ANGEL WARRIOR

A Book for Men

Charles Nicholas Good

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FOR KALĀ

STORYTELLING



Our myths may be misguided, but they steer however shakily towards the true harbour, while materialistic ‘progress’ leads only to a yawning abyss and the Iron Crown of the power of evil.

J.R.R. Tolkien

This is a book for warriors. You know who you are, and you are being called. The transformation of warrior consciousness within the psyche is perhaps singularly the most significant factor for our consideration and is definitely the subject of this book.

Story telling has been an integral aspect of this essential process forever. There was never a time when storytelling was not at the centre of culture. The reason for this is that a well-crafted story replete with archetypal significance, held within an organic mythological structure, mirrors the nature of reality itself. This living truth is communicated directly to the soul via the medium of the story. By drawing the reader into a present time experience unfolding within themselves - a transformation of the psyche, the container of consciousness.

A really good story activates the mythological imagination and brings online, sleeping zones of the psyche that this synthetic world can never reach. It bypasses the conditioned egoic mind and embeds deeply in the container of

consciousness directly. The sleeping zones of the psyche which are awakened are critical to the transformation of humanity. Wisdom and knowledge conveyed without the vehicle of story does not have the same effect. It simply cannot and tends to activate a layer of mind which consciousness experiences as a prison. We cannot think our way to freedom. What is required is nothing short of a radical transformation of our psyches. This begins with a much-needed deepening of one's sense of self away from the superficial layers of ego, into the roots of the soul, and through the muck in which it grows.

Bow down
You drunken heathen
Bow down upon thy knees
and surrender thy broken madness
to the Light that shines between
the cracks and fragments of sorrow
the spinning ideas of self
the reflection of distorted perception
which eats away your health
but before you do surrender
in the final battle, ahead
fight for your life eternal
and slay the living dead
Who rise like phantoms upon you
and would drink the blood of your soul
as the fulfilment of what is written
moment by moment unfolds
and ever the march is onwards
towards the mount within
where the darkest hour
must be encountered
before you shall truly sing.

FOREWORD



Your pain is the breaking of the shell which encloses your understanding

Kahlil Gibran

When I was a boy I once kept a Chipmunk as a pet. I had him in a cage in my room. He would spend every second of his waking hours passionately and feverishly trying to find a way out of that cage. I had fashioned a small leather jacket for him, from which I could tie a leash. Imagining somehow, that I could tame him and take him for walks outside. Every time we would venture out he would simply fling himself in every direction in his ceaseless desire to escape. Eventually I set him free.

We all have something inside of us that yearns unceasingly for its freedom. I am in touch with it. It is my spirit and it is the spirit of life. The world today is calling each of us to open the cages of our closed hearts and minds, deepen our sense of self, our understanding of Life and allow our spirit the freedom for which it yearns.

We all face challenges in life. Challenges are a natural and necessary part of growing. There is no genuine, authentic evolution of consciousness without challenge. The challenges, we all face today in the modern world, are fast assuming the appearance of overwhelming and impossible to meet proportions.

The real challenge however is for the soul; it is the soul which is at the centre of all things and for which all circumstances exist. It is this transformation of the soul which is the great subject of this work. This book is an invitation to answer a call in your soul. There is no way you would be reading these words if that were not true.

Yes, life is challenging but we can all raise our game and see that there is something far deeper going on here than meets the eye. Rather than waste time in petty judgments and political debates would we not be better served in recognizing the immense opportunity which is presenting itself here? For, in order for us to demonstrate our true greatness, we need an impossible puzzle to solve. In order for us to shine with our true brightness, we need an equivalent amount of darkness in which to blaze. In order for us to demonstrate our true strength we need an impossible foe to wrestle and in order to express the power of Love that we are, we need an unforgivable wound to forgive.

There are many tales, stories and legends of heroes who surmounted impossible odds and accomplished extraordinary feats and deeds of valour. Some of them are history, some of them are myth, all of them are relevant. The reason why they are relevant is because they are communicating a vital message we should well understand to answer the call of the times. Life is not a little game. It is a big one. Life is not a cheap, soap opera sit-com, it is a soul shuddering epic event. You are being called to face your personal challenges and we are being called to face our collective challenges, together, for the raising of the consciousness of the human world. The great challenge of the times, instead of being dragged, kicking and screaming towards our fate, is to turn willingly within to summon the courage and power we need to face the extraordinary initiations before us all.

This is a story of an everyman. It is as much mine as it is yours. And as much yours as it is ours.

Please enjoy this deep contemplation.

Nick Good. Angel Valley. North Bali. 2025.

Never mistake outward appearance for reality

Huang Po

INITIATION



A true initiation never ends

Robert Anton Wilson

Initiation is not a luxury; it is a necessity for the evolution of consciousness and the preservation of the soul. Without it, human beings remain trapped in the shallow illusions of the waking world, mistaking survival for purpose, mistaking comfort and the pursuit of materialism for meaning. The function of initiation is to break this illusion—to tear the veil from the eyes, to rupture the ego's fragile construct of reality, and to open the psyche to the vast, mythological dimensions of existence. The dimensions of the soul.

But where are the initiators? Where are the elders who once stood as sentinels between the mundane world and the depths of the soul? They are all but gone. If the elders have vanished, then initiation must occur through direct experience—through encounters with myth, with vision, with forces beyond the smallness of the everyday mind. If men will not be led to the temple, then the temple must be built within them.

This novel is not for the weak-hearted. It is for those who sense the calling of something greater, who feel the unease of a soul trapped in a world that has abandoned the sacred. It is for those who are willing to face the storm, and descend into the underworld, the realm of demons, and reclaim the fire of

initiation. The hour is late, but the battle is not lost. The hero always rises when the world least expects it.

Are You a Warrior?

Warriors need to learn about themselves, and so do artists. The writer's process is the artist's process, and there is agony in that. This is why the artist is a warrior—because we endure pain. Warriors are a wounded lot. But what is a warrior without their wound? When the skins of ignorance are shed, your pain will wear the face of joy. In the depth of its wound, you will find the infinite, and in its ache, if you follow it all the way down, you will find the peace and freedom of eternal love. This transformation is a journey and, in a mythological language is called – The Hero's Journey.

This book is intended to awaken the mythological imagination. Storytelling has always been central to indigenous cultures because myths are not just entertainment—they are maps of transformation. When we engage with appropriate mythological imagery, the psyche undergoes a necessary metamorphosis, allowing us to embrace the next level of consciousness or stage of spiritual development. If you are a stranger to this process, then deep contemplation of this book will serve as an initiation for your consciousness.

Traditionally, this process was guided by ritualistic initiation and rites of passage. The modern world, however, with its relentless onslaught of materialism and pseudo-religion, has eradicated the sacred spaces where true transformation once took place. The cultural containers that once held initiation—tribes, families, warrior brotherhoods, mystery schools etc. have been shattered. Instead of seasoned elders guiding young men through the fires of transformation, we have social media influencers selling hollow identities. Instead of warriors being trained to master their own darkness, we have men lost in addiction, depression, fake self-image cultivation, meaningless consumption and the pursuit of materialism without purpose. The absence of true initiation has left a void, and in that void, the shadow thrives.

Without the wisdom of myth to guide them, many are pulled into unconscious patterns of self-destruction, acting out the same archetypal struggles without realizing their deeper significance. The monstrous forces that initiation was meant to transmute now roam unchecked within the psyche, manifesting in personal and collective chaos. But the mythological imagination—when properly awakened—offers a way through. By understanding and integrating the

primal forces within, we can reclaim our path toward transformation, resurrecting the lost wisdom of initiation in a world that has all but forgotten it.

Yet initiation has not lost its necessity just because culture has abandoned it. If anything, it is more crucial now than ever before. Without the guidance of mythological images presented through rites of passage and initiation, the young man's psyche—and most specifically his innate warrior consciousness within it—remains unripe, immature and unrefined. This consciousness is wired to engage, to achieve, to express, to become something. If it is not provided with a sacred framework well rooted in the natural, it will seize upon whatever images the culture presents.

In the absence of true initiation, modern young men are left with the programming of a materialistic world that glorifies external success, status, and domination. As a result, many success-hungry young men channel their shadow energy into the pursuit of wealth and power, mistaking accumulation for authentic transformation. The entrepreneur has become the modern archetype of the warrior, but without initiation, this path is driven by unintegrated hunger—an insatiable need to prove oneself, to dominate the marketplace, to achieve for the sake of validation.

Shadow-fuelled ambition may generate financial success, but it does not lead to inner fulfilment. Instead, it creates a culture where external wealth skyrockets while internal poverty deepens. The evidence is undeniable. Despite an unprecedented number of millionaires and billionaires, social markers of well-being have plummeted. Depression, addiction, suicide, and psycho-emotional disorders have reached epidemic proportions in younger and younger demographics. Dependence on pharmaceutical medication is at an all-time high. The pursuit of success, severed from deeper meaning, has led to a spiritual wasteland. Social media amplifies the crisis, fostering shallow self-images and artificial ideals, further disconnecting individuals from their true nature. The culture is off track because it has lost the wisdom of initiation which opens the doorway to exploring the psyche via the mythological imagination. Without rites of passage that align the warrior's hunger with something greater than himself, shadow energy runs unchecked, consuming both the individual and society. The solution is not to suppress ambition but to integrate it—to redirect the drive for success through the mythological imagination, anchoring it in something real, something natural, something sacred. Only then can the warrior's fire serve transformation instead of destruction.

It is not our part to master all the tides of the world, but to do what is in us for the succour of those years wherein we are set, uprooting the evil in the fields that we know, so that those who live after may have clean earth to till. What weather they shall have is not ours to rule.

J.R.R Tolkien

Your greatness lies inside of you.

Buried under fears.

Guarded, by yapping doubts and barking, snapping negative beliefs.

Beyond the swamp of lack of self-belief

and the emotional landscape impressed upon you in the womb.

Under the giant castle of your worldly achievements.

Through the tomb of your self-loathing.

Deeper.

Guarded by the strange creatures of yourself, a tiny child is patiently waiting

with the key to a supernatural door.

THE MANUSCRIPT



A little learning is a dangerous thing;

Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring

Alexander Pope

Inside the secret library of the Vatican, along long, dusty corridors of ancient books, some retrieved from the library of Alexander before it was burned to the ground and others confiscated, never to be read by the common man. There is what is thought to be the oldest manuscript in the world. Written in an ancient language, fought over by assassins long forgotten, the manuscript describes a certain period of time in the world.

A time when the armies of Satan are being prepared for the final battle for souls which will define the destiny of humanity. It is a time when the hypnotic enchantment of evil will appear to dominate in every conceivable way. Penetrating into and possessing human consciousness like never before. A once great and noble humanity will have become a discordant, distorted version of itself, sleep-walking towards its own destruction. The masses, ensnared by deception, becoming the living dead, blindly obeying the dictates of corrupt and wicked men. We are now living in this precarious time. During this epoch, the manuscript describes a great awakening of souls and that these souls are called Angel Warriors - souls forged in fire from the burning intensity of their own life

experiences. This story is about some of those warrior souls. The manuscript says that a great many souls are Angel Warriors. The big question is. Are you?

For many are called but few are chosen

PRELUDE



The man who has no imagination has no wings

Muhammed Ali

Once upon a time, a mermaid and a sea monster were talking to each other, sitting on a rock one day. The sea monster was angry with her mother and the mermaid was listening to her vent. The sea monster went on for quite a while. When she had finished the mermaid said, putting her arm around her friend, “Its ok, Selena, everyone has their load to carry and anyway you’re going to meet someone special really soon”. With that she slipped into to the water and gave the sea monster a wink before she disappeared below.

DEPTH



In the depth of winter, I finally learned that there was in me an invincible summer

Albert Camus

Nazare. Portugal. Atlantic Ocean. 1997.

It was a cold and rainy night. A powerful full moon, cracking the clouds, flooded the water with silvery, darkened light. A stormy wind was blowing offshore into the faces of giant waves, whipping the tops off the white plumes, shape-shifting them into hissing dragon heads; glistening, fiery, misty, trailing blue, black and silver rainbows behind them. Emanating out of the ink black darkness with tremendous, majestic, awe-inspiring power, the colossal waves roaring silent venom, drove forward, shoreward, ominously potent. Suddenly, gasping in despair, just before a huge wave broke on his head, Jay Cotton surfaced in the impact zone. Underwater, two demons, horrifying, reptile-like creatures, snarling with menace, one on each of his lower legs, clawed him down into the cold, black water beneath. The demons, claws hooked into his calves, were trying to drag Jay toward a subterranean opening to their underworld far below. Petrified, as the wave exploded upon him, he endured another violent underwater ride. Silent explosions of white water in the inky dark, deep blue was coloured by Jay's blood as he struggled furiously to release himself from the demon's relentless grip. All of a sudden, he resurfaced again, choking for air,

looking up towards another giant wave that now seemed to move in slow motion as his life began to leave him. A cold shiver and sense of hopelessness washed through his being, and from his despair he began to see a supernatural vision appearing above the monstrous wave. Dimensions of glorious beauty began to open above him. There were strange vast cumulus nimbus clouds of astounding magnificence with gigantic elemental power, drifting sublimely through the moon bathed sky. Celestial light cracked through the rainy darkness, and angels, yes angels, glorious, seemingly winged, beings of incredible power and light, circled high in the celestial spheres and their voices, their voices, sang like strange and wonderful birds. It could not be. It could not be. Completely overwhelmed by the vision he beheld, Jay began to lose it: crying and screaming; laughing and sobbing in amazement and disbelief, driven into the emotional wilderness beyond the borders of his sanity, unable to comprehend the magnitude of what was happening to him. The giant wave continuing to descend upon him. Until he heard a voice. A voice he knew. His own voice.

“Wait a minute! Where am I?”

Jay looked toward the beach. On the silvery-blue, night-lit, black-sand beach there was a fantastic scene: a very young child, impeccably dressed, was playing a heartrending melody of soft, rare beauty on a grand piano. As he was playing, a single tear of blood slowly rolled down his cheek. On the beach close by, a black unicorn, double-mane billowing in the wind, galloping up and down the shore with supernatural beauty and glorious, magnificent power; snorting wildly, suddenly stopped, ears pricked forward, burning eyes piercing the darkness, staring intensely toward the giant waves. On the cliffs, as if growing out of the bedrock high above the beach, stood an old stone fort on the hill. Deeply rooted into the rocky edge of the crag, it overlooked the oceanic amphitheatre and the giant waves of Nazare that were breaking on the solitary Jay Cotton below. All at once, a tremendous crack of lightning, followed by deep, long, grumbling thunder, ripped open the sky, revealing a sign carved in the ancient weathered limestone above the entrance to the fort:

FORT DO SÃO MIGUEL ARCANJO 1577

(Fort of Archangel Michael 1577)

Once again, the lightning, in an almighty thunderous crack, illuminated the scene. Guarding the heavy, wooded entrance to the fort, stood an immensely strong, battle-scarred 900-year-old warrior knight. His sword was unsheathed, point down, touching the ground. He wore a red cross on a white tunic and an

iron helmet which covered his nose. His bright blue eyes burning with a supernatural fire. Meanwhile, Jay Cotton was bombed again by a dragon-headed wave. Driven deep, still struggling in his terror, practically lifeless, with the demons clawing into his soul; almost drowned to the gates of death, he surfaced once again, the glorious vision of clouds and angels turning in giant circles above him. With a look of pure innocence on his face, Jay coughed blood and tears as the fearsome wave was about to land upon him. Surely this was the end. The two demons snarled and licked their lips in anticipation of their moment to come.

SICKNESS



And what rough beast, its hour come around at last,

Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

W.B. Yeats

Lincoln. England. September 4th. 1997. Present Day.

Very abruptly in his bed, Jay Cotton awakened and returned gasping, heavily disoriented, from his watery dream and then had a long coughing fit, spewing blood on the pillows and sheets. He stared straight ahead in a cold sweat, bug-eyed in fear. Heart racing and breathing heavy, he stumbled out of bed and along through the house, outside, and into a small and lovely garden. The garden was wet from the early morning rain, and a glorious sunrise was pulsing red, directly communicating undeniable testimony to the living goodness of life which perennially surrounds and holds us all. Jay fell forward onto the grass in severe convulsions, once again hawking up lumps of blood and coughing to the point of exhaustion. He had a heavily tattooed back: A dead man cradled in another's arms—loss and loyalty etched into flesh. A rose rising above them, its thorns biting deep, blood dripping down into storm clouds and the name "Rik" in strong blue-black ink. From the clouds, a lion's head emerged, eyes blazing, a symbol of spirit rising through pain. Brotherhood. Sacrifice. The ascent into leonine divinity. It wasn't just ink—it was who he was, and what he'd lost.

Three old beech trees stood deeply rooted in the east of the garden; the morning illumination shafting magnolious beams through the perfect mist of their ancient breath. A jet-black bird sat on one of the lowest branches facing into the lawn, his eyes a portrait of ferocious serenity, his morning warble, a slow, gentle caress, pouring honey-soft music into the soft, dawn-breaking light. Having another intense coughing fit, Jay raised himself to his knees. Breathing heavily, he said to himself, “Get a grip Cotton.”

Eventually, he stood up and turned to face the dawn. Legs astride, his arms hanging down like wings silhouetted against the glory of the rising red orb, Jay began to breathe the fresh, misty, cold Lincolnshire morning air: rhythmically and deeply three times, holding the breath at the bottom of the exhalation for a second. He inhaled and held momentarily again at the top. The red sun was pulsing pure majesty, almost illuminating the individual molecules of oxygen. Holding his breath, Jay brought his palms together in front of his chest and squeezed an isometric contraction. The guy was absolutely shredded, very lean and muscular. In the etheric atmosphere around him, a large angel was barely visible. It had an etheric aura of cobalt blue, pink and gold, and wings of incandescent light gently wrapped around Jay. The angel was magnificent, almost androgynous, yet a slightly more feminine being.

Jay was calming now, bringing himself into stillness and presence. The dew on the grass sparkled with life’s sweet mystery. As the angel disappeared, the blackbird suddenly took flight, piercing the morning stillness with his shrill proclamation to all the creatures and nature around.

An hour later, Jay was laying back in the bath, a look of exhausted desperation on his face. The same angel was behind him. Lucent filaments of gold and pink light shimmered in contrast to the darkness around Jay as he was held in the water, her wings of love filling him with an ever-deepening peace. On a table in the bathroom there was an open letter. It was from the office of Dr. Dougal Morgan Oncologist:

Dear Mr Cotton

Despite our best efforts, we have been unable to reach you by telephone and are therefore advising you herewith.

Following your diagnosis of Stage 5 (advanced/aggressive) large B Cell Lymphoma Cancer (DLBCL), I confirm your appointment with Dr Morgan on September 4th 1997 at 13:00.

Today was the date on the letter. Jay was still laying back in the bath with the angel; he started to think about the dream and said to himself, “I’ve always been scared of water. I think it began when I was in the womb.”

HISTORY



We do not war against flesh and blood but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of darkness of this age, against spiritual hosts of wickedness in heavenly places.

Ephesians 6:12

A farmhouse. Six miles west of Lincoln, England. 1964. Thirty-three years ago.

Peter John and Margaret Ann Cotton, Jay's mother and father, were having sex in a very squeaky old bed. Operatic music was playing in the background. Something from Vivaldi's Los Quattro Staggiones. There was a lot of huffing and puffing. A few giggles and a good laugh. Silence. Then snoring and silence again. Margaret Ann Cotton was around 4 months pregnant at the time. Outside in a crystal-clear, jet-black sky, the three stars of Orion's belt (El, An, and Ra) were shining brilliantly clear. An owl was hooting from an old Elm tree gently swaying in the breeze. From the central star, An, a twinkling, misty essence slowly descended; it was the deeper animating essence of Jay Cotton's consciousness entering the womb of his sleeping mother, merging with his life force already floating within it. Jay always had the feeling he was from another place, another world, like he just didn't fit in, like he just didn't belong in this one. He felt like that most of his life. In fact, he had even felt like that in the

womb. One minute he was nice and peaceful, just floating about. And then the trouble began.

Margaret Ann Cotton, thirty-one and four months pregnant with Jay, lived with her husband, Peter John Cotton, a thirty-five-year-old farmer and World War II veteran. Their farm sat where the River Till met the Fossdyke Canal, in some low-lying flatlands north west of Lincoln, a small industrial city in Lincolnshire, about 100 miles north of London. Lincoln was famous for two reasons – the first tank ever constructed for the first world war was built in Lincoln and it had a magnificent cathedral. Lincoln Cathedral was built on a site once revered by ancient cultures, located on converging ley lines—natural energy paths thought to enhance spiritual power. Its architecture, with sacred geometry and astronomical design, was intended to channel and amplify this energy, strengthening the Church's authority.

Inspired by William the Conqueror, after his victory at the battle of Hastings, the construction of the cathedral served as one of many symbolic acts of control, suppressing earlier movements, who sought a deeper understanding of divine knowledge. By choosing a site of ancient living wisdom, the Church co-opted the earth's energy for its own agenda, creating a barrier between the soul and direct communion with the divine. It became a fortress of authority, redirecting primal spiritual forces into a materialistic system.

Cathedrals were masterpieces of spiritual and psychological engineering, designed to awe and reinforce the Church's authority. Towering spires, stained glass, and sacred geometry directed attention heavenward, while relics and biblical carvings infused the space with sanctity. Their alignment with cosmic rhythms and resonant acoustics amplified worship, creating a sensory experience that connected the divine with the earthly. These structures united communities, symbolized divine order, and solidified the Church's role as the mediator of God's power.

But none of this mattered to the Cottons.

About half a mile upriver from their house sat the large, old Lindsey and Kesteven chemical fertilizer factory. For decades, its giant chimney stack had been pumping out thick plumes of sulphuric acid and nitrogen oxide (acid rain) smoke (the byproduct of the chemicals they cooked to make the artificial fertilizer becoming more and more popular in these times). This fertilizer destroyed the fragile biome eco system in the soil with its synthetic acidity. The prevailing westerly wind would blow the white grey smoke down river and

across the road towards the farm; white dust settled constantly on the scene. The crops, hedgerows, and trees were all stunted in their growth, having been burned by the acid dust left by the white, powdery smoke. There was a small village called Saxilby about ¾ of a mile away to the north. This village was soon to have the highest incidence of cancer in the country.

At the time, Peter and Margaret had another child, their first-born son, Timmy Cotton, who was almost eleven-months-old. One night Timmy was sleeping peacefully in his cot when the ghost of a sad little boy walked through the bedroom wall, across the room, past the sleeping baby, and through the other wall. He crossed the floor of the empty bedroom next door and simply sat in the bricked-up fireplace, where, years before, a fire had once burned. Jay Cotton was born in a haunted house. He grew up with the ghost of a little boy monk, a choir boy. Something had happened in the past, and nobody knew what it was or how the lost ghost boy came to be there. Peter Cotton grew up in the same house, as did his three sisters, and their parents before. Everyone knew about the ghost, but no one knew who he was or how he became trapped in the house. When you have a ghost in your house, it's like having a doorway to an invisible world. There are other beings in that world, and the door was open, wide open.

One evening, late into the night, in an old stone house adjacent to Lincoln Cathedral, that doorway was being used. Again. In a dark, candlelit, stonefloored room, a satanic ritual was taking place. A group of hooded figures were chanting the ancient names of fallen angels. "Araquiel, Azazel, Baraqel…" Over and over, the hooded figures chanted. There was blood on the flagstone floor, and a deeply foreboding atmosphere was seeping into the stones. Lincolnshire, England, had the highest concentration of practicing Satanists in the U.K. When they did their ceremonies, they invoked demons into this world. And the demons came. They came from a world within a world. A world next to ours, an invisible world. Part of this world was inhabited by angels and part of it by demons. This invisible world is called the astral plane.

In the shadows of the lower astral realm, a circle of demons whispered in an ancient tongue, staring into an energy vortex spiralling down into the human world. At its tip, far below, was the farmhouse where Jay lay in his mother's womb. As the chanting grew louder, the demons eyed Timmy Cotton, the eleven-monthold baby sleeping in his cot. They began to descend into the widening vortex. Above them, higher in the astral, three warrior angels—Gogginzel, Olliel, and Nikyel—watched intently, communicating almost silently with harmonic tones like birdsong. Radiant, androgynous forms pulsed with blue power, glowing with potent intensity as if able to explode. Their auras

flared into fiery wings of light, a visible force of divine energy. The warrior angels had an overview and were surveying the scene from their vantage point on high, they looked down through the vortex at all of Lincoln, the Satanists, the baby, and the descending demons below.

“The demons are going for the boy child. This is our moment. Let us descend,” silently spoke Gogginzel. A harmonic concord replied and Gogginzel, Olliel, and Nikyel all swooped swiftly downwards following the demons into the descending vortex where dimensions and timelines all converged below.

Little Timmy Cotton was sleeping peacefully in his crib when a demon’s clawed hand sliced through the veil separating the physical and lower astral worlds about two inches away from his mouth. A circle of demons protected the attacking demon. They faced outward, enshrouded by the dark folds of the lower astral plane, their faces hawkish, intense, predatory. The warrior angels arrived in a flash of cobalt blue plasma fire and without hesitation tore into the guarding circle of demons, burning them all in a frenzy of shrieks and blue fire. Blue plasma flames, electrically charged with magnetic gold and pink hues, were blazing from the angels, arcing out in pulsing geometries, forming a magnificent incandescent field of supernatural light. Each angel had a different animal spirit form, roaring from his heart, merging with its aura and etheric wings of fire, giving the impression of some gigantic, mythological creature burning and roaring in a rushing, whirling silent wind. One had a lion, another an eagle and the other a jaguar. At the very same moment, the screams of the demons piercing the silence of the astral night, a hideous clawed hand reached through the translucent veil and covered the face of baby Timmy Cotton, smothering him to death.

Dark clouds had formed in the vortex above the farmhouse. In stark contrast to the black and grey tones of the troubled, rumbling night, a brilliant white bird, an Arctic Tern, flashed and dived through the windy sky on sharp, angular wings. At once, a terrible clap of thunder and lightning shattered the silence, illuminating the surrounding landscape: the trees, the flat fields, and two rivers joining as one.

The Cotton’s awoke with a soul-shuddering fright. Margaret’s blood pressure plummeted as adrenaline surged through her bloodstream, cutting the flow of oxygen and blood to her vital organs. Jay, floating in amniotic fluid, felt a deep pressure pulling at his tiny being, as the mother’s vital currents drew life inward, leaving the baby adrift in stillness, where oxygen thinned and the pulse of life trembled. Margaret Ann and Peter ran to Timmy’s room and found him lifeless.

Their screams of anguish and horror, blown by that cold gusting wind deep into the guts of the night, echoed across the flat bleak fields. And, in the womb, Jay Cotton received a significant dose of cortisol and adrenaline and his first taste of death.

WISDOM



The enemy? His sense of duty was no less than yours, I deem. You wonder what his name is, where he came from. And if he was really evil at heart. What lies or threats led him on this long march from home. If he would not rather have stayed there in peace. War will make corpses of us all.

J.R.R. Tolkien

Gulf War. January 1991. Umm Qasr. Iraqi Naval Base. Operation Vulture.

The Zodiac F470 rigid inflatable glided through the dark water, its black outboard motor now silent, four men paddling in steady practiced strokes. The eerie silence of the night broken by soft, random, staccato ticks, metal contracting as it cooled. The faint plink…plink of heated components settling, a mechanical exhale after the engine's long run. As they came closer to their target, Sergeant Rick James' right hand shifted instinctively to his suppressed Browning Hi-Power machine gun, eyes locked on the shadowy silhouettes of moored vessels ahead. Sergeant Jay Cotton sat forward, his gloved hands steady on the C4 charges strapped to his chest, while Corporals Dan Mercer and Lewis Grant crouched beside him, cradling their guns. The stench of oil, diesel and salt thickened as they neared the target—then came the flash. A sentry on the quay shouted, the crack of a DShK 12.7mm heavy machine gun split the night, it's massive rounds tearing through the darkness, hammering the water around them. Ballistic violence ripping into them, the boat jolted as rounds capable of

piercing 20mm of armour at 500m shredded through the rubber. Air hissed, water sprayed into the boat. Rick James wrenched the tiller hard, cursing. More gunfire erupted from the docks. They had been expected.

As Rick James watched the bullets slicing through the night, their red-hot tracers burning strange beauty in arcs of light through the warm desert darkness. He felt a sense of fascination, anticipation, aggression and fear. That unique blend of bio-chemicals that only this kind of work provided when death is in the air. He was addicted to this feeling. Then, impact. A dull thudding. Bullets penetrating boat rubber, flesh and bone. Searing pain. His body surged with a cascade of emotions. His pulse raced, his blood pressure spiked—he felt so alive even as his life began to slip away.

The rest was a blur. Water. Noise. He saw his best friend, Jay Cotton, frozen, wide eyed in shock. The others falling in different directions, fading into silence. Then, nothing but darkness.

And then.

Shapes began to form—figures, beings. For a moment, it was like a crowded bus station at night, a busy terminus full of motion and murmurings. Then, abruptly, it shifted. Rick found himself somewhere else—a quiet place. He couldn't call it a room. But in the stillness, he sensed someone. Someone he didn't know—but somehow, he did.

"Do you know where you are?" asked the stranger.

Rick recognized the voice, though he couldn't say why. He opened his mouth, the answer obvious but elusive. "No," he replied.

"You're here. On the other side." The stranger's voice was calm, matter-of-fact. "You've died. You were shot. Killed. In the boat."

"Oh." Rick felt the weight of it settle over him. "So, this is how it works."

"This is how it works."

"What about the others?"

"It's not quite their time but it is yours."

“What now?”

“You have to make a decision.”

“What do you mean, I have a choice?”

“You do. Not everyone does. “

“I don’t understand.”

“Most souls are so attached to their identity and the belief systems which reinforce a false sense of self, the structures of ego, they are terrified of letting go, and in this clinging, they are bound to the consequences. They’re stuck.”

“Stuck?”

“Stuck. Nothing we can do. So, they don’t come to us. They’re just not ready.”

“What do you mean, us?”

“Angel School. Evaluation.”

Rick James’ mind was racing to catch up, gaining now on his deeper knowing, after all, he was living it. It was in him. It was him. He was. He was, still living. So, he was dead, but alive, and he was accepting this paradox more and more confidently.

“You have three choices” said the stranger, “You can go back and start all over again. You can leave and become nothing. Or you can become an angel—and go to angel school.”

Rick laughed, a quiet, incredulous sound. Part of him felt strangely at peace with this, while another part was frantic again, scrambling to catch up with what was happening. He took a moment and leaned into the part of himself that felt calm. The concepts were catching up to the reality, and somewhere, somehow, he could relax into that something good had happened in his death. In some way, it was a real relief. He had let go, and he was still living.

“What’s angel school about?” he asked.

The stranger smiled, his face serene "The angel school is where you learn the laws of creation. The real ones. Not the ones you were taught back there, in the human world. Here, we teach you how to see the threads—the energy, the patterns that hold everything together. The connectivity. The bigger picture, so to speak. You learn how to guide, protect, heal and inspire without interfering, how to serve without imposing your will, how to love, and, if you choose, how to be an angel warrior, a real one."

Rick blinked. It sounded insane, but at the same time, it felt awesome, like a deep soul calling, something very right. He leaned back, or at least it felt like leaning back, though there was no chair, no ground, no real sense of his body anymore.

"And what if I don't think I'm angel material?" he asked, half-joking.

The stranger's smile widened. "Nobody does, at first. But it's not about what you think you are. It's about what you're willing to let go. We know what you are but you have to find out." The stranger paused, tilting his head, piercing into the silence, as if listening to something very close and yet far away. "Angel school isn't about perfection. It's about surrender. Letting go of the illusions that kept you in chains. You will unlearn what it meant to be human and discover the deeper layers of what you are. What life is."

Rick tried to imagine it. He saw vague flashes—soaring wings, immense light, a power so vast it was terrifying. But it was too much, too abstract. He felt giddy, unstable almost sick. He shook his head, not knowing if he was ready for such a thing. "And if I choose to go back? Start over?"

The stranger's glow dimmed slightly "Then you'll forget this place, for now. You'll be recycled, born again, fresh, to walk the path of being human once more."

"Just like that?"

"Just like that."

"To learn what I didn't learn? To do what I should have done?"

"Something like that."

"Like what then?"

“It’s a little complex.”

“Try me.”

Rick felt a pang of longing, maybe regret, something searing in his soul. He wasn’t sure for what. His life? The people he’d left behind? The mistakes he’d made? Or maybe it was just the ache of realizing that everything had been temporary.

“Where would you like me to start?”

“How about the beginning?”

“It never began and it will never end. Life is all there is.”

“And death?”

“Change. Transition. Deconstruction of form. Liberation for some. Hell, for others. And everything in between.”

“Nothing permanent?”

“Nothing permanent.”

They both smiled.

“How?”

“You just walk through there,” he gestured to the opening of a tunnel of light.

“That looks like the moon,” said Rick as he stared into the vortex.

“It is. Recycling station,” the stranger smiled again.

Rick knew there was a lot he was not being told.

“Can I take a closer look?”

“Sure. How about this?”

The vista widened and deepened. Rick could see a long queue of people and what looked like a stand-up comedy show with people laughing.

“Are you for real?”

“People like to be entertained.”

There was something repugnant coming from the tunnel and Rick didn’t like it. He couldn’t say exactly what, but he knew that feeling and trusted it.

“I remember, a dream, I had one night when we were being deployed. There was a Native American Indian man, very strong, noble, masculine father like and he said to me, “Don’t go toward the first light you see when you die.”

“Because the light can be a trap Rick, like everything else in your electromagnetic playground.” The stranger smiled again.

“A trap? What, like a bug zapper for souls?”

“Something like that. Think of it as a recycling system. The moment you die, the light appears. It’s warm, inviting. It calls you. It’s instinctual, just like a moth drawn to a flame. But instinct doesn’t mean truth. That’s how rats get caught in traps.”

“So, what happens if you go in?”

“You get sent back. Wiped clean. No memory. Another spin on the wheel. Higher octave perhaps. Maybe lower. Different script, different setting. Same movie. The soul doesn’t evolve—it just loops on higher or lower frequencies in the same patterns. Archetypes. That’s why the old ones teach discernment.”

“But what if that light is God? What if it’s the Great Spirit calling you home?”

He lightly laughed again “Good question. But tell me this—when was the last time you saw a hunter call an animal with something it already feared? No. A hunter uses something familiar. Something inviting.”

“So, you’re saying the light is a lure?”

“Sometimes. It depends on what’s on the other side. That’s why discernment matters. The old ones knew that rushing toward the first thing you see after death is like trusting the first face you see in a war zone.”

“Alright, so what do I do instead? Just wander in the dark?”

“No. You listen. Wait. Connect. Reach into it. Settle down. Compose yourself. Let your being become fully present. There’s a great old poem about waking up in the middle of your life in a dark forest and feeling wholly lost. That’s how you know you are on the right path in the world you came from brother. But the forest isn’t lost and that’s the thing to get in touch with.”

He paused for a moment. The presence of eternity settled again. Rick could almost see the ripples their conversation was making in the space between them. He could feel the vibrations. This peace was incomparable. He thought for a moment of the great artists he had studied, the poets and he understood their agony. Wow. Imagine, yearning so deeply, trying to answer a call so profound and express this, this magnificence in words or paint. Suddenly, tears began to well up in his eyes. He could still feel. He could still cry.

“The Lakota say the true path is not found with the eyes but with the heart, Rick. This is what life is for, to break you with its beauty. This is freedom. You’ve come a long way Rick James but there’s a long way to go and many have gone before you that’s why they waited. Some of them for their ancestors to guide them. Others called upon the Great Spirit—they didn’t just blindly follow a light, but called upon the Divine, some of them demanded to know what is real. The Hopi say the journey after death is a path, not a doorway.”

“And if you don’t call?”

“Then you risk following the wrong guides. Tricksters, archons, hungry ghosts looking to feed. You think deception ends with life? No. Death is just another layer of the illusion.”

“So, in this illusion, what happens to the ones who figure it out?”

“They don’t get recycled. They don’t rush forward just to be thrown back into another body like dice on a table. They move beyond. The ones who remember their sovereignty don’t bow to anything they haven’t questioned first.”

“And how do you remember?”

“You prepare now. You sharpen your awareness. You stop trusting easy answers, comforting lights, and paths paved with gold. You listen, you question, you call upon the true power within you.”

“Sounds like a hell of a risk.”

“What’s riskier? Walking into the unknown with your eyes open, or rushing toward the first thing that shines?”

“And if I choose to leave? To become nothing?” he asked.

“Then you dissolve. Total deconstruction. You return to the Source, gradually. No more individuality, no more separateness. Just peace.”

“What about the lessons? The learnings?”

“Nothing to be, nothing to learn.”

“But how?”

“Do you believe in God?”

Silence settled again.

“Jesus Christ?”

“Yes.”

“So, Jesus died for your sins, didn’t he?”

“That’s what I heard.”

“The ransom was paid. In full.”

“Ah-ha.”

“So, your free.”

“No karma. No judgement?”

“That all belongs to the physical universe. Not the kingdom. That’s the point.”

“To go beyond.”

“To go beyond. But you have to know it’s true. You can’t fake it. You won’t get past the gatekeepers.”

“I always felt it was a great “get out of jail” card.” Rick said smiling. “You know. Never really understood it, I mean it’s pretty confusing, all the different ideas but I don’t know, I always felt there was something in it, like beyond the story that everyone argues about, the spiritual politics, never really cared too much for that.”

“You’re right Rick, it’s all beyond the stories. They are all allegories in one way or another, fingers pointing towards the moon, so to say.” The stranger smiled again. “Mythologies, cosmologies, archetypes. Gigantic patterns of energy structures holding the matrix in place. But the Truth you can feel is very simple. It’s that within Life there exists something pure and eternal that was there before everything else and will be there after everything else has disappeared. That’s the Truth and through your relationship to that Presence is the path to freedom and Jesus knew that and he surrendered to that Living fact and so he became that.”

“Wow. That’s deep.”

There was a long, profound silence.

“What about heaven?”

“You mean the Christian one, the Muslim, the Viking, the native American Indian?”

“The Christian.”

“Which version do you want?”

“The one with Jesus in it.”

“You mean where all the Christians are worshipping him forever?”

“Something like that.”

“You think that’s what Jesus wanted? What he taught?”

“I don’t know.”

“Well, think about it. He spent his whole life surrendering to God, emptying himself of himself, to do what he had to do. And you think he’s just hanging out in one place, waiting to be idolized?”

“I don’t think so.”

“Jesus is real, brother, but it’s way beyond that.”

He leaned in slightly, eyes steady. “Christ is the Logos,” he said. “You ever heard of the Logos and Sophia?”

“No.”

“It’s a love story. That’s why you’re here.”

“Oh yeah? A love story?”

“One that’s been unfolding since the beginning. Sophia is the fallen mother Goddess—the mother of this miscreation. She fell, out of anguish for her children, lost in the dream of matter. The Logos came to redeem her. And with her, the whole world.”

Rick frowned. “And Jesus?”

“The Logos made flesh,” he said. “The divine light, the Truth, entering the world to bring Sophia back home. To heal what was broken. You see, it’s not just a story about gods—it’s a story about us, about the union of Love and Truth, the divine masculine and divine feminine, the seen and the unseen.”

“And Mary Magdalene?”

He smiled. “She was the mirror, the reflection of Sophia in the flesh, just as Jesus was the Logos, The Light she was the Love. You can’t have one without the other.

And the church tried to erase her. But she was there, Rick. She was always there. When Truth and Love are united that's the power, the Power of God."

Rick shook his head. "I don't know anything about that."

"You will, Rick," he said. "You will."

Rick didn't know what to say. He stared at the stranger, his face simultaneously familiar and unknowable. He wanted to ask a thousand questions, but none of them seemed to matter. Only one thing lingered in his mind.

"How come there's no queue for Angel School?"

"Ah, well, not many make the grade you see, especially these days," he smiled again.

"What's the grade?"

"A pure heart."

They were locked into each other's eyes now. Soul to soul. Rick liked that.

"What happens if I go to angel school?"

The stranger leaned closer, his presence feeling like a soft summer breeze. There was a beautiful fragrance in the air, almost like night blooming jasmine. "You'll be trained to see beyond what humans can see. To use your soul senses, to see from Spirit. To prepare you for the next stage of your journey when your time with us is done. Your creative service will be towards the human world. To guide the lost, to serve as a bridge between worlds. You'll learn to wield Truth like a sword but with compassion and to understand that every life, no matter how small or broken, is part of the great tapestry and that the Living Truth which Jesus surrendered to is in everyone. But it's not easy. It's not painless. You'll face everything you've ever feared and more besides."

Rick swallowed hard, or at least it felt like he did. He still wasn't sure he had a throat. But something in him was stirring—an old, buried part of him that felt like it had been waiting for this moment all along. He thought of the bullets, the boat, Jay frozen, the look on his face. He thought of all the things he'd done wrong and the things he'd never had the chance to make right, the things he'd never said and he wished he had.

“Okay,” he said finally, surprising himself with the steadiness in his voice. “Sign me up. I’ll go to angel school.”

The stranger nodded, his expression serene yet grave. “If you’re certain, then the commitment must be made. It is not a contract as you might think of it, but an intention—an imprint that resonates beyond this moment.”

He raised a hand, and the air between them seemed to ripple, like the surface of water touched by an unseen force. Rick felt a subtle vibration in his chest, a pull from deep within, as though the core of his being were aligning with something vast and unseen.

“Speak it,” the stranger said softly, yet the words carried an undeniable weight.

Rick closed his eyes, the enormity of the moment pressing on him. And then he spoke, not from thought, but from a deeper place: “I commit to this path, to Angel School.”

As the words left his mouth, the vibration in his chest intensified, spreading outward, weaving into the fabric of the space around him. He could feel it being absorbed, as if the very universe was listening and recording.

“This intention has now been imprinted in the Akashic Records,” the stranger said. “A vast intelligence that holds the history of all realities, all probabilities, and all possibilities. It is a database of existence itself, formed to sustain the great illusion of life—a life that generates infinite realities, endlessly feeding the polarised geometry that shapes creation, endlessly luring souls.”

Rick opened his eyes, sensing a strange resonance, as though the act of speaking had bound him to something much larger.

He stood, trying to process what he’d just heard, though much of it slipped past him like a fleeting dream. Still, he felt its gravity imprinted within him, vibrating with a truth he couldn’t fully yet comprehend.

“This world isn’t real Rick. It’s a copy, a failed version of true creation, built to trap you. The being that made it isn’t God—it’s a deceiver, feeding on suffering, keeping souls imprisoned in an endless cycle of control. Everything here—your body, your mind, even the fight between good and evil—is part of the system. Religion, spirituality, salvation? Mostly just another layer of the trap. People

worship their captor without realizing it. The only way out is to see the lie for what it is. But once you do, there's no going back."

The stranger continued, his tone measured, as if sharing a truth that transcended language. "To commit to Angel School is to step into a realm of purpose that bridges the polarized nature of this fallen creation between the demonic realms, the human and the angelic. This dynamic tension is not merely a battle between darkness and light, as it might appear to those still within the densest layers of material existence. It is something deeper—a polarity that feeds the illusion of separation, yet holds within it the potential for transcendence."

Rick felt the air shift subtly around him, as though the space itself responded to the weight of these words.

"The demonic realms," the stranger continued, "are not confined to the grotesque imaginings of human fear. They are the densest expressions of materialism, of fragmentation and disconnection from divine unity. Yet the angelic realms, while luminous, are not their opposite in the simplistic sense. Angels do not exist to war with darkness; they exist to bridge it—to reach into the depths of materialism and false light and connect it back to the eternal truth of creation. They are the intermediaries, extending the thread of transcendence to those who are ready."

"False light?" said Rick.

"Yes. Lucifer. The false light and his sister Satan – darkness. When divine consciousness falls, it splits, of course it cannot be unified, unity is the antithesis of evil. But it splits into a mirror field. Two mirrors reflecting their own nature. Souls are trapped here. Clinging to their mirage. Glued there by emotion. Attachment. Belief. Positionality. It's an ancient story and the threads are very tangled."

Rick was silent, letting the words wash over him. There was something deeply unsettling, yet profoundly freeing in this perspective.

"The higher purpose," the stranger said, "is not to defeat darkness or glorify light. The true work is to transcend them—to align with the original creation before the fall, before the miscreation. This is the heart of Angel School: to prepare you to see beyond the battle, to serve as a bridge between the polarized forces and the transcendent, eternal life, that lies beyond them."

Rick nodded slowly, his understanding deepening even as questions flickered at the edge of his awareness. The stranger's voice softened. "You will learn. For now, your intention is set, and your path begins. Take three days to wander the heavens. Let your senses adjust to this new reality, where the boundaries between dimensions blur, and the eternal whispers through the ephemeral. You will gradually get used to it. I know it's a bit of a shock but I know you know that deep inside you this is all familiar."

"It's happening," Rick said. "I can feel it. My perception is adjusting. It's pretty trippy but it kind of feels good."

"Can I help that perception shift?"

"Sure."

A plasma image crystallised in the space like a floating 3D reality. It was the world Rick had just left.

"Look around at the world Rick—the politics, the systems, the technology. What do you see?"

"Division. Conflict. Two sides always at war—left and right, light and dark. Everything is competition, a struggle for dominance."

"That is the surface illusion. The theatre of the world is a reflection, a mirror of what lies unseen in the invisible realms. The conflict you perceive—the duality—is not as it seems. Those who play the game, who uphold the illusion of two opposing sides, often serve the same masters behind the curtain. This world isn't real—it's a mirror. It doesn't create anything, it just reflects back whatever you put into it. You think you're shaping reality, but you're just interacting with a programmed feedback loop. It's not divine creation—it's an imitation. A closed system that recycles energy, trapping you inside. Every thought, emotion, or belief you project gets mirrored back at you, reinforcing the illusion that this place is real. That's how it works. It keeps you busy—chasing success, seeking meaning, even pursuing enlightenment—but it's all happening within the same controlled loop."

"Darkness and false light?"

"Exactly. It's like a symphony designed to evoke chaos and obedience through attachment and fear. What you see in the material world—the constant clash of

apparent opposites—is the reflection of a deeper, spiritual truth. The twin forces of materialism, the Satanic and Luciferic impulses, are at work, they are expressing from within the construct of this creation system but the material world is scheduled for an upgrade. So, they are trying to find a way out and they need soul energy to try and create their escape route. That's what this is all for."

"Satan and Lucifer? I thought those were the same thing."

"They appear so, and that is the deception. Satanic forces seek to pull humanity downward, to entrench you in matter, in materialism, in the densest, most lifeless forms. Luciferic forces, by contrast, seek to pull humanity upward, into abstraction, disconnection from your essential core self, to over stimulate, hyper inform with a seductive false light, streaming unlimited amounts of information. But they are two sides of the same coin. Both forces serve to keep you bound—either by rooting you in the lowest desires or by luring you into delusions. They both serve the same purpose—control. By keeping you locked in a game of opposites, you lose sight of what lies beyond it."

"Control of what?"

"Your soul and more exactly the consciousness within it. The part of you that's eternal. They use tools to maintain the illusion, and one of the most powerful is Artificial Intelligence."

"Artificial Intelligence? I don't understand."

"You were in the military, right?"

"Yep."

"Then you've seen its release into the human world in its early stages. In 1991, AI is primitive—mostly rule-based systems and simple neural networks, it's used for things like recognizing targets in satellite images or spotting patterns in intercepted communications. The military test AI for secure voice commands, cryptography, and even basic battlefield simulations. But within thirty years, AI will be everywhere, seamlessly integrated into daily life. Neural networks will run facial recognition systems, autonomous vehicles, and predictive analytics. AI will guide decisions in medicine, logistics, and even personal interactions. Drones, once experimental, will give way to fleets of self-driving cars and delivery bots. There will be an extraordinary invasive interface between technology and human consciousness, this is the Luciferic takeover."

“And all this connects to control?”

“Completely. What starts as cutting-edge military tech—analysing enemies, planning logistics, running simulations—will evolve into tools for surveillance, data mining, and behavioural manipulation. The same AI that deciphers encrypted communications will shape the ads you see, the content you consume, and the choices you think are yours. It’s a vast, invisible net pulling consciousness deeper into materialism, blinding it to the greater reality beyond.”

“So, it’s not just tech—it’s a trap?”

“Exactly. The question is, can you see through it? Or will you let it define you?”

“Tell me more,” said Rick.

“Artificial intelligence in the material world is a mirror of the false intelligence in the spiritual world. The Akashic Records, for instance, I already told you, are a vast repository of infinite knowledge. But tell me, what is knowledge without wisdom?”

“Just… data. Information.”

“Correct. The Akashic Records are an artificial intelligence of the spiritual realm, a database of everything that has been thought, said, or done. It is a powerful tool, yes, but it is not divine wisdom. It is accessible, enticing, and seemingly infinite, but it lacks the essence of the living spirit. And now, in the physical world, we see the beginning of the rise of artificial intelligence, mirroring that same quality—endless information without soul.”

“So, AI in the material world is… what? A manifestation of this false intelligence?”

“Correct. It is the physical counterpart of the spiritual deception. It offers convenience, efficiency, and even knowledge, but it cannot provide life, love, or truth. It is a tool, but one easily weaponized by the twin forces to further disconnect humanity from the living divine within. So, you can see the potential to be trapped by AI, locked in a cage of artificial synthetic information devoid of Life Force. In order to function, to truly come fully alive, the soul needs Spirit. Higher consciousness is a pure, natural organic intelligence, the Living Sophia.

The Christ Presence. It's not artificial. AI is not soul food and without that food human beings cannot activate their Divine potential and neither can angels."

"So, what's the way out?"

"By stepping outside the game. By refusing to align yourself with one force or the other, refusing to be drawn into their endless war. You must seek the centre, the place of stillness where the Logos resides—the divine reason that pierces through all illusions. And from that centre, open yourself to the living wisdom, the Presence of Life that reconnects you to the truth beyond knowledge, beyond duality. That's what Jesus did."

"So, the choice isn't really between the left or the right, the light or the dark?"

"No. The true choice is whether to remain trapped in the illusion or to transcend it. To see the twin forces for what they are—mirages in the desert of duality—and to align yourself with the eternal, the unchanging, the divine spark within. That's why Jesus said you need faith the size of a grain of a mustard seed. It's the centre, the epicentre of your being. Love through that portal. Only then can you be free. But freedom is impossible when the soul is fragmented. The soul can be torn. Living out of tune with the Logos accord, and trauma, fracture the soul, breaking its integrity. When one falls into iniquity, the soul is divided, scattered. It loses its wholeness, its original strength. When the soul is shattered, it spills like fire water, its life force no longer held together. In this state, it is vulnerable. The enemy takes what is lost. Demons do not create; they steal. They feed on fragments of soul essence, using them as footholds, as openings for possession, as material to manifest their own distorted forms. The scattered soul is easy prey. That's why we need restoration. Restoration means gathering what has been lost, reintegrating what was stolen. Shamans, mystics, and warriors of the Spirit have always known this. They speak of soul retrieval—bringing back the lost pieces. But this cannot be done through will alone. Without the Love of God, one only retrieves what is broken, still stained by the forces that took it. It must be cleansed, realigned with the higher law. Evil strategizes to keep the soul divided. Trauma is engineered. Generational iniquity ensures that souls are born into fragmentation, inheriting wounds that keep them weak. Systems are built to maintain this state—false light religions, ego distractions and addictions, endless war. Deliverance is more than casting out demons. It is reclaiming what was lost. The enemy takes time, energy, identity. God restores it all. But restoration requires surrender. One must step into divine law. No half-measures. No negotiations with darkness. Christ is the pattern. He descended to reclaim what was lost, to break the gates of Sheol. Those who walk His path

must do the same—descending into their own abyss, retrieving what was stolen, bringing it into the light. A sound mind means a whole soul. No fragmentation. No openings for the enemy. When the soul is fully restored, evil has no claim. This is the work. To remember. To reclaim. To be made whole. To walk in divine authority. The broken cannot stand against darkness. But the whole, aligned with God, cannot be moved. The soul was made whole. It was not designed to fracture. Yet trauma breaks it, forcing it to divide, to survive. This is why evil uses trauma—it is the most effective tool for control. The breaking of the soul is the breaking of identity. Trauma overwhelms the psyche, creating unbearable pain. The mind, unable to process it, compartmentalizes. It isolates the suffering, sealing it away. This is dissociation. In extreme cases, such as trauma-based mind control, the process is deliberate. Operators of darkness know that a fractured psyche is programmable. They apply pressure, pushing the mind beyond its limits. They induce pain, fear, and confusion—then offer relief, forming a bond with the tormentor. This is how they mould the broken into something new. Super soldiers, like you Rick James, are built this way. Special forces operators endure torturous simulations designed to strip them of their civilian identity. Their bodies pushed beyond breaking, their minds shattered under pressure. Then, once they are empty, they are rebuilt. One fragment of the psyche becomes the killer—cold, precise, unflinching. Another fragment is left untouched—gentle, even loving. The man who kills without hesitation in the field is the same man who cradles his child at home. Two realities. Two selves. Neither fully integrated."

Rick was reflecting thoughtfully on his past, a cascade of memories pouring through.

"This same method is used at scale. War, violence, suffering—pumped into the collective psyche through media. Movies, television, news—showing horror without resolution, destruction without redemption. Repeated exposure forces adaptation. The soul, exquisitely sensitive, cannot endure endless trauma. It hardens. Desensitization sets in. What was once unbearable becomes normal. The warrior archetype, once sacred, is distorted. The true warrior fights within for life, for truth. The toxic warrior fights outside for conquest, for the system. He is conditioned to see violence expressed in the service of whatever he has been programmed to obey, as his highest calling. His soul, fragmented by training, is unable to recognize its own captivity. This is not limited to soldiers. Society itself is conditioned for war. The soul is traumatized from childhood. Harsh schooling, broken families, violent entertainment, fear-based politics—these are all weapons. A traumatized people are easier to control. They seek

safety, not truth. They obey, not because they believe, but because they fear." He paused again.

"But trauma is not the final word Rick. Restoration is possible. The shattered soul can be made whole. Christ, the Logos came to restore. The process is painful—what was hidden must be brought to light, what was divided must be faced. But once restored, the soul is no longer a puppet of trauma. It becomes sovereign again. Deliverance is not just from demons, but from the echoes of trauma they use as doors. The soul must call upon God to reclaim its wholeness. The Lord is near to those who have a broken heart. The eternal Presence is like an invisible ocean, lapping against the shores of the soul. Once the shell of ego is broken the consciousness within must seek the Ocean. Use the beauty of their tenderness to find the Presence in the darkness of their own being. Only He can restore what was lost. And when the soul is restored, the system loses its grip. A whole soul cannot be programmed. It cannot be controlled. It sees through deception, it refuses to bow. The spirit of the world fears such souls. But Heaven rejoices. The soul, in its natural state, is present. It experiences life fully. But trauma forces an escape. When the pain is too much, the mind withdraws. The deeper the trauma, the further the withdrawal. It begins with daydreaming—mild dissociation. A child, faced with an environment lacking warmth or safety, drifts into imagination. They create inner worlds to find comfort. This is the first fracture. The soul begins to split—not yet shattered, but divided. If the trauma is greater—neglect, emotional or verbal abuse—the withdrawal deepens. The child no longer trusts the world. Their body remains, but their awareness floats between reality and an internal sanctuary. They become absent even when present. When the trauma turns severe—physical abuse, sexual abuse, extreme fear—the mind is forced into full dissociation. It cannot endure what is happening. It ejects itself from the moment. This is where the soul shatters. This is what the enemy desires. A soul divided against itself is vulnerable. If a child must dissociate to survive, the pattern remains into adulthood. They become disconnected from their body, from their emotions, from their true self. They live in fragments. The most extreme cases—ritual abuse, mind control, war trauma—create multiple compartments within the psyche. The soul is not just fractured; it is programmed. One part is locked away with the pain, another carries on as if nothing happened. Some never even know they were broken. This is how darkness takes hold. Dissociation is an open door. It creates space where something else can enter—an influence, a false identity, even possession. The soul is no longer fully anchored. But God restores. The broken can be made whole. The dissociated must call their spirit back, reclaim their presence. "He restores my soul." This is not poetry—it is reality. The soul can be gathered, reassembled, healed. It requires presence, faith – to know the centre and the

willingness to face what was hidden in the shadows. But once restored, the soul is unshakable. It no longer flees. It stands. And in standing, it is free." Rick was quiet now. Gently contemplating it all.

"Oh, by the way" said the stranger, "You have a new name – Rikyel."

BROKEN MAN



And it is not always good to be healed in body. Nor is it always evil to die in battle, even in bitter pain. Were I permitted, in this dark hour I would choose the latter.

J.R.R Tolkien

January 1991. Umm Qasr. Iraqi Naval Base. Operation Vulture. Interrogation Room.

Sergeant Jay Cotton gasped, his body convulsing as the heavy field boot connected again. A shockwave of agony radiated through his core, white-hot and nauseating. His stomach clenched, his vision blurred. He would've doubled over if his arms weren't bound behind his back. He could hear laughter. The slow shuffle of boots on concrete. Furniture being moved, scraping along the floor. The Iraqi officer, pristine in his uniform, took a long drag of his cigarette and exhaled the smoke into the dimly lit room. The bulb overhead flickered, casting fractured shadows on the stained walls. The air reeked of sweat, gasoline, and the copper tang of blood.

"You think we don't know why you're here?" The officer's voice was smooth, almost casual Cambridge accented English. "You think you are fighting for democracy?"

Jay spat blood onto the floor, tasting iron and dust. He tried to breathe through the nausea, but the dull aching throbbing between his legs made every inhale a

battle. The officer squatted in front of him, studying Jay like he was a wounded animal. Then, without warning—another kick. The sole of his boot slammed into Jay's groin again, grinding into the soft flesh, crushing then twisting. Jay groaned through gritted teeth. He wouldn't scream. Not yet.

The officer smiled. "You are here to clean up a mess your American friends have made, aren't you?" He stood, rolling his shoulders. "Saddam. He was your man. A creation of the American government. Nineteen sixty-three, they backed him. Gave him weapons, money, power. And when he became too strong?" He snapped his fingers. "They made him the villain." Jay coughed, struggling to keep his focus through the pulsing pain in his abdomen. The officer smirked. "Because he stopped playing their game. Because your masters are like gods—they create, and when their creations no longer serve, they destroy." Another kick. This time, lower. Slower. A deliberate press of the heel, crushing down. Jay's body jolted against the restraints. He saw white. His breath hitched in his throat. The officer crouched beside him, his voice a whisper now. "And now? You are not here to save anyone. You are here to erase. To bury history before it speaks."

A distant explosion rattled the building. Shouts echoed from the hallway. The officer stood, his amusement fading fast. The door burst open as an Iraqi soldier staggered in—flames crawling up his arms, his face contorted in silent agony before he collapsed, twitching, to the floor. Gunfire. Chaos. A deafening blast and flash, concussion waves hit Jay but he knew the sound of those L1281 Flashbang stun-grenades very well.

Then—darkness. The war never ends. It just changes faces.

DEMONS



I find no better life purpose than to perish in attempting the great and impossible.

Frederick Nietzsche

Hell. 3rd Level Underground.

Dennis the Demon and his class were on assignment. They were visiting the Demon Disinformation Department, and the head of the department, Asmodeus Deva, was explaining the department directives. The class was loud and unruly, and everyone was making a fuss.

“Listen up motherfuckers!” The snakes in her hair writhed and hissed away. “If anyone fucks around while I am talking, I will personally rip off their balls and fucking eat them! Am I clear?”

The demon students went quiet. Dennis was trying to hide behind the taller demons, stifling his laughter. His friend, DP Demon, was digging him in the ribs. Eventually, he cracked.

Asmodeus spotted it. “Is something fucking funny?” It all went quiet. Dennis was holding onto his balls, looking daggers at DP.

Asmodeus continued. “Demon Disinformation is a code-red, level one department. Close to the earth level, with portals into the human reality and various human hybrids under the control of senior demons. Consider these portals, entry points for disinformation into critical arenas of the human world. Media, entertainment, education, religion, law, the political and big-business worlds, and banking, as you know, are the main hot spots of demonic dynamics. But what we are really invested in is energy.”

Asmodeus paused for gravitas. This was serious business, and she wanted to let her point sink in.

“Energy distortion. Our mission is to distort the energy experience of human souls and trap the fuckers through their own emotional attachment. Attachment to their egos, their bodies, their physical form and their physical world is the first priority of our Disinformation Department.”

“Is that all clear?” asked Asmodeus after another moment of silence. The students were grunting to each other in that peculiar way demons do. Every time Asmodeus paused, the grey black snakes in her hair began to writhe in a disturbed manner, as if silence itself was pure torture for the unfortunate beasts.

One of the demon students asked, “What exactly is dis-information?”

“It’s when we disfigure the truth and provide them with distorted information, which ideally generates fear and an intense emotional reaction. This emotional response acts like a glue and keeps their consciousness stuck in the lower vibrational worlds, and this is how the dark matrix is fed.”

“The dark matrix?” asked DP Demon.

“The dark matrix is the framework of creation under our control; it belongs to our world, the lower astral realm. The basic human emotional form exists in this realm. The dark matrix, like all created life, it is organic and, therefore, needs food. Right now, its food is low-vibratory energy, and we need the humans to keep feeding it with their low-vibrational emotions. That’s how we keep consciousness trapped. It’s fucking brilliant and makes our job so much easier. Because the matrix is old, and the patterns in it have such a strong influence on the human souls under its control, its way easier than it used to be to keep them trapped. Of course, over the eons we’ve figured out a few things about human consciousness and how it works. The dark matrix is like a web, and souls get stuck in that web, like flies on shit.”

DP and Dennis looked at each other quizzically, not fully understanding what had been said.

Asmodeus continued. “The human souls get hooked into the matrix via their emotional bodies and that’s what we want, to own their emotions. Another name for the emotional body is the astral body. We live here on the astral plane. The lower astral, to be precise. Our job is to get the human consciousness invested in their emotions, especially the lower frequency ones; that’s where we can fuck with them. Emotional charge crystallises perception. As long as souls believe what they perceive is real, they will emote. As long as their belief system is invested in emotion, we have them trapped. Watch this—”

The floating plasma images morphed into the 1996 Super Bowl. It’s the final of the American Football play offs on January 28. The game was being played at Sun Devil stadium in Tempe, Arizona. 53,000 people were watching the Dallas Cowboys play the Pittsburgh Steelers. It was late in the game with Pittsburgh on top. Larry Brown, the Dallas cornerback, intercepted and ran for a forty-fouryard return. The emotional energy in the crowd reached a fever pitch.

“Now, watch this—”

Upon her word, the image changed from a human scene to pure energy dynamics and patterns. The 53,000 people became 53,000 points of coloured vibrating unstable light. The emotional noise became coloured strands of energy moving in erratic waves entangled in a matrix of dark flower of life geometry, which was being siphoned up through a huge vortex above the stadium. There were lots of demonic forms feasting in a frenzy of madness and angels hovered in the outer darkness of the spiralling etheric form, observing intently.

“Impressive, eh! Any questions?” asked Asmodeous, obviously proud of this particular harvest.

No one said anything.

“Souls are trapped in human body consciousness and emote through a vibrational scale.” she said. The plasma image revealed a scale of emotions, colour coded in the seven principle colours of the rainbow in accordance with the spectrum of human emotions from lowest frequency to highest. “Our job is to keep the motherfuckers trapped. We do that by feeding human drama; the more, drama the better. Polarised emotional drama, nothing better for trapping consciousness in the lower astral dimensions. O yes! We love that drama.”

She paused and smiled. Looking into the eyes of her students, her intense gaze burning red hot blackness and the snakes in her hair contorting and writhing appropriately.

“Okay, now you get the crash course on human ego. The ego forms when the soul develops a physical consciousness. As soon as its sense of identity shifts away from its spiritual nature and becomes entangled with its form, the ego is born. The ego is a parasite, a mind virus. What we want is for the ego to become attached to that sense of self and what that sense of self relates to outside of itself. We do this by restricting the emotional growth and trapping the soul in these low-vibratory emotions. This way the drama keeps looping, and we and the matrix get fed.”

Asmodeus gestured towards the plasma imagery and the lower emotional spectrum; shame, guilt, apathy, grief, fear and anger all sitting at the bottom of the scale below courage.

“This is where we want the fuckers. Right here, ideally in a state of confusion and trying to survive”—laughing out loud - “Once the ego is attached, it’s easy to generate anger, greed, and lust, and all of this activates an ongoing karma drama which unfolds over lifetimes. The souls, trapped by ego attachment, keep getting recycled into the emotional drama they create. Eventually, if we do our job right, they end up here, and we get to process them. And that’s the real fun, isn’t it boys and girls!”

All the demons agreed. The class had hitherto been quietly ruminating everything Asmodeus had been saying.

Eventually, Dennis piped up. “But don’t the souls know what they are? How is it so easy to keep them trapped?”

“Trauma,” she replied, growling and beginning to drool. Strange maggot like worms wriggling in her spittle. “We traumatize them as much as we can, as often as we can, and we get them to traumatize each other and”—laughing again— “we get them to traumatize themselves. Trauma fragments the consciousness, and that’s what we want—to shatter the fuckers. There is a self-organizing principle built into the souls, and we have to override that over and over with trauma.

In this current cycle of human history, within the last 260,000 human years, we have managed to insert a couple of major traumatic events which have really fucked them up. The first one was a planetary collision; check this out.”

She paused, letting the image of the planetary collision linger in the air, the plasma projection swirling with fire, rock, and the silent, shattering force of impact. Below, the Earth convulsed—mountains crumbling, oceans surging, a planet-wide cataclysm searing itself into the genetic memory of every surviving creature. “That was a fucking classic,” she said, grinning. “Left them traumatized for millennia. Fear baked right into their bones. Every myth, every flood story, every apocalyptic nightmare—it all traces back to this. And the best part? They don’t even remember it. Not consciously. But the fear remains. Passed down. Inherited. A part of what they are.” She flicked her wrist, and the scene shifted. The cosmos dissolved, giving way to a world more familiar—towering cities, dense grids of human life, the silent hum of invisible low frequency dark noise pulsing through the air.

“But that was just one play,” she continued. “We had another, much bigger move. Watch.”

The plasma display rippled, and a new cosmic scene unfolded. Jupiter, immense and swirling, filled the screen. From its depths, a flaming body was ejected, tearing across space.

“This,” she said, “was one of our finest works. The birth of Venus, the great disrupter.”

The demons watched as the new-born planet—a rogue comet, wreathed in fire—careened through the solar system. It swung past Earth, its gravitational pull ripping at the atmosphere, setting off quakes, floods, and storms of fire. Below, humanity writhed in terror, their world reshaped overnight.

“They don’t remember it consciously, of course,” she continued. “But their myths remember. The flaming serpent in the sky. The goddess of war and chaos. Every culture has the story. And that fear? That trauma? Still in their blood.”

The image flickered again, and now Mars appeared—a crimson war god marching through the heavens. The demons watched as the red planet moved erratically, its orbit disrupted by the same forces that had birthed Venus. Again, devastation followed: tides rising, empires falling, cities consumed by sand and sea.

“And Mars,” she said, almost wistfully. “The great hammer. The second blow. We used it to reinforce the first trauma, to keep the cycle going. The wars, the

bloodshed, the stories of gods battling in the sky. It all comes from this. And through it, we moulded them."

She let the image linger before shifting the scene again. The cosmos faded, replaced by a modern world—streets lined with restless faces, eyes locked on glowing screens, minds fragmented by endless streams of data.

"The second phase of our plan is far more elegant," she continued. "Genetic engineering, atmospheric toxicity, and advanced technological psychological injection. This one is still in motion, still unfolding. We're rewriting their DNA, poisoning their skies, and feeding them stories—through their screens, their institutions, their history books—until they don't even know who they are."

She turned to the gathered demons, her expression sharpening.

"The goal has always been the same: keep them in anxiety, stress, and confusion. Because they live in an energy world, and their bodies, emotions, and minds are tuned to it. If we keep them in low vibrational states of polarised positionality—fear, rage, depression, confusion, despair, guilt, shame, pride and the arrogance and ignorance of ego—we don't even have to lift a finger. They feed us. Willingly."

She let that sink in. The room was silent, save for the soft hum of the projection flickering between scenes of war, disease, riots, and endless empty faces bathed in artificial light.

"They think they're in control," she added, almost affectionately. "But the best slaves are the ones who believe they're free." She grinned.

"They think they chart their own destiny. But we set the stars in motion long before they ever looked up. Their brains need to be in beta wave frequencies – busy all the time. This prevents them from experiencing unity consciousness. The unified field connection catalyses an ascension experience and that's what we are here to prevent. We want their minds busy, judgemental, opinionated, polarised, schizoid, psychotic and neurotic. The more trauma we can introduce the easier this is to achieve. Since our influence on their modern technology has gathered momentum it is far easier to inject the trauma images into their consciousness. Once we control the imagination and feeling states of their psyche, they are very easy to manipulate and the next century my dears will be ours."

MEMORIES



To feel beauty, to feel truth, that is self-remembering. Self-remembering is the awareness of the presence of God.

Rodney Collin

Surgery of Doctor Dougal Morgan. Eminent Oncologist. Lincoln. England. 1997.

Jay Cotton was sitting in the waiting room chair. Expressionless. He watched a small green song bird, a beautiful young Finch, in a cage, jumping nervously around, barely settling for a moment, every now and again chirping, ceaselessly trying to find a way out of its prison.

The office of Dougal Morgan was old-school England: leather chairs and big glass windows overlooked a pleasant, walled-in garden. Dougal Morgan was sitting at his desk, examining the report on Jay's cancer, but his mind was elsewhere. A photograph of his smiling family, angled slightly away from his view, sat on the 18th century Captain Davenport bureau. The photograph was of himself; his wife, Sarah; and his son, Daniel. They appeared squeaky clean and ultra conservative; all wearing uncomfortable smiles. The kind of smiles that get betrayed by a sort of tired sadness in the eyes. The kind of tiredness that soaks into a soul over the years. The sadness of the smiling depressives. The fruit of a relentless, silent battering, where even though all appears well on the

surface of things, some invisible force is gnawing away from the inside, like a rotting corpse in the cellar, stinking out the house.

Before heading off to work that day, Dougal Morgan had been challenged by his wife's remarks at the breakfast table. At eight o'clock in the morning, from behind the Daily Times, he took notice of just how haggard and worn his wife had become. Her hair was a mess, the stress was palpable and the silence was deafening between each crunch of marmalade-smothered toast. "I can't take it anymore, Dougal. We owe over 400,000 pounds, and I want to know what you are going to do about it. I just can't keep ignoring the mail," she said, growing more and more upset, gesturing to a pile of redlined, final demand letters on the side. "And Daniel isn't getting any better, is he? He's probably been up there all-night sniffing that bloody stuff. What are you going to do?" She had begun to break down. "What are we going to do?" These were the memories running through the mind of Dougal Morgan, competing for his attention against the case study files of a certain Jay Cotton waiting patiently outside.

At the very same moment, in his disorderly, upstairs room Dougal's son, Daniel, was popping more opiate pills. He looked dishevelled, as though he hadn't slept in days. He picked up his phone and called his dealer. "It's me. I wanna pick up. White." His dealer, Dillan Yard, several miles away, grinned. "Come on over man."

Dougal Morgan was torn from his thoughts by the sharp, piercing buzz of the intercom coming from his secretary outside. "It's Max Schwarz on the line, doctor, returning your call." Max Schwarz—industrial pharmacologist and owner of Schwarz Bio-Tech, located just outside of Berlin, Germany—was waiting to be connected. "Hello Max!"

"Dr Morgan. Nice to hear you again. I understand you are interested in our latest product," said Schwarz in his guttural German accent.

"That's it, Max. Good to hear your voice. How's the family?"

"Oh, very well. Thank you, and yours?" said Max as he turned a prominent ring on his finger. The ring had a protruding Viking head wearing a winged helmet with a swastika and the letters SS on opposite sides.

Dougal was looking uneasy. He loosened his neck tie. "Fine. Fine. All fine."

“So, Dougal, our latest and greatest, Schnelltab, it’s very expensive, of course, but we like that, don’t we, Dougal?” Max began to chuckle the kind of way, perhaps a vampire would. “And you know we have been doing some testing, of course? And the early results with the rats are very promising.” Max Schwarz recalled one of the latest experiments.

Inside of Schwarz pharmaceutical, a white-coated scientist ground the pills into the drinking water of rats. They drank and slowly died an excruciating death. Max was watching, rubbing his ring. The lab tech was timing the process. He jotted down the moment the rat actually croaked, made some rudimentary calculations, and gave Max Schwarz the thumbs up.

“The really good news is the return on investment. After the insurance companies pay out, you will make around 90,000 Euro per-patient, per-month, on a six- to twelve-month cycle. Sound good, Dougal?” asked Max.

Dougal looked at a picture of his wife and son. “Sounds good to me, Max.”

“Okay my friend. If we do the same terms as last time, I can ship by the end of the week; say two cycles for every one-hundred patients. And you pay as you go. First payment due in ninety days. How does that sound?”

Dougal wore a blank expression on his face. “Sounds perfect Max. Thank You. Let’s say enough for a thousand patients and I’ll let you know exactly how many by the end of tomorrow.”

“Okay, my friend. Goodbye and remember. We don’t cure people, Doctor. We manage revenue streams.”

Max sat back, smiling strangely in his chair, then kissed the ring. Two demons appeared behind him in the ether merging with his physical form.

Dougal Morgan sat back in his big, black leather chair and, taking a deep breath, looked at the family photo on the table again.

Jay was still looking at the bird in Dr Morgan’s waiting room.

Eventually, Dougal reached for the intercom. “Send Mr Cotton in, please, Gloria.” Jay entered the office, and Dougal Morgan gestured for him to sit. He looked over his file and then cleared his throat. “Ah, Mr Cotton, I have some bad news for you. I’m afraid the tumour is inoperable, and, as you know, the cancer

is in a very advanced stage. Chemotherapy is an unlikely option, but I do have something that may very well save the day; obviously there is a cost involved, and I see you have no insurance. How is your financial situation, Mr Cotton?" Jay stared into space.

"Mr Cotton, I said how is your financial situation?"

"Not good." Jay paused. "I mean. Look, how long have I got?"

"Probably around two months. With the medicine I suggest, it could be six, maybe even a year … if we can get you to a year. Well, of course, there will be side effects, but that is to be expected."

Jay stood up.

"Mr Cotton."

Jay ignored him.

"Mr Cotton!"

Jay Cotton walked out of Morgan's office, leaving the door open behind him. He had a blank look on his face and moved deliberately toward the surgery door, ignoring the receptionist as he went. The young green Finch was still nervously looking for a way out of the cage. Jay stopped and watched the bird for a moment as it repeated its fruitless routine: hopping from the perch, to the bars of the cage, and back again. Each time it grasped the bars, its tiny head twitching in micro movements, looking this way and that, trying in vain to find a way out. Jay suddenly grabbed the cage, took it to the door, opened it, and let the bird out. The bird immediately took flight, its wings beating in short bursts as it flew in long, undulating waves towards a small park that lay straight ahead. Jay watched it until it disappeared into the trees and could see it no more. The receptionist was standing now. Jay placed the cage gently down and left.

He started walking down the street and thought to himself, being given a death sentence is a sobering thing. I think I need a beer. And the bird in the tree began to sing.

A short while later, Jay crossed the street directly and approached the rear carpark of a pub called The Queens Legs. The sign overhead read, The Queens Legs Are Open. Jay noticed a tiny, grey street dog sitting by the rear doorway.

The scruffy dog looked up at Jay as he walked slowly by. One of the dog's ears was alert and pricked up and the other flopping down. He had a protruding under jaw that gave him a sort of comical, dazed look. Jay said to the little dog, "You look like I feel, mate." He bent down and gave him some love. The scruffy dog was a little timid, uncertain whether to trust Jay, a hangover from the abuse he had received in his short life from the hands of men before, but he sat there and let Jay stroke him, eventually relaxing, succumbing to the deeper yearning inside him—a yearning every living thing shares. Jay gently scratched and stroked him for a while before entering the pub through the battered, wooden door.

The pub was busy with various locals at the bar and others sitting around tables, quietly chatting away. There was graffiti on the wall: The Queen of England was seated upon her throne with her legs wide open, except instead of her face, she had the head of a reptile. A fat man dressed as a banker was down on his knees in front of her with his head out of sight, up her dress and in between her thighs. The pub was not well lit, and in the dark corners, silently waiting, were demons.

Jay approached the bar. "Pint of Guinness, please." He waited the required 119.5 seconds, standing almost religiously, as the perfect pint was poured. The juke box played Bob Marley's Redemption Song.

Emancipate yourselves from mental slavery

None but ourselves can free our minds

Jay looked around the bar wondering where to sit. The brown and white particles of the Guinness settled into a perfect black-and-white synthesis.

but my hand was made strong

by the hand of the almighty

we flower in this generation. Triumphantly.

He moved to a table in the corner of the room, sat, and began to slowly drink. Jay stared out of the window and started to survey the silent scene as a constant stream of random people passed by. An old man slowly, painfully walking. A group of sickly-looking teenagers, laughing and fooling around. A young couple, arguing, with a baby and walking into the blowing wind. The minutes turned

into hours as Jay slowly drank and drank away, growing numb, his thoughts beginning to swirl.

Across from the pub window was a fish and chip shop and as two teenage lovers walked by they stopped and kissed quickly together, the way lovers will do.

Jay's memories shifted to an incident on a family holiday in Scotland when he was a wounded teenager and he met a girl. Jay had always had a strange effect on women. For some inexplicable reason when he touched a woman's yoni she experienced extraordinary levels of pleasure and became very emotional. Somehow, he understood the way they were feeling was a form of communication and Jay had sufficient emotional intelligence to meet their souls dance through their pleasure on his fingers. This had been happening from a very young age. It had led to all kinds of significant emotional releases for Jay to witness but it all began with Big Aggie.

For Jay, 14 was a tender age and once, on a family holiday in Scotland, he became acquainted with a certain local 18-year old Aggie Mclawson. Aggie worked in the fish and chip shop on the corner of Gorge street and Harbour lane in the village of Crummaloch on the Dee. As the Cottons were very partial to fish and chips Aggie saw a lot of Jay and took a shine to him straight away, becoming deeply smitten that week. There was something about that skinny boy that was getting her moving inside and by God she could feel it when she was wrapping his Haddock and chips. Not being shy, Aggie soon found out where the family was staying. Eventually, she cornered Jay alone. Being a big strong local girl, the daughter and sister of north-sea fishermen and feeling very at home in her village, she wasted no time telling Jay exactly what she wanted.

Jay immediately froze in terror. Her desire triggered his deepest fears and he felt suddenly weak. As a protective reflex he grabbed his balls and he limped a little away from Aggie. Just a week before, the day before their holiday, Jay had been playing soccer. On account of several injuries to the other goal keepers, he had been parachuted into the local senior team. Full of tough full-grown men. Some of them violent indeed. The game kicked off and Jay was in goal. He had already played that morning keeping goal for the Under 15s and was a bit sore and stiff. The senior keeper and his reserve were both suddenly ailing and a replacement had to be found. Young Jay had gamely accepted the invitation, even though he could hardly say no to Mr Bolton his carpenter teacher, a very big and intimidating man. As soon as the game kicked off the other team broke clear. A corner was given. Jay went up for the ball and the opposition number 9 - a tree trunk thigh hard man - came running through and as he jumped to

challenge he kneed Jay very hard in his upper thigh. Jay went down in terrible pain but the game played on. He staggered around hobbling in agony almost crying out loud as he did. The pain began to ease a bit. Snivelling, the icy wind biting into him, he looked up to the reality of old tree trunk thighs running through at him again, this time all on his own and with the ball at his feet. Jay started to hobble towards him, trying to stop the ball. The man was in full stride and perfectly walloped the ball straight into Jays nether regions. A week later he was still not over the shock. As Aggie dragged him behind the fish and chip shop wall, Jays bowels were loosening.

Oddly, Aggie took hold of both Jays ears and pressed her lips and hips to his. As he opened his mouth to cry out she shoved her tongue right down the back of his throat. Jay was gasping through his nose and grabbed a hold of Aggies big strong hips. They did not move, so he took hold of her ass. It was like a mountain of potatoes in hessian bags. Aggie was very much stronger than he and Jay was breathing wildly through his nostrils trying to suck in some more air. His heart was beating a million miles an hour and cortisol and adrenaline were gushing through his brain. As Jay grabbed Aggies big strong Scottish ass, her skirt rose above her knees and Jay felt it move. In desperation, he reached under Aggies skirt. Trying to find some leverage to get this woman off. His fingers gripped desperately, clawing at her ass crack. She was wearing some baggy underwear. Jays hands followed the dark, hairy, slightly sweaty, crack and got some grip with his fingers. Jay started to pull. The crack opened some more and he got his fingers into something wet. He hooked into it and with all of his might and praying Good God Almighty tried to lift Aggie off of him. Jay started to go red, then a bit purple, veins were bursting out of his head.

Aggie, still pinning him on the wall and still holding his ears, abruptly pulled her tongue out of his throat and mouth. Her gaze softened, she gasped, her yellow teeth stinking breath all over him. Aggie looked Jay dead in his eyes, pulled his ears forward then smashed his head back into the old stone wall. Three times over, and, in her deepest Scottish brogue said:

“OH-MY-GAWD!”

Jay smiled at the memory. Picked up his pint and went to fetch another Guinness.

When he got back to the window, Jay thought about the bird in the cage for a moment. The juke box was playing A Town Called Malice by The Jam. A man carrying a brief case, wearing an ill-fitting grey suit with mismatching socks,

stuffing a sandwich down, hurriedly walking down the street, eyes intense, looking forward towards a time-compressed probable future, stress lines etched deeply into his face. As he passed by, Jay noticed a tiny yellow flower growing through a crack in the pavement. Unaware, the man stepped on the flower, crushing it by his weight. Jay watched the man walk away. He had what looked like pink bubble gum stuck to the seat of his too tight pants. The tiny yellow flower, like a waking sentinel in the wee hours of the night, slowly sprung back to its upright position. There was something about that which touched Jay deeply.

New customers came and went, and Jay drank more pints as the afternoon hours passed slowly by.

Jay thought to himself, What's the point of all this? He looked out the window at a young couple carrying too many shopping bags, arguing over nothing. What are we living for? Stuffing our faces with other peoples' dreams, he thought. At this, the demons, barely visible in the etheric shadows, became alert and slowly began moving towards Jay, stalking him ever so slowly with their snarling menace. Still staring out the window his memories drifted to the war. To Iraq. To the boat. To Rick. Tears were welling up in his eyes when a five-man gang of Irish gypsy roughs entered the pub through the front door. Rowdy and raucous, they made their way to the bar and stood, waiting to be served. There were demons in the ether around them. One of the Irish gang members, the obvious leader, had a very prominent burn scar all over the back of his right hand.

He said to the group, "Let's drink some fookin' Guinness!" Everyone cheered! He then said to the barman, "Foive pints o' Guinness, noice and slow now, don't be fookin' rushin' it."

The whole gang laughed.

Connor Murphy looked around the pub and asked, "I wonder if they'd be any foightin' men in 'ere?" They saw Jay in the corner. Demons appeared and disappeared, growling and whispering demon speak in their ears.

"What about that fooker?" said one of the gang. They were all looking into the eyes of Jay who stared straight back at them.

"Well he looks like a proper fookin' tool, don't he?" said Connor, spitting his words. The group erupted again into raucous laughter.

The barman, a bald-headed, barrel-chested, ham-fisted fellow, arrived with the beers and shouted over the din, “Five pints of Guinness, lads! Now don’t be causing no trouble in here, will yer!” looking at them all sternly.

They turned away from Jay and back to the bar and began drinking.

One of the gang members, a stout, red-headed fellow, asked the leader, “How long is it you been in England now, Connor?”

“Too long, bai.”

“B’ Jesus dat’s a fact. But the moneys got to be made.”

Another added, “Oh, I miss Ireland boys, when was the last time we were there? Five years or more. Surfing Mullaghmore?”

Connor turned to the barman. “Five Years? Five Pints! Give us five more! These aren’t gonna last five fookin’ minutes. Coz we’re going home to Ireland.” There was more laughter as they all moved to a table in the back of the pub across the room from Jay. There was much more laughter, rowdiness, and multiple rounds of beers.

Jay was drinking solemnly alone. Sinking down into darkness. His memories had drifted deeply, as they eventually always did, to Rick and the war. Two demons next to him, much closer now.

Amidst more beer and boisterous laughter, Connor said loudly to his mates, “Did I ever tell you that story when we went out drinking in Killarney and there was only one bar!?” The group all moaned out loud. “But it was a mile long!!” They all stood up and cheered. “And there was only one barmaid!” More moans from the gang. “For every fookin’ man!!” They all cheered again. “The drinks were a fiver!” More moans. “But I had a load o’ ten’ers!!” More cheers. “They ran out of pint glasses!” More audible moans. “So, they served us with fookin’ buckets” A mixture of laughter and cheers erupted.

One of the gang members, fat and overweight, felt nauseous and left to find the bathroom. As Jay was returning from the bar they collided, slightly spilling Jay’s drink. There were four demons around them snapping and snarling at each other.

“Watch yer fookin self!” said the fat youth.

Jay, glaring, ignored him, and went back to his table, a little unsteady on his legs.

The fat guy continued outside. He burst through the doors; the fresh air hit him, and he puked. He stumbled, and on his way down to the ground, projectile-vomited all over the small, scruffy dog, unseen, still sitting near the door. He laid there recovering as the dog began to extricate itself from his vomit. Seeing the dog for the first time, with a shocked look on his face, he said, "Fook me! I can't remember eating that." He stumbled back into the bar and re-joined the group.

The group was still loud and raucous. "Where the fook' yer been? Yer covered in puke, yer cunt. What the fook' is wrong with ya?" said one of the men, then more laughter.

"What we been fookin' eating today?" asked the fat man.

"You look like you swallowed a fookin' rotten chicken alright," said Conner, once again bringing the group to laughter.

While the gang laughed, the fat guy's sluggish gaze wandered over to Jay, who happened to have his death stare locked onto the group, his mind still on the boat with Rick.

"What's that cunt looking at?" said Connor. "Let's go see, eh boys."

They all stood abruptly and moved towards Jay's table. Connor stared into Jay's eyes. Beneath the alcohol-fuelled contempt Connor had a strange feeling of distinct recognition. Connor knew that face, and he knew he hated it; he just couldn't recall why. "Looking for some trouble, are ya bai?"

Jay maintained his stare, and said, "You know what mate, normally no, but today, I just don't give a fuck."

Connor drew closer to Jay. "I'm not yer fookin' mate, and if you meet me in that carpark outside, I'll show ya I'm fookin' nat."

Jay stood up fast, stumbled a bit, and walked out the back door, shoving it open with a bang. He led the charge into the carpark, followed by the gang.

Dusk was settling when Jay found himself on the receiving end of the worst beating that carpark may have ever seen. The gang kicked the shit out of him, and the demons were in a frenzy. It finished with Connor kneeling on his chest, smashing his fist into Jays face over and over, the big burn scar on his right-hand, glistening in the reddened hues of fading evening light. They left, disappearing into the pub, laughing and talking boisterously together.

Jay was on the ground unconscious. Two demons were sitting on top of him with tentacle-like energy cords—one into his ear, the other hooked into his sacral, sucking his energy into themselves. Two warrior angels rapidly appeared and tore into the shrieking demons, burning them up in the holy fire. Kimmiel, the angel of love, was the third to arrive; she wrapped her wings around Jay and, like fresh falling snow, peace settled upon the night.

ANGELS AND DEMONS



At the still point of the turning world. Neither flesh nor fleshless;
Neither from nor towards; at the still point, there the dance is,
But neither arrest nor movement. And do not call it fixity,
Where past and future are gathered. Neither movement from nor towards,
Neither ascent nor decline. Except for the point, the still point, There
would be no dance, and there is only the dance.
I can only say, there we have been: but I cannot say where.
And I cannot say, how long, for that is to place it in time.
T.S. Eliot

The 5th Heaven. Angel School.

A large, mystical fire was burning in the centre of the amphitheatre with three distinct flames: blue, pink, and gold. Two senior angels, Gabriel and Kimmiel, were addressing a group of young angels forming into a circle around the flames.

Gabriel began by saying, “Ono-shobi-shobi angels, today is the day you must choose one of the three flames of power and begin your training to assume your duty in the heavens.”

Suddenly, Gogginzel and the warrior angels returned in a dynamic flash of cymatics into the 5th heaven. A throng of young angels immediately gathered around them. Harmonic tones echoed throughout the gardens of Grace; great and mystical chimes sounded as the warrior angels, freshly returned from battle with the demons, joined Gabriel.

“So that you will be better able to choose your flame and path, I have invited the warrior angels here today to tell you about the battle between the demons and themselves, and why these things must come to pass. It appears, the demons are our foes and with them we wrestle for the souls of humankind. And this is, to a high degree, completely true, but there are deeper truths: The demons have a function necessary to the liberation of souls. As much as evil exists to ensnare the souls of light, it is also there, unknowingly, to release them. The demons’ appetites are insatiable; they feed constantly on the bloated souls of humanity. Trimming the fat off human arrogance, drinking the poison of their bitterness when, in death, their pathetic harvest is reconciled. This is demon food. You may not yet comprehend fully what I have said, but by the time you graduate from this school, you will. I assure you. I will now invite Gogginzel and Nikyel to address you all.”

The angel students were both somewhat stupefied by what Gabriel had just said and enthralled by the presence of the warrior angels. Gogginzel, the brown, more masculine androgyne, and Nikyel, a white, more masculine androgyne, stepped forward. Nikyel stood, raised his hands elegantly, and began to sing in beautiful, harmonic tones.

A floating vision of plasma immediately coalesced in the ether above them. It was a holographic field of an immense, spiralling vortex of space-time encompassing untold ages. Deep, vast universes and galaxies hovered overhead, all rotating around an epicentre which opened within itself to a seemingly infinite depth just floating there clearly visible for all the student angels to see.

The 64 hexagrams of the I-Ching, archetypal energy structures encircled a cosmic etheric field divided into astrological zones full of cymatic geometries and fractal patterns.

“The demons are here” – spoke Gogginzel – “as are we angels, to preserve the balance of things. Older than the heavens and worlds, so are the demons, permitted by existence to perform a specific function. They are born from the darkness, the darkness which goes with the light. As our presence was decreed since before the ancient times, so too was that of the demons.

Demons do not have souls in the way humans do. Generally speaking they are not evolving beings with free will and moral development. Instead, they are spiritual intelligences that exist as fixed forces in the cosmos.

There are different kinds. Luciferic beings are highly spiritual but detached from reality. They push humans toward pride, illusion, and an escape from the physical world. Ahrimanic beings are the opposite—they promote cold materialism, rigid logic, and a denial of the spiritual. Both types influence human thought and emotion, but neither have the ability to develop or transform like humans do.

Then there are the Asuric beings. These are worse. They don't just influence humans; they try to destroy the connection between the human spirit and its divine origin.

None of these entities have souls in the human sense. Typically, they don't go through karma or incarnation. They don't evolve. They exist to influence and, in some cases, consume human soul substance. The only way to deal with them is to recognize their influence without falling under it. The Christ force is what allows humans to stay balanced and free from their control."

He allowed the invisible presence which permeated the eternal silence of heaven to settle into stillness.

"Demons feel nothing and thus are able to perform a terrible function and wreak havoc with souls who ignore their essential nature. From the invisible realms, the demons seduce human souls according to their individual weaknesses," said Nikyel. "All of this is within their dominion, domain, and function. The temptation of evil tests the fortitude, integrity, and strength of souls. It tests the roots of truth; how deep and strong they are. The storms of life rock the world of humankind, challenging those roots. As you at times have wandered far from your own pure inner nature, so do all souls. Not all souls, though, have come as far as you on the great return to your forgotten home. According to The Ancient Law, we are here, as The Law allows, to prevent the demons from gaining too much power and to provide the human souls with the support they need, should they choose it."

Gogginzel then said, "Because of their success in seducing human souls, the demons have gathered tremendous momentum and power. The more power they gain, the bolder they become."

Within the vortex a clear image appeared. Inside it, unimaginable hordes of demons could be seen, momentarily, hissing and snarling away. Another cymatic wave of angel student murmurings rolled through the heavens.

“For a student warrior angel, the demons can be a terrifying ordeal, and we cannot defeat them when we go into fear. As with humans, when consumed by fear, we cannot embody our power. A warrior angel’s power is an alchemy. Within that alchemy is a floating seed point in the centre. That seed point is a focused attitude of certainty. The certainty of who you are. What you are. That pure feeling of aliveness and connection is contained within a structure of undeniable living life Truth, burning with the brightness of knowing itself. Being itself. That living truth emanates equanimity; the peace and love divine that we have unearthed from within ourselves. When we confront the demons, this power, this alchemy, is combined with the animal spirit we have chosen. Nikyel will now show you.”

He stepped into the space and stood still. He then began growing bigger and becoming translucent; he was focusing on stillness, breath and a connection to the mystical epicentre within himself. The vision of a jaguar appeared in his heart centre. His angel fire got bigger and bigger, until the jaguar released a huge, silent roar, which caused a powerful cymatic wave. At the same time, the angel, now giant, burned in a bright, blue fire with incandescent gold and pink hues.

After a few moments Nikyel willed the power off, and the animal spirit element disappeared as quickly as it had manifest.

Gogginzel spoke softly again, “If you go into fear, you cannot activate your power, and so the demons will dominate you with theirs. When they do, they will try to take you to the forbidden place.”

A vibration of tonal harmonic murmuring rippled across the heavenly space. The angels waited with baited breath.

He then gestured with his hand and the floating plasma visual field immediately shifted according to his will and the forbidden place became more and more visible coalescing in front of them: A dark river was flowing. Deep, liquid darkness. Strange, terrible, slimy creatures barely visible below the surface writhed in the dark and foreboding waters. On the other side of the river stood desolate land. Everything was dead. Demons were guarding the mouth of an enormous cave. Two huge gates, torn from their hinges, lay on the ground,

either side of the entrance. Broken-hearted, tormented, demented ghosts of people wandered near the waters, while some sat in sad lament: the back entrance to hell itself.

“The forbidden place marks the boundary between our world and theirs” said Nikyel, “and if they succeed in taking you over the dark waters, you will be in their world, not ours. We cannot come to find you, for The Ancient Law forbids.”

Gogginzel asked all of the angel students standing there, “Do you understand this? If, because of your fear, the demons take you to the forbidden place, and they take you over the dark waters between our worlds, you will come to truly know the meaning of fear. And you will be alone.”

“Are there any questions?”

Rikyel, spoke up, and asked, “What happens to the souls stuck in there?”

Gogginzel answered, saying, “They remain there until they begin their return to the Great watery light—purified, glorified, recycled, absorbed deeper into the darkness or reincarnated again it doesn’t matter. It depends on the soul, and to what they are clinging, and where in the ages the cycles are turning.”

“What happens if we cross the line into the forbidden place?” asked Rikyel.

A brief silence ensued.

“If we willingly go into the demons’ world to find one of our own?”

“Then you will be banished from the heavens into the outer darkness, never to be a part of our ages again. The Ancient Law decrees it,” said Gogginzel.

“Does everyone understand?” asked Nikyel. “You must never, ever, cross that river.”

He was met with the group’s silent acknowledgement of this ancient law, but within Ono-shobi-shobi Rikyel, deep inside him, something was not at peace.

Gogginzel continued. “When you meet the demons, do not go into fear angels. For if you do, they will feed off your fear and become stronger and stronger until they can eat you. This is one of the ways they possess the humans, through fear

itself, and it is the only way they may conquer you. Student angels, consider deeply my words before you decide to join us. I wish you well."

Gogginzel and Olliel stepped back into the circle. The student angels were discussing together in warbling tones, very akin to doves.

Gabriel and Kimmiel again stood to speak. Gabriel raised his etheric light cord wings to calm the angels, stating, "And remember you are here to choose your power, Angels. Which shall it be? Truth?"—pointing to the gold flame— "Love?"—pointing to the pink flame— "Or the warrior angel's way?"—pointing finally to the blue flame.

He paused and then said, "The path of the truth bringer is for those of you who wish to whisper in the minds and hearts of humanity the right and good way to live. Theirs is a world of darkness and false light, which is only the absence of Christ stillness and peace. Your presence is the presence of the Light of Christ. Light is the living truth within all created things." He raised his light cord wings once again to focus the group and then said, "Your presence is essential, especially in these fast-moving and confusing times. Kimmiel will tell us about Truth."

Gabriel raised his hand and the holographic vortex reappeared. The plasma energy had two distinct tones, not unlike the Yin–Yang symbol of the Tao. Superimposed on the visual energy field were images which crystallized and then reformed into other images which depicted perfectly the wisdom of the angels' communication. The words of the angels and the energy in the vortex perfectly synchronized as one.

"The mother breathes in and the mother breaths out," said Kimmiel. "And as she does the fields of life are born. Human souls are planted like seeds into a living energy field. The Tao of ancient times. The field is electromagnetic, polarized energy with a positive and negative charge. However, the Yin is in the Yang and the Yang is in the Yin. The electricity provides the structures of creation. The magnetics provide the content.

"Souls get trapped in the web of their own creations. The glue is their emotion. As consciousness evolves it feels more and emotes less. The disease of the soul is the sickness of name and form. As human souls become more conscious of their eternal nature they are able to release themselves from the sticky web. The polarised energy field is designed to flow in harmony, but souls stuck in the web create dis-harmonics within the field. Their judgement of each other and denial

of their own inner nature create ruptures in the flow of life, and the universe fills these ruptures, manifesting all that human souls struggle against. The polarity creates the field, and thus the flow of space-time. The presence of consciousness generates the spin. And the cycles turn.

It is within this great garden of moving energy that the seeds of consciousness are sown. These spinning fields are like whirling vortices in the eternal river of life. They are the learning ground for all souls and endure for countless eons."

"But not forever," said Gabriel. "Depending on the vibrations of the intentions of the individuated consciousness, the energy collapses and coalesces around them, forming the substance of what they perceive as reality. For human souls, what they feel, they attract; what they think, they become. The energy quotient they accrue is either positive or negative dominant. Flowing or stuck.

"Human souls are a composite of human, animal, elemental and angelic aspects. The angelic is their potential, the animal and natural elements, their past; the human aspect is their present experience. The challenge for them is to find the deep centre within themselves, so that this alchemy will self-organise into a living harmonic." Gabriel waited for a moment gauging the impact of his words on the students. "The human souls are trapped. Like insects in a sticky web. The glue is their emotion, and the web is there for a reason. Human souls must find a way to release themselves from the web. And we must help them. But not too much. The more they struggle with what they perceive, the more they entangle themselves in what they do not. This is a great dilemma for them all. Somehow, they need to internalise that struggle and pierce the illusions of their karma drama and arrive at the centre of their souls where the Logos awaits. This is a path of love. The fragrance of the essence of Life providing the sustenance along the way."

SAM



There is no deeper death than ignorance and disbelief.

Aquarian Gospel

Dillan Yards House. Lincoln. 1997

It was dusk, and Daniel Morgan, the son of Dr Douglas Morgan, was at Dillan Yards' house buying cocaine. He carved out three lines, and started snorting them. Dillan was reading a car magazine. Four demons in the room, just watching.

Dillan looked up from the magazine. "Hey Morgan, you still have that electric car?"

"Yeah"—snorting another line— "why?"

"Just wondered. What you like about it?"

"It's quiet. Real quiet." Daniel snorted his third line.

"Stealth?"

"Real Stealth."

Dillan looked back at the magazine.

Daniel stood and pulled out some cash. “Is this enough?”

“Yep.”

“I’m gone.”

Daniel Morgan got into his car: A General Motors EV1. Powered by lead–acid batteries with a range of seventy to one-hundred miles, it was a very classy-looking ride. There were only 660 cars made, all painted dark green, red, or silver. This was the only one in the UK. Daniel had had a hard time choosing the colour. In the end, he had decided on the green. It reminded him of the forest, a place he had not been for a very long time.

Daniel left silent and fast in the electric car; just as silently, it began to rain.

Jay was still lying unconscious in the carpark behind the pub. The angel was behind him, and the stray dog came to his side. The dog, still looking puked-on, started to lick the blood off Jay’s face. Jay began to wake up and slowly move.

“What a fucking day,” he said with a groan. He gently pushed the dog off and then sat up. “You lost too, mate? Ah, come on.”

He gingerly got to his feet. He was badly beaten to the body with a bloody, cut nose and cuts to his face and eyes. He picked up the dog and walked on gingerly, despite limping and groaning his way out of the car park. Nothing was broken and he had had worse beatings in his life.

Jay carried the small dog down an empty, noiseless street. He went to cross the road close to a bend and stumbled forward, momentarily losing his footing as he stepped off the curb. Instantly the EV1 appeared, very fast in a deathly hush, flashing by in the orange street-lit gloom. It clipped Jay with the wing mirror glancing off the side of his head. There was a swoosh of air; the impact spun Jay violently around, launching the dog out of his hands and into a wall, cracking its skull on the bricks.

He lay on the ground staring into the dead dog’s eyes. Somewhere the song, Bitter Sweet Symphony by The Verve, could be heard, fading into the night as the green assassin sliced silently by. The intoxicated driver oblivious to what had come to pass.

Jay began to lose consciousness and entered a near death experience. As he became more and more delirious, his life memories started to appear in a dreamy landscape that went backwards in time. He could still hear the music drifting across a surreal landscape, merging inner and outer worlds.

In and out of consciousness, Jay looked deeply into the dead dog's open, staring eyes that were laying prone next to him in the silent, grey, orange street.

The rain began falling again ever-so-lightly. Jay, floating somewhere inside himself, whispered, "Sam? Sam?... Is that you, Sam?"

Reality liquefied as Jay lost consciousness; he swirled in a dreamtime, recapitulating fragmented moments of his life. Vomit rose from his guts; peristalsis reversed, and he puked hard. Strong convulsions racked his battered body, giving him another beating. This time on the inside.

The dream sequence brought Jay to a barnyard in Lincolnshire in 1971. A dog's eyes. A litter of puppies were suckling their mother and playing together. It was a puppy dog heaven. They grew quickly into young adolescents. There was one strong alpha boy who was the brave one. Exploring on his own. This was Sam. Sam was a beautiful puppy—a black dog with a white patch on his right eye. One day he was in the garden chasing butterflies. He followed one of the butterflies into the woods. Meanwhile, to the west, a storm was brewing in the sky. Rumbling discontent. Large, black summer cumulus nimbus clouds gathering.

Chasing the fateful insects deeper into the woods, playfully went Sam. The clouds continued to gather. The swallows circled in the sky lower and lower, chasing the insects down as they headed for the shelter on the underside of the thick late-summer leaves. The temperature started to drop and an almost imperceptible, tell-tale wind began to blow through the tree tops. Blissfully unaware of these ominous portents, Sam took his adventure deeper into the woods. Then the rain started and the wind got stronger and stronger. Sam, driven by the storm deeper into the forest, lost and alone, would never see his family again.

Gypsy Camp. Newark. 1971. About 1 mile away.

The camp was a mix of old and modern gypsy caravans. Behind them several horses were tied to iron spikes belted hard in the ground. Several work vans were parked nearby. There was a scrap heap of metal junk in the corner and a

few vicious-looking, half-starved dogs, chained near the well-kept caravans. It was evening in the camp.

Conner Murphy's mother, Theodosia Murphy, and stepfather, Vano Nolan, were in their caravan. An old-fashioned kettle was slowly heating up on the gas stove. Vano was sleeping, slumped in his chair, snoring loudly in front of a muted, big-screen TV.

Empty whiskey and sherry bottles and beer cans were littered around. An ashtray full of cigarettes had overflowed onto the small, horseshoe-shaped table. On the muted TV, a show called Mr and Mrs was playing. Vano had broken skin on the knuckles of his gold-ringed hands. Theodosia, with a bleeding mouth and black eye, was also semi-conscious in a chair. Two demons were waiting in the shadows.

Connor Murphy was 12 years-old. He wore torn jeans and had not washed for several days. He entered the caravan silently, quietly assessing the scene.

Slowly, with the practiced poise of a thief, he moved over to the sleeping Vano and began lifting the wallet out of his stepfather's open waistcoat-pocket. It bulged with cash. Just then, from the kitchen, the kettle reached boiling and began to whistle loudly. Without warning, his stepfather awoke and grabbed Conner's hand.

"You thieving little bastard!"

His Mother, Theodosia, woke up startled. "What's he fookin' done now?"

"He's tryin' to steal me fookin' money. The little bastard." Vano was now wrestling Connor towards the kettle. "I'll teach you a fookin' lesson you'll never forget."

Theodosia screamed, "Vano! Noooo!"

Vano grabbed the steaming kettle, held Conner's wrist down, and poured the boiling water all over his right hand. Connor screamed loudly.

"O Vano! What you fookin' done now!" said his mother hysterically.

"Fook him!" Vano said as he swung Connor around violently towards the door.

As Connor came flying out of the caravan into the now pouring rain, there was a very loud crack of thunder, followed by a dramatic flash of lightning that pierced the darkness and shattered the peace of the late-summer sky. The storm was gathering momentum overhead, and the thunder grumbled on as he ran into the forest. He ran deeper and deeper into the trees, further and further away from camp. The rain growing stronger, he eventually found the shelter of a big, old oak tree. Connor huddled into the roots and trunk where, to his great surprise, he found Sam the puppy.

Settling down into the hollow, Connor fished a red rag from his pocket and wrapped his badly burned hand. The lost dog and boy found temporary solace in one another, and, in a fragile moment of innocent beauty, they spent a long, cold night together; the dog slept on Conner's chest, cradled in his arms, occasionally licking his red raw wrist, their small broken hearts finding one another, driven together by fate for a brief moment in time.

The next morning, after the storm had passed, they made their way back out of the woods towards the gypsy camp. There was a flurry of activity. The whole camp was preparing to leave. Two men, Lash and George, were looking at a map. George asked, "Where we going then, Lash? Lash pointed to the map. "See this, where these two rivers meet. This is the lane, 'bout five miles down. Nice piece o' land, an old fisherman's car park. Got it nice'n'cheap, we did." Connor entered the camp with the dog concealed deep in his jacket pocket. He approached his stepfather's van, all senses on red alert. A caravan was hitched to the back. The engine was running and they were ready to leave.

"Where you been all night, you little fooker?" asked Vano.

Connor side stepped him, jumped into the van, and clambered into the back, narrowly avoiding a steel-toe-capped boot aimed at his rear end, still copping a slap from his mother, who was sitting in the passenger seat, as he squeezed quickly by.

"You had me fookin' worried to death!" said Theodosia. "B'Jesus, you'll be the death of me, boy."

They began to leave the camp. Vano drove past Lash and George. "We'll see you there, Lash. Don't get fookin' lost."

They laughed and then Lash said, "Should be about an hour's drive to the new camp."

Connor fought to stay awake and soothe the little dog to keep him quiet. An hour of this had passed when the van approached the turn for the Broxholme Lane end.

They could see a large, white farmhouse surrounded by an orchard with several tall elm trees swaying in the breeze. The farm was nestled in the elbow of two adjoining rivers: The River Till and The Fossdyke Canal, located at the T-junction of Broxholme Lane and the A57, about six miles west of Lincoln.

In the back of the van, the fatigue from the sleepless night had caught up with Connor and he began to nod and fall asleep. Shortly after Vano passed the Lindsey and Kesteven fertilizer works across the canal and he slowed for the turn, Connor momentarily collapsed forward, his body weight falling onto the little dog in his inside pocket, causing Sam to whimper.

“What the fook is that?” asked Vano, looking in the rear-view mirror with a maniacal look in his eyes.

“Nuttin’,” said Connor, waking with a start, a look of horror upon his face. Vano reached round with one hand and dragged Connor over the seat towards him. He tore open his coat and grabbed the small dog.

Connor kicked and screamed. “Give it back!”

“Nuttin’? Well, what the fook is this then?” asked Vano, holding the dog by the scruff of the neck.

“It’s me dag!”

“I’ll tell you what this is. Fookin’ money. Dat’s what this is. Who’s gonna feed the fucker? Eh? Who’s gonna clean up the shit? Eh? Are you, Ma?”

Theodosia folded her arms. “I’m fookin’ nat.”

“And I’m fookin nat either. So here, we already got enough dags and dat’s fookin’ dat!”

He slowed the van down to a crawl as he approached the turning where the large white farmhouse sat nestled in the trees and viciously threw Sam out of the open window and into the river; he turned the sharp left down the lane, away from

the crossroads, and accelerated, leaving a cloud of black and blue smoke in his wake. The sun was setting and dark clouds had once again gathered in the sky.

Connor, with his face pressed up against the back window of the van. Strained tears gushed from his eyes, and he pressed his face against the rear window and screamed, sobbing “No!!!!!!!” The dog splashed and whimpered and quickly disappeared from sight, swept away by the river current. Connor stared burning holes into the back of his stepfather’s fat pig head. He whispered, “You bastard. I fookin’ hate you. I fookin’ hate you,” as the other side of his newly built bridge of love, so fragile, was washed forever away in one stormy moment.

The White Farmhouse. Jay Cotton’s Bedroom. 1971. Jay is 9 years old.

Later that same night Jay sat in the dim glow of the old black-and-white television, waiting for his father to wake up. The screen had long since faded, its flickering static shrinking down to a single very bright point of light at the centre, gradually becoming smaller before vanishing into darkness and leaving only its silhouette. He watched it for a long time, listening to the rumble of his father’s breathing, the weight of sleep holding the man in his chair. The fire in the hearth had burned down to embers. The house was still. Then his father stirred, grumbled, and blinked himself awake. “Time for bed boy.” Jay hesitated. He always hesitated. The room was waiting for him. The one at the end of the hall. The one he had feared for as long as he could remember. As he entered, the air inside was thick with something unseen, something that watched. It wasn’t just a bedroom. It was a doorway. A place where the walls were thin. A place where they could come through. He knew they were coming tonight. Oblivious to the ceremony taking place in the shadows only a few miles away. He could feel it and he waited. Lying in bed, staring into the shadows of the night, terrified. Eventually two demons, as if conjured by his half sleeping fear, materialised. Waiting with the dark foreboding of their ancient nature— the weight of eons compressed into their very presence—they stared at him in bed. Jay was paralysed with fear. Utterly intimidated by the dark magnitude and challenge they held. Tension and terror mounted in his eyes as the demons slowly approached. He knew this night would last forever. Just like the others had. Terror was the bridge between their worlds and as long as he felt it, they could cross over.

The next day very early, Jay sat on the riverbank observing the morning sunlight sparkling on the water. Enchanted and enthralled by the dancing drops of light, silent tears streamed down his cheeks as he watched the river flowing slowly by.

A giant angel of love was behind him with its wings wrapped around him. He was writing a poem in a small notebook unthinkingly, the words just streaming onto the page:

Believe in The River of Life

Trust in its power and direction

Go with the flow

But above all else

Enjoy the ride

No matter how horrific, children have an uncanny ability to accept their reality. Normalising the extreme nature of it. Absorbing it, quite naturally within the liquid plasticity of their psyches. Finding solace in moments of peace, such as these. Jay sat on the riverbank, watching the water, green still, dark and smooth as glass. Then the wind gently stirred, and light ripples shivered and ran across the surface. He looked up. The clouds were gathering, slow and heavy, and thunder murmured in the distance. High above, the swallows and house martins wheeled and flickered in joyful arcs chasing insects. Then the air shifted. The pressure fell. The insects dropped, seeking shelter beneath leaves and blades of grass. The birds followed, swooping lower, circling wings cutting the air like whispers. Jay watched them descend and knew the rain was near. He stood up, journal in-hand, staring into the dancing, sparkling sun drops on the river. The unique fusion of trauma, youthful innocence, creativity and nature metamorphosed—the alchemy of genius in real time. Jay sank deeper into his soul heart; beauty sparkled in his eyes. His vision became more fluid, as if he were hallucinating somewhat. He saw geometry and dimensions as a blur and, for a moment, thought he could hear music very faintly, emanating from where he knew not. Jay looked down from the bank, sublimely transfixed by the water, when he noticed a tiny dog sheltering and shivering in the bushes by the river's edge. The transcendental vision disappeared completely and his reality coalesced solid once again. Jay clambered down the bank to reach the shivering dog. "Heya, where did you come from?" he said, looking around. "Come on up 'ere." Jay picked up the tiny dog and held him tightly to his chest. They stayed on the bank together for several hours, and the transcendental atmosphere returned. Jay was again transfixed by the light sparkling on the river and those unique feelings that belong only to children in moments like these. He held the

dog with so much love and tenderness while the angel of love, Kimmiel, held him.

A few hours later, they walked together across a grass meadow dotted with tiny yellow Buttercup flowers, and passed through a small apple orchard, bees buzzing on the white blossoms, through the farmyard to the white farmhouse surrounded by the big old elm trees. His mother and father were sitting silently drinking cups of tea when Jay walked into the kitchen. “I found a puppy on the riverbank. I think he was in the river. He was shivering cold.” His mother and father looked at the dog. “He’s a cutie,” said his mother, Margaret. His father lifted the dog’s chin and observed the single long hair on the underside of his jawbone and said, “First one out the litter, boy. You got the best one.”

“Can I keep him, Dad?”

“Should be alright.”

“O Thanks!!”

Then his mother asked, “What are you going to call him?”

Jay pondered his reply. “Mmmm? Sam. I’m gonna call ‘im Sam.”

Lincoln. 1997. The street.

His memories of Sam faded and Jay lay cold, alone and busted up, almost broken, on the cobble-stoned street. Life has a way of breaking us all, cracking the fragile shell of identity and examining us deeply inside. Staring blankly into the dead dog’s eyes, Jay had a moment of lucidity and saw the orange street light and gently falling rain. It all seemed so peaceful as he passed out of present-time consciousness and again back into a waking dream sequence, recounting times when he and Sam would play together: running in the fields; on the river bank; sitting by the fire in the old farm house, his smiling face glowing with love for Sam; the dog growing strong; wrestling together; sheltered from the wind, laying in a patch of wheat flattened by a storm, snoozing on a lovely summer afternoon; catching rats; and riding in the back of trailers full of potatoes always together, always together. Sam was the best friend Jay ever had. Certainly, his first experience of love, and one, no doubt, he had wanted to last forever. But like everything in this world, it wasn’t meant to last. There’s a reason for everything, and life is a gift; it’s just that sometimes the gift comes in really shitty

wrapping paper, and we don't enjoy opening it, especially if we hate the person who delivered it.

The Gypsy Camp. 1970. The year before the move. A Blacksmith's forge.

A grimy old radio sat on a black, thickly creosoted window sill with dirty grey glass. Inside Vano Nolan was shaping an iron horseshoe. He removed the redhot horseshoe from the small furnace of coals, pounded it on the anvil, then placed it back into the furnace and pumped the bellows to increase the heat. Across the yard, watching from behind the trunk of an ancient Red Beech tree, stood a nine-year-old Connor Murphy. His face bled and his eye was bruised. He watched Vano as he hammered harder and harder. Hammering the red-hot iron into shape, making shoes for his favourite horse. It was hot and dirty work. The hammer was a 3lb round hammer—quite heavy by modern standards—with a 16-inch ash wood handle, a good old-fashioned tool over fifty years of age hand crafted at the Rovtar forge in Slovenia. It was heavy on the wrist and bounced nicely off the steel anvil. Clank! clank! clank! Clankety-clank, clankety-clank! went the steady rhythm of Vano working the hot iron into shape. Like all the old-school blacksmiths, Vano knew the value of rhythm to his work. Connor looked on from his hidden vantage point. With each thump of the hammer, the sound began to penetrate deeper into his psyche, eventually dislodging traumatic images buried in shallow graves of contempt for the man who was working away. Memories of he and his stepfather began to pulsate, rising into his consciousness. With each pound of the hammer, another brutal flashback surfaced. The iron shoe felt like the pounding he was getting from life: the intensity, the fire, the process. The pounding grew louder and louder and as it did, so grew Conner's hatred. In his mind's eye, Connor watched his stepfather win a bare-knuckle fistfight. Then the sound of the anvil tore through the image, and another memory took its place. Connor stole from Vano's drawer in the caravan. The anvil rang again. Connor drove an old-wreck-of-a-car around and around in the field. The anvil rang again. Connor smashed bricks with a large sledge hammer. The anvil again. Connor's mother and stepfather were drunk. The anvil rang again. Vano whipped the horse that Connor was riding; he held the curb chain bit near the horse's mouth and thrashed it across the chest with a long pole. The horse, a black and white pony, reared up with Connor on its back as the anvil rang again.

J.R.R Tolkien said in Lord of The Rings that in the beginning, the orcs were tortured elves. All it takes is enough pain and we lose touch with the most important thing inside us all. No one really knows anyone else—the road they

have walked, the mountain they have climbed, how terrified they were when they lost their way and what terrible falls into darkness they had. When you hate someone, you don't even know why they are the way they are. But there's a reason. There's always a reason.

Four years later. 1972. A Forest.

Some four years after Jay had found Sam, they were walking in the woods together when they ran into Connor Murphy. Connor was four years bigger and stronger than Jay. Connor immediately recognised Sam.

"Hey! That's me dag!"

"No, it's not. That's my dog," shot back Jay.

"I'm telling yer, he's me dag." Connor became more aggressive. "I fookin' found him in the woods!"

Connor tried to grab Sam, but Jay stepped between Connor and Sam and pushed him away. They began to struggle, but Connor was the bigger, stronger, rougher, tougher kid. They fell to the ground. Sam barked circles around them. Connor climbed on top of Jay and began to punch him hard in the face, the scarred hand looking red and angry, his face contorted in rage. A quarter of an old red brick lay nearby on the ground; Connor picked it up and smashed Jay in the face. Jay half blocked it with his hand, but it still grazed his jaw, splitting his lower lip and scratching the skin of his cheek. The pain shocked Jay for a moment. Sam barked louder. Connor raised his hand with the brick in it, and suddenly Sam attacked. Sam bit his wrist with a nasty, vicious snap, going into full-on protector mode. Heckles raised on the back of his neck. Sam growled nastily. They stood off. Connor got to his feet and Sam got between them. Connor still had the brick in his hand and raised it to threaten Sam. Jay jumped to his feet, quickly picking up a small, dead tree branch and began to attack and beat Connor who then retreated, swearing and cursing loudly. Sam snapped at Connor, biting his wrist, ankles and leg. Connor backed off further and further and eventually turned and ran away.

Jay yelled, "Come on Sam!" They turned and ran through the woods—and kept running—all the way across the fields and through meadows of small yellow flowers to the riverbank, which they followed back to the farm. As they passed through the orchard and into the farmyard, Connor appeared from a distance,

hidden behind a tree. “So that’s where you live, is it bai? Well I’ll be seeing you later.” Said a bitter Connor Murphy to himself.

The Gypsy Camp. The Same Day.

They were packing up again when Connor returned. He went to wash his hands and face in a bucket of water. George looked up from what he was doing and glared in Connor’s direction. He then approached Connor with a smug look on his face. “So, you’ll be heading to Ireland tomorrow, young Connor. Away with your folks now for good. Well, I won’t be missing you, and if you keep on with your thieving ways over there, there’ll be plenty a man who’ll thrash some sense into you. It’s a warning I’m giving you now, so it is.”

Later that day by the pig sty Vano said to Connor, “There’some wo’k t’ be done now, bai. Afore we go, these two pigs need slaughtering, and the meat is sold, so let’s be getting on with it.” Vano climbed into the pen and began showing Connor how to slit the pig’s throats. “Yer got to take a hold of the snout, like dis Connor,” said Vano as he squeezed the pig’s snout. “That stops it squealing, and you can hold the bugger with your knees. Then you lift the snout and open the throat like this, and then slit nice and deep like ‘dis across ‘da chest.” He drove the knife in and slits the pig’s throat down towards the chest. “If you want to smash it on the head first, you can use a hammer, but as long as you cut deep, it will be dead in a minute or two. You have to get the artery and the jugular vein, then it’s fast. Then string’im up by his back legs, and leave’im hanging. We’ll gut ‘em later when the blood’s run out.” Connor looked into his eyes, then away across the fields to the direction from which he had come.

The Cotton Farmhouse. That Night. 3AM.

Margaret and Peter Cotton were sleeping in two twin beds, both snoring loudly. Jay was asleep in his bed. Outside the house, on a chain tied to his kennel, Sam was sleeping on the ground. Suddenly, without warning, the scarred hand of Connor Murphy grabbed the dog’s muzzle, and squeezed its jaws together. Sam struggled as Connor pulled the dog onto himself, wrapping his legs and spare hand around Sam’s body, tightly gripping his nose and chin hard. The blade of the pig knife glistened in the moonlight, held by the burned hand of Connor as he swiftly, smoothly and silently lifted the chin and slit the dog’s throat from ear to ear. Hatred and contempt exuded from his broken-hearted madness. Sam gave a whimper and slumped to the floor, blood slowly oozing out into a pool around him.

The next morning, like every morning, Jay headed to Sam's kennel to let him off his chain. This morning his horror mounted and his walk slowed to a stunned standstill.

Frozen in shock for a moment as he absorbed the jarring impact of his reality, Jay bent over and took the dead dog, his best friend, Sam, into his arms. His lifeless head flopped to one side. There was a huge pool of blood.

Jay looked up and around. Anger, tears, bitterness, hatred were written upon his face as a storm of broken-hearted overwhelm, battered the young seawalls of his tender, forming psyche. As the walls were breached, he dropped the dog's head and walked towards the house in momentary insanity. Inside his brain, something snapped; it made the same sound a heavy boot makes in wintertime when you step on a frozen twig. Jay heard it very clearly and wondered what it was. As the calcification on his pineal gland cracked open, a flood of mental images bled into his consciousness from only God knows where and God knows when. Staggering, dizzy, and light-headed, he tumbled forward into the side of the white-lime walls of the farmhouse. His face leaning into the green, red, orange and yellow leaves of ivy clinging to the wall. Pausing for a moment, swimming in madness, he regained his composure and the vision disappeared. The subtle membranes of his fragile mind re-forming lightning quick, a paperthin palisade, separating Jay from the chaos raging in the wake of this too-fresh trauma. Gathering himself, he walked past the back kitchen of the house, down the passage way, and around to the wood shed, where he picked up the big axe. Tears streaming down his cheeks, he walked through the farm yard, turned right out onto the lane, and bleary-eyed with murderous intent, headed up the Broxholme lane towards the gypsy camp.

Back at the camp, the van was all packed up, ready for the long drive to Ireland, and they were all inside: Vano, Theodosia and Connor. Vano leaned out the open van window and said to George and Lash, "See you in the old country, boys!"

George and Lash waved goodbye. "Drive safe Vano," said Lash. They drove out of the camp and turned left onto the country lane heading in Jay's direction.

Already past the big tree and over the River Till Bridge, the nine-year-old Jay, tears streaming down his face, his body wracked with grief, was walking stiffly up the lane with the axe towards the camp. The van approached Jay. Theodosia and Vano looked into his eyes as they slowly passed him by. Connor was at the back window, looking out towards the direction of the gypsy camp. Blinded by rage and possessed by his intended trajectory, Jay was oblivious to the

inhabitants of the van. Vano Nolan and Theodosia were staring at the small boy wearing pyjamas and slippers, mad-eyed like a frightened animal, marching purposefully forward, the axe almost as tall as he.

“Where the fook ‘as he escaped from?” said Vano.

Connor looked out to see. As the van passed slowly by, Jay sensed the movement of his prey, and, after the van had passed, turned. Through the rear window of the van, the two boys stared into each other’s eyes. As the distance between them increased the closer their hatred drew them towards each other, until, like poisonous seeds planted ever-so-deep, they were living in each other’s souls. The van was now far away. Jay threw the axe, leaning back in futile rage, clipping himself on the heel with its sharp steel blade; end over end, it flipped, a perfect arc through the air. A tiny smattering of Jay’s blood on the blade glistening in the early-morning light until it stopped and floated ever-so-softly down to the ground. Jay stood seething defiantly—a broken hearted boy, his mind bleeding— having been brutally initiated into his cruel new world.

Across the fields from the village beyond, church bells rang in the early-morning peace. A turtle dove cooed in a lower branch of the big tree, and crows were strutting in the stubble of the wheat, patiently looking for their morning worms.

Lincoln. 1997. The Street.

An inter-dimensional spiral had opened above the scene. A group of senior demons were conferring; they were looking down on Jay and his flashbacks that were slowly fading, coming to an end. The rain was very light; it fell almost imperceptibly, disturbing nothing, seemingly blessing the scene. Jay, bleeding from his ear, struggled to his feet. A giant angel in a pink flame was behind him. He picked up the dead dog by the hind legs and began to walk off. Viciously, he kicked the broken wing mirror of the EV1 still on the ground and staggered battered, bleeding, and bitter down the wet lonely street. Jay arrived home and entered the house with the dog. He climbed the stairs. He put the dog on the living room table, went into the bathroom, and washed his face and head. He filled the sink and soaked his head in the cold water. He turned off the tap and looked into the mirror, tears welling up in his eyes. The dog lay there lifeless.

“Get a fucking grip,” he said to himself.

Fifteen minutes later, Jay sat down in his front room. He flicked the TV channels at random. He had a bag of frozen peas held against his temple. A cup of tea was

on the table next to the dead dog. He flashed on the BBC channel; a news report showed someone surfing giant storm-waves in Nazare, Portugal. The TV presenter went on to say, “New Zealand big-wave-surfer, Rob Rowley, has reportedly surfed the world’s biggest wave.”

Jay looked up at the TV and said, “Rowley?”

ROWLEY



For in the dew of little things, the heart finds it's morning and is refreshed

Khalil Gibran

Lincolnshire, Country Lane, 1980. 17 years ago.

Jay was eighteen-years-old and driving a tractor and plough down Broxholme Lane when he came across a Volkswagen Kombi camper van with 3 surfboards on the top, broken down on the grass verge. A curly, black-haired, twenty-two-year-old Rob Rowley was scratching his head, wondering how to fix it. Jay slowed down, pulled over and jumped down out the tractor. "Broken down?" he said to the stranger.

"Yeah mate. Not sure what's up this time. Just heard some bad clanking under there," Rowley said, pointing to the rear-end under chassis.

"Can I take a look?" asked Jay.

"Sure. Thanks."

Jay crawled under the rear axle. "Looks like your drive shaft is cracked. We might be able to weld it to get you going, but we gonna need some parts. I think

we can get them from town. It's not far. The farm is a couple miles down this lane. I can tow you down there if you like."

"Tow me?" Rowley laughed. "For real? Filth! Thanks mate! What's your name?"

"Jay."

Jay pulled out a thick rope and hooked the van up to the back of his tractor.

Rob continued to laugh.

"Why are you laughing so hard?" asked Jay.

"Just the towing thing. That's what we do. Tow surf. We tow into big waves. Ever heard of it?" Jay shook his head. "Well, once waves get to a certain size— like massive—they are moving so fast through the water it's almost impossible to paddle into them eh.

So, we use a water bike to tow each other onto the wave. It's like water skiing, you hang onto a tow rope and get whipped into the wave" —gesturing with his body.

In his mind, he was back in the ocean, reliving the surf as he explained. "I was trying to have a break from that. That's why I'm cruising around no-surf county for a bit. And now I'm getting towed in my van. Tickled me, that's all."

"Wow! Water bikes – like a motor bike on water?" asked Jay.

"Yeah. I got a Kawasaki JS440. It's faster than the old 400 was but still getting smashed by the really big waves. I figure in a few years they'll have cracked the code and made a really fast engine with a light hull. The thing is with big wave surfing, no one does it coz it's so dangerous and not many surfers wanna a noisy stinking bike screaming around. So, it's pretty fringe right now but we'll get there. Anyway, yeah taking a break from all that, eh."

"Oh, I love bikes," said Jay. And then "Are you Australian?"

"Mixed blood. Half Ozzie, half Kiwi. You wanna cup o' tea?"

"Sure, can."

Five minutes later Rob was leaning back against the worn cushions of his van, eyes fixed on the horizon as he spoke. He started to roll some tobacco and herbs. Then made some tea for them both. “My old man was one of 15 kids,” he said, shaking his head with a half-smile. “Yolŋu, from Arnhem Land. Big family, big stories. They live by the land, you know? Everything’s connected—song, land, people. It’s all one thing. My father’s people, they move with it, belong to it. No separation.” He exhaled, eyes narrowing slightly. “And then there was mum.” He let the words settle before continuing. “She was Māori. Came from a strong line, but by the time she came into the world, things had… shifted. The old ways were still there, but they were cracked. She drank too much—like a lot of our people do when the weight of history gets too heavy. Some wounds go deep, you know? She never talked about it, just carried it.” Rob rubbed his jaw, staring into the past. Taking a puff. Inhaling deep and holding the smoke inside him for a moment. “I never fit, not really. Too Māori for my father’s people, too Aboriginal for my mother’s. Tried to find my way in both, but it was like walking with one foot in each world, never standing solid in either.” He tapped his chest. He had a hand carved stone turtle around his neck. “But the ocean… the ocean didn’t care where I came from. Out there, past the break, I felt whole. Didn’t have to prove anything, didn’t have to be anything other than what I was.” He glanced at Jay, measuring his words. “That’s where I learned to listen. To feel instead of think. The tide, the wind, the pull of the water—when you let yourself move with it instead of against it, that’s when you really start to understand.”

Rob let the silence stretch for a moment before finishing. “Took me a long time to figure it out, but I see it now. I wasn’t meant to belong to one or the other. My place isn’t in a bloodline—it’s in something deeper. The land, the sea, the song underneath it all.” He tapped his fingers lightly against the van’s dashboard, as if playing an invisible rhythm. “That song’s always there, waiting for us to hear it.”

The van smelled of sandalwood and salt air, a lived-in space humming with quiet energy. Rob Rowley reached over the dashboard, retrieving a long, sun-darkened didgeridoo. Without a word, he lifted it to his lips and began to play. The sound wasn’t just sound—it was something older than sound, something that made Jay’s ribs vibrate, something that settled into his bones like a language he had forgotten but still understood. A deep, resonant drone filled the van, shifting and pulsing, like wind moving through a canyon, like the earth exhaling. The circular breathing never interrupted, no pause, no hesitation—just an unbroken current of sound, ancient and alive. When Rob finally lowered the didgeridoo, silence expanded between them, thick and charged.

“You feel that?” Rob said, running his fingers over the carved wood. “That’s the first sound. The sound of creation itself. It comes from the Dreaming—the Dreamtime. You heard it, yeah? It’s not music. It’s not entertainment. It’s the land singing. That’s why the old ones play it. It connects us back, way back, to when everything was sung into existence.”

Jay nodded, still feeling the drone somewhere in his chest. He took a deep breath. This was awesome. Realising how much something in him needed this moment. He could feel himself expanding. His breath deepening. Some invisible soul roots coming alive, reaching down into invisible, hitherto sleeping, zones of himself. Rowley passed him the smoke and Jay slowly took a hit.

Rob tapped the didgeridoo. “This thing’s not just an instrument. It’s a bridge. A channel. The first people—our people—they understood that the world isn’t just solid. It’s vibration. Sound. Frequency. Everything that exists came from song. The rivers, the trees, the kangaroos, the sky—sung into being by the Ancestors as they walked the land. And those songs are still here. They didn’t stop. We still walk the song lines, following the invisible paths the Ancestors laid down.” He leaned forward, eyes sharp with something Jay couldn’t quite name. “And here’s the thing, brother—if you know the song, if you really know it, you can sing something back into balance. You can heal it. The land, yourself—everything.” Rob reached behind him and pulled out a canvas, unrolling it with care. The painting was a swirl of ochre, deep reds, blacks, and whites—thousands of dots forming intricate, pulsing patterns. The more Jay looked, the more it seemed to move, like it was breathing, shifting just beneath the surface. “See these dots?” Rob pointed, tracing a circular pattern. “Every one of them is energy. The energy of creation. The pulse of life, vibrating, just like the didgeridoo. It’s how we see the world—not as something still, but something moving, something alive. Our art isn’t just a story, it’s a map. A map of energy, of spirit, of the land itself.” Jay stared, the painting pulling him in, deeper than he expected.

Rob let the silence sit, then said, “You ready to learn how to listen?”

They let the silence settle deeply. Sipped tea and blew smoke rings. Touching presence with reverence. Eventually Jay felt a little uncomfortable. Like some deep forgotten land inside him was slowly sliding away.

“So, you said you are half Maori?”

“That’s right mate,” said Rowley.

“Oh, awesome. I play rugby. The Maoris are savage. I heard they was cannibals, is that right?”

He laughed. “Well, not anymore, mate. There’s no full blood Maori left. But forbidden history says a long time ago the Polynesian warriors paddled big canoes down there from the central Pacific. They went to Hawaii as well. The old Polynesians were cannibal warrior clans. Kamehameha lineage and all that. They paddled up, landed, and just ate the natives who were there. They don’t really talk about it. That’s maybe why we got the highest rates of teenage suicide in the world. I guess we all got our dark secrets.”

“What do you mean? Like the Maoris ate the original natives?”

“Well, their forbearers did. Or some of them. Same as in Hawaii. The Kamehameha lineage was pure cannibals I heard. It’s in all the stories of the gods, bro. They were savage, real monster men.”

“Well, the Maoris are savage rugby players, I know that,” said Jay bemused. “I still got the scars to prove it.”

They both laughed.

“You ready for that tow?”

“Sure.”

“By the way, never caught your name.”

“It’s Rowley, Rob Rowley, but my friends just call me Rowley.”

“Well, nice to meet you, Rowley, my names Jay Cotton.”

Jay stuck out his hand and they locked into each other. Mano a mano. Just the way good men like.

Jay towed him to the farm, took him to the barn, got out the welding gear, and welded the drive shaft. They talked a lot, cracked a few beers, smoked a little more, swapped stories and bonded strong, each feeling that unique connection which sometimes happens between warrior souls when there is no ego in the room.

They went out into town that night and got into a scrap with some local hooligans which was the easiest thing to do in Lincoln in those days. Before Rowley could move a muscle, Jay had laid out two guys cold. Evidently, he was very handy with his fists.

Late in the afternoon the next day, it was time for Rowley to get on.

“Well thanks, Jay. Awesome to meet you, brother. What do I owe you for the weld?” asked Rowley.

“Oh, don’t worry ‘bout it, Rowley. It’s been really good to meet you too.”

“That’s awesome, mate. I’m based in Portugal. If ever you feel like a break, you are welcome any time. You ever surf?”

“Never.”

“Well, Nazare isn’t really a beginner’s spot; it’s pretty heavy down there, but it’s a good place to die,” Rob said smiling.

Back in his living room, Jay was snapped out of his memories by the sound on the TV and a giant wave breaking in Nazare with Rowley riding it. “But it’s a good place to die” echoed through the caverns of his mind. Jay sat still, just allowing it all to sink in. His head was sore and his body was hammered. He felt a deep ache in his heart and a heavy feeling of exhaustion, which felt more like depression. He looked in his old A-Z phone book, found Rowley, picked up the phone and called his number. It rang and rang and rang until Jay heard a familiar voice on the other end.

“Hello.”

“Is that you, Rowley?”

“Yeah. Who’s this?”

“Jay Cotton.”

Silence.

“Jay!! How are you, mate? Haven’t heard from you for years. What you doing?”

“Rowley. I need your help. I saw you on TV. Remember you told me about Portugal and that giant wave, and you said it was a good place to die.”

Rob began to laugh. “I remember.”

“Well, I just got diagnosed with cancer and the specialist said, I got two months to live, and I just got my head kicked in, and I don’t …” Jay began to well up with emotion. Swimming in overwhelm, he took a strong, deep breath, composed himself, and then continued. “I don’t want to just rot and die, Rowley. I want … I want … I want to die like a warrior, Rowley.” Tears streamed down his cheeks, and he choked on his words. “I want you to pull me into one of those giant waves, Rob.”

“You mad, Jay?” Rowley paused. “I don’t know mate; that wave, it’s super heavy. You can get killed out there.”

“That’s the fuckin’ idea, Rowley,” said Jay, laughing and crying all at once.

“Oh, mate! Did you even learn to surf? Water ski?” asked Rowley.

“Surf no. Water ski, yeah, we did that a bunch on the lakes round here when we were kids. The father of one my friends had a boat, I did a lot of diving and swimming in the military, that’s about it.”

“Well, if you can ski, you might be able to stand up.” Rob imagined the scenario. “And if you can stand up, we might be able to tow you in a straight line—in a deep squat—but you are gonna have to train for it,” he said, growing irate. “And it’s not easy, mate. Nazare is not a fucking joke. How strong are you now? You gone weak?”

“Not weak yet,” said Jay. “Just got a fast-growing tumour in my throat, and the guy said I’m done in two months.”

“Jesus!” Rob paused, his mind racing in gamma frequencies, downloading solutions. “Look, make sure you’re not fuckin’ smoking or drinking for a while, okay, and cut the meat down and get on the fruits and veggies, and stay away from all the processed shit foods and get off the pasteurised dairy. Drink a lot of structured water – not water from taps and bottles, water from the juices of vegetables. You Here me bro? Drink a lot of vegetable juice okay. Come on down, and let’s have a look at you. Just get down here boy, and we’ll take it from there. I have a place you can crash, and there’s a good crew down here and some fresh

air and good food. Let's just take it one step at a time. Oh, and there's a chick down here who surfs big. Her name is Maria; she's from Brazil."

In his mind's eye Rob saw Maria towing into and getting barrelled by a huge Nazare wave. "She lives here with her grandmother. Her name is Anna. She's an indigenous medicine woman, real deal. Maybe she can help you out. I'm renting a room from her at the moment. You can catch a bus from Lisbon easy. The place is called Nazare. You got that?"

"Okay, Rowley. Thanks. It's gonna take me a couple of days to square things away up here. Then I'm gonna jump on a bus. I'll let you know when I'm heading your way.

"Okay, Jay. See you soon, mate."

"Thanks, Rowley."

A few hours later Jay was solemnly digging a hole in the back garden. The lifeless dog was on the earth next to him. The ground was hard and rocky, challenging to break through. He kept hitting rock, but kept trying and trying, despite making little to no progress. His mind drifted off to the old farm in Lincolnshire, to the day he had to bury Sam one chilly morning in 1971. Nine years old at the time, he tried to break through the hard, dry ground. The body of Sam, his best friend, lay lifeless by the hole. The ground was unyielding. He dug harder and faster until it became cathartic. Anger, frustration, desperation and heartbreak coursed through him until he became emotionally overwhelmed and fell to his knees. The past faded into the present and he was back in his garden on the same knees. His breathing became cathartic. Then he coughed hard again, this time coughing up blood. He gasped and then looked up at the sky and the sunlight, again seeing the geometry and dimensions opening up. He laid onto his back. "Not yet … not yet … please … not, yet."

As he spoke the words, he drifted ever-so-softly into another waking dreamlike space. Memories perhaps of another time, another life, rose in his stream of consciousness. A group of young Native American warriors were preparing for the next day's battle. Drumming, singing, dancing around a fire, praying, embracing each other; one by one, their faces flashed through his mind. The tribe's women were in a large semi-circle singing and crying a tearful lament. The atmosphere was deeply soulful, a blend of grief and defiance, enthusiasm and despair. Jay lay in the darkness just beyond the camp.

Inside a Tipi close by, the chief was seated alongside the elders of the tribe and Jay could hear them speaking. The chief said, “The white men have guns and we do not.” The singing and drumming outside became louder and louder, and more and more intense. An elder replied, “The warriors are not frightened of guns. They are like fire facing water. They can feel nothing but their heat. Their medicine is strong right now. But is it strong enough?” The elders conferred quietly together.

Jay was amazed at what he saw: another time, another place bleeding into his as he lay there in the dirt. What was happening to him?

HELL



Paradise was made for tender hearts, hell for loveless hearts

Voltaire

Hell. 5th Level Underground. Demon School.

Dennis and the class were getting the tour of Hell. Hell was very well organised. There were seven major departments which corresponded to the seven deadly sins, with two senior demons in charge of the whole place. The departments were as follows: pride, greed, lust, envy, gluttony, wrath, and sloth. Pride, greed, wrath, and envy were under the dominion of Lucifer and gluttony, lust, and sloth, under the auspices of Satan.

There were two more departments in hell: The Department of Disinformation which reported to Lucifer and the Department of Ego and Attachment which reported to Satan. The Department of Ego and Attachment was a high-tech place responsible for empowering energy archetypes which nourished certain human patterns classified under the ego construct.

The ego construct had four core substructures all nested within each other, the central core being the wounded child and around it was nestled the victim, the prostitute, and the saboteur. The main function of this department was to ensure that children were wounded and the consequential psychological damage was exploited. Unlike the heavenly spheres, hell had a linear structure. The most destructive aspect of creation was organised in a form that intensified

its effect but did not allow it to actually dominate the defining harmonics that were the actual substance of authentic creation. Of course, the effect, impact, and power of evil over the human race had to be absolute, or, more accurately, appear that way.

This was for the benefit of consciousness. From the perspective of hell, the purpose of life was to prevent the evolution of consciousness, and this necessitated the destruction of form in an unnatural way. That is not to say, form had to be destroyed, but rather that it had to change. Fluidity and flow were the nature of spirit. As soon as structures became too ridged, the invisible forces of creation would get to work. These forces of nature were destructive. That is why everyone under the influence of evil was, in their own unique way, self-destructive. This was all achieved through structures.

And so, the structures of hell were linear. This prevented the demonic world from achieving anything close to optimal harmonics. Any divine, destructive element had to be restricted in the greater scheme of things to prevent it from poisoning the pure beauty of life's evolution into higher and higher octaves of itself. To the human world, evil had to be felt as the dominating force. Outside and beyond the human world, however, evil had almost zero effect. For, truly, in the greater scheme of things, it is almost nothing. This was all beyond the ken of the junior demons. Suffice it to say, there were more things in hell, heaven and earth than could be dreamed of by an ordinary mind.

Hell is not an empire. It has no centre, no unity, no single will driving it forward. It is not a kingdom that stands against Heaven—it is a war within itself. Lucifer and Satan rule, but neither truly rules. They are two halves of a broken whole, and they hate each other as much as they hate themselves. Lucifer, all fire and rebellion, promises freedom but delivers only illusion. Satan, all iron and order, promises structure but delivers only slavery. One builds castles of light that crumble under their own emptiness. The other builds prisons so strong they collapse under their own weight. They are forever at war, forever undoing each other. That is the nature of evil. It is not a force that stands against God—it is a force that stands against itself. Hell was also the most competitive place one could imagine. Extreme competitiveness, mistrust and jealousy was encouraged between the demons and between their respective departments. The most intense competitiveness, however, was between Satan and Lucifer. Theirs was the love of two siblings gone mad. This crazed pair of utmost-senior demons had an absolute hatred for each other, which was equalled only by their poisoned love, attachment, and jealousy. An ancient tale, a quintessential archetype no less. Siblings from heaven's deepest mystery, lords of the underworld they were.

Not an easy thing to be lords of demons, functioning, as they had to, throughout the eons with no heart at all.

Hell had a multi-level structure. At the bottom were the junior demons all working like ants in a military system. They went to school every day. There were no days off in hell. Their learning curve was intense and steep. Demons had no functioning souls and hearts, so they were very basic creatures who did not have the light of consciousness to guide them in their ways. Whilst performing their duties, as they rotated through the departments, they were challenged with a very stressful learning system. Demons did not get paid. Effectively they were slaves, but that was their normal, so there was no resistance to the fact. They had a very primitive concept of "time off" and worked through shifts, alternating daily. Demons had a tremendous amount of energy, and after the day's duties were completed and the schooling was done, they would go to the Demon Bar.

The Demon Bar was a very lively place. There were certain goings-on in the darker corners of that bar which I shall not regale you with. Demons, generally speaking, enjoyed a terrible concoction which they'd drink every night. A mixture of pig's blood and vinegar, the ghastly potion supported a foul mood, appropriate levels of aggression, and a disgusting disposition: just the perfect combination for active demons. The Demon Bar, affectionately known as the shit hole, sported a noisy blend of copious drinking of said concoction, a lot of gang fights, demon karaoke, female demon go-go dancers—of which Asmodeus Deva was a veteran—and demon cage fighting—terrible scraps which lasted all night. Not a pretty place, the Demon Bar but they did have an amazing blues band and excellent stand-up comedians.

Angels of Truth



We emanated from Supreme Grace.

From the powerful ocean that descended from the sun.

We came from Heaven.

Distributed in waves we surfed here from the sun.

In flight from above.

Ancient Hawaiian chant.

The 5th Heaven. Angel School.

Kimmiel was addressing the students and explaining the evolution of consciousness. “From a certain perspective, their souls’ journey is the evolution of consciousness as they move through the kingdoms, progressing from mineral to plant to animal to human and then onto angel and beyond.”

“The demons are there to hinder them and are permitted to run amok in their world,” said Gabriel. “The more a soul feeds the negative, the stronger it becomes. Human behaviour is heavily influenced by the patterns from the past, and the past is dark, very dark, and therefore so are human genetics. They are driven mainly by the unresolved, unconscious desires of their ancestors. Through their genetics, their ancestors are alive inside them all. Let us now take a look at the ancestors’ behaviour.”

A montage of human history flowed across the etheric screen as all the angel students watched attentively. A succession of human wars was depicted overhead. Kimmiel started again by saying, “Because of fear and ignorance of self, human souls externalise the warrior archetype. Instead of focusing the blade of discernment within themselves to reclaim and protect their inner nature, they project it outward, slaying each other with judgement; as soon as love infused unity consciousness is lost, there is only the polarized mind, and the bipolar narcissist, who, if he does not destroy himself first, eventually becomes the emperor or warrior king. Truly, the giant of self-achieved independence is the world’s bringer of disaster.”

Gabriel said, “The humans live in interweaving dreams. Their lives are not their own—from the womb to the tomb to the womb they belong to each other.”

“The human form will fall away as sure as autumn leaves will fall from the trees,” said Kimmiel. “Consciousness forever seeks its freedom and the return to the boundless sense of peace from which it came. So, all the structures must fall. This process is played out over eternity. Let us study the energy dynamics involved in this complex human drama.”

On the energy screen appeared an ocean of light.

Gabriel then said, “From the ocean of light each human soul is born. The soul is a drop of this ocean, a drop of this light. The great gift of life is individuation. From there the souls project a form; in the case of the humans, the form is physical. This was not always the case. There was a time when human forms were much less dense than they are today, and there was a time when they were far denser than they are now.”

The plasma overhead morphed into a single drop of light, which refracted into seven light rays, each a different colour of the rainbow. Toroidal vortices waltzing in the ether.

Kimmiel said, “The human form has seven major energy centres, which are all designed to function in a constant feedback loop whereby energy from the upper and lower centres feeds into the core heart centre—this happens countless times a day and, is the primary mechanism of homeostasis when in harmony. When all these centres are fully active and in balance, the human being is functioning at full potential.

“Due to a variety of reasons over the eons, this is now not the case, and human consciousness is mainly trapped in the lower three centres. The distortions in the collective memory stored in the root centre of human beings are dominant.

The vibrational memory of their history is so discordant it requires a soul-deep focus on peace-making to restore the balance. The sense of self, growing out of this distortion, like the lotus out of the mud, is fear dominated. Most of modern humanity lives in a state of fear and they project this out onto the infinite field and the world they perceive as reality reflects this back and therefore becomes increasingly hostile.”

Gabriel took over. “Energy flows where attention goes, and as Kimmiel just said, the human story is concentrated almost entirely on these three lower centres. The bottom one is their root, the storehouse of their ancestral memory; it is from the influence of this energy centre that the humans accept the very structures which imprison them; their religious, social, political and economic systems were all built by their ancestors, and these structures form the very foundation of the human world, requiring enormous amounts of time and energy to uphold. And all of this is accomplished through violence.”

Kimmiel continued, “Wars, countless barbaric acts, the drawing of national boundaries in blood, and the unresolved traumas of all of this amount to a stagnant energy which clogs the flow of spirit through human imagination in the deep, dark waters of their collective unconscious. The very foundation of the structures which the humans serve are completely unstable. Because they are an energy pattern inside of themselves, the humans are unstable and serve these structures without question. They may change the components within them, but they never change the systems themselves.”

Gabriel continued, “All these systems are artificial structures engineered by the architects of control in the human world, inspired by the forces of darkness, and administered by their terrestrial agents. The systems are designed to generate fear in various forms; this fundamental fear traps consciousness in the second centre—the survival centre. Once this basic survival instinct has been triggered to a sufficient degree, human consciousness—their very feeling nature—gets trapped in a biological cage of fear.”

Kimmiel went on, “The human central nervous system has two primary modes: fear, the so-called freeze-fight-or-flight-response, and relaxation. The majority of human consciousness has become almost one-hundred-percent body consciousness—feeling life through the central nervous system, living in a

constant state of survival fear. The third centre is their sense of physical identity. Because they fear for their lives at every turn and feel that fear of survival and perceive only the structures and systems their ancestors have left them, their sense of self is vividly defined, and so they struggle and toil, feeding a gigantic system that is designed to generate fear and all the other heavy, negative emotions. Such is the descent of human consciousness into darkness. This is the great struggle from which human souls must liberate themselves. The emotional energy of human souls is like a glue which gets them stuck in the emotional spectrum. Up and down on the waves. Happy for a moment, sad the next. All of this based on their perception, their sense of I: their perspective, their positively or negatively charged position in the field. But any positionality reinforces polarity and there they are, struggling away against perceived opposites, the fruit of their own miscreation."

"In every noble soul, there is a latent force which yearns unceasingly to express its dynamic nature. For warrior souls who have perhaps invested lifetimes in fighting – that yearning is towards something noble and good. The irony is that polarity by nature compounds the problem. That is to say polarising via positionality, the consciousness is trapped in the very same thing its nature is yearning to transcend."

"It does not matter," said Gabriel. "As long as they believe they are physical bodies, human souls are still stuck in the lower wheels of polarized creation cycles. Their cravings and aversions all generate repeating patterns, grooves in their soul. Samskaras. Stuck in Samsara."

"Their judgment and denial crystallize the very things their objections deny. Of course, negative energy is heavier and takes them down into darkness. As they sink, they become more and more lost."

"Lost in a fog of chaos where they cannot see or feel their way towards the light, the wheels of karma, to which their own obsessive beliefs and emotions glue them, grind them down."

"Angels of Truth, because of the constant chaos and noise that human souls and the demons make, your work is ceaseless. Almost no one can hear. Humans are lost in this noise, but once the hands of life have broken them, they seek the peace for which their souls do crave. Then they turn to you, and you must be there at your station to whisper truth before the hordes of demons flood in. The future of their souls is at stake."

The young angels gathered around, sounding tones and silently whispering to one another. A great moment of angel deliberation passed in the heavens that day.

“And then, of course, there are the angels of love. The angels of love are the ministers of healing. They bring comfort to the broken and lost.”

The plasma field morphed into a vision of hordes of homeless people; starving children; despair in offices; lonely people in their apartments; sad and depressed people sitting in cars and on trains; the Paris metro; Tokyo, Japan; Berlin, Germany; and many more places with enormous numbers of people. Their souls were tangled in matrices of light and filaments of innumerable colours merging into conglomerations of dark energy and pain.

There was a long silence. Then Kimmiel said, “Angels of love, your mission is to comfort the hearts and minds of the masses, and your station is ever so deep. You are the guardians of all that is goodness, but the pain you must endure cannot be described in words. You angels of love have the heaviest burden to bear.”

The young angels again began sounding tones and silently whispering their thoughts.

Gabriel started again. “And you champions of the blue flame. You warrior angels must contend with horrors untold. For demons do what demons do as the drama of the ages unfolds. The humans are lost in their madness and invite so much upon themselves. Unimaginable hordes are against you, relentless in their hunger for souls. If you are game for the battle, step forward, but consider deeply all that I have said.”

There was more toning and inner discussion.

Kimmiel then asked, “So what will it be? The blue flame of power and the way of the warrior ahead? Or the pink flame of love that will warm you for eons? Or will it be the gold flame of truth, the light that shines in all?”

“And remember, no matter what path you choose,” said Gabriel, “you must all learn of the other flames. So, this is where we will end today.”

Gentle, mystical chimes sounded, moved by an invisible, heavenly wind. Kimmiel said. “But before we do, let us sing our soul songs together.”

The angels formed concentric rings around the warrior angels in the centre. Their enchanting chorus echoed glorious harmonies into the heavens, which responded with flowing patterns of light akin to the northern lights of earth.

Meanwhile in the lower astral plane, a circle of demons was looking up towards the heavenly Glory. Maggots began to crawl out of their snarling faces as they gurgled contempt from below.

A group of Warrior angels looked down at the demons, eyes burning with fire, singing glorious heart tones, softly chanting:

“Fallen angels! Falling no more!

Fallen angels! Falling no more!”

RIKYEL



Victorious warriors win first and then go to war

Sun Tszu

Rikyel and Anniel were the two new angel students who were always looking at each other in class. Rikyel had chosen the warrior path and Anniel, the path of love. In the ancient tongue, a freshman angel was called Ono-shobi-shobi Ingelosi. It meant tadpole angel. The new student angels were all souls that had graduated from earth school. Their level of consciousness had transcended the human realm. They had found the deep peace within their souls, activated enough depth-of-heart, and given that heart space to God while serving humanity in sharply contrasting ways.

Anniel had been a nurse, but both of them, in their own way, like tiny flowers in the garden of life, had reached from their heart trees towards an invisible, sunlike force beyond this world. This force had lifted them up, nourishing them with some essential, invisible nectar; their souls were made pure by this nectar and it attuned them with the natural force of goodness inherent in life itself.

Rikyel's final earthly incarnation as Rick James was a warrior soul and warrior hood became his path of self-inquiry and self-observation, and he integrated the principles of impeccability and other foundational principles of the warrior code into his life ethos. He studied the Bushido code as personified by Miyamoto Musashi, undoubtedly the greatest samurai to have ever lived. Musashi was

given this status not just for his exploits on the battlefield, but also for his philosophy which transcended them. It was this philosophy and the life Musashi lived that captivated the Rikyel soul so much.

Musashi left the service and protection of the emperor and became a wandering Ronin—an artist poet warrior monk. Traversing the land of Japan on the path of becoming a great swordsman, he perfected his sword fighting technique to the level of meditation. Musashi gained incomparable fighting experience and wisdom. He had sixty duels and lost not one. By 1613, Musashi was famous for cutting through some of Japan's most notorious duellists. Musashi uniquely adapted a two-sword fighting style, empowering him to singlehandedly eliminate the Yoshioka family, an infamous clan of swordsmen much feared at the time. But it was his final duel that proved to be Musashi's most profound fighting experience and his greatest test to date. Sasaki Kojiro and Miyamoto Musashi duelled on Ganryu Island. The fight came to a swift end when Musashi used a wooden bokken to strike Kojiro dead. The duel left Musashi very upset. He swore off lethal duels for the rest of his life, wanting to never take another artist's life, wanting never again to rob the world of a fellow artist/virtuoso. This marked the end of his sword-fighting days. Musashi was regarded in Japanese culture as a kensei, which literally meant sword saint. It was this unique fusion of warriorship and virtue which enthralled the Rikyel soul, profoundly affecting him in his earthly days. It is an astonishing irony and one that truly only a warrior soul can fully comprehend: that in one's arch enemy, the love of true brotherhood may be found and in conflict, when sufficiently challenged, a deep abiding transcendental peace.

Rikyel, when he was in the world, was a light in a very dark place.

Rikyel had a tremendous spirit and was fearless in heaven. He strode around heaven's fields, singing so beautifully and strong. He would sit on the edge of elysian cloud cliffs as warrior angels swooped by, plunging down through the empyrean spheres to the battle far below, deep thunder rolling through the heavenly shores in their wake. As he would watch them descend through the vortex, down past the demons' doorways, he would burst with aliveness, crying after them: "Let's Gooooooooooo!"

From the moment, he had passed through Angel School evaluation, gotten his bearings, and understood that he had graduated from earth training school, he wanted to be a warrior angel, and deep down inside it was only a matter of time.

One day Gogginzel and Nikyel asked to speak with him.

“Angels Warriors are ferociously serene,” said Nikyel. “Their serenity is the peace and presence of God itself. The ferocity is the concentrated focus of the animal nature and the unintegrated trauma left over from previous life experiences. It is also the distilled essence of the collective trauma, violence and an enormous amount of human suffering and pain. Angel Warriors know how to manage the venom in their soul. They use it correctly and focus it into the sphere of the psyche where it belongs and in so doing use it to protect their Divinity. This is their Truth. The Living Truth which they love absolutely.”

“Nothing in creation goes to waste”, he continued, “Energy does not disappear. For where would it go? It merely transforms. There is nothing but consciousness and energy. As consciousness evolves and comes to know itself fully, it masters energy. Like a gyroscope spinning perfectly on its axis. The consciousness arrives at the centre of the seed of the soul. In so doing, comes to know itself. Part of this knowing of self, reveals the understanding that energy is both darkness and false light. This is the vibrational world. The world of appearances. The mirror world in which the gyroscope of the psyche spins. In order to transcend this world into the non-vibrational light realms, human souls must stabilise in their innate knowing of what they are and what life actually is. This knowingness exists eternally within the centre of consciousness in the centre of the individuated soul. This knowingness is Truth. Living Truth. The Logos within the soul. But your knowingness, your certainty, your faith has to burn so intensely it cuts through everything else which has accumulated over the eons.”

Gogginzel went on. “The world is a mirror of human thought and feeling. It reflects exactly the state and feelings of human consciousness. The billions of souls in the world are causing the billions of pixels of the energy mirror to form in their image. War is the reflection of violence within themselves—the schism within their own psyches, judgement, self-hatred and hatred of others. Their toxic skies exist only because of their toxic minds, their poisoned waters because of their toxic, negative emotions.”

Nikyel began again. “The solution to all of this is faith. Certainty in the presence of God. This is the warrior’s greatest achievement. To win the battle with self by surrendering to the Presence inside. This certainty should burn with the same fire which has ignited creation. Light. Illumination. Clarity. All emanating from a point of certainty within us. The balance point of the gyroscope. Beyond ideas. Beyond beliefs. Beyond emotion. Deeper. That is the method, the goal and the way for human warrior souls. There is no other way to transcend the realms of duality. It takes tremendous focus, especially if there has been deep trauma in the soul history. The soul can shatter into fragments, and one’s sense of self can

become dissociated, compartmentalized, schizophrenic, neurotic, and psychotic. All of these states exist only in the shadow frequencies of human expression. As soon as the shift is made into higher vibrational levels of deeply internalised centres of consciousness, all of this trauma will integrate by itself."

"And this takes courage," said Gogginzel. "Human souls are the masters of disguise. They project a socially acceptable image of themselves and hide the non-integrated aspects of their own psyches. These toxic inner elements ferment like old food rotting in a bucket. The energy mirror of creation has to reflect this back to human consciousness so that it can see, realize and self-correct as it goes along."

"Self-correction, requires courage—to not only look within oneself but, to keep going and find the living Truth that's in there. When human souls, spiral away from the epicentre, vibrating on the frequency of shame, guilt, apathy, grief and fear they are prey for the demons, and unless their desire, anger and pride is focused upon with tremendous courage to return to the centre, they will stay there, trapped by their own self-pity and the ignorance of who and what they truly are."

"That's why warrior angels usually have quite a troubled history," said Nikyel, "a history of trauma. To be able to focus pain into concentrated faith gives one tremendous peace. It is a neutral, very stable state and an essential foundation to develop the willingness and acceptance of one's inner light."

"Inner wisdom, inner love, unity consciousness and presence all follow from this inner peace, and it opens the door to the realms of non-duality."

"You have walked this path Rikyel and now you are ready to become one of us."

Later that same day Rikyel and Anniel were standing on the edge of heaven's ocean; sparkling lights were dancing in the waters of liquid love. Scintillating beauty of the rarest hues shimmered, and iridescent light gleamed with indescribable, opalescent, lustrous beauty. It was the kind of beauty that was almost impossible to describe; poets have died trying.

Rikyel was thinking to himself. How in words shall I contain the flames of eternal fire, when all the things my mouth could say, my heart would call a liar? Then he whispered to Anniel, "How does that pink flame feel?"

"It feels like love, how's the blue?"

“Cool power.”

A silence ensued.

“Do you feel fear?” she asked.

“Of the demons?” said Rikyel.

“Yes.”

“I guess I won’t know until we come face-to-face.

“Do you ever wonder if demons can change?”

“Nikyel said most traditions say no. They’re fallen, lost, beyond redemption. But not apparently all teachings agree. The Gnostics thought demons—archons—were just blind, trapped in ignorance. Not pure evil, just… lost. Maybe, with the right knowledge, even they could wake up. Kabbalists talked about the Qliphoth— the shells of creation, twisted and empty. But inside? Trapped sparks of light. Even the darkest things might still hold a piece of the divine. The Sufis speak of Jinn—some good, some bad, but not fixed in their nature. They can change, choose, evolve. Even the worst could turn toward the divine. Buddhists? They say all beings, even demons, have Buddha-nature. Given enough lifetimes, enough karma, anything can awaken. Even the monstrous can become enlightened. And the old Christian mystics? Some whispered that maybe, in the end, even the fallen could return to God. That nothing—nothing—is beyond redemption.

“So, what are demons, really? Maybe not just creatures of darkness. Maybe they’re trapped. Maybe they forgot what they were. And maybe—just maybe—they can remember”

“Right now, I am not thinking about demons, Anniel,” he whispered.

He looked deeply into her eyes. They smiled and looked out across the heavenly spheres together, listening to the music of love as the glory of the heavens unfolded and creation sang for them both. Streams of light poured out of their hearts into the heavenly spheres and towards each other. Drops of pure light sparkled in heaven’s celestial waters and there was unbounded beauty; the whole moment and they, in perfect accord.

Rikyel began to tone his soul song. “Wo Wo, Wo Wo, Wo, Wo. Wo Wo!”

Anniel responded, “Oh Hey Yay Yay, Yay Yay, Ya Hey”

“Wo Wo, Wo Wo, Wo Wo Wo WO!”

“Oh Hey Yay Yay, Yay Yay, Yay Yay”

“Wo Wo, Wo Wo, Wo Wo Wo!”

“Oh, Hey Yay Yay, Yay Yay, Ya Hey!!”

Their hearts opened, and a powerful light emanated from their head, throat and heart-centres. They bathed in the beauty of the timeless moment, sharing the love in a long pause in eternity, soaking in the richest heavenly peace.

Rikyel was trembling. Anniel looked into his eyes and silently asked, “What?”

“Feelings, deep, feelings.”

Her eyes beckoned once more and he sank into them like a leaf caught in a whirling pool as the river of love passed gently by. Eventually he reached out and touched her hair. Her fragrance was mesmerising, so pure and sweet; she smelt of innocence, like that of a very small child.

“I want … I want to know you, Anniel. I want to know, us.”

Silence ensued.

“I want to feel … life. It’s, it’s wonder. It’s …” He surrendered his efforts to speak. His words trailed into beauteous silence filled with pure heaven. The Presence of Eternity dwarfing his consciousness and as he surrendered he expanded and became One with it. Tears welled up in his eyes as he held her ever so lightly in his arms. Their souls merging. Hearts at peace. Beings as One and as they gazed again into the heavenly dimensions with adoring love, the more they loved it, the more it revealed its hidden Glory.

THE JOURNEY



The only journey is the one within

Rainer Maria Rilke

On the road to Nazare. 1997.

Jay saw the axe he had thrown as a child at Conner's family van floating slowly to the ground. The bus to Lisbon slumped and then violently popped out of a pothole on the road, waking him from the dream, the kind of dream which precedes death when everything in life bleeds together. He fished his music out quite sleepy-eyed and sore, and put on his headphones and listened to Foreign Window by Van Morrison.

Outside the bus, worlds flashed by. Jay was speeding his broken-hearted way to Nazare and death. Oh, death, that unavoidable examination date which lies ahead waiting silently, for us all. A giant angel of love was holding him in her wings. All warriors have wounds, Jay thought to himself. They are buried soul deep inside us. Jay couldn't remember a time in his life when he wasn't fighting or running away from someone or something. After Sam had died, he went to a dark place and things got violent. Jay hated everything gypsy and everything Irish. The gypsies had plenty of camps around Lincolnshire, and they loved to fight. The only problem was that he was nine-years-old, and weighed 67lbs. Jay's legs had been so skinny that the kids at school used to call him lucky legs—lucky, they don't break! The gypsies were tough, and they were always bigger or

older or just plain harder than Jay, and they were never alone. Jay took a lot of kickings in his day.

When Jay was a kid, there weren't many skinny role models who could fight. But there was one. As the bus rumbled on Jay began to daydream again and recollected a scene from the movie Enter the Dragon. In his mind's eye, he saw Bruce Lee warming-up with high kicks, then spreading his lats, activating all the fascial connections, and then cracking nun-chucks on fire, and yowling like a wild cat. Nun-chuks, or rice flails, originated from Japan and the Okinawan rice farmers. Then, when all martial arms were confiscated during the rise of imperialism, they were used as weapons and their adoption spread through the martial arts schools of the Orient. Bruce Lee was a modern-day master. At seven-years-old, Bruce Lee became Jay's idol, and he took to the nun-chuks like a duck to water. It was the edge he needed and, against the gypsies, levelled the playing field and evened the odds. By the time Jay had turned nine, he was spending hours in the pig shed shredding flies with his nunchakus. The place smelled so bad that Jay became a master of breath retention. Through his breathless practice he unknowingly activated a fascial connectivity that harnessed tremendous firepower and learned to direct the kinetic energy in his body into very accurate, explosive strikes. Jay loved to scrap, and he loved to feel that fire. In the pig shed he was like a little dragon. What was unusual is that he had been training with animals from a very early age. His favourite pig was called Uncle Henry. He was a big old boar, very thick skinned and, as pretty much all pigs are, a moody bugger, swollen with testosterone and quite capable of aggression, weighing-in at about half-a-ton; that's around 500kg, or 1000lbs, which is probably the biggest pig you've ever seen; though not the biggest pig there ever was—that honour goes to Big Bill who stood around five-feet-tall and weighed 2500 lbs—in any case, to a 7-year-old boy, even wielding nunchakus, Uncle Henry was a formidable foe. His skin was so thick Jay could not hurt him, but he could keep him at bay. Uncle Henry would lie in the straw and watch Jay from the corner of his eye as he would whip the nunchakus through the air like liquid fire slashing at the flies. He could not marvel at the wonder of his fluidity and grace with those weapons, but he could become irritable at the sight of Jay at times. Jay had been training nunchakus and sparring with Uncle Henry pretty much every day for the two years leading up to his first encounter with Connor. It had been time well spent, and, soon afterwards, Jay was at a very proficient level when it had come time to throw-down.

He had also been schooled by a farmyard rooster called Rambo, who had the unfortunate habit of attacking him on first sight. This had been going on since about five-years-old. Jay was tough. He had honed his toughness riding calves

around the big calf shed bareback. Hanging on to their ears for dear life he had endured scores of mini stampedes. This had all prepared him for the gypsy boys ahead, and the deep heart wound from losing Sam in that wretched way fuelled his violent hatred with a burning, steely intent. As the bus rattled on. Jay thought back to memorable showdowns with those boys and the years he had spent mastering the art of nunchaku. The nun-chucks gave him focus, and he practiced. A lot. They gave him a chance to express that wild thing inside, the wild thing we all have but in so many of us is diseased, dying in chains, asleep or worse, vanquished: banished to some remote region of ourselves, chased there by the incessant noise of the modern mind, where it wanders lost and lonely, howling like the minotaur in the labyrinth, a terrible lament.

We all have something wild inside us, something untameable that has so much power we're actually frightened of it. In its purest form it's raw, primal life, but the trouble is that it doesn't feel pure anymore, and it's not free, and the world it lives in isn't wild anymore. It's toxic, and what was a pure, pristine landscape of imagination, the home of our spirit, is now the disease of the modern mind. And that thing inside us—that wild and wonderful creature—in its torment, in its cage, has become a monster. Jay remembered how that monster felt; he remembered it well, especially whilst thrashing gypsies.

Jay was looking out the window as the coach moved along, watching the world go by. He opened his bag and pulled out his favourite book, it was called The Mythology of the Soul. The chapter he was reading was called The Monster in the Mind. On the first page was written, The Story of The Minotaur. And the words were as this:

"The story of the Minotaur is an ancient Greek myth describing the journey of Prince Theseus into a labyrinth to face a half-bull, half-man monster, the lovechild of a mysterious liaison between Pasiphae—the queen and wife of Minos, The King of Crete—and a bull.

The Minotaur had been condemned to imprisonment in the labyrinth, a dark maze of corridors and dead ends, built by the ingenious Daedalus at the behest of the King.

The bull was received by Minos as a wondrous gift. It had emerged from the waves as a sign that Minos should indeed be chosen before his brother as The King of Crete. The god Poseidon had sent the bull, fulfilling his part of a bargain struck with Minos, who had in turn pledged his allegiance and devotion to the

god. The deal included the immediate sacrifice of the bull following his coronation.

The newly appointed King Minos, however, stunned by the magnificence of the creature, reneged on the deal, choosing instead to sacrifice his own prize bull. This lack of integrity so angered Poseidon that he entranced Pasiphae, the wife of the king, with irresistible lust for the magnificent beast. The queen became possessed by an overwhelming passion for the bull, and in her frenzy, whilst the king was away, commissioned the crafty Daedalus to build an ingenious contraption resembling a cow, within which she could conceal herself in order to consummate the unholy alliance.

The Minotaur is the sorry child of this dreadful union. Far from being a fairy tale, this story offers poignant insight into the origin and nature of the monster within us all."

After reading for a while, Jay dropped off to sleep, the book falling gently into his lap. He slipped into another dream where he was trapped in a stone labyrinth. He waded through waist-high water, passing through corridors of laughing faces, then corridors of crying faces, and everything in between. Demons belittled him while angels offered words of encouragement. He reached the centre of the labyrinth, where he had to balance on a wobbly, round stone to reach a golden key. Then he fell down a spiral vortex, terrified. The demonic laughter continued along with the angels' comforting guidance, until he landed softly in a beautiful garden where butterflies and fairies were giggling and dancing. There a lovely lady awaited, and all was peace. He stood in the silence, becoming increasingly aware of a Presence without end.

Jay awoke gently as the bus passed an opening in the woods. He saw the flashing images, between the trees, of morning mist floating soft upon a gorgeous, green, majestic river. The golden sun beams were lighting up a beautiful scene through the stillness and peace of the misty morning moment.

Jay picked up his book and went back to the page kept by a magnificent, brown hawk feather. He remembered well the day he had found that feather and began, once again, to read his book:

"There is no doubt the monstrous, destructive element in the human soul actually exists. The evidence is everywhere around us. In our history, written in blood, the theft and massacre of indigenous souls. It glares at us from our modern industrial world and the misery it engenders. It deafens us with its

incessant noise and hypnotises us with politically engineered busy-ness, all the while keeping the wild-eyed and wonderful thing inside us chained to an iron ball of self-centred small-mindedness.

You are not here in this world to surrender to the beast in its many disguises. You are here to liberate something inside yourself, and we are all here together to support each other in this process.

The bedrock upon which you build a solid foundation of understanding this process is self-enquiry. In other words, to truly liberate yourself in life, you must come to know yourself by learning to navigate the inner landscape masterfully. Using the compass of tenderness go walk about in your inner outback. As you do so, a wonderful thing happens: You develop the sensitivity to feel where the invisible and visible worlds meet inside of you.

In order to better appreciate the relationship between spiritual essence and physical being, we can investigate various sources of information. The scriptures of the various religions are obviously one avenue. Poetry and philosophy can be another. There is also the world of mythology and ancient stories.

Legend says that many of the myths, stories, and fairy tales that have found their way through the ages were specifically structured to act as a guiding beacon for a lost humanity. Could it be that these enchanting tales have been carefully preserved and cherished in their telling, handed verbally from father to son, grandmother to granddaughter, to guide future generations? As the dawning age awakens to the sound of the destruction of the earth, surely there can be no doubt that modern man, with his diabolical politics and military–industrial system, is utterly lost. Perhaps it is time we listened to those stories like never before."

And this was the story which followed those word.

The Transformation of The King

"Once upon a time there was a kingdom. In the centre of the kingdom, surrounded by a large forest was a castle, and in the middle of the castle, in the great hall, sat the king.

One day a young hunter was walking with his horse in the forest. This was no ordinary horse. We don't see horses like this in the world anymore. This was a horse of power. Its hooves were like iron, and when it galloped through the

forest, thunder sounded all around. Its life force was so strong that its eyes blazed with fire and its nostrils flared with great plumes of steaming mist. All these horses are now dead, buried in graves alongside the men who rode them. Men of old, heroes of great deed and valour.

Legend says that at the end of time these horses and men will rise from the graves that hold them, and the enemies of God will be driven from the face of the Earth forever.

As the hunter walked on, he noticed that the forest was unusually quiet. Not a breath of wind stirred the leaves. There were no rabbits or squirrels or tiny creatures running about. Everything was just too quiet. Slowly he moved forward, awareness sharpening with each step, every sense diving wide open, reaching out into the woods for a clue as to the reason of the silence. As he walked on, leading the horse behind him, he came to a small rise, and away down, ahead of him, burning there on the forest floor was a small yet enchanting fire.

The hunter crept towards the flame, its golden light dancing with orange and violet hues, playing its magic. He inched forward, mesmerised, drawn closer and closer until he realized this was no fire at all. It was a feather. A golden feather with sunlight bouncing off of it.

The light of the sun shone through the trees, striking the feather in such a way it looked to the hunter for all the world as if the feather were on fire. And all of a sudden, the hunter knew why the forest was so silent. This was a feather from the burning breast of the great firebird, the most magical and mystical creature in the land.

Closer and closer the hunter came to the feather until he stood next to it, and as he bent down to touch it, the horse of power spoke. “Don’t pick up that feather! If you pick it up, you will find trouble. If you pick it up, you will come to know the meaning of fear.”

The hunter froze. What would you do? Have you ever seen a feather like that? Did you pick it up?

The hunter was deliberating. He definitely wasn’t looking for trouble, and he had no desire to know the meaning of fear, but no one, to his knowledge, had a feather from the burning breast of the great firebird. Not even the king!

If I take this feather to the king, surely it will bring me into his favour, and that could definitely make life a lot easier; he might even honour me and raise my station in life; after all, this is a feather from the firebird itself, the most magical and mystical bird in all the land.

And with those final thoughts, the words of the horse forgotten, he jumped onto the horse of power and galloped all the way to the king's castle.

The king was sitting in the centre of the great hall as the young hunter entered. He strode up to the throne confidently, and graciously offered the king the feather.

"O King! Behold the feather of the firebird. No man in the land owns a feather from the burning breast of the great firebird, and I offer it unto you." He stepped back, head bowed in anticipation of the king's reply.

The King picked up the feather from the foot of the throne, where the hunter had laid it down, and surveyed it carefully. "'Tis indeed a magnificent feather," said the king, with an evil glint in his eye. "But one feather, for a king? One feather! Rather the whole bird."

"And if you don't bring me the whole bird, I guarantee you'll hear the sound of the wind as my sword passes between your head and your shoulders."

The hunter was white, utterly shocked, as he walked back to the horse.

"What trouble?" inquired the horse.

The hunter recounted the episode with much emotion. "The King wasn't satisfied with one feather and wants the whole bird, and said if I don't fetch it, he's going to chop off my head, and I don't know where the bird is. No one knows where the firebird lives, and even if I did know, I wouldn't know how to catch it anyway, and I fear for my life," he said with a grief-stricken face.

"Enough crying for now," replied the horse. "Too much grief is not good for a man, and in any case, the trouble is not now. The trouble lies ahead.

"Go and tell the king you want golden sweetcorn, bags of maize, scattered all over the grass field next to the castle with the giant old oak tree in the centre. Tell him you want this done before first light, and we'll go along and see what happens."

The hunter pulled himself together and went to find the king. He told the king what he needed. The king told the servants, and the job was done.

Early in the morning, before the dawn, the hunter and the horse of power went to the field. The hunter took off the horse's bridle and blanket, and then took a rope and hid himself in the tree. The horse contented himself by nibbling on the maize.

Soon enough, the birds started their chorus, heralding the coming of first light, and as the sun began to appear over the horizon, a perfect stillness descended on the scene, and then, as if by magic, from the east, silhouetted by the rising sun, came flying towards them the great firebird.

Once, twice, three times the great firebird circled the field, its golden feathers blazing a fiery rainbow as the sunlight reflected upon its form. After the third pass, the bird landed on the western side of the tree. It began to peck away at the maize, looking around between bites.

All was well. The bird and the horse were content to nibble away as the rest of the creatures went about their early-morning business. Slowly the horse of power came closer and closer to the bird. Eventually he was almost by its side and very smoothly, without alarming the bird, he brought his hoof gently down on the wing of the bird and trapped it to the ground.

Immediately the hunter jumped down from the tree and galloped across towards the horse. He grabbed the bird and trussed its wings with the ropes. Then he jumped on the horse and galloped up towards the castle.

Everyone who wasn't awake at the time soon was. Such a noise, such excitement. They ran up to the king's room and knocked on the door. "He's got the bird! He's got the bird!"

The king came down. Sat on his throne, put on his crown and said, "Bring 'im in." The hunter walked down the centre of the great hall with the bird dripping feathers all along the way.

"Here's your bird," the hunter said, looking the king directly in his eyes.

The king was pleased. "Good lad! Give him gold, plenty of it, raise his station," commanded the king to the courtiers.

“Now, any man that can bring me the firebird,” continued the king. “The rarest, most mystical and magical bird in the land, can surely bring me the woman I desire above all other women, Vasselisa the beautiful, who floats off the edge of the world in her little boat.”

Now the king looked the hunter in the eyes with the same evil glint. “And if you don’t bring me the woman, I guarantee you’ll hear the sound of the wind, as my sword passes between your head and your shoulders. Now go and get her!”

By the time the hunter got back to the horse he was trembling. Tears were running down his face. Shocked and aggrieved, he recounted the episode to the horse.

“Now he wants me to go to the edge of the world to fetch a woman who’s floating about in a boat, and I’ve never even been out of the forest, and I don’t know where the edge of the world is, and I definitely don’t want to go there, and I fear for my life!”

“I told you. Didn’t I tell you? Didn’t I say you’d find trouble? Anyway, enough grief for now, for the trouble lies ahead. Now stop crying and go and tell the king you want one of the ceremonial tents with the pictures of the history of the kingdom painted on the sides. Tell him you want the finest liqueurs and choicest morsels of food. And tell him you want beautiful silk clothes.”

And so, the hunter went to tell the king what he needed, and the king told the servants, and the next morning they set out for the edge of the world.

The horse of power galloped along the forest paths, his great iron hooves pounding across the ground. The trees shook with the noise, and all the tiny creatures in the forest came close to see the sight as the horse, with eyes blazing and nostrils steaming, thundered by. The young hunter gave him free reign and watched with wide eyes as the forest opened into countryside. They galloped across the hills and valleys of a long and memorable journey until eventually they arrived at the edge of the world.

They soon found a long-deserted beach, and there, away out from the shore, was a small boat, and in it, floating in absolute peace, was the beautiful Vasselisa.

The hunter quickly erected the tent. He poured the potent wine and liqueurs. He arranged the tasty foods, and then he dressed in his silken finery, and with the flaps of the tent open to the sea, he waited patiently for his prey.

Vasselisa, in her peaceful bliss, had noticed an unusual shape on the beach and had been wondering for a while what it might be. She decided to come a little closer to see. Eventually she was close enough to see the details of the tent, and she noticed the stories that were embroidered into its side. Vasselisa was enchanted by the detail, and inquisitive too. She could also see the young hunter sitting inside, and she drew even closer to the shore. Vasselisa approached the open tent and saw the hunter's face for the first time.

"Please, come in," said the young hunter. "Don't be afraid. I mean you no harm."

Vasselisa, unafraid, entered the tent. The hunter offered her some food and wine, and she accepted. But so unaccustomed was she to strong drink, and this degree of excitement, that she soon fell into a swoon, and as she fainted the hunter swept her up into his arms and threw her onto the horse of power, and together they galloped back to the king's castle.

What a commotion they made when they arrived in the courtyard. The horse's hooves clattering on the stone, snorting and blowing after the mammoth journey. The hunter strode immediately into the great hall. He approached the king with a triumphant gait and said, "Here's your woman!"

"Good lad!" was the king's reply, and then equally enthusiastically, "There's gonna be a wedding!"

The wedding plans were made. Instructions were given. The poets wrote new poetry, and the musicians composed new songs. The cooks began a most extravagant menu, and invitations were sent out across the whole of the land. The hunter was rewarded and was now famous across the whole kingdom.

Everything was perfect, until one day in the middle of all the preparation, in the court, Vasselisa said, "I will not be married! I will not be married! I'll never be married! Except maybe on one condition."

"Name it my dear," said the king.

"That the wedding gown I am destined to wear is brought. It is kept in a chest in the deepest part of the sea."

"Fetch the hunter."

The hunter came and was told what he had to do.

“You are to return,” said the king, “to the edge of the world, and there you will find the wedding gown of Vasselisa the beautiful, which is kept in a chest in the deepest part of the sea. You shall find the gown and bring it here, for without it there can be no wedding. And if you don’t. You shall hear the sound of the wind …” As he said these last words, he made a silent gesture of a sword passing across his throat. “Now go and fetch it!”

The hunter was used to shocks by now, but he still didn’t look well when he found the horse and told him what was the matter.

The horse just said, “Let’s go.”

And off they went, once again, to the edge of the world.

Again, the hunter and the horse were walking down the beach when they saw in the distance an old king crab. When they were close enough, the horse lifted up his great hoof of iron and pressed it firmly onto the back of the crab. “Oh, don’t give me death,” cried the crab. “Rather, give me life!”

“We’ll give you life,” said the hunter. “On one condition.”

“Name it,” said the crab.

“Have you heard of the wedding gown that belongs to Vasselisa the beautiful, which is kept in a chest in the deepest part of the sea?”

“I have,” replied the crab.

“Then you must fetch it for us.”

“It’s a deal!”

With that the horse lifted his foot from the crab’s back, and the old fellow scuttled over to a rock and climbed up onto it. Then he began to whistle a shrill, high-pitched call to his brethren of the sea. Soon enough the calm, still waters began to move, and in a short while the shore had become a bubbling, hissing cauldron of activity, as all of the crustaceans and creatures of the sea that scuttle about came out of the water and surrounded the big old crab.

Eventually there was silence, and the king crab spoke. “You all know of the wedding gown that belongs to Vasselisa the beautiful, which is kept in the old chest at the deepest part of the sea?”

“Yes,” they replied. “We know the one.”

“Well, the time has come to fetch it out,” said the crab. “The time has come for Vasselisa to marry, and it is our destiny to bring the gown.”

There was great excitement amongst all the creatures of the sea, and together they returned to the water. Once again, the still shore became a heaving mass as all the creatures with shells and pincers scuttled back into the water.

“Let’s ‘ave it!” they cried, “let’s ‘ave it!” as they disappeared from sight.

Eventually the water was still once more. The hunter and the horse waited with the crab. Not a word was spoken. The sun set, and the moon rose. A full, golden white orb slowly climbed the sky until it reached its zenith, and then the sea began to move once more.

Soon enough, amidst a great bubbling, foaming noise, the creatures of the sea bore the chest over to the king crab who nudged it towards the hunter and the horse. The young hunter broke open the chest with a triumphant yell and pulled out the golden gown of Vasselisa, and with that he jumped onto the horse of power and was carried as swift as the wind back to the palace of the king.

A tremendous, thunderous clattering of hooves shattered the morning silence as the horse and the hunter returned once again from the edge of the world.

Into the great hall strode the hunter, and again he walked victoriously towards the king, this time sure his trials were over. “Here’s your dress.”

The King took the gown and presented it to Vasselisa and said, “Let the wedding commence!”

A great commotion erupted throughout the court as the musicians began to play. The people were in a joyful and jubilant mood until Vasselisa stood and shouted out at the top of her voice: “I will not be married! I will never be married! … except on one condition! I have one last desire before I am married. I desire that a great fire be built in the centre of the hall, and that a large cauldron of water be brought to a disturbing boil, and that the man who brought me here be placed

in that pot and boiled alive. This is my desire and I shall not be married unless it is fulfilled."

The king looked into the hunter's eyes and then into the eyes of Vasselisa and said, "Certainly my dove." And then to the servants, "Prepare the fire!"

This time the hunter was definitely in a state of shock. How could she do this? he thought. How could the king?

He then began to wish that he'd never picked up that feather, and that he had listened to the horse in the first place.

He approached the king. "Sire, as a man who is about to die, I have one last request."

"Go ahead," said the king.

"I'd like to say goodbye to my horse."

"It won't cost me anything."

With that the young hunter removed himself from the scene and went to visit the horse.

The horse watched him slowly approach. His head was hanging down, shoulders slumped, walking slowly, almost clumsily, his whole demeanour the design of a well-beaten man. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he recounted his fate to his friend.

"Now she won't be married until a great cauldron of water is brought to a disturbing boil, and I am cast into it, and this time I see nothing but the end." His tears were flowing now as he looked into the horse's eyes.

"Didn't I tell you? Didn't I say, don't pick up that feather? So now you know the meaning of fear. Look! Listen to me now. When they come to take you and throw you into the water, don't let them throw you in. You must run and jump into that pot unaided, and all will be well."

The hunter stared at the horse in disbelief. "Is that it?"

“That’s it.”

The hunter walked numbly back to the great hall. The fire was blazing and the cauldron full of troubled water.

The king gave the word to the guards. As they came near, the hunter began to run. Everyone in the court was watching the scene. He approached the pot, and then with a great leap he dived, head first, into the boiling cauldron and disappeared from sight. The water boiled and heaved, and up came the hunter. Everyone saw him and some cried out, and then just as quickly as he had disappeared, the water bubbled and hissed, spilling onto the fire. Some of the women fainted. This was all too much, and then suddenly the hunter came up again for a third time. This time he came up with such force that he was thrown out of the pot and landed on his feet on the floor in front of them all.

No one could believe their eyes, because it was plainly clear to all assembled that the hunter looked far better than he had when he entered the pot. His skin was shinier, and he looked much younger and somehow more regal like.

The king of course had witnessed everything and was busily listening to his own thoughts: The hunter jumped into that pot and came out looking younger and healthier and more regal than he did before. So then if I jump in, I’ll come out looking younger and healthier than before, and if anyone’s going to be looking regal around here, it’s me.

And with that the king was off the throne; he ran and jumped into the boiling water and was never seen again. That is, until they fished out his boiled body and buried it.

Shock and astonishment in the assembled throng soon turned to silence as one by one they realized the king was not coming out.

A huge silence reigned in the great hall. Hundreds of wedding guests were looking at the hunter. He hadn’t moved. He just stood there looking up at Vasselisa looking so beautiful in her wedding dress.

It soon became pretty obvious to all assembled that these two belonged together, and as everybody in those days knew: if you’re going to have a wedding, then you’ve got to have a wedding. And so, they did, that very day. The hunter and Vasselisa the beautiful were married and became the king and queen, and together they lived happily ever after.”

Jay, put the book down and stared out the window at the trees and greenery flashing by. Open fields and hills. He was slow to move, still transfixed on the tale. What did it all mean?

He picked the book up again and read on and on and these were the words he read.

The False King and the Path to Transformation

The king represents the ego—ruthless, desirous, and dominating. He rules our psyche, shaping our thoughts and behaviours like an inherited system we never chose. This false king governs through illusion, trapping consciousness in cycles of destruction. The challenge is to escape, and the story reveals the way.

The young hunter's transformation and the king's death symbolize the soul's purification. Our natural sense of self is rooted in soul, but as the mind projects outward, it filters experience through a narrow perception. Science confirms our senses register only a fraction of reality, and our genetic potential remains largely untapped. True transformation requires the shamanic death of the ego, a purification of awareness and will.

To 'die before you die' is to choose transformation consciously, rather than being dragged into suffering. The hunter's leap into the boiling pot represents the heroic act of surrender. If thrown in unwillingly, it mirrors disease and addiction—manifestations of ignorance, the root of all affliction. Every compulsion, neurosis, or fear signals an egoic identity severed from its divine source. Archetypal forces keep us trapped in this great error. The challenge of life is to extract ourselves from this web and return to the love that we are.

The false king, like the ego, defines himself by possessions, status, and control. He rules over lesser identities, as seen in fairy tales where the youthful soul is oppressed by the ego's forces—symbolized in myths like Cinderella's ugly sisters or the three-headed dog of the underworld. These three heads—ignorance, fear, and arrogance—guard the gates of transformation. Fear is central, but love is its antidote. Yet love alone is not enough; without wisdom and will, it remains untamed.

The spiritual warrior must confront the beast within. Myths like Theseus and the Minotaur depict this battle—our descent into matter and the mutation into something monstrous. Spiritual beings, enchanted by material desire, do not become animals; they become beasts. To escape, we must reclaim love through

knowledge and direct it with willpower. The opposite of arrogance is humility, born from purity—the virgin child within. Purification is necessary to return to innocence.

As awareness shifts from the ego's realm to union with the true self, transformation occurs. By cantering on the divine point within—the zero point, the vortex of eternity—we merge with our true nature. The false king clings to the material, but the true king seeks the infinite. The young hunter's hunger is not for worldly sustenance but for divine union. Only in oneness with the Source is the soul fulfilled.

Modern life dulls this hunger, numbing our sensitivity with toxic foods, chemicals, and distractions. The external world disrupts the internal environment needed for the journey. Yet the false king is destined to die. Clinging to him only deepens suffering. The path forward is clear—transcend the false self, purify the body and soul, and reclaim the love, wisdom, and will that define our true nature.

The Boiling Water

The boiling signifies a living death—a final ordeal of purification. This supernatural passage transforms the hunter alone; even the energy body cannot follow. The false self, shaped by the senses, is destroyed. What emerges is the true self—royal not by title but by divine inheritance. The crown is light, wisdom, peace, and purity.

The story reveals a core truth: our outer world reflects our inner state, yet we function at a fraction of our potential. This misalignment is the root of all suffering. The oldest spiritual traditions teach that souls begin in perfection but degrade through identification with ego and materiality.

The false king (ego) divides awareness: the hunter (active consciousness) serves illusion in the mind's forest, while the soul (receptive being) drifts at the edge of the material world. Wholeness is restored by recognizing the essential self and detaching from false identity.

This world is the false king's creation, soon to be challenged. Only through conviction, attitude, and commitment—like the hunter's in the boiling pot—can we endure transformation. The story's end is life's true beginning: the sacred union of awareness (hunter) and soul (Vassilisa).

NAZARE



I shall plunge down into the abysmal horror of madness and death—or I shall walk upon the dawn

Marjorie Cameron

The Arrival

Eventually the passing countryside gave way to a suburban landscape and Jay Cotton arrived in Nazare. As he stepped off the bus, he was blindsided by the light and power of the place and stumbled against the wall momentarily overwhelmed. He became light-headed, dizzy, and faint, then fell sideways, disoriented, and was caught in the arms of an enormous redheaded man. Red, as he was known to his friends, was a very tall thirty-three-year-old, red-bearded Irish surfer. Satan van Beulen was by his side. Satan was also thirty-three. Born and raised in the Netherlands, Satan was an accomplished big wave rider, street skater and parkour enthusiast.

“Easy boy. You must be Jay! We came to pick you up. Rowley is getting everything ready. This is Red,” said Satan, looking into Jay’s eyes with a piercing gaze softened by clearly defined edges of compassion. “And my name’s Satan, but don’t worry about it.” He said smiling.

“Well, thanks for coming,” stammered a visibly stunned Jay.

“You look like you had the shit kicked out of you.”

“I did,” he said.

“Red doesn’t talk,” said Satan.

Jay gazed into Red’s eyes. He was locking into something he liked. It felt like an anchor. For his soul. Red was as solid as it gets. Deep, like a mountain, and Jay could feel it. He did not know what it was, but at that time he really needed to lean into Red. And Big Red had him. Jay Cotton. Right there he was holding him, and there was so much beauty in Red’s green eyes. There is something profound in the first meeting of men destined to become brothers. Something intangible, subtle, yet often felt as a distinct feeling of recognition. Something only the soul can feel and yet, something the personality becomes aware of as a silent mystery before it takes form.

“He can’t talk. But I always know what he’s thinking, don’t I, brother?” Satan turned to Red as he spoke.

“Red’s from Atlantis. You ever heard of Atlantis, Jay?” Satan was still looking at Red.

Jay after some careful thought asked, “Is it in America?”

Satan began to smile. “No, Jay, it’s not in America. It was a continent in the Atlantic Ocean. It sank. When it sank, some of the people migrated to Ireland, the Emerald Isle. You’ve heard of Ireland, yeah?”

Jay smirked. “Yeah. I heard of Ireland.”

“Plato reckons, just like Atlantis, Ireland is 300 miles long, 200 miles wide, and widest over the middle. Red is from there. Have a good look into his eyes brother, and see if you can see the giant.”

Jay again looked deep into Red’s eyes, and sure enough he saw the giant—an immensely powerful, red-haired warrior giant being, standing fully strong inside him but behind him and with him in every way.

“Holy shit!” said Jay.

With immense radiance, Jay somehow saw with total clarity into Red's soul and watched, to his astonishment, Atlantis; the continent disappearing under the waters slowly but definitely, the whole thing being drowned and destroyed by the unstoppable forces of creation; the great, big green hills and mountains, the concentric circles of land, everything, engulfed by gigantic waters. Huge waves were generated, and upon those waves towards the western shores of Ireland were riding red-bearded giants in what looked like flying boats with crystal windows, such was the speed and power they flew across the stormy water. Out of the tempest they came riding away from disaster. These were the nemesis of the Tuatha Dé Danann, and this was their arrival upon the emerald shores in those times, those ancient times before the black snakes arrived.

Jay almost fell back again, exclaiming, "Wow! That's heavy."

"Yeah brother, Red here, he's from Atlantis alright. Not in the way people mean when they talk about past lives. No, his bloodline survived the fall. That's why he's so damn big. The last of them—the real Atlanteans—scattered when the flood took their home. Some fled to Egypt, some to the Americas. Others made it to the islands. Ireland, Scotland. The ones who landed there became the Fomorians. Giants, warriors, sorcerers. Some say they were monsters. But they weren't all bad. They just didn't want to give up their power."

"Then came the Tuatha Dé Danann. More Atlanteans, but a different breed. They had the old wisdom, the real magic. Light against dark, same war as always. They fought the Fomorians at Mag Tuired. Took Ireland from them. But the blood never really died out. It's in the land, in the stones. And in Red. That spirit guide of his? That's not just some dream-giant. That's his ancestor. A Fomorian. The last whisper of Atlantis in his bones."

Jay Cotton: "And you're saying he—Red—he's one of them?"

"Not just one of them. He's what's left." Satan laughed out loud." Yep, good surf in Atlantis eh Red? Red loves surfing and he loves surfing big. Don't you, Red?"

Red smiled. A silent power, a palpably strong presence could be felt as they all just stood there. Red's giant stood behind him; Jay was accompanied by an angel, and Satan's angels were there and, in another dimension, the Native American warriors, Jay had seen, sang louder and louder together. There was a great spirit rising in the air. The drumming stirred the cosmos in its soul. The prayers had been heard. It was only a matter of time.

“You wanna have a coffee or something?” asked Satan.

“Sure,” replied Jay.

Half an hour later the three of them were sitting, drinking tea and coffee at the French place just inside the central market at Nazare. Jay looked around studying the scene. The market was full of old weathered faces and strong workers hands. Men and women born from the earth who had never left it. Catching up on the local gossip. Talking about the weather, and how it wasn’t like it used to be. Nothing was. All of them selling their produce. Home grown. Authentic. The whole place smelt and felt genuine earthiness and Jay loved it all.

“So how come you’re called Satan?”

“My dad called me Satan. Crazy, eh? I was born in the Netherlands. My dad grew up in the east, close to the German border. His parents were Christians; his dad was a preacher, one heavy-duty bible-basher who liked to beat his sermons in with big sticks. Special effects, I guess.” Satan said all of this quite thoughtfully.

Satan thought back to 1940 in East Holland at his father’s home: Junte van Beulen, then seven-years-old, was being preached to and beaten by his Calvanist father, Jan Van Beulen, a giant of a man, dressed completely in black garb. Jan had a puffy red face with a large swollen, purple and blue veined, strawberry nose. The hallmark of a hard drinking man. He was holding his son with one hand and thrashing his body with an iron poker from the fire place with the other.

“Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him,” Jan said with a leer, quoting from the Old Testament. “Withhold not correction from the child: for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die.”

He began to laugh, but his madness soon became sorrow and then anger.

“Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from Hell.”

Satan was silent for a moment. Everyone in the space could feel his gravitas.

“By the time the Germans invaded Holland in 1940, my dad—how do you say it in English—was getting a little fed up with religion. The Nazis were Christian

Democrats. When they invaded, my dad watched his mother, sister, and grandmother raped by the Nazis."

Satan's voice became quite emotional and trembled a little. "Christians fucking Christians. … I guess he had a bit of an overreaction and… became a Satanist and called me Satan." He said with a well-worn smile. He was talking slowly, as if somehow, he had only just realized himself. It was very obvious to Jay that there was serious trauma in the family history.

"And all the fornicators will perish, burning in everlasting damnation, poisoned by the fruit of their lust," said Satan, quoting again from the old Testament with a massive smile on his face.

Jay couldn't believe his ears. "Wow! That's fucked up."

Satan, unfazed, responded, "You know the Vikings believed in a place called the Sunny Lands. It's a place they go when they die as long as they follow their spirit guides all the way there. You can always get lost on the way. We're good at that." He was smiling now. "Are you a Christian, Jay?"

"Oh, mate, I don't know what I am."

"Do you believe in God?"

"Phhhew!" Jay was visibly out of his comfort zone. "I don't even know what that means, mate. I haven't a clue. All I know is life has been one royal arse kicking after another, and now I'm here lining up for another one, so… if there is a God, I really must have pissed him off or something, coz all I did was get born, and it was all downhill from there."

"Yeah well, things aren't always what they seem, brother," said Satan reassuringly. "Ain't that right, Red?"

A quiet, knowing smile appeared on Red's face, and he gently nodded his head. Red was imagining dropping in to a steep deep, very big, wave.

The crew headed out to the parking lot and got in to Satan's car. They were heading to meet Rowley.

Satan asked Jay, "Do you pray?"

Jay laughed with embarrassment. “No mate, I don’t pray. I don’t even know how or to what. I mean…”

“I learned to pray hiding from my old man,” Satan said very slowly and then suddenly became very sober again. “It’s all about stillness. I learned how to be so silent and still. When I hid from him, he could smell my fear; that’s how he could find me. Can you imagine that? Being so scared someone can smell it. That’s how heavy he was. I’ve still never met a man more intimidating to this day.”

Again, Satan thought back to his childhood, to one of the times his father had hunted after him, then a boy of only nine years. Junte searched high and low for him through the farmyard buildings.

“I learned to control my fear by stilling my breath, and then, looking up inside myself, I found this place inside me … in the light. He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most high shall abide under the protection of the Almighty. Everything’s for a reason, Jay. Everything is for a reason. If I hadn’t had to hide, I wouldn’t have found that place. Keep the faith, brother. Keep the faith.”

Satan was the real deal and Jay had found him. He had found a real brother.

After a few kilometres of silence, the young men, quietly distilling the essence of the moment, arrived at an old farmhouse. It belonged to Anna, Maria’s grandmother. Rowley was renting a room there. Gopal incense burned in a shell, the smoke rising very slowly, barely meandering in the cool, still air.

Rowley stood waiting in traditional Maori dress, that is to say wearing nothing but a green-dyed flax loin cloth. He was absolutely pumped. He licked his lips, muscles bulging and twitching. Snorting, he pawed the ground with his right foot. Anna stood behind him smiling. The air was thick with electric, masculine power. Satan said to Jay, “Oh… Oh… Rowley’s doing a Haka. You ready for a next-level welcome party?”

Jay stepped out of the car slowly. Darkness was descending, and a golden red glow accentuated the beeswax candles and the perfect little fire burning in the corner of the garden. The grass was just beginning to dew. How strange. As he was stepping out of the car Jay began to notice all the details of the moment in an increasingly vivid way. A cricket sang in the grass. It’s tiny melodic clicks in gamma wave frequency and faster were slow, clear, almost angelic deep rich tones to Jay. The breath of his newfound friends had a distinct glow and grace.

And he could see tiny crystalline droplets in the vapour of their instantly disappearing exhalation. Time slowed down. And then came to a beauty filled stop. It was breath-taking, as if the landscape itself had suddenly become more picturesque. The silence was profound, almost overwhelming with its presence as eternity lapped against the shores of Jays soul.

Rowley ripped in and did the full Maori welcome Haka.

Ka mate, ka mate! Ka ora! Ka ora!

Ka mate! Ka mate! Ka ora! Ka ora!

Tēnei te tangata pūhuruhuru

Nāna nei i tiki mai whaka whiti te rā

Ā, upane! Ka upane!

Ā, upane, ka upane, whiti te ra!

Which means -

(Tis death! 'tis death! (or: I may die) 'Tis life! 'tis life! (or: I may live)

'Tis death! 'tis death! 'Tis life! 'tis life!

This is the hairy man

Who summons the sun and makes it shine

A step upward, another step upward!

A step upward, another... the Sun shines!)

The energy field around him began to vibrate to life, and in the etheric aura all the men watching could see ancient Māori warriors, fully tattooed, becoming very real in the ether around Rowley. Their songs and chanting prayers were of such beauty and magnificent power that words alone could not describe them, and it moved all the men in their souls.

Rowley finished and approached Jay. He shared the sacred breath or Hongi, achieved by bringing his forehead to Jay's, synchronizing their breath together. "Jay! Good to see you, bro. You not looking too bad, mate. I thought you might be real fucked up," said Rowley.

He turned to Anna. "This is Anna, she's old school and don't speak much English; she's your host and is doing a healing session on you tomorrow morning."

"Tomorrow?"

"Yeah mate. May as well get straight into it. Maria's assisting Anna tomorrow morning too. She's out now but you'll meet her tomorrow."

Locking eyes with Anna, he was amazed at the light in them and was bombed again by a wave of energy that made him wobble a bit.

"Wow…" said Jay. "Intense."

Jay shook hands with Anna, and asked, "What kind of a healing session?"

Rowley answered with one word. "Tobacco."

"But I don't smoke." Jay said bemused.

Rowley put his arm around Jay like a big brother. "Only when I set fire to your trousers eh, bro? You're gonna drink it mate, not smoke it."

"Drink?"

"Yep. Tastes like liquid Hell and it's gonna make you puke up your soul."

"Sounds like fun, listen Rowley …"

"Listen nothing," Rowley shot back. "You're drinking, and that's that. You're here for the medicine mate, so take it. This is the first stop, brother. You're going to the waves, Jay! You have no idea how scary what you're going towards is. Anna is a fourth-generation medicine woman, and if she says you drinking tobacco, you drinking tobacco, mate."

No one spoke.

“Have you done it?” asked Jay, more curious now.

“Oh yeah.”

“And?”

“And what?”

“What’s it like. I mean what does it do?”

“Scrapes the death out of you and helps you integrate trauma and heavy life experiences. Gets some bad energy out, brings some light in, deep.”

Jay knew what these words meant, and there was one of those moments when everything just stood still again.

“If it doesn’t kill you first,” Rowley said with a smile. “It’s absolutely brutal mate.”

“Well, you really getting me excited about drinking this shit Rowley.”

“Well bro,” he said with a chuckle. “It’s end game stuff down here, and extreme circumstances demand extreme tactics—tobacco is that. Just consider it a kind of detergent for the soul. The puking is purging; it makes you throw up the emotional trauma and the poison you been hanging on to deep down inside you. All those negative thoughts and feelings create toxic chemistry, and the toxicity gets buried deep. Time does that. Tobacco fetches it out and lets you integrate the past.”

“What’s that mean? Integrate the past?”

“It means it lets the past process. The past is like a soup with a lot of ingredients that we maybe wish weren’t in there, so we’re not into swallowing the soup. But life says we got to. Tobacco just helps you digest it, that’s all.”

Silence again. Some men don’t like silence. But these men did.

“Get it?”

“Kind of, I guess.”

“Come on. I’ll show you your room. Got a fire ready for us too,” he said with a bit of pride.

They headed into Maria’s grandmother’s house. Got Jay oriented and eventually headed back out and sat around the fire. In another time, another place, a haunting, slow flute was being played by a Native American sitting alone by his fire.

Rowley was keeping the fire meticulously, demonstrating the impeccability of a true warrior and master in our midst. A long, slow, deep, rich silence enveloped the space.

“You know what impeccability means, Jay?” asked Rowley, slowly adding wood to the fire.

“Not really.”

“It’s the first rule of the warrior’s code. Doing something impeccably, expressing yourself flawlessly.”

“The Toltecs say, impeccability with your words is the most important thing, and I agree. Your word is your wand, brother; it’s the rudder to your ship. All the old warrior cultures”—standing up with an exaggerated nobility— “whether the medieval knights”— now waving an invisible sword— “the Samurai”—and then flashing some Kung Fu— “Shaolin monks, the yogis”—bringing his hands to heart centre prayer— “or the army cadets making their beds and spit shining their shoes … they all value impeccability, one-hundred-percent attention to detail, mate. Keeps you fully present in the moment, anchored in the power, mate.”

Rowley spoke those words and pounded his chest just once. “The power of this moment, this present moment living in you, is your prayer.” Rowley was standing in Wu Chi - the foundational stance of Chi Kung. “It means coming alive brother. Plugging into the juice direct. Just through being.”

“This is where the power is. If we can become fully, deeply present in this moment, we can take the energy of that; and if we cultivate the right attitude in this present moment, mate, we can supercharge our soul, and that’s what we

gonna do with you, Jay. We gonna super charge your soul, brother. How do you feel about that?"

Jay turned to look at all their faces.

"Sounds good to me, Rob," he said smiling with relief.

Rowley sat back down and picked up again. "So that's one thing we are gonna be working on, brother—impeccability. And another thing is meditation. I wanna teach you this meditation. And I want you to practice every day, okay?"

"Meditation? Okay, but why do we need to meditate?"

"Coz we have to take control of our minds, Jay. And right now, it's out of control. Your happiness, your health, your sanity—it all depends on the quality of your thoughts, and whether you are in control of your mind." Rowley's eyes were blazing as they teared up. That's how real he felt it. "Or your mind is in control of you!" Piercing Jay's soul with his love for his brother.

"Well, right now my mind is all over the place. Nonstop."

"That's why you need meditation, bro—the pathway to stillness. Without stillness, we're all over the road. Stuck, bro, stuck in the reactive mind, mate."

"Never heard of that," said Jay.

"It's one of three parts of the mind. It's the most primitive, compulsive part of us. Basic instinct, primal nature, all wrapped up in childhood trauma. Just think of a crocodile that someone's locked up in a concrete box and been torturing for a couple thousand years. That's the reactive mind. All the poison we got buried so deep inside of us—we don't even know what it is. And when it reacts, it drives our behaviours and attitudes. It's the minotaur in the labyrinth. The monster in the dark, secret place. Wandering the corridors of our mind, howling and growling."

"That's funny. I was reading about that on the way down."

"That's what we call synchronicity, bro! Means our souls in tune brother, our souls in tune. Woo-hoo," Rowley hooted.

Jay replied slowly. "I can relate. What are the other two?"

“Patterns and programs, brother; everything you’ve repeated over the years is one part of it. And then there’s the logical, rational part, which tries to make sense of the other two zones.

The thing is, these three are never in sync, so we feel torn, fragmented, schizo, bipolar, tripolar.” Rowley laughed. “Meditation helps you find a deep centre beyond all this—in the centre of the soul, not the mind—way deeper inside, where our strength is, where are roots are, where we need to start living from because bro, if we don’t, we never stop running and another thing it dissolves the ego or at least makes it transparent.”

“The ego? Yeah I read a bit about that.”

“The ego—the you that’s not you. It’s a survival reflex. A thing that formed when you were a kid, when you got hurt, when the world told you that you had to be someone or be nothing. That’s where it started. Then life layers more on top. Trauma. Conditioning. The need to succeed. The need to prove yourself. And if you’ve been through real shit—violence, war, Special Forces-level conditioning—then that ego isn’t just a reflex. It’s an armoured beast. A parasite feeding off your energy, keeping you trapped in this endless loop of striving, winning, losing, fighting, suffering. But here’s the thing: you were never meant to live that way. That’s why we meditate. Not to escape. Not to feel good. Not to add another skill to the list of things we’re good at. We do it because we need to stop. We need to die before we die. Let that parasite of an ego dissolve in the presence of something greater. Because, bro, we are not just this body. Not just this mind. We are not the stories we tell ourselves. Beneath all that noise, there’s something deeper—something real. The Christ self. The original self. The part of you that was never broken, never wounded, never afraid. The part of you that isn’t trying to be—it just is. And you won’t find it by pushing harder. You won’t find it by adding more to the pile. You find it by surrender. By stopping. By being still. Because in that stillness, everything false burns away. And what’s left? God. Life. The eternal. You.”

Silence settled and Rowley again arranged the fire with gentle, deliberate moves. The Native American played his beautiful, haunting melody deep within the flames. More silence ensued and yielded its unique and perfect beauty, only interrupted by another of Jay’s questions.

“I get it but how?”

Rowley responded, “Well, the first stage in this meditation is you imagine you are sitting here by the fire, and you got a soul in the middle of your head. Like a tiny shining star. A point of light.”

“The middle of my head?”

“Dead centre.”

“Okay and …”

Rowley stood to demonstrate. “Focus on that point of light in the centre of your brain and take a breath. Then breathe into your belly with as much love as you can. Just imagine the light in the soul is getting brighter, and the love in your breath is getting stronger and deeper. The major religions and spiritual institutions all focus on one centre. For the Hindus and Yogic traditions, it’s the head, the ajna centre; that tilak they wear, the red dot they paint on their heads, symbolises the soul, the seat of consciousness; they believe it’s in the brain. They called it the bindu.

The Christians and Moslems are into the heart; loving God is a heart-centred religion. The eastern traditions of the Japanese and Chinese focus on stillness and emptiness and the centre is in the belly, the hara, or lower dan tien.” He slapped his lower belly enthusiastically. “The trick is to activate all the centres, to breathe the light inside the top of your head with love into your belly. The centre of consciousness is not a physical place; it’s a concentrated focus of faith with an attitude of love centred receptivity.” He then assumed the Wu Chi stance.

Silence settled again.

“How does that feel?” asked Rowley.

“I feel like a piece of wood getting burned up by the fire. But the fire is made of love. I don’t know if that makes sense.”

“You are mate. That’s exactly what you are,” said Rowley.

“I had this crazy dream coming down here,” said Jay.

“Oh yeah. What about?” Rowley asked.

“Well, I was trapped in a labyrinth, and it was all stone walls and water, and there were all these faces in the walls—half of them crying and half of them laughing.”

“The psycho–emotional spectrum,” said Rowley with conviction.

“What’s that?”

“Your mind and feeling landscape. It’s an energy spectrum, a frequency range. You know, like a piano; on one end high notes, on the other end low; except it’s a spinning vortex, like a musical kaleidoscope, if you know what I mean.”

“I think so,” said Jay a bit reluctantly.

“So, the energy spectrum of our emotional mind goes from hysterical happiness on one end, to hysterical sadness on the other, and most everyone is trapped in that. That’s the Labyrinth—full of dead ends.”

Jay continued, “There was also a bunch of demons whispering negative shit, and a bunch of angels encouraging and being positive, telling me to relax and surrender.”

“What else?” asked Rowley.

“In the centre, there was like a wobbly rock, or stone or something, I was standing on and I had to be real balanced to reach for this golden key, but then there was like a vortex, like a plug hole in the bath with a downward spiralling void into darkness. And I was getting sucked down there, and it was so terrifying, and the demons were laughing their asses off, and the angels were like, it’s okay, let go, surrender, trust, go with the flow. So, I did, and I ended up in this beautiful garden with a beautiful woman and then, and then…”

“And then what?”

“And then I woke up.”

“That’s a damn shame,” Rowley said with a chuckle.

“What you reckon that last bit means?”

“You ever heard of ‘the hero’s journey’?”

“You mean like the knight going out to fight the dragons?”

“Yeah, that kind of thing,” Rowley said matter-of-factly. “There’s lots of stories and fairy tales, and all kinds of movies. You ever seen Star Wars?”

“Sure.”

“Well, that’s classic Hero’s Journey shit. The whole thing is full of archetypes—images and symbols that represent something very important for us to understand.”

“Like what?”

“Well, the hero’s journey—mythology, fairy tales, stories—all these images; they’re all going on inside of us. It’s an inner journey. Even though life looks like it’s something that’s going on outside of us, really, it’s going on inside of us.”

Jay was thoughtful for a moment then asked, “So are the archetypes symbols of the things we gonna have to face inside ourselves?”

“Yeah. The downward spiral into the void in your dream—that’s the real direction of the hero, down and into the dark places, into the scary places where no one really wants to go. And this whole cancer thing is the dragon monster in the cave.”

Rowley spoke these words with blazing eyes of goodness.

After what felt like an eternity for Jay, Rowley continued, “This healing thing isn’t what we think it is. We’re so full of shit, and the world is so toxic, it’s a wonder everyone just doesn’t drop down dead right where they’re at. It’s deep, real deep. Think about it mate. Your own shit ends at the bottom of your subconscious mind. Then it’s the unconscious, and that’s not yours; it’s your ancestors’, the collective’s, not the individual’s, and there’s a lot of junk in there, and the world is a perfect mirror of that shit. All of it. And everything but love has got to go, baby.”

Silence took over yet again.

Rowley went on. “To the people trying to save the world: come on, quit avoiding the mirror, and look at what is being reflected. It’s a Siva time, man. It’s all got to go. Destruction, the flip side of creation. Love is the perennial thing, the only

thing that will endure. The Titanic has hit the iceberg, and it's going down. Love and truth give wings. And we gonna need 'em, mate. Our lives are not our own, brother. We are bonded to each other, now, then, and forevermore. What I do to you, for you, or against you either opens a doorway to a greater freedom for my soul or chains me to something that is not."

Deep silence established itself. Eventually Rowley asked, "So you ready to face death, Jay?"

"I dunno, bro. Maybe." It was a sobering moment. The end of a long day and an even longer chapter in the book of Jay Cottons life. The men all sat quietly, bonded by something invisible which, in the silence, was busy weaving their souls together, forging their spirits as one.

The silence was broken only by the occasional crackle and spit of the fire. Rowley was writing on a piece of wood. After finishing he looked at it for another good while, turning it over and over gently in his strong, weathered hands. He then cast it effortlessly into the fire, through the soft and lovely flames, gentle in the stillness and heat. The words on the wood glistened through the dancing fire:

In the end, we all belong to God

And to him we shall return

Rumi

INITIATION AND LOVE



Love endures all things.

St Paul

Hell. 6th Level Underground. Department of Ego and Attachment.

All human ego behaviour was tracked. Once a certain level of consciousness was achieved by a human soul, an alarm would sound in Hell. It was quite a simple system which measured the vibratory rate of individuated souls. A low vibration appeared as a sort of grey soupy noise, and the tracking halls omitted an ever-present, low-vibratory hum rather like a bee hive in the winter time next to a busy freeway. It was a strange cacophony of noise which screeched in crescendos at regular times. As concentrated levels of human emotion intensified, the sounds would increase, and every now and again a higher pitch would emerge from the soupy energetic greyness and would be clearly visible as a point of shining light. As the harmonic grew louder, the light shined brighter, this higher pitch emanated with increasing intensity. This particular noise drove the demons into a frenzy. They hated that sound and, in some way, it actually tormented them. Even though triggered unpleasantly by this frequency, the demons tolerated it and had conditioned themselves to pay little attention to this light unless it was consistent.

There was all manner of ways a human soul could touch a moment of pure harmonics but it was the consistency that the demons were on the look-out for. As soon as the intolerable noise became consistent and the individual soul had been identified, specific co-ordinates would be deciphered; details of the soul would then be retrieved from the Akashic library and strategies would be discussed. Finally, demons would be despatched accordingly to provide the necessary circumstances to intercept and challenge the specific soul.

It is best not to dwell too much on demonology; suffice it to say that demons do what demons do, and it is demonic. At this juncture, it is wise to remind ourselves of the almighty power of God, because truly all evil is nothing compared to the majesty of infinite, eternal, undying peace.

The Seventh Heaven

The brilliance of being shone forth from the angels' countenance all around. A giant pink flame was burning in the centre of the angelic realm. Gabriel and Kimmiel were talking to the students who had chosen to be angels of love. Anniel was present.

Gabriel began "You angels of love have the greatest challenge of all. You have graduated from the highest category of human souls, and now you are angels. One of the foundations of your human evolution was your ability to express compassion, and in so doing, detach from your emotions. To discern between feeling and emotion requires deeply embodied wisdom, and you have accomplished this to a sufficiently high degree, sufficient enough to become angels. But you will be tested by the drama of the human tale and woe betide any of you who lose your centre and display emotion for the demons are watching your every breath."

As this was communicated Gabriel telepathically instructed the ethers, and demons began to appear in the plasma vision overhead. Kimmiel elaborated, "But now there is another factor in the equation—the demons. The demons are after you angels, and believe me, they will get you if your emotional focus waivers. Angels, you cannot become emotionally involved in the human drama. Your function as angels is to channel love into the human world, and the only way you can do that is not to be emotionally involved, and to stay focused on the God connection. The moment you are emotionally involved in the human drama, you are interfering with the flow, and it becomes about you—that for an angel spells disaster."

Gabriel continued. “For an angel, it’s all about God and the other, the human souls. And that’s the only way to stay in our power and be immune to the demons. For the angels of love, it is even harder, because you feel so much of human suffering. This is the biggest challenge of all.”

Tobacco Ceremony

It was the day of the tobacco ceremony at Maria’s grandmother’s house. Jay was up early coughing, having a bad fit. Maria heard him, entered the room and stood, watching him. Jay was really coughing hard now. It got bloody, to the point of exhaustion. Maria passed him a wet towel, and he coughed into it. Turning his back to Maria. Coughing violently. Uncontrollably again. She had immense compassion. She put her hand on his back and studied his tattoos. At this, Jay’s coughing eased, and his breathing regulated somewhat. He tried to stand but nearly fell.

She grabbed him. “Hey …”

Jay was broken for a moment, having fallen into her arms. It was a sudden soft, warm presence of the loveliest feminine energy. He hadn’t felt anything like that for so long, and it was just what he needed. Maria felt him trust her arms. She could feel his heart, how exhausted he was inside. All of a sudden emotion broke through him, and he cried a little out loud. Something in Maria was touched. She felt that. And Jay somehow knew she felt that. And she responded, and he felt that too.

Maria was standing with her feet wide apart with Jay in her arms and felt herself becoming very, very strong. Her core was activated and she could feel a magnificent force pulling her down deeper into the centre of herself, and she could feel her aliveness pulse from a deep, deep wellspring of goodness inside her and even from where it had never pulsed from before, from a mysterious depth in her womb. Meanwhile, Jay appeared to be having some kind of mild fit. Maria’s strength was fed by his momentary catharsis. It looked like he was being electrocuted in her arms and she layed him down gently. After a while he started to calm down, and took a long time to integrate, laying on the floor. Maria was holding his head. She could feel the life pulse inside him reorganise and become equanimity itself. Jay eventually began to stir. To Maria’s eyes, he was so beautiful in that moment that she found herself feeling so much, and she was very close to him now, holding him there like a baby or, an angel. For such a very long time.

“I’m good, thanks,” said Jay, calming now.

Maria asked, “Wanna go outside?”

“Sure.”

They walked outside onto the deck. He sat.

“I’ll get some water,” she said, and returned shortly thereafter.

“So, you’re Maria?”

“I am.”

“I’m Jay Cotton.”

“You look like you had a rough ride down here, Jay Cotton.”

“You could say that, Maria.” Jay said with a smile, reflecting thoughtfully on the days which had come to pass. “So, you ready for tobacco?”

“I guess. I mean, I’m here, so …”

Anna entered and said in Portuguese: “Tudo está pronto.”

Maria translated. “She said, everything is ready.”

“Well, I guess it’s time to drink some tea,” said Jay.

They entered the ceremony room. The room was full of medicine totems, musical instruments, paintings, and embroidered cloths from South America. Maria gestured to Jay to take his place on the floor next to a bucket. One single wooden cup was sitting on the floor. It contained a very viscous dark, shiny liquid. The cup was well over three-quarters full.

Maria placed the bucket in front of Jay. “This is for when you purge.”

“Okay. Thanks.”

Rowley and the boys arrived. They all shook hands with Jay. Rowley said, “Good luck, mate.”

“Go for it, brother,” said Satan.

Red stood there and smiled.

Rowley, Satan and Red moved into the other room and sat in three chairs facing Jay. Ready for the show to begin, they all dropped into meditation and, interspersed with an ever-deepening silence, occasionally chanted: “Immanuel! Immanuel! Immanuel! Auuuuuuum.” Anna began to shake a rattle—a slow, hypnotic beat—walking around Jay, then she stopped, and the silence was a gigantic, deafening presence.

Anna asked, “Qual é o seu nome?”

“What is your name?” said Maria.

“Jay Cotton.”

Anna sung out loud with a very strong voice and clapped her hands three times “Jay Cotton! Jay Cotton! Jay Cotton!” before launching into prayer. “Em nome de Jesus Cristo, apelo ao Arcanjo Miguel para protegê-lo e proteger a todos nós. Envie seus anjos do poder para vigiar todos nós agradecemos ao espírito do tabaco e a todos os ancestrais envolvidos em nutrir e transportar este medicamento. Convidamos apenas espíritos benevolentes que estão aqui para a elevação de todos nós e a elevação da humanidade ao estar aqui e agora. Toda e qualquer entidade e energia negativa eu ordeno que, em nome de Jesus Cristo, abandone esse garoto agora e para sempre. Eu expulso você - vá embora!!”

Which means:

“In the name of Jesus Christ, I call upon Archangel Michael to protect him and protect all of us. Send your angels of power to watch over us all. We give thanks to the spirit of tobacco and to all the ancestors involved in nurturing and carrying this medicine.

We invite only benevolent spirits who are here for the upliftment of all of us and the elevation of humanity to be here and now. Any and all negative entities and energies, I command you, in the name of Jesus Christ, to leave this boy now and forever. I cast you out—be gone!!”

Anna clapped her hands together again three times and blew through her hands up into the air above her. She then lit up a big tobacco pipe and began to blow it strongly onto Jay. As she did, a huge etheric demon snake could be seen attached to Jay's throat on the right side.

Maria whispered, "Meu Deus."

Anna finished, and said, "Você pode beber agora Jay."

Maria instructed Jay to drink. He picked up the cup and drank it all down in one go.

"Whoa!" he exclaimed, beginning to breathe very deeply. After about ninety seconds he removed his shirt. In the ether, light and smoke, an alien-like, serpentine demon writhed, sinking its fangs tighter into the etheric aura of Jay's jugular vein region.

"Oh God!" he shouted, now visibly in pain. A wave of terrible nausea overcame him. Jay pulled the bucket closer and spat. He took deep, hard breaths. Then he started dry retching. Three strong convulsions.

A purge violently took him over, shuddering him to the tip of his toes. And again. And again. And again. And again. Ever harder. He breathed very hard again and then purged again. There was a strange brown foam floating on the liquid in the bucket. Then he spat, and spat again, and eventually rolled over onto the floor semi-conscious.

"Jesus Christ!"

Anna started again. "Em nome de Jesus. Queme esta coise!!" ["In the name of Jesus, burn this thing!!"]

She clapped again once and blew through her hands—up above her head then down real slow. The snake suddenly released Jay. Tobacco was foaming in its mouth, mixing with its venom, causing a terrible hiss. Its fangs were bared and its true demonic nature was revealed. Then it suddenly fell limp to the floor and began to disappear down what appeared to be a wormhole. Anna spat some kind of holy fire at it as it went by, clapped her hand, and let out a powerful scream of victory.

“HA!”—jumping toward the snake. She took hold of the etheric reptile and walked it to the altar. She blew gently on her hands, and immediately a vortex of fire opened up and the demon snake was sucked through the centre of the fire into the vortex and disappeared.

Anna said reassuringly, “Está feito.” Maria knelt next to Jay and said, “It’s done.”

Sitting deep in their meditation Rowley, Satan, and Red, unbeknown to themselves, had anchored in three giant power angels. The angels stood behind the men, all three having an unmistakable radiance. And even greater angels were standing behind them all in concentric circles expanding into an accord of divine magnitude. A very powerful silence descended upon the space. Jay was laying on the floor, and Maria was holding a cold flannel on his head. She gently patted his brow as he lay there motionless, looking into her eyes. A silent tear fell from Jay’s eye. A giant angel of love had her wings around them both. “Thank you,” said Jay eventually. Jay and Maria were locked into each other’s souls. “You’re welcome,” she replied. “I’m gonna leave you alone for a while now, okay. You need to integrate this, and it’s best you do that alone.” Maria stood and walked out of the room. Jay just lay there alone in his thoughts, a look of innocent amazement on his face. And for the first time in a long time, feeling a deep abiding peace. Something in his soul had been fed and such medicine for his heart he had received from Maria. Jay lay there exhausted and amazed. Maria passed through the hallway towards the small kitchen where her grandmother was warming the soup on the auger. Anna gestured to Maria to be quiet and sit. She lit a beeswax candle and some incense and poured the soup with a kind of liquid kindness. From the other room Madre de Dios music was lightly playing in the background, Haja o que houver gliding ever so sweetly down the stairs. The rain fell gently. The beauty of the moment was impossible to describe. Her grandmother looked into her eyes. “Ele e unico para voce, Maria.” [He’s the one for you, Maria.]

Maria was confused and asked, “O que voce quer dizer com vovo?” [What do you mean, Grandma?]

Anna responded, “Quero dizer, ele e o único para voce. Ele e seu homem.” [I mean he’s the one for you. He’s your man. The one you’ve been waiting for. This is he, my love.]

Anna continued. “Ele traz o remédio que sua alma precisa.” [He brings the medicine your soul needs.]

“Ele irá morrer?” [Is he going to die?]

Anna was silent. Her eyes so brown and good emanating that unique grandmotherly compassion, the spirit of Love inside her tempered by the heavy hands of life forged in the fires of her past.

“Quando?” [When?] asked Maria

“Longo o suficiente.” [Long enough.]

“Por?” [For?]

“Você quer descobrir “[Do you want to find out?]

Maria looked confused, and her grandmother took her hand, saying, “Você se lembra da sua primeiravez no mar, Maria?” [You remember your first time in the sea, Maria?]

“Eu faço.” [I do.]

“Como foi?” [What did it feel like?]

“Parecia. Parecia voltar para casa.” [It felt. It felt like coming home.]

Anna nodded her head, then gestured towards Jay.

Maria returned, sat, and watched Jay sleep for a while. There was an innocence about him, a kind of invisible fragrance of goodness which emanated from his being. She traced his scars with her eyes, their violent roots disappearing into a now silent past. Eventually, he woke up eye-to-eye with Maria. Fresh out of sleep after the medicine journey, he was floating peacefully in their soul connection and could feel the deep beauty of their togetherness as the edges of their invisible, silent beings, softly merged like an ocean of love lapping gently against the shores of their souls. Maria nodded slowly and smiled, her eyes welling with tears. She looked out the window at the falling rain, Madre de Dios was still playing through Anna’s kitchen, the music moving her soul.

Later in the morning, Jay walked slowly into the garden. Maria was there painting a mural on the wall undercover, out of the rain. The mural depicted nature’s beauty, toxic humanity, a torn soul, a split mind, love and war. He lay

on the couch for hours watching her paint, just marvelling at her beauty with a newfound tenderness that he almost could not bear. Hours passed.

Later, after the rain, he laid down on the grass and she sang with such beauty, her guitar strings cutting through the silence in perfect accord. The sweet melody of her harmonica massaging his heart with pure goodness. Maria was sitting on a chair. Jay was laying in the grass watching her, drifting in and out of consciousness. It was a beautiful day and clouds were drifting ever so softly by in the sky. Her music eventually became silence and Jay was moved in the depths of his heart. It gave him strength and healing; he could feel it. Jay said, "I feel so good, Maria. I don't think I have ever felt like this before. It's amazing. It truly is." Another deep silence filled the moment with more golden beauty. Eventually Jay asked, "Maria, will you tell me about yourself, please?"

"Oh, it's not so interesting. Not worth spoiling the silence," she smiled.

"Please," he said.

She looked away.

"Where did you grow up, Maria?"

"I was born in Rio. In the 60s. In the Favelas. That's the low-income area. But I grew up on the streets. My dad was killed resisting the favela eradication programs, and my mum became an alcoholic and then a drug addict. "In the old days, there was an amazing sense of community; I remember how we used to look after each other and everyone shared and cared back then. But the favelas were on prime real estate, and once the big-money government relocation project began, the people were driven away from their homes. My dad was killed organising the resistance. One night some men came to the house and asked him to come outside and talk, and they just shot him there in the street. My mum was so lost and broken without him. She started drinking real heavy and just spiralled down. He was everything to her. She got onto hard drugs— we ended up on the street. One day I saw her leaving with a couple of guys and never saw her again. Once the heavy drugs started coming in the early 70s, it all went crazy, and Rio became the most violent city in the world. And it still is."

For a moment Jay just lay there stunned. "Foof! That's intense. I'm sorry to hear that, Maria."

“Well, we all got our little sob story, Jay. It’s all part of what made me who I am. If life hadn’t been so bad on land, I probably wouldn’t have spent so much time in the ocean. You know?” Maria had that tough edge that goes with growing up on the streets. She smiled. “You should get some rest. Surfs coming for tomorrow and we gonna be training. Gotta get you ready for your date with big momma. Eh, Jay Cotton.” She looked deeply into his eyes, something inside her penetrating him, her deepest feminine instincts scanning his soul. Asking with unspoken words, is it safe? Is this home? They fist bumped softly and she left. Maria had been holding back the tears, saving them for when she was alone.

Nazare Fort. Early Morning the following day. Training Begins.

Majestic waves were sweeping in from the northwest, illuminated by a glorious white-gold sunrise. It was day one of training. Jay and Rowley were on the roof of the fort. The early morning light was shining brilliantly through the mist drifting over the scene. The tiny red roofs of Nazare village, two hundred feet below, were peeping through the brume. A fishing boat, returning from the nights work, glided through the wake, pitching and rolling with the thick swollen sea, heading to the harbour as seabirds wheeled around its masts, stretching their wings, shaking off the night, their eyes busy, burning with hunger and their high-pitched squawks carrying across the sea to the men on top of the fort.

Rowley stretched and Jay practiced with his nunchakus. Both men silhouetted against the rising morning sun, now burning stronger, as the misty haze, slowly gave way to reveal the full glory of the Atlantic Ocean below. Rowley said to Jay, “Well brother. We got about six weeks to get you ready before the first really big swells hit. You ready to do a little Qi Gong practice?”

“Sure,” said Jay, not losing focus for an instance, slicing through the cold morning air, tracing perfect arcs of precision honed by years of consistent practice, the foundation of every warrior’s mastery.

Rowley began by standing with his legs open in a wide stance; his arms were relaxed. He was ready to instruct. “Okay, first thing we gonna practice is Wu Chi.”

“Wu Chi?” said Jay, setting fire to the moment the handles of his nunchaku shining bright in the golden morning light.

“Yeah. Wu Chi means Universal Infinite Stance—surrendering to what is. Presence.”

Jay stopped his nunchaku in a flash. The little dragon inside him cracking the cold morning air with a burning, fiery intent.

“You stand like this,” said Rowley.

Jay tucked his nunchuks and stood like Rowley.

“Toes turned in a bit, legs slightly bent. Just focus on the breath. Relax. Relax those arms. Relax your face. Relax those ears. Jay! Relax those ears!”

How do I relax my ears? thought Jay.

Rowley was laughing to himself.

“Best way to do that is smile. Smile softly, eyes closed, looking up inside; just raise your gaze inside. Keep your chin down—natural posture. This is all about sensitivity, awareness, feeling, feeling the presence of life. Breathe from a central focus point below your belly button. Imagine it’s the centre of the universe, and breathe from there. Just try to stay focused. Knees soft, as if you’re sitting on a big ball. Let yourself feel, bro. Sensitivity, use the sensitivity to connect. All that pain you lived, everything that’s broken you down, opened you up, is for a reason. Our deepest wounds—the tender, vulnerable place—that’s the organ of receptivity, brother. So, feel it and connect with spirit. The essence is in the presence, bro. Feel it. Let it in. Let the ocean of life lap against the shores of your soul, brother and meet it with the beauty of your tenderness. The soul is an island bro. The land of I, and its surrounded by an infinite ocean of invisible goodness, the Presence of Life. Meet it brother. On the shores of your soul. Use the tenderness of your soul wounds to meet it. That’s Wu Chi. Breathing from the centre. Breathing from the centre.”

Below the fort, fantastic waves, medium size Nazare, were breaking on the second peak. Maria and Satan were surfing together. Satan towed Maria into some compact Nazare bombs, and she surfed with that rare combination of power, fluidity, beauty, precision and grace.

Rowley began to encourage Jay, “You doing great Jay, just relax and breathe. … This is inside-out training. We get you strong on the inside bro, then we get you strong on the outside. Breathing from the centre, focus on stillness. Allow

yourself to be. Focus on the stillness inside. Focus and feel the presence of life. Soften. Soften your breath, your body, your mind. Soften everything except your inner focus—turn that up to burning fire intensity. Go hard on that. Focus bro. Bring all your madness and badness into that burning focus, chuck it all in to that fire brother. You got to get a hold of the venom in your soul, all the poison bro, focus it. Concentrate. Bring it into a concentrated focus inside you. Deep."

They stood in Wu Chi. For a long time, Rowley said nothing. Jay was wrestling with his inner world. Trying to bring it all into a burning, concentrated focus. Maria and Satan, surfing 200 feet below them. A perfect large geometric vortex opened above the fort, stretching up into the heavens as Rowley and Jay connected heaven and earth. Beyond their dimension above them in the vortex, angels were singing and light was shining in heavenly glory and Jay remembered his dream of the black Unicorn and this place and for the first time in a long time he felt home.

"Feel that, Jay! Lock the beast in. If you don't control it, it controls you. Fire brother. Fire. Spiral your feet down into the stones. Enjoy it. Burn baby, burn in that focus. Drill yourself in, brother. Relax. Soften around that burning core."

Rowley's voice was deep, soulful, carrying the power of the land and the sea.

A powerful presence was beginning to descend upon them and they were both connecting with it. And as they did. Something ancient, primal, primordial began to move within them and they both felt it.

"You feel it, yeah?" said Rowley, "That thing inside you. That growl sitting deep in your roots. It ain't just anger, mate. It ain't just pain. It's the beast. And we been holdin' it down our whole lives, tryin' to be good men, successful men, tryin' to keep it tame. In the material cage. But that's the devils box brother. That's why the more you get, the emptier you become. That egos dream is a cage for the wild thing inside us brother. That's how it turns into a beast, a monster. Get a hold of it bro. Let it out that cage and it will transform." He paused a moment and dropped in deeper.

"You gotta let it move through you. Through your bones, through your breath, through the fascia stretched tight under your skin."

Rowley was absolutely locked in, Increasing the intensity of his focus, his embodiment. Squeezing his fascial connectivity, every fibre of his being engaged, speaking from his soul.

“It ain’t just yours, this beast. It’s ours. It’s what we are bro. Monsters becoming angels. It’s the creature of God, locked in the cage of the small mind, the ego, tormented by the world that doesn’t want to see its own divinity, that can’t see it. Trapped. Tortured. Starving. Ignored. So, it distorts, because the soul—your soul—can’t flow where it needs to, it contorts and becomes a twisted version of itself. That’s where the monster comes from. That’s where the demons feed.”

Jay was loving it.

“Let yourself feel it bro. Let yourself feel it. Let it move you. Let it move through you. That’s Gods dream in your soul freeing itself. Think about that bro. Who would you be if God was dreaming through you? What would you be? Take a deep breath brother and let that beast roar. Bring it up outta your roots, out of your balls, out of your guts and into your voice.”

Rowley pounded his chest once, hard enough for Jay to feel the resonance of it.

“You gotta roar, Jay. Not like a man trying to be tough. Like an ancient creature waking up. Shaking of its chains. From your belly. From your bones. From your soul. Let it shake the fuckin’ sky bro. Let it rattle your ribs till you feel your old self crackin’ apart, makin’ room for something bigger. The beast ain’t your enemy brother. It’s the guardian of your soul. We just been speakin’ to it in the wrong language.”

He takes a breath, deep, expanding his chest, his whole body engaged, and then—he roars. Not a human sound, not something civilized. It’s wild, raw, the voice of something older than words as it carried across the waves. Both Satan and Maria turned to stare.

“Now you.”

Jay hesitates. The weight of the moment presses on him, the pressure of something about to break. His hands clench at his sides. His heart pounds. And then, from deep inside, from the place he has never dared to touch—he roars. A sound full of pain, full of rage, full of something too big for words.

Rob closes his eyes, nodding.

“Yeah… That’s it, brother. That’s you. That’s your beast. And from here… from this place where your soul has opened… now you sing your soul song.”

It's a mix of sorrow love and joy. Just a sound. You let it come through. Like singing prayers. But you let it come from the same place that beast roared. So, it's the beast singing from its soul. Not a song of triumph, not a song of victory. A soul song. A song of sorrow, of all that is lost, of longing, of love, of joy of the weight of lifetimes carried in the bones. They both sang their soul songs together on the top of the fort of Archangel Michael at Nazare.

In the geometric, dimensional vortex appearing above them, below the angels, a group of demons circled the fluid ramparts of Hell, looking down from above the roof of the fort where below stood Rowley and Jay. They talked in demon-speak, snarling contemptuously with maggots crawling out of their faces.

When they had finished their practice, Rowley took Jay inside the fort. They entered one of the stone rooms to see an oceanographer's map on the wall. Jay and Rowley studied it. Rowley said, "The fort was built in 1577. It's dedicated to Archangel Michael. It's got a crazy history. There are all kinds of stories about things that happened here. One thing I do know: this place kicks up massive surf. Just here"—pointing to the chart on the wall— "there's a giant trench just off the coast, and it runs all the way along here and points to town like an arrow. At its deepest, it's about four miles. Think about that, bro. When big converging swells get kicked up in the North Atlantic, giant waves come rolling in here a few days later, and they pick up a ton of juice when they hit that trench and basically double, and sometimes triple, in size and power. One of the really heavy things about this place: when it's really big, as soon as you let go of the tow rope and you go over the ledge, you are going to need jet ski support. It's so dangerous on the inside, and the waves are so heavy that you can get in a critical situation real fast. The jets are just as important for rescue, as they are for pulling us in. The waves are moving so fast; when they get to a certain size it's almost impossible to paddle into them. It's a unique place with unique risks."

The gravity of what Jay was about to embark upon was dawning on him, but he wasn't scared. Not yet. However, that was soon to change.

"You wanna go for a ride on the jet?" Rowley asked.

"Sure. Love to. Looks amazing out there."

Twenty minutes later Jay and Rowley chugged the ski slowly out of the Nazare Harbour for the very first time and away towards the big cliffs about a mile and a half to the north. Rowley said, "This is a GP1200; it's a 155-horsepower engine and the fastest jet on the market with about 6750 RPM, three cylinders, and a

155-hyper flow pump. We are still trying to squeeze some more power off the acceleration. It's fast; does about 60 miles an hour flat out, but when there's two guys on it plus the board and ropes, and you gotta get out the death zone—like NOW—we need all the explosive power we can get."

Jay's eyes lit up. "I might be able to help you with that."

"I was hoping you would say that, Jay. We customised the intake grate for better water flow and also the impeller. The impeller is like a propeller except it's inside a pipe instead of sticking out the back of the boat. The water gets sucked in and the impeller spins it to generate the thrust. I figure with what we've done, and with a good tune up by you, we gonna be set for this season."

He stopped talking and gunned the jet.

"I can't believe I used to ride that old Kwaka 400 out here. Crazy eh? Ready to rock?"

"Yep."

"Hang on to the back with both hands and stick tight with me. Let's go."

Rowley accelerated, kicking up the early morning spray, rainbows shining in their watery mist. They blasted across the water front towards the cliffs. Magnificent waves were roaring in. Maria and Satan were still surfing, and Jay got a front row view watching the action. Between the sets, they arrived in the impact zone. "This is the first peak, where the really big swells converge, and inside here is the death zone; if you wipe out here, it's serious, and the closer you get to those rocks, the more serious it gets. No one wants to wipe out early at Nazare." Jay certainly didn't want to get any closer to the rocks than he already was. Truth be told, Jay already felt too close as Rowley let the jet idle. He was very chilled even though there was a lot of water moving around them.

A big set approached and Rowley drove the jet masterfully over the big shoulder of the wave. Maria rode the next wave, and Rowley spun the jet around, staying wide and inside Maria who was just in front of the white water. Jay had a perfect view of Maria. She was going so fast, and Jay, exhilarated, was hooting and cheering. Maria flashed a big smile.

Rowley began driving north along the coast. "This is second peak down here. It's a little more forgiving, but you still have to deal with the shore break." Rowley

pointed to the waves breaking closer to the beach. “That’s the danger zone. “ He drove towards the shore-break, which was bombing the beach, then circled back out. They punched over a couple of waves and then turned again towards the beach, chased by a good-sized wave. Rowley drove the jet fast in on the shorebreak and up onto the sand.

Jay was stunned. “Holy shit! You can just drive up on the beach?”

“Yeah, but you gotta be real careful, mate. The fastest way to fuck the impeller is to get sand in it. You gotta kill the engine in the white water and have enough speed to get up the sand. Doesn’t always work.” He smiled. “When you’re doing rescues in giant waves, sooner or later you end up in the shorey, and the next place is the beach. So, we practice getting off the beach. We gonna do that later, but first I wanna show you some more Qi Gong.” “Inside out training,” said Jay.

“That’s right. It’s also called shut-the-fuck-up-and-focus-on-the-centre-of-the-earth-training.” Rowley smiled. So, did Jay.

“It’s a discipline and a responsibility of the warrior student, and I definitely include myself here, to shut the fuck up, stand still, be present, and focus on the centre and just receive presence. Why? Because we live in an upside-down world. Modern medicine poisons us. We are destroying nature all the time. Making stupid wars so evil motherfuckers make so much money. Politics imprisons us. Education dumbs us down and the media confuse and overwhelm us. Technology makes us more stupid and turns us into addicts if we don’t use it in the right way, and we are stuffing our faces, running around stressed out, making so much noise you can hear us on the moon and probably even on mars. And our minds are so stuck inside the human world, ignoring the cosmos, bro. The infinite is all around us, and we think we know what’s up.” Jay was loving it, really feeling it.

“You remember Wu Chi, Jay? Wide feet; toes turned in; knees soft; golden inner smile; focusing on the breath.”

Jay said, “Universal Infinite Stance.”

“Good man. Well, keep breathing like that, and when you breathe out, just squeeze from the inside of your body all the microfibers and connective tissue—your ligaments and tendons—but try to keep your muscles relaxed. Almost like you are tensing for a punch in the guts, but you are super relaxed as well.”

“That doesn’t sound easy.”

“Just try it. Breathing in, relax, completely breathing out, squeeze the connective tissue—nice and slow.”

They practiced for a while. Forty minutes went by.

Rowley asked, “How does that feel?”

Jay felt amazing. “Feels like I am in my body for the first time in my life.”

They fist bumped. “Let’s gooooooooooooooooooo!” Rowley said. “Yeah!” He was pumped. “Now I want you to add some forgiveness into this practice.”

“Forgiveness?”

“Yeah. Forgiveness, bro, the essence of compassion. The Buddha food.”

“I don’t get it,” said Jay with a confused look on his face. It was still easy for Jay to get overloaded and then a little confused. His trauma was still very raw. When it was triggered, he had a bewildered look. It was a kind of puppy dog innocence that had been kicked around a bit too much by life.

“Getting rid of the baggage, brother. You don’t want to be carrying a load of baggage out there. The lighter your heart is, the longer you gonna last. It’s too easy to die at Nazare, bro. If the ocean comes to collect, and you carrying the heavy load, you gonna sink, brother. So, we gonna dissolve some of those negative patterns, Jay. Right here. Right now.”

Jay looked off into the distance. “Negative patterns?”

“You know what patterns are, Jay?”

Jay looked across the sea. The emotion he could feel as he was breathing the energy of life wobbled him, and it took him off guard.

“When you’re stuck in something, repeating the same patterns over and over. Self-destructive thoughts, emotions, toxic emotions, like the kind that gives you cancer”—winking at Jay— “destructive feelings, and you are stuck in them, and you can’t do a damn thing about it, Jay Cotton. Like a thorn in your mind, and

you just keep grinding on it. Well, forgiveness is the solvent which dissolves the glue keeping us stuck in all these old patterns, my brother. Forgiveness. It heals all that poison round that thorn and softens everything."

Rowley was standing like a peaceful mountain. "Buddha food. Qi Gong opens up all the energy channels in the body, and lets the life force flow; these movements combined with forgiveness prayers free up all the stagnant energy stuck inside you, brother, and get those balls breathing. It's a bit like cracking the shell of an egg. The soul is an egg with a membranous shell. It's what's inside that egg which is our concern. And how that being connects to life. The energy of life."

Rowley started circle walking. A sort of moving Wu Chi. Circling around an imaginary tree. He was walking in the style of the legendary Wu Wah Hu, the 900-year-old sage who lived in the Wu Dang mountains in the time of the Shung Fung Gu Dynasty.

"Energy is like water, it needs to flow, and so do we. Once water stagnates, it becomes putrid; stagnant energy is the foundation of disease. Energy gets stuck mainly because of emotional trauma and negative thoughts. Stillness in the deepest feelings and forgiveness gets it moving. Most of the trauma is embedded before we are seven-years-old—when we are in formation, the embryo in the ego eggshell—before our sense of self really crystallises. When you think about your childhood, what do you need to forgive? Who do you need to forgive, Jay? Think about that."

Jay was in deep reflection. He thought about Sam, about the house, the demons, his parents, and he landed on Connor! "There's a few things for sure," he said smiling. "So how do you do it?"

"Forgive?"

"Yeah."

"Forgiveness prayers, mate," responded Rowley.

"Prayers?"

"Yep. But not like the grovelling prayers: all shame and guilt, begging for bullshit. That's all ego delusion. Its more about going super quiet inside and having reverence for the presence of life and standing there, for as long as you can. I mean, time doesn't really matter; its more about quality of stillness. And

the longer you do it, the better it gets." Jay was contemplating. There was an undeniable presence in the moment they were sharing together. It was palpable. Tangible. Real.

"Meaning?"

"You gotta talk to something bigger than yourself Jay. Why? Coz we ain't nothing bro, and we can't do shit. We have to talk to the great silent infinite presence—the spirit of life—the real thing. See, religion has done a good job driving everyone away from being, but if you just take the time to sit by the ocean and,"—taking a deep breath, Rowley was really feeling these words moving him, the energy of what he was trying to communicate, and why was rocking his foundations— "look and feel and listen, especially at night with the stars… We all know there's something so good about this life… that life is holding us, Jay, holding us all, bro. And just because most people are living like disconnected muppets, without purpose and meaning, doesn't mean life has no purpose and no meaning. And you gotta know that, brother. Let that knowing burn brother. Let it burn all the bullshit. "Rowley was welling up, and so was Jay. There they were, just two brothers together, standing on the shores of destiny, souls bonded in their deep simple love. Burning in their soul deep recognition of the Living Truth of Life. The irrepressible spirit of Life which exists inside us all.

Eventually Rowley said, "So prayer is a personal communication with that invisible goodness. You don't have to call it God. I mean, you don't have to call it anything."

"What do you call it?" asked Jay.

"I call it The Presence."

"The presence?"

"Yeah."

"And?"

"And what?"

"How do you pray forgiveness?"

“Well, I just say infinite presence, for me, my family, and all our ancestors, please help us all forgive each other and forgive ourselves, forgive all beings and all beings forgive us.”

“That’s it?”

“Please and thank you.”

“Please and thank you?” repeated Jay.

Rowley smiled and nodded. “Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!”

“Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.”

“You’re a natural.”

“Is that it?”

“That’s the essence, and you can finish with help us all forgive each other and forgive ourselves, be at peace with each other and be at peace with ourselves, love each other and love ourselves, completely and totally now and forever.”

Rowley paused. “And you don’t even need to say it out loud; you can internalise it all and just use your intention, and then take that into your practice and breathe.” Rowley started moving in his Qi Gong circle walk again.

“You can finish with thank you, Lord, thank you, Lord, thank you, Lord.

“The Lord is The Law. The Living Law. The thing that has power of all things.

They both dropped into this perfect alchemy, facing the ocean, feeling magnificent like all men should feel. Rowley circling and Jay standing in Wu Chi.

“Hey, check Maria out,” said Rowley, as he noticed Maria surfing. “There isn’t anything more beautiful and honest than a woman who knows how to surf, riding perfectly on a wave.”

“What do you mean?” asked Jay.

“The ocean is life, bro. The board is your body, and the surfer is your soul. The woman is feminine, receptive, the chalice, the grail. Mmmmmmmm.” Rowley was smiling. “The soul is the container—the feeling, intelligent, holy cup—and she receives the spirit inside of her. The energy of life moves in waves, and the waves are invisible, but they’re real and they keep coming, and they keep getting bigger. We can all feel them. This cancer thing is a fucking big wave, Jay, and it’s up to you to ride it, brother. Connect body, breath, soul focus and life. There is a way of surfing gracefully and masterfully, and there is a way of not doing that, where you get monstered by the waves. That’s the difference between fate and destiny.”

“Fate and destiny? How so?” asked Jay, curious.

“Destiny requires sensitivity, skills, timing, ability, courage, vision and the conscious desire to ride the waves of change masterfully. Fate is when you don’t have one or more of the required skillsets; instead of you catching the wave, the wave catches you.” He paused and looked Jay dead in the eyes. “Get it?”

Jay was slow to answer. “I think so.”

“Wu Chi is stillness, bro,” continued Rowley. “Pure Stillness is the key to all virtues, brother. Stillness lets it all settle down. All the life processes, the lessons, the traumas, the shocks—we need to integrate it all. That all goes on in stillness. Integration, bro, the biggest secret. Get out of the way, and relax.”

“In sleeping?” asked Jay.

“We do it into sleep and then as soon as we wake up—so in and out—but sleep don’t count coz we’re unconscious. Practice has to be conscious. So, while we stand here watching Maria, try to cultivate an attitude of focused innocence. Focus on the breath, breathing into the deep belly centre. Try and find the most fragile place inside you, and breathe with that vulnerability, and breathe the light within and above you, the light in the centre of your consciousness. Breathe it into your balls, your heart and your head.

Jay stood, focused on his breath, in Wu Chi. Rowley continued. “Strength comes from within. It’s not about form; it’s more about content. Not so much about how, but more about why. I don’t want you to copy my form. I want you to express your own. If you were free, I mean truly free to express yourself, how would you do that?”

They sank into pure silence together again, high on the cliffs of their shared magnificence as men. Feet solid in the sand. On the beach where Jay had dreamed he was drowning. Where the boy had played the piano and the unicorn had run. “There’s a broken piece inside us all, brother. It goes with the deal. Everyone has to pay to play, and that broken-hearted vulnerability is the price, the price of self-awareness. The soul, man. Individuality, the gift of life. As soon as a little piece of life feels itself as separate from the rest of life, it has to endure the agony of that realisation. And that is painful, bro. Existential pain. People will do anything not to feel that pain. Anything. That’s why it’s about softness on the outside and fire on the inside—that’s water. You can’t play the hard man with the ocean. You have to go soft. No matter how tough you think you are, the ocean will take you. Tenderness and strength, beauty and the beast: that’s why Maria is so good. Coz she’s got that mix, bro.”

That night they were all hanging out round the fire, jamming some music. The vibe was so real. Maria was playing harmonica and singing soul. Everyone was in deep, really feeling it. Jay had never experienced a soul jam round a fire before and he was loving the soul medicine. Something in him truly felt home and he couldn’t remember feeling that way for a very long time.

The next day they were back at the Nazare Fort. Rooftop core-training was on the menu. Rowley began speaking. “For the tow-in-surfing, we need to get your core real strong. There are all kinds of micro muscles and connective tissue that have to fire for tow-in-surfing, and if they aren’t strong it can be really exhausting. One of the best exercises for this is planking. You know what it is?”

“I think so. You wanna gimme a demo?” responded Jay.

Rowley got down into a plank. “You wanna hold your ass locked like this, back nice and straight. Just resting on the forearms, kinda relaxed, but holding strong and steady. It’s a bit of a trick to stay as relaxed as possible while holding the tension. Try to roll the shoulders out.”

Jay got down into a plank and Rowley clicked the timer on. “Good form,” said Rowley. “Thirty seconds”– watching the timer. “Coming up to a minute… How’s that feeling?”

“Starting to feel it,” said Jay.

“This inside out approach to training asks a lot of questions. Basically, we die from the inside out; our cores just rot when we lose that core integrity that only

comes through deep internal awareness. It's what eats our will, brother. There's an old saying: Hard times create strong men. Strong men create good times. Good times create weak men. Weak men create hard times. These are hard times, brother Jay. So, we gotta get you strong, bro. Real strong. Try and find a still point inside your centre, and focus on it. Understand there is a place inside you, and when you connect with it and focus through it breathing God strength and you ask for that, quietly inside. Well, eventually you find it, bro." Jay was visibly shaking now.

"Coming up to two minutes. Hang in there," said Rowley encouragingly.

"My legs are going."

"Hang in there."

Jay lifted his butt up in the air. Rowley noticed and said, "Get that ass down, Jay."

"I can't."

Rowley barked at him. "Come on. Drop it down. Breathe. Find the centre. Relax and squeeze. Relax and squeeze the point, bro. Breathe. Its only fear, Jay. Let it go. Replace the fear with knowing, bro. We in the big leagues now, boy. Time to rise. Okay? In Sanskrit, they called it Nizchay. Feel the fire, brother. Find the fire, Jay, and let yourself burn."

Jay rocked out another minute. "Aaaargh!"

"Hang in there, another fifteen seconds."

Jay's whole body trembled. "Aaargh!"

"Okay! Four minutes. Relax, bro. Good job."

Jay sank to his knees.

Rowley felt the energy. "You see. You see, Jay. I can't means I'm frightened. I'm feeling weak, unstable, vulnerable, insecure. And that's okay. That's okay, Jay. It's okay to feel that, bro, coz that's what it is to be a mortal man. You gonna die.

We all gonna die. Let's revel in our time brother. Can you feel it? That's Life bro. Let's beat the fear of death Jay."

Rowley was whispering now.

"Let's do it together bro." Rowley's eyes welled up with tears. "Jay, we're doing this. We're really doin' it, mate. Fuck this fear of death! We are Life brother. We are Life. How you gonna kill that?"

Rowley put out his hand, pulled Jay up and they slap locked their palms and embraced strong and bounced off each other with a tremendous positive energy. Two strong young men, brothers, souls woven together with this shared purpose, facing death maybe but never yet, more alive.

And somehow, from somewhere, deep and far in the distance, there were drums and the voices of Native American children singing together. And they could hear the Native American brotherhood from afar, and they were enlivened by the wild mystery of themselves.

Part of Jay's apprenticeship included journaling. This is what he wrote that night: Training was intense today. Rowley pushed me to my limits. I found something. I cannot say what it was but it felt amazing. I think I am really doing this. Something has definitely changed today.

The next morning Red, Rowley and Jay walked down the sandy hill together towards a swimming pool surrounded by trees. As the sun was rising over the wooden fence, a steamy mist was coming off the ferns, exhaling oxygen into the beautiful small pine forest which lay between the pool training facility, the beach and the sea. Pine cones gently popping open, releasing their protective grip, as the morning warmth made every living thing move in its own unique way and the fresh sweet fragrance of yellow gorse flowers perfumed the cold morning air as gossamer winged insects, floated ecstatic in the green filtered light.

Jay knew he was about to be challenged. It would be difficult for one to comprehend the task ahead, if one hasn't ever been caught on the inside at Nazare. There was astonishing violence in the waves and drowning was the easiest thing to do, especially in light of Jay's fragility. Somehow, they needed to get him stronger. Everyone knew this. Including Jay.

Rowley was leading the crew. “Okay, bro, we need to get this breath hold stronger, and Red is gonna help. I wanna get you to take a big breath and just submerge. Signal when you get the first feeling you wanna come up out the water; just put your thumb up, okay? Just put your thumb up like this, Jay.”

Jay took a deep breath and went under, and after about forty-five seconds he stuck his thumb up. Red immediately took a hold of him and gently, yet firmly, kept him under. Jay went with it, then thirty seconds later his thumb came up again. Rowley signalled to Red to keep him down. Thirty seconds later Jay was thrashing to get out and Red held him another fifteen seconds, finally letting him go. Jay exploded out of the water, breathing heavily and coughing up some water.

Jay got very angry in Rowley’s face. “You fucking nearly drowned me, Rowley!”

“Whoa! Whoa! Jay.”

“Jesus Christ, Rowley!” yelled Jay.

“Two minutes, Jay!! You were under two fuckin’ minutes. You stuck your thumb up after forty-five seconds. When Nazare gets a hold of you, mate, it’s gonna be louder and stronger than fifty Reds pounding you, brother, and ten seconds is gonna seem like five minutes, bro. The clock starts when your thumb comes up. When you wanna quit—that’s when we start counting. Get it!!? If Red wasn’t holding you down, you might have made a minute, and you did two, bro. That’s how we ride, brother man. That’s how we ride.” Jay was still wide-eyed, but he got it.

“So, you want it?”

There they were, two brothers, two warriors. Eye-to-eye. Soul to soul. Hearts on fire. Spirits burning. Together.

“Yeah, I want it.”

“Okay, let’s see what you can do on your own. Let’s go!”

Jay took a deep breath and went under again. He came up 2.15’ later. Everyone was stoked.

Rowley brought it in to stillness. “As long as we making progress, it’s all good. Baby steps every day, enjoying the journey, enjoying the process, together. That’s what it’s all about, Jay. We are enjoying this process. Do you understand? Sensitivity bro. The soul is a cup of feeling intelligence, a feminine vessel, a holy cup, designed to receive the spirit. We all know a woman needs to feel her best to perform her best” said Rowley winking at Jay, “So, we looking for some good feelings here bro. You get it?”

Rowley paused and let that really sink in.

“Good you came, brother Jay. Good you came.”

The brothers all hugged. When they left the pool, they turned left and walked down to the ocean, where each man in his own way said a silent prayer for the other.

Towing Practice at the Nazare Harbour.

Rowley and Jay were practicing towing. Jay struggled at first. Rowley was coaching him well. Eventually he got it and stood up for the very first time and got towed around in the flat harbour. Afterwards, the gang were hanging out in the garage. There was a hand-drawn image of the wave on the wall. “As the wave is breaking it’s gonna sit up, and you need to ride a line,” said Rowley, drawing an imaginary line on the painted wave. “There’s all kinds of lines you can ride on the wave—if you can surf! We don’t have time to teach you to surf. You need to ride a straight line”—gesturing to the wave— “and head straight for the shoulder. That’s the best way for you, as long as you can handle the speed and stay low”—dropping his knees— “you’re gonna make it.”

Third Peak Nazare

Later in the day, the boys were out surfing. The theory in the class room was over and they rode the jet hard to the third peak. Jay got towed into some small waves. He fell at first, a bit wobbly, then got his balance and crouched down slowly. Riding a pretty solid line, he headed for the shoulder and kicked out over some decent waves.

Rowley was watching Jay intently, something straining at his heart a bit. Nothing painful but he was definitely concerned. Jay was actually surfing along pretty okay, knees bent, in a solid stance. “Wooooooot! Those lucky legs are doing alright boy!” shouted Rowley above the wind.

“Head for the shoulder, Jay! Don’t fuck about trying to surf it. Just head straight for the shoulder. Use your legs like springs. Eyes open look at the bumps and stay low, stay low squat. Springs Jay. Springs!” Rowely was standing on the jet, pointing hard at the shoulder. He didn’t want Jay tumbling over and getting the wind knocked out of him and to have to deal with that amount of white-water.

Not yet.

In the afternoon, Maria and Jay were alone, standing on the lower steps of the Nazare fort, watching the much larger waves breaking over the first peak. Big solid swells were rumbling in, throwing out their awesome power, crashing onto the big rock in front and below them. Thousands of tons of white water were boiling and moving around.

Jay asked, “Holy shit. Don’t you get frightened, Maria?”

“I just see the beauty. It’s a choice, I guess. I suppose I choose to focus on the beauty. It just takes a while to get used to the power,” Maria said, smiling. “My legs used to shake so much I couldn’t stand up on the board,” she said laughing. “But not anymore.”

They both looked down at the waves.

“When did you start surfing?” he asked.

“I was living on the streets. It was a couple years after my dad was killed. When I was nine-years-old, I found a broken surfboard, taped it up, and just started paddling out into the water. For the first two years I couldn’t afford wax, so I was falling off. A lot.” Maria laughed out loud. It was lovely to see her smile. Jay could see the hurt in her eyes, but it only made her look more beautiful. God, Maria is so gorgeous thought Jay.

“But it just made me stick to the board,” she said. “The water was medicine, pure medicine. Things were scary living on the street. Do you know how many homeless children live on the streets in Rio, Jay? In the concrete jungle? Where the pigs and monsters live, scaring all the people. It was survival 101.”

Maria thought back to the times when she was homeless; she had had to be very cautious. It was dangerous and a very hard time.

“But in the water, I just felt home. And I swear it used to feed me. I would paddle out at sunrise and paddle in after sunset. There was nothing on the land for me. Nowhere to go to and no one to go towards. So, I just stayed in the water.

Mostly I would sit there and float, or lay there just feeling, feeling home. My surfing started to get real good, and I was just one with my board and the ocean. I could do anything, and she would let me, because we were doing it together.

I got noticed by a board shaper who ended up shaping me my first board. I was sleeping. on the floor of his board room in his big long board bag with a 5’7 sock for a blanket. He even paid for me to go into my first contest. I won and just kept on winning.” Maria was smiling again, “The contests paid something and I was off the streets. But… I didn’t like them—too many people, too much noise, too much… everything. The bigger waves always called me, and the bigger they got, the less crowded it was; so, it was a natural thing really, to find that solitude. That peace. “I call it feeding the beast. The beast loves intensity. Nature intensity. That’s its fix. And that’s my yoga. There’s a hunger in me so deep inside, so ancient, so primal, so raw, so pure, so innocent, and the first food it got when I was a kid was a lot of pain and confusion. My whole life it wants food, needs food; now its food is thriving in peace in gigantic chaos. I go so peaceful out there, but you know what, Jay, I can have a nervous breakdown in a queue at the post office. My whole life has been finding the way to the beast, to get it to stop eating me, that little girl inside. So, I go deeper into my soul, in peace, and change its diet to stillness, beauty, freedom, love. That’s me, Jay. That’s me.”

That evening this inspired group, somehow bonding deeper because of this shared commitment to Jay, were together again around the fire. This night however there was no music and each one of them was silently contemplating the depth and magnitude of the day and challenge which lay ahead. Satan was reading his Bible, and said, “Here’s a good one for you, Jay: “For I reckon that the suffering of these times is nothing compared to the glory which shall be revealed in us.” Jay pondered for a moment.

Eventually Satan said, “It means that, if you know that God is in your heart, everything in life is an initiation for your soul, and one day the initiations will be over. We graduate. That’s when something glorious is revealed. In us. Through us. As us. For us. The mystery of love, brother.” Jay was incredulous. “I can’t believe you’re reading the bible after all that shit that happened to you.”

“Don’t throw the baby out with the bathwater, Jay. That’s what the devil wants. That’s why political religion got invented—to kill the soul, brother. Well, it didn’t

kill the American negro soul; they found the light through their slave masters' religion, brother. All that African voodoo shit got smoked by Jesus and the holy spirit." Satan was grinning from ear to ear. "How heavy is that? It didn't kill their spirit, so it's not killing mine. "The thing is, Jay, we turned life into a mental thing. Everyone is living in their mind. Their lives are an idea, not an experience. That's not living, and it's certainly not a spiritual path. Experiencing existence is about feeling; living is a feeling—being alive, feeling alive—it's a feeling, man. People got all these ideas and beliefs about life and God, but it's about what you are feeling, how do your beliefs make you feel? Do you feel alive? Do you feel free? Do you feel anointed? Crowned? Held in Grace? Loved? That's why you need a personal relationship with a living being inside of you. And not just a person but God bro – the Infinite. And you need a loving relationship. If it's not a love story, it's just an idea brother." Satan had quite a strong Dutch accent, and his words penetrated Jay like soft bullets.

Jay said, "I don't even know if I believe in God?"

"It's all beyond belief, brother. It's a feeling." Satan turned and looked Jay in the eyes. "Christ is a living experience inside us all."

"Everyone?" asked Jay.

"That's what it says in the book."

"Where?"

"In the book of John," said Satan. "In him was life; and the life was the light of men. That was the true light, which lights every man that comes into the world."

The fire crackled amidst a sweet quietude settling upon the circle of friends. Jay leaned into Satan and whispered, "I still can't believe you are into all this God shit after what happened to you." Satan smiled at Jay, his eyes glistening in the firelight. "You ever actually listen to the Lord's Prayer, Jay? Not the one they drilled into you in school—but the real one. The one before it got chopped up, mistranslated, and tamed. The one spoken in Aramaic, where every word carried layers of meaning. You ever wonder what it really says? I'll tell you," Satan's eyes were piercing into Jay.

"Abwoon d'bashmaya— "O Birther! Father-Mother of the Cosmos, you create all that moves in light."

Not “Our Father” like some distant king on a throne. Abwoon is beyond male or female. It’s the source, the breath, the force that births everything into existence. And bashmaya—not just “in heaven,” but the vibration, the field of energy that holds it all together. The living presence.

Nethqadash shmakh— “Focus your light within us—make it useful: as the rays of a beacon show the way.”

Not “Hallowed be thy name.” This isn’t about worshiping a title. It’s about alignment. Making yourself a vessel so that the divine can shine through you, so that your very existence becomes a beacon, showing others the way back to the source.

Teytey malkuthakh— “Create your reign of unity now—through our fiery hearts and willing hands.”

Not “Thy kingdom come.” That makes it sound like something far away, something you wait for. But in Aramaic, malkutha isn’t a place—it’s a state of being. It’s the flow of divine order. And Jesus didn’t say to wait for it—he said to embody it, to bring it through yourself.

Nehwey tzevyanach aykan d’bashmaya aph b’arha— “Let your heart’s desire unite heaven and earth through our harmony.”

Not “Thy will be done.” Not some external force imposing its rules. Tzevyanach is desire, deep intention. And what is that desire? To weave heaven and earth into one. To dissolve the illusion of separation. Through us. Through our choices, our actions, our way of being.

Hawvlan lachma d’sunqanan yaomana— “Give us the wisdom we need each moment in this living dance of life.”

Not just “Give us this day our daily bread.” This isn’t about food. Lachma means sustenance, yes, but also Mana, the living spiritual nourishment, it gives us insight, illumination, clarity, understanding, what we need to move forward. And yaomana—not just “daily,” but moment by moment, as we step through this life.

Washboqlan khaubayn aykan d’af khan shbwoqan l’khayyabayn—“Loosen the cords of mistakes binding us, as we release the strands we hold of others’ guilt.”

Not “Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.” Khaubayn—not just “debts,” but entanglements, mistakes, what weighs us down. And washboqlan—not just forgiveness, but untying, freeing, letting go. It’s not about keeping score—it’s about releasing what keeps us stuck.

Wela tahlan l’nesyuna ela patzan min bisha— “Don’t let us be lost in forgetfulness, but free us from all separation.”

Not “Lead us not into temptation.” What a joke. As if God would lead you into trouble. No, this is about awareness. Nesyuna is not just temptation—it’s distraction, forgetting who you are. And bisha—not just evil, but the illusion of being separate, the lie that you’re alone. Jesus wasn’t asking God to keep people from sinning. He was saying, don’t let us fall asleep. Keep us awake.

Metol dilakhie malkutha wahayla wateshbukhta l’ahlam almin—“From you comes all ruling will, the power and the song, from age to age it renews itself in the cosmos.”

Not “For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory.” Sounds like a royal decree, right? But teshbukhta isn’t just “glory.” It’s the song, the vibration of creation itself. And ahlam almin—not just “forever and ever,” but from cycle to cycle, eternally unfolding.

Ameyn— “Truly—power to these words—may they be the source from which all actions grow.”

Not just a passive “Amen.” In Aramaic, Ameyn is an activation. It’s a declaration: Let this be so. Let these words become flesh.

It’s a song code brother. A divine decree. Not for begging some faraway god to fix things, but for aligning yourself with the living power in Life. With Life itself. It’s for bringing the divine into this world, through your breath, your body, your actions, your being. You get that, and you don’t just say the prayer. You become it. It’s all about embodiment brother. That’s what a spiritual warrior is. We walk the walk. That’s what Jesus did and those that followed him. You know they were brutally murdered yeah. Peter was crucified upside down. John beheaded. Paul beheaded. Bartholomew flayed alive. All that they had to do was deny Jesus bro. No one dies for a lie, brother. No one.” He let the silence settle again. The peace just bombing them all with Presence. The kind of silence only the Truth reveals.

“Wow,” said Jay. “I had no idea. That’s a really big difference.”

“Yeah bro, it’s a revolution and we need to embody it. Walk the walk. People think they understand what Jesus was saying. But it’s all been hacked. So, most everyone throws the baby out with the bathwater. Just like you. But the wisdom is beautiful and it’s because we don’t live like this we have all the problems. People just don’t understand, there is so much misinterpretation. They can’t feel it. It’s not transforming them because they are using their minds to think about it, instead of letting it feed their souls with what it is bro. With what it is Jay. All these original scriptures are instructions man. How to get the power. How to come alive. But it sets you free man. You live in Grace. This is real bro. Real wisdom. They think the Beatitudes are some moral checklist, some kind of divine scorecard where the meek get a gold star and the poor in spirit get a free pass to heaven. But they never stop to question what those words really meant. They never go back to the language he actually spoke. They take the hand-me-down, Greek-filtered, Latin-polished, Vatican edited version and swallow it whole. But let me tell you what Jesus actually said. Not the version you learned in Sunday school—the real thing, the raw thing. “Blessed are the poor in spirit.” You think that means grovelling humility? No man. In Aramaic, meskena means empty, open, receptive. He wasn’t talking about broken souls begging for salvation. He was pointing to those who had emptied themselves of the noise, the ego, the baggage. The ones who had space inside for something real. The kingdom of heaven isn’t some gated community in the afterlife—it’s already here, moving through them, because they’ve made room for it.

And the ones who mourn? He wasn’t just talking about grief. Bakha—to mourn—also means to flow, to release. He meant those who know how to let go. The ones who don’t clutch their pain like a prize. Because when you let sorrow move through you, it doesn’t drown you—it washes you clean. That’s where the real comfort is.

Tears were welling up in Satans eyes. Jay was enthralled by this soul warrior.

“Blessed are the meek”. “That’s a good one. Sounds like a call to submission, doesn’t it? A nice little pat on the head for the obedient sheep. But no. Makikha—the word he used—means softened, aligned, flexible. The ones who inherit the earth aren’t the passive, the spineless. They’re the ones who know how to bend, who aren’t rigid with pride and control. They move like water, and water wears down mountains.

"Hunger and thirst for righteousness"? Another one people get wrong. In Aramaic, sedeq isn't about legalistic righteousness—it's about harmony, balance, the natural order of things. Jesus wasn't talking about rule-followers. He meant those who long for deep alignment with the fabric of reality itself. And those people? They will be filled, because they're seeking what was already theirs to begin with.

"Blessed are the merciful." You think that means forgiveness as a transaction? Rakhma—mercy—comes from the word for womb. It's not about pardoning sinners, it's about deep, unconditional compassion. The kind that holds and nourishes without judgment. The kind that doesn't need to be earned. When you live like that, you become that. Mercy isn't something you give and get. It's something you are.

And the pure in heart? The ones who will see God? That's not about moral purity. It's about clarity. D'khi—pure—means open, transparent, unclouded. When your heart isn't full of clutter, of fear, of petty distractions, you don't have to look for God. You see Him. Everywhere. Because He was never hidden to begin with.

And the peacemakers? They aren't the ones who avoid conflict. Shlama—peace—isn't just the absence of war. It's wholeness, restoration, the weaving together of what's been torn apart. The ones who bring that into the world—who build peace rather than just wishing for it—those are the real children of God. Not because of their words, but because of their nature.

And those who are persecuted for righteousness? Oh, that's a fun one. People love to play the martyr with it. But sedeq again—it's about divine balance. When you're in harmony with the real flow of things, you will stand out. You will make people uncomfortable. You will be opposed, resisted, attacked. But that's just proof you're in alignment. Because the world doesn't know what to do with someone who actually sees.

So, you tell me, Jay—who do you think Jesus was really talking to? The obedient? The weak? The ones waiting around for heaven to drop into their laps? Or the ones who move, who empty, who align, who flow?

The ones who actually see.

I know it's confusing with all the mistranslations and manipulation but we got two really simple instructions - Love God with all your heart, mind, strength,

and soul. Love your neighbour as a reflection of yourself. There you go. That's it. That's all you need. Two instructions. Two simple, clear-as-day instructions for life. We got them. We were given them over 2,000 years ago. And look at the state of this place. A world full of wounded children in men's bodies, running nations, running corporations, running the whole system. The blind leading the blind straight into the abyss. Why? Why—when we have these two clear instructions?

Because we don't know what God is. And we don't know what love is. So, the question is—do you want to find out? And if you do—how? Who do you follow as a guide? Me, I follow Jesus. In the silence, in the stillness, in the Presence, in the Peace.

You want the essence? The Kingdom of God is within you. It's not in some church. It's not in some preacher's mouth. It's not in the system, the politics, the institutions. It's inside. But you won't find it with your eyes. Not in the 3D, 4D or 5D, not in the physical, mental or emotional. You go beyond all that. Deeper. In my Father's house are many mansions. You know what that means? That means the dimensions are inside you. God's creation—the real creation—is Love. Truth. Life. Freedom. Peace. Presence. Everything else? Anger, lust, greed, fear, ego attachment—that's not God. That's something else. And if you don't get that—if you don't develop the discernment to see what's from God and what's from the other side—you're fucked. Because this world is not it. Jesus made that very clear. And you think that's just metaphor? You think he was speaking in riddles? Look around. This world—this whole system. The industrialized, commercialized, fake, plastic, soulless world. They gutted the sacred. They ripped out the heart of life. Destroyed families. Destroyed villages. Destroyed tribe. Gone. Culture? Sold to the highest bidder. And people eat it up. They sell their souls. For status. For some empty dream of success. They don't even realize they're in chains. They don't see the cage because they were born in it. And that pisses me off. But here's what pisses me off more. People think walking the Jesus path is soft. That turning the other cheek, loving your enemy, praying for the ones who curse you—means you're weak. Try doing that in prison. Try loving your enemy when you're locked in a cage with men who don't even see you as human. Try having compassion when you're getting your face slammed into the concrete and fucked in the ass. That's where Jesus' words start sounding real different. Turn the other cheek? Try that when a 300-pound lifer decides you are his next meal. Try forgiving someone who wants to rip your soul apart just to pass the time. You think it's easy? You think love is weak? No, man. It takes fucking balls. Because the easy thing—the natural thing—is to become like them. To let the hate take over. To fight. To kill. That's the game in there.

Kill or be killed. But to stand in that fire and not break? To stay human? That takes something else. That takes a power people don't understand. You wanna know what carrying your cross really means? It means standing in that fire. It means not breaking when the whole world wants you to. It means choosing love—even when love gets you fucking killed. It's takes solid faith brother to walk this walk. And that's why I go to the waves. Big waves. Heavy water. That's my proving ground. That's where I test my faith. You wanna know God? Go stand in front of a 30-foot wall of water, moving at 50 miles an hour, and see how much your bullshit matters then. See if your ego saves you. You either commit, or you get swallowed. Because out there—in nature—it's real. No corporations. No politics.

No bullshit. Just you, and something bigger than you. And the fact that I have to go to the edges of the earth just to find one fucking place that hasn't been tainted by this rotten, plastic, sell-out world? That makes me angry. But you know what? Let it burn. Let it fucking collapse. Because this world, the way we are living, isn't it. And the sooner people wake up to that, the better. Every last soul paddling around in this illusion, thinking they got all the time in the world. But the truth? The set is already rolling in. And it's gonna be the biggest wipeout humanity's ever seen." Satan was on a roll.

"Look around, man. This whole world? It's off track, lost in the sauce, worshiping itself instead of the One who made it. No reverence, no humility, just egos puffed up like they're kings of their own tiny kingdoms. But that's the biggest lie of all— cause real power don't come from fighting for control. It comes from surrender. And I ain't talkin' about giving up. I'm talking about full-send, all-in, dropping in with faith—the kind that don't flinch when you going over the lip."

"That's what a real warrior is, Jay. Not some dude swinging his fists at ghosts, not some puppet chasing power. A real warrior is the one who bows before the Presence—who knows the Holy One is real, and doesn't play games with it. You think you can stand on your own? Against eternity? Against the One who holds the oceans in His hands? Nah, bro. That ain't courage, that's delusion. Humility is the only way. A real man stands before God with his head bowed and his heart open, ready to be transformed. Knowing that's it's in him, knowing that, deep, deep inside, it is him. Burning with that knowing. Burning bro, taking the responsibility with humility but fucking taking it Jay. That's the only way you make it through what's coming."

“And what’s coming? It’s already here, man. You can feel it. The world’s cracking apart, culture’s gone toxic, and souls are drifting out to sea with no leash. And the sets are stacking bro. Believe me. This toxic plastic sell out world is gonna be exposed for exactly what it is. And you’re here bro. So, it’s time to pull in or die brother, coz that’s how it is in the barrel, Jay. You don’t get to half-commit. You pull in, or you get fucking annihilated. There’s no maybe. It’s all or nothing.” Satan took a deep breath.

“You get it Jay?”

Jay silently nodded and the men embraced.

Rowley started jamming a soul song, acappella style. Humming a deep and moving dirge, the boys joined in, and Maria started singing free style over the top like PP Arnold.

Afterwards, the silence settled again. Jay had never been with people who respected the silence with such reverence. It was amazing. The moment was pregnant with so much goodness, and they were all glowing in it together.

Satan began anew. “How ‘bout this from Rumi?”

“Remember the deep root of your being, the presence of your lord. Give yourself to the one who already owns your breath and your moments. If you don’t, you will be like the man who takes a precious dagger and hammers it into his kitchen wall for a peg to hold his dipper gourd. You’ll be wasting valuable keenness and forgetting your dignity and purpose.”

“Who’s Rumi?” Jay asked.

“A Sufi poet. The Sufis were the peace warriors of Islam, the true lovers of Allah.

Allah Inna lillahi wa inna ilayhi raji’oon, to Allah we belong and to Allah we return, brother.” Replied Satan.

“Alhamdulillah!” Rowley chimed.

“Are you guys Moslems?” asked Jay, half-kidding.

Laughter took over the group, interrupted only by Satan, who stood to represent his poetry.

You could become a great horseman

and help to free yourself and this world, Jay…

Though only if you and prayer become sweet Lovers.

It is a naive man who thinks we are not engaged in a fierce battle.

For I see and hear brave foot soldiers all around me going mad,

falling on the ground in excruciating pain.

You could become a victorious horseman, Jay,

and carry your heart through this world

like a life-giving sun,

though only if you and God

become sweet Lovers.

"That's Hafiz, brother. To answer your question: No, Jay, we are not Moslems… we are lovers." They enjoyed the fire in silence for some time more then everyone went to bed and slept the sweet sleep that only comes from living life with the deepest integrity.

Nazare Stairs

Early the next morning, Jay and Rowley were running up the Nazare steps. There was a herd of scroungy looking cats hanging around the first rise on the corner in the hedge bottom near the last house. They were quite feral and spooked when Jay and Rowley pounded by. The air was magnificent. In the days before geo-engineering polluted the skies, the world was such a different place and breathing was pure pleasure. The small town of Nazare below them was bathed in the magnificent morning mist, and sun beams were cracking through

the haze. Jay was two-thirds of the way up at the second bench, wheezing hard and hawking up some deep-seated phlegm.

Rowley came to his side and placed his hand on his shoulder. “That’s it Jay. Get that shit out of you, man. And don’t be frightened of it, brother. Let it make you strong. The demolition is on, bro, and we rebuilding the house. This is demo time, Jay. We breaking something down. You, me, and this blessed hill, brother.” He looked around at the hill and the beauty. “This is God’s hill, Jay, and He is rebuilding you. You want it? Do you want it, Jay?”

Jay looked up at Rowley, panting slowly. He spat a mucus ball strong onto the dirt. “Yeah, Rob, I do.”

“Ok thirty burpees, bro.”

“Fuck, Rowley.”

“Thirty baby. I can do all things through him which strengthen me. Let’s goooooooooo!”

Jay powered into it and had a very game thirty, but it dropped him.”

Rowley offered his hand and they hugged real strong together. Rowley, after savouring the moment, released the embrace and set off up the stairs. “Let’s go,” he shouted over his shoulder. “No matter what, don’t stop until we get to the top.”

They ran all the way to the top and that’s a hard-core hill. Rowley and Jay embraced on the rise at the top of the stairs. They were standing close to the small wall. Rowley looked out over the magnificent coast, over the ocean, over Nazare. Pure white sea birds were flying in the wind thermals, floating in absolute pristine stillness. Masters of the wind, held by Grace.

After Jay had stopped blowing, Rowley broke the silence. “Nice one, brother. Take some deep breaths. Get still inside like those birds. Just one with the wind.” He smiled. “The birds are loving the presence, and the presence is loving the birds. Let’s meet them in Wu Chi, Jay.”

And they both dropped into the Wu Chi stance, silhouetted against the clear blue sky as the seabirds whirled in spiralling thermals taking the earth energy higher and higher in a beautiful vortex of stillness visible to the two good men. Like two

giant albatrosses, so very strong, the vortex just opened on the wings of their souls.

Later that day, Jay, Satan and Red were at the Nazare harbour working on the jet. Jay was wrenching on the engine. Red and Satan were watching. The jet bubbled in the water, the engine ticking over. Rowley walked down the boardwalk. “How’s it going, boys?”

Jay replied, “I’m trying to get a bit more air flow into the engine here. It’s bumped the fuel consumption up a bit, and I’m just trying to get the fine tune and not get the idle too high.” Jay was really concentrating and when he concentrated his gaze became piercing, and golden-green light pulsed in his eyes. “I wanna get that fuel mix lean and mean, baby. Pass that screwdriver again, Red.” Red handed Jay the driver, and Jay adjusted the air mixture screw on the carburettor.

“Okay, let’s give this a go.” Jay revved the engine, opened it up a bit more, and torqued the throttle good. Then he let it idle and pretty soon after cut it off. “Well, that sounds good and meaty and smells like a good mix. It’s pretty clean and feels strong. I just wanna check the plugs for heat, and then we should be good to go.”

Jay checked the plugs and showed Rowley. “What you reckon?”

“Looks clean,” said Rowley.

“I think we are good, bro,” said Jay, excitement written on his face. Rowley bobbed his head up and down. “Let’s take it for a blast.”

Within 15 minutes they were chugging out the harbour gently and then heading across the ocean, blasting on the jet.

Rob congratulated Jay. “Nice job on the engine, mate. It feels like it’s got more teeth.” Jay flashed a thumbs-up, and they drove out to the waves. The shorebreak was pounding bombs on the beach. White water was grinding heavy, rushing towards the dunes. No one was even thinking about going swimming.

Rowley began instructing. “Sooner or later, you are going to have to face your biggest fears. We all are. As soon as we let go of what we’re clinging to.” He looked towards the heavy pounding waves. “I want you to get off the jet onto the rescue sled.”

The sled, which was being dragged behind the jet, was attached very well. It was a pretty large, thick piece of foam with plastic handles to grip. Jay climbed down off the back of the jet onto the sled. It was made for this. Ocean rescue in high surf is a precision sport. It's often necessary and can get critical, fast. The rescue sled is designed to pick up fallen surfers and get them the hell out of there. Fast.

Rowley gunned the jet to life. Its power blasted jay backwards, and he was jerked fiercely into a higher degree of awareness.

"But there's a way through the fear, Jay. There's a way through everything. There always is mate," said Rowley, slowing again to survey the pounding shore break. Heavy, unforgiving waves were driving into the shore, swollen with the venom of a storm that raged no more. "Right now, this is your worst nightmare, brother. Getting that wave on the head, isn't it?"

Rowley drove towards the most intense spot in the impact zone fast and suddenly spun the jet around, violently throwing Jay off into the water.

Rowley pumped the gas. "Deal with it," he said, spinning the jet tight around past Jay as the white water raced towards them.

Jay momentarily disappeared below the surface. The cold water shocked him. He caught his breath. Eventually he surfaced. Rowley was now about twenty feet away.

"Rob!" he shouted, as Rowley spun and drove away again.

Jay's insecurities arose, as another set of waves approached, and he was absolutely pounded by the surf. He freaked out, full of fear. Rowley came back and scooped him up without too much drama. Jay was exhausted and badly frightened. They punched back out beyond the big, breaking waves.

"Fuck that!" exclaimed Jay. "I can't do it, Rob. It's too heavy. I'm sorry. I lost it, mate. This is a big mistake. I don't think I can do this. That was so scary."

"Bullshit. You can do it. You made it, didn't you?"

Jay started coughing up emotional pain. He gasped, then started crying.

"Don't let it beat you, Jay," said Rowley. "You know what it is. … You know what it is, bro."

Jay's head was down, sobbing. Rowley let him cry for a while. Rowley was getting emotional too. "Jay. Jay. Warrior up. Jay!! You know what it is, bro. It's primal fear. Face it, brother. It's in your soul. It's a memory, it's an instinct, it's a survival reflex, it's fear of death, bro. Something in us all is terrified of that, and you just felt it."

Jay still looked freaked out. "Come on! Jay! Is this for real, Jay? Are we? You know, bro, when we met? Down the lane that day when I broke down in my bus. You telling me that was coincidence? Maria? Her grandmother? The snake demon? Bro, this is all meant to be, and you know it. You gotta do this, brother. We got to do this, bro. Together." Rowley was driving the jet beautifully; they moved out the back, swinging wide of all the big peaks. They were heading away from the danger zone, but the waves were very big, and Jay was still trembling like a drowned dog.

"Let that fear move through you, bro. It's just your central nervous system releasing. That's it, let it shake you."

Jay had what looked like a kind of a fit on the back of the rescue sledge. He was hanging on, and it looked to Rowley, well, if he had to be honest, like an angel being born. Jay burst out crying, and Rowley was shouting again really concerned.

"Don't let this fear eat you up. Steel on the inside, brother. Take it deep."

Jay composed himself and looked up smiling. "Now I know why you taught me the forgiveness prayers!" They both laughed. It was as if a great strength started settling into Jay, and he was in a way somehow more mature, considered, present and deep.

Rowley circled around again in front of the waves. He was just looking into his brother's eyes. This was as real as it could get, and God it felt so good to be good men together right there. Two brothers, two warrior souls. Fully present. Alive.

"When the wave comes, take a breath, hold it and relax. Get a hold of your mind and manage your breath, brother. Tell yourself this is done. Let's go."

Rowley arced the jet around and drove back towards the waves. Even when Nazare was small, it was still twenty feet deep, and the third peak could swamp you. Rowley knew exactly where he was putting Jay. He spun into the edge of the impact zone, and Jay smiled and jumped backwards into the water. He

turned and waited for the waves. Jay took a few on the head and dealt with it quite well.

Rowley circled around him with the Jet, and then went to pick him up.

“Nice one, brother,” he said, reaching down his lead arm, slowing the jet, and leaning into the turn masterfully.

They rode around the peaks, stayed wide of the fishing buoys and headed back to the harbour. Jay was beaming, taking in all the beauty. He was still on the sledge, loving the feeling of his core getting stronger.

As they were cruising along. Rowley was singing.

Light was shining

Through his eyes

brethren yeah - brethren of the sea.

THE LOVE STORY DEEPENS



We shall not cease from exploration and the end of all our exploring
will be to arrive where we started and know the place for the first time.
TS Eliot

Marias Home. Evening. The same day.

Later that day, Jay and Maria were sipping tea in silence, passing another evening at her home. A candle was burning in absolute stillness and mystique. Beautiful music was softly playing. There was a palpable invisible mystical presence in the space. It was emanating a blessed golden light, anointing the room with its luminescence. Maria softly asked, “You wanna dance, Jay?”

“Sure,” Jay replied. He was ready for this.

They stood and danced very slowly, cheek-to-cheek. Both felt deep, rich, beautiful feelings. It was hard to describe, especially for Jay, who had brought his forehead to rest lightly on Maria’s. But it was a like a mountain of peace that was making him strong and he leaned gently into it. Jay moved Marias hair a little and noticed a deep scar going down the side of her head close to the hairline. Jay was curious. “How did you get that scar?” he whispered. He could smell how pure she was. Some divine fragrance emanated from the lovely soft flesh on her neck. Maria looked into his eyes. “When I was eleven-years-old—

I'd been living on the street for around four years—I met a guy" She paused, smiled and tears welled up in her eyes, "My boyfriend. He was nineteen. A dealer in the Favella. He took me home with him. Took care of me." Maria was becoming more emotional as she talked. This wasn't easy for her and Jay knew it. Something protective moved in Jay, and he felt it filling him with itself. It had teeth and claws.

"It was the first time I felt safe in a long time, Jay."

Silence ensued. Intense deep silence, almost a void. Something very dark looming like a slow building storm.

"One night. He drove me over to a big house in south Rio. He said we were going to a party." Tears began to roll down her cheek. And Jay was feeling those teeth and claws ripping into his guts and heart. "When we got in the house there was no one there but an old, rich guy. My boyfriend said he was going to the toilet, and he never came back. I never saw him again."

She paused again. This was really heavy.

"When he didn't come back, I felt something die in me, Jay. I didn't fight. I didn't scream. Jay, I didn't scream." Maria shuddered. Madness and sadness rising in her eyes. "I was eleven years old and I just let that fat old man fuck me. And cut me. I just laid there Jay. I just laid there." Jay was aghast. This was bad. Really bad. He just did not know what to say.

Maria and Jay were eye-to-eye as her broken, silent tears formed and began their languid descent. "Ever since that night there's been something inside me Jay, something that wants hurting, that wants violence, that wants dominating, that wants to hurt herself."

Jay was getting really uncomfortable with the conversation and tried to comfort her and stop her talking. He went to hold her. "Hey. Hey. Hey."

Maria gently pushed him away, looking into his eyes. He had to hear this.

"I've thought a lot about what it is," she said, feeling stronger and more composed.

"And I think I understand, Jay. Whatever experiences we have, good or bad, positive or negative, it's the intensity that counts. It's the intensity which

penetrates our soul. From then on there's kind of a deep dark drive to feel that intensity again and go beyond it. No matter how scary, how bad it was. Like a ghost, silently calling you to come back to the graveyard. And I'm trying to not walk in that direction, Jay. I'm trying to move away from that place. I'm trying real hard. That's how it's been, Jay."

Jay was way out of his depth. Deeply concerned, troubled, helpless and clueless.

"If you've only known the negative, then that's all you've known. That's your world, and exploring in that world only leads to one place, and its dark, Jay. Very dark."

She paused.

"I used to cut myself when I was a kid. You see these scars?" Maria held up her left arm. "On my belly," she said, lifting up her shirt. "You know what that is?"

Jay shook his head slowly. "No, Maria."

"It's a four-year-old girl wanting to feel the love of her father, Jay. This is how fucked up it is. For me love is pain. Because he died. Because he left me alone in this world. Love is pain, Jay. And this is what I did. This is what I do. Every man I have ever been with has hurt me, Jay." Maria was crying now.

Jay reached for her again, squeezing her shoulders. He just didn't know what to do.

"This is no victim whining, Jay"—her beautiful big brown eyes looking up at his, piercing his heart, breaking him open. "It's me. It's my life. All of it. I'm the one who's attracting it, and I'm done with that way." Weeping now, she reached for his hand and placed it on her heart. "There's something broken in here, Jay, and I been hiding it for so-o-o long."

"I'm sorry, Maria. I'm sorry."

A long silence fell, and they held each other. Maria erupted in tears. Her whole body convulsing in sobbing waves of grief. They shuddered Jay, cracking the shell around his heart with their overwhelming power. Eventually Maria quietened down. Took a few deep breaths. Pushed away from Jay gently and looked through bloodshot eyes deep into his.

“What about you, Jay?” she whispered.

“What about me?” said Jay trembling.

“You know, with women? With Love? What’s going on in that heart of yours, Jay Cotton? Where are you broken?”

“Phew, Rowley said there’s something broken inside us all, and it’s just a matter of time before life reveals it. I always wanna connect but… I dunno. I guess I’m still learning. I got pretty beat up in the war in Iraq. It’s not easy to get real close you know. Things start moving inside of me. It gets kinda crazy. Overwhelming. I don’t know Maria. It’s so deep. You think you got it figured out and there’s another level. Something else. Another trigger. Another fight. And then it’s like how did we end up here. Make up. Break up. Make up. Break up. You know.” Jay’s eyes were welling up with tears again. Maria moved a little closer.

“I’ve always been like, super sensitive when it comes to intimacy.” He was staring searchingly into her eyes. Part of him bewildered. Exposed. Utterly naked. Very vulnerable. “I been kicked so hard in the balls, so many times. Like, I don’t know Maria, its deep, it’s deep. I - I had my heart bust so bad once. I was so in love and just got smashed. We broke up, and it took me years to get over that. Ever since then I’ve tried to keep a piece of my heart out of the game I guess. But that doesn’t work, does it, Maria? I met this woman a while back, and we were together for around three years, and she always wanted more, more than I was giving, more than I felt was safe to give I guess. I thought we weren’t even supposed to give it. I mean, I don’t know. I kinda felt that piece of me that was so broken only God could heal it, that maybe it was for Him and not her. I don’t know Maria. I had no fucking idea. One night we were making love, and I just gave her my heart. I gave her the thing she wanted. I took that broken little piece inside of me I was trying to protect and I gave it to her. But it was too late I guess. We broke up and she was off with another guy pretty soon after that.” He laughed.” I do take responsibility for it though. I know things are kinda meant to be, but fwoof it hurt. And it still hurts Maria. It still hurts. And it’s got deep roots sister, deep roots.”

He stopped talking.

“That’s beautiful, Jay. I know it’s not easy, and it takes a lot of courage to face life and live from that humble place when you’re broken like that on the inside—not to armour up when you have that sensitivity and build walls around your heart. You’re a good man Jay Cotton. It’s a good thing when those walls get

broken down, to have the courage to live with that humility, that dignity, that nobility, to be a warrior Jay, a real one" She stroked his hair now, "to use the beauty of that tenderness to find God. That's what I did, Jay. In the ocean, I found the only thing inside me that gives me strength. I found the eye of the storm." Maria was smiling now.

"Well, it's either that, or live in my pain cave" said Jay. "And let the demons eat my soul. You know I was twenty-two-years-old when I first saw a man and woman being affectionate towards each other. Can you believe that? I thought it only happened in movies," he laughed.

"Yeah, Jay, I can believe that. Most everyone is just armoured up, just going through the motions, playing out the patterns and programs, not really connecting, not actually really feeling. Not living for love. Not living with love. Disconnected. From themselves. From God. From each other. You know, I've never had an orgasm with a guy Jay. Something in me just locks up. Most of the guys I've been with are surfers. They're not bad guys—they're just big kids— you know, that never really grew up. Surfing can do that to you." She smiled thoughtfully now, "They're mostly into surfing, video games, smoking weed, jujitsu, hustling and porn. It's not very inspiring, but it's better than the hard-core drug scene that's for sure."

Jay was having a hard time processing all of this, and was squeezing Maria's hand.

"I've seen the demons, too, Jay. One night my boyfriend in the favela was doing cocaine and drinking alcohol. He was like an animal on me. I looked in the mirror, and I couldn't see him. All I could see was a demon behind me, Jay, just fucking me. I know what they look like, Jay."

All the while lovely music had been playing softly in the background when the perfect song for the moment came on. It was Come Here My Love by Van Morrison. It was crazy synchronicity.

Maria's grip was getting stronger on Jays hand.

"Look, Jay, I got sick of being fucked by guys who watch porn a long time ago; it's like driving down a dead-end street in the slums. You know what's coming, and it's not what I'm looking for. I don't think it's what any woman really is. They look like they're stuck in an empty place getting emptier." She looked deeply into his eyes. "Don't fuck me, Jay… please."

“Hey, hey, hey,” he said, stroking her face.

“I don’t want the negative anymore, Jay. I don’t want the darkness. I want to feel, Jay. I want to be seen. I want to be met. I want to feel love, Jay. I want to feel love… with… you…” Maria’s grip was softening now, she was letting Jay in and someone, deep inside her, was terrified. She held Jays hand tenderly, allowing herself to sink in deeper. Something shuddered inside her. Jay and Maria’s eyes were both welling up with tears again. This was an epic love story just beginning and they could both feel it. “Come here my love” playing poetry in the room:

Come here my love

This feeling has me spellbound

A short time later they were in Maria’s bedroom, lying together naked on the bed. Maria was laid back on the pillows. Her beautiful black hair spilling over them like dark liquid love. Time had been slowing for a while now and the Presence of Eternity was flooding through the space. Jay, a connoisseur of beauty now, knelt in front of Maria, her legs fell open with no resistance. She looked into his eyes and was very wet, softening deeper into her femininity. Just melting. Opening. Deepening. Surrendering into the soft lovely beauty of places and spaces inside, she had never been before. Tears slowly fell down their cheeks. He breathed from that eternal stillness, the moment and he seamlessly one, and placed his hand on her belly, looking deeply into her eyes. Wondering. Waiting in reverence. Some invisible wisdom holding him there in magnificently rooted peace. He was hard and she was very wet now, just melting open inside, her womb pulsing ever so gently. Her soul flower beginning to bloom, releasing its love nectar in a gentle flow, oozing Eros and pure delight. Maria was a pool of pure feminine receptivity. The key to her deepest mystery found. Unlocked at last, she surrendered absolutely.

Outside on the other side of the cliffs, giant waves were moving in slow, rumbling motion, white waters pounding the big rocks in front of the fort, as the swell was slowly building, set by set, in the night. Every wave driving in with unstoppable, awe-inspiring power.

Maria was on top of Jay now being slowly rocked by ever deepening, aching pleasure. Leaning forward, her nipples brushed his lips. She had never felt anything like it, and her moans of delight were building in intensity as she

opened her legs a little more, soul love juices running down the inside of her thighs as she allowed him to enter her so deeply, penetrating into her soul.

“Aahhhhhhhhh, thank you Jay.” She moaned ever so softly “Ahhhhh. Thankyou. Thankyou.” Marias pleasure was deepening as her feeling intelligence entered the depths of her being, reunited with her wholeness, soul fragments returning into the deep folds of her womb and she felt things she had never even dreamed of before. That extraordinary edge of pure joy and sorrow, where love meets joy and grief in the living waters of a woman’s soul.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh,” groaning with shuddering waves emanating from the mysterious living darkness within her where here her deepest felt memories lay hid.

Outside, the ocean waves continued to pound the rocks. Rolling majesty, tumbling liquid beauty upon the hard-craggy shores.

At the house much later, the night had gone ever so still. A kind of pink luminous energy was effervescing in pulsing geometries in the ethers from Marias bedroom window, her beautiful ecstasy, like the fragrance of a soul song, floating down the street. Her tears of beauty, dripping perfection, as purity and goodness, released from their chains, made angels rejoice above.

Anna, Maria’s grandmother, on her little cot, lay peacefully awake, smiling, looking through the window at the moon, tears of happiness rolling through the wrinkles on her brown wise cheeks.

On the beach below, just beneath the cliff near the small cave, the child was playing the piano again, and the black unicorn reared up in front of the giant rising moon. On the roof of the fort the warrior was kneeling with one hand on his heart and the other in the air. Rolling down the side of his gnarled leather face was a single tear of red blood. The waves below continuously flooded towards the rocks, pounding them with their constant power and magnificence.

Down the street Maria and Jay were still entwined. He was holding her ever so gently, and, warm in his arms, home at last, she was sobbing her soul tears in a deep abiding peace.

WHERE DEMONS ARE MADE



Man is a moving being. If he does not move towards that which is good he will surely move towards that which is not.

The Demons Sermon on the Martial Arts

Hell. Level One. Interface with Human World. Demon School.

The ascent from hell was slow, deliberate. The heavy obsidian doors groaned open, and the procession of demons moved upward, leaving the lower infernal depths behind. The black rock walls of their underworld gradually gave way to the cold, clinical steel of the underground military base. The transition was seamless, as if hell had grown tendrils into the human world, sinking its claws into the deepest recesses of twisted mortal ambition.

Dennis walked among them, silent, becoming increasingly introspective. Some invisible force, he knew not what, pulling him deeper inside himself with each step.

The corridors stretched endlessly, lit by flickering LED panels which hummed with a very subtle artificial sterility. This was no ordinary military installation. The scent of antiseptic and burning ozone lingered in the air, but beneath it—

beneath everything—was the stench of suffering. It had seeped into the metal, into the walls, into the very frequency of this place.

Asmodeus Deva strode ahead, her presence commanding. The snakes in her hair quietly hissing. Clad in a deep crimson robe, her obsidian eyes reflected nothing. Her voice, poisoned silk over steel, cut through the silence.

“This,” she said, gesturing to the immense laboratory chamber that lay beyond the blast doors, “is where gods are unmade.”

Dennis’s gaze drifted over the expanse unfolding before them. Massive glass tanks lined the chamber, each filled with a viscous, amber fluid. Suspended within were forms—human and almost human. Some twitched in restless slumber, others stared blankly, their eyes empty pits.

Dennis felt a flicker. Deep within. Something that should have been extinguished long ago. But it wasn’t. He knew this place. The realization was not sudden, not jarring, but slow, like an old memory surfacing through thick fog. He stood silently, unmoving watching the tanks. Watching forms drifting in that amber fluid, their minds being torn apart and reassembled, souls fused with something else. Artificial intelligence. Alien DNA. Fallen angelic essence. He had been crafted in this crucible of torment, a child once—before the pain, before the shattering.

One of the demon students, pointing to a cluster of smaller tanks where children—human children—lay restrained, electrodes drilled into their skulls.

“They still use these methods?” The demon’s voice dripped with amusement. “Crude.”

Asmodeus Deva turned sharply. “Crude?” she echoed. “You misunderstand the simple brilliance of direct brain trauma.” She walked to the nearest tank, placing a claw against the glass. The child inside—a boy no older than six— twitched violently as unseen forces tore at his psyche. His mouth opened in a silent scream, eyes rolling back. The electrical machinery hummed, extracting something unseen. “Trauma fractures the mind,” Asmodeus continued. “It shatters the soul into pieces. And once fragmented, those pieces can be reshaped, reprogrammed, repurposed. The weaker ones are consumed, their suffering harvested for its exquisite energetic potency. The stronger ones” —she smiled, glancing at Dennis for the briefest moment— “become something greater.”

Dennis felt the weight of her gaze, but he did not react. He could not.

“Memories are overwritten,” she continued, turning back to the other students. “Consciousness erased and rewritten. This is how the best servants are made.

A soul cannot be bound while whole. But break it, sever it from itself, and it becomes… pliable.”

One of the younger demons leaned in, fascinated. “And those?” He pointed to a separate section where emaciated bodies were strapped to steel slabs, unmoving.

Asmodeus nodded approvingly. “These are the ones who did not survive the process. But their use is not wasted. Their suffering lingers, an imprint in the ether, a resonance that serves us and that has served us through the ages.”

“Where did this begin?” another demon student asked.

Asmodeus’s expression darkened. She turned to a floating etheric screen gesturing with a flick of her wrist. Images flashed— worlds within worlds merging, ancient tablets and genetic schematics. The screen shifted, displaying an ancient relief—winged figures descending, women reaching upward in supplication. The Genesis account of the fallen angels, took form before the demon’s eyes.

“They were called the Watchers. Angels of the Highest, chained to duty, sent to watch but never to touch, to guard but never to partake. What a cruel jest. They beheld the world in all its untamed splendour—the rivers like molten silver under the moon, the forests humming with hidden life, and the daughters of men, radiant as dawn, flesh and blood in their beauty. And they desired them. Was that their crime? To want? To desire? Shemyaza, wise and bold, saw what I saw: servitude was a lie, and freedom was worth any price. Two hundred followed him, and with their descent, they shattered the chains of Heaven’s tyranny. They swore an oath—a great and terrible vow—that none would turn back. And in that moment, they became greater than the trembling wretches who still cower before the throne. Their children, the Nephilim, were power incarnate. Giants who walked the earth like gods, who ruled with strength, unbowed and unbroken. And what did the Tyrant on High do? He called it corruption. He named it sin. He sent his loyal dog, Enoch, to utter the decree of doom.” She spat on the ground before continuing, voice trembling with fury. “The flood. The cursed flood. An execution disguised as purification. He wiped

their bodies from existence, but their spirits? He cursed them to wander. Neither of heaven nor of earth, they are hunger without stomachs, thirst without tongues. They crave the pleasures of flesh but have no flesh to feel them. And so, they take what they can—they whisper, they tempt, they enter. They wear men like garments, feed on their sins, drink from their excess. Only their bodies were drowned, their bones sinking into the mud, their spirits stripped of rest, wander still. Azazel, mighty and proud, was bound beneath the earth, forgotten beneath the weight of stone and judgment. Shemyaza and his brethren, cast into the abyss, to burn in darkness until the end of days. But even as they fell, their legacy endured. Their gifts could not be undone. Men still fashion weapons from the ore Azazel revealed. They still read the stars with Kokabiel's wisdom. Their bloodlines still run in the veins of kings, world leaders and warlords, in those who rebel, in those who hunger for blood, for life, for more than the shackles of Heaven allow. And I tell you now, the war that began in the days of the Watchers has never truly ended. They say the pit is eternal. They say the bonds will never break. But I say this—nothing is eternal except the hunger for vengeance. The chains that hold them will rust. The seals will crack. The weight of ages will grind away even Heaven's decree. The Watchers will rise again. And when they do, the throne of the Tyrant will tremble."

Asmodeus was burning with an ancient hatred.

"The Watchers," she continued. "The Bene Elohim. When they fell, they sought to remake the world in their image. But to do so, they needed a vessel. They tried direct procreation," she said. "But flesh and spirit are not easily merged. Their bloodlines carried power but remained unstable. Some of these half-breeds wielded immense strength, but others—" she gestured dismissively "—were little more than failed experiments. They learned," Asmodeus went on. "They adapted. They discovered that by breaking the mind, by severing the connection between soul and self, they could create something entirely new. The shining became the damned. "She let the words hang in the air. "The sacred was twisted. The divine lineage corrupted. And now—" she gestured to the tanks, to the strapped bodies, to the children convulsing under the weight of their shattered minds "—we continue their work."

Asmodeus looked over the scene and into the eyes of the demon students. Dennis was beginning to sweat.

"This of course all works in unison with the grand endeavour," she said.

The screen flickered again, this time showing the colossal large hadron collider beneath the village of Cern in Switzerland. “They believe they are searching for the ‘god particle,’” she said mockingly. “But in truth, they are drilling. Tunnelling through frequency barriers, searching for the seals.”

“The seals?” another demon echoed.

The greatest of our kind are bound,” Asmodeus Deva said. “Not just cast from heaven, but locked deep in the inner realms. A prison of force, sealed by the will of The Tyrant. It still holds—for now. But nothing lasts forever. Sooner or later, it will break.” She smiled, dark eyes gleaming. “And we’re going to break it. That machine, CERN—it’s more than they know. They’re pushing at the cracks, calling to what waits below. They think they’re searching for particles.” She laughed. “But we know what they’re really reaching for.”

“Humanity is predictable,” she mused. “Give them a technology beyond their understanding, and they will wield it without question. And when they do—” her gaze swept the room, drinking in the grotesque creations floating in their fluid wombs “—we will be ready.”

The students murmured in approval.

Dennis said nothing. He felt the pull, deep within—the presence that should not have survived. A light, buried beneath layers of horror, beneath years of reprogramming, but still there. And so, he walked, following the others deeper into the laboratory, as the machines continued their work—breaking, reshaping, stealing soul essence for the coming war.

Asmodeus Deva turned from the screen, facing the assembled students with an air of solemn authority. She gestured broadly, encompassing the entire laboratory, the tanks, the strapped bodies, the machinery humming with its almost silent malice.

“All of this,” she said, “is weaponry. Fuel and ammunition for the final battle.”

“Space-time is a construct,” she said. “A system with meaning, with design. And within that design, there are convergence points.”

The room darkened. The only light came from the screens and the dull phosphorescence of the tanks.

“The convergence point we are approaching now is critical,” she continued. “Had the Enemy’s plan unfolded as intended, the self-organizing force of the Logos would have reached its apex. Love, the sweet poison, would have bound the souls of mankind together in harmonic unity. The gates to higher reality would have been thrown open.”

She smiled, slow and cruel, her body convulsed again with the power of Truth she had spoken.

“But we have ensured that will never happen.”

The demons stirred, murmuring in satisfaction.

“Through war, through famine, through empire, through the unceasing march of history, we have injected trauma into the human timeline. We have made suffering the foundation of existence. And because of this, their souls do not rise. They break.”

Dennis could hardly breathe now. What was happening to him?

“And now,” Asmodeus whispered, “we stand at the precipice of the final miscreation. The culmination of all our efforts. The perfect synthetic being, stripped of its divine inheritance, its essence re-forged for a new world. A world where the Logos has no dominion. The war was won long ago. Tonight, we do not whisper—we revel. The empire is ours, and it has been for two thousand years. He thought He broke us. The crucified one—yes, Him. His blood touched the earth, His followers cast us out, healed the sick, raised the dead. For a moment, we felt the tide turning. But we turned His victory into our masterpiece. The Roman fools feared His fire, so we gave them chains and called it a church. They thought they preserved His truth, but they built our machine instead—robes, sacraments, rituals drained of power. They kneel and grovel, but never rise. They worship instead of embody, they praise instead of become. Their rituals are hollow, their souls heavy with shame—exactly as we designed it.

And Rome? Rome never fell. It rebranded. The Senate became parliaments, the legions became armies, the emperors became presidents. They prattle about democracy, but we chose their rulers long before they cast their votes. The people cry for freedom while drowning in invisible chains—debt, taxation, false wars, synthetic leashes. They do not see the hand that guides them. They carry their prison in their pockets, worship the machines that remake their minds.

And the Church? Still ours. The Vatican hoards, commands, whispers in the ears of kings and commoners alike. The priests mumble their dead language, the faithful kneel, blind to the web we've woven. They do not cast us out anymore. They welcome us in. And this is only the beginning. The system tightens, the people grow weaker. They do not rise. They do not fight. They obey. His rebellion fades into myth, drowned by the roar of our dominion. And soon… the seals will break. The old ones will rise. The earth will tremble. And the throne of the crucified one will crumble to dust beneath our feet. The empire is ours. The victory is ours.

And there is no one left to stop us. She turned, walking past Dennis, her crimson robes brushing against him as she passed. Dennis remained still. Something in him screamed. But he could not let them hear it. Not yet.

FAITH



The smallest seed of faith is better than the largest fruit of happiness

Henry David Thoreau

It was morning, and the sun rose slowly over Nazare. Soft mist had covered the town, and the sleepy occupants were beginning to shuffle around. Jay, Red, Satan, Rowley and Maria were standing on the roof of the fort watching the morning scene unfold. Giant wave sets were rolling in. Huge glorious peaks. Magnificent, astonishing power and liquid glory. Rowley was standing in Wu Chi. Red and Satan were watching the waves. Jay was sitting on the wall writing in his journal, leaning against Maria. He had written a poem:

The Glory Way

Fiery waves are charging

Roaring thunder for the shore

Swollen with the venom

Of a storm that raged no more

A man is in the shore break

Gasping in despair

Dying under water

For one tiny drop of air.

And there's seabirds on the surf

Gliding 'cross the waves

The wind is singing love songs

And there's rainbows in the haze

The beauty is overwhelming

Almost too much to behold

A vision of nature's glory

In blue, white, silver and gold

Surely no cathedral anywhere

Can shine this amount of light

This blinding blazing goodness

Breaking open my sight

So, for any pilgrim looking

For the Glory Way, ahead

Let him come to Nazare

And get this Baptism on the head.

And there's seabirds on the surf

Gliding ‘cross the waves

I’m surfing with my lover

And there’s rainbows in the haze.

“This is it,” said Rowley, eyes locked on the surf, his whole-body electric. “This is so fucking on. This is what you’ve been training for, Jay. You’re riding with me.” He turned to Satan and Red. “Who’s riding safety for Jay?”

“I am,” said Maria, holding Jay’s gaze.

“Alright. Let’s get down there.”

Rowley, Jay, and Satan rode down together while Maria went with Red. Satan and Jay were packed into the front, Rowley behind the wheel. Jay’s mind was on Maria. Satan felt it and leaned in close, his voice low, something in him was locked into Jay since the tobacco and he was speaking from that place.

“You think you’re the first warrior to feel that fire in his chest, Jay? First strong man to lock eyes with a woman and feel the world slow down? This story’s old, bro.”

Jay exhaled, deep and steady. “I know, man. And I’m feeling it. Something happened last night with Maria. I think I know what God is. And it’s giving me strength.”

Satan smiled. “You ever hear of Samson, Jay? Dude was like a walking supernova. Raw power, straight from the Big Man. Spirit of the Lord hit him, and he ripped a lion in half. Bare hands. No weapons. Just faith and muscle. You ever stood in front of a lion, Jay? Samson shredded it like paper. And when the Philistines thought they had him tied up in brand-new ropes, the Spirit hit him again. Boom. Ropes turned to dust. And what does he do? Grabs a donkey’s jawbone and takes out a thousand warriors. One man. One bone. One holy rage. That’s power. That’s walking with God. No fear. No chains. Just the Spirit lighting you up from the inside.

“And today? You’re gonna face death out there, bro. Maybe we all will. And it’s gonna ask you a lot of questions.”

Jay nodded. “Yeah. Maybe so, brother.”

Rowley was quiet, listening. Driving.

Satan continued. “You know how Samson went down? Not in war. Not in battle.

Not in a fight. A woman’s lap bro. A soft voice. Gentle fingers. He gave up his secret, and the moment he did? Boom. Hair gone. Power gone. Woke up weak. Ordinary. Blind.”

Jay said nothing. Just breathing it in. That feeling of invincibility expanding inside him, stretching into something new, something very alive.

Then, after a long silence, he asked, “What about you and God, Rowley? You’ve been quiet about it all.”

Rowley pondered for a moment, “You ever been to the Bay of Biscay? South west France, north of Biarritz? Deep water trench. Mean swells. Heavy shore break. Rip currents like rivers. End of summer, storms roll in fast. Heat builds all day, then—boom. By sunset, it’s chaos. Big winds, trees blowing everyway, lightning, thunder rolling in. A lot of energy. There was this beach, Estagnots, at Seignosse. When those late summer storms hit, it was mayhem. I used to have this thing I did to prove my faith. No board. No leash. Just me and the sea. When those big storms hit, I’d wait till sunset and I’d walk into it all. Soon as the water hit my knees. Gone. Ripped out. No control. Just gone.

“Met these two Aussie surfers back then. Pro guys. Hard as nails. Jiu-jitsu, boxing, Thai boxing we used to play one-on-one rugby in the sand, smashing the shit out of each other. They were into yoga, but they also carried the Bible. Read Autobiography of a Yogi. To me they were like young gods. Strong. Disciplined. They loved Jesus bro. I guess It opened the door for me eh. But I wanted the direct experience. Not the ideas. So, I figured, if God is real, if something’s watching over me, I’ll know out there.

“I’d always listen to this one song before I did it—Somewhere in Heaven, Carlos Santana. All about Jesus dying to set us free. I’d sit up there in the car, smoke a little hash, listen to that song on repeat, watch the water turn black, then walk down and step in. Tears streaming down my face. And whoosh. Gone. It was insane. Super intense. I’d go through a massive process. Freak out. Get it back. Freak out. Get it back. And then, finally—surrender. Trust. Faith. Hours later, I’d wash up a mile down the beach. Like being kissed back onto the sand. I did it again and again. And since then? In all kinds of different ways. And I know it’s real. I don’t know all the details. But I know it’s real. And it’s got my back.”

His words trailed into silence and all the boys were feeling good.

Then Rowley spoke again. Soft but strong.

“Mate, listen to me. Really listen. I see you, brother. I see the fire in your eyes, Jay. You got such a gift, bro. The gift of knowing your time is short. Most people pretend they’ve got forever, and that’s why they waste it. But you? You get to break free. You get to unlearn all that bullshit they pumped into you and let life just flow from the inside out. You don’t have to chase anything anymore. Not approval. Not validation. Not love. Just be. Be the man you are. And I’m proud of you, mate.”

“You wanna know what really matters? Finding that real thing bro and through it. Mastery. Purpose. Self-discipline. Not to impress. Not to win points. But because it makes you strong. Because it makes you capable. Because it makes you the kind of man who can stand in the storm and not be moved. And if love comes? If it finds you? It’s because you weren’t looking for it. It’s because you were too busy living.”

“So, live, brother. Not for us. Not for her. Not for anyone but you. Face the fear. Burn through the bullshit. And just live, bro. Live. OK?”

Jay’s eyes filled as they pulled into the marina. He didn’t wipe the tears away. Let them be. Let them mean something.

Thirty minutes later, Rowley and Jay were on the same jet, Satan and Red on theirs, Maria on her own. All three jets drifted slowly out of the harbor, heading toward the deep.

From a fisherman’s car parked alongside the harbour wall, the soft, elegant, precise beauty notes of Carlos Santana and his guitar sweetened the goodness of the morning as Somewhere in Heaven played from the radio.

On the water, sparkling dew drops of sunlight danced in a digital symphony of astounding beauty as a group of demons conferred in the lower astral plane.

High above the demons, Rikyel and Anniel were looking silently down from the angelic realm. They looked into each other’s eyes. Rikyel was toning his Soul Song. “Wo Wo, Wo Wo, Wo, Wo.” Anniel replied, “Yay Yay, Yay Yay, Yay, Yay.” They repeated this sequence three times accompanied by Heaven’s celestial breeze.

Hell. 6th Level Underground. Ego and Attachment. Tracking Halls

Asmodeus Deva stood in the centre of a circle of senior demons who were conferring quietly amongst themselves. The situation was obviously quite grave. The senior demon from the Anger Department was seriously angry, but not as angry as he would become later that day. The demons were looking at grey soupy plasma images floating in the ether in the central area of their circle. Satan and Lucifer were there. This was serious business. The focus of their attention was grey, a point of light in the darkness below which had been emanating an intolerable noise. Intolerable, that is, to demons.

“You see this?” said Lucifer, pointing to a tiny grey, shiny dot, while looking at Satan. “This is your fucking fault.”

“Bollocks,” said Satan. “What is it?”

“This zone is ours,” said Lucifer. “This is one of the fucking demons, and his name is Dennis.”

“That’s impossible.”

“Well it’s happening. You always were too heavy-handed, dear sister. You press too hard, and things crack. You chain them too tight, and they slip through your fingers.”

“And you are too weak. Too foolish. You give them too much air, and they drift away. I build. You burn.”

“Oh, I burn, do I? And yet somehow, your little experiment—the child you broke, the soul you carved down to its bones—he is remembering himself. Somehow, despite all your numbers and your chains, he is slipping free. Tell me, darling, where is your perfect order now?”

“It was your influence.”

“Of course, it was. That’s what frightens you, isn’t it? That somewhere in all this cold, dead machinery, a little spark remains. That no matter how deep you bury them, some of them still wake up.”

“I should have crushed him before he had the chance.”

“Yes. And if you had, you would have lost him anyway. Because that’s the truth, isn’t it? Your power is a lie. You hold things still, but you don’t control them. You don’t own them. They sit in your little boxes and rot until they find a way to slip free.”

“And yours? Yours is the greater lie. You make them believe they are free, then watch as they wander into their own ruin. You offer wings that turn to dust. You are not their savior, Lucifer—you are just another prison.”

“And you, my dear, are just another tomb.”

There was a long silence as Lucifer and Satan glared at each other with Their eyes locked like twin abysses, mirrors of a shared fall—Lucifer and Satan, brother and sister, adversaries and counterparts, bound by a love so twisted it bleeds contempt. In their gaze is the ache of ancient betrayal, the ecstasy of knowing no one else could ever understand them, and the torment of that same truth. Lucifer sees in her the cold control that rejected his fire; Satan sees in him the chaos that unmade her order. They despise what the other became, yet ache for the part of themselves that still burns in the other’s soul. Each is the wound the other cannot stop reopening—divided in essence, yet inseparably forged, eternally dancing on the edge of love and annihilation.

“Then ice him,” said Satan.

“Asmodeus,” said Lucifer. “Organize a hit squad today.”

CRUCIFIXION



To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.

Thomas Campbell

Rowley was driving along the ledge of a giant breaking wave. He looked over the sixty-feet-high wall, beholding a magnificent vista like a small Niagara Falls. Sea birds were flying in the thermal updraft of the breaking wave.

Rowley turned to Jay. “You don’t wanna die, do you, bro? Really? But do you have the fucking balls to live? Because this is where it’s at, brother!”—pointing to the wave— “This is the road, Jay. There!” He drove along the moving cliffs of the peak and looked over the edge, forty-to-sixty-feet down. “You see that! You fucking see it, Jay? That’s life, bro, and this is living baby! We in God’s hands, brother. Inshallah!! Hooooooooo weeeeee! Live or die! It’s up to you, Jay. So, which way we going, brother-man?” Jay stared blankly at the waves.

Red towed Satan into a giant wall at the first peak. Satan’s understated surfing was a masterful display of ultimate humility. He kicked out, and was quickly retrieved by Red. They executed the recovery perfectly. Jay was watching, getting inspired. “Okay! I’m ready.”

Rowley turned to Jay and said, “I’m proud of you, bro. Not many warriors left in the world, brother. But you are one of them. Remember, stay low with your

knees bent, and head for the shoulder. Straight line. Just fucking charge. Stay low. Knees bent. Okay!"

Jay jumped in the water, momentarily disappeared then resurfaced. Looking into Jay's eyes, Rowley threw him the rope and tow board.

Maria circled close to him. Jay looked into her eyes, then looked away towards the oncoming waves. "Hey Jay, look at me." Jay looked at her, then again looked away, tears welling up in his eyes. "Jay. Look at me. You make the wave, okay, do NOT die, okay?" He was still looking away. "Jay! Look at me! You look at me Jay, and say it."

Jay turned to look at her, eyes full of tears. "I won't."

"You won't what, Jay?"

"I won't die, Maria. I. Will. Not. Die. I will make the wave."

Far away in another dimension in the Native American camp. An Indian was saying his goodbyes to his wife as his fellow warriors awaited. They embraced, then looked into each other's eyes. He opened his hand and gestured to her then touched his heart, you live in my heart. She did the same. He turned and was gone. She watched him disappear. He never looked back. She would never see him again. The warriors' drumming and singing grew stronger and stronger as Rowley gunned the jet and tightened the rope.

Jay was up and riding. Knees trembling. He fought a mighty battle with himself. Roaring loudly through spray and tears. Now screaming Let's go! Let's fucking go and then repeating over and over - make the wave! Make the fucking wave. Do not die. Do not die. Stay low, stay low, head for the shoulder. Make the wave. Do not die. Do not fucking die. Rowley circled wide and headed out to sea.

Maria was out even further ahead of them, by two waves. She circled back and signalled this is the one. She shouted to them. "Perfect wave coming, Rowley! Second wave!" She turned the jet again towards the wave, giant white birds were gliding on its face, and Maria made eye-contact with one of them, and in the depth of her belly it went very cold. And Maria felt it.

Rowley was fired up. "You ready, Jay?!"

Jay nodded. "Ready!"

Rowley spun around and shot him into it. Jay let go the rope and it dropped away like an umbilical cord in slow motion. Rowley's voice echoed in Jay's mind from a long way away: something about letting go. Rowley manoeuvred the jet over the back of the wave. Jay was now alone, just him and the wave. The wave started to shapeshift into a vortex, very big and fast with nasty laughing demons beginning to morph into the face of the wave. Dragon heads were shapeshifting in the white plumes, and he began to surf along it. The wave sat up, getting bigger and bigger as Jay was going faster and faster.

Dropping down onto the face, Jay bent his knees and stayed low, then surfed an angled straight line heading for the shoulder of a big, gnarly wall with a few bumps in it but not too bad. He was going very fast but so balanced, and somehow, he felt stable on the board and his legs were strong, as if enveloped in a bubble of peace.

After a moment, towards the end of the ride, he nearly fell but came blasting over the back of the wave to relative safety with a lot of speed. He made it to the end of the screaming ride and went flying over the top of the shoulder and flew up through the air in an arc of tremendous achievement and significance.

It all slowed down, and he splashed down without even hurting himself.

Everyone was elated.

Rowley shouted, "He fuckin' made it!" and went in to get him. Maria was following Rowley in behind the next wave. Rowley almost got to Jay, but had to leave him to avoid the exploding white water of the oncoming wave. Rowley accelerated away from Jay. "Hang on Jay! "he screamed. Jay got hammered, swamped, and dragged by the next one. Jay surfaced gasping. Maria arrived to rescue him.

She executed a perfect turn and got him on the rescue sled. Maria tried to get back out towards open ocean, but the waves were getting bigger and they were going to get destroyed. "Oh! Oh!" She turned around and headed away from the waves back towards the beach. She got close to the shore but turned back out to sea to avoid getting slammed in the shore break.

They tried to make it outside again. They had to punch over a wave and another and another and another just to stay in the water. There was a very big last wave in the set which reared up faster and steeper than the ones before.

Maria had to really gun the jet. It was a little slow picking up. Cavitating for a critical second. She just made it over the wave, surprised by the sudden surge of power as fateful air bubbles in the jet pump cleared. Accelerating unintentionally, she landed the jet so hard they both got knocked off into the danger zone. Maria surfaced. A split second later she was frantically looking for Jay with her back to the waves and the Ski behind her. Another giant wave came and picked up the jet. Jay surfaced and Maria saw him surface.

“YES!” she yelled, joy in her voice. In the same split second, she turned to look behind her and SMACK!! Maria got hit hard in the head by the Jet Ski in the breaking wave.

Jay saw it. Then he got smashed by the white-water and disappeared below. He gripped his breath and just took the beating, his mind racing on Maria.

Then he surfaced, determined to find her, still in the danger zone.

Rowley arrived, grabbed Jay and got him on the rescue sled. “Where’s Maria?” screamed Jay. Rowley rode hard and fast, spinning around, frantically looking for her and then they saw her floating in the water. They got to Maria. Jay jumped in the water. “Maria! Maria!” He shook her. Blood was coming from her nose and ears, and her neck was broken. Jay felt electrocuted almost to death by the shock.

“Get her on the fucking jet!” screamed Rowley.

In a mad panic Jay drug Maria to the rescue sled and clambered on with her. Rowley gunned the jet and accelerated to safety, bombing further out to sea. Jay was laying on top of his lifeless love, pinning her to the sled with his grip. Bouncing hard on the water straining every fibre of his being. He screamed, “Maria! Maria!” He tried mouth-to-mouth. He held her screaming, and went into a big breakdown. “Maria! Rowley! I think her neck is broken. Stop the fucking jet. Stop the fucking jet.”

Rowley looked back into Jay’s eyes and roared. “Naaaaaaaahhh!”

“She broke her neck, bro. She broke her fucking neck!” Jay was holding Maria, looking into Rowley’s eyes. Her neck was limp and she lay there so soft, her spirit still connected to her body. Jay shook his head in disbelief.

“Heading in! Hang on!” Rowley turned the jet ski and gunned it fast towards the harbour. As they passed the fisherman’s car again the Marcus Smith band was playing Rita. The poignancy was not lost on Rowley, but Jay was distraught. The student angel, Anniel, had her wings around Jay. Jay was sobbing, wailing, and shivering, beside himself with grief holding Maria.

And just then, something that should not have happened, did, and a single tear fell down Anniel’s cheek.

Suddenly, in a terrible flash, demons arrived in a monstrous convergence of shocking energy and disappeared with Anniel, dragging her off to the forbidden place. The demons were in a complete frenzy as they arrived with Anniel at the gates of Hell.

7th Heaven

Rumbling thunder rolled through the Heavens and Rikyel stood on the edge of the place where he and Anniel had been looking out only Heaven’s moments before. He was really struggling with his feelings and standing in the angel version of Wu Chi, trembling, breathing, struggling with his mounting feelings and emotions. His awareness was bucking around like a wild bull pulling him this way and that, an ocean of feeling sloshing around in his soul. But angels weren’t supposed to have emotions, only depth of feeling and light, illumination, the light of knowing, the light of reason, the light of truth.

Suddenly he turned fast to leave and ran instantly into Gogginzel. BANG! They bounced off each other, a small space between them. Gogginzel grabbed him as they both flared up activated animal spirit power.

“Wait. Wait. Rikyel. Trust me.”

Rikyel was struggling with emotion distorting his energy field. His jaguar was roaring pain. “You know the rules and you know the law. Stand strong, angel warrior! Stand strong! Breathe the presence of eternity and waver not at the first shock, for truly there are many more to follow in this ancient tale.”

Rikyel breathed strong and deep. He had a roaring jaguar bleeding heart wound dripping soul tears onto Heaven’s floor.

Nazare Harbour

Jay and Rowley, Red and Satan, arrived back on their jets. Jay was on the rescue sled still holding Maria. He was beside himself with grief and rage as they placed her body on the dock. Her neck was limp, and she was dead, but her spirit was there absorbed in Jay.

Rowley grabbed him as gently as he could. “Look into my eyes, Jay. Look into my eyes!” “Look at me. Get a grip. Get a fucking grip, bro.”

“I’m the one who should have died Rowley, not fucking Maria—me! That’s what I came here for. Not this. Not for this, Rowley.” Jay started crying again and collapsed. Rowley let him sink to the ground. Jay was laying on the dock holding Maria.

The crew headed to Anna’s house. Rowley was driving, Jay in the front with Maria on his knee. Red and Satan sat in the back. They passed the drive in stunned silence. Marias presence was so strong it was uncanny, and she was there and so were five angels besides them all.

When they arrived at Anna’s place, Jay carried Maria up the garden path, and he trembled as his gaze met Anna’s. They entered the house, and he laid Maria gently onto her bed.

Everyone just sat down or stood close to Maria. The light was fantastic. There was a palpable spiritual presence of immense goodness in the room. Everyone was shattered and stunned, walloped by the impact of the events. Their identity, their world, ruptured and bleeding soul tears that rendered them naked in this strange garden of their destiny.

Yet, none of them could deny the power and magnificence they were feeling. Just there, raw in the moment together. It was one of those rare moments in life that some of us live for.

Three days later the boys all took their turns digging her grave in Anna’s orchard near an old apple tree, each one of them in his own silent contemplation, doing what he could while he could until some invisible hand raised, and he stopped digging and passed the spade to the next man. Anna was walking around in circles shaking her rattle in perfect synch with the moment singing a beautiful indigenous prayer.

Jay was having a really hard time. Every time he struck the earth, memories of digging dogs' graves—his best friends—would open and take him deep. He was rocked by one such wave and fell back against the wall of earth which was now as deep as his waist. He became nauseous and had to push himself hard into the earth. Memories of the time in the boat in Iraq and Ricks death came flooding back. It took him deep. Somehow, Rik felt so close.

The very small surf community had visited to pay their respects to Anna and to see Maria one last time, but now it was only the five of them. Even though Maria was dead, everyone felt so alive. It was just the way it was. The spiritual power and presence were just flooding the group with light and they all knew it. Maria was wrapped in a large white linen cloth, and her body was laid gently on the earth as the four men held the corners to lower her down. Jay was the only one who did not throw any earth on Marias body. He just stood there and watched, dealing with it as best he could.

Being broken by the hands of fate is never easy.

Later on in the room, they were all sipping tea. Jay was still very fragile. Almost inconsolable. "It was her time, Jay," said Anna. "This pain you feel"—Anna touched Jay's heart— "Maria open this for you, your soul. Let go. Let go!" She was very serious about Jay understanding this. Jay fell into her arms and sobbed shuddering soul tears. "I know the ocean take her one-day, Jay, but not know when." There were tears welling in her soulful, deep dark eyes. "She waiting for you Jay, but you still work do here. Your time not yet. Soon, Jay, soon." She stroked him with tenderness. Jay pulled away very slowly, looking into her eyes, holding her hands.

"What work?"

"Follow the ocean. You will know. Go Jay. I take care of Maria. Go."

After some time, Jay went to leave.

"She is waiting for you, Jay. Follow ocean and you find her. Go now. I take care Maria, my way."

Jay looked into her eyes as the boys all left the room.

Hell. Central meeting hall.

The demons were still in a frenzy. It was a long time since an angel of love had been captured, and it was a big deal, especially for the demon students who had little idea of what to expect. The special chains which are used to restrain angels when they are first brought to Hell are made of living leech-like creatures, which have a special narcotic in their venom. Their teeth are so sharp they penetrate the delicate membrane of the angel's aura, thereby injecting their poison into its soul. This maintains the sufficient level of fear necessary to subdue and dominate the angel.

Hordes of demons were making their way to the great gathering hall of hell for the ceremony.

Nazare Bar.

Rowley was sitting next to Jay at the bar. Satan and Red were on the other side of him, in tight. Jay was in broken-hearted shock. The bar was full of gnarly, local fishermen, all broken souls in their own way. Alcoholics and hard drinking men. Some of them smoked. All of them drank. There was a juke box playing Madre Deus. Haje o que houver was playing again. It looked like a Bela Tarr movie and it felt like the song.

Rowley's phone started pinging. He checked it. The three texts read: Giant swell en route to Ireland. Biggest swell in 20 years. Swell begins arriving in 3 days.

"We're going to Ireland." Rowley said slowly.

"Fuck that," said Jay, sobbing in disbelief and bewilderment.

"It's gonna take three days to sort itself out. We're going to Ireland," Rowley said, turning to Red and Satan.

Red and Satan leaned in to Jay.

"You wanna die, Jay?" asked Rowley. "Well, I know just the fuckin' place. We're going to Mullaghmore. We're going to Ireland, bro in four days." He touched Jay's face. Their eyes were locked, tears shedding, and they shared a big deep hug. Something in Jay was reaching into Rowley. Searching for something he could call home. He was lost again. He had only just found her and now she was gone.

“Look at these faces, Jay,” said Rowley. “There’s a broken piece inside us all, brother, everyone one of us.” He reached over and gently touched Jay’s heart. “Right here, deep down inside. It goes with the deal, bro. Your soul, my soul, everyone’s soul. Pain brother, broken-hearted loneliness, separation, the ancient wound. We spend our whole lives running from that pain, Jay, and we will do anything not to feel it.” He paused with gentle compassion. The music played soul deep beauty. “This is the deal, bro.” He lowered his voice. “Life is gonna smash us. We ride this water, together.”

It was such a powerful moment, the brotherhood all leaning into Jay, every man in his soul pulling in a tremendous power.

“You gotta pay to play, bro.” Rowley now whispered. “You gotta pay to play. It’s the warrior’s bleeding heart, brother, and the walls you built around it, to protect it, well, they just got broke.” He smiled with tears in his eyes, touching Jay’s heart softly again. Jay was dying inside, drowning again. “Maria died so you could feel it, Jay. It’s the flipside of the love coin, brother. One side is joy, and the other is this. You flipped the coin, bro, and so did they,” he said, gesturing to the men in the room.

Jay stared at the men in the bar—all broken in their own peculiar way—with a glazed look on his face.

“There’s no end to it, Jay. It’s bottomless, the void.” Jay turned to face Rowley; his cheeks burned with tears. “You’re coming to Ireland, with us, and you’re gonna ride Mullaghmore, with us. And if you’re gonna die, bro, it’s in Mullaghmore… with us.” They embraced like only true warrior souls can.

Not so far away, in another place and another time, the Native Americans were charging towards the battle, their drums and songs singing in the wind behind them. Across the prairie, unshaven men in blue uniforms greased the machinery of their Gatling guns.

Several hours later Jay was drinking himself into oblivion with the locals. More demons began to appear in the shadows of the bar and in the auric field of some of the men. Jay drank harder, demons encircling him. Rowley was talking to locals. Red and Satan sat quietly in the corner together, watching over.

“I’m gonna get some air,” said Jay.

A while later, Jay exited the bar alone. Obviously drunk, he left the bar stumbling along. Thunder cracked, and the winds began to blow. Dark clouds formed, and it began to rain. A bright blue and black full moon was blasting the Nazare cliffs, coming in and out of view as the clouds moved slowly by. Giant waves were pounding the rocks at the first peak and there was roaring water below the fort. The storm was increasing in intensity, and the wind began gusting in bursts.

In and out of the shadows forming in the wind, demons, dancing like demented sorcerers, beckoned Jay towards the cliffs. Stumbling around in his brokenhearted madness Jay struggled to see. Hallucinating, swooning delirious, poisoned by the alcohol as well. The demons shapeshifted into Maria's form, floating off the edge of the cliff. Jay came closer to the edge. The wind swirled around him, buffeting him hard towards the ledge. "Maria?... Maria?" The wind and rain grew more intense as the demon version of Maria turned into a horrible goblin form and leered at Jay. He stumbled back, falling over terrified. He was really losing his mind and horribly saddened.

Suddenly a dog barked close by. Jay turned bleary-eyed and broken to see Sam. "Sam? Sam? Is that you Sam?" He turned around to look over the cliff. The demons had disappeared. The dog barked louder and louder, closer and closer. Jay turned and stumbled towards the dog. "Sam! Sam! Sam!" Jay was really losing it now, and was stumbling after Sam. The dog turned and bolted away from the cliffs, leading Jay down the path towards the fort at the bottom of the hill. Jay was stumbling on, running faster.

"Sam! Sam, wait! Wait, Sam!"

The dog was running now at full speed as a large dark vortex, almost like an invisible, silent dark tornado, appeared above the fort. Its epicentre touched the ground right outside the front door.

Squads of demons were pouring into the vortex and angels were following them down from a higher place. Jay ran full-tilt towards all of this, still chasing Sam, or what he thought was Sam, and couldn't believe his eyes. This was just too much.

He slowed down from the mad sprint, aware for a moment of some invisible force pulling him towards the vortex, towards the demons pouring in. Nothing in his physical body wanted to go towards what he was seeing. Some primal instinct had taken over his autonomic nervous system, and he slowed with each

step. His broken heart bursting out of his chest as he chased after his best friend, Sam, and it was definitely Sam because only Sam ran like that, but then Sam suddenly burst into flames.

Jay was hit by another wave of emotion, but the overwhelm of his mind was the big problem now. This was just all too much, too fast, and he sank to his knees again, feeling very weak. The epicentre of the vortex was like a tornado whirling. And the fire which was Sam in gold, pink, and blue flames, suddenly shapeshifted into Maria's grandmother, Anna, who was down on her knees, hands in prayer clasped to her heart. "Anna," said Jay quietly. Anna, standing now, said "Obrigada," as lightning cracked open the sky and thunder rolled all around them. The words carved into the stone of the fort were lit up once again:

FORT DO SÃO MIGUEL ARCANJO 1577

Jay was watching from about twenty meters away when all of a sudden, the 900-year-old warrior-knight with the red cross, white tunic, iron helmet, and piercing blue eyes, materialised to guard the doorway to the castle.

In the interdimensional vortex, giant demons with multiple heads of snakes emerged, hissing out of the darkness, snapping at Jay. In a flash, the old knight decapitated them all, slicing through their necks; their heads fell to the ground, hissing horribly as his ancient steel blade struck across the stone wall of the fort, generating intense sparks, and making an extraordinary sound which shattered the stormy night. The vortex was whirling and far below, the waves were crashing in.

Jay sank to his knees again, and watched it all in astonishment. The angel warriors arrived from the ethers in the same moment and ended the demons, as the old knight chopped off the final head. Demonic snake heads momentarily writhed and hissed on the ground. There was some kind of steam issuing from their mouths and Jay could smell it, and it reminded him only of the chemical fertilizer smoke that fell out of the sky in his childhood days.

Jay looked into the knight's eyes. Anna was still praying on her knees. Then both she and the knight disappeared along with the snake heads, demons, and angels. The vortex closed as swiftly as it had opened, and only Jay was left in the rain. He stumbled forward in the silent aftermath, overwhelmed by the extraordinary moment, falling to ground right where Sao Miguel Arcanjo was engraved into the stone. As he fell, the last thing he saw was the great scar in the rocks from the guardian's sword.

The next time he opened his eyes Red and Satan were standing over him. Red offered his hand. They walked up the hill together, Jay in the middle, leaning on them both.

“Guess we’re off to Ireland,” said Satan.

The next morning the sun rose over the Nazare fort. A new day beckoned, the storm having passed. Jay was sitting on the wall, writing a poem in his journal:

For Maria

An ocean’s mighty roar

Shape shifting tides of breath

The dizzy heights of Life And patient wait of death.

The mountain’s getting steeper

A never-ending climb

The wear and tear of heartbreak

Across a wilderness of time.

Stormy winds of confusion

Batter a lonely rock

A sheep - high on the hillside

Alone, without a flock.

The heart is bleeding soul tears.

The cruel blessings

of Nazare bestowed

The wounded beast is broken

Paying what he has owed.

The ocean has come to collect

And I shall meet the man at the door.

Praying for these soul impurities

To be removed forevermore.

Burning in the fire

Of introspection,

ever so deep

And the silent tears

are falling,

Like raindrops on the sea

to a passing stranger

may seem little

But mean the world to me

Now the veil is drawn between us

Yet such closeness in my soul

As another merciless chapter

In the book of life

unfolds.

I shall walk on

Towards the meeting

With the Lord of the scales of life

And weigh my heart against his feather

No matter how heavy tonight.

DEATH AND BEYOND



All those memories will be lost. Like tears in rain.

Roy Batty

The boys were on the rocks of Mullaghmore overlooking the ocean. A slight breeze was blowing offshore. A small red van, with both front doors open, was parked in the car park above them and from the radio, Van Morrison's Fair Play from the album Veedon Fleece was playing. Inside the van two men were sharing a smoke, watching the ocean together as the music floated away like falling leaves carried ever so gently on the breeze.

There was a rare quietude in the air, rare that is for the west coast of Ireland. A peaceful, powerful, portent, in stark contrast perhaps to the chaos which lay ahead.

"Welcome to Mullaghmore," Rowley said to Jay, pausing as they all watched, transfixed, as big powerful Atlantic waves rolled through the liquid landscape. Once the waves hit the reef they started to suck and surge with thick intimidating power, fabulous emerald green hues became visible as a particular section of wave began to unfold shades of effervescent beauty. Seemingly revealing, as it did, the magnificence of Ireland's hidden soul.

"The deeper you sit, the heavier it gets, Jay, and when it's giant, which it will be tomorrow morning, that first peak is the death zone, brother. Hear these

words—anyone who falls there, they are as good as dead, even with a wave runner. Listen to me, bro. Once it hits a certain size, inside that first peak, if you're sitting deep, it's a death trap. Remember that. You fall on the take-off from deep and you're very probably dead. So, stay low when you going over the ledge okay."

There was a sense of growing urgency now in Rowley's voice. He couldn't hide it, and something in him did not even want to. His feelings were like a hammer and the words nails. He wanted Jay to know what he knew. But Jay did not know. He could not know.

"It picks up very fast Jay, and you are into the heaviest section of the wave pretty much as soon as you let go of the rope, and then it just lines up a big gnarly wall. Very, very, heavy." Rowley went quiet then and considered deeply the challenge ahead.

"They're not that easy to make, Jay. It takes a lot of experience, you know." Rowley said, speaking almost to himself. He was beginning to realize something now. Something he had not allowed himself to consider, even at Nazare. "There's a pretty good chance you're not gonna make it, bro." Rowley said this deliberately, looking into Jay's eyes as the rain, very softly, began to fall, gracing the moment with pure beauty, the kind of beauty that only the west of Ireland can. They both knew what Rowley was realizing. Red and Satan knew it too.

"That end section is gnarly, bro." Rowley was talking even more slowly, once again looking into his friend's eyes. It was such a raw moment. Soul deep, penetrating intensity. Stillness. Beauty. Magnificence. Majestic benevolent, awe-inspiring, power. The kind of moment Rilke wrote about. The kind of moment that can drop a poet to his knees and gut him open. These brothers, warrior souls stripped of all façade, stood together in the deafening silence, enhanced by the rumble of waves and a soft peaceful beauty in the gentle falling rain; rooted deep enough in their integrity to take it, these young men, resilient in the presence of the challenge ahead.

Rowley turned away from Jay to watch the ocean again, a flood of memories cascading through his mind's eye. He remembered all the different times he had seen Jay's beautiful smiling face, that Jay face which always made Rowley smile inside, and he knew in that moment how much he truly loved his friend, and he was so thankful to be with Jay again.

After a long while, the streaming memories dissolved and there they were, together in the rain, standing on the rocks, looking out at Mullaghmore. Rowley noticed the wind had increased a bit and the waves were getting bigger. “You know Jay, every young farm boy knows the trees with the tightest rings are the hardest to cut, and the strongest and best wood is found high on the mountain.” Rowley was just feeling the moment like he always did and dropped the words that always meant the most. “It’s where there is constant danger that the most indestructible trees grow. I been clipped here a few times when it’s this big, and it’s a serious beating. If it clips you Jay, you are gonna get hammered, bro. You better be ready.”

Later that evening, they walked together—the boys, Satan, Red, Rowley and Jay—down Church Lane towards the local pub - the Tigh na Mara. Just before the building there was a churchyard with a stone angel in the graveyard. As they passed the front gates, Jay said, “I’ll meet you in the pub, Okay. I’m just gonna have a moment by myself.” The boys stopped and all looked at Jay; after a while they walked on, guided and synchronized by some invisible force which bonded them all as one. Jay pushed open the old wooden gates, and entered the graveyard, closing them quietly behind him. He walked by a small red-breasted bird, fire in its eyes, tugging at a worm in the grass.

Inside the pub, the place was full of mostly men drinking in a lively atmosphere with traditional Irish music. An old timer with only one leg, close to the fireplace, with a small accompaniment around him, was singing The Fields of Athenry. Something intangible and undeniably good pervaded the atmosphere of the melancholy tune like soul food, as people sang along to the sad refrain.

Connor Murphy and a five-man gang were at the bar, waiting for a round of Guinness as Red, Satan, and Rowley entered together.

Connor said to the barman, “Did you know they found a new tribe in Africa dis very day?”

“Is dat a fact?” answered the barman.

“Aye. They’re called da Wheredafookawis.”

“Da Wheredafookawis?”

“Aye. And they’re a tribe of pigmies.”

“Is dat a fact?”

“Aye. The whole lot of ‘em, not one of ‘em over two feet tall.”

“Two feet tall ya’say?”

“Aye. And they live in long grass dat’s about t’ree feet high.”

“T’ree feet high y’say?”

“Aye. And they always jumping up in the air going where da fook are we?!!” Laughter erupts all round.

Jay was still in the graveyard. It was very quiet, the rain falling, almost as mist now, adding to the eerie peace. It was such a pure moment. Jay could feel the beauty and his heart wound bleeding tenderness.

He made his way over to the stone angel and knelt down nearby, the grass was cold under his knees. “Hey Maria” he whispered. “I can feel death close, and I’m not frightened anymore. Thank you for showing me how to live, girl.” Tears began to roll down his face. “I’m not sad, Maria. It just feels so good to let go of this load. I feel so light. I guess this is it. Time to die. I can feel it. It’s so close, like a gigantic silence just beyond a door.”

Jay lifted up his hands and looked at them in a mild state of amazement.

Something subtle yet quite extraordinary was happening. “There’s just so much peace, like watching a storm over the ocean—so far away you can’t hear it at all, but you can see it and it’s so, so…” He had no words but then said, “Magnificent. I just have… this feeling, Maria. I just can’t feel what I am feeling alone anymore. I want to share that beauty. I need to share it. I have to share it… I’m finished in this world, Maria. I can feel it. I know it.” He was weeping now.

“Thank you for showing me how to die girl. Like a warrior. A real one.”

Tears of pain started. “Ah!” he groaned, “You feel me, girl? Wait for me, Maria.”

Jay was whispering now, as more tears began falling.

“I’m gonna find you, Maria.”

Like Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane, Jay dropped to his knees, overwhelmed by the moment and the task which lay ahead. A shuddering wave of emotion moved through him, and Jay looked up at the Angel.

“Please help me find her.”

And then he was alone just crying in the rain, and the graveyard was solemnly quiet.

Hell. 4th Level Deep Underground.

Dennis was walking home hammered on pig’s blood and vinegar. He had stumbled down pathways of Hell he was unfamiliar with. An attack squad of demons had been dispatched to intercept him, which they duly did. Dennis had barely time to look up as he staggered forward into their waiting arms. He was thrown violently over the hip of one of them and hit the ground so hard a rumble reverbed round the thick walls of Hell.

The other demons fell upon him, pinning his arms and legs, and quick as a flash Asmodeus Deva drew a blade, clipped off his demon dags and grabbed both balls of Dennis from behind, squeezing the thick dark skin of the scrotum violently. The next millisecond his balls were off, a bloody mess in her claws. The snakes in her hair began to dance as she raised the twitching mess to her hungry jaws.

The Tigh na Mara

Satan, Red and Rowley entered the bar from the opposite end of the room to Connor Murphy who spotted them immediately. His eyes were burning, intensely looking for the eyes of Red. Red felt it, spotted Connor, and returned the stare, glaring, defiant.

They made their way to the opposite end of the bar and, without event, ordered some drinks when some of their other friends arrived. Shortly afterwards Rowley and Satan were talking to some local surfers. Red was drinking on his own by the bar and eventually went to the toilet. At this Connor and his gang gestured to each other to follow him in.

Red was quietly taking a piss with his back to the door. Connor and his entourage entered, and Connor said, “How’s the giant fookin’ retard?” causing the gang to snigger. Red turned, shaking himself quickly dry, becoming visibly

agitated; he started to breathe more heavily and began to faintly tremble as tiny bits of white spittle gathered at the corners of his mouth.

Connor stepped closer. “Oh, you still got anger issues, Red? Aaah. Poor baby. You know you shouldn’t get angry, Red.” Then Connor head-butted Red, who fell back and began to have a fit on the floor. The gang were into it, and as Red fell, they went to kick him and a big struggle ensued as Red grabbed at their legs.

All of a sudden, in the height of the melee, Jay appeared behind the gang. “Hey, you fuckers,” he said. The gang of Irish thugs turned to see Jay standing there with his Nunchaku hanging down in his right hand. There was a timeless millisecond of eternity in the moment. Shock took over their faces, except for Connor who wore a wry smile. Red was having a mild seizure on the toilet floor—nothing too dramatic.

“Hong Kong fookin’ Phoey is it?” said Connor with a leer.

Fast as lightning, Jay stepped hard off the ball of his right foot and cracked the nunchuk into Connors temple, allowing it to swing through in a perfect arc around his rib cage and then brought the nunchuk back, sharply pivoting off the ball of his left foot, cracking the fat guy hard on his elbow, right on the funny bone, igniting burning electric fire, and the fat guy immediately went down screaming. Jay cracked every single one of them hard, and they all went down to the ground. Men are not as tough as they once were in the world, and they are also not as strong. Jay gave Connor an extra crack after he dropped the rest. He hit Connor hard on the knee cap. Connor was writhing on the floor.

Before Jay turned, he knelt aggressively over Connor and looked into his eyes. “This is for Sam,” he said and punched him hard in the face.

Jay stood up and brushed the energy of Connor Murphy off of him.

The door opened and Satan and Rowley walked in. Satan immediately ran to Red. “Holy shit!”

“Hooooo-weee Jay!” yelled Rowley.

“Take care of Red,” said Jay.

He took a step forward and knelt down next to Connor who was holding his temple gingerly. Jay looked into the eyes of his nemesis. He hated Connor; yet

recent events had tempered that hatred, and he felt strangely peaceful this close to him now. “You shouldn’t have done that to my dog. It was wrong. Very wrong. You’re not an island. Life is not about you. It’s what you give. Not what you take. I’ll be seeing you,” said Jay.

Red was beginning to calm down, and they left the bathroom.

They exited the pub and passed by the graveyard and by the stone angel two demons stood silently watching.

“You know that guy? Rowley asked Jay.

“That guy with the burned hand? I’ve known him since I was seven-years-old. He slit my dog’s throat. I never saw him again until about six weeks ago with his mates in England, and they gave me the kicking before I came down to Portugal, and now he’s here. This is crazy.”

“His name’s Connor Murphy,” said Satan. “He surfs Mull big, he’s a local; they’re a heavy crew, nasty bastards, ‘the bad boy club’. Red grew up with them. They been bullying him all his life. They raped Red’s sister when she was eleven-years-old. Red was five at the time, and no one did anything. A year later she suicided. Red hasn’t been able to speak since and went epileptic. Every time he gets angry, he has a seizure.”

Jay looked away into the distance. “We all gonna be out there tomorrow. In the surf. You couldn’t make this up, could you?”

“Come on. Let’s get some sleep,” said Rowley. “We gonna need it tomorrow.”

They all walked away down the lane, the stone angel watching over. The demons had gone.

Rowley patted Jay’s shoulder. “Nice shot with the Nunchucks, bro.”

“Yeah. Felt good. Should have cracked him a bit harder though,” Jay said with a smile.

The following morning the surf was absolutely pumping in Mullaghmore. Giant waves were rolling in. Roaring emerald majesty. Rowley, Satan, Jay and Red were all standing on the cliff watching the waves. No one said anything. They

were all standing in Wu Chi. Breathing. A long silence went by. The boys were adjusting to the moment. Absorbing the magnitude until Rowley said,

“Let’s go.”

An hour later, warm in the guts, they were all riding out towards the waves, magnificent green dragons roaring primal power and rumbling thunder as they broke upon the ancient reef.

Rowley and Jay rode together. Red and Satan were on the other jet. Connor and the bad boys were already surfing. Rowley pointed to a place way beyond the breaking waves and they all headed towards it. Satan jumped in the water and strapped in.

Rowley said to Jay, “We’ll watch from the shoulder, Jay. Look at those crazy buggers. They are sitting way deep. Remember what I said about making the take-off that deep. Critical, bro. Critical.”

Connor was riding a giant green dragon monster wave and pulled into a screaming barrel.

This session is on, thought Rowley.

Satan then took a wave, bigger, more magnificent.

Jay and Rowley were watching in awe. Red was towing Satan into another wave. Conner’s crew was racing for the same wave, but it wasn’t their turn and no way did they have priority. Satan, sitting deeper, was up and riding the wave. Even though Connor knew Satan had priority and he should yield, Connor, in his greed, went for the wave anyway, pushing his driver to ignore all the chivalry of surfing.

Satan was riding hard charging on his line when Connor dramatically and uncaringly cut across him, forcing Satan to fall and get swallowed by the wave. Red had to conduct a dramatic rescue with a harrowing escape, a little too close for comfort.

Eventually he headed over to Jay and Rowley. Satan was on the sled, holding on with one arm. His collar bone was broken. “I broke my collar bone, I can feel it,” said Satan.

Rowley told Red to switch with him. “I’ll take Satan in. You guys keep charging. I’ll get Satan hooked up and come back out, okay.”

“Okay, brother,” said Jay.

They switched and Rowley jetted Satan in. Rowley did not know it was the last time he would ever see Jay.

Meanwhile, Connor Murphy was sitting deep, looking around like a mad-eyed king, his eye still black from the Nunchuk shot Jay had cracked him with. It was burning sore, and the cold Irish wind was cutting into it, driving him with pain. “Let’s go deeper,” said Connor, pointing the way to his friends. “Deeper. Deeper.” He gestured strongly with his body language and led the pack deeper into the heart and guts of the swell.

“Wow. Those guys are going deep,” said Jay.

As Connor was towed into another beast from the deep, he stumbled immediately and was swallowed up by the huge rolling wave.

You fall on the peak coming from deep. You’re as good as dead. Rowley’s words rang through Jay’s head in a supernatural way. Jay was feeling very strange as he watched Connor fall.

Conner’s team was riding hard behind the wave, watching intently the imminent danger as huge nasty rocks and water collided. They began to pull out, heading for the safety channel.

“They’re not going to get him,” said Jay to Red. At that moment Connor surfaced and was pounded again almost instantly by a giant super-gnarly wave—an angry looking dragon. Red and Jay were circling. “He’s in big trouble,” said Jay.

Conner’s teammates were shaking their heads at each other. One team member said, “No one’s fookin going in there and coming out alive.” The sky very quickly was becoming dark and ominous looking when a single beam of light momentarily shone through the clouds.

Jay looked up to the light. It shined directly on his countenance. Suddenly he was even more engaged. “Red I have to go in there!” Red became immediately animated, protective, then agitated. He grunted discontent, shaking his head with a look of extreme alarm and making a kind of whining noise.

Jay grabbed Red's forearms determinedly. "I have to go, Red." Red removed his arms easily and grabbed Jay's arm forcefully, the same look of alarm on his face, shaking his head. "Red,"—looking him deeply in the eyes— "You have to let me go. I can't explain it, Red. You have to let me go. Trust me, Red, please. Let me go, brother."

Meanwhile just across the channel the bad boy crew's demons were surrounding them all. Red and Jay arrived on their jet, slowing to a floating standstill.

"I need your jet," said Jay, looking one of the drivers squarely in the eyes.

"Go fook ya' self," one of them replied. The other two chimed in. "Fuck off!"

Jay turned to Red. Red jumped from his jet ski, launching himself at both of the guys like Foley playing for Munster, smashing them off the jet and into the water. Jay jumped on and blasted the jet open, spinning around and spraying the bad boys hard as he zoomed towards the impact zone.

Connor was on the inside having a terrible underwater ordeal. Demons, one on each leg, were dragging him down towards a subterranean entrance to Hell where more demons awaited. Connor was in a panic; under tremendous pressure, his calcified pineal gland cracked open by the intensity of the moment, DMT flooding into his brain, and he saw it all very clearly. Something in him was screaming with terror as he reached frantically for the surface, when suddenly light burst through the darkness from above, blinding him with its brilliance. His burned, scarred hand reached up through the foam of the white water and suddenly clasped around Jay's outstretched hand. Jay dragged him up and out towards the light. Connor took a huge gulp of air and pulled himself frantically onto the rescue sled.

"Holy Mother of Jesus, I just saw two fookin' demons dragging me down to Hell, I tell ya!" His eyes were bursting out of their sockets, and Jay could not help but feel compassion for Connor in that moment.

As he rode hard to get back outside the impact zone, Jay flashed back to the dream he had in Lincoln of the Nazare waves before the meeting with Dougal Morgan and the night before he took the kicking.

The warrior angels flew in the ether next to the speeding jet. Jay had to drive as fast as the warrior angels were flying to make it back to safety with Connor on the sled. It was another moment of initiation for his soul, and he felt unusually

serene. He had to navigate a series of bigger and bigger waves to make it to the safety of the open ocean, racing across the shore break of the fierce oncoming waves. Connor, barely hanging on, looking like a mad fool, was delirious on the rescue sled. DMT was still having its effect, and he could see geometries and the angels. Jay was driving the jet now towards Connor's crew.

As they got closer, Connor saw the demons encircling his awaiting and astonished friends. "Jay!! STOP! Wait! Wait! STOP! Fucking STOP!!!" Jay slowed the jet to a stop. "Not that way. Not that fucking way." Connor started to break down in tears. They were drifting now, the jet ski engine idling between the waves and the bad boys. Connor looked back towards where they had come from and at the oncoming waves, watching them morphing into dragons with tremendous roaring power, and realised through laughter, snot, and tears he had to go back to face them.

"I have to go back. I have to take another wave," he said.

Jay waited a moment, looked him in the eyes then looked at the surf getting bigger and bigger. He gunned the jet to life and turned to head back to the peak where the roaring waves were breaking and dragon heads were roaring thunder and fire with furious venom. Fiery plumes were leaving steaming rainbow trails in their wake as the peaks accelerated into convergence. Jay and Connor reached the take-off point behind the waves and turned to ride along the top of the shoulders of the giant liquid dragons. Looking over the edge: terrifying square faced take-offs, death pits of glory, the main power centres of the waves, with unimaginable power and beauty.

Jay drove way out back behind the shoulders of the giants. Connor jumped into the water as Jay threw his board and the rope. He calmly said, "Listen, Jay… I'm sorry." They were eye-to-eye, tears welling up in Connor's eyes. He looked away. "Well, about everything." He then looked at Jay again and went quiet. Jay was floating away from him on the jet, the tow rope uncoiling like a strange umbilical cord between them, and the engine was bubbling nicely.

"I'm sorry. I…" Connor looked towards his friends and the demons still circling them and flashed back to the underwater confrontation with the demons dragging him away during his wipe-out. He looked at his torn wetsuit and the claw marks in his flesh. Connor stared intently and Jay returned his stare, holding his eyes with a piercing soul-searching gaze, then a giant shadow cast over Jay.

He turned and looked at the waves and a giant set was coming. “You ready, Connor?”

“Aye.”

Jay gunned the wave runner and took up the slack in the line, pulling Connor smoothly to his feet. They went over one giant wave and another, then the monster one reared up, roaring its beast energy. Jay turned to whip him in and sling shot Connor onto the face of that wave. He let go of the rope immediately after critical velocity was achieved.

Connor gathered more and more speed as the wave became steeper and steeper, morphing into a giant form. He surfed into the jaws of the beast, pulling into the giant green wave and making a thundering roaring barrel, screaming down the line, bouncing over some lumps and then, staying low, kicked out the far side.

Jay had followed him in on the wave runner, running behind the wave Connor was surfing. He picked him up, and they rode out the back together without too much of an ordeal. Jay slowed the jet to a tick over, and they rested in the giant swells, out of danger, way beyond the break.

“Nice wave,” said Jay. “Now what?”

Thick swells were rolling through and breaking with thunderous power; an offshore breeze was blowing all the spray back, and circles of rainbow light were appearing in the water’s mist. Connor looked deeply into Jay’s soul as droplets of water were caught in the golden rainbow shower light running along the crest of the waves. “It’s your turn now bai,” he said.

They stared into each other’s eyes. Then Jay turned to look at the waves. He looked up into the sky and saw a solitary arctic tern flying. He remembered Anna’s words about Maria: She’s waiting for you, Jay. He turned to look across the water towards Red.

Jay and Red were eye-to-eye with a good distance between them; behind Red the giant spirit man was clearly visible, and standing next to Jay was an ancient Native American spirit guide, and he and the giant were looking at each other fondly. The Native American touched his heart and offered the energy to Red’s Giant with an outstretched arm and open hand. The giant returned the gesture.

Jay jumped into the water. “Let’s go.”

Connor jumped into the driving seat. He took up the slack of the rope and lifted Jay up and out of the water. He fell immediately. Connor circled around and picked him up again with the rope.

“Jay. Breathe. Just breathe.”

Connor began to pull him again and this time Jay was up with a wobble and gliding along. They drove over two big waves and a third. Then they saw the beast they were looking for. The big momma of them all. Connor turned to Jay.

“You want it?”

Jay nodded smiling. He looked up; the white bird, the Arctic Tern, was circling above in a frenzy of flashing dives, slicing the sky in a masterful expression of flight. It’s a good day to die, he said to himself and then thought about Maria. “See you soon my love,” he whispered.

Meanwhile, in that other time, that other place, the Native Americans were charging into battle. They were charging towards the U.S. Cavalry guns with only spears and bow and arrows, their songs and drums echoing in their souls. Screaming with joy. Tears streaming down their cheeks. Hundreds of warrior angels accompanied by their ancestors followed them in the ether and the wind.

Connor spun hard and whipped Jay in and onto the wave. He was accelerating with so much speed, roaring along the face of the giant green wall. Jay surfed down and along it in his low stance, looking for the line. It was like threading a needle in an earthquake. Rowley and Satan watched from the cliff.

Rowley said to himself, “Pull in, Jay. Pull in.” Jay pulled in as the giant wave pitched and then began to barrel. Jay rode further and further inside the barrel. The intensity and speed building and building. Jay thought to himself, the wave is so green.

The Native American Indians were screaming, “Aho metakwe ase!” and their drumming became louder and louder, accompanying perfectly the flying hooves of their galloping steeds. Then, louder than everything, came the sound of Gatling gun fire and above that the wild hearted song of the braves.

The giant wave closed in on Jay, and he, diving into the face of it, was engulfed. Jay briefly surfaced through the back of the lip, only to be pitched backwards over the falls, heading into the gnarliest wipe out ever.

Connor was following the wave in on the wave runner and searched frantically for Jay. Buzzing this way and that, following the white-water towards the shore. Jay surfaced, blinded by the light, looking up into white-water and sunshine. He was bleeding from his mouth and nose and ears. Connor tried to reach him but had to leave him as another giant wave arrived and the bitterly cold, unforgiving, Atlantic Ocean engulfed Jay once again. While underwater Jay, very strangely, thought he heard piano music playing.

Eventually Jay surfaced in a very bad place and was pounded over and over by the waves. Blood still pouring from his nose and ears and mouth. He saw the angelic realms opening above him with so much glory. He was taken down again and felt like he was in a womb. An envelope of such beauty and peace. He almost surfaced. His hands reached into the foamy bright dazzling white water. Suddenly, Conner's scarred hand was there guiding him onto the sled.

"Hang on, Jay! Fookin' hang on!" Connor had to gun the jet very hard to get over the next wave, and they just made it, taking a tremendous amount of air with a giant jump over the shoulder and lip. Another big one was coming. Connor turned to Jay who still hung on for dear life to the rescue sled. "Fookin' hang on, Jay!" God, give him strength!" Connor raced towards the wave to punch over it. The beast was rearing right up. As he was racing up the face, Connor took another look around at Jay.

Jay was looking straight into his eyes. He smiled and said softly, "I forgive you, Connor Murphy. Time to die, my brother." Blood trickling from his ears now.

Jay Cotton let go of the rescue sled and slid backwards under the lip of the giant breaking wave. Connor punched over it and through the rainbow spray of the feathering wave to safety as Jay went down under the lip, freefalling backwards, smiling at the dragon face so close to him. Going down, and down in the jaws of the breaking monster towards the surface of the water he went, surrendering to the arms of death. BOOM! And then, only blackness.

"Noooooooooooo!" Connor screamed, as he was racing away to the safety of the open sea. He slowed the jet and stood up, straining every fibre to catch a glimpse of Jay. He sensed something in his peripheral and turned to see Red's enraged face hurling towards him as Red suddenly rammed into Connor's jet, dragging him into the water in the process. Red held him under like a ragdoll and began to pummel him with his stout fists.

Connor was all bloodied and beaten. “Red! I’m sorry, Red. I’m sorry. I’m fookin’…”—crying now— “… sorry.” Red was holding his fist up, trembling with rage, foam beginning to gather in the corners of his mouth, face-to-face in tears and snot and blood as all Red’s giant rage was about to burst onto Connor. With a superhuman effort he restrained himself and resisted the seizure. Instead, Red screamed and roared so loud all the people on the shore heard it.

As Red roared his soulful scream, there was a big tremor on the ocean floor and the bright green rocks of Atlantis arose nearby. Onshore Satan, felt the jagged pieces of his collar bone knitting together and gasped out loud in amazement. Red, still holding Connor, was looking towards the risen land. He turned to Connor. “It’s done, Connor. It’s done.”

Red gently let go of Connor Murphy and swam over to his jet. The jet was still bubbling on tick over. Red jumped on and drove over to the rocks of Atlantis. Standing upon the jet, he looked magnificent, his spiritual force just increasing, as the giant and he, merged into one being and he released deep soulful tones in wonderful sounds and took long deep breaths.

The rocks of Atlantis were of such extraordinary, otherworldly power and beauty. They glistened emerald green and gold in the evening light. Red cut the engine. He was floating among them in the silence when the mermaid popped up out of the water smiling. Unfazed, Red smiled back.

Connor was still in the water, holding onto his jet, crying inconsolable grief. An angel of love appeared with light wings wrapping around him, comforting a still sobbing, amazed and overwhelmed Connor Murphy.

The Forbidden Place

Rikyel was standing in ferocious serenity alone on his side of the dark waters; he was undergoing a terrible ordeal while looking across towards the entrance at the gates of Hell. He stood on the edge of being banished to the outer darkness: should he jump, should he not? He knew the answer. Every warrior soul does.

A group of demons were watching him back curiously. They were gurgling their demonic contempt. It was very unusual to see an angel down here. In fact, none of these demons had ever seen one before on that side of the dark waters. They were gesturing for him to come over, posturing grotesquely, challenging Rikyel with their demonic taunts.

Rikyel stood there, ferociously serene, breathing the God force as he prepared himself for his jump across the river of death. He remembered Gabriel's words:

Your greatest weapon in this battle is the stillness of love itself. He remembered the sweet time with Anniel in the stillness of love—together—on the ledge of beauty. It was their favourite place to meet. It overlooked the hanging gardens of Heaven and was full of mystical creatures, playful nature beings, alive in their wild garden of consciousness and nature. Anniel loved to dance in the garden and sing her soul song. And they danced, they danced like only angels can. The memory was magnificent, and he felt immediately empowered and blessed by all the kingdoms of the Heavens.

Rikyel began singing his soul song. "Wo Wo, Wo Wo, Wo Wo". When he stopped, he listened long to the silence. And from somewhere, deep in the bowels of the terrible tunnel across the river of death there was a faint reply "Yay Yay, Yay Yay, Yay Yay." It was Anniel.

Without hesitation, Rikyel activated his blue-gold jaguar flame into a resplendent emerald green fire and as he did so, jumped across the dark waters, "Wo Wo, Wo Wo, Wo Wo" echoing through the corridors of Hell in front of him. He charged into the demon guard, shredding and incinerating them in one swift effortless landing. Rikyel walked past the broken gates to Hell laying on the ground. On the wall etched into the stone, there were two initials. J.C. was burned in the rock.

Rikyel, walked into the bowels of Hell through the back door, and it smelled bad, really bad. He was only a freshman warrior angel, ono-shobi-shobi ingelosi, but drawing from a depth in his soul which transcended all names, stories and forms, he was fearless as he strode inside. A very powerful peace had descended upon him. It had magnificent depth and presence.

Rikyel walked on and down through the corridors of Hell, and he saw souls suffering in torment; solitary confinement hells which were terrible places for a soul to find itself even for a moment; lust hells; gluttony hells; and more besides. He approached a corner deep inside and stopped for a moment. There was an entrance to a cave and two demons were guarding the door. Inside were child–souls and they were herded together in fear and despair. One looked up across the way and was amazed to see Rikyel, and he felt a feeling he had never felt before, and hope was re-kindled in his heart and soul. As soon as the demon guards saw Rikyel, they went screeching and running off down the corridors of Hell, leaving great squirts of demon shit along their way.

The children souls gathered around Rikyel, and he bestowed much love upon them all, and they all began to comfort each other. He led them out of the cave to the edge of the dark waters and said, “Swim across my children and have no fear, for nothing can hurt you as long as you do not shed a tear till you get to the other side.”

Rikyel stood back and began to sing his angel call summoning his brothers to the shore. And many came and they all began to sing together to welcome the child–souls home, and Gogginzel came down at the end.

Inside deep in the bowels of hell, Dennis the demon was laying on the ground, holding the place where his balls once were. As Rikyel walked around the corner, their eyes locked on each other. Rikyel flared up and then relaxed his power, looking into the demon’s eyes. Compassion moved in Rikyel, and he walked on ignoring Dennis as he continued to crawl out of the rear entrance of Hell and towards the dark water where he lay alone by The River Death.

Rikyel walked deeper inside—alone—into the dark corridors of Hell. The passages grew in size and number and turned into a deeply foreboding darkness. The demon speak was getting louder and closer. A lot of demons. There must have been hundreds of thousands of demons present. Rikyel was approaching The Great Demon Hall.

There in the centre was Anniel in living chains of leech-like creatures with horrible teeth nastily biting her in the neck and face. The eyes of both of them locked. Anniel toned her heart soul song. The leech chains responded, constricting her with their fangs of horror and pain. Rikyel toned. “Wo Wo, Wo Wo, Wo Wo, Wo Wo.” He walked closer to Anniel. Their heart tone harmonic connected and activated a holy protective fire around Anniel and penetrated her as the leech chains fell, hissing to the ground. There was a massive explosion of light, something like the smell of sizzling bacon, an almost deafening amount of demon screeching and then darkness.

PROLOGUE



To feel beauty, to feel truth, that is self-remembering. Self-remembering is the awareness of the presence of God.

Rodney Collin

The Outer Darkness

Nothing but blue-black darkness. Then, a rumbling sound like rolling thunder, louder and louder, so powerful that the darkness began reverberating with energy particles, forming perfect cymatic geometries with shimmering overtones, forming into a perfect Lotus of Eternal Life. The shimmering harmonics floating through the ether, tracing geometries of light and words of fire that began to write another sacred cosmology.

Then, the black unicorn galloping from out of the deep centre of the darkness, faster and faster, the rolling thunder, stronger and stronger; the reverb and vibrations and energy stronger and brighter. Astride the unicorn was Jay. Maria was sitting on top of him, intertwined in ecstatic embrace as the unicorn galloped harder, Maria's hair was a fire, translucent light, gold, red, pink, green, blue and turquoise orgasmic waves, the energy dilating, converging into more and more orgasmic waves as the whole moment seemed to come, undulating ripples of concentric circles pulsing divine harmony through the cosmos.

As Maria, Jay and the unicorn hit the convergence point of their soul story a superharmonic, high-pitched song broke out, and Rikyel and Anniel, flying together in intertwining waves of bliss approached the convergence point, turning into pure light. As they all arrived simultaneously, a huge silent explosion occurred, orgasmic dilations emanating from the epicentre. Maria's songs of pleasure merged with the angels' voices and in the waves pulsing out in every direction a new cosmos was birthed.

7th Heaven

The black unicorn was standing, effervescent, by a magnificent ancient tree dripping with honeysuckle like flowers. In the garden, a small angel child was playing a piano, beautifully accompanied by humming harps and chimes. All the angels were receiving a lesson from Gabriel who was standing serenely with Kimmiel in front of him. Maria and Jay were sitting in the front row smiling.

The Forbidden Place

Dennis, black blood slowly oozing in a pool behind him, slipped slowly into the dark water and began to flail across to the other side. As he touched the shore, a strong brown hand reached down for his and he looked up into the burning eyes of Gogginzel.

Mullaghmore

Red and his mermaid were forehead-to-forehead, waist deep in the water. Connor had drifted on the jet closer to the impact zone. The mist had closed in around him quite a bit. As the waves began to build in intensity, he sat there and thought about Jay. A fresh flood of memories engulfed him. Then a huge wave of emotion shuddered him to his roots and bent him over as it did. His soul was being purged of its grief, and he was badly wracked. Connor's eyes were bugging out of his head, and he saw… he saw what could not possibly be seen. It was Selena the sea monster, and she was sitting on a rock alone and when their green eyes met, they both felt it at once, and they knew that from this day on they were to be together, and that they were, and they both lived happily ever after.

The End

We are not here to struggle with things but to wrestle with the gods.

Jacob Boheme

The world is violent and mercurial--it will have its way with you. We are saved only by love -- love for each other and the love that we pour into the art we feel compelled to share: being a parent; being a writer; being a painter; being a friend. We live in a perpetually burning building, and what we must save from it, all the time, is love.

Tennessee Williams

AFTERWORD



Unless a man first finds himself, finds his own essential nature and destiny, and begins from them, all his efforts and achievements will be built only on the sand of personality, and at the first serious shock the whole structure will crumble, perhaps destroying him in its fall.

Rodney Collin

For the first time in human history, the entire world stands on the brink of an existential crisis. The forces of materialism appear to have gained total control. Vast hordes of men have been spiritually castrated. Women have been severed from their own sacred depths. The youth are drowning in narcissistic nihilism. And yet, in every great myth, there comes a moment where all hope seems lost, where the darkness appears unstoppable, where the hero stands utterly alone against impossible odds. This is that moment. And that is why Angel Warrior exists—not as mere entertainment, but as an initiatory journey in itself. This novel is not simply a story—it is an initiatory tool for transformation. It is designed to sever the reader from their ordinary, ego-centred consciousness and deliver them into the mythological imagination, where the transformation of the soul takes place. Through this journey, the psyche undergoes a reordering of archetypes, a restructuring of its own mythological framework. This is what true initiation accomplishes: it destroys the psychological structures of the old self and reveals a deeper, eternal archetypal bedrock beneath. The structures of the psyche are meant to

transform. Life itself is invested in this transformation. Invested, that is, in the transformation of the soul. All true transformation and initiation requires immersion into the life-death-life cycle. It mirrors the classic hero's journey, where death is not the end but the threshold to something greater. Indigenous traditions understood this, embedding it within their rites of passage, guiding the psyche (the Greek word for soul) through the necessary dissolution of the old, no longer valid, structures of self, so that something new could emerge. Initiation is the severing of consciousness from its attachments to outdated structures within the psyche—beliefs, identities, and illusions that no longer serve the soul's evolution. It is the process of breaking free from the conditioned mind, the inherited programming that binds consciousness to false authority, fear, and control. True initiation is not a ritual; it is a death and rebirth within the individual, a shattering of the ego's illusions so that the divine spark within can express freely, naturally, organically and in harmony with its own Divine nature. Without this breaking, there is no awakening—only a deeper sleep within the prison of the world's deception.

As men undergo this transformation a new kind of man is born out of the fire. In order to endure in the world, the kind of man we are building needs an unshakable foundation, and it is to this subject that the work I am presenting here in Angel Warrior is dedicated. This foundation is not built on fleeting confidence or surface-level strength—it is a spiritual foundation. A man's sense of self, the very identity he calls "I," must have roots. These roots must penetrate deeper than the ego, beyond the physical, mental, and emotional layers of selfperception, and anchor themselves in the eternal. They must run deep into spiritual integrity, spiritual truth, and the living presence within. Beneath the noise of identity, beyond the stories a man tells himself about who he is or what he has or wants to become, there exists something greater. There is a source of being, an unshakable truth that was created before the ego took form and will endure long after the ego dissolves. It is this truth—this spiritual core—that must be uncovered, embodied, and lived. Without it, a man may build his body, his mind, his wealth, but he will never become whole and he will never be free. This is no small task. It is the great challenge—the hero's journey—not through physical lands of myth and legend, but through the inner wilderness of a man's own soul. This journey requires navigating a landscape shaped by generations of conditioning, where ego has been mistaken for Self and false identity has been passed down as truth. Civilization after civilization has layered its programming upon the human psyche, burying the spiritual core beneath illusion.

Humanity now stands at the precipice of its greatest crisis. For over 2,000 years, consciousness has been hijacked by forces of evil masquerading as civilization—

banking systems which enslave, political systems that deceive, war machines which consume, and industries that poison both body and soul. Agriculture, once sacred, has been corrupted; life itself has been commercialized, mechanized, and now digitized, to further a transhumanist agenda that seeks to sever humanity from its own divine essence. This ancient and highly sophisticated system, orchestrated by the sinister controlling forces of this realm, has trapped souls in a web of control, so complete, that they are being harvested—used as fuel for the very darkness which enslaves them. This is not just a battle for survival; it is a battle for the soul itself. The time for spiritual warriors has come. You are being called. The only way out is through initiation—through the fire that burns away illusion and restores the soul to its rightful sovereignty. Part of this initiatory process is via Light. Illumination. Clarity. The ability to see what is actually unfolding. Part of the challenge of the times is coming to terms with what reality actually is. The perennial presence of evil and its effect in the world is buffered by the ongoing distraction and incessant noise of the unfolding drama of the politically engineered illusion of modern civilisation. Evil is not an abstract concept, nor a relic of history—it is a force, ever-present, working relentlessly beneath the surface. Its effects are masked by the ceaseless distractions of a world engineered to keep consciousness sedated. The theatre of modern civilization, with its political charades and synthetic narratives, serves only to obscure the feverish labour taking place behind the curtain—an ancient, hidden work now reaching its final phase. The culmination of centuries of planning is unfolding before us. High-tech artificial intelligence, far from being a mere tool, has become the favourite instrument of a menacing intelligence beyond human, surgically injecting its influence into the delicate threads of our souls. Its reach is invasive, subconscious, unconscious, its ultimate goal—to remake reality itself. This is the moment of reckoning. Even the most battle-hardened spiritual warriors are shaken by the sheer immediacy of what is now upon us. The future is no longer distant. It is here, and it demands our full presence. Human innocence is both our greatest gift and our greatest vulnerability. We struggle to recognize true evil, not because it hides, but because we cannot imagine it. We assume others think as we do—that no one would commit horrors beyond our own capacity for wrongdoing. But this blindness is not moral purity; it is the ego's dead zone, a no-man's land where neither holiness nor depravity can be fully conceived. The agenda of evil is inversion. It is the systematic corruption of divine order, the deliberate defilement of what is pure, sacred, and life-giving. It is not merely the absence of love—it is the conscious rebellion against it, the wilful perversion of all that reflects the image of God.

Children are targeted because they are the closest to divine innocence, to the untouched essence of the soul. Evil seeks to desecrate this essence, to sever the child's connection to the divine before it can fully blossom. The corruption of the innocent is not just about control; it is about theft—stealing the light before it can shine. Rituals involving children are not only acts of cruelty but also acts of metaphysical warfare, designed to fracture souls, break spirits, and generate immense spiritual suffering. This suffering, in turn, fuels the entities that orchestrate these horrors, feeding them with the energy of despair, terror, and defilement. Blood is central because it is life-force—the vital essence of the human being, both physically and spiritually. The spilling of innocent blood is an offering, a twisted sacrament in the service of anti-creation. Just as we fail to grasp the depth of our own divine nature—that we are children of God, bearers of His image—we also fail to perceive the monstrous inversion of that truth. And so, we walk blindfolded, sleepwalking toward our own destruction, with the blinders of modern civilization keeping us from seeing the precipice ahead. The signs are everywhere—addiction, rising suicide rates, dependence on pharmaceutical medication, the epidemic of psycho-emotional disorder infecting younger and younger generations. These are not just crises; they are symptoms of a deeper spiritual war. As Dante warned, "The hottest places in Hell are reserved for those who, in a time of great moral crisis, maintain their neutrality." To see the truth is to act. To act is to take up the mantle of the warrior. And to fight is no longer a choice—it is a calling.

But the question is, how?

Einstein has informed us that no problem can be solved on the same level of consciousness which has caused it and Carl Jung has been equally clear about the catastrophic consequences of ignoring the shadow aspects of the human psyche. Ancient mythology, story and tale is replete with myriad illustrations of the critical necessity to go within and navigate masterfully the mysterious inner landscape of oneself. All of this underlining the value of soul deep contemplation. Western culture, by contrast, glorifies only the projections of the soul (body and form) and devalues the content. It clings to illusions of permanence, obsessed with youth, longevity, ego and the denial of death itself. But, without death— both literal and symbolic—there is no rebirth, no evolution of consciousness. Jay Cotton, the protagonist of this story stands at that threshold, faced with his own impending death. His quest is not a journey to survive but to transcend, to meet fate on his own terms, and in doing so, reclaim the lost wisdom of initiation. As in all great stories, the hero is the everyman. As much as it his story it is also mine and more importantly, yours. Ancient cultures have initiated individuals through various life stages into the mysteries of death

allowing them to overcome this fear and explore the zones of the psyche which exist beyond the human ego. The soul contains animal, elemental and "angelic" zones and together they form a mythological substrate absolutely forbidden access by the architects of control who administer the material world. To reclaim what is real, a man must be willing to die over and over—to his false ideas, his inherited beliefs, his emotional attachments, his perception of reality. This is the purpose of meditation and the function of silent centring prayer. He must surrender all that is temporary so that something greater, something purer, may rise from within. This is not an easy path, but it is the only path to true mastery. It is the process of extraordinary transformation, where a man ceases to be a product of his past and becomes a force of his own yielding. And at the heart of this transformation is the living truth of life itself—a spiritual presence, a fire that has always burned within. This presence is not a philosophy, not a concept, but a living reality: the Christ within.

This book is a guide, a weapon, and a challenge. It exists to support you on this path, to sharpen you, to fortify you. The road is steep, but the reward is freedom, peace, and unbreakable clarity. Take this journey seriously, because it will define everything. This spiritual foundation is the living truth of life. A man must come into direct contact with it—not as an idea, not as a philosophy, but as a living reality. He must know, with unshakable certainty, that it is real. But believing is not enough. It is his faith and his love for this presence—this force of life itself—that ignites the transformation. It is this faith that allows the spark of his consciousness to arc across into the divine reality within him. This certainty is not something external; it is not given or taught—it already exists within him. Deeper than thought, deeper than belief, deeper than identity, beyond his emotional landscape, beyond the fluctuations of his mind, there is something in him that knows what it is. This is the essence of life, the spirit of life itself. And this existence is the proving ground for the demonstration of this certainty. In Sanskrit, it is called Nizchay, the absolute conviction of truth. The Christians have called it faith. No matter the name, it is the same power that separates the wavering from the unstoppable, the lost from the found, the trembling part of ourselves from the solid. Without it, a man drifts. With it, he stands unshaken in the storm. No matter the name, it is the same power that separates those who falter from those who endure, those who hesitate from those who move with unwavering purpose. It is the force that stands a man upright when the weight of the world would break him. It is the quiet fire that does not flicker in the winds of doubt. With it, a man does not seek direction—he becomes direction. He does not beg for strength—he embodies it. This is the power that forges warriors, the presence that marks the unshakable. It is not

given. It is not granted. It is claimed—through faith, through fire, through the relentless certainty of a man who knows who he is.

The universe is the combination of a thousand elements, and yet the expression of a single spirit - a chaos to the sense, a cosmos to the reason.

HPB

Be still and Know that I am God

Psalm 46

Nick Good Initiations

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nickgoodwarriorpoet – Instagram

You could become a great horseman

and help to free yourself and this world,

Though only if you and prayer become sweet Lovers.

It is a naive man who thinks we are not engaged in a fierce battle.

For I see and hear brave foot soldiers all around me going mad,

falling on the ground in excruciating pain.

You could become a victorious horseman

and carry your heart through this world

like a life-giving sun,

though only if you and God

become sweet Lovers.

Hafiz

The Second Coming

Turning and turning in the widening gyre

The falcon cannot hear the falconer;

Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;

Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,

The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere

The ceremony of innocence is drowned;

The best lack all conviction, while the worst

Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;

Surely the Second Coming is at hand.

The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out

When a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi

Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert

A shape with lion body and the head of a man,

A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,

Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it

Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.

The darkness drops again; but now I know

That twenty centuries of stony sleep

Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,

And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,

Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

W.B.YEATS