then sighed. “It is so funny how some of those old colloquialisms from Dark Planet just don’t have the same meaning here.”

They sat in hushed admiration of the brilliant display of gold and red across the sky as the sun dipped into the ocean, and then Myca broke the stillness of the moment. “I must go first thing in the morning. If I am gone before you get up, I wanted you to know that I will be back in a few days and will spend the rest of the week with you. Okay?”

“Of course, my friend. You do what you have to do, and then come back and relax for a few days. You deserve it.”

They hugged goodnight and disappeared into their bedrooms. Rachel retired with thoughts of Jonathan, and Myca drifted off with memories of the last gathering at the Keep. Both wore contented smiles.

Chapter Five

The grand dome of the library towered over her as Myca slowly faded in. She paused to survey the campus she had known intimately during her tenure here at University Six. The grounds were now busy with newcomers from Dark Planet. She smiled at the excited faces and fervent conversations, remembering how, not so long ago, she had been one of them — fresh from the startling passage to One World and eager to learn about her intriguing new home.

This university, near the village of Teropia, was one of thousands worldwide. Designed to acclimate the newcomers to the ways of One World, they were built near the great libraries, and this is precisely what brought Myca back to her old stomping grounds.

Still warmed by the sight that brought such fond memories, she turned and entered the arched doorway. The vast atrium was alive with students mingling among the potted vegetation and upon the various levels. Although she was a skilled master, she exercised the appropriate social politesse of this hallowed place and climbed the spiral staircase to the seventh level rather than floating up.

As she stepped onto the landing, the familiar scent of sweet incense filled the air, inviting her to pause and savor. On this level of the library, those of higher consciousness could access the Akashic Records.⁶ How much and what type of universal knowledge they gleaned here depended upon the consciousness level of the receiver.

She noticed a few others sitting against the walls, deep in trance. Quietly moving to a platform, she sat on the mat between giant porcelain pots, each containing a massive split-leafed philodendron that hung nearly to the floor of the atrium. Closing her eyes, Myca allowed her breathing to take her to the alpha state. Within a few minutes, the consciousness known as Myca lifted from the body and drifted upward.

“Well, this is new,” she thought to herself as she looked down upon her meditative form below. She then passed through the ceiling and in an instant was well into the stratosphere. Moving higher and higher, she embraced the celestial stillness of space. She stopped and looked back. Dark Planet loomed behind One World, emanating a slightly distorted vibration, but the sight was still spectacular.

“That is a world struggling to hold on to existence long enough to enable the gods upon it to move on.”

Startled, Myca looked around for the source of the thought forms in her mind, but did not see anything.

⁶ The records of all knowledge in the universe.

“I am your Source, and I am with you always. I am the Primary, of which you are a spark. I am that from which you came. I am that I am.”

Myca felt enveloped in this loving presence and was overcome by such a state of bliss she felt she could hardly bear it. “Be at ease, Marishna. I wish to take you to the start. I want to show you what makes you so important to All That Is. We are one. I am you. You are me.”

At once, Myca knew herself to be Marishna, the name she bore in her first physicality. The sound of the name pleased her and she poured her consciousness deliciously through the thought energy like a cat rubs against a sofa. “What shall I call you?” she thought back to the voice in her head, “God?”

“I am God, as you are. The name is generic, however. You may call me whatever pleases you. I am the Source. I would take you back though countless eons of your time to the beginning, to when I created you. Do you wish to go?”

She did not hesitate. “I would like that very much!”

Instantly, she was spiraling through time in a vortex of energy that shone like millions of multi-faceted diamonds. Time folded upon itself and the brilliant vortex cut through the creases, sucking Myca along in what felt like a vacuum.

She had no concept of any time existing, but it seemed only seconds later, all was black. She felt cocooned within an infinite nothingness. “Here we are,” Source said. “Observe.”

She could sense the energy as the emptiness began to undulate. Suddenly everything was white light. It was every-

where. As far as she could see and sense, this radiant white light was All That Is.

Then, the light started to shimmer and shake. It began drawing in upon itself, as though it were compacting. The light began condensing and blackness appeared beyond. The light grew smaller and brighter. It became so intense that she could barely gaze upon it, even in non-physical.

“See now,” Source instructed. Suddenly, there was an explosion of such enormity that Myca felt the intensity of it to her core. When the shock of the explosion had subsided, she saw trillions of tiny lights, dancing like fireflies around the Source light.

“I am Primary consciousness, you are Secondary. I am you, you are me,” said Source. Myca could not respond, she was so overwhelmed by the spectacle.

“Marishna, you are my child. You are all my children. We are light, energy and thought. I created you of me. We are all parts of the One.”

When she could finally express herself, Myca cried, “Oh my Beloved, thank you for showing me this! Now I understand. I could have never fully owned this without experiencing it. Thank you!”

“That is why I have shown you. You were ready. Carry this wisdom with you always and use it to awaken my children on the wounded planet.”

“I will, my Beloved, I will.” In that very instant, she was back in the body she had left at the library. She jolted slightly as she re-entered, eyelids fluttering rapidly. Moving

into the rhythm of the breath, she took on the cumbersome clothes of her physical form, noticing a heaviness she did not feel before.

Myca opened her eyes and settled into physicality. Then, etiquette aside, she promptly teleported outside the campus to the grassy knoll overlooking Teropia. She sat crossed-legged with her hands in her lap. Tears of joy streamed down her face and love filled her heart as never before. She sat for hours upon the hill and wept like a child.

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Myca’s session at the library and beyond had left her spent, so she decided to forgo her planned trips to visit Reno, Batey, Joseph and Jeremy. Instead, she sent word that she would see them at the party and made her way back to Rachel’s.

Rachel’s’ eyes brimmed with moisture as Myca shared her experience with Source Energy. “What a blessing to carry that memory with you. What an honor to experience it,” she whispered.

“Words cannot convey the significance for me. I am emotionally exhausted. I need some private time for reflection. I hope this is okay with you.”

“Definitely. I have work to do and will leave you alone,” Rachel answered. “Help yourself to anything you want in the kitchen. I’ll be in the back yard.” She grabbed a notepad and

headed to the door, kissing Myca's forehead on her way out. "See ya!"

For the next three days, Myca spent her time in quiet contemplation, taking long walks on the beach. She sat for hours on the sand, staring out to sea. She did not feel the need to eat, consuming only water. Finally, on the fourth day, she joined Rachel in the kitchen for breakfast.

"Good morning, my friend. How are you this fine day?" Rachel asked, as Myca sat down beside her and took a banana from the bowl of fruit in front of her.

"I am past my state of nirvana and ready to apply the wisdom I gained from this in my journeys to Dark Planet," she replied, "and in my life in general, for that matter. I feel more connected and collected than ever before."

"And hungry," Rachel laughed, watching as Myca downed the banana in three bites.

"Famished," Myca admitted, "but I'll stick to fruit for now."

"Good. We have company coming tonight and it will be a feast, so I suggest you eat some protein at lunch."

"Okay, Mom!" Myca teased, smiling at her friend's nurturing and adoring her for it.

They spent the day preparing for the beach party that Rachel had planned. They gathered driftwood for a bonfire, hauled chairs over to the fire pit and spread out blankets. They set up two large umbrellas for shade, and Rachel fixed balloons to the tops. Tiki torches were filled and set around the perimeter of the party area.

Finally, they brought a long table down near the water’s edge and covered it with a white linen cloth painted with a huge red hibiscus.

“This is beautiful,” Myca commented as she pressed down the corners.

“You think this is beautiful, wait ‘til you see the food!” Rachel winked.

As it neared five o’clock, they began carrying down trays of sandwiches, salads, cheeses, olives, cookies, crackers and lemonade for their celebratory gathering.

The stage was set when the first of the guests arrived. Karen called to them from the deck. “Hello, you two! Am I the first one here?” She made her way slowly down the steps with an elaborately tiered cake in her hands.

“The Keep!” Myca cried. “How did you do that?”

“The baker in the village created a likeness for me. It has mango custard inside,” she said, setting it carefully in the middle of the table. Then she embraced Myca fiercely. “It is so good to see you both. It’s been such a long time!” She hugged Rachel next, and added, “Wow, everything looks so festive.”

Before they could get another word out, Reno and Batey arrived, bringing with them a case of wine from their vineyard. Reno threw her arms around Myca, her deep voice filling the air. “You are a sight to behold. Just look at you.”

“And you,” Myca replied. “You look more relaxed than I have ever seen. Is that a peasant dress you’re wearing?” she teased. Reno held the edges of her skirt and whirled around,

laughing that husky laugh that Myca always loved. The sight of her friend wearing anything other than a power suit still took some getting used to.

Batey placed the wine under one end of the table and took his turn for hugs. “She looks lovely in it, don’t you think? Reno has become quite the farmer. She does as much around the place as I do. Gosh, it’s great to see all of you,” he exclaimed.

Just then, Jeremy and Joseph appeared, sailing across the water, yelping with delight. They were surfing on their feet, gliding over the water using the energy of the waves for propulsion. Jeremy took a dive and came up spitting water. Joseph tumbled onto the beach in front of the rest of them, who were hooting hysterically.

“What next?” Reno asked.

“It’s called water gliding,” announced Joseph. “We are just learning, as you can see! Welcome home, Myca.” He looked down at his soaked clothing and said, “Dry!” He dried off instantly and gave Myca a big hug. Then he walked over to help Jeremy, still sputtering, out of the water.

“Man, it is so good to see everyone together like this,” Jeremy said, regaining his composure. “Just like old times!”

Jonathan was the last to arrive, bringing a box of chocolates and a garment bag from The Little Blue Dress Shop.⁷ He kissed Rachel and embraced Myca warmly. “Good to see you

⁷ Clothing establishment mentioned in Volume 1, *To the One World*.

again. These are from the two of us,” he said, as he handed her the gifts.

“They used your sizing from our last visit there. It should fit perfectly,” Rachel added.

Myca pulled the cover off and found a silky white robe with a brown sash. “It is exquisite. Thank you so much. I shall cherish it.” She kissed them both on the cheek.

“Let’s get some of the wine open, then,” said Batey, with Reno nodding her agreement.

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The sun went down in a blaze of glory and the party went well into the night. They sat in the glow of the bonfire and the flickering tiki torches, eating and laughing. Joseph and Jeremy kept them in stitches with outrageous tales about their clients on the slopes.

Reno and Batey discussed the move last year to their new winery and enthused about how much they loved running their own place. “Although Reno is still working for the Rewards Program and has a permanent position on the board at the museum, she is learning to love the art of winemaking.” Batey beamed proudly at Reno.

“I am also becoming quite proficient, as you can taste,” she said, lifting her wine glass.

“Here, here!” they all agreed and toasted her and Batey for their delectable contribution to the festivities.

Karen shared her joy at the work she was doing with the children at the university and her classes in preparation as their teacher. Everyone listened intently, and Myca acknowledged her. "I am so glad you have found something that you have so much passion about. I am thrilled for you."

"Thanks, and you as well. We are all so proud," Karen responded. "Do you know when you'll be leaving for your first trip back to Dark Planet?"

"Two days after I return to Caledonia, which will be tomorrow," she answered, standing up to stretch. "Now, if you will all excuse me, I am going into the house for a moment."

"Hey, why not model your robe for us?" Jeremy suggested.

"You got it. I'll try it on while I'm inside."

When she stepped back onto the deck, Jonathan was sitting in a chair, holding two glasses of wine. "Can I sit with you for a moment?" Myca asked.

"Indeed, I hoped you would," he replied, handing her a glass. They sipped their wine and watched the others around the fire. "How advantageous that you all made this passage together," he said. "You share a very special bond. It must make your existence here on One World that much sweeter."

"We worked together for years to be here. Of course, we did not know exactly where we were going, or even that we were going somewhere, but yes, we are of like mind," Myca shared.

She looked into her wine thoughtfully, then said, “Jonathan, I am so pleased for you and Rachel. The love and respect between you is obvious. I could not be happier.”

“I shall adore her forever,” he avowed.

“I know you will. She will do the same, I’m sure of it.”

They sat comfortably in the silence that followed. Then Jonathan fixed her with his piercing blue eyes. “Myca, although they know it is important work and they are excited for you, the others do not know the magnitude of what you are about to embark upon. I, however, know very well. You are now among the ranks of the master emissaries. Do you understand that you will become so totally engrossed in the mission that you will be as a shadow, passing this way seldom, and your friends will fall away? You will begin to feel like you are someone else.”

“I already do, and I understand. I am prepared. I feel blessed to have had this time with them, because it could very well be the last time we will socialize like this.”

“You will be a fine emissary. I can sense it in you. You are strong and have compassion but are not codependent. The Council chose wisely.”

“Thank you so much, Jonathan. That means a lot to me, coming from you.” Then she added, “So did Rachel. Choose wisely, I mean. Now, shall we go show off this stunning robe?”

“Indeed!” he responded, “And the stunning emissary wearing it.” They stood together and he took her arm, escorting her down to the soiree.

A hush came over the group as they descended the steps. The sight of her dressed in the emissary robe brought her pivotal role home to her friends.

“Wow, you look angelic. You look just like an emissary, like one of the images on the walls of the libraries,” Karen blurted out.

“Karen dear,” Myca lovingly smiled at her, placing her hands together to bow. “I *am* an emissary.”

They all smiled as they stood facing their dear friend Myca, bowing in reverence and love. Rachel glanced over at Jonathan knowingly as a tear trickled down her cheek.

Chapter Six

The two figures in white hooded robes made their way along the dry river bed, bounding lightly from stone to stone. Leaping in unearthly fashion, they certainly held the attention of the small group of men watching from a distant growth of mesquite trees.

“Did you see that?” exclaimed one. “It is almost like they are flying. Must be some kind of marshal arts technique.”

“Let me see,” said the man next to him, grabbing the binoculars.

The men were clad in the blue denim shirts and trousers worn by the prison inmates at Trona Correctional Institution, located in southeastern California. The facility was built in early 2012, a joint effort by Nevada and California to ease their overpopulated prisons. The massive complex housed up to ten thousand inmates and was about thirty miles north of the town of Ridgecrest, which is where most of the prison staff lived. The warden and the senior staff members had high security housing on site and often stayed overnight during their work week, commuting on days off.

When the bomb went off at Long Beach, and infrastructures crumbled, the resulting mayhem eventually sent the prison staff running. The thousands of men serving their time at Trona Correctional Institution were left unattended. Those who were in the minimum security areas began opening doors, and soon everyone was free to do as they wished.

Many killed each other in frantic rioting for reasons they did not comprehend, skin crawling from the heightened vibrational frequency of the planet. Most fled, hoping to make it home to find their families alive and well, not knowing what devastation awaited them. Some wandered aimlessly in confusion, got lost and eventually died from exposure or thirst.

Only fifty-seven men remained, staying close to the safety of the prison with its food, shelter and water. It had been over three years, and still no one had come to check on them. There was no electricity or communication. Their water supply quit when the electricity did, but they found an old hand pump in an abandoned house near the prison and were delighted to discover a functional well. Everyone took turns filling and transporting barrels of water. However, the stockpiles of dried and canned food were almost depleted.

The small towns close to the prison were deserted, and the men had long since scouted everything within several miles, not finding much. Ridgecrest, the nearest town of any size, was nearly thirty miles away. They had not gone there, feeling safety in anonymity, but they knew that eventually they would have to extend their search for supplies.

Most of the remaining inmates were not hardened criminals. Although Trona housed all classes of convicts, including those requiring maximum security, most of them had either killed each other or were long gone.

Steven, the tall fair-haired leader of this scouting party — and to all the men that remained at Trona — was in prison for trafficking in marijuana. He was a pothead who sold enough to pay for his own habit and got caught with two pounds in the trunk of his car. When the killing started at the prison, he ingeniously pulled up a couple of planks in the floor of a shed in the vehicle depot and slid underneath, replacing the planks above him. It saved his life. He hid in that space for five days with only a flask of water.

Don, who used to be chubby and ruddy-cheeked, was now thin and sallow. He had killed a family of four while driving drunk and was serving eight years. Mark, who looked the part of a serious accountant, with his wire rimmed glasses and studious face, was doing two consecutive terms for embezzlement and tax fraud. At the first sign of violence, the two of them high-tailed it out of the complex and hid in a vacant house about a quarter mile away until it seemed safe to return. They were the ones to discover the water pump and were heroes for it.

Fred was a short, stocky Hispanic. While defending himself against three young attackers in a bar, he had knocked one man down onto a long chard of broken glass. It killed him and got Fred voluntary manslaughter. He played dead when the rioting began, covering himself with the blood of a

fellow inmate who lay dying from a knife wound. Once the mob had moved on, he crawled into a garbage dumpster, carefully covering his trail, and remained immersed in the reek of decay for three of the longest days of his life.

The last of this group was also the most outspoken. Patrick, an opinionated redneck, had been a truck driver before he was convicted to life without parole in Trona. He claimed that his gun accidentally went off while he was cleaning it, killing his wife. The jury did not believe him. He had softened significantly since arriving at Trona, and even more so after narrowly escaping the murderous gangs in the riots by hiding in a laundry hamper for longer than he cared to remember.

The five of them lay on the ground now, passing two pairs of binoculars back and forth, watching every move the emissaries made. Myca stopped and pulled her hood back, revealing her light brown curls and feminine features. “Joshua, why do we not just approach them?”

Her companion stopped and looked calmly at her. “We want them to watch us and be curious. They are getting to know us.” Joshua had been an emissary for over twenty years and was the perfect partner for Myca, who was often eager and always inquisitive.

She cupped her hands and nodded her head. Instantly, her hands were filled with water, which she drank, letting it dribble conspicuously down her arms onto the ground. “That should get their attention,” she laughed.

“Holy crap!” exclaimed Mark, who was the current holder of the better set of binoculars. “She just filled her hands with water out of thin air!”

“She?” cried Patrick. “Let me see.” He grabbed the binoculars and held them to his eyes, looking steadily at the robed figures. “A woman! Damn, it’s been forever since I’ve seen a woman. She’s gorgeous.”

“I saw it too, Mark,” said Steven, who was watching through the other glasses. “I don’t know what this means, but I have an idea. You know those books I told you about in the library, *The Masters of the Far East*? Those guys could fly and walk on water. They could also make food out of nothing. They just think about what they want and there it is. These people in the robes could be like that. Look how they glide across the rocks, like the astronauts on the moon. It’s like they are floating.”

“Not that again,” said Patrick under his breath, rolling his eyes.

Steven defended his position. “You can see for yourself that they’re doing some very strange things. I, for one, am open to anything until it’s proven fake.”

Myca and Joshua had continued along their way, putting on a show for the entities they knew full well were watching with great interest.

“Alright,” announced Mark, standing up. “I say, we go get ‘em. There are five of us, and one of them is a woman.”

Steven stood and faced the party of men. “We will not hurt them. And no funny business with the woman. We

capture them and take them back to Trona to question. If they can make food or water, we want them as allies. Does everyone understand?"

They all grunted in agreement and headed after the emissaries.

"Here they come," said Joshua. "Do not let them touch you. Just keep your vibrations high, as you have been trained, and they will not be able to penetrate your energy field."

The men crept stealthily through the sagebrush and trees, stalking their quarry, not knowing they were expected. Steven and Mark separated from the others and circled around in front of their intended captives.

At once, Joshua and Myca stopped and he called out. "Come on then. We know you are there!"

All five men dashed in and encircled them. Myca and Joshua stood back to back, coolly eyeing the raggedy outlaws, unaffected by their aggressive gestures.

"Who are you and what are you doing here?" Steven demanded.

"We came to see you," Joshua calmly responded. "And the others."

"What others?" Steven asked, his eyes narrowing.

"At Trona, of course. We came for a visit," he responded. Myca could not help being amused at his cavalier attitude, but the inmates were not laughing.

“Are you nuts, bringing a woman into a prison full of men?” Steven sharply reprimanded him. “What do you mean, you came to visit?”

“He did not bring me. I came of my own accord,” Myca added.

“The voice of an angel,” Patrick sighed, obviously smitten by the first woman he had seen in over three years.

“You will come with us to Trona and you will keep quiet,” Steven ordered, stepping forward to grab Myca’s arm. He was immediately deflected. Mark made a lunge for Joshua, and fell back, landing on his bottom. Don and Fred ran at Myca, trying to take her between them and both flew off onto their backs, which knocked the air out of them. Try as they might, none of the men could get within a foot of either emissary.

After a few minutes of this comical scene, Joshua announced, “We shall come with you,” and headed off in the direction of Trona. Myca followed, while the shocked convicts stood gaping at each other in bewilderment.

“Okay, okay,” cried Steven, running to catch up to the pair. “I will lead the way. Put up your hoods, we don’t want to start a riot with the girl.”

Chapter Seven

As they approached the prison, their cohorts inside greeted them with curiosity. Bringing anyone new to Trona was a rarity, to say the least. It had never happened before. Steven hurried the emissaries into the private safety of the warden's office, now his headquarters, ordering his second and third in command to follow. Sean, second to Steven, was really just a glorified bodyguard. Standing well over six feet tall, the giant of a man was three hundred pounds of solid muscle. Third in command was a black man, Alan. What he lacked in size he more than made up for in intelligence and street-smarts.

The rest of the scouting team swore themselves to secrecy about the woman, but Steven doubted their ability to keep quiet so they were quarantined in the office waiting room.

He closed the door and motioned for Myca and Joshua to sit on the couch. "Sean, Alan, this will be a shock," he said.

They all stood facing the pair on the couch, whose hoods covered their bowed heads. Joshua pulled back his hood and eyed the three men squarely. Myca shook off her hood, and Alan gasped. Sean took a step back in shock and exclaimed,

“Oh my gawd! You brought us a woman.” His mouth curled into an insidious grin. “Where did you find her?”

“I would venture to say that they found us,” Steven replied.

“Indeed.” said Joshua.

“Shut up!” Alan yelled.

Joshua merely smiled, which infuriated Alan, who stepped forward to strike the seated emissary. Steven, who already had a healthy respect for both Myca and Joshua, was not a bit surprised when the slap across the face that Alan intended for Joshua deflected in midair. Alan was caught off guard and went sprawling.

“Stop,” yelled their leader. “You cannot hurt them, you can’t even touch them. We tried. They came here because they wanted to, and they can probably leave any time they want.”

He sat behind the desk and placed his elbows on top, resting his chin on his hands and watched the emissaries. The other men settled grumbling into chairs opposite the couch. And so they all sat for a few minutes, sizing each other up.

Finally, Myca announced, “I am hungry.” She waved the flat of her hand across the coffee table in front of her and a plate heaped with sandwiches appeared.

Sean nearly fell off his chair in shock and Alan gasped. Steven merely smiled. Myca and Joshua began to eat. “Help yourselves. Turkey and avocado,” said Joshua. “Very tasty.”

“What the hell’s going on here?” demanded Sean, addressing Steven. “You found magicians?”

“No,” replied Steven. “Much better than that.” He stood and walked around the desk. “These, my good friends,” he announced, “are masters of the Far East.”

Myca laughed and set her sandwich down. “My dear Steven, while we have the same powers and more, we do not come from the Far East.”

“The food is perfectly safe to eat, gentlemen, so please join us and I will explain,” Joshua offered.

Sean and Alan waited for Steven’s nod, and then hungrily dived into the sandwiches. “Ohhhh,” groaned Sean. “I forgot what real food tastes like.” A puzzled look came over his face. “It is real, isn’t it?”

“Indeed it is,” answered Myca. At that, Sean grabbed another and sat in his chair to savor the next one more slowly.

As Steven and Alan helped themselves to seconds and sat down, Joshua began to enlighten the men. “My name is Joshua and this is my colleague, Myca. We come from much farther away than the Far East. We come from a place not of this earth, a place that you do not know of.”

Alan coughed skeptically but quieted himself as Steven’s hand went up for silence.

Joshua continued. “Originally, we were both born onto this planet. I left here in 1986. Myca left a few years ago. Do you remember the story of the flesh-eating virus that killed over a million people overnight, back in 2012?”

“Well, that story was nonsense. Those people came to where we live now. Did you ever wonder why so many of the people who disappeared were spiritual teachers, students of the new thought movement, leading edge scientists and children?” The three men shook their heads, speechless.

“Of course not. If you will, this planet is dying. More precisely, it is destroying itself. It cannot tolerate the negative energy generated by the billions of entities living here that choose to allow themselves to be controlled by dark energy. So, the masters from where we live, on another planet called One World, have joined efforts with Source Energy to increase the vibrational frequency of the planet to more closely match ours. Entities who raise their vibrational frequency to the same level, or above, transition to One World. Since 2012, millions have made the passage already, and millions more will follow.”

Steven shook his head, finding his tongue at last. “So let me get this straight. We are supposed to believe that you two, God and the planet are all in cahoots with each other? I don’t think I can buy that.”

Sean laughed, causing Alan to bust up as they roared at the absurdity of what they were being asked to believe.

“Quiet, you two,” commanded Steven. They stopped their outburst and returned their attention to their sandwiches, obviously not giving this strange story any weight.

“Steven,” Myca implored, “reach down inside yourself and remember your friend Crystal. Remember the love you shared.”

Steven tilted his head and said quietly, “How do you know about Crystal?”

“I know everything about you. I can read your thoughts, I know your past. I know she tried to teach you about the Great Awakening. That is why you have had such a burning desire to learn. I also know that you are the leader here not because you are the strongest or meanest, but because you give these people hope. You do not need these men to guard you!” she cried, pointing a finger at Alan and Sean, who cringed.

“Everyone here respects you and will listen to you. All you have to do is get them to listen to us and follow our suggestions.” She was speaking so passionately that Steven was taken aback and sat down, stunned.

“Why should I do that?” he asked, his voice a whisper.

“Because you know we speak the truth. If you will all apply the techniques we can teach you, within a few weeks you can go to One World also.”

She stopped for a moment to let that sink in, and then hit him with the clincher. “Crystal is there.”

His face lit up with hope, and he jumped to his feet. “Show me,” he implored her. “I know you can.”

Myca said nothing, but looked at Joshua for guidance. At his nod, she waved her hand and a vision materialized, like a movie into another dimension. It was a university campus on One World. Hundreds of excited newcomers mingled together in the grassy area between the buildings, a sight Myca was

very familiar with, but the three men dropped their mouths in amazement.

Myca focused her energy on one of the classrooms and zoomed in. They could instantly see inside, where a young woman was preparing to teach a lesson. She paced and looked as if she were rehearsing.

Steven's hands went to his chest and he stepped forward, then turned his confused face toward Myca. "I thought she was dead," he cried.

"She left with the first passage and is now a teacher to those who follow," Myca said to him gently. She waited a moment to allow him to watch his beloved before she began to wipe away the scene.

"No, not yet," begged Steven, but the images were already melting and soon faded from sight. He sat down, in shock, hardly believing what he had just seen. Then he composed himself and motioned Sean and Alan to join him in the next room. "Wait here," he directed Joshua and Myca, closing the door behind him.

Joshua flashed a broad smile at Myca. "Home run! That was superb. The door is now open, and most of these men will make it."

"Indeed." Myca nodded, very pleased with herself.

A few minutes later, the three men came back from their conference. Steven looked determined, while Sean and Alan seemed zealous and flushed.

"Tell us what you want us to do!" Steven proclaimed, and the others nodded emphatically.

Chapter Eight

The Suiter family gradually made their way up the side of the mountain toward the shack they knew was hidden in the forest. The path was steep and rocky, and the two children made the travel even slower. The four of them were tired, cold and road weary, but they seldom lingered to rest for fear of being spotted. Keith led the way and his wife Rebecca brought up the rear. Madison and Kyle were between them, and all four were connected with a tether.

Madison's curly blonde hair was soaked with sweat and her blue eyes were filled with moisture, but she pushed her six-year-old body onward with determination. Ten-year-old Kyle angrily trudged along with no comprehension of why he'd been yanked out of his home or the scope of the danger that faced them. He made every effort to hinder their progress.

"Kyle, please," pleaded Rebecca. "Move faster, honey. We want to get there before dark."

"Why? I just want to go back home," he responded. He took the opportunity to stop, which caused a yank on the rope from his father's forward movement.

“Come on, Kyle,” said Keith. “We have been over this many times. If we go back, we could die. Can’t you understand that?”

“I would rather be dead than climbing this hill,” he cried stubbornly.

This made Madison sob again, and Keith stopped and took off his backpack. He announced, “Let’s take a short break.” He removed a bottle of water from the pack and offered it to Rebecca, who drank and passed it to Madison and Kyle.

The children sat, Madison weeping and Kyle glaring straight ahead. Rebecca shook her head sadly and kneeled beside Madison, stroking the hair from her eyes. “It’s okay honey, we’ll be there soon. There are beds and food. It will be warm and safe.” She smiled reassuringly into her daughter’s eyes, and Madison threw her arms around her mother, burying her face into the comfort of her down vest.

Keith sat next to Kyle, both silently staring down the valley. Rebecca gently rocked Madison and gazed off into the distance, her thoughts far away. She was remembering their life back in Edmonton. Only a few short months ago, it seemed that Canada had been relatively unaffected by the chaos in the rest of the world. People were becoming angry and tense; fighting and crime had escalated in the past two years, but there were no major acts of violence.

Then as more and more bombs went off in the States, Americans had flooded north. Within a few weeks, every place within a hundred kilometers of the Canada-US border

was crawling with illegal refugees who had sneaked across. Then, Vancouver was hit with a D bomb, and Canada began to unravel. A week later, Toronto, Montréal and Calgary were hit and the country was in mayhem.

Keith and Rebecca easily made the decision to go into the wilderness. Rioting in the city left them little choice; they knew it was not safe. Packing their car with camp gear, food, water and clothing, they drove north, leaving everything else behind. They arrived at Fort McMurray and, miraculously, were able to find gas. Continuing on, they made it to the outskirts of the park before they were forced to abandon the car and continue by foot.

Wood Buffalo National Park was their destination. Keith's job as a forest officer served them well. Not only did he have excellent survival skills, but his good friend in the service had told him about the cabin.

Rebecca was grateful for that. She thought of her parents and her sisters in Calgary and wondered if they were safe. She missed her best friend, Tory. Had she not been halfway to the back of beyond, they might be having tea right now. She had not heard from any of them, and she choked at the thought, but set her mind firmly on the task at hand — getting the family to safety.

Keith was deep in his own thoughts. He remembered his last conversation with Mathew, his supervisor at the service, and also a good friend. On what would be his last day at work, Matthew had called him aside.

“Keith, you gotta get outta here. Take Rebecca and the kids and go tonight. I want you to have this,” he said, pushing a map into Keith’s hands. “For the last two years, I have been getting ready. I knew it would come to this, and I wanted to be prepared. The map leads to a cabin in Wood Buffalo. I have made many weekend trips up there getting it equipped. There are four bunks and enough food to last for a year. There’s a stream, a kerosene heater and plenty of fuel for a winter. I installed a wood stove, but I didn’t have time to get any wood stockpiled. There is a privy, guns and ammo, and also a bow and arrows. It has...”

“Matthew, surely you aren’t suggesting we share the cabin,” Keith interrupted him. “Is there enough food and space?”

Matthew dropped his head sadly. “We can’t go. Sue Anne’s asthma has gotten much worse and she is very weak. The last fifty kilometers are on foot, and she wouldn’t make it. But you can, and we both want you to use it.”

“What about your boys? Do you want to send them with me? I know it would be hard for Sue Anne, but they might be better off with us.” Keith offered.

“They would have none of it when we talked it over as a family. They want to stay with their mother, in case she needs our protection. The three of us might be able to stave off intruders and could definitely move her if need be. No, you four go, and go now. I have a feeling there is no time to waste.”

Keith shook his friend’s hand. “I can’t thank you enough. You know where we are. When Sue Anne gets better, you come up there and join us. Try to make it before the snow flies.” They embraced as Matthew responded, “You bet we will. We can build an addition.” They both laughed nervously and parted ways.

They left that night, driving off into the dark, headed toward an unknown future. But Keith and Rebecca felt the first spark of hope they had experienced in weeks.

Keith looked down at his son’s angry face and felt a pang of guilt for how confused and hurt he must be feeling. “Kyle,” he said, patting his son’s leg gently. “I’ll make a bargain with you. Let’s get to the cabin and into a warm bed tonight, and we can discuss our options tomorrow when we are rested and feeling better. Does that work for you?”

Kyle sparked a bit at the prospect of his opinion on this escapade actually being considered and reluctantly agreed. “Okay, Dad. I’m tired anyway. A bed would be good. Let’s go.”

The four of them stood and continued up the path. Rebecca smiled at her husband’s wisdom and knew that somehow they would be okay.

* * * * *

“It should be close,” Keith said, as he studied the map. “This clearly shows it to be right here.” They had come to a flat area and the cliffs beyond did not look passable.

“I hear running water, Dad,” yelled Kyle.

“You’re right, I hear it too,” Keith responded. “Let’s go.” They headed in the direction of the sound, through an opening in the bushes. A winding path between tall growth led to a clearing where the little cabin stood.

The steep A-frame was covered with a metal roof and the siding was worn. It was rustic indeed but a welcome sight to the weary travelers. Kyle and Madison whooped with delight and ran up to the covered porch, plopping down into the two wooden chairs. Stepping up to the door, Keith swung it open and they trooped inside.

The interior was one room with a sleeping loft. There was a table with four chairs near the kitchen/pantry area, which housed cabinets filled with supplies. Floor-to-ceiling shelves lined two walls, and they were well stocked with books, games and puzzles. Several large pillows served as seating in the living room area.

Kyle climbed the ladder to the loft and hollered down, “The beds are all right together. Your snoring is gonna drive me crazy, Dad.” They all laughed, grateful for the humor.

“Mommy, where is the bathroom?” Madison asked.

“Well, I believe it’s out back,” Rebecca responded.

A back door opened onto a larger deck with a double porch swing and two rockers. The outhouse was about fifteen meters away, to the left. To the right, a picturesque stream meandered into the forest.

After briefly exploring their surroundings and using the privy, they made their way back into the house. Keith found

a kerosene lamp and lit it, as darkness began to fall. They sat around the table and finished the remainder of the peanut butter sandwiches in the backpack.

“Well, this is just fine. It will do nicely,” Keith said. “I know we are all beat. Let’s get some sleep, and we’ll take stock of this place in the light of day.”

“Agreed,” said Rebecca, and they made their way up the ladder. Rebecca pulled blankets over both of the children before collapsing onto her bed. Keith was already snoring, but that did not stop the rest of them from falling quickly into an exhausted sleep.

Chapter Nine

Myca and Steven sat on the wall overlooking the exercise yard. Eight weeks had passed and the whole flavor of Trona had shifted. The men below them were laughing and the air had a sparkle to it.

“If I didn’t know better, I would swear this whole place will make the transition, not just the people,” Myca commented. She felt a sense of accomplishment at the great work being done there and smiled.

“I don’t know how we can ever thank you and Joshua enough. I know there were probably times when you wanted to pull your hair out, but you never lost patience with anyone,” Steven said. “Even Leroy.”

“Ah, yes! It was a challenge to get him to understand his personality as opposed to his Inner Being,” she laughed. “It is so interesting to me how few people here on Dark Planet understand that they have a part of themselves called altered-ego, which is fed by drama. The powerful chemicals triggered in the brain by conflict, anger or sadness — by anything that isn’t love — can totally take over their existence and they become addicted to the rush they get from

the negative experiences. The chatter in their heads continuously goes to thoughts that attract more of the negative emotions that accompany those thoughts.

“And to top it off, even when they become aware of it, they fight against it. This just makes it more powerful. When a person speaks of something and says, “I want that,” they include it in their experience and their vibration,” Myca explained. “But when a person speaks of something they don’t want, this is included in their experience and vibration as well.

“The key — and what we were working toward with Leroy — is to acknowledge the unwanted and accept it: *yes*, I feel that way and it is okay because it is where I am right now, and I am aware of it and working toward change. I am aware that my personality has been running my life. And although I can accept this part of me because it is piece of what makes me an individual, I do not have to let it control my existence. I can feel good about knowing that I can choose more empowering thoughts and better feeling emotions.

“All of a sudden, the resistance begins to dissipate because we are no longer fighting against it. Problems and unwanted emotions just dissolve away as we redirect our thoughts and stop the constant battle. We make it okay to be where we are and simply know that, today, we are starting over. We begin to understand that in our truest form, our Inner Being, we are a part of Source Energy; we are pure love.

As that love radiates from us, we attract the same back to us.”

Myca grinned at the memory of Leroy’s realization about what he had been doing. “And then he got it when I asked him to love that part of himself, instead of fighting against it. I will never forget the tears running down his beautiful face when he finally gave in and stopped resisting.”

For a few minutes the two of them watched the men playing volleyball, each lost in their own thoughts. Then Myca looked over at Steven and said, “You will be leaving soon. You have done well, better and faster than nearly everyone else. Tell me, what process did you find the most helpful?”

He broke into an enormous smile, ear to ear. “I love using the story,” he said. “I love starting my day in appreciation and talking my story every morning. It sets me up for a good day, every day!”

She nodded. “Yes, that is a favorite with many, and you took to it famously. Some have more of a challenge and need to use what we call bridge statements, which help them to bridge the gap between where they are and where they want to be. These kinds of statements serve to make the story more believable in the moment, taking away anxiety, doubt and fear.

“But you jumped in with abandon and swam like a fish.” She paused and smiled at her prize pupil. “A few of the others will transition when you do, but the majority of them will require a bit more time. They are close though.”

“What about them?” he asked, looking toward a small knot of men sitting in the shade of the far wall. They were removed from the gaiety of the others. This group of ten refused to participate in the teachings and gave no credence to the validity of the emissaries’ mission.

“They will not come at this time. Perhaps later,” she replied.

“Too bad,” he sighed. “Everything is so serious to them. I wish they could just lighten up. I, for one, am glad to have something positive to focus on.” He shifted his attention back to the frivolity below.

Joshua found them on the wall and took a seat beside Steven, wrapping an arm around his shoulder in a brotherly hug. “Hello there, you two. Best view in the house.”

“The Big House, you mean?” Steven responded, and all three burst into laughter. “I couldn’t resist that one,” he added.

“I have a question,” said Steven, when the laughing subsided. “How is it that two emissaries can take all this time with so few people when there are billions of others to help in, what was it you said, about a hundred years? How can you expect to get it all done?”

“Very good question, my friend,” answered Joshua. “First of all, there are thousands of us. Emissaries all over the planet are teaching others as we are teaching you. Second, we can manipulate time. It is like how a needle passes through the folds of fabric. We can come back again and again to the same time.”

Steven shook his head. “Boggles the mind. So when our group makes it to One World, will you return there with us?”

“Only long enough to see that you are met by your guides. Very little time will have passed on One World — a minute, a day at most. When we go through the portal, time bends or folds. It does not alter anything on One World,” Joshua informed him.

“Tell me more about One World,” he begged. “I know it looks a lot like Earth. What do you eat? Where do you live? How will I pay for things? What is...”

Joshua held up his hand. “Now Steven, we have told you all you can comprehend or need to know right now. It is wonderful. You will go to school when you arrive to learn all those things and more. You need not worry; all will be taken care of. Just trust.”

Steven nodded, surprising himself by how much he agreed, “You’re right. Of course.”

“Just keep focusing on your vibrations and you will have your answers sooner than you think,” added Myca, taking his head in her hands and kissing his forehead soundly. “One of our best students, and such spirit! You will love One World, and One World will love you.”

Two days later, fourteen of the men vanished, to the amazement of the rest. Within a week, all but the ten non-believers had disappeared, transitioning to their new life on One World.

* * * * *

The yard was deserted when Myca and Joshua passed through on their way out. They paused momentarily for one last look.

“Feels great, huh?” Joshua commented as they surveyed the empty prison yard.

“So good. I love this work,” she sighed. “I can’t wait to get a glimpse of Steven’s wide-eyed eagerness at the university.” She was startled when four of those who chose to stay behind appeared near the front gate.

Rather than teleport from the yard, the emissaries chose to walk directly past the men, who glared pugnaciously at them.

“Where have they all gone?” demanded one of them, stepping toward Joshua menacingly.

Joshua set his pack down and spoke gently, yet forcefully. “They have gone to what you might call heaven. They have ascended from this dark place to a new home of peace and joy.”

“You mean they are dead?” the man cried.

“Quite the contrary. They are more alive than they have ever been. See here,” Joshua said. With a wave of his hand, a vision of several of the inmates appeared out of thin air. They were sitting at tables covered with red-checkered cloths, drinking coffee and laughing.

The men gasped in unison and one yelled, “What is this, trickery?”

Joshua wiped away the scene and stated calmly, “No trickery. Indeed, reality. I would suggest that there is more to reality than what you see here around you. What’s more,” he directed his clear eyes to each one in turn, “the next time someone like us comes along with a story about a better place, you would do well to listen and learn. Then, you might join your comrades in utopia.”

With that, he and Myca dissolved before the flabbergasted men.

Chapter Ten

A man with long, sandy colored hair and a beard walked slowly along the remote country road just outside of Corn, Oklahoma. He whistled as he scuffed along in the dirt, his white robe kicking up dust. He carried a guitar in a worn leather case over one shoulder and a knapsack over the other. Ahead, he could see a crowd of angry people gathered near an old farmhouse. They were shouting at each other and waving makeshift weapons, garden tools, hatchets and a few knives. As he neared, he could see the two groups facing each other menacingly. He counted twenty-five in all and noted the presence of men, women and children.

“Just move along and no one will get hurt,” yelled one man.

“We will not,” cried another. “Our family has as much right to this place as yours does. You don’t own it anyway; you’re squatters, just like us.”

A tall, heavy-set woman stepped forward, fiercely holding her weapon, a rake, in front of her. “We were here first. How dare you try to take over and force us out,” she nearly screamed.

“We are just as hungry and thirsty as you are. We mean to eat and use that well, and you can’t stop us,” a man from the opposing group shouted.

It was then they noticed the man with the guitar. He strode boldly forward between the rival gangs and stopped, setting his satchel on the ground. He continued to whistle as he dropped the guitar from his shoulder and balanced it on one of his sandal-clad toes.

The stunned groups watched mutely as he deliberately turned three hundred and sixty degrees, looking into the eyes of each person, whistling merrily.

“Who the hell are you and what business is this of yours?” demanded one man.

The emissary focused his gaze upon the man and answered, “You may call me John. Perhaps this is my property you kind folks are fighting over? Do you plan to kill me for it?” His eyes twinkled and his distinct lack of fear startled the man and those around him.

“Uh, no... I mean, we didn’t know...” He trailed off into confused silence.

“It is no such thing,” hollered a boy of about twelve. “Jimmie Daniels lived here but his family took off for the north.”

The emissary looked thoughtfully at the boy and asked, “You from around here then? Why not just go home to your own house?”

The boy looked uncomfortably at his feet. “No, from the city. I met Jimmie at a chess match. He told me I could come here when they split.”

“Yes, Jimmie is a fine lad. I slept on his upper bunk many nights. He is a fine lad indeed,” he said, as he lifted the case and unzipped it. Removing the guitar, an Epiphone, he dropped the case and flung the strap over his shoulder.

“You aim to serenade us, mister?” a woman snickered, and both groups burst out laughing.

“I have heard it said that music has the power to sooth the savage beast,” John replied, and began to play and sing.

“Imagine there's no heaven...” He poured his heart into the most beautiful version of John Lennon’s “Imagine” that any of them had ever heard. The people were mesmerized. As if by magic, the hostility seemed to melt away and the rivals began to sit down. Soon, all were seated around the minstrel, lost in the memories of a calmer, more civilized era. Many had tears streaming down their faces.

As he finished the song there was soft applause. A teenage girl sitting at his feet looked up and said, “You are very good. That’s a John Lennon song. Is John your real name, or do you call yourself John because you like his music?”

“John is my real name and thank you. The words to this song are very poignant, don’t you agree?” he asked, glancing around at the significantly more subdued faces of the crowd. There were coughs and some muffled agreements, but most just sat, hanging their heads in discomfited stillness.

He sat down among them and began to play again, this time humming to the chords. Benevolence was thick in the air. All hostility and anger seemed ancient history. The music had miraculously transformed the entire group, which had begun to sway to the tune. With a huge smile on his face, John started singing again.

We live for today, tomorrow never comes
Yesterday is but a fleeting mem'ry.
There is only now, and now we are one
For our yesterdays were now at the time.
The future only brings us more of the same
Our everlasting now is the tie that binds.
We are all part of the same brotherhood
We live, we love and allow.
And so we go on as we know we should
In this everlasting now.⁸

He paused and looked around serenely at the spellbound group. He knew the power of this high vibration music and that these people were in a state of bliss. A woman asked, "Is that another John Lennon song?"

He smiled mysteriously. "Perhaps an unpublished piece from his private collection."

⁸ Channeled through Linn Vermilion Smith.

No one seemed to care how John knew of this song, at least no one asked. They were putty in his hands. He began strumming again and the crowd moved tranquilly in time.

After several minutes, he stood up and announced, “The Daniels graciously offered their home for my use. I shall do the same and invite all of you to stay. The house is large and we can spread out on the floors. We’ll figure it out.

“Come on, let’s go,” he said as he zipped his guitar into its case, grabbed his knapsack and headed up the winding driveway to the big old farmhouse that had been the object of the forgotten disagreement.

Slowly, one by one, the dazed and befuddled family groups got to their feet and followed. They did not understand what was happening but did not care. This was the first peace that most of them had experienced in months and it felt good. That was all that mattered.

They followed the emissary as if he was the Pied Piper, up the driveway and into the house.

Chapter Eleven

Today, Peter and his clan were on an outing to search for food and to look for any signs of intruders close by. They trekked along, single file, through the brush in the hills above Laguna Beach, staying within a few miles of home. Frank was designated to remain behind today, to keep the shelter safely locked from the inside. While one person always remained at home, the rest of the band had begun going on the expeditions together because they could accomplish more as a group and because there was safety in numbers.

Peter could see the others were beginning to tire — they had been walking all morning — so they stopped and sat in the shade of a tree. They passed around a water bottle and strips of beef jerky. Some lay back to close their eyes for a few moments, but Peter's mind was always at work. He contemplated the time spent here and their future. Several months had passed since their horrific encounter with the swarming insects, and they had spent many days within the protected confines of the shelter. Peter had taken to reading passages from some of the books out loud to the group, a

pastime they all enjoyed. He selected books he felt his sister Rachel would like and a few he had seen her reading. Peter found it interesting that so many personal growth and spiritual enlightenment books were included within the library in their little shelter and wondered where the people who built the shelter had gone. He was, however, grateful, and they used the library extensively.

After reading, the seven of them would discuss the concepts in depth and how they could be applied in their own lives. He felt their family was evolving, and although they knew they would be leaving soon, there was very little fear or anxiety.

The food stockpile had diminished to the point where rationing was down to half; they were using the rice to fill their stomachs because the protein was running out. And so they began to plan their departure in earnest. Having discussed their alternatives many times, they finally opted to head north, hoping to make it to the Sierra Nevada Mountains and the relative safety of the wilderness. They reasoned that Sequoia National Park would offer foothills teeming with fruit trees, and nearby caves could be a source of shelter.

“I was thinking about Sequoia again,” Peter said to the dozing family. “How long do you think it will take us to get there?”

Tish, who was lying beside him and wide awake, responded, “I guess that depends not only on how many miles it is and whether we use roads or not, but what dangers we

might encounter along the way.” She smiled sweetly up at him, and he kissed her forehead and nodded.

“We also must consider food and water,” offered Sherry. “We will need to carry as much as we can without slowing ourselves down. I sure am glad we are learning more about how our state of mind will affect this trip.”

Peter agreed, “It’s everything. If I had only known more about this, no telling where I would be or what I’d be doing right now. Rachel was always talking about it and I didn’t listen to her. She was so right. Since we’ve been studying, everyone is feeling better, and we have had fewer of those close encounters with the gangs from the cities. It’s amazing.”

“I think it’s time we head back.” He stood up, and the others took his cue. “Hey, look there!” He pointed to a small grouping of orange trees in the distance.

“Woo-hoo!” yelled Sherry, taking off at a gallop toward the trees, with the rest of them close behind. They descended upon the little grove, laden with mostly ripened fruit, and began to pick the little pieces of gold, putting them in the bags they always brought with them. They laughed and ate as they gathered the oranges. Within ten minutes they had all they could carry.

“This is fabulous,” Peter announced, “and now we have fruit for a week at least! Let’s get it home.”

“Not yet,” Jackie begged. He was sitting under a tree, orange pulp covering his mouth, juice dripping down his

face and orange peels scattered around him. He was such a sight that they all roared with laughter.

“I’m afraid so,” Peter replied, helping him up and handing him a small bag of fruit to carry. “Besides, we can come back next week and get some more, right?”

They took off toward home, ecstatic at their find. Once again, they got into single file and followed Peter’s lead. His sense of direction was always impeccable, and within a couple of hours, they were close to home.

Winding down the last rocky hill into their own territory, they heard voices in the distance. Peter put his finger to his lips for silence, as they flattened themselves behind a large tumble of boulders. From their vantage point on the hill, they could see the path without being seen themselves. Before long, a crowd appeared. They were loud and carried sticks, pipes and guns. The gang was comprised of many angry, raucous men and a few haggard-looking women. Peter was glad the family heard them in time to hide.

Just then an orange dropped from Jackie’s bag and went rolling down the hill, kicking up rocks and pebbles as it gathered speed. The slide cascaded down the slope and crossed in front of the gang, causing them to stop dead in their tracks. The orange made its way to the feet of one of the men, who bent over to grab it. There was a scuffle for ownership, and it was torn to pieces.

“Idiots!” yelled a man in a flannel shirt. “Now no one gets any.” Then he looked up the hill. “Hey, how did that one orange get into a rock slide? What the...”

The whole tribe scoured the mountainside with their eyes. Another man hollered, "Whoever is up there, we will find you. You might as well come out now."

The man in the flannel shirt yelled, "If you have oranges, share them and we won't hurt you." The rest of them snickered, but stifled their laughter quickly.

The group behind the rock held their silence, Jackie crying softly for his blunder. Dawn put her arm around him and comforted him. Peter quietly polled the group, "Anyone have any ideas? We can't fight these people, so what should we do?"

Marlene whispered, "Let's show ourselves and take them to the orchard. They might let us go, and if not, maybe we can make a run for it while they eat."

"I am not so sure, but it may be our only chance," Peter agreed. He looked around at the others for a vote. Slowly, they all nodded, and Peter stood up and showed himself.

The crowd below hooted and hollered, pointing their weapons at him like a band of cavemen after a prized bison. He stood tall and unafraid.

"Silence!" demanded Mr. Flannel. He stepped forward and yelled, "Who are you and are you alone?"

Peter responded, "My name is Peter, and I am not alone. My family and I were looking for food and found an orange grove. We would be happy to take you there."

"I will decide what you will or will not do," the man retorted. "Okay Peter, I'm Glen, and I am in charge here. Get yourselves down here pronto and no one gets hurt."

Peter helped the rest of them up, reassuring them softly, "Remember, we must remain calm and not have any fear. Stay relaxed and confident. Everything will turn out fine."

The family descended the hill tentatively, to the excited shouts from the mob at the bottom. All six, slipping and sliding on the gravel, came to a stop twenty feet from Glen, who stood in front of the gang.

As Glen sized them up, the others made nasty remarks.

"Three women! We could use some fresh stock in our harem."

"They look like they've had a shower and their clothes are clean."

"We don't need more women and that kid is history."

"Shut up," Glen commanded. Then, facing Peter and the family, he asked, "Where did you get a bath?"

Peter kept his tongue and merely smiled. The enraged man demanded, "Your clothes are clean and you look like you haven't missed a meal. You people have a hiding place. You will take us there or we will kill you off, one by one."

The family remained still and composed. Glen moved forward, raising his hand to strike. Suddenly, a deep voice boomed, "You shall not harm these people!"

Everyone looked around frantically for the source of the great voice.

"Who said that?" demanded Glen. He spun around, looking for an intruder among them.

A man materialized from thin air between Peter's family and the desperados. He was tall and dark skinned, with jet-

black hair grazing his shoulders. He wore a shimmery white robe tied with a brown sash and was surrounded by a golden light.

He stood facing Peter and held up one hand. "Be not afraid. I am here to assist you."

Peter and the others were awestruck. As the man lifted up into the air and floated a foot off the ground, everyone gasped. He turned to face the mob, which had retreated in fear to a safer distance.

"You shall not harm these people," he said again, this time with quiet conviction.

"How did you do that?" was all that Glen could muster. Many in their group were talking excitedly among themselves and it was obvious they were shaken.

"It's the devil," yelled one man.

"Are you a sorcerer?" asked one of the women.

"I am not," the emissary responded. "I am a human-god, just like you."

They fell silent for an instant, appalled at his response.

"Crazy is what he is," the woman quipped, looking around for support from the others. The gang was becoming more agitated as they debated this unusual phenomenon.

Finally, Glen commanded them to be silent. "If you are human, then you also bleed, just like us. Your fancy tricks might impress others, but not me. Shoot him!" he cried.

Several shots rang out, but the bullets stopped abruptly before they reached their target and fell harmlessly to the ground.

The emissary's voice boomed again, like thunder through the valley. "You cannot harm that which you do not understand!"

He flew into the air and sprang lightly off a boulder on the hill to stand directly in front of the crowd. Many of the rowdy group fell to their knees and hid their faces in fear. Peter and his band watched in fascination.

"You do not wish to hurt anyone today," the man said softly.

As if hypnotized, they all repeated, "I do not wish to hurt anyone today."

"Very good. You are sleepy and wish to nap for a few hours."

The mob members echoed his suggestion. "I am sleepy and wish to nap."

The emissary waved his hand and they dropped where they stood, falling fast asleep.

He then disappeared, to immediately reappear with Peter and the others.

"Thank you so much," Peter said gratefully. "I think you just saved our lives. How can we ever repay your kindness?" He paused, "And how did you *do* that?"

"I merely recommended to them that they were sleepy, which was true. Weak minds are very easy to control," he responded.

"The bullets thudded against you like Superman. Are you Superman?" Jackie asked.

The emissary smiled. “No. It is because my vibrational frequency is so high. It’s kind of like a force field. Nothing that I do not allow can touch me.”

Peter held out his hand. “My name is Peter. This is Tish, Sherry, Marlene, Dawn and Jackie,” he said, introducing them all.

The man took his hand and shook it warmly. “My name is Yeshua. I am pleased to meet you.”

“Yeshua? Hmm... I’ve heard that name before,” said Peter.

The emissary nodded. “Could be. It is not an uncommon name where I come from. Now I think it best that you be moving along while these ruffians are soundly sleeping. Get back to your shelter, and I will see to it that they do not follow when they awaken.”

“How do you know of our shelter?” Peter asked.

“Have you been following us?” Sherry inquired.

“I know more than you can imagine, but rest assured I mean you only good will. No one will follow you today. Go home in safety. I should like to come for a visit someday soon. Would that be okay?”

Jackie clapped his hands in glee. “Oh boy, oh boy! Company!”

Everyone laughed. Dawn chortled, “I guess you can tell we have been a bit isolated, if you know what I mean.”

Marlene stepped up to say her goodbyes to the great man who had come to their rescue. “We have so many ques-

tions. I hope you will let us pick your brain when you come,” she asked.

“Indeed, I should be happy to answer all of your questions,” he replied, as she embraced him. They all gave him a hug and departed, waving from a distance at the last sight of him.

When they were well on their way, Yeshua then turned to the sleeping marauders around him. “What shall I do with you?” he queried. Tapping his chin thoughtfully, he considered his options. “Ah, yes. I have the perfect place.”

He blew a great wind and, with his finger, spun it into a rotating column of energy. He then lassooed the sleeping group with the tornado-like vortex, engulfing them all. They lifted into the air and blinked out of sight, instantly reappearing in the very grove of orange trees that Peter and the family had found, where Yeshua set them down gently to continue their slumber.

“Sleep well, and when you awaken you will be blessed with sweet fruit,” he told the unconscious forms lying beneath the trees. He touched an orange and it immediately ripened, as did the fruit on all the trees.

“Very good,” he announced, picking an orange for himself. He headed off in the direction Peter had taken, peeling his treasure as he went, and slowly faded out of sight.

Chapter Twelve

The winter had been mild for the Suiter family, compared to what Keith knew to be normal this far north, with only about three meters of snow in their vicinity. It had been a challenge, acclimating to a lifestyle with few creature comforts, but they were safe, warm and fed. The food was adequate and surprisingly varied. They drank water from the creek, treated with little pellets in a jar marked "Water Purification." Matthew had thought of everything. Not trusting the little pellets, Rebecca had boiled water for a few weeks, but eventually gave up and they had all survived the treated water just fine. None of them particularly liked the bathing situation, and kept it to a weekly function of filling the tub with water from the creek which they heated on the stove. They took turns going first.

The family played games and read by the light of the lanterns at night. Even Kyle learned to enjoy the quiet and was becoming quite the sketch artist. For Christmas, he gave them each drawings he had done secretly, while out during the day.

Now that the promise of spring was in the air, they were able to venture outdoors again. The cabin fever they had all felt during the long dark winter was replaced with spring fever. Snowdrops and crocus were popping out and the area surrounding the cabin was greening up. The children spent most of their time playing, while Keith scouted the hills nearby for game trails, carrying the bow and arrows with him. Rebecca was planning their garden and had started seeds next to the cabin under a sheet of plastic, using empty food boxes she had saved all winter.

All in all, they were doing well. Late one morning, Rebecca was coming out of the privy and heard the kids laughing in play. She could not resist peeking at them, it gave her such joy to see them having fun. She crept quietly toward the creek, where the source of the giggling and splashing drew her.

She stopped abruptly when she saw Madison floating about thirty centimeters above the stream and landing gently on a large boulder. Rebecca gasped and ran toward the children. "Madison, what are you doing? How did you do that?" she cried. She was confused and more than a little concerned. When she reached Madison, she threw her arms around her.

"It's okay Mommy. We are playing One World," Madison announced.

"What is that?" Rebecca asked. "Are you okay?" She knelt in front of Madison, holding her face, searching her daughter's eyes for answers.

“It’s just a game, Mom,” said Kyle. “Look at this!” Kyle propelled himself across the stream, touching this rock and that, like a butterfly flitting across flowers.

“Be careful, Kyle!” she exclaimed. He stood before her, legs spread and hands on his hips. “Mom, on One World, we can practically fly. It’s so cool.”

“Come here please,” Rebecca said as she sat down, pulling Madison onto her lap. She patted the grass beside her and Kyle sat down.

“I want to understand how you two learned to do this. Did you learn this at qigong⁹?” she asked.

“No, Mommy,” said Madison. She pointed off into the forest. “It was Myca from the woods. She told us we could do it and so we did.”

“Kyle, is this for real or just one of Maddy’s imaginary friends?” Rebecca asked, trying not to panic. Kyle, however, picked up the tension in her voice and laid his hand protectively on her leg.

“Don’t worry. Myca is real and she is really fun. We met her last week. You’ll like her.”

“Alright you two,” Rebecca said abruptly as she stood up. “Let’s go back for lunch and you can tell me more about this stranger that you neglected to mention.” She grabbed a hand from each and headed toward the cabin, casting a mother’s frightened eye into the woods behind her.

⁹ Ancient Chinese healing technique that harmonizes the flow of energy in the body.

Kyle rolled his eyes. “Oh boy,” he said under his breath as he allowed his mother to drag him off.

The children sat in silence as Rebecca prepared a chicken and rice casserole. The dehydrated food was not bad and she had become proficient at using spices to enhance the flavors. She was just setting the plates out when Keith came in the front door, all smiles.

“I do believe we’ll be able to get the garden planted soon,” he announced as he went to the wash bowl.

“Fresh vegetables would be a welcome change,” Rebecca responded, smiling. “Lunch is ready, honey.” She scooped food onto their plates and sat down to eat. “There is a woman hanging out in the woods nearby. It appears that our children have befriended her.”

“What?” he exclaimed. “How long has she been here?” He looked accusingly at Kyle, then softened his gaze and his tone. “Okay Kyle, I trust you. I know you would not speak to anyone you thought was dangerous. So she is a friend?”

Kyle’s face brightened and he beamed with pride. “Yeah, Dad. Myca is a very nice person. Maddy and I saw her on a rock downstream last week. She smiled and then floated right up in the air and over to us. It was amazing.”

Keith laughed and nearly choked on his food. “Did she now? Is she an angel? Does she have wings?” he asked, winking at Rebecca.

Kyle shook his head, and Rebecca answered for him. “I saw the children doing the same thing. Madison was floating in thin air. Scared me half to death.”

“You don’t understand. Myca says anyone can learn that on One World,” Kyle whimpered. “It’s not even hard.” He dropped his reddened face and pushed at his food with his fork.

“I am trying, Kyle. Explain it to me,” Keith said softly.

“Let me show you, Daddy,” Madison said. She stood up and went to the middle of the cabin. “You just think lighter than air and where you want to go.” She suddenly lifted off and floated up to the level of the loft, then slowly back down, touching the floor gently.

Kyle giggled with glee while Keith sat with his mouth open, speechless.

“See, I told you,” yelled Rebecca excitedly, jumping to her feet.

Keith exclaimed, “How on earth did you do that?”

Madison merely smiled and answered, “I just thought it.”

“You thought it,” he echoed, shaking his head in disbelief. “I believe it’s time your mom and I met this Myca person.”

* * * * *

The four of them stood on the edge of a grassy field filled with spring flowers. The creek was wide and deep, swollen with snow melt.

“Right here is where we first saw her,” stated Kyle.

“Well, she doesn’t seem to be anywhere in sight now,” Keith said, looking around for any sign of a stranger in their private sanctuary.

Madison squeezed Rebecca’s hand. “She’ll come. I’m calling her in my head.”

Rebecca glanced at Keith, eyebrows raised, but said nothing.

Kyle announced, “Okay then, she’ll be here,” and sat down.

Just as the rest of them got seated, Myca materialized before them, fading in.

Madison bounded up and ran over before Rebecca could stop her, throwing her arms around Myca’s legs. “I knew you would come,” she cried.

Myca knelt on one knee and hugged her. “Hello, little one,” she said, and then stood to face Keith and Rebecca. “I am most pleased to meet you.” She smiled warmly and bowed her head, then added, “Hello Kyle,” as he stepped forward for a hug.

“Myca, this is my dad and mom. They wanted to meet you and hear about One World.”

“Indeed,” she answered, noting the concern on their faces. “You have no reason to fear me. I am a friend and I have come to help you.” She glanced at the children. “Perhaps you two wouldn’t mind picking me some flowers while I talk to your parents?”

Both of the kids ran off to look for blooms for their friend.

Keith shook his head, still stunned. “How did you simply fade in out of thin air?” he asked.

“It’s called teleportation. Maybe you have heard of it?” she replied.

“I have heard of the theory. I didn’t know it was for real.”

“If you two would like to have a seat, I will tell you everything,” Myca suggested, waving to the grass beneath them. The three of them sat in a close triad.

“My children do not usually befriend perfect strangers,” started Rebecca. “It scared me silly when they told us about you.”

Myca nodded, speaking softly. “I am sure. But please know that I came here specifically for the four of you. I am an emissary, sent to help you. I am also not perfect, but close to it.” She winked and the humor broke the ice, causing all three to chuckle. “Now, let me tell you about One World.”

* * * * *

Madison wandered through the meadow gathering flowers and Kyle skipped rocks across the creek as their parents sat with Myca. She recounted her original trip to One World, much of her first two years there, and explained her mission here on Earth, or Dark Planet, as she knew it now. They had many questions.

“I never did think that story about all those people disappearing because of a virus was plausible. I don’t think I was alone in that, which is part of the reason everyone has gone

so crazy here on this planet. Umm, Dark Planet, right?" mused Keith.

"You're getting it," Myca replied, nodding. "However, most of the craziness you are referring to is because the magnetic frequency of the planet is increasing, which is uncomfortable for many people. It can cause short tempers, to say the least. People of a higher vibrational frequency deal with it best, while those of very low vibration are irritated, as if their skin were crawling."

"That is why mobs are burning and looting in the cities, I suppose," Rebecca noted.

"Exactly. It is an unfortunate repercussion of this event, but it cannot be helped. We hope to make the transition as easy as possible and as quickly as possible for many millions more of this world's inhabitants within the next few years. You four will ascend to One World very soon."

The children appeared nearby, venturing back because they had grown restless. Madison handed half her flowers to Kyle, who held them out sheepishly. "One for me, one for your mom. How sweet. Thank you," Myca said. Kyle beamed once again, redeemed.

"Oh my word," exclaimed Rebecca. "It's been over two hours."

"I'm tired Mommy. Can we go home now?" Madison begged. "Can Myca come too?"

"If she would like to come, she is welcome," replied Rebecca, looking questioningly at Myca.

"Indeed! I would love to," Myca answered.

Kyle stood in front of Keith with a huge grin. “So now do you believe me?” he teased.

Keith laughed. “Your secret is no secret anymore. We know all about One World. But... now I have a secret.”

“What?” both kids squealed, jumping up and down with anticipation.

“We are going to live there very soon. How does that sound?” Keith announced.

“Really? Really?” Kyle seemed afraid to hear the answer, looking back and forth at his parents, and then to Myca.

“Really!” The adults responded unanimously.

Madison and Kyle screamed with delight and scampered off in another game of chase across the creek, bounding lightly, barely touching down.

The adults laughed, and Myca commented, “You two have some lessons to work on first, but it should not take long. The children are ready now, as you can probably guess. Just look at them.”

“No kidding,” Rebecca said, laughing at their antics. “Shall we go?”

“Certainly,” Myca answered as they started back to the cabin. The children followed, sometimes running, sometimes floating.

Keith wore a wide grin and his eyes twinkled. “I can see that this is going to be a magnificent adventure, and I do so love an adventure!”

Chapter Thirteen

The basement of the old Oklahoma farmhouse was a veritable warehouse of canned and dried foods. The newly blended "family" took on the chores of getting a meal together. Some of the women brought up of tins of ravioli for the children, beef stew, green beans and corn. Several of the men pitched in to carry wood and split kindling with the axes they found leaning against the side of the house, and soon the wood stove was blazing in the kitchen. Once the food was heated through, they rummaged around to find cutlery, paper plates and napkins, and then twenty-six hungry mouths dove in as if it were a Thanksgiving feast.

After filling their bellies, they wandered in to the large, comfortable living room. The children munched on cookies and the adults raided the wine rack, helping themselves to wine and port. Everyone was soon sprawling on chairs, couches and the floor, stretched out lazily, heads resting on pillows. The moonlight streaming through the windows completed the ambiance.

John retired to the back porch to listen to the frogs and crickets. The night was humid and the sweet smell of dian-

thus wafted across the porch and through the house. A graceful moth, seemingly attracted by the candle flickering on the stand next to his seat, gently fluttered past him and settled on the arm of his chair. She was brilliantly colored and slowly flapped her wings, blinking her diaphanous eyes sweetly.

“Have you been paying close attention?” he asked her.

“I have, John,” she responded, “although I am not certain how I can use the enchantment of music for my own work. We are not all as musically gifted as you. It is your legacy.”

“Ah yes, Myca dear, but to witness the ability it has to dissolve negative emotion almost instantly could be a valuable lesson. Love can do the same, albeit not always as rapidly.”

She pondered his words carefully and replied, “I understand your point. I saw it in action when I came with Muhammad. It took him but a few moments to flood a familial group with his consciousness so completely as to affect every cell within them. They transcended within hours. It was amazing. His frequency of love is so strong it envelopes all within his presence.”

“Yes, it is his biggest gift — and yours too. You have merely to realize your own power and allow it to emanate freely to blanket those around you,” John offered.

“Thank you,” she answered, bowing her head slightly. “I will consider your suggestion and work at it.”

They sat together quietly enjoying the night air for a few minutes, then Myca asked, “How long do you think it will be for this group?”

He smiled. “They are nearly ready. I will sing to them again tonight and in the morning. I expect they will be on their way to One World by noon.”

She flapped her wings in approval. “You don’t mind if I stick around for the show, do you?”

“Not at all, but take a high perch, my dear. We wouldn’t want any of the youngsters to decide to play with you,” he joked, chuckling.

She giggled, too, and lifted off as he stood to return to the contented family inside.

“And does everyone have a happy tummy?” he asked as he stepped cautiously over the relaxed bodies sprawled out on the floor.

“Oh yes!”

“Uh-huh!”

“Will you play us another song?” someone requested.

“I thought you would never ask,” he replied. He moved to the center of the room and sat in a cross-legged position.

He gently rocked as he played, the gold inlay on his guitar sparkling in the moonlight.

There is a place of peace and goodwill

And it waits for us all in turn.

It is a world of abundance and love,

Just open your mind and you’ll learn.

This place is inside every one of us,
And a movement comes over the land.
It is there for me, and it's there for you.
Walk beside me and take my hand.

Shining the light of love on the earth,
Letting the truth set us free at last.
We shall be one in the light.
Heaven only lives within our minds
And darkness is a lie of the past.
We are all one in the light.

There is a space that is so close at hand
You could touch it if you only would.
You could taste the sweet nectar of living a dream
In a world built on brotherhood.

We are all one in the light.
Yes, we are all one in the light.

Shining the light of love on the earth,
Letting the truth set us free at last.
We can be one in the light.
Heaven only lives within our minds
And darkness is a lie of the past.
We are all one in the light.¹⁰

¹⁰ Channeled through Linn Vermilion Smith.

With the final chords, a voice close to him asked, “Another John Lennon song?”

John set his guitar down and stretched out on his back. “What can I say, I am a big fan.” He winked at the moth perched on the light fixture overhead, who waved her wings in return.

Another voice asked, “Do you think there really is such a place?”

This was the question he had been waiting for, the very reason for his being here at this time.

“There is,” he said. “I have seen it. It is called One World. It is a world of peace and harmony. Everyone is connected and lives in abundance and joy. Just like in my... just like in the song “Imagine.”

“It looks like this planet, but there is no war or pollution, no violence or greed. It’s an exciting place filled with amazing wisdom and technology. People can speak to each other with their thoughts if they wish to, and never age if they don’t want to. The only form of travel is called teleportation — you think where you want to go and are there in the blink of an eye. It is what many people think heaven is like.”

“It sounds like a dream,” a child whispered.

“And, that gives me a very good idea. Why don’t we all go to sleep and dream about such a place,” John suggested.

“I’m for that!”

“Me too!”

“Okay, sweet dreams everyone!”

John stood up and tip-toed through the crowd toward the back door. “Alrighty then, we’ll all compare stories in the morning. Goodnight all.”

“G’night, John.”

“Sleep well, John.”

“Thanks for the song.”

“Goodnight, everybody.”

As they said their goodnights, Myca flew down from above and flitted out the screen door, which John closed quietly behind them. He returned his beloved Epiphone to its case and spread out on the chaise lounge. Myca landed on his knee and whispered, “You are a master, to be sure!”

He grinned like a Cheshire cat. “It did go well, I must admit.”

“Thanks for allowing me to observe. And now, I must take my leave. I have another mission to prepare for,” she announced.

“Any time. Will I see you tomorrow on One World?” he asked.

“I will be at the Keep. If you are there, look me up,” she replied, flying off and twinkling out of sight like stardust.

He smiled contentedly and drifted off to sleep.

* * * * *

During their breakfast of cereal and canned milk, the group shared their dreams. They were spirited and laughing, giddy from the experience. John walked from place to place, listen-

ing and commenting. He was greatly pleased at their enthusiastic participation in this little experiment.

Afterwards, he led them outside to the lawn and invited them to sit in a large circle. Standing in the center, guitar in hand, he spoke. “You have had some fascinating journeys, my friends. Now, what would you say if I were to tell you that what you dreamed was real?”

No one said a word but listened in breathless anticipation.

“That is exactly what I am here to tell you. You all got a glimpse of the real place known as One World,” he declared.

Their puzzled faces did not stop his rhetoric. “I will also tell you that the Daniels, our benefactors, did not go north, as our young friend reported. They went to One World.”

He let that sink in. As they processed this monumental piece of information, there was an impassioned buzz in the air.

“How did they do that?”

“So this place is for real! I want to go too.”

“And so you shall, my friend,” he replied. “How many of you want to go?”

Every hand went up in a flash. “Very good. Let’s do it then. We will go together. Now this might feel a bit strange to you, but do not be afraid. We will simply disappear from this place, and reappear in another place. When we get there, you will be greeted by friends who will guide and assist each of you. Any questions?”

A red-haired woman's hand shot up, "What will we do after we get there?"

"Your guide will help you, teach you, make sure you are comfortable and answer all your questions. Where we are going is like utopia. It is the perfect life you have always imagined. I might add it is a far sight more desirable than skulking around in strangers' homes looking for food, water and shelter, and running for your life from the mobs and bombs in the cities, don't you agree?"

This little reminder brought their current predicament acutely back into focus and they all nodded in unison.

"Okay then," he said. "I am going to sing another song. I would like each of you to take your neighbor's hand and sing along on the chorus. The words are easy. Okay?"

He began to play and the people joined hands, swaying as the great master sang the immortal Lennon/McCartney song, "All You Need is Love."

"Love, love, love..."

The vibrational frequency of the site was so high and intense, the air seemed to dance. John packed his guitar and slung it over his shoulder as they joined in on the chorus.

"All together again!" he cheered.

"All you need is love!" the group rejoiced, as John lifted his arms out like the conductor of a great symphony.

"All you need is love!" The voices were in ardent accord as John's hands stretched up to the sky.

The entire group of twenty-six singers, in a spectacular choir of angelic voices, began to waver and dissolve. In an instant, they disappeared simultaneously from this earth.

The sound of the music lingered on for several minutes, long after the emissary, John Lennon, had led his flock to a new world.

Chapter Fourteen

“Now I know where I have heard the name Yeshua before!” exclaimed Peter. The family was lounging in the living area, reading and discussing their books. Peter had picked up several different books, scanning each briefly and moving on to the next.

“It’s right here,” he said, face buried in a thick volume. “That is the real name of Jesus! He was called Yeshua ben Joseph. Ben means ‘of’ and Joseph was his father’s name. Yeshua ben Joseph.”

The rest of them sat mutely, stunned and confused by this revelation. Finally, Frank asked, “You don’t actually think this man is *the* Jesus, as in the second coming of Christ?”

“I don’t know. I doubt if it was anything as prophetic as the second coming, but I guess we’ll just have to ask him,” Peter replied.

A deep, gentle voice filled the shelter. “Ask me what?”

They looked around for their rescuer, but he was nowhere to be found.

“May I enter?” he asked.

“Certainly,” replied Peter. “I’ll get the hatch.”

“Not necessary, my friend,” said Yeshua, materializing before them.

Frank gasped in astonishment, but the others merely jumped up to greet their guest.

“So glad you could make it,” Marlene said, taking Yeshua’s hands and kissing him on the cheek.

Jackie threw his arms around the emissary’s legs and giggled with delight. After everyone said their hellos and he was introduced to Frank, Tish inquired, “Are you hungry? We were just about to eat lunch.”

“I would be pleased to join you for a meal,” he replied, “but only if you let me provide it. I am sure you would appreciate something other than the dried and canned foods you have been eating for so long.”

“We sure would!” said Peter. “But let’s talk for a few minutes first.” He motioned to a couch, where Yeshua took a seat. The rest of them crowded around the emissary.

The glowing energy emanating from him was even more apparent in the dim light of the shelter. Jackie sat at his feet, looking up at the great man. “Are you an angel?” he asked. “You got light around you.”

“No, Jackie, I am an emissary,” he smiled, cupping the boy’s face with gentle hands. “People like me travel the planet to help people like you.”

Peter asked, “Help us do what? Get away from nasty out-laws? We’d like to thank you again for that! If you had not

come along, I hate to think what might have happened to us.”

“Glad to have been of service, but that is not why I am here. I came to help you move to a place where there is only peace, joy and love — that is, if you want to go,” he said, directing his steady gaze upon Peter.

Peter stared deeply into Yeshua’s dark eyes, searching.

“I must ask you a question, if you do not think it too presumptuous of me,” he said.

Yeshua replied, “I will answer any question you have.”

“Are you the Yeshua ben Joseph known to the western world as Jesus of Nazareth?” Peter asked bluntly

The great man smiled and nodded. “Indeed, I am.”

The family gaped in stunned silence. Marlene jumped in excitedly, “But how can we know for sure?”

“Because I tell you it is so. You need only to look within for your confirmation. However, it matters not who I am. All that matters is that I am here to help and that you want to be helped,” he responded.

“I think it matters to all of us who are struggling through these times of war and violence and planetary upheaval, if what you say is true,” Peter proclaimed, becoming more animated with every word. “People will want to know, people have the right to know that Jesus has returned!”

“Peter, calm yourself. I have always been here. And I must tell you that I am but one of many emissaries who have come here at this pivotal time to assist humans step out of negative energy and into the light. Men and women like me

are crossing the globe to aid all who are looking for something better.”

The great man paused for a moment and then suggested, “Shall we eat?” Seeing nods of agreement from the rest of them, he waved his hand. A large tray appeared on the table before the flabbergasted family. Clubhouse, turkey, egg salad and grilled cheese sandwiches were neatly stacked beside a pitcher of chilled lemonade. Jackie’s eyes were as big as saucers. “Ooooooh, can I have grilled cheese, please?” he squealed.

“I made it especially for you,” Yeshua said with a wink. They all dived in and grabbed their favorites, moaning with pleasure at every bite. “You are an easy bunch to please,” he teased, taking one for himself.

As they ate, the questions continued. “What is this place you speak of where there is only peace and joy?” Peter queried. “It sounds like heaven.”

Yeshua responded, “Heaven only exists within you. It is a state of being. It becomes your existence as you live in joy. The place I refer to is called One World. It is another planet which vibrates at a much faster frequency than this one.”

“So, the vibrational frequency you spoke of before has something to do with this One World?” asked Tish.

“Yes and no,” Yeshua replied. “My vibrations were very high before I ever went to One World. It is how I ascended.” He winked at her and added, “Some of the stories you have heard about me really are true. And when I said that you too can do all of the things that I do, I meant it literally.”

Frank watched and listened quietly as the others fired questions at the emissary. He ate slowly, deep in his own thoughts. Eventually, he brushed the crumbs from his hands and cleared his throat. “So, I guess the big question is this — how do we get to this heavenly place you speak of, this One World?” he asked.

“As your vibrations increase, you simply transcend, disappearing from here and appearing there. It is really very simple. You have been doing the work all along, preparing. The books you are reading, the discussions of the concepts found therein and the application of these concepts to your lives have changed your consciousness levels dramatically.”

He let that set for a moment, and then put his hands up, palms facing out. “Now it is my turn to ask a question. “Where do you suppose over a million people disappeared to after the start of the bombings?” He paused. “They went to One World. They were welcomed, educated in the ways of One World and are now productive members of that society. Some of them have even become emissaries like me, to return to this place to help others do as they have done, transcend.”

The group was shocked momentarily, and then frenetic questions were fired from all directions.

“My uncle and his family disappeared. Is he there?”

“I have not seen my sister, Rachel, since the Long Beach explosion. Could she be there?”

“My best friend was the most spiritual, kind person I have ever known. I couldn’t believe anything bad had hap-

pened to her. Now I think she must have, how did you say it, transcended?”

Jackie calmly stated, “Now I know where Grandma is.”

“Okay, okay! Settle down everyone,” Yeshua insisted, laughing. “You may very well find your missing loved ones soon. Right now, I wonder if you would like to meet another emissary?”

They all agreed, so Yeshua invited them to take a seat. He closed his eyes, quietly communing with the intended visitor. Shortly, a feminine figure faded in before them.

Peter jumped to his feet. “Myca!” he cried. “I know her, she is my sister’s friend and teacher,” he told the others.

Myca stepped forward, arms open, and embraced him tenderly. “Hello, Peter. It is so fabulous to see you and in such magnificent circumstances. I hear you are almost ready to travel.”

He pulled back and looked at her beseechingly. “Have you seen Rachel? Did she go with you? Is she okay?”

Myca laughed softly. “Yes, yes and yes. She is on One World and is very well indeed. She has missed you terribly. Would you like to see her?”

Overcome with emotion, he sank to his knees. “Yes, please,” was all he could utter.

“Okay,” she answered. “Everyone, find a seat.”

The family and Yeshua settled comfortably on the chairs and pillows, spreading out around her. She waved her hand and the air seemed to fold and then open into a vivid and brightly colored movie. The smell of flowers and salt air

filled the room, and they could hear the pounding of surf and the sound of sea birds. A rustic home with cedar siding graced the edge of a glorious beach. A deck wrapped around the house, with steps leading down to the sand. A dark-haired beauty appeared in the doorway and stepped out onto the veranda.

Peter cried out, “Rachel!” He wept for joy. Tish smiled, tears spilling onto her cheeks, and inched closer to him. She put her arm around him, but he did not take his eyes off the image of his beloved sister.

“She is very happy, Peter, and she knows you are coming soon,” Myca said, touching his arm gently. She let him watch Rachel move down the steps onto the beach and out to the water’s edge. Then she waved her hand again, and the colors seemed to blend together like wet paint, slowly fading from sight.

Peter dropped his head to his chest and sobbed with relief. The others buzzed with excitement. Myca and Yeshua exchanged knowing glances, smiling broadly.

It was Jackie who finally put a stop to the chatter. He stood on a chair, hands on his hips and loudly stated, “Okay, it’s time for me to go to One World.”

This matter-of-fact announcement from the lips of a child broke the intensity of the moment and sent them all into hysterical laughter.

Yeshua squeezed him in a hug. “It is indeed, my young friend. It is indeed.”

Chapter Fifteen

Rachel busied herself with food preparation, wanting everything to be perfect but also to keep herself occupied while she eagerly awaited the arrival of her brother. She had a tray of finger foods before her and hummed along to the music drifting through the house. She paused in her work occasionally to gaze out the back window at her family of animal friends and commune with them.

“You will love Peter,” she thought to the pair of deer lying under the bougainvillea bushes.

“Having a human male here every day will be welcome,” replied the female, Monique. We like Jonathan but he is gone much of the time.”

“My brother will be attending the university and will be here every night, along with his companion,” she informed the majestic creature.

Keeping a close eye on the beach in anticipation of the arrival of her guests, Rachel continued the creation of her

culinary masterpiece. She seldom used her food fabricator,¹¹ enjoying the sense of accomplishment in preparing her own food.

Individual quiche tarts, phyllo cups and cabbage rolls were decoratively placed on a large platter around a marinated vegetable salad. “Looks delicious!” She smiled to herself, adding a bit of color here and there with parsley and nasturtiums.

She heard a whistle from the beach and turned to catch sight of three people walking toward the steps — Myca, Peter and undoubtedly, Tish. She screamed with delight, threw open the door and flew into Peter’s arms.

They laughed and cried, hugging each other fiercely. “Peter, I have missed you so much! You have no idea. I sent positive thoughts every day. I just knew you would make it. I never gave up.”

“Me too, Rach! I missed you so much it ached. I sent love every day, hoping you could sense it, hoping you were okay. Oh my gosh,” he said, remembering his manners. “This is my girlfriend, Tish.” He put his arm around her and pulled her forward to meet Rachel. She smiled shyly and said, “I am so glad to finally meet you.”

Rachel took Tish's hands and looked deeply into her eyes. “You are so welcome here. Thank you for loving my

¹¹ Food fabricators are computerized systems that instantly deliver completed meals at the touch of a button.

brother and helping him on the journey,” she said as she embraced her warmly.

“He saved my life. I’d have to say that it’s been a mutually beneficial relationship — and thank you for offering your home. It’s lovely,” Tish responded.

Rachel smiled at the compliment and then turned to Myca, arms outstretched, “It’s great to see you too, dear. Thank you so much for bringing them.”

“As always, I enjoy coming here, so my visit is not entirely unselfish,” Myca grinned.

Rachel laughed and asked, “Is everyone hungry? Hope so, because I have an amazing lunch ready!”

“Famished, but you know me,” said Peter. “Besides, after a couple of years of rations, a real meal would be fantastic!”

“Great!” Rachel said and motioned the group to the table on the veranda, which was set for five with brightly colored napkins and tableware. “I’ll be right back.”

Myca followed her into the house. “Let me help,” she offered.

Rachel stopped in front of her delectable tray of food and leaned on the counter for support, tears running down her face. Myca came up behind her and took her sobbing shoulders in her hands.

“Rachel, dear. It’s over now. You never again have to worry about Peter,” she whispered softly.

Rachel turned her smiling tear-stained face to Myca, wiping her eyes. “I’m okay, really. Tears of joy, my friend. Relief!

Exhilaration! Excitement for what we will experience now, and for what is to come.”

Myca nodded and grinned back. “Indeed. Such great adventures lie before us all. Speaking of adventures, where is Jonathan?”

“Right here, Myca,” Jonathan declared from the hallway. He walked up and grabbed Rachel by the waist, planting a kiss on her lips.

“Hi honey,” Rachel told him. “Just in time for lunch.”

“Looks amazing! What can I carry?” he asked.

The three of them took the food and drinks outside. Peter stood and helped Rachel set the platter on the table. “Peter, Tish. This is Jonathan, the love of my life,” Rachel announced, face beaming.

Peter extended his hand. “I am so pleased to meet you. Rachel didn’t tell me, and neither did Myca.”

Jonathan responded, “On One World, we hug.” He put his arms around Peter first, then Tish.

“I wanted it to be Rachel’s surprise,” Myca said, smiling at her friend’s grateful look. “I am sure you’ll hear all about it soon enough.”

“Let’s have a seat and Jonathan will say a blessing,” said Rachel.

“Of course,” he began. “Everyone please join hands. Good! We are so excited to finally be here together as a family. We are in a state of appreciation to Myca for her role in bringing Peter and Tish to our doorstep. We live in joy and

passion for life, today and always. May this food nourish our bodies and bring us pleasure. So be it!”

“So be it,” they all agreed and wholeheartedly dove into the meal.

As they ate, the ebullient conversation, dominated by Peter and Rachel, was tinged with laughter and tears. Rachel told the story of meeting Jonathan, how their relationship developed and about her work as an animal interpreter.

Peter recounted their nightmarish existence on Dark Planet in the aftermath of the bombing, finding the underground hideaway with its cache of uplifting books, their initial encounter with Yeshua and their joyous transition to One World.

Jonathan, Tish and Myca said little, enjoying listening to the siblings catch up, watching them in fond amusement.

Finally, Myca informed the group, “This has been so much fun, but it's time for me to be going. I have a meeting.” She folded her napkin and stood. Turning to Peter, she said, “Your guide will meet you here. She was kind enough to allow me to assist you to this point, but you will need her after today. Her name is Tanya and she will be here tomorrow morning. You and Tish will attend the university as a couple for now, and Tanya will be guide to both of you.”

Peter hugged her goodbye. “Thanks for everything. It was great to spend some time with you and get to know you a little better. It’s no wonder Rachel was always quoting you.”

“Thank you, Myca, so much!” Tish said, embracing the emissary tightly.

“Indeed. I was happy to help,” Myca said. She hugged Rachel and Jonathan and then vanished from sight.

“I don’t know if I’ll ever get used to that,” remarked Peter, watching after her.

“Oh, you will!” Rachel assured him. “Especially when it’s you doing the teleporting.”

“I guess,” he chuckled.

Tish just shook her head in wonder. “Boy, ya gotta love this place!”

They all agreed enthusiastically and began to clear the table, laughing and chatting cheerfully.

Chapter Sixteen

It was a delightful day on Caledonia Island. Wispy clouds drifted overhead and dozens of brightly colored birds darted about, filling the air with song. The tropical flora lining the garden walkways sent their sweet aroma upwards to the courtyard and into the forum where the emissaries were gathered. Myca sat on a cushion near the front next to her friend and study partner, Daniel. They chatted about their endeavors on Dark Planet, as did most of the others, awaiting the arrival of the special guests.

When the tower bell sounded, a hush fell over the crowd and they stood in respect. The first to enter was Master Director Jenson, followed by Yeshua ben Joseph and Deladono. The two master emissaries positioned themselves on either side of Master Jenson in front of the speakers' couches.

Master Jenson spoke first. "Today we are honored to be in the presence of Master Emissaries Deladono and Yeshua ben Joseph, who will discuss our progress on Dark Planet. Deladono will speak first, about the planet itself in its cycle

of destruction, after which Yeshua will tell us about the emissaries and inhabitants. Shall we be seated?”

Deladono, who immediately went into deep trance, was of slender build with both masculine and feminine features. The androgynous entity had lived many lifetimes as a man and as a woman. The last incarnation upon Dark Planet had been as the great female human rights activist and missionary, Deladono. She had ascended in the summer of 2012, after leading an uprising of the women of China.

The entity opened its eyes and began softly. “I have spent the past week in deep study of the Akashic Records, which are evolving at a remarkable rate. Dark Planet continues its self-destructive course and the disasters are gaining in intensity. It is as if the planet is attempting to shake off a virus. We have less time to accomplish our mission than we originally anticipated.

“Floods, droughts, hurricanes, earthquakes and other devastating climatic occurrences are ravaging the surface. Volcanic activity is increasing as the interior of the planet boils in final preparation for the end. The magnetic poles have shifted substantially. Deadly new plagues are adding to the death tolls.

“We are increasing the vibrational frequency, so that it doubles every five years, in an effort to awaken the remaining population more rapidly. This also causes those of lower vibration to become more aggravated, adding to the global terrorism. Unfortunately, this cannot be avoided because we need to step up the pace. Additionally, the dark energy

grows in strength, filling the void left by the higher vibrational entities who have transitioned to One World.”

Deladono continued for about twenty minutes and then paused to take a sip of water and allow these dire facts to settle into the minds of the assembly. “In conclusion,” the entity continued, “it is my educated opinion that we may have half a century, at best, before the planet fails.”

The room was silent for a few moments. Then Yeshua stood and walked to the back of the room, all eyes upon him. “Thank you for that update, my dear friend,” he began. “This news does not come as a complete surprise to most of us here. We have been walking on Dark Planet and have witnessed the acceleration of the climatic upheaval and disease. We have seen how dramatically the increased magnetic frequency is affecting those of very low vibration, who continue to perpetrate atrocities.”

He paced around the room as he spoke, using his presence and body language to captivate and rally his audience. “What this announcement gives us is more determination. We must move faster and smarter, using our time more wisely. We will want to work rapidly through the folds of time to help as many people transcend as possible. There are millions more who can still make it, and that translates into fewer entities passing through Sabbatical, which will be very busy indeed.”

He went to the front of the room and took a drink from his water challis. “I will now bring everyone up to speed on the progress with the population. At this time,” he paused

for emphasis, “over a hundred million have transcended to One World. We have done a splendid job in a short time.”

A cheer went up through the emissaries, to which Yeshua nodded and smiled. “Twice as many have passed on to Sabbatical, mainly from the coastal regions as a result of tsunamis. Once at Sabbatical, they have more choices. Because this experiment has jumped the original boundaries of the controlled environment intended, all agreements made at the inception are null and void.

“After they are processed at Sabbatical, entities may choose to immediately return to physicality on another plane of existence that matches their current vibrational frequency and level of wisdom their soul has gained. Their agreement to stay in their incarnation cycle upon either One World or Dark Planet no longer applies, and they are free to go wherever they prefer, based upon their vibrational frequency. As most of you know by now, there are countless planets they may choose from. Wherever they go, they continue the development of their eternal wisdom.

“They may also choose to stay and learn at Sabbatical, thus raising their levels of consciousness. As you know, special arrangements have been made to accommodate whatever choice they make. While in non-physical form at Sabbatical, entities are given the opportunity to develop the wisdom of their eternal existence at an accelerated pace, foregoing countless incarnations. This is unheard of in the universe, and many entities will undoubtedly take advantage

of this option. Others will want to continue learning in physicality, as it has always been.

“Some will opt to be born as a child, upon One World, after they have achieved the sufficient level of frequency required for this planet. Of course, their higher consciousness may draw them to another place that speaks to their soul, through their vibrational frequency, rather than One World. With no contract in force any longer, they are free to choose elsewhere.”

Yeshua continued to stroll among the emissaries as he spoke. He stopped here and there for effect, looking closely into the eyes and hearts of them all. “We are going to begin concentrating the majority of our attention on the most heavily populated areas, where people have congregated to escape the natural disasters. As you can well imagine, these areas are also hotbeds of violence. We will start with Central Europe and focus our attention on those of higher vibration first. Entities living primarily in their third and fourth seals will make the passage faster than those in the lower seals. Emissaries will rotate between groups of people as they progress in vibrational frequency. This is a tactical challenge but one I believe we are more than capable of adapting to.”

He returned to his couch and sat down. “I know there are many questions. I will address some of them now.” Hands flew up all over the room.

“Yes, Myca?” he acknowledged.

She asked, “Do you have any definite awareness from the Akashic Records of how many involved in this experiment will eventually end up on One World?”

“Good question. Because there are always many probable outcomes, we cannot say for sure. Based upon where we seem to be headed, it appears that at some point in the future, over a billion entities of like mind will inhabit One World.”

He called upon another emissary in the back of the room. “Yes, David?”

“How many of those will make the transition from Dark Planet as a direct result of our mission?” David asked.

“We believe the number will be close to half a billion entities who will transcend, bodies intact,” Yeshua responded.

“And what of the rest?” he inquired.

Yeshua answered quickly. “They have no choice but to pass to Sabbatical, which I must tell you is a precious place. If you haven’t had the opportunity for a remote viewing, I would encourage it. They will be most comfortable and at peace as they choose where they wish to continue the expansion of their eternal existence. We are even exploring other dimensions as a possibility for those who may wish to experience parallel universes.”

He then called upon Joshua, Myca’s companion from one of her earlier missions.

“My question is for Deladono,” Joshua began. “How is it that this catastrophic event has escalated so much more rapidly than everyone anticipated?”

Deladono’s eyes clouded briefly as the entity considered the question. “We have no control over what the planet itself chooses. Dark Planet grows weary of the heaviness and dark energy encumbering its existence. This is the only explanation I can offer. We can influence, to some extent, the human-god entities who chose to be a part of this experiment in consciousness. But the living entity, Dark Planet, is not bound by the same agreements. We did not anticipate anything as profound as the consciousness of the planet making the decision to terminate its physicality.”

Yeshua and Deladono graciously answered questions for another hour until Master Jenson interrupted. “One more question, and then we must adjourn.”

Myca jumped up with her hand in the air. Yeshua could not help but call upon her for she would not be denied. She asked, “I know that some entities will remain on Dark Planet when it ceases to exist. What exactly will become of them?”

Yeshua smiled sadly and responded, “Only the very best will remain. At the instant the planet ceases, entities with any spark of light left in them will go to Sabbatical. There are some entities, however, that are so enveloped in dark energy they have fused with it. They will return to Source. The limited wisdom they may have gained in their lifetimes upon Dark Planet will be absorbed into All That Is, and they become the unfortunate by-product of a cosmic venture gone awry.”

Master Jenson stood up and announced, “We must now close this audience. Everyone is tired. We would like to thank

Deladono and Yeshua ben Joseph for sharing with us. Yeshua has been chosen by the Council to coordinate our mission from this point forward. He will be calling a meeting later in the week to discuss strategic details, particular assignments and to address any unanswered questions.

“And now, chef has prepared a light buffet for your refreshment before you retire. Contemplate what you have heard here. We have much work to do. You are the shining stars of humanity, and we know the mission will go splendidly. Sleep well.”

Everyone filed out, some to their rooms directly and some to grab a bite before their slumber.

Myca took a sandwich to her room and sat in the moonlight, gazing through her window at the stars as she nibbled. Her thoughts were on Yeshua’s words, “At some point in the future, over a billion entities of like mind will inhabit One World.” She smiled at the thought of such a magnificent home for so many. She wondered if the exploration of other dimensions he referred to had anything to do with Jody, and made a mental note to ask him about it.

Crawling into bed, she drifted off to sleep, dreaming of the mission, where Dark Planet was headed and the exciting life in store for those who came to One World.

* * * * *

Several hours into her slumber, a sound disturbed Myca and her eyes flew open. A glowing face appeared to be floating

above the end of her bed. “Myca,” the face intoned. She shook the sleep away and sat up.

“It’s me, Jody. Do you remember me?” the face asked her.

“Of course! You’re Rachel’s friend,” Myca responded.

“I’m crossing into this dimension with much difficulty. I am having problems moving back and forth, but for some reason your vibrations helped attract me to this place. I have an urgent message to deliver.”

Myca asked, “What is it, Jody?”

“It’s Dark Planet. In the dimension where I am at present, the planet does *not* destroy itself. The two planets become as one. You must let the Council know immediately. The fate of Dark Planet might be changed...”

The face grew faint, and although Myca could see the lips moving, she could no longer hear the words. Jody faded from sight, leaving Myca dumbstruck at the implications. She grabbed her robe, flung open the door to her room and ran down the hallway.

About the Author

Linn Vermilion Smith is a writer and spiritual teacher who lives Ecuador and conducts spiritual retreats with her husband, Cardell Smith. She has written two books in her fantasy series, The 2012 Chronicles: To the One World and Myca's Quest. Linn was commissioned, through direct inspiration from source, to channel this series.

She is currently working on the third book in her trilogy and she and Cardell are working on a book together called Quantum Life Changes. This book will outline all of the patent-pending processes taught in their retreats. It should prove to be a great resource for those looking to implement any of the skills read about in this series.

Her mission in life is to empower others to remember the divine within themselves. She lives with passion and appreciation in a Cuenca, Ecuador.

You may contact her by visiting one of their websites:

www.The2012Chronicles.com

www.quantumlifechanges.com

In late 2012, Myca and her friends were transported to a utopian planet called One World, along with a million others of high vibration. It is now 2015, and she has become a Master Emissary, whose assignment is to journey back to Dark Planet (Earth) to help the remaining populations raise their consciousness levels and thus their vibrations so that they may also transcend to One World.

Joining her in this epic mission are Yeshua ben Joseph (Jesus), Buddha, John Lennon and many others. The emissaries use teleportation, time manipulation, music, telepathy and other miraculous works to impress the teachings into the minds and hearts of the entities still living on Dark Planet, which is plagued with climatic disasters, terrorism and chaos, and is rapidly coming to its end.

Myca's Quest is a fantasy that teaches the importance of living in love and joy every day and delivers a message of hope to people confused about the implications of 2012.



Photographer - Weston Hall

Linn Vermillion Smith is a writer and spiritual teacher who conducts retreats and seminars with her husband, Cardell Smith. She has written two books and is working on a third. She seeks to empower others to remember the divine within themselves and lives in Cuenca, Ecuador.

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