

Like attracts like

In the beginning, (if there was ever a beginning to a story such as this,) there was only the darkness, the Void. A velvety, inky blackness that held an unlimited, an undefined potential. Darkness lay all around. Unaware, un-manifest, an undulating, infinite blackness containing everything yet nothing. Vast holes of nothing opened up to reveal grand caverns of Void. The velvety vastness lay unconscious of everything, and conscious of none. The darkness held within its unrealised form the potential. For how long the Void lay sleeping who can say? What prompted the Void to become aware we shall never know. From somewhere deep in the centre of its infinite depths something began to stir. A pulse, the first movement of all time, the initial impulse of life stirred within the black bowels of the nothing. The gentle undulations rippled out into the unrestricted fields of nothing. As notes being played upon a violin the Void began to sing from the very centre of its none existence.

The void full, laden and sweet, running like black honey. The primal swamp of nothing began to move and be. Out of this movement came a single conscious thought and for the first time the Void became aware and expressed a thought ---AM---. Insignificantly this seed of light, this thought, this star of consciousness lay nestled in the warm and moist darkness of the womb of life. As the undulations and movements intensified and the spaces in between the velvety folds dropped into unfathomable depths, the light from the Star began to catch upon the crests of these waves and reflect and prism out from its small and tiny centre. Against great odds this tiny seed of light began to know of itself. Now to look upon this tiny spark of light against a sea of unlimited depth and breath of darkness was an awesome sight to behold, with nothing to compare it with this light, this seed of divine life looked like a giant fiery mass of energy. With the light of the Star being reflected back upon itself the Star began to know of itself, it began to become conscious of itself as being the Light.

The Star lay unconscious of everything as all that lay around it was nothing. With nothing to perceive the Star of all light lay dormant, slumbering lost in the unconscious realms where even dreams are lost under the pressure of the dark. Nestled comfortably in the Void the Star lay totally unaware of itself as being a creative energy. Illuminated from an internal source of energy the energy of the Void, the Star breathed shallowly in the gentle ripples of its unconscious existence. Light pulsated and shimmered from its being, illuminating the surrounding darkness, the Star emanated energy of such intensity. The light consumed the light in one continual recycling of itself. Rays of light would rise up from the surface only to be overwhelmed by the light from below, returning to its original source, in one constant eternal rhythm An Idea illuminated in light the Star slumbered in its eternal death, of none realised awareness. The Void using the Star as a gateway began to dream. Through interaction of the mystery of existence the Star and the Void began to dance and weave a dream. Their very opposite natures created a new and inspired thought, the darkness, the un-manifest, the Star the manifest joining and blending to create. The Void, the source for all creative thought moved and moulded into a creative manifested something, the Star of all light.

An idea in light a giant awesome intricate pattern of such incredible detail hung illuminating the surrounding darkness. Gossamer threads of light crystallised the

light emanations that began to radiate from its centre. The source of all light for the first time saw a reflection of its thoughts or dreams casting shadows out upon the Void, A living breathing thought emanating the very energies of the Void. Through this amazingly intricate pattern of light the Source could now become self reflective, using the pattern to sound ideas, dreams and realities off from this original idea, from this central source of ideas .The Void, channelled itself as reflective energy onto the Star of all creation. With dreams dreaming within dreams and thoughts pondering other thoughts the conscious awareness of this reflective energy of light began to know itself as a mind, a mind of light, of information. Each thought, each dream added to the intricate nature of the Star, it began to take on an alive self-aware nature, itself knowing itself as the original Source of all structured light, structured thought. The Void now had a mind in which to think its first creative thoughts, thoughts that would ripple out and affect and mould the surrounding blackness. The energy of the ---AM" resounded into the night of all creation.

This mighty nucleus of light bathing in a sea of infinite darkness the Star shimmered and shone like a jewel of life in the void, using the Star as a focus the Void sent out a single beam of light creating the manifest out of the dreams of the un-manifest. The laser like beam of brilliant white light travelled out into the realms of the unknown darkness, far from its original source. Until eventually it came to rest, itself too nestling in the folds of the timeless Void. Following its parent's example, this beam of light too shone and radiated itself into the darkness, emanating an energy that was sourced in the original Star yet unique in its expression. Many beams now radiated from the Star all from the same origins yet unique in their position in the darkness and unique in the emanation of their own created energy. They too resembled stars all taking their ideas from the original thought the Star. These beams of light came to rest in the gentle arms of the Void. They were pinpoints of light, stars in the night sky, like jewels hanging in space. The rays that they emanated travelled far from their original source until they began to criss cross and weave together. As each ray of light passed over another a new pinpoint a new star was born, As the Void dreamt and manifested its thoughts infinite universes and infinite dimensions of existence were created.

As one such beam left the Star it split and fragmented as sunlight through a prism. Shattered and scattered this beam of light began the process of dimensional creation, leaving fragments of itself along the way, each a separate energy, yet part of the same original beam of starlight. As the ray fell deeper into the darkness it began to slow in vibration, it began to become dense, to become physical. As one of these shattered rays of light came to rest in the space that we know as our local universe it too became a pinpoint of light, a mighty nucleus; a Sun. This consciousness in turn radiated its own thoughts and ideas into the realm of physical space that surrounded it. The ideas or dreams of the Sun passed from the body of the Sun as bubbles of reflected light, each one expressing a unique realm of experience and expression. Each one a representative of a particular thought a dream, a possibility. These spheres of thoughts span and orbited the source of their creation the Sun until they began to become dense, as was the nature of their realm of existence. Each and ever pinpoint of light, every sun created its own ideas as spheres, some light and ethereal in vibration some denser and heavy in expression.

Each one of these dense energy spheres attracted more energy to them surrounding and enveloping them growing in size and solidifying, becoming physical spheres each a consciousness of their own. They too in turn began to express their own individuality in physical manifestations upon these spheres or planets. Gaia,

Earth became a physical being against a backdrop of billions of stars, billions of self-aware expressions of the Void.

I BEING.

Their dimension lay like a blanket of sheer brilliant light, infinitely rolling off in all directions. The light was golden and pearl like in hue and colour. Shimmering through ripples of liquid gold and iridescent silver the winged ones passed unfolding their energetic wings sending trails of light of all the hues of the rainbow into the light plane of their existence. These beings of light had been there for all time, emanating energy of love and freedom for the rest of the universe to draw upon. The distinction between the light dimension and themselves was minuscule in difference. To gaze upon this plane of existence was a challenge to the eyes, once the eyes were accustomed to the intensity of the light; light beings could be seen in the emanations that radiated from this plane.

Their beauty was breath taking to behold their exquisite radiant allure mesmerising. Iridescent, illuminated from an internal source these energetic patterns of light resembled the bodies of winged angels. Pure of face and heart existing only in a moment of bliss and euphoric ecstasy. Overwhelmed by the presence of each other these angels of light embraced in energetic rapture living in a permanently exalted state of rhapsody, experiencing no separation from the hearts of those they loved. Saturated in the sweet honey of their love and adoration two such beings cherished and honoured each other's presence. Intoxicated and entranced by each other's love, each an intrinsic part of the other. Two beings identical from the same mould twin flames of the true power and unconditional love. Never had they been separated not even in form so intrinsically entwined were their energies that the distinction between them could not be seen. Each one the rhythm of the other, each one the other's heart's song.

For how long they enjoyed this unbroken, unified existence that could really tell. Time from their perspective was only a concept not as of yet a reality. Others had told them about the dimensions below and the affects these dense vibrations were having on those that travelled through them on their journeys of discovery. So when an impulse came from the source of all light, the Star there were many eager to follow this new and exciting endeavour. In the entire universe there was not a place where the inhabitants did not realise that within each and every one of them they held the key to all life. The original seed from the source of all light, the Star. The idea was to create such a place, a place of such density, such darkness that the love of the Star could not penetrate. What would appear as a harsh opportunity for growth was seen as a challenge, an adventure that simply could not be passed by.

The entwined and unified souls of light readied themselves in preparation for such a challenge; excited and inspired they began to disentangle their energies from each other separating themselves from their eternal moments of love. A flame of passion kindled in their hearts as they gazed at each other's face, they watched and waited. Soul to soul, heart to heart, looking deep within each other they vowed to always hold the other within their hearts so that no distance would truly separate them. One was to leave to go on a journey of discovery to complete the task of creating a place of forgetting, (the forgetting that everything is sourced in the light of the Star). The other would stay behind in the light planes, holding the idea of the other's true form in readiness for a time when it too would dive into the dimensions

below, to create a journey of its own that would ultimately lead it to the discovery and the reunion of the other.

One stood poised on the edge readying itself for its leap into the unknown, male in energy He proudly stretched and flexed his mighty wings to take flight. Fearless and strong he willingly and excitingly awaited his descent into the cloudy realms below him. She with bated breath watched and waited She too excited and eager to watch the splendour that this challenge would create. Never had there been any distance between them, never before had they been separated by time or space. A unique experience never before experienced by either of them, totally unaware of the challenge that awaited them both. He was to fall as fast and as long as he could until he hit upon a dimension that was so dense that it was capable of housing the place of forgetting. He was to sleep and clothe himself in the matter, becoming dense in form, taking the light into a place that would forget its origins and all that dwelled upon it would live a strange life devoid of the light of the Star. He was to hold the idea of the Star deep within himself until he was awoken by the sweet kiss of his one true love.

She was to remain behind in the planes of light until such a time when the impulse from above would come for this Seraphim of light to carry the seed of consciousness, the love of the Star, to search the dimensions below for her one true love. Upon finding him she was to awaken him from his sleeping and activate the love in his heart, the love of the Star. This in turn would awaken this place from its forgetting. Uniquely they would return back to the planes of light from whence they came. To become one soul once more, to be infused into the heart of the other, to blend and synthesis, never to be split asunder again.

With one final loving glance He spread wide his mighty wings and dove from the precipice. She caught Her breath as She watched Him fall at first He circled and rode the currents of energy that made up the dimension below. This dimension of thought pulled and tugged at his wings, at first He tried to ride them but much to his dismay the currents beneath the shallows were overwhelming and HE soon realised He was being pulled into the depths of the unknown. She watched with curiosity but as the distress and anguish of their separation showed upon His face She too realised exactly what parting would mean. She reached out to touch Him longing to hold Him once more not caring if She too would be pulled into the swirling mass of colour that lay at Her feet. Already denser in form her hands of light passed straight through His body no longer were they of a similar kind.

She felt the anguish from his heart; She felt the love for the quest and the loss of Him all at the same time, the ambivalence of the two extremes overwhelming to Her. The tears overwhelmed Her, surrendering to the extremes of emotion, Her cries could be heard resounding throughout the universe. With a sigh of resignation to His plight He surrendered His love for the love of the Star and folding His mighty wings about Him, He closed His eyes and plummeted down into the murky depths spiralling down like a stone into a pool of still water. She too felt the split it ripped at her heart, scattering her Love for Him in all directions. Swooning She fell to Her knees. Vulnerable and alone, She vowed a solemn and binding promise to follow Him and return him to His true nature by Her love alone.

Regaining Her poise She gathered Her energy about Her and took Her position to wait and watch until such a time that She too could surrender herself to the mystery and dive into the unknown and begin the search for Her one true love.

Holding the vision of Her lover firmly fixed in Her mind She meditated upon His fate, weaving into His story the possibility of His return to Her. Whether He had been gone for only a fleeting moment or an eternity She could not tell, all She knew was that with every second that passed and every breath She took without Him was enough to destroy her fragile heart. The intensity of the emotions, emotions She had never felt before overwhelmed her until Her very heart began to sing a mournful and forlorn lament until all who listened were moved by the song they could hear ringing throughout the universe.

He spiralled down and down the clouds of density forming around Him suffocating they ripped at His very soul. Yet his strength was great and by using His mighty wings as protection He plummeted to his destination, to who knows where. Incapable of previously knowing how these forces would affect Him, He was ill prepared for what awaited Him. Instead of gliding and swooping gracefully to his destination below He fell and fell out of control, surrendering to the experience His fragile heart pounding in his chest. As the density closed in about Him and the forgetting took over like a diamond contained within a solid and hard rock He kept His love for Her safe from the density that now encased him.

Becoming heavy like rock He dropped, the dreams of the forgetting surrounded Him until his awareness began to become sleepy and with one last conscious thought of longing for his lover he fell under the hypnotising forces of the unknown and He fell asleep. For how long and for how far He fell who knows, He gently touched down and landed in His destination, the darkness nestled and comforted his sleeping body which now no longer resembled the radiant body of light He had once had. Now it resembled a dark and blackened mass. He would sleep here dreaming the dreams of the Star until such a time that His true love would return Him to his home of light and love.

THE DREAMING.

Falling like a pattern of light He fell, a blueprint, an idea in light. A fallen angel not cast out by God but surrendering to a higher purpose, an impulse from the Star. The idea was to create a planetary body capable of holding an energy that would isolate and segregate the planet from the love of the rest of the cosmos. This isolation would enable the inhabitants to grow and evolve and learn through all possibilities whether good or bad. He would sleep in the centre of this soon to be planet holding an energy that would allow the plan to be implemented. As He fell He wrapped cloudy veils of illusions around Him. These veils, these illusions were to become the reality of planet Earth, weaving together creating the illusions, the myths and legends of man. Holding firmly the histories of man He slept encased in the hard rock of the planet, safe from harm, undisturbed until He was to awaken and take the planet to the light by His awakening.

As HE fell through the darkness, the reaction to his presence created wisps of energy. These energies swirled and spiralled like mist on an early mom. As He descended further and further the wisps of energy became denser and denser until a form could be clearly seen. A Dragon with giant wings a serpent of the Void, the unknown Encased within the safety of the loving embrace of the dragon of creation HE fell further and further into the unknown darkness. As HE radiated the forgetting energy out from his centre a strange phenomenon could be seen to occur. The forgetting energy created level upon level of reality. At first there was only a slight disconnected feeling from the source of all light, the Star, as the process proceeded

the levels became denser and denser creating more and more levels of forgetting until the Dragon of all creation could be seen to split into two.

A mighty dragon of light and dark, polarity, duality, divided. When HE came to HIS final resting-place the dragon divided even more like the dividing of cells, splitting and separating into four distinct and unique energies. These dragons of creation would make up the final resting-place of his heart. The dragons, serpents of energy danced and wove a beautiful pattern of light; each carried its own ingredients to create physical reality.

The awesome Dragon of fire, a passionate elemental of light, its fiery tail ablaze in the darkness of the Void. Cascading shards of light as it swooped down and down into the depths of the unknown. With a roar and a torch of fire it exploded into a giant ball of burning light. Serpent of the deep, the water and fluid, the lifeblood of creation, its aqueous, moist body casting trails of mist in its path. It's ghostly form alluring and hypnotising. Almost invisible to the eye, the elemental Dragon of air could only be recognised by the ripples that could be seen in the Void as it flew in its swirling dance. Its ambience and openness created a space in-between the swirling fire and the water-laden clouds. With this interaction of energies a fourth and final energy was seen to hold all the other dragons in form, the dragon of earth. Not as dense as we know physical reality but an ethereal structured pattern of energy and sound that held the shapes of the others as well as itself. Its immense body stretched and layered creating the very weft of the carpet of creation. Earth, air, fire and water. The very elements of all physical creation. Chasing their tails they spiralled around and around each other weaving a coat of denser and denser energy around HIM cradling him in the softness of matter.

The pattern that they all together created came to rest in the dark. The dragons succumbing to the sleepy sedating energies of the forgetting too fell asleep, drifting into a dreamtime where they created and dreamt dreams of a planet that could express all of their energies in an illusionary way. The hallucinations of their making wove together until a physical planet could be seen hanging in the furthest reaches of the Void. There it hung all alone illuminated by the pinpoints of light that had now been created all around it. Isolated from that which it could see, it lay sleeping nestled in the womb of the Void, unknowingly looked upon by the stars of consciousness that danced all around it. Gaia was her name, giving animated intelligence actuality. She made possible the dreams of the dragons that in-turn were able to do so through the forgetting that He held in the centre of the planet. The dragons created her and became her skeleton framework for her to hang her dreams upon. And so the place of the forgetting was created and planet Earth was born.

As the veils wrapped around Him like blankets He slept, dreaming His dreams they tormented His very soul lost in this dense realm, totally cut off from both the love of Her and the Star of all light. Lost and alone in His dreamtime, shadowy realms of ghosts and demons. His dreams were cold, dark and devoid of love, characters began to form as the body of the planet began to create living forms in which He could dream through. His face now no longer a face of purity now the face of the devil himself. Black and hard, a mask, a mask of illusions, contorted, evil and hideous. Black lifeless pupils blocking all light. Lost in His dreams so dark, creating character after character. Holding the energy of the darkness, surrendering to the harshness of the environment to fulfil His prophecy to create the dark, the evil, and the death.

In constant cycles He dreamt His dreams becoming denser and denser forgetting more and more who He was and His true home, perverted by the energies He had created around Him. Deserted, desolate, lost and alone He slept. His only comfort was an insatiable desire for power, a lust for life, blood and death, a lust that would go some way to filling His vacant heart, somehow to soothing the indescribable yearning for something He could not quite remember. Twisted beyond recognition, tormented, insane driven mad by the craving for this unknown something He cast his evil forces against the world angry, vengeful against its very own soul. The dreams became realities as He incarnated into physical bodies of Gaia's making. Not all were bad some were honourable and proud as kings and wise men of old, yet they all paled in insignificance compared with the blackness of His other lives, one after another vile and loathsome characters turned His wheel of Karma.

His black and hard face now even unrecognisable to himself lost in His memory was His very own soul, sleeping deep in the recesses of His void like heart. His heart a void, black and dead or so it seemed yet in the velvety depths of the darkness nestled safely from harm His light slept awaiting the time when His love would return and awaken Him to His true form. He had long since convinced himself this part of Him was lost forever yet in the darkest of nights, cries could be heard as He dreamt strange dreams of another place, the sorrow overwhelming Him until He could withstand no more and once more He would release His vengeance on the world that imprisoned Him like a criminal.

SO MANY ROADS TO TRAVEL.

Like a beacon of light in a dark sky She held a vigil for His soul. For millions of our years She stood in the centre of the light holding arms outstretched, opened hearted beaming the light of Her love on to the dimensions below. She hoped that if only a little of Her light would reach Him wherever He was. Healed by the light that surrounded Her, She no longer grieved the loss of Her lover but now stood in the glory of the mission He had so valiantly volunteered for. The Star's plan was unfolding nicely all who now stood in the light were totally aware of themselves as being the light of the Star. Each angel of light a representation of a certain thought of the Star, each angel a holder of energy. To gaze upon Her face was to see a peace and tranquillity of self far beyond that of any human, yet if you looked closely you could see a small black tear that was the wound of Her broken heart. The blackness was infinite; a vast void that only the light of Him could fill. Only His love would make Her complete.

Far below Her in the creative dimensions, worlds orbited mighty stars galaxies wove patterns breath taking to behold. The darkness that He had so courageously leapt into was now full of every creation imaginable, levels upon levels of realities layered upon themselves creating an amazingly intricate pattern. So when the impulse from the Star came for Her to dive into this amazingly colourful dreamtime She too prepared Herself. He had to surrender Himself to the energies of the unknown, relinquishing His integrity, surrendering His very soul to the fascination of the Star and its creation. She Herself was to remain in Her truth, take flight into the created universe and begin Her search for Her one true love. With a burning flame of passion glowing from within the void that was Her heart She too with mighty wings took to the air and glided gracefully on the currents of the highest of dimensional layers. She was holding the light of the Star in Her heart, a flame that could not be

extinguished, could not be put out; She was a mighty and relentless force. And so began Her search.

The start of Her journey did not go unnoticed far below in the physical universe something could be felt stirring in the deepest blackness of space. Beings who were capable of such sensitivity could feel the energies reacting to Her very presence; prophecies and legends were created from the inspiration that Her initial flight created. Those in the denser dimensions could be seen to shy away in fear and terror, frightened by what was totally unknown to them. Some feared their death, some their salvation. With the life of the universe pulsating through Her veins, the conscious voice of ALL THAT IS ringing through Her mind She entered the realms of life through a portal of Her own making. Below Her outstretched was the physical universe, many realms She had already visited knowing them all as Herself, many creations of consciousness had She experienced yet no clues to His whereabouts, were discovered. With every end of every road came the sorrow, lost in Her search for Him.

Relentlessly She projected Herself into every dimensional reality, experiencing each and every being and existence in turn, cataloguing, and filing all the information to take back to the Star. Her journey was not without its pleasure, knowing Herself as the Star enabled Herself to gaze upon Her own creation. Growing and evolving into a mighty being containing all the experiences of all the many creations She had expressed Herself in. She now no longer resembled Her original form playing with different guises, taking qualities from all that She had been. Her love, Her passion, Her fire was awesome, frightening and terrifying to look upon. Roaring through the universe a ball of brilliant white light She played with Her creation almost seduced by the journey itself, Her search a distant memory nestled in the recesses of Her now alien mind.

She came upon a dark and lonely galaxy on the furthest reaches of the physical universe, entranced by Her now magnificence, arrogant in Her superiority She had almost forgotten Her search for Her one true love. As She glided in on silver wings something caught Her eye. A bluey, white pearl hanging against a background of stars, Her alien heart with no judgement of right and wrong considered the destruction of such a planet. With an outstretched hand She cupped the tiny world. Whilst contemplating whether to destroy this world or not something stirred in her void like heart. In all Her journeying She had not found anything to fill such a void. At first it was only a curiosity as to what could make Her stop in Her tracks, but as She cast Her mind back through the myriad ages, the image of His face came to Her awareness. With an overwhelming recognition of Her mission She gasped, -could this be the place could this be the end of the search? -. Her was heart aching for Her long lost love, a love She had not felt in such a long time. From Her heart, from the small black tear that would not heal, a small drop of love dripped it fell on to this tiny pearl of blue and white, fascinated She watched as She incarnated into a HUMAN CHILD. And so Her search went on.

THE STORM.

The tear of love entered the outermost realms of the heavens that surrounded the beautiful planet of blue and white. A pinkie gold haze fell all around it, as the haze wrapped itself around the droplet of consciousness the light body of a baby could clearly be seen. Pure and innocent, a being of light preparing to incarnate for the first time, this newly born soul of light. SHE watched with curiosity. The baby of light played games with the angels that dwelled in this realm, flying further and

further into the denser vibrations of the outer energy fields of the planet below. Getting closer and closer to its destination open and naive it hovered above a portal into physical life and with the angel's encouragement it passed through the doorway into this dimensional reality.

ARRIVAL

An opened sense of something, a pressure building from afar,
A distant stirring of something unknown,
A new and unfamiliar presence.

Black and dark clouds roll in from some unknown shore, heavy and laden with rain.
Scent, a smell an intuitive sense of something coming.
Energy rolling in, billowing and enveloping all.
A roaring, a crackling, exciting and alive.

A lightening flash, a thunder roll,
as enters the presence of a new soul.
A soul born of curiosity and destiny, a quest to undertake for love alone.

The storm erupts from within the darkness of the night.
Teams of rain run like rivers down the dark and empty streets.
Dawn approaches battling with the darkness of the stormy night, light against dark.
The sun arises just as the storm sighs its last breath.
Somewhere a newly born child takes its first.

MAYA AVALONI

Maya Avaloni the land of illusions, at its centre a hard and blackened rock once an ethereal mount of veils, veils of illusions and dreams. It was said that the very rock held the story of all mankind, the legends and myths of long ago. Each story, each legend layered in veils one upon another until the combining of the stories became as solid as living rock. Maya, the ages of time, Avaloni a- veil -on, the island of veils.

Maya Avaloni, the place of dreams, the sleeping place of dragons, the resting-place of nobles. The prophecy had been translated from markings that had strangely begun to appear on stones and trees within the prevailing countryside, in the early part of the 15th century. Alchemists of that time had found strange pictures and signs on the barks of trees and large stones that scattered throughout the surrounding country side, Some said that it was dragon script, runes that had been used not only as an ancient language but also as a secret magical code that could be used to enter the secret doorways of Maya Avaloni. Whether their translation was an accurate translation or not who can really say never, the less, the alchemists of old had somehow ventured into the secret doorways and had entered the magical

illusionary world of Maya Avaloni Unfortunately none had ever come back to tell the tale.

The prophecy translated, When the planet was ethereal the Creators walked the land in peace and beauty, as the planet began to become dense the Creators left to return to their origins in the stars. They left one of their kind who would remember them in time. He was the brightest light, one who would remember all and would realign them all to the light of all creation. Upon his awakening he would bath the whole planet in light and cast all shadows, all illusions back into the darkness and all beings that walked the planet would live lives of love, peace and joy. It was said that in an isolated part of the world there would stand a mount of rock and in that mount the light, the saviour would sleep, dream His dreams until the day HE would awaken and take all back to the light. The light of the One would shoot out of the top of the mount and like a laser it would criss-cross and create a light framework throughout the entire planet and the light body of the planet would be created. This body of light would redesign the world and all veils would be removed and a New World reality would be created.

It was said that in the centre of Maya Avaloni there stood a black and lonesome mount, where it was said the ONE slept, awaiting HIS awakening. This central pinnacle of the story stood now in our times surrounded by sea in the beautiful bay of Hopes and Sorrows, yet once it had been surrounded by dense forests. It was the very first place to become the densest of the dragon's dreams; it was the holder of the original plan, the first physical point of the planet. Contained within the very living rock were the files of ancestral knowledge, the knowledge of planetary consciousness, the very d.n.a. There were instructions on, how to create a planet such as ours. In the very heart of the forgetting, He lay sleeping, holding the energy of the forgetting in the centre of the mount, from this focal point the world was created around it, dreams weaved upon dreams until the world was created. The Bay of Hopes and Sorrows with the mount at its centre were a symbolic reflection of the story of creation.

The landscape told a story embraced by the surrounding bay the ONE slept, protected by the dragons that lay in all directions now as dense as living rock long in time and sleep. It was said that one would come from the outside world, from beyond the doorways and walk the back of the dragon to awaken it from its sleep .To awaken the ONE with a kiss and fulfil the prophecy. It was said that the One slept in a protected pyramid of light and none could enter that were not of the same kind, the light intensity would take all life force from their bodies and leave them as lifeless and empty corpses. This pyramid of light was encased in the hard rock; rock made up of the evil that the illusions had created. Dormant and alone HE slept unaware of the deceit and corruption that possessed the outside world. The prophecy said that a human child would come and fulfil the prophecy, and free the world from the darkness of evil. Yet there were no humans in Maya Avaloni, only those that slept and ofcourse, The Dark One.

From where he came no one knows, now The Dark One ruled from within the safety of the mount, black and foreboding it stood stark against the ashen grey of the sky. A darkened silhouette etched upon a storm cloud canvas. The mount like a burnt and fossilised hand stretching up to crush and destroy the sun that shone from behind the blackened clouds that rolled in from some distant shore. Once Maya Avaloni had been a beautiful land that bathed in the sunshine, now it was cast in a grey twilight that emanated from within the mount. The Dark One had entered the

sleeping minds of the dragons he had infiltrated their thoughts, trapping them unconsciously into dreams of death and decay, possessing the very landscape with his thoughts of his noxious nature. The very air around the mount was putrid and toxic; clouds of grey cobwebs could be seen hanging around the very highest point of its rocks. Many had tried to enter the mount uninvited to plead with the Dark One, yet none had made it to even its base, as the clouds of toxic and foul air wrapped tightly around its victim and those found were said to only now exist as a clouds themselves, a poor mirror image of their former self.

Long and blackened fingernails rapped upon the black hard arm of his throne, waiting, he could wait forever he had nowhere to go, the body at his feet on the other hand was temporary, death in time awaited it. Like some greedy monster it devoured its prey, that had been one of the better dreams he had had, the dragons manifested that one quite naturally they sleeping in unconscious realms themselves, all to willing to have companions to share their sleeping hours. Trapped souls held within the confines of the very living rock that created the landscape Maya Avaloni. If he listened he could here their cries, it was like sweet music to his ears, tormented and lost they were held in the throws of dying over and over again into infinity. At first he himself had tortured them yet tiring of it he had created his dominions of demons adept in such practices. Alone he projected himself out into the outside world, projections that were shadowy and illusionary, ghouls and phantoms sent as spies and adversaries to gain information about his domain. Those in the outside world knew nothing of him carefully disguised he had welded his power for aeons of time. There were those, that could see they had been dreamt by the dragons before the rule of the Dark One, they had feared for their lives as they were like beacons of light in a land of darkness, those born after the infiltration of the Dark One were blind to see the evil workings of the Dark One. They carried about their pious lives, sanctimonious in their beliefs in a false god that had been another one of his bright ideas. That idea had held them exactly where he wanted them. To busy worshipping their merciless god they were totally unaware they really worshipped the Dark One. Praying to what they considered holy and right they unwittingly gave their power to another one of the Dark One's guises, a master of many roles. And still he waited.

Occasionally his demonic thoughts would take form, and he would stretch out his hand and reach into the hearts of the blind and manipulate them into acts of violence and malicious crimes of sin. It feed him, he could feel there life-force draining out of their veins into his, blackened life-force like fruit rotten from within he contaminated their very souls. Servants, slaves to carnal desires of lust, greed and death they were easy prey he could use them to affect and manipulate the outside world. His aim was to penetrate the outside world, the world from beyond the doorways. Souls so easily trapped were poor game the Sighted Ones were more succulent, their blood richer their hearts a tastier morsel, he liked the way their love tasted sweet on his tongue, love lost to darkness. With every meal his greed grew stronger and stronger, relentless in its hunger, he craved the blood of the one Human Child even though it would probably destroy him if the prophecy was correct; desiring that which would kill him had originally been his idea, his twisted and masochism mind longing for the psychotic pleasure of his own annihilation.

Something stirred in the bowels of the mount beneath him, the Light One was stirring that had not happened since the Ascended had come to earth, a threat at first yet through some strange act of fate he too had tasted sweet on the back of his tongue. They had called him the Messiah, a messenger from the light, yet his voice too was drowned beneath the cries of death that roared from the crowds. Again now

the Light One was stirring, his nostrils could just about pick up the scent, the Human Child.

Deluscy his face armoured by a strange black substance, hard yet not rock, his captured souls had made it, and it carried the evil of his intent out into the outside world. Encased within it Deluscy used it to project his desires into the outside world. Long had gone the days of individually controlling the dreams now they all were plugged into this strange man made substance. Electrical circuits pulsing with a strange neon light framed the illusionary image of his face. The masses thought that god made man in his own image, now in our technological age Deluscy stood proudly encased in a suit of technological hardware. The face that could be seen from behind the mask was shifting and changing, transforming from one hideous face to another, striking fear into the very hearts of his victims. For those that were unfortunate to look into his one unveiled eye were struck dumb with terror, by the strange and alluring look that seemed to penetrate their very souls draining them of all life, Electrical serpents of death writhed around his body, plucking one from his chest he straightened it into a sword and with a sigh of boredom he slashed open the chest of his victim that lay at his feet. The sighted ones were a nourishing meal at best, a snack at worst, his Hunger demanding more and more of his waking hours. Still alive, held to life by Deluscy's intent alone he reached into the flaying body and pulled out the still beating heart. His victim still warm with life forever trapped within its lifeless body cried silent screams forever held in the pains of death.

Deluscy held the heart aloft savouring the moment; long ago he had learnt to saviour these now rare treats. The trick was to admire it visually first, then take in its putrid yet tempting fragrance then a small lick, the blood sweet in his mouth, sickly the richness of the Sighted Ones love, allowing it to congeal on his tongue before swallowing he could relish in his meal. Not this time though his hunger overpowering him he tore at the heart devouring it, licking his lips he finished his meal. Content no, satisfied rarely, only partially nourished; dissatisfied he threw his head back and cried a shrill howl sending the reverberation ringing throughout the mount. Trembling he regained his poise and positioned himself back at his monitor to search for the poison that his addiction required the life force of the Human Child.

CRIES FROM BEYOND THE VEIL.

Kin awoke suddenly from her sleep; it was only a dream. The train had been travelling for some hours, tired and bored she had fell asleep, not concerned about missing her stop, as it was the train's final destination. She rubbed the sleep from her eyes trying to wipe the strange dream from her mind just as the train turned the corner to reveal an enchanting sight. The Mount black and cold stood stark against the setting sun, the bay tranquil and still, the waters lapping silently against the shore. The buildings of modern times seemed to fade into the background all she could see was the central point of the landscape the Mount standing majestically against the horizon. The bay stretched out in front of her, to others a beautiful yet ordinary landscape; to Kin the sight was strangely familiar even though she had not been there before, now this was to be her home. As the train pulled into the station she looked back to the Mount only to see the formation of the coastline arching around the bay forming the rocky body of a mighty dragon. She could not shake the feeling that she had been there before yet in her mind's eye there had been more trees. The others in the train seemed preoccupied with their own thoughts and seemed oddly insensitive to the strange energy emanations that seemed to radiate

from the Mount. The energies contradicted themselves, one sad, alone and yearning, the other frightening and loathing.

She had always been sensitive to energies some had called her a psychic, yet now under the guidance of her psychiatrist she didn't feel so gifted, the depression had over taken all aspects of her life. A dreamer her Mother had called her, an idealistic romantic she liked to think of herself. No longer fit enough to work or even under take the simplest of tasks she had been advised to retreat and rest in the quiet of the Cornish countryside she now found herself in. Her parents loved her yet in the high-flying circles of their London home she was an embarrassment. Not content to be a successful businesswoman or even the wife of a successful businessman she had failed at everything she touched and now all they wanted was for her to be safely tucked away from harms way. Out-casting her from society or so they thought she now felt oddly free. They had bought her a small but pretty cottage in a wooded valley on the coast of the furthest most tip of the Cornwall. Here she would rest and regain her strength and gradually she would put her life back together again.

"Here you are, my lover, "- said the taxi driver as it pulled up in front of the cottage, she sighed with relief, and she had arrived at long last. She watched as the head lights of the taxi went out of view, suddenly the trees around her seemed dark and very ancient, they themselves the last of a mighty forest that had stretched over the land enveloping the landscape down to the very shore line. The waters of the sea had trespassed onto the land the Mount once cradled in tree now silent waters lapped against its base. Alluring yet frightening the Mount stood silhouetted in the twilight of the night; she could see it clearly through the clearing in the trees.

Sleep had not come easy she kept waking disturbed by cries of tortured souls that were imprisoned in the mount of Maya Avaloni. There they were again those strange dreams of a place that now all too strangely seemed familiar. In the early hours of the morning it was possible without the cold light of day to believe in this strange land and its story. The tablets the doctor had given her had not helped much nothing seemed to stop the nightmares; nightmares of a strange land where dragons made up the very body of the landscape with the black and foreboding Mount at its centre. The mount the home of a dark and evil lord that hid and secretly ruled the land without mercy or compassion. Delusory, she whispered as she regained consciousness, was that his name the name of the dark lord in the Mount? She must stop this, the doctors had warned her about falling into these delusional stories, and she must focus on reality. Whose reality, the ordinary waking states of those around her now seemed to fade more and more replacing them were the stories of old and ancient times, realities that seemed to twist and weave themselves into the fabric of her life.

It had all started in her early childhood, her Mother had warned her about her flights of fancy, " Fairies and the like should be left only to the pages of books not lived in the everyday world- she had told her. She had kept it a secret, this dual life she lead, separating the world of school and home life with her parents from the world of fairies and knights in white suits of armour. Now in her twenties she was finding it harder and harder to separate them, the realm of the imagination was taking over. She heard voices, not in her head, as some would suppose, as that was the usual symptoms of a mental illness, but a voice from the outside she heard the very voice of the land. In London it screamed and roared in confusion and pain, the concrete mass suffocating the voice. Some of the pills had worked there for only a

time, quietening the voice to only a whisper but the severity of the headaches had forced the doctors to take her off them to replace them with the usual anti-depressants. That really didn't work only to subdue the overwhelming urge to cry, all the time.

The tears were always there, a yearning for another, the lover of her soul. - It is a simple case of the romantic notion of a soul mate that has developed into a delusional episode. The doctors told her Mother. She knew it was more, that that. She had dreamt about him ever since she could remember, her long lost lover, the one that now slept. She knew he was imprisoned in a dark place that it was impossible to free him with anybody else's love but her own. As the rising sun glistened off the wet rock of the Mount she felt it again, the yearning, the yearning for Him, was this the place of his rest, was this where he slept? Now she had come to her final destination how on earth she could free him, free him from a hard and dark rock that was impenetrable and closed.

"Walk the back of the dragon "- the voice whispered it seemed to come from the very trees that surrounded her. ---"The Serpent Dancer will show you how." "All right my lover? "- She quickly turned around shocked out of her reverie to see an old man from the near by village .He had been employed by her parents to maintain the upkeep of the cottage, she had the sneaking suspicion that he was there to keep an eye on her.

She closed the door after he left, he was only there to check everything worked or so he said, a spy reporting back to her parents she thought. "Walk the back of the Dragon, the Serpent Dancer will show you how -"the voice had said. "The Serpent Dancer, who on earth was the Serpent Dancer? I must stop this, go for a walk that will take my mind off it, I must keep it together, and I came here to get over all this. "

She set off from the cottage; it was a normal mid September day, sunny yet a chill in the air. Arriving at a beach of white sands she realised she had strangely knew the way, shaking the thought from her mind she sat down to rest and enjoy the sunshine on her skin. Stretching her hand out she drew patterns in the sand; unaware of the patterns that she was making she fell asleep.

He was there she had seen his face, sleeping shrouded in a gentle light. He lay upon a golden altar his body emanating an intense white light. Around his body there were rays of light, ethereal blue, protecting him as he slept. His arms folded over his chest as if cradling a wound. As she looked closely she could see a shard of light. Rose pink in hue alive and real This shard of light pulsated and emanated an energy of such intense love it caught Kin's breath she knew this love, it was somehow strangely her own. A tear fell from her eye, she reached forward to touch him, awaken him, to hold him once more.

Suddenly she was being pulled backwards by a force that ripped and grasped at her skin as if to tear her limb from limb. "No" she screamed. She awoke and sat up it had only been a dream, but it was so real, HE had been there, she had seen his face. But the other presence, the force that had wrenched her from him it was so cold, so hard, and so devoid of love. It chilled her to the bone what evil had invaded her dreams? She looked up at the Mount, could this really be his sleeping place, was this strange rock the Mount of Maya Avaloni? Looking down at where she had been drawing patterns in the sand she was amazed to see she had drawn an intricate

pattern of a many scaled serpent that coiled itself around to eat its own tail." Yes "she thought, "The Serpent Dancer, it will show me how to enter the Mount and reunite with my lover." Over come with emotion she ran at full speed intending to visit this mount and find a way in. Not concerned with the irrational nature of her actions she ran along the coast getting nearer and nearer to the Mount. Breathless and hot she stood at the edge of the causeway, the tide had turned and the causeway was ankle deep in water. She did not care she ran on her shoe wet and heavy on her feet, she discarded them, "I'm coming," she shouted.

She arrived at the foot of the Mount a coach party of tourists were being guided around it. Only hesitating for a second she pushed on her legs beginning to hurt. A full hour it took her to search every inch of the Mount, hiding every time anyone official came near, tried and forlorn she threw herself to the ground and wept "Its no good I can't find him, I can't find the way in, I must find the Serpent Dancer I must find the way in ". People talking shocked her from her grief, embarrassed and confused she pulled herself together and made her way back to the cottage. "Must get my shit together, this is plain madness, I'll take more of the pills they will sort me out, yes they will sort me out". "Serpent Dancer "the wind whispered, "Serpent Dancer".

SERPENT DANCER

She took double the amount of pills to usual and a few sleeping tablets for good measure. - That should do it, no dreams tonight. - She thought as she dropped off to sleep, The dream enveloped her like a shroud. She found herself in a wooded clearing, the trees were familiar, and they were like the trees around her cottage, yet there was no cottage. A haunting sound could be heard whispering threw the trees, and within the density of the green leaves that closed in around her, a presence could be felt. Her head felt funny, ---maybe the pills, - she thought, a strange intoxicating feeling seemed to overwhelm her. She relaxed into it; it was only a dream after all why not enjoy it. The trees seemed to spin about her head, the wind whispering a strange tune, the song of the Serpent Dancer.

Lost in times past, lives unfolding reams upon ream.
Holding on to dreams long ago,
cloudy and forgotten

There is a cold heart in the mountain it sounds a lonesome beat.
The blood runs through my veins,
constant and rich.

My bones ache as I walk this path;
my dreaming wakes the serpent beneath my feet.

Lost and entranced by the rhythm of my own soul.

The sound of the desert haunts me, calls me, beckons me to join those that are leaving.

Dark and cold tunnels await me, deep in the mines of my own existence.

Caught in the spider's web, trapped yet not against thee will.
Naked the soil tastes rich in my mouth;
the Serpent Dancer is rising within me.

In times past we wore our beads with pride.
Their blood tasted sweet on our tongues,
knowledge endless, ancestors bound in time.

The serpent enters me; forked tongue drives through me like a cold blade. Death
awaits me; its sweet lament sings me to my bed.

The men wait in the shadows, unknowing the force ignites, they fear us. We are the
serpent dancers.

Wine red and pungent runs like blood through my veins. The drum beat pounds in
my chest.

HE is here, we can feel him rising, and HE is alive within the fruit on the bough.
His secret kept safe in the pearl of the sea, we will feast on his body tonight.

The fire in the centre, woman alive, naked, blood and mud smeared over our bodies.
Our temple the trees, our canopy the black of the night, our light the stars

The liquid, thick, foul yet potent, a sacred brew from a recipe long gone We live life,
we know death, we see love in all the land. Swirling around and around and still the
drum beats on.

The mist rolls in from the mountains, tendrils of ghosts of heroes dead and gone.
Feathered guardians stand in all Four Corners. The pool is dark and still.

We scream and wail at the moon, ecstatic shivers run up our bodies.
The lizard is inside me, opening me to secrets within my bones and flesh.

They walk out of the trees, their bodies sinewy and strong.
Their skin shimmers with scales their yellow eyes flashing in the moonlight, lizard
lovers unite.

The forest eats my soul; it claws and grasps at my flesh, ripping and tearing, the
pain, the ecstasy, sexual rapture, Earth unbound.
The ropes are tight against my wrists, the steel cold around my neck.

She howls and bays at the moon, the river flows over her body.
Her breasts erect and cold, sweet and warm between her legs, the fire bums on.

Crouching, curled, tense, waiting. The ground hard beneath her feet Her muscles
ripple her passion rising.
The hunt is on, her victim lost in the darkness of her belly.

Screaming she pounds the earth, laughing she sings her mighty passion, A hawk
screeches over head, she soars high, the forest beneath her; she swoops and
caresses it like a lover.

Safe within the roots of an old oak she sleeps, her body black as ash, silently she
falls back into the mist that announced her arrival.
With a last gasp the forest falls silent.

A closing eye catches the fire light, a soul catching gaze, cold and hot surging, alive
and now.

She walks paths built by ancient hands forgotten by all except one.

A dark and black mountain awaits me

Alone am I.

Sunlight filtered through the trees, it dappled across her face. Kin slowly began to regain consciousness. Her face was wet; inside her mouth there was a taste somewhat like that of trees moist in springtime. A hawk screeched over head, its cry rang shrill in Kin's ears, Kin sat bolt up right." What the"! She was completely naked, smeared from head to toe in mud and what appeared to be black and dried blood. Concerned she checked her body but could not find any signs of injury. The hawk over head circled several times before disappearing from view." What on earth have I been doing "she thought. As she got to her feet a rush of energy travelled up her body from the base of her spine to the top of her head, it made her skin tingle and goose bumps appeared on her arms. "Wow", she sighed; she had never felt so alive, so sensual. Every muscle in her body felt strong and powerful, she felt heady from the adrenaline that rushed through her body as she began to move. Looking for her clothes she discovered to her amazement a snakeskin at her feet. Iridescent, purple and green it shimmered in the early morning sunlight, she picked it up it felt weird in her hands, alive somehow sexual, it made her feel heady and intoxicated. "Follow the dance of the Serpent, it will show you how." The voice seemed to come from the skin itself, its voice seemed to reverberate within the pit of her stomach, and the skin in her hands seemed to become alive, animated like a magical device, like a wand. Like a divining tool it seemed to beckon her to follow its guidance. Not concerned with the irrational nature of her actions she followed its lead. It seemed to point to a near by bush, under it, folded neatly were her pyjamas. Upon seeing them she suddenly became aware of her stark nakedness, hurriedly she dressed herself.

Where was she? trees closed in all around her, which way was the cottage? Holding on tightly to the snakeskin she seemed to have a newfound sense of direction, guided by its impulse she followed a path and as she turned the corner the cottage came into view. Slamming the door behind her, she fell to the floor exhausted and confused. She slept all day and all night this time there were no dreams. When she woke the skin was gone, she searched high and low it was nowhere to be seen. It didn't seem to matter to her, its gift of divining directions seemed to have been integrated into her body. She could feel it in the pit of her stomach, curled in a tight coil, poised and ready for activation. She dressed herself and decided to venture once again into the town.

The bus journey was odd to say the least, even though she had no idea of the route the bus would take, as she had never travelled this journey before she seemed to know. Not in a logical, rational way but an inner intuitive sense of knowing, a sense within her stomach of the direction the bus would travel. She played with it amazed over and over again by her accuracy. Playing with this newfound talent she effortlessly explored the town and purchased all the things she needed. Content with this newly found ability she was unaware of how the snakeskin had given her more than a good sense of direction. She found she seemed to just know things; She had an intuitive sense of what was going to happen. At first it only occurred in little ways, she knew what people were going to say on the bus journey but she also knew when the bus driver was going to brake and speed up.

Over the next few weeks she developed this skill more and more until its power had seemed to have filled her entire body, every step she took seemed to be guided, every action carefully orchestrated. She could not put a foot wrong, she could dance through the trees that surrounded her cottage, blindfolded and totally trusting she could leap and run at break neck speed without stumbling or even brushing the leaves on the trees. She didn't venture out much content with her surroundings; she found warming comfort in the trees. As the weeks followed she began to know the trees intimately, running her hands along their barks using the sense of touch to become sensual and alive within the protection of the green mass that contained her. The voice became louder and louder but with no one there to tell her she was insane she began to join it in conversation.

"I am the voice of the trees, the land, the sky, the very heart of the earth," it said. Not finding this anything out of the ordinary due to her isolation she spent many an hour deep in conversation. Sat with her feet dangling in the stream not far from her cottage, the waters energising and cool, the voice came again. "Do you know who I am?" said the voice. "I am the story teller, myths and legends live within me, I live not outside of you but deep within your bones and flesh, I am what others would call your female intuition. I have come alive within you." "I will never leave you, I will guide you from within and without, I will show you how, I am the Serpent Dancer, I will dance within you." Suddenly a powerful drumbeat could be heard echoing through the trees its rhythm haunting and hypnotising, it filled the air and Kin felt the same rush of energy she had felt on the night of the dream. It surged up her body, surrendering herself, abandoning herself to it she threw back her head and howled uncontrollably at the star filled sky. She could feel it rising up her spine teasing and tantalising every cell of her body. Erotic and sensual she began to feel the Serpent Dancer rising within her bones and flesh, taking form within her. Spiralling around and around the energy crawled and crept up her spine, she began to move her body breathing deep she swayed, hypnotised and entranced. Her feet firmly fixed to the ground she spiralled her hips around and around, shaking her head wildly. The beating of her heart became a mighty drum, beating out a mad and chaotic rhythm, complementing the rhythm of the Serpent Dancer. She felt so strong and physically powerful, so alive and free. Shouting out words foreign and unfamiliar she screamed into the night. She danced on, lost in the reverie, lost in the intoxicating energy that surged through her body. The hawk circling overhead.

"You are the one, only you can free him, HE sleeps in the Mount." Who is He ", she said. The reply came in words and pictures; she fell to the floor and slipped into the world beyond the veil. Without a moment's hesitation she sped forward, running as fast as her legs could carry her the ash beneath her feet becoming hotter and hotter as she drew nearer to the foot of the volcano. Her head was reeling, dizzy and intoxicated the Serpent Dancer rising up her spine, embracing it fully she turned her face to the volcano and laughed hysterically, the Dancer overtaking her will. "This is madness yet I know that this is what I must do, I must free him." The adrenaline running through her veins, exhilarated and alive she went on and up, getting nearer and nearer to the summit of the volcano. The ground beneath her feet was becoming red hot, it was now soft and pliable, unaware of the intensity of the heat, sweat rolling down her body like rivers, ash falling lightly on her face she finally arrived at the entrance to the volcano.

The fear took over; shaking and burnt she fell to her knees. Her enthusiasm and drive gone, her energy draining from her body she collapsed on the red molten earth that oozed from the volcano, she could feel the pain as her body caught alight,

the smell of her hair and skin burning filled the air, was she to die in this god forsaken place?

"You must go within, to the centre of yourself to find the sacred fire, the truth of your very soul ", said the, voice, above she could here the shrill cry of the hawk. Suddenly she was overwhelmed by the feelings of loss mournful and forlorn, the tears for him rolled down her cheeks, falling from her chin on to her body, and she wept not for herself but for the love of HIM. The tears cooled her body.

Without a moments hesitation she speed forward, running as fast as her legs, could carry her, the ash beneath her feet becoming hotter and hotter as she drew nearer to the foot of the volcano. Her head was reeling, dizzy and intoxicated the Serpent Dancer rising up her spine, embracing it fully she turned her face to the volcano and laughed hysterically, the Dancer overtaking her will. This is madness yet I know that this is what I must do, I must free him." The adrenaline running through her veins, exhilarated and alive she went on and up, getting nearer and nearer to the summit of the volcano. The ground beneath her feet was becoming red hot; it was now soft and pliable, unaware of the intensity of the heat, sweat rolling her back. She came to the entrance to the volcano. The fear took over; shaking and burnt she fell to her knees. Her enthusiasm for the quest overwhelming her.

FATE REVEALED

The air around her was humid and hot; sweat glistened on her body. The air swirled around her like a ghost. The ground beneath her feet was black and hard, she bent down to examine it further it was ash, fine particles of lava thrown out by an erupting volcano. The air about her began to clear, she was in what seemed to be a prehistoric landscape, made up of dark rocks and ash, a mighty volcano rose majestically on the horizon. She was not alone, the hawk-circled overhead. She felt peculiar; this place seemed familiar, had she been there before? In ancient times long ago you walked this land , the voice was there too, it seemed louder than it did in the outside world. "What on earth do you mean, I walked this land?" Kin said. " The Salamander of fire can hear your heart beating, it feels your presence," the voice said." Why am I here, I don't understand all this ", " is this only a dream" she thought.

"If that is what you believe, is it what you believe?" The Voice said. "Of course they are dreams, delusions; the doctors said they were... ", She was cut off in mid - sentence by a roaring sound that suddenly filled the air. The volcano was erupting; it was spewing lava and thick black smoke from its summit. The earth began to shake and roaring filled her ears, deafening. Kin almost lost her footing, steadying herself she looked up the wind was picking up yet the hawk kept circling unperturbed by the intensifying winds. "You must step into the fire and embrace the Salamander in the heart of the volcano, within its heart you will find one of the keys to the sacred doorways of Maya Avaloni. ", the voice said. Her logical mind was finding all this so hard to understand yet the Serpent Dancer sleeping within her belly was beginning to awaken and its knowing began to fill her.

The fire and making the earth beneath her feet solid once more. Steam rose all around her the vapours of her tears swirling as a mist all around her; she wept on totally overwhelmed by the emotion. In the smoke and steam around her a vision could be seen to form. It was HIM, he slept alone, HIS face deathly pale, and time

was running out, what was she to do. "I must overcome this, it is only a dream after all, anything can happen in a dream," she thought. The Serpent Dancer rising once more filling her with an overwhelming passion and enthusiasm, determined she pushed on, her heart beating fast within her chest she pulled herself over the summit of the volcano. The flames embraced her, all around her the fire roared on yet she felt no pain.

For how long she fell she did not know the flames licked and caressed her body, down and down she fell the intensity of the heat eating at her body, the flesh falling from her bones, yet her passion did not die. Her bones turning to ash themselves burning in the now blue flames. Her body was no more yet she lived on, now she was the spirit of fire, she was truly alive. "You have reached the molten centre of your soul, here you are spirit, here you can see with the eyes of spirit, use your spirit eyes to see the truth beyond the illusions." the voice said. "Burn away the illusion with the light that shines from your eyes. "

Kin awoke "Wow that was an amazing dream ", she thought to herself. Rubbing the sleep from her eyes the light shinning through the curtains casting shadows across the ceiling to her bedroom. She reached out to take a closer look at the clock at her bedside; it was then she noticed her body. She was covered from head to toe in ash; it was black and smelt of sulphur. Astonished she winced in pain, the whole of the soles of her feet were covered in blisters, small, yellow blisters unmistakably made by stepping on hot coals." This is getting all too crazy "she thought. Washing the soot from her body and dressing the blisters she recalled the night's dream. "Could this all be true, am I really the human child am I really to find a way into Maya Avaloni and free HIM from his self "she battled with the concept. The serpent that slept in her belly knew that it was true yet her rational mind was in turmoil, it was not logical, and it must be an illusion. "All around you lie illusions; it is your quest to find the truth." The voice said.

Finding this all too much to bare she took to her bed exhausted and confused. That night there were no dreams, only haunting images of HIM, lost and alone. Trying to block out what was happening to her she filled herself with pills, trying to sedate herself, numbing herself from the pain of the loss of Him. Trying to block out this insane fantasy that she now seemed to be living. Every hour she took more and more yet as the days rolled on the voice would not be silenced. "You are the only one, you must fulfil your destiny, it is your fate. " At her wits end she resorted to going to the doctors for stronger pills.

Waiting in the waiting room she could not believe what she was experiencing, all around her sat people with one or another diseases and illness. All around them she could see misty phantom, demons that were the source of their illness; she could see how the disease demons whispered into the ears of their captives, whispering lies. Deluding truly healthy people into thinking they were diseased and sick. She sat there and watched, observing the old and the infirm being plagued by these beasts of hell, the demons seducing them into thinking they were ill and dying. She noticed that even those with some light left to their emanations came out of the doctor's surgery pale and lifeless, the demons about them laughing triumphantly. "It's all an illusion, there is no such thing as sickness, it is all lies told by these demons," she thought. "Your next "said the nurse whose face turned and transformed into a hideous gargoye, its breath foul and hot, Kin was sure, she saw her laugh.

Fearful she entered the doctor's surgery. He was a small man with round glasses that fell on to his nose; he did not look up "so what seems to be the trouble?" he said with no concern in his voice. The demons around him were evil and hideous to look upon, Kin tried to look down as she spoke, telling him the events of the past few days. Kin could smell a putrid aroma that seemed to come from his very thoughts, the demons job done he, was speaking his lies with a now forked tongue. She could feel the demons trying to seduce her, hypnotising her, until their job was done and she found herself walking zombie like out of the surgery with a prescription for some strong tranquillisers in her hand. Before she knew what she was doing she had swallowed several of the neat pink pills, the pills of lies and the Serpent and the Salamander alike fell unconscious into the darkest recesses of her soul.

They said she was better but only if she continued to take the pills, they made her shake and dribble, but that was better than experiencing "these delusional episodes" the doctor had called them. There was little for her to do the cramp in her legs that the pills brought as a side effect made it impossible for her to walk far besides all enthusiasm for walks had drained away the first time she had swallowed the pills and silenced the Serpent and the Salamander. For the next few weeks she could only lie on her bed and stare vacantly out of the window, the rain and wind beating relentlessly against her window pane.

She could think of much, she could only stare at the blank wall or the rain drops falling on the window pane, forming hideous faces that would of made her jump with fright had she been her usual self, now sedated and dead she could do nothing but stare at their ugly laughing faces. . The television arriving as a present from her parents would be a comfort, something to take away the faces or so she thought little did she know the terrible effects it would have on her fragile body. From the moment she turned it on she felt sick and her head ached, it seemed to come from the emanations that radiated from the television, stubborn and determined to overcome the delusions, to please the doctors and the newly appointed psychiatrist she watched on.

DETECTION CONFIRMED

Deluscy peered into his monitor; he couldn't believe what he could see appearing in the dark mirror of his self-created window on to his world possessed of evil. It was her; she was there, the Human Child. He could see the blue lips of her white and ashen face He licked his lips, trying to contain his pleasure. "Send all my legions of death, every one, bring her to me, I will feast on your soul, Human Child." his voice harsh and excited, instructing his demons to search for this child. He couldn't believe it would be so easy, his intent cast across the world like a dreadful shadow. Now he knew exactly where she was, he knew her thoughts, her emotions, and her desires. But what was this there was no spirit, no passion; she was dying before his very eyes. "No you must not die I will wretch on your decaying flesh, you must be fresh, alive and real."

He had searched for all time for her presence but after millions of years of searching he was tiring of his quest to find her and had grown bored. He had amused himself in the invention of science, he had whispered into the ears of those with such talents; the splitting of the atom had been one of his most inspired ideas yet, but that too soon outlived its appeal. Television had been the icing on the cake, he could

hypnotise them, and he could plug straight into their homes and feed off their very souls. He could frighten them without the need for his dominions of demons to even dirty their hands on their foul flesh. This freed them, giving them the power to create more and more chaos in the world of dreams, frightening people by day and night. So when he discovered Kin watching television zombie like he was pleased, but she was numb, her soul barely alive, flesh without the presence of spirit, that was of no use to him, he needed the sweet taste of her love to intoxicate him, poison him and take him to his rest.

He did indeed want to rest his boredom had totally out used its usefulness, discontent with the vengeance that he had set on the world casting it into shadows he had ventured down every avenue of negative experience he could. He had made every evil possible; he had committed every malicious and malevolent act he could conjure up out of his depraved mind of nightmares. Now bored with the monotony of his existence he had left this tedious task to his demons of hell. They had whispered their lies and deceit into the ears of those who could be seduced to listen and man had grown into the hideous monster it now was. Wars, famine and pollution reeked havoc on the world. Fear was at its climax, his days were numbered and he knew it, he craved more and more souls yet the hunger grew more and more with each day. He tired of his creation, he tired of what he was, tedious and apathetic he desired death yet his drive to be evil incarnate was now fuelled by mankind itself. He looked about him and shivered, even in his wildest dreams he had not imagined such horror, such sin as mankind dreamt in its modern world. He breathed deep mankind's madness a narcotic to his addictive soul. Maybe soon he would be able to rest.

Kin screamed, intense terror overwhelmed her body, cold and shaking, the icy fingers of hell clawing at her very soul, What was going on she did not know but it had shocked her from her trance " What am I doing " she said as she knocked the bottle of pills from her lap. " I don't need these; I've got to free Maya Avaloni 'No, I've got to keep it together this is madness, but what about Him I have Always loved him, He's got to be real, it can't be a delusion. "Confused and disturbed she held her head in her hands and cried for how many hours she wept she could not tell she was totally overcome by her grief, pain and sadness. "What on earth am I crying about "she said? No answers came only the haunting song of her grieving heart. All she knew was that she was so scared and that something was after her and only her and no matter where she went it would eventually feed upon her dying soul. Shaking she pulled at her hair, the voice came again bringing her back to her senses ".

"Feel the pulse of the earth beneath your feet follow the dance of the Serpent into the darkness and find the warrior within." Kin could feel the feeling and warmth coming back to her body, the Serpent rising, invigorating her, the Salamander giving her sight she could see it all so clearly now. With screams of rebirthed enthusiasm and passion she opened the cottage door and ran into the pitch-blackness of the night.

Instead of finding herself in the wood around her cottage she found herself in a dark cave, the air was stale and wet. She shivered, was it the temperature or her fear that made her shiver, she was uncertain, goose bumps appeared all over her body. She was hot then cold, a strange malady struck at her frail body. The Serpent grabbed hold of her, the intensity of its fire washing all illness from her aching bones. With eyes of fire she made her way along the narrow passageways. The demons followed her in the shadows at first, frightening her with noises that made her spin around just as they disappeared around a corner. Not put off by these

attempts to scare her from her quest she walked on. The earth beneath her feet wet and slippery she stumbled and fell many times grazing her knees, not perturbed by the stinging pain, blood running down her legs she went on. The demons relentless followed closely behind her.

An icy hand grabbed her, terrified she turned around, and she sighed with a sense of relief when she saw a small child all dressed in white smiling at her. "I am here to guide you," said the child. As Kin took her hand she felt an eerie feeling pass through her body, could it be that this child was not all that she seemed? She could smell malice that same smell she had smelt coming from the doctors thoughts yet it was more pungent." But that can't be, this child in white can't surely be evil, maybe it is my own fear that I can smell. "She followed the child the smell increasing in strength "I will lead you out of harms way and free you from this, you are indeed the One of legends but your job is finished now you must let others tread the path," the child said " You have fulfilled your destiny and have done well, you can rest now and let others take over, I will lead you from this place and you will be ill no more." "If this is all real then there is no illness " thought Kin to herself " and besides there is something about this child that doesn't seem quite right" Never the less Kin continued to follow until out of the darkness Kin could see they had come to a wide open cavern with a chasm of unfathomable depths at its centre.

The energy that seemed to rise up from the chasm's depths filled her with courage. "You must step into the darkness of the chasm "the voice said, " NO you must not pass that way," said the child its voice strangely strained and anxious. " I will save your soul if you follow me "said the child its voice growing more and more strained as if it was trying to restrain its anger." Find the warrior within, follow the dance of the Serpent, know that it is truth and see this child as the illusion it is "the voice said, at that the child grew openly angry, its once angelic face now contorting into a grimace." No you must not listen, they are words of lies, illusions, your illness deludes you, follow me, and give me your soul "said the child, its finger cutting into kin's hand Kin struggled with the decision, scared to go to what might be her death. Resigned to following the child, her hopes sinking in her stomach, the Serpent making her ache with its warning. The Salamander's eyes could see the illusion of this child but the fear took over, "Step into the chasm ", she would surely die. Horror seemed to fill all the air around her, shaking she could see now the child was a demon, so hideous and ugly, its stench made her gag and wretch. "Find the warrior within", the voice came again. A wave of hope and faith surged and flooded her from where she did not know; it seemed to come from somewhere other than her. She could feel Him; it was his strength, his fortitude, and His stamina filled her. "Bring me dreams to set me free "He whispered it was the first time she had recognised His voice. Wrenching her hand from the sadistic child's she leaped courageously into the chasm.

The darkness filled her, strength filled her body, and courage filled her soul. She could do it all now, fearless and strong, her valour growing within her. She felt like a warrior of old on a gallant quest to save her lover. She had found her warrior within.

THE WRITING IN THE SKY

She awoke, it was late in the afternoon, the sun filtered through the trees outside the cottage, the day was fresh, and she could smell the sweetness of the

day. Refreshed and alive she rose from her bed. She examined her body with amazement; her muscles were defined and strong. She looked into the mirror; her body resembled an athlete, and her eyes bright she appeared to be in optimum health. Dressing herself she went outside as she walked she could feel the strength of the trees around her and as the sun lightly beat down upon her skin she could feel it filling her with vitality and energy. She had never felt so alive, so invigorated. Playing with her newly found strength she spent the next few days exploring the countryside, walking for miles, climbing high and dangerous cliffs. No longer perturbed by physical danger she climbed inside old and disused mine shafts that littered the landscape around her home. The next few weeks were a joyful time for her, no longer plagued by the dreams yet still in total control of her newfound talents, she was for the first time in ages truly happy.

Sad though it might seem she had almost forgotten her quest, absorbed by the ecstatic feelings that the Serpent brought her in her newly built body. Keeping very much to herself, she had not run into any of the hideous illusions that the eyes of the Salamander could see. Shortly after the episode with the television she had gleefully smashed it with her bare hands, not even feeling pain as a shard of dark glass sliced into her hand. Strangely this wound even though small would not heal, the poison of the Dark Lord seeping into her blood stream.

Running short of provisions she decided to venture into town. The streets were crowded; all around there were people with their heads down going about their business. Hot and bothered parents dragging reluctant children through the streets shopping bags laden and heavy. With eyes to see she could see the illusions once again, angry and hideously deformed demons plagued their victims. A mother at the end of her tether tired and stressed smacks her child across the legs, a group of boy's sneer and jeer at a lone schoolmate. The emanations of the people were discoloured and black, poisoned from the inside. The anger and the greed were obvious but under the torrent of negativity there was an overwhelming sense of sadness. It all became too much for Kin to bear; she sank to her knees and wept. The people passing by only glanced at her weeping in the gutter; heartless and unconcerned to her plight they walked on.

Suddenly she felt a hand on her shoulder it was the doctor, his glasses misted up with condensation. "Oh my dear what on earth are you doing, have you not been taking your medication?" wiping the mist from his lenses. She looked into those eyes, they were the eyes of death, and she shivered. Jumping with ease she ran at an incredible speed, where she was going to go she did not know all she knew was that she had to get away from this doctor, this doctor of death. Even though she had ran down many streets away from him she could still smell his foul stench in her nostrils. As she turned another corner she came upon a small yet inviting bookshop. Hurriedly she went inside. The shop was small and dimly lit; the smell of old leather books tilled the air. All around her were reams upon reams of books. Suddenly she heard a sound behind her, out from the back of the shop appeared an old woman, her face friendly and loving. The Salamander's eyes could see her emanations they were pink and gold a welcoming sight after the greyness of the people on the streets. "I've got just what you looking for " the woman said, still concerned about the pursuit of the doctor she did not contemplate how the woman knew what she wanted or even what that may be." Come this way "said the woman, she led her through a small doorway to a stair case leading up out of sight.

"Climb the stair, you will find what you need at the top, happy reading" on that the woman returned to the front of the shop. Kin a bit bewildered as to how this woman knew exactly what she wanted as she herself did know herself. Without thinking any more about it relieved to be safe away from the doctor she began to climb the staircase. The Serpent within happy in its knowing, the Salamander's eyes on guard for any emanation that may be dark and foul. There were none, as she ascended the staircase a misty white light seemed to be flowing down the stairs. The warrior within powerful and fearless proceeded with caution, every muscle poised for attack like some well-trained soldier.

The staircase went on and on yet no fatigue slowed her down, on she climbed. The stairs narrow and winding. She had not looked down at her feet for some time, so when she did she was shocked to see that the stairs were no longer physical but made of light illuminated strands that resembled cobwebs glistened at her feet, she could see the sun and clouds beneath her feet. She was literally walking on air. The walls disappeared as she turned the next corner she was walking in a cloudy sky, weightless and free. Over joyed by her new ability, she could actually fly. The cloud was wet and misty as the sun shone through it rainbows could clearly be seen. The coloured rays crossed over each other, twinkling and sparkling in the sunshine. Kin stared in astonishment she could clearly see writing beginning to form where the rainbows crossed and created patterns of light. . The writing was flowing and neat, a script from ancient times, hovering where she was she began to decipher what the writing had to say.

"Your story is written across the sky, your wisdom, I am the Sky Scryer, I write with fluent hand, your magical quest has already been planned. Ask what you like, I promise to oblige, I will show you your path from the other side. "

Without saying anything out loud, visions as answers to her inner thoughts began to form upon the clouds. A flowing script appeared, it told her of the story of her making, how the Two had originally been One, how He had fallen from grace for a higher purpose It went on in great detail about the search She made for Him, And how Her searching had brought her here to planet earth. As she read on it described, her life up until now, the tests she had gone through and the gifts she had acquired through these tests. It described Maya Avaloni in great detail; pictures were used as visual aids. It described the appearance of the Mount and the Light Being that slept at its centre, as the script flowed on describing the Dark Lord, the writing became hard and crude.

"He, Deluscy is his name, He is not all what he seems, delusions hold his form together, the truth will destroy him. It is a story guided by divine hands; everything is going according to plan. Your fear will fail you, the truth will set HIM free, and your love for yourself will conquer all darkness within. Go now with the intelligence of the creator within your mind; use your gift wisely to see that which others cannot, the divine plan within all creation. "

THE LOVE OF A DOLPHIN

She landed on her bed with a gentle bump, had she really been flying or was it another dream? These dreams were becoming more and more real. The veil between sleep and conscious awakening was becoming thinner and thinner with every dream; soon she would be able to walk between these two realities with ease and total recall. She had not been able to decipher the whole plan by the writing in

the clouds, pieces were missing, important pieces that only she could write, and after all it was her story. Yet within the script she had found enough information to show her, she was on the right track, she was the One, the Human Child that could free the Light Being who slept in the centre of the mount. It was all part of the divine plan and she was to overcome the Dark Lord Deluscy who guarded the Light from any one whom ventured inside his domain. But how, with all the knowing, sight and strength she had been given she knew she could not overcome his malicious evil, did death await her?

The script had ordained that she would find a way or so she hoped, the script had given her a sense of the overall plan, a higher perspective. Recalling the words she pondered its content "Deluscy, he is not all that he seems", it puzzled her what did it mean? Overwhelmed by the amount of information that seemed to come into her mind she spent the next few months writing it all down, spending many an hour typing on an old type writer she had found in the cupboard under the stairs. Everything seemed to have a story, the trees around her house told her of their making and even the moss beneath her feet had its own story to tell. Walking around the landscape near her home she conversed with nature itself, finding out many a tale from the trees, rocks and the sea. She found she had a talent for stories and poems and allowed them to flow endlessly on to the paper.

The doctors had visited her, insisting that she attend appointments for her own good they had said. She tried to explain her experiences to them but they scoffed at her, prescribing more and more pills that she discarded down the toilet soon as they had left. She was learning very quickly that to play their game was wise but not to give too much away. You see she could read their story too, it was written very clearly in the cloudy emanations that surrounded their bodies, stories of sadness and delusion, all put their by the influence of Deluscy, she could now utter his name in utter defiance.

Whilst walking along the beach by her home she was reading the story of the land and sea, it sang a gentle song of its creation as it lapped at the shore. She bathed her feet in the waters, it soothed her very soul, and she was overwhelmed by the love that she felt from its caresses. As the sound of the waves fell on to the shore she found herself passing through the veil, more conscious than ever before, drifting through a fine mist she entered a strange and tranquil land.

Trying to recognise where she was she was amazed when she realised she was under water, all around swam Dolphins of light. As they swam with ease through the blueness of the ocean the ripples that they made created a song, a melody of their unconditional love. The love of their song filled her. "Why, I will surely drown, is it only a dream", she thought. At that moment a beautiful Dolphin came swimming up to her. It rubbed its body affectionately against hers. "I will not let you drown," sang the Dolphin "use your Dolphin heart to love yourself through the waves, your love is the breath of life". "My Dolphin heart" said Kin. At that the Scryer within began to write its tale upon the crests of the waves. The story explained how every human child had at its centre a Dolphin heart and that heart when truly opened was capable of loving all that is, no matter how evil and hideous, the love of the Dolphin heart is true and pure. It went on to say that the love that flowed endlessly from it was unconditional in nature and divine. True compassion will be released upon the world when all of mankind open their hearts to the Dolphin of love within and let its love heal the waters of the Human Soul.

As the Dolphins swam around her, playing and frolicking about her she listened to their songs of love, joy filled her until to her amazement she too turned into a Dolphin. Her new body of love glistened in the sunlight that radiated in the shallows of the waters; it glided effortlessly through the waves. For how long she played with the Dolphins she could not tell, singing songs of love for each other but also for the world above and all of mankind, never before had she felt so compassionate. A gift given her from the deep, Dolphin love from the Dolphin within.

She passed through the veil she actually saw it, a misty film that gently gave way as she passed through it, rejoining itself soon as she had passed through it. She was totally conscious of the two worlds separated by the misty veil. The next few weeks she spent much of her time talking to the Dolphins learning through their songs of love how to be truly compassionate; she could feel the love growing within her. She could even see it glowing from the area of her chest, pink and warm, it comforted her for so long she had lived her life full of sorrow now she could love the world and all its evil. Even when she saw the darkness emanating from those in the town she felt only pity and love for them, soon with the gift of the Salamander and the unconditional love of the Dolphin within she could see the higher plan to the darkness even though she did not know it in detail, she could see the meaning to the negativity. She spent much of her time walking the streets preaching words of love and sending the unloved the love of the Dolphin. Some responded with warmth and generosity, but mostly shied away from her in mistrust.

Totally embraced by her fantasy she had ceased to go to the appointments with the doctors. They had made for her; she thought there was no need. They just did not understand her, she was going to save the world from darkness and cast light upon all and create a paradise that all could live in; of course they wouldn't understand it.

Yet as the days went on she was becoming despondent, surely with all these new talents she should be happy but she still did not know how to enter Maya - Avaloni. How was she to enter the world of the Dark Lord? "Walk the back of the dragon," said the voice as a reply, outside a bird could be seen to perch upon a tree, its beady eye watching her every move.

WALKING THE BACK OF THE DRAGON

It was a misty morning, dew was on the ground Kin dressed excitedly it was to be today that she would enter Maya Avaloni she could feel the knowing growing in her belly, today she was to walk the back of the Dragon. She packed a bag with food and water; it would be a long walk. The Dragon she could see from the window of her cottage, the very lie of the land made up the body of the Sleeping Dragon. Once this Dragon of the land had been plain to see now aeons later it slept deeply, the rocks its bed, only those with imagination could see this mighty beast snoozing at the seashore. The Serpent within guided her along the wooded paths around her home, guiding her to the beginning of her journey to the very tail of the Dragon.

"It is here that you will find the beginning of your quest ", said the voice. The Hawk's shrill cry rang throughout the landscape; it made Kin jump, that Hawk again. It had been there from the beginning she had seen it from the train at the very beginning of her journey. Even though it had always been there she had taken little notice and its story had been impossible to read. She thought it was because it flew

so high up out of sight but as she found herself stepping onto the very first of the steps that would lead her to Maya Avaloni she was puzzled as to why it followed her. She tried to hear its story, know its purpose or see its emanations but all in vain, something seemed to hide its tale from her.

The first steps were easy; a neat path lay along the back of the Dragon. For such a long time she had waited for this moment, now that it had arrived she was strangely puzzled when nothing out of the ordinary happened. All day she walked, the Serpent guiding her way. The Salamander eyes saw nothing untoward; the warrior relaxed no foe or danger for it to concern itself with. Tiring of the normality of the journey she used the Seer within to read the story of the landscape. Nothing that much interesting to report, many stories of fishing communities that had lived there and further back into time when dinosaurs ruled the land, yet no mention of the Mount or the Dark Lord or HIM. In fact the land seemed to know nothing of him, bewildered by this she walked on.

On and on she walked the path twisting and turning, using the Serpent to give her a sense of knowing that would guide each and every one of her footsteps. The Seer reporting each and every story. The Dolphin within loving the beauty of the land, the warrior striding forwards her footsteps untiring. The path suddenly changed she had begun to climb from the tail to the mighty body of the Dragon. She thought she felt something under her feet shift and move but uncertain she walked on. The land was rocky and grey; high above her the Hawk looked on, its beady eye surveying her down below. Stopping for lunch, dangling her feet over the edge of the cliff it was such a beautiful day. Finishing her lunch she resumed her journey. "Why, I would have thought something unusual would have happened by now" she thought, slightly disappointed. Totally unaware was she of the strange markings that her footsteps left behind her.

Dragon runes, symbols and markings that told the very story she had lived from the very beginning. No shape of her feet could be seen only these strange markings, Every time she turned or twisted in her path a mark would appear on the Trees and rocks, telling the story of her quest so far. She was drawing the story of her existence on to the very landscape. As she walked she activated the land; she walked the line of the sacred line that ran all around the coast. With every step and mark she made, she activated the sacred line; she awoke the Dragon from its sleep, slumbering in its home in the rock it began to murmur and rise from its millions of years sleeping.

As her journey proceeded she began to see the emanations of the trees shift and change, no longer did it seem to be sunny, but a thick twilight mist began to envelop the land. She could feel no dampness from this mist, unearthly in nature, the warrior bristling sensing danger. Round the corner two people came walking their dog, a little concerned about what they might make of her, this strange girl barefoot in the mist she smiled and said, "Hello, what a strange mist has come off the sea all of a sudden ". She was totally amazed at what happened next they walked straight through her, not only was she invisible to them but she was like vapour, she was no longer in their world. "Wow, it's really happening I'm entering Maya Avaloni," she thought.

As she climbed the high rock that blocked her path, the path becoming more and more treacherous she noticed that the voice of the Serpent within was waning, as was the guidance of the others, she felt sleepy and sedated. The land around her

was becoming shrouded in a thick impenetrable mist, stumbling at the very tip of the Dragons nose; she entered the world of Maya Avaloni.

THE FEAST ARRIVES

Deluscy wiped the saliva from his mouth; he could not contain himself, excited as he was at the prospect of his meal arriving. She had entered Maya Avaloni she would soon enter the Mount and he would devour her soul, the banquet that he had waited for, for all time. She would taste bitter on his tongue poisonous to him, he knew that but he longed for death and besides to feast upon her soul was to feast upon the light, to feast upon the One that slept, This would cast this world and all other worlds into darkness forever.

She wasn't going to be easy prey though she had found the gifts along the way, this enraged him, and he knew that she had to find the keys in order to enter Maya Avaloni, yet they presented a problem to him. Never the less he had a plan up his sleeve, her love for He that slept had not been truly activated yet, when the longing started to rise from the very depths of her soul she would be easy to take and devour. Up until now it had been quiet lost in the deepest recesses of her soul, the pain, the sorrow would consume her, and then he would feed on her succulent heart. He would pass from this world and be no more, yet his twisted mind wished for not only her annihilation but also his own. The light one, Him would sleep forever and over time even the creator would forget his resting place and his mission would fail. HE would be lost forever, his soul mate Kin dead and gone, her light extinguished in the darkness.

Deluscy began to prepare himself, the caverns of lies would be her final test .She was getting closer and closer, he could feel her presence, he could smell her desire, her love, putrid to him as it was he breathed it in.

Kin stirred every muscle in her body hurt, every bone ached, and the sheets beneath her were cold and stiff. "Where am I ", she thought. She didn't seem to be able to wake up, all around her it was cloudy, "Salamander eyes ", she murmured. She could no longer use them to see. "I wouldn't let them hear you say that, lovely" Said a gentle voice, "you know they will put you on the medication again don't you "The next day she was sent to the doctor's office where they explained to her how she had got there. Her parents had sent her to this recovery centre for people who were having delusional episodes, that she hadn't lived in a cottage in the woods, and that even the train journey had been a delusion. Kin collapsed with shock in his office the blood draining from her face. She was insane after all, all brought on by the drugs.

Over the next few weeks she was allowed to walk around the hospital, she was getting better so they said. She thought different she could not stop crying, the depression overwhelmed her, and something was missing, loss of some kind. As the weeks dragged on her sorrow deepened until waking from a dream in the dead of night she finally found out what it was that she yearned for, it was Him. Her pain consumed her, she could take no more, she would have gladly taken her life if she could have found something in which to cause her death, but everything was safely locked away. She dreamt about him every night, the dreams becoming more and more vivid, yet they were not like those of Maya Avaloni, the medication saw to that. Consumed by her pain she had given up all hope of ever freeing HIM convinced that

she would be haunted by her madness forever, alone she slipped into a loveless existence.

The voice started quiet at first afraid to tell the doctors, afraid of her insanity she tried to ignore it, yet as the weeks went on it grew louder and louder." I am the light, I sleep at the centre of your heart, will you forsake?" the voice said, "*go away*", shouted Kin, " your not real, it's an delusion". "A nice walk may make you feel better " said the nurse at her bedside " the doctors said you can come out with me for a walk along the shore, if you want" Not sure what she wanted any more she dressed herself and followed the nurse out into the gardens. There it was the Mount, she jumped with shock, "Oh that's your Mount isn't it, my lovely" said the nurse, "its St Michael's mount you know, not really the home of the Dark Lord ", she laughed. Kin couldn't get over its appearance, more to her surprise she couldn't get over the over whelming feeling of him. Never before had she felt Him this strongly before, a lone tear ran down her cheek, she wiped it away before the nurse could see.

They walked along the beach. The voice was relentless in her mind" Will you forsake me for your sanity? "It said, it was his voice and she knew it." Oh look my lovely, there are Dolphins in the bay," cried the nurse with excitement. Kin looked in astonishment at school of Dolphins swimming around the Mount. "Come to us we will show you the way into the Mount, we will protect you, your destiny waits "Leave me alone ", said Kin." Swim to us we will show the way in, you ARE in Maya Avaloni, He awaits your kiss, swim to us ". " No, I can't, its just the madness" Suddenly Kin could feel a feeling rising up her spine Serpent Dancer was rising, with Salamander eyes to see she could see the nurse was a demon sent to trick her, the hospital was an illusion.

The Seer within told her the tale of her destiny, the runes appearing all over the ground at her feet, with a mighty surge of energy the warrior strode into the waves, her muscles hard and strong. The dolphins calling her, the compassion for her lover overwhelming her she dove into the waves, she turned her head just in time to see the face of the nurse turn into the Dark Lord. Deluscy laughing called "I will feast on your soul tonight, my Kin." For now he knew her name.

Kin strong and determined swam through the waves the salt water stinging her eyes, it tasted strong in her mouth, and she could see the Dolphins ahead of her on the horizon. "You can swim like the Dolphin that you are, use your love to breathe under the waters deep," the Dolphins voices sang across the ocean. "I can't breathe under water, that's taking it too far," she thought, and still she swam on. Just ahead of her looming up like some dark mass the Mount rose blocking the sun from her view. The waters became cold as ice, her legs began to cramp, and her warrior was waning. "Your powers will fail you here, you are in Maya Avaloni now, here you live under by rule." Debussy's voice chilled her to the bone. She could feel a strange feeling in her hand, the wound, the weeping flesh decaying, rotting. "My poison will bring you to me, I am part of you now," his voice cruel and emotionless. Succumbing to the fatigue, the tiredness growing like a Hungary monster throughout her body. The waves crashed over her head, she could not struggle, and she was going to drown and die. So near yet so far, to fail now. It was peaceful under the waves; she had surrendered her soul. She was dying. An image came into her head; Salamander eyes to see an image, an image of him, his eyes were opening. She felt the love for him surge through her body, and with that she took a huge breath.

The Dolphins were all around her, laughing, singing her praises, she had done it. They guided her gently down and down into the still dark waters of the ocean, protected by their love, immune to the grasping hand of Deluscy. A small opening no bigger than a heads width could be seen in the furthest base of the Mount. Slowly Kin passed inside.

THE CAVERN OF LIES

Her eyes became accustomed to the dark; Kin peered into the blackness that fell all around her. There was nothing there except the overwhelming stench of death and decay, it hurt her nostrils. Following the Serpent that curled around and around her spine like a tight rope she could smell an incredible stench that rose in vapours all around her. She was guided to walk through the darkness. Beneath her feet swain rivers of evil, she was crossing over a narrow walkway not a foot across in width. Below her were the dark rivers of black evil, pure dark energy; it flowed like veins throughout the body of the Dark Lord. Serpent leading the way, not putting a foot wrong she made her way across the chasm.

Out of the darkness came a terrible shadow, a fear made manifest. Doubt enveloped her like a shroud. Rational thoughts flooded her mind, "this can't be real, it's illogical, it doesn't make any sense, how can I follow this strange sense of intuition what happens if it is not true." Serpent Dancer stopped dancing, it sank to the base of the spine and slept, Kin was guided no more. Frozen in fear she could not move, going over and over the rational reasons to this situation she found herself in. What she could not understand was if it was madness how come her rational mind was still there. Going over and over it in her mind, terrified to move she battled with her two minds, the one of the rational and the one of the intuition. "Will you forsake me for your sanity" He was stronger, she could feel his love it was over powering, it almost made her swoon.

Her heart opened her love for him surging again through her and with a leap of faith she began to walk forward. Several steps from the place where she seemed to be frozen in time itself, she found the other side of the chasm. The blackness was less here a strange light could be seen way in the distance. Her love forgave her the courage and the conviction to run head long to the light, but no matter how hard she ran it didn't seem to get any nearer. Slumping to her knees she could go no further exhausted all energy and vitality draining from her body. Her youth was failing her she left decrepit and old. What was that, the light seemed to come from all directions, "which way to go, seeing eyes where you are?" Kin called out in vain. "There is no beginning and no end, all is one and the same. "the voice was strong and sweet." Of course, its time there is no such thing as time, if there is no such thing as time then ageing is also an illusion", Kin cried, she was beginning to see the nature of this Caverns of Lies. They held and manifested the illusions of the outside world, the Dark Lords' lies that held the world, as we know it in darkness. .

Energy and illusion swept around her with incredible speed, the hallucinations of the caverns shifting and changing until the entrance of a grand hall appeared in front of her. The Dark Lord's inner sanctuary. The hall was made of the same foul substance that the dark Lord himself used to armour himself. Far in the distance Deluscy sat with his back to her, his throne made of microchips. She heard no words yet felt a sick and nauseous feeling in the pit of her stomach. She fell to her knees smashing her face on the hard dark floor. A force noxious and deathly grabbed her from within, the wound in her hand black and weeping a foul substance, poisoned

she was becoming evil herself. The evil within the wound grabbed at her, courage manning from her body, subservient and weak her body betraying her, she willingly walked across the expanse of darkness towards her annihilation.

Getting nearer and nearer to Deluscy, the pain soon subsided, in its place was a deathly coldness that seemed to come from inside. "Your death awaits you "; Deluscy's voice seemed to come from inside her head. She was almost at the point of giving up to death and her failure, when His voice came again, even stronger. "Will you forsake me for your mortality?" Salamander she did not need she could clearly see with human eyes the illusion of death and with that the life came back to her limbs, warmth flooded her body and she once again stood proud.

Deluscy stared down at her face. Ghostly and illusionary his face shifted and changed from one hideous form to another. "So you think you can defeat me" he peered into her eyes, his face taking on the faces of the doctors." You come to me so willingly, why do you surrender your soul so easily to me? "I am to awaken the light, to shine the truth in this dark place and free the world of your evil "Kin screamed into his face, her anger overwhelming her. Deluscy laughed." Your emotion tastes so sweet." Kin realised he was bringing out her worst quality and through that he would destroy her. Calming herself, breathing deeply she retorted, " Show me Him I have come to awaken the light and bathe Him with my love. "Your love" Deluscy through back his head and laughed hysterically. "Why you stupid child, He does not sleep, this quest of yours has been the illusion for I am the only one, I am the light, bathe ME with your love."

It was too much for Kin to bear; it could not be true. Yet in the height of her desperation she knew above all else that her love for Him was true, the love for him wasn't an illusion, it was real, it surged through her body. Looking into his face she found she felt compassion for this wretched creature, she was sure she could see a tear fill his eye, Taking a deep breathe and mustering every gift, talent and quality that her frail Human existence gave her, she lent forward and kissed him, time stood still or so it seemed to Kin, lost in the kiss of eternity. Finally pulling herself away she was astonished at what she saw. Deluscy was no longer physical; his face behind the mask shifted and transformed so many times the light that was created by his changing made Kin blink. Faces of hideous creatures, demons and all sorts of beast's grotesque and shocking could clearly be seen shimmering behind the mask. The shifting increased, getting faster and faster until they were nothing but a blur. Kin holding her breath could not believe what she saw next, several faces of characters from times gone by, some she seemed to recognise, lovers from her soul's past.

He was dying; the faces of lives lived increased in speed until from behind the mask a fleshless skull with one peering eye could be seen to remain. With seeing eyes to see Kin gasped, he was an illusion, the darkness that he held for so long was a necessary part of the divine plan, all experience." You have loved me as your own "; he said, "Now see me for who I really am ". With that he pulled at the mask, the mask of Lies. "This mask of Lies I wear to delude those that come close to my domain, your truth will set me free." It is set fast; I cannot be freed from this torment? "He cried pulling and tugging at the mask it was stuck fast. Now no longer a mighty forces now a lost and wretched worm. "Must I live shrouded in this illusion for ever?" he was screaming now, not in anger but in total anguish at his plight. Courageously Kin pulled at the mask; it felt some how unreal itself an illusion too. No matter how hard she pulled she could not release the mask's grip. He was beginning to panic, rage filled the air, it was Kin's rage, she had come so far, she had loved

him with all her heart, found compassion for that which was unlovable, now she stood powerless to free this wretched creature from his torment. Sinking to her knees the wound in her hand hurt, with his every cry she felt wave upon wave of pity for not only his plight but also her own, it washed over as waves of intense pain and anguish. She could not explain it, how could she feel so much love for this Prince of Darkness, but he was so alone, imprisoned by the darkness that he had created, now no longer trapped by his intent alone, but now trapped by the evil of mankind itself.

Collapsing to her knees she too was dying, dying from the pain of his destruction and she had done it to him, they were intricately linked. How could she have come this far only to discover the lover that she had yearned for all her life was evil and darkness itself and through her loving him he was going to die like the illusion he was. High above her she heard a shrill cry; it was the cry of the Hawk.

A presence filled the room; Deluscy pausing in his pain, gasping in his torment looked up just as the Hawk swooped down from some lofty perch. Kin too gasped, the energy was overwhelming, and fear filled her. How could this innocent bird be the bringer of such intense, awesome energy, an energy that threatened to destroy them all? As it glided down on silver wings Deluscy mustering his very last ounce of strength to duel with this foe that had come to destroy him.

Barely able to move the pressure of the Hawk's presence pushing her to the floor Kin hardly able to raise her head. The Hawk flew into view, as it landed Kin couldn't believe what she saw, the bird transformed into a beautiful Angel of light. The light that emanated from her was breath taking to behold, tall and regal she stood The beauty of her face was terrifying to look upon, alluring though SHE was, Kin shook with fear. Deluscy cowered in terror, petrified, for so long he had waited for this moment, now he shuck with the fear of his inevitable annihilation.

Sadness fell across HER face looking upon this dark creature before her, was this the lover she had searched far and wide for, across the wide expanse of the universe. Kin was transfixed, before her stood the dark and the light, two opposites of the same one thing. This Angel of Light facing this Demon of the Dark, now quivering in fear. "Who were they these strange characters, what was her purpose in all of this" she searched within her for the answer, She had faced her ultimate fear, vanquished the Dark Lord, she had reaped him of his evil power through her love for him. She was him, it all made so much sense, she had searched all this time for a piece of herself, she and found the darkness within and had recognised it as her own. Now what was she to do, die at the hands of this awesome Angel of Light that stood towering before her. Sacrifice her for the love of the soul.

"I have searched far and wide for you, now we stand opposite each other, you don't even recognise who we are." Sang the Angel of Light, her voice sweet yet strained. Was she talking to Deluscy or Kin, Kin did not know? She felt like she was going to faint, her powers waning, Serpent Dancer, gone, followed shortly by the others, alone and desperate she cried, tears of such deep sorrow. "Do you not recognise yourself as the light, will you only claim the darkness as your own. Will you live forever incomplete in your isolation, has my love for you been in vain." Tears fell down her face, this Angel of Light, was SHE really part of Kin too. "I am the love of the self, I am the divinity of your soul, claim me as your own "Kin thought she could hear a desperation in her voice.

Suddenly the answer surged up from the very depths of her stomach," she was the light, she was the dark, she was the creator, two sides of the same coin. "The pain in her chest rushed through her body, she looked down the wound in her chest was plain to see. The Angel of Light, SHE knelt down beside Debussy's dying body and carefully took the mask from his face." The illusion you have removed, together we can all now live forever in light " Her voice seemed to be made up of a thousand angels singing tears of joy fell down her face, the wound in their chests were healing, as was Kin's. As She removed the last piece of mask, joy filled the air; Kin swooned with the intensity of joy.

Before her stood He, his energy radiations of such a brilliant light it was hard for Kin to distinguish what he looked like. A sense of relief and joy overwhelmed her, lovers united they fell into each other's arms, freed from His darkness, She had returned for Him. In their love making a brilliant light could be seen, it swirled around setting off sparks of energy, the pressure building. Kin watched in amazement, as the light enveloped them both no longer could she see the two beings now they were as one. A spiral of light, awesome and alive. "We are one inside you, your love will bind use for ever into eternity. "the words rang true inside Kin's heart and mind.

The light intensified until in the brilliance of it Kin could see the form of a doorway, as she came accustomed to the light she could see the image that lay on the other side. A beautiful landscape, paradise awaited her, she had completed her quest, and it had been written from the very start. The memories flooded her mind; she could remember it all. The parting, the searching the incarnating into human form to find her other half. The quest to become whole once more. As she stepped through the doorway the light enveloped her; enlightened she realised she was the Star of all light, the source of all love, the dream. As her foot touched the soft grass she felt the whole of mankind sharing the experience with her, stepping into their New World of light, somewhere outside she thought she heard a Dragon roar.

THE END.

