

# The Warlock Name



There is Strength in a child  
and Wisdom in a Dream

**I can't imagine anything more significant than Oneness/Unity.**

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**[www.thewarlockname.com](http://www.thewarlockname.com)**

**Dedicated to Loki,  
my German Shepherd Dog**

# **The Warlock Name**

**by Thomas Sweet**

This book is a work of fiction. Places, events, and situations in this story are purely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is coincidental.

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# 1

*A child will exceed me with a fiery wisdom*

So there the child stood, alone. Outcast by the townspeople, he was doomed to a life of solitude, himself his only friend. These were the darkest days of an enchanted youth, seasoned with some contempt. In earnestness and desperation, he uttered words that affirmed his separation from home. “Why do they hate me? Why would they never believe these legends, which were my dreams?” In this, he assumed a new role in life, making real his destiny to be a runaway. His words became of the wind and mixed with strangely audible remembrances of his past, making time inconsequential.

As the child stood upon the rocky hill, he peered southward, into the pale-green valley cradling the two-mile-distant Nosessica of his recent past. The chilling winds blew through his hair and carried leaves off the surrounding trees, and he could see his past home in the distance, which stood beside the town’s solitary oak tree. The town’s dirt paths faintly caught his eyes, as he gave his hometown one last glance by the light of the evening sun.

The child never heard his name, for his parents had not, for some reason, desired to provide him with one. Looking at his red garments and leather sandals, he knew he was left with only these as his own. As the child touched his smooth face and rusty-blond hair, he could not calm his outcast heart. Though his actions had made a significant impact on all of Nosessica, his appearance would not have necessarily stood out. A four-foot tall child would not particularly have been noticed in a crowd. Even in his friendly demeanor, his physique was not much different from any other child. The child hoped his twelve years of life had not been spent in vain.

In truth, his family had recently begun to despise his beliefs, and having forgotten him had no desire for his presence. They feared what the child had

learned. Perhaps this was why he, as anyone could figure out, was quite distraught. He was neither weak nor wealthy, yet he had a mind to earn what would help his family survive before they turned away.

Indeed, he never desired to feel out of place, having already been rejected by the town. He felt out of place because of his keen intelligence, and strict adherence to the lessons taught in the books he read. The reality of his being out of place was from his influence on the town's mastermind. The child had disappointed many people who, although friends in the past, turned their support to the rest of the village and abandoned him altogether.

\* \* \* \* \*

His earlier childhood was unique from that of many children. At first, as with most people, he hardly knew what life was about. Events became more complicated as he grew and so he sought to advance his wisdom to balance this inequity. He took on challenges even his parents did not assume, such as spending considerable time with the townspeople and solving their most difficult dilemmas. His words caused many to turn their ears to him for his wisdom was different. However, there were times when his words caused disturbances because he stood firm in his beliefs and pronounced them with authority as one who was destined to make important decisions in life.

He took to learning as much as he could after his introduction to literacy. Learning and understanding many points of view served to negate the biases in his nature. He examined all sides that arose from any discussion and saw to the core of their meaning.

A half-mile from his home, in the middle of town, was the dusty grey-walled Pinnacle Archives, which held some of the oldest books in the land of Xjadero. There was much wisdom within its walls, and he frequented them to supplement his theories. Though his life experience served to advance the general public, numerous specific events precipitated significant changes in

him and to Nosessica. Now the townspeople knew about his knowledge and how it aided even them, yet those who sought knowledge did not necessarily have a plan as to how to put this experience to use. Learning had proved to be an amazingly simple task for the child.

He also took great care in sharing his dreams, as these intrigued the townspeople even more. Tales of dragons and distant places inspired the adventurous and excited the daring. Many put their belief in his words, as he spoke with the determination of the truth. He expressed the words from the *Ijere, the secret-keeper*, which was the most significant book in Xjadero. Many could not read these written words and turned to the child to hear them spoken. He taught himself through time to learn how to begin to seek the greater mysteries of life.

Before they turned away, his parents were continually impressed with his persistence in learning and looked upon this as a gift while their commitment to him increased as he progressed. He attracted many acquaintances through his young life and became a well-known problem solver. Understanding the physics and mechanics of objects allowed him to see beyond what his eyes alone perceived. His dedication to this knowledge, combined with his innocence of youth served him well to follow his dreams. Indeed, many lauded his cute appearance when they saw him, as he had a countenance that amused even a cold heart, with eyes that pronounced harmony with a person's belief.

He used his knowledge to aid him as he wrote coded messages to assess the understanding of the masses and left them at various places throughout Nosessica. He made sure not to reveal himself as the writer. He was continually intrigued to see who the next person would be to solve these riddles. Sometimes riddles sent people to distant places, and the child stood amazed at the curiosity of human nature. At first, they were simple riddles until he decided to stretch his own imagination and challenge the wisest man in Nosessica.



A significant change happened when the child was eleven, and he challenged Nosessica's elderly mastermind, Rezaeith. Rezaeith had known of him, yet took no interest in the youngster. This was because no person in Nosessica had given Rezaeith a tough mental challenge for as long as he could remember.

Rezaeith read many of the old books within his own library, a library which held copies of some of the most essential books from the Pinnacle Archives. He had even read some of the *Ijere*, like the child, yet it did not interest him, as it did not challenge him enough.

His library was a place of contemplation, introspection, and peace. Rezaeith understood the value in literature and continually strived to ensure his collection was safe and would last for generations. It was an inviting room, with three wooden chairs and cushions, and a small, clean, study table. These stood upon a rug with a tree print, which stood on a wood floor. There were also old paintings of some forgotten place upon the walls. His armchair looked up toward a single window, which faced west and allowed only the pale light of the setting sun to enter.

Rezaeith had taken an interest in teaching those who came to his door with his long-learned wisdom. His only absence had been eleven years earlier when he traveled and searched for knowledge in the distant reaches of Xjadero. This experience he held had qualified him to solve many problems in the town's past.

He found a note one day on his study table as he walked alone in his small library room. This intrigued Rezaeith's curiosity as he read.

*It would be to your advancement that you unlearn your wisdom.*

Being in his best mind at the time, he spoke to himself, "Now why would I want to become like one that has not achieved knowledge, or has not had the time or ability to achieve knowledge? The one who wrote this is

indeed bold to desire me to do such a thing. If I unlearn my wisdom, in which state would I be left? I would be left much like a child, I should think. Yet an animal also has less wisdom than I.”

He kept this matter in the back of his mind. A mere three days later, another note was brought to his attention that none of the townspeople could understand. They told Rezaeith, “The sixteen-hundred people of Nosessica cannot understand these words. We sought you as a last resort.”

Rezaeith spoke of the first letter he received, and the townspeople left him alone to contemplate the second riddle and find a connection.

*A change from the standard set, it envelops that in which it feasts and turns it lighter still.*

Rezaeith thought for two hours about this second letter, and being desperate to answer it, he began contemplating aloud. “So, what is it that feasts and makes it lighter? The entire weight must become less, and not more. Could this speak of fire perhaps?”

Rezaeith thought about the connection between the first and second notes. He spoke privately in his library room. “This note speaks of something dealing with fire, that is all I can think of now. The first note had to speak of an animal or a child. What do these have in common, I wonder?”

Two days passed, and Rezaeith remained unsure of the connection. The people who had given the note to Rezaeith were concerned that he had not yet formed a conclusion. He desired strongly to understand the meaning. He was intrigued, however, frustrated when the people brought him a third note. He read it in private, as was his usual custom, hoping for an answer.

*What one exceeds they trust, and it will overtake them. A person's trust will acknowledge this fact, and the three will*

*become one. Can the wisdom of one be this?*

He pondered on the third note for two more days, with the townspeople waiting for an answer. He questioned the meaning in private, “How can I trust that which I exceed? Yes, the many books I have read have been exceeded by my wisdom, but they have not surpassed me. Does my trust in what will exceed me acknowledge that I will be surpassed? I am not so sure, but I need to see this through the eyes of the writer. I trust in my wisdom, yes, and so do they believe in theirs it seems. I know of no one who exceeds me in intelligence, but one day there may be. This is a bold person to write such a riddle, who is also clever in words.”

The townspeople came to Rezaeith’s door the next morning expecting an answer. Rezaeith walked outdoors with the small group following closely.

“Do you trust me?” Rezaeith asked.

“Yes, surely we do. That was why we asked you for help. Have you solved this riddle?” replied the men.

“I’m as close as I can come. There is a similarity between the three. I know there is. The first spoke of a child or animal; one who is lesser in wisdom than I. The second spoke of fire from what I can presume. The third, most interestingly, speaks of my wisdom being exceeded. The one who writes this is bold and speaks of one that will exceed my wisdom, in the way of fire.”

Rezaeith continued, “Do you know of the one who wrote these notes?”

“Yes, it is the boy who teaches many. Xanthier has recently informed us of this. The boy knows many things, as you may already know.”

“Yes, the boy of course. I would have done well to listen to my intuition about him but was too involved in understanding these messages. Bring the boy to my library room. We have much to speak about.”

They brought the child, and Rezaeith instructed them, “Leave me alone with him. These things are for our ears only.” They were left alone, with the townspeople excited to hear what Rezaeith would learn from the child.

Rezaeith spoke first, “How is it that you came to such understanding?”

“What understanding does it take to write a riddle? True understanding comes when one has answers to these.”

“And do you know the answers to your riddles?”

“Rezaeith, you are wiser than I, and yet you ask me for the answer? If you move your mind’s focus outward, you will see. Don’t try to focus so much on the details at once, or you will waste much of your energy trying to solve a problem you do not fully understand.”

“Yes, but is this really a problem? Are you not just speaking rhetorically?”

“I speak of my dreams as I always do. If you believe me, then you will do well.”

“You really are a brave boy, aren’t you? That is very good. I will make some tea for us, while you tell me what method I should use to solve these riddles.”

As Rezaeith prepared the tea, the child spoke.

“The method is simple. Let your mind tell you the answers. Listen to every word. You should already know this.”

“That I do. I have tried everything to solve these puzzles, and you are the first one who has ever confused me.”

“This was a good thing, so you may see another view. Many of the books you have read, so too have I. But tell me, what have you concluded?”

Rezaeith handed a cup of tea to the child, speaking, “The first note you wrote spoke of lessening my wisdom. Why should I do that?”

“Because, if you become too ingrained in your way of doing things, and your way of solving problems, you will close your mind to other philosophies of life. You are losing out on a lot of wisdom. You must learn to begin again as though you had no wisdom. If you think of things without a biased view of your wisdom, you will have greater potential for your choices.”

“But what does that have to do with a child or an animal? My mind, by listening to it, told me a lessened wisdom equated to a child or animal.”

“Yes, you are correct. A child is lesser in wisdom than you. If you think like a child, you will understand what it means to unlearn your wisdom. Now if your mind thought of an animal as well this could have some resemblance. But that is for you to decide.”

“What about fire? I know that was your second riddle.”

“Again, you are correct. You are indeed wise like no other, Rezaeith. I can learn so much from you as no one else has equaled my mind.”

“But what does fire have to do with a child?”

“What did you gather from the third riddle?” the child spoke, sipping the now warm tea.

“Only the obvious, that my wisdom will be exceeded.”

“Yes, but by what?”

Rezaeith thought for a moment, and responded, “Oh, child! Now I understand the meaning.”

“Yes, but do you believe that?”

“It will take many years for a child’s wisdom to exceed mine. In time I do believe it can happen. Is this child you speak for yourself?”

The child held out his cup of tea for Rezaeith to see. “Let me show you this.”

Rezaeith looked on interested. The child put his right-hand index finger slightly into the tea. He began slowly stirring the drink. “What happens when I do this?”

“The tea moves.” “Yes, but why?”

“Because your finger moves it.”

“My finger only starts the process. It starts small. The smallest part of the tea moves and other parts follow. The whole tea is stirred by the smallest drop moving. When you were a child, you began your process of learning, and

in time gained followers. Your wisdom has stirred the beliefs of many people. In time, a whole town has been moved by your words and trusts in you. Your words can sway people's actions and can even lay out the destiny of many."

"I have known that but that never really concerned me. You are more than I expected. Now tell me, what do the three notes have in common?"

"After what you have learned, those notes should not be of any importance. But if you must know, think of the simplest formula that represents them."

"The simplest is akin to one plus one equals two. Are you to say that child plus fire equals my wisdom exceeded?"

"Again, you are correct. How would you say this to better understand?"

Rezaeith thought to himself, *"What does wisdom exceed, but my wisdom exceeds the town, which in me has trust. I'll be exceeded. Fire and child and wisdom have these in common."*

Rezaeith finally answered, "A child will exceed me with a fiery wisdom."

The meaning took a few moments to catch up to Rezaeith. There he sat, in the presence of a wise child. He kept this matter in heart, though Rezaeith knew the child's wisdom did not exceed his, nor made the child claim to know more at present. They were mutually assured that the child's understanding would exceed Rezaeith's. When this was destined to happen, neither of them could yet determine.

Rezaeith looked out the window, noticing that darkness had fallen. He spoke to the child, "Your parents must be worried. You should be home. Let us meet tomorrow and learn more from one another."

The child placed his empty cup on the table as Rezaeith stood. The child then proceeded toward the door as Rezaeith watched. The child, upon reaching the door, opened it, and looked back toward Rezaeith, asserting his

confidence, “Rezaeith, we have much to learn from one another, and it is good we met.”

“I will not forget the meaning of what I have learned. Now I understand and know more about how to bring my knowledge to you. Rest well, child.”

As Rezaeith said this, the child’s heart longed more for what Rezaeith may teach him. Rezaeith’s heart had opened up to trust more than it had in the past. The door closed and a mentally exhausted Rezaeith fell back into his armchair, and into a comfortable slumber.

## 2

*When its existence in the physical has been born, it comes alive, and  
then the words can flow*

Rezaeith was suddenly awakened by a familiar voice. “Rezaeith!” Startled, he jumped up, and upon looking around, noticed he was not in his library room. The terrain was not familiar. There, on an unceasing dirt plain, he stood alone. The sky was clear, and he noticed there was no sense of warmth from the sun.

“Magistro, why are you entering my dream?” Magistro appeared by Rezaeith’s side.

“Rezaeith, you must not train this boy,” commanded Magistro.

“His fate is not for you to decide, Magistro. You deserted me, so why should your concerns be mine?”

“Rezaeith, this boy has a different destiny than what you can understand.”

“No Magistro, his destiny is not in your hands. Now leave my presence!”

Rezaeith forced Magistro out of his dream, as Magistro’s lasting words were left behind, “I will train the boy.”

These words stung the ears of Rezaeith, as he awoke. The words caused much concern in his mind, and he questioned himself. “What does Magistro see in this boy, and how does he know of him? After eleven years of despising me, he should have known I would not believe his words. I am now quite eager to find out the workings of this child.”

Being just before dawn, he rose and proceeded to the pantry to retrieve a quick breakfast and washed up after his meal. This was the hour before most people in the town were awake. Though he knew where the child lived, he felt more comfortable going first to the child’s friend, Xanthier. With this set in his



mind, he exited his home, walking down his old stone steps. Xanthier's house stood one-mile distant, on the other side of Nosessica.

Walking along the dusty road that went through the middle of town, he walked past the child's home, which stood near the town's solitary tree to his right. He took no notice of it since he was headed for Xanthier's home. He also passed the Pinnacle Archives as thoughts of the answers to the riddles occupied his mind. He felt somewhat ashamed that he had needed the child's help to answer them, yet still curious as to how a child could have confused his mind.

As he reached Xanthier's home, the sun rose to provide more adequate light. Standing upon Xanthier's stone steps, Rezaeith looked upon the decorative cherry wood trim that surrounded the door of Xanthier's home. He could see it warmly reflect the light of the sun in its own unique way. It had been a few years since he ventured to this side of the town, and he enjoyed remembering the details of the house's features. He then prepared to knock but was interrupted by a friendly voice from behind the door as it slowly opened.

"Rezaeith, it is good of you to come by."

"Hello, Xanthier. I have come to ask about your friend, the child."

"Yes, I figured this from your presence. Let's walk and talk about what you have learned from him. He speaks well of you." They proceeded to walk back along the town's main path, which Rezaeith took.

"I believe you too were confused by the notes he wrote for the town," spoke Rezaeith.

"Yes, this was why I left you the first note. The second and third, I gave to the townspeople, since I expected you to be quite busy understanding the first."

"Why were the boy's intentions not shown to me from the beginning?"

"Rezaeith, I trust in him, and what he told me. He did not want me to reveal him as the writer of these notes. Not until the time was right did he let

himself be known in that regard.”

“And is he too the writer of the messages before these three?”

“Those riddles were simple at the time, and of no consequence. The boy was merely learning, as he will from you.”

“Yes, I am sure he will.”

They reached the child’s home, and Xanthier knocked expectantly. The child’s home was different from Xanthier’s in its modest appeal. A solid white exterior conformed to the rest of the houses in town.

The child’s mother could be heard humming a happy tune as she answered the door. After noticing Rezaeith, she eagerly greeted the men. After the town had come to know about the child’s challenging of Rezaeith, Seona was quite proud to speak of her son’s accomplishments. She invited them inside.

Seona spoke in her hopeful tone, “Rezaeith, it is good to see you here. I am so glad you will continue to train my son where Xanthier has left off.”

“Yes, I know Xanthier has taught him many things, yet I will teach the greater mysteries.”

Seona replied, “I’m thankful you have taken an interest in him and have given him the attention he deserves. Let’s go to the cookery for a drink.”

They walked and sat at the cookery table as Seona continued, “And you Xanthier, what do you think about Rezaeith helping my son to become his best?” She poured sweet herbal juice for the men.

Xanthier replied, “Yes, I too am eager to see your son’s potential.”

Rezaeith spoke, “Where is the boy now?”

Seona gave the glasses of the green juice to the men. “He is still sleeping, for he enjoys the time he is allowed to dream. Perhaps I should wake him?”

Rezaeith replied, “That is not necessary. My teaching will be done through patience, yet he will learn the desire of learning through my words

instead of merely sleeping.”

“Where is Ozar?” questioned Xanthier about Seona’s husband.

“He is gathering herbs for our health. My son recommended these, and they have helped with our focus and energy. They have been quite effective.”

Rezaeith chuckled, “Yes, they certainly have. Your son shows the result of your good work.”

After a few moments, the child walked into the room with heavy sleep eyes and tangled hair. He noticed Xanthier first and perked up.

“Xanthier, can we study today?” He walked toward their cookery table and noticed Rezaeith a moment later. “Oh, Rezaeith, I missed your presence. I would like to study with you today after Xanthier teaches me more writing.”

Rezaeith replied, “That is good. Learn what you can. My instruction will be much the same, so it will be good for you to learn when you can.”

Xanthier spoke to the child, “I have taught you every word I know, and you have excelled. Perhaps Rezaeith can teach you how to write in a different form.”

Rezaeith replied, speaking to the child, “Yes, there are words you do not know, and have more power than you realize.”

The child responded, “I want to learn these special words you speak of. First, let me eat, and then I will go with you.”

After breakfast, the three departed, Xanthier going his own way home, offering a generous wave at their departure. The child remained with Rezaeith. He was eager to hear every word from Rezaeith, and began the conversation as they walked, “What will be my lesson today?”

“I shall instruct you by words of power. But you must trust in them. You must trust me.”

The child nodded his head in agreement, “Of course I believe in you. What have I done to show otherwise?”

“It is nothing you have done, but there is one thing I have wondered, as has the town. Why did your parents not give you a name?”

“They say I have a name, but they cannot give it to me. They do not say it as if they are not allowed. Why did you not ask them?”

“Because I should not have asked. There are ways to find one’s name, but you have much to learn before you find it. You may have some purpose to find it yourself.”

“Maybe I do, but there are more important things to learn in the legends I have discovered so far. I have never really needed a name.”

“Perhaps you do not. Ah, we are at my home,” Rezaeith concluded as they turned into the garden of his home. They entered the white-walled house and made their way to the library room. The child noticed the doormat outside of Rezaeith’s library room. There was written upon it: *WëvQuein Immot*.

Rezaeith spoke as he opened the door and walked in. “*WëvQuein Immot* means ‘What inspires you?’ These are words of the Kablu language, the language which I will teach you.”

The child timidly followed, startled at Rezaeith’s words. He knew this was a dangerous language, one not to be toyed with by anyone.

Rezaeith spoke as if to comfort the child as the child closed the door behind them. “Do not be frightened. You already know words of Kablu should not be spoken, and you are even more concerned as to how I can speak these words.”

The child felt this encounter with Rezaeith was meant to be, but he had to regain his thoughts to focus on Rezaeith’s words.

Rezaeith spoke again, “What people have said about Kablu, they do not know. They fear what they cannot speak or comprehend. I know you are frightened and yet curious as to how I obtained this gift.”

“I have just never heard the language spoken. Indeed, you are more than even I expected,” replied the child eagerly.

“Now that we have introduced the subject let me show the beginnings of these words. You can write since Xanthier has taught you. This was

necessary, for the words of Kablu must exist in written form before they can be uttered. They do not exist until they are written for there will be nothing to speak without the written words.”

“I do not understand. I can speak our Xjaderian words quite easily without having them written first. How is Kablu different?”

“Kablu mixes with silence, for it must contain the silence as it is brought into the physical world. When its existence in the physical has been born, it comes alive, and then the words can flow.”

“Now I understand. This is very interesting. Why cannot any other speak these words?”

“Because they must be written with the right intent.”

“The intentions must always be good?”

“Not necessarily; the style in which they are written must mimic their meaning. Those who can write do not truly understand what is written. When words such as these are birthed, the right emotion and heart must accompany them, or they will not truly come alive. This is further hampered by the fact that few can write.”

“Who taught you how to write?”

Rezaeith was quiet for a few moments, as he sat remembering, and a solemn look crossed his face. The child grew concerned and spoke again, “Rezaeith, I didn’t mean to cause you concern. What happened?”

Rezaeith remembered it was Magistro who had instructed him, as Rezaeith had to Xanthier. Rezaeith responded, “Worry not about that now, for you must discover things that pertain to you first, not about me. Be glad that you were trained by Xanthier instead of another. I have helped Xanthier for many of his thirty years of life, and he is thankful. However now, we must begin.”

Rezaeith instructed the child in the forms of lettering, which initially seemed quite perplexing to the young boy. “There are many letters within this

alphabet, but these do not form every word. There are patterns of form that are not comprised of this alphabet. In this too, there are reverse patterns and those whose letters are askew.”

The child worked with Rezaeith for an hour, studying the basic makeup of this language, which he had never known. He spoke to Rezaeith, “I need some rest for my mind, to refresh my thoughts.”

“Very well. A walk outside will do you good. Come back when you are ready.”

The child walked outside and contemplated what he had learned. A thought formed in his head, as he decided to try to speak Kablu without writing.

“WëvQuein Immot,” he spoke, and then thought to himself, “*What does inspire me, I wonder?*”

He knew these words had been written upon Rezaeith’s mat, so did not excite him, though the meaning did intrigue him. After he pondered this thought, he put the basic sounds of the language together in his head to form a new word. He then proceeded to speak, “I’m...” There was a moment of silence, and he stood a bit confused, as these words of Kablu ceased to exist. The thought had slipped his mind, and he snapped out of his lapse of thought, questioning “Now what was I saying?”

Once the child regained his focus, he returned to the library room. Rezaeith had an enormous grin on his face. “What?” the child responded.

“Nothing,” Rezaeith commented, knowing of the child’s attempt.

Once the child was seated, Rezaeith continued, “Now, you must use what you taught me yesterday. Trust in your mind and let the words flow. One who desires can find these words within them. What you have learned now is a trivial piece of the power which encompasses a real understanding of these words.”

“What must I do now?”

“Write, and do it slowly. Let your mood set the pace of the words, for

their nature must reflect their intention. Once the words flow, you will speak.”

Rezaeith handed him a stick of chalk.

The child grasped the stick and looked intently onto it, as well as the blank slate he held. He touched the slate softly with the chalk, drawing a symbol. “Rama,” he spoke.

“Yes, that is one of many words which means ‘heart.’ That is the most in-depth heart of your heart, that which is yours uniquely.”

The child continued with another symbol, which crossed the first and ended behind it. “Prehu.”

“Good. You understand. Timing is crucial. These words must be written in order of their meaning, regardless of spacing. Prehu means ‘age’ in an intangible form. Now write the rest of your words. Remember not to think too deeply, or they will not last. They must be spontaneous, right from your Rama.”

The child continued slowly. Some symbols required him to rotate the slate, as he continued down its border.

“What does it say?” Rezaeith asked.

The child thought for a moment, breathing a faint sigh before speaking. “Provhui Lieken va Sveskza. Ramku Praehi vem Sveskzatu.”

“Yes, you are correct. Had you not been, you would not have spoken it. Be very confident in yourself, for you have released these words, and given the freedom to be spoken.”

“I am thankful for this language, and what it has taught me. Indeed, it was an urge to speak the words correctly, for this was how I knew. I noticed Rama meant heart, but I did not feel compelled to speak that word accurately, and so it was not said in my final words.”

“Know that one word can change another’s meaning, and the way it is spoken, when they are used together. Now tell me what you learned from this, and what is its meaning?”

The child put down his slate and chalk onto the table, and sat back in the chair. He looked into the eyes, and upon the beard of Rezaeith. Then he lowered his head and thought inward about himself. He knew there was a similarity between Rezaeith and himself, and these words of Kablu showed this link. At last, the child responded with words that came from his Rama, speaking in his own words. He spoke slowly, hoping to be correct.

“Physical age does not matter. It’s the age of the heart that matters.”

Rezaeith responded, “Remember these words you have spoken. Keep them in your heart. Do not share this language with another, for you have heard of the consequences if it is misused.”

“I will remember, Rezaeith. Now, I must go home, for it grows late.”  
“Very well, we will continue tomorrow.”

As the child left Rezaeith’s presence, Rezaeith remembered the words of Magistro, ‘I will train the boy!’ He felt proud of his accomplishment with the child. Rezaeith knew Magistro would not succeed this time.



# 3

*You will realize the power of these words, for they have the power to cause shifting of the dimensions*

As Rezaeith slept for the night, upon his bed, his dreams became of a beautiful world that he had not imagined for quite a long time. Far from the valley of his home in Nosessica, he was drawn to a peaceful countryside, nearby a magnificent snowy mountain range. “Snow,” he said, “with such purity of white, and yet powerful amongst the rages of the wind when there is such a thing.”

“Yes,” came a response, “and are you daring to challenge its reaches?”

“Magistro, have I not warned you to stay out of my dreams.”

Magistro appeared of his own accord. “You have no understanding of what you do, for you continue in your old ways.”

“You will not change me, Magistro. And I will continue to train the boy.”

“Then why must you teach him Kablu? This is why I deserted you.”

“You never could challenge these words, could you, Magistro? Why must you envy my power?”

“There is nothing of you to envy. Real power comes from within, not by what you speak.”

“What I have spoken, I will continue to speak. Leave my dream!”

Rezaeith proceeded to force Magistro from his dream, yet Magistro resisted.

Magistro spoke again, “Before I go hear this. The boy grows strong, and even you cannot contain his power. Now you will awaken and remember!”

Rezaeith was suddenly awakened, quite frustrated. Fear began to grow, yet he restrained all emotions tied to this concern. Though he knew Magistro had been more powerful than he, Rezaeith felt confident in his

knowledge of Kablu, knowing that Magistro had never resorted to using these words. Rezaeith had a desire for power and found this through use of the words of Kablu.

Magistro, in contrast, knew that the discovery of one's own power was more important, as the actual process of achieving the potential made its effects more lasting. Kablu, in his mind, was used by the lazy man who did not want to work within himself. Granted that Kablu was quite a challenge to learn, it was much more difficult to find what already lies inside of oneself, well out of reach. Indeed, there was no set approach to seeing the power within that worked for all men.

Rezaeith then remembered an old friend of his. Hananni was a twenty-year-old man, the shortest man of his age in Nosessica, only one head taller than the child. They had not spoken for some time, as each had gone his own way.

Hananni still resided in town, and Rezaeith made his way to Hananni's home. At the same time, Hananni was just leaving on his way to find Rezaeith. Upon meeting near Hananni's white-walled home, they greeted one another in front of his stone steps.

"Hananni, many greetings. Have things been well for you?"

"Times have been difficult for me. Nightmares have been my nightly companion."

"Let's go inside your home, so you may tell me about them."

"I would feel better to stay outside. Let's sit on the steps."

"Yes, Hananni, I have had nightmares as well. Though, of a different kind than the usual."

"Rezaeith, I know you are working with the boy. I do not like him."

"Yes, I figured. Though I stopped your instruction some time ago, I now realize that you still have potential and are jealous of my time with the boy."

“As you know, I still trust you. But I don’t know what this boy will do. I feel he has stolen my place with you.”

“Hananni, you know how busy I had become. However, this child shows promise. You had become lazy, not willing to work.”

“But much has changed, as I was only a child at the time. You demanded much.”

“And I still do. The plans I have for the boy are many. I will need your help. Magistro has been watching me.”

“He should be of no concern to you, for he lives a long way from here.”

“He is of no concern to me, yet he takes an interest in the boy. I need you to watch him. When I am not training the boy, take note of his life.”

“What will you do if Magistro comes for him?”

“Magistro will not come for him. Instead, he would have the child travel in search of him.”

“Does not Magistro seek this boy?”

“Magistro would only have the boy seek him out. I have put my trust in the boy, and you will help me.”

“Yes, Rezaeith. Even though I do not like the boy, I trust you and will do as you ask.”

“I am glad to hear that. Now, I must go to learn more about the child. Perhaps Magistro has planted some knowledge within his mind.”

“I do not doubt that Magistro has. When he trained you, did he not do the same?”

“He made me learn his beliefs. I follow my own and have not needed his. If I can know what he teaches this boy, then I will be more prepared.”

“Prepared for what?”

“To undo what Magistro had started.”

Rezaeith stood up and left without another word. Hananni stood as well, reminiscing in the short lesson of discussion. As Rezaeith disappeared

from view, Hananni reentered his home. He desired the ability to write, to make his following of the child's life that much easier. However, his laziness of youth had hampered his desire to persevere. He had a faint remembrance of the methods of the art of writing and proceeded to practice through the remaining day.

Upon reaching the child's home, Rezaeith was greeted by an elated voice, "Rezaeith, I am thankful you are here!"

"So too am I, child. Have you learned anything since we last spoke?"

"Yes, in my room, I left my slate. I have discovered a new symbol."

"Let's see this symbol. Have you made sure not to share this knowledge?"

"Yes, since my parents would be shocked to hear what you have taught me."

"Let's go to your room." They proceeded inside, meeting Ozar, the child's father.

"Greetings, Rezaeith. My son has shown promise since you have chosen to train him."

"Yes indeed. Your son will do great things."

Ozar replied, "I am sure he will. Please, let me know if I can help. When you are done, please come join Seona and me for some herbal tea."

Rezaeith and the child nodded in acceptance and made their way to the child's room. When they arrived, Rezaeith found it orderly.

"It is good of you to have such a clean room. It speaks well of your personality."

"I must have room to intrigue my thoughts. Clutter will only confuse my mind and break my concentration."

"Let me see the symbol you speak of."

The child handed his slate to Rezaeith and said, "I do not know how to

“speak this, or what it means.”

Rezaeith responded in earnest, “This is indeed a special word. Shümbú is one of many words that mean ‘training.’ This by itself means training to the full extent, surpassing all knowledge of the context in which it speaks.”

“The Kablu language is very complex!”

“Yes, for most of its words are of a matchless nature.”

“What should I do now?”

“Concentrate on this symbol. It must be used with other words, to bring about change. You will realize the power of these words, for they have the power to cause shifting of the dimensions.”

“I’m not sure if I want that kind of power. I could not handle it.”

“You don’t have to be frightened. Only believe in what you speak, and the words will not control you. They are the true power, and you are a good child who will do well with them.”

The child knew he had a long way to go before he reached the kind of power that his new teacher described. He was relieved that such power was distant and that any responsibility of knowing these words to such a full extent would not be his for some time. However, he was eager to learn, for he wanted more control in his own life.

“Very well,” the child spoke, “I will study this symbol in my heart, my Rama.”

The child closed his eyes and pictured the symbol in his mind. The emblem doubled then tripled itself, and the entire form became an inverted form of all three dimensions. The edges of the character thinned in their width, from beginning to end, and the child realized something new as he spoke, opening his eyes. “Rezaeith, I have realized even more. Even the strength used to write the symbol can have an effect on its words. If I write lightly, and then hard, that must reflect my intention.”

“Excellent deduction! You are becoming wiser already. Now, write

the symbol you see in your mind. Do not neglect the precision involved.”

The child held his slate angled away from the eyes of Rezaeith, for he wanted to finish the words entirely. He made smooth motions, not needing to rotate the slate for these few words. No symbols crossed in the phrase the child created. He was to write one of the few sentences where symbols were written straight across. He was eager to understand its meaning, as a sly grin grew on his face.

He handed the slate to a smiling Rezaeith. Rezaeith gasped, a pale look on his face. The child became worried at what Rezaeith might say.

“No,” said a trembling Rezaeith, dropping the slate upon the floor. The shattering sound did not comfort Rezaeith, though he wished to destroy its truth.

“What does it say?” asked the concerned child.

With glossy eyes, Rezaeith stood up, turned, and walked out without speaking. He exited their home without saying a word to the parents.

The child’s parents came into his room, quite astonished at Rezaeith’s change in mood.

Seona spoke to her son, “Does he not want to teach you?”

The child replied, “I don’t know. He seems scared.”

“Of what?” asked Ozar.

The child picked up the slate, putting together the two pieces. “Of this.”

“What does it say?” asked Seona.

The child closed his eyes, waiting for an answer. He spoke the words as he saw them within. “Shambula pre vey Magistro.” He was more confident as he spoke, yet his parents became shocked. These words could be felt, for their power asserted its strength in his parents. They instantly knew his words were of Kablu.

“Son, you must not speak those words. It is not right for you to have

this knowledge. Rezaeith must not train you anymore,” Ozar said alarmed.

“I know. As I have spoken these words, they will happen as they are:  
‘Magistro will train me.’”

# 4

*The Voice is the one, the truth, and can exist within silence*

Hananni witnessed Rezaeith crossing the town on his way home. He tried stopping Rezaeith to speak with him but received no response. He felt it was best to leave Rezaeith alone for this day. Hananni's anger toward the child intensified as he thought of how strangely Rezaeith acted after his time with the child.

The child felt that Rezaeith did not desire to train him anymore, and wondered about this Magistro person that the symbol spoke of. Feeling strongly about Rezaeith's actions, he proceeded to continue studying alone, becoming more desperate for knowledge and sought more wisdom within the Pinnacle Archives.

Rezaeith's anger toward Magistro, and thus the child grew as Hananni fed his hate. Rezaeith spent much time with Hananni, training him instead of the child. He taught Hananni the basics of writing, and within a month, Hananni was competent to learn Kablu. Rezaeith continued training Hananni until Hananni was as skilled as the child in Kablu. Then, he further instructed him, with a darker goal. Rezaeith now had the desire to bring Hananni and himself beyond the ability of both Magistro and the child and poured all his strength of teaching into Hananni's life.

Two more months would show Hananni to become knowledgeable in the language of Kablu, yet not to the point as to do real damage. Kablu was kept to be a secret language, so the town did not know of their knowledge of it, as Rezaeith had secret plans for the child.

Upon the third month of training, Hananni and Rezaeith both agreed that the child's self-teaching should stop, as his regular visits to the Pinnacle Archives threatened their status of knowledge. The town knew the child was



intelligent, and being that Rezaeith did not want to share his own knowledge of Kablu with the townspeople, he hoped the people would see the child be not as understanding.

Xanthier had also spent the past three months with the child, encouraging his actions, and giving him insight of an adult. By then, the child's parents had lost some respect for him, for they feared what he might do with his knowledge of Kablu. They pleaded with him to stop studying, yet he persisted. It was not Kablu he was learning, though the parents did not believe.

Though his parents had been concerned that Rezaeith had taught him the basics of Kablu, they still respected him in his position as the mastermind of the town. Throughout the interceding three months, the child still possessed hope that Rezaeith would reconsider and give him another chance. Though he remembered the words of his slate, he hoped that both Rezaeith and Magistro might train him.

The child made his way to Rezaeith's home. Hananni was not there at the time; for he was on his own, to review his lessons. The child pleaded with Rezaeith to be trained.

“Rezaeith, I want you and Magistro to both train me.”

Rezaeith definitely was not pleased with the child's presence. While Rezaeith had spent his time training Hananni, he ceased to learn any new ideas. He realized the child had since learned more than he. Rezaeith also feared the nightmares of Magistro would return.

Rezaeith spoke to the child, in a firm tone, “You are dangerous, and this town is not safe with you.”

This pained the boy as he remembered their enjoyable past training. He had not heard Rezaeith speak in such a way before. At these words, a foundation was established upon which the rest of the child's life would be built. At a young age, he began to understand the nature of man, revealed when he had spoken with confidence of his beliefs. When the child had made mistakes, he learned the fastest. Though he realized the importance of making

mistakes, which added to wisdom and knowledge, he was not comforted in this.

Rezaeith had it in his mind to inform the child's parents of the trouble he supposedly caused. In fact, since Rezaeith had also been the source of many rumors of the child spread through town, he had no problem creating another scenario to boggle the minds of the parents.

Xanthier, in the meantime, had made a point to visit the child and was approaching the house just as Rezaeith brought the child home. Xanthier, noticing them coming, hid behind a sidewall, waiting to intervene in any conflict should it arise.

Moments later, there was a sudden knocking on the door of the child's home. A stout, clean-cut Ozar answered in bewilderment of Rezaeith, "So Rezaeith, what is it this time?" Ozar knew Rezaeith had turned against his son, yet Ozar held a thread of respect for Rezaeith.

Rezaeith spoke about the child's knowledge of Magistro. "Ozar, your son is causing problems again. This time it may be the end of me. He knows too much about me."

"I understand that you no longer train him. Why such cause for concern?"

"Ozar, he is learning dangerously. He has the knowledge to harm me, and everyone in town. You know the townspeople are becoming very uncomfortable with him and are losing patience with me."

Ozar replied, "So for the first time you don't know what to do."

"No, I do know. The town has already arranged a meeting to decide the fate of this boy."

"As he is my son, I shall deal with him. I hadn't realized that he had done so much to make you upset and caused such unease with other townspeople."

Rezaeith relinquished his control of the child to his father and left

perplexed as to how to handle the situation that he felt he needed to control. The child noticed Xanthier, as he peered around the sidewall. Xanthier could do nothing. He could only think about the child, “*Don’t worry, I’ll be here for you.*” Rezaeith, noticing Xanthier, gave him an evil looking stare.

The child awaited his father’s punishment, which was usually more of an informative nature than of discipline. “Son, take a seat. You have really gotten yourself into trouble this time. You certainly are becoming dangerous with your knowledge of Kablu.”

After the child sat, Ozar continued. “Whatever it is you have done to Rezaeith, I really don’t care to know, as it is quite unimportant at this point. However, do you realize you have this town in an uproar? How do you feel about this?”

The child answered somewhat ashamed yet confidently, “These people do not understand the legends or the dreams I have, and how I desire to share them.”

“And what of these dreams?”

“I believe they tell me what may happen. Someone is watching us, waiting for moments like this. I have a sense of the fate of Rezaeith, and I know he fears.”

“And what about our fate? We are so close to becoming exiled from Nosessica, or worse. You need to keep these beliefs to yourself.”

“Father, you don’t understand...”

“Son, don’t talk to me like that! I’ve heard enough; now go to your room. You’ll be lucky to get any supper tonight.”

The child walked into his room, less confident, and yet more intrigued by his dreams and the uproar they were causing. It was evening, and dusk was approaching. His parents turned in early, and silence fell over the house. The child sat on the corner of his bed, looking onto the floor as the moonlight shone through the window, revealing the fresh, dust-laden air. He thought

about his hunger but realized that there were more important things to occupy his mind. He then sat upon a chair near the bed, to watch the beautiful moon.

He shifted his attention to the window, looking through, where he could see the nearby tree and a hill in the distance. Behind that, he knew many trees covered the slopes that led up the walls of the valley where they resided. He stared through the window in a relaxed manner. Focusing on the silence, he struggled to hear the sounds that emanate from within one's own mind, hoping to catch glimpses of the hidden memory. He turned his attention to just the moonlight itself, as it shimmered on the window glass. The world became a void, and his perception became only that which he wanted. This was of light, and the subconscious, which spawned the dream.

He felt fatigue set in, as he progressed more into the unexplored realm of the deep mind. Voices announced their arrival. Visions danced and brought their gift of greater insight. Yet something was different. He did not outright fall asleep as usual. Instead, he realized a new stage of relaxation he had never known. At once, he demanded his mind to reveal to him the unknown, "Show me the nature of our creation, and that which gives us life!"

At first, it seemed as if the air inside his room stirred. Images continued to saturate his sight, yet reality mixed in, and new forms were shown. The pane reflected the light in a new way, and tones of an unknown melody increased their sound. From the pale-blue light of the moon merged another form in his mind; that of a soft-lit glow of a violet hue. It was amorphous, spiritual in appeal, and it spawned this melody. The melody maintained its presence, vibrating the very image he saw. Energy formed in what he saw and radiated down from atop the window, sending rays of violet, and pale-blue light into the eyes and face of the puzzled young boy.

*"What does this mean?"* he wondered.

The melodies transformed themselves into the words of a vowel-less, lost ancient dialect, never spoken by man. Then, in an instant, he understood all that was expressed, and all that was to be revealed by this form:

*The Voice has spoken to me, so that here, in this cold land, its presence may reach to the richest depths of understanding. What understanding this was, and what logic, that covered the silvery appearance of its unforgotten memory. Silence too was belittled, yet those who knew not its intentions justified their belittling. Though the words of a child's heart were heard, they fixed their gaze only upon his physical self. Limitless in the empty depths; be that the shadow the Voice was, the final day will not come until time has provoked the interest of a child's natural mind. The silence remains forever, showing forth. And yet the voices of reason remain.*

Then only a new kind of silence prevailed, one that man had not yet known. For once, the child knew complete peace. This was the goal. This was the dream. This was existence in a passing world without distraction, remorse, or thought. The Voice is the one, the truth, and can exist within silence.

The child awoke the next morning, fully remembering his experience. Eagerly, he went to the breakfast table, assured of its certainty.

“Did you sleep well?” asked Seona.

“I had another vision,” he spoke as he stuffed sweet bread in his mouth.

“Oh, did you?” questioned his father. “And you shouldn’t talk with your mouth full.”

“What kind of dream was it this time?” asked Seona.

“It was more than a dream, it was silence.”

“Perhaps the best dream of all,” Ozar said.

Just as breakfast was finishing, the child decided to go into the town and quickly hurried to gather his stuff to get going.

“Don’t cause trouble. We must go to that meeting today to determine what Rezaeith’s intentions are for you. You know everyone trusts him,” spoke his father.

“Yes, I will behave. I’m going to see Xanthier to learn whatever I can.” The child was currently wholly unconcerned at what the town thought, and sincerely desired being taught. Though his parents were concerned at his dedicated pursuit of knowledge, they knew Xanthier had good intentions.

As he went outside, Xanthier walked around from the corner of the house. “Did you sleep well?”

“Were you here all night?”

“No, after you went to your room, I left. I came back this morning. I was worried that it would get out of hand with Rezaeith.”

“I have lost all respect from Rezaeith.”

“I could sense that you had, for you have not spoken to him for the last three months. It did concern me when you traveled to Rezaeith’s home. His anger with you was unquestionable.”

“I understand he has forsaken you as well.”

“I don’t worry about that now. However, many more challenges have been born. The town is becoming fierce.”

“I know that Hananni has spoken against me as well. Now that Rezaeith trains him, he should be content, but still, he spreads lies and deceit.”

“Do not worry too much about him as you will grow weary with sorrow. Just focus on those dreams and legends you’ve been telling me about.”

The child eagerly spoke about his experience of the night before, and the strange silence he experienced.

“Silence is definitely one thing this town needs. If you believe it

somehow ties into your life, then trust in what you have decided.”

The child’s parents came outside on their way to the meeting. Seona hugged her son and continued on with Ozar and left the child in Xanthier’s care. They still feared the child because of his use of Kablu, and because the town was turning against him. They were unsure of what to do.

Xanthier and the child proceeded to walk toward Xanthier’s home, reminiscing about their past, and what would become of their future. Thoughts rushed through the child’s mind as to what may become of Xanthier. He was undoubtedly worried more about his friend than himself. Thoughts of cruelty, abuse, and scorn from Rezaeith raced through his mind, and these concerns were visible on his face.

Xanthier began to notice the sorrow within the child. The situation was worsened, as a voice boomed from the dusty street, in front of Xanthier’s home.

“Boy!” Xanthier and the child turned, and their eyes met the leering eyes of their aggressor, Hananni. “Boy,” Hananni said again, “can you not hear me?”

“If I were deaf, the silence would cover even your own grating words,” replied the child.

“Bah! You’re an impossible imp. You are being called to the meeting. Now!”

“Come,” invoked Xanthier, “let’s go face the furor.”

Xanthier and the child confidently walked past Hananni, en route to the meeting. Hananni bumped his elbow into the child’s stomach as he walked by, exclaiming, “Watch it you fool!”

With the child left somewhat winded for a moment, Xanthier demanded, “That’s enough. That will be brought up at the meeting as well. Will you show no respect?”

Hananni replied, “I only respect Rezaeith, my teacher. Not your

teacher anymore, boy, only my teacher.” Then he turned and walked away to attend the meeting.

Xanthier encouraged the child, “Are you alright? We need to go. I assure you Hananni will not harm you again.”

It seemed all sense of reason left as the child appeared at the meeting, in a dusty field behind the Pinnacle Archives. The weather was cold, and the town was in an uproar and stood one hundred feet from Rezaeith. The meeting was fiercer than any meeting of the past. Rezaeith motioned the crowd for silence, but to no avail. Each person shouted his own curse and threat.

Rezaeith then uttered, “Shema Nalu Viem Kama,” those forbidden words which resulted in blank stares from the gathered townspeople. Everyone knew that words of the ancient Kablu language should rarely be spoken and even then, they were curious, as none but Rezaeith, the child, his parents, and Hananni had heard it spoken before, yet the crowd could feel its effects. The group was silenced. The child remembered that Kablu was required to be written before being spoken, and stood back in shock, not having seen Rezaeith write the words.

Rezaeith then continued, “Today we have a traitor in our midst. He has lied about his intentions and is determined to learn our deepest secrets. He has become dangerous to each and every one of us in this town.”

Xanthier spoke up in defense, “Yes, but he has done nothing dangerous.”

Rezaeith spoke, “These words of Kablu have foretold the dangers of having this boy around.”

The crowd grew more attentive, and the intensifying anger toward the child could be felt thickly in the air.

Xanthier spoke, “You are the one who is dangerous. It is fortunate that the boy does not know of these words to the extent that you do, or you would have a reason for your concern.”



Rezaeith replied, "I already do have a concern."

The crowd then shouted again, "Away with the boy! Exile!"

The child spoke to Xanthier, "Rezaeith has poisoned their minds with his forbidden words. I have no chance." The child felt even lonelier as he knew of his association with these forbidden words, feeling the weight of responsibility.

Xanthier whispered back to him, "Yes I know, Rezaeith is very powerful in the forbidden realms, yet your knowledge will exceed his given the right instruction and time."

The child began to cry as he replied to Xanthier, "It already has." The child knew the truth in this and feared the knowledge he had gained. Knowledge can weigh heavy on one's heart.

Rezaeith responded to the crowd, "Yes, we will exile him, but he must not be allowed to speak again." Rezaeith knew that without speech, the words of Kablu had no effect. Rezaeith prepared for his words of power, those that changed one's fate.

The seriousness of this endeavor could be seen in the eyes of Rezaeith, as Xanthier and the child looked upon his face. Xanthier's face was a mask of fear as he shouted, "No, do not let this happen."

The child understood what was to come, speaking "Rezaeith, do not let this happen. I have not done anything to you."

The crowd yelled, "Silence him. Silence..."

Rezaeith boasted, "Do you hear the crowd. I must give them what they wish." Then, the words that would determine the fate of the child began to form.

"Yama Peku..."

Rezaeith found it difficult to utter the words. They began to slip his mind.

"No," Rezaeith spoke, "I wrote them already. What is happening?" Xanthier noted to the child, "He's having trouble with the words."

Perhaps your destiny is already written. Your future will not happen the way Rezaeith desires.”

The crowd grew more concerned with Rezaeith’s difficulty, and one voice in the group spoke, “The child is harming Rezaeith. He must be stopped.” The people became more hostile as they approached Xanthier and the child.

The child could see his parents in the crowd as he realized it was his father who had made that threat. The parents had not wanted before to stand in front of the group, for they feared them and now Rezaeith. Their eyes were pale and lifeless, and the commotion seemed to slow in the mind of the child.

The child’s attention was brought back as Xanthier shouted to the child, “Run, I’ll be here when you need me.” The child ran, driven by fear.

Rezaeith had taken that moment to write three symbols in the dirt with his left hand. The rush of his writing did not allow him to affect the child, who was gaining distance. The child heard the words of Rezaeith as he moved farther away, “Arkan, Viemo Nokto.”

As the child continued to run from the mob, he looked back as they closed in violently on a steadfast Xanthier. The crowd began to slow their advance toward Xanthier, as the words of Rezaeith took effect, and they stopped altogether and turned to watch the child make his exit. The child slowed his run and looked back into the eyes of Xanthier.

Xanthier’s eyes filled with hate, as they burned into the child’s mind. Just before leaving earshot range, the last words of Xanthier could be heard, “Coward! You will die, alone!”

The child turned and ran faster, climbing up the hundred-foot slope of the valley, his heart racing with fear and hatred for Rezaeith. A thought raced through his mind, “*How can he do this to me?*” and a lonely tear rolled down his dusty cheek and fell to his heaving chest.

Becoming the center of attention of the town had imprinted a

permanent image into his confused mind. As he ran, his thoughts went to his parents, and he remembered that they had never truly understood his thinking and logic. The times he had spent with the townspeople, telling stories of his dreams, no longer interested them. Now, he trusted in his thoughts and imagination even more. These beliefs would not be taken from him by a man of any age. Even with the child gone, people continued to speak lies mixed with half-truths, to keep their fear of him alive.

In the town, Hananni brought a slate to Rezaeith, the slate upon which Rezaeith had written the child's fate. Rezaeith further became enraged as he noticed that the words had been partially erased. Before he could speak them, they were no more. This allowed the child to escape. Slamming the slate to the ground, he looked to the sky, yelling, "Magistro, the child will die!"

Hananni noticed that the two newly broken pieces were written on the back. He placed them together and read what Rezaeith had failed to see.

"Phema Nox Tookten Vaman. Lem Penna Kon."

Rezaeith gasped as Hananni queried, "What does it mean?"

"No, you fool, how could you?" Rezaeith turned abruptly and marched away, leaving a confused Hananni behind.

Hananni turned his attention to the direction in which the child had run. He plotted under his breath, "The child will certainly die!"

# 5

*The fire burned on because he believed, and so he would gain a powerful life*

Taking his last look at the town as he crested the hill, the child turned and began walking along with his path of exile. There were only a few trees around the edge of the valley where he was traveling, and they had started to lose their leaves. With his destiny to be a runaway were problems that would inevitably follow. Were there not, then no challenge would be left. Even as he walked, he yearned to support and seek his legends, dreams he felt real, and to venture on to expand the domain of his internal map, to explore and learn.

“How could they have done this to me? I only wanted to share my dreams,” he spoke in contempt of the town.

He pondered on his current position in life, growing calm as he continued his walk, and the conflict became more distant. Having walked upon the sandy plain for nearly two hours, passing the occasional tree, his tears had since dried.

“At last, I have peace.”

He felt assured that new conflicts would not equal what he had experienced and would also be some distance away. The adventurous nature he had always desired was becoming a reality for him.

Though for a time, he feared what he had learned, the curiosity of learning soon took hold once again. He remembered the dreams he had once shared with the town, born from the knowledge he gained in the *Ijere*

“I have my whole life ahead and so much time to explore these dreams. Nevertheless, I need rest, for the day has ended.”

The sky was clear as it was growing cold, and the child shivered from the breeze. He had not become accustomed to life outdoors, and this was a new experience. The sandy plain on which he walked reflected the moon's

light beautifully, turning the ground a peaceful light blue. The grassy hills shimmered in the night, illuminating their presence as well. The beauty of this countryside in the evening made him eager to venture farther from home as the full moon lit his way. Within an hour he reached the foot of the rolling hills and lay under a solitary Joshua tree. He relished the moment of solitude and peace after having traveled ten miles from home in only four hours.

Bright stars sparkled with force in the sky, piercing the dark night, and complemented the moon's light to reveal a fine dust surrounding the sandy plain. The silence was all around; he was far from any creature of life. Neither birds by day, nor crickets by night made their home in this place. If there were creatures in this area, they would not bother him as he slept. His exhaustion overtook him and not even a branch that would fall from this tree would wake him from his slumber.

Throughout his life, he dreamt of power and knowledge. In his waking life, he knew skill and wisdom could bring fame and glory, which was exciting and enticing, though these were not his primary goals. He had become aware when he dreamed, as his legends were too ingrained in his thoughts for it not to be this way. He controlled the dreams until he awoke and steered them toward his own desires, and gained an almost infinite amount of strength and wisdom. His memory was quite good, and he knew of various ways to use it, but just not correctly how to use it. His dreams had been the same for some time, yet this one, of his first night alone, was new. He knew it revealed a scene of his actions, visions, and needs:

*A dark cave appeared through the misty air, more mysterious and denser than the light night air, quite refreshing; yet, a yellow glow came deep from within. A sharp, concise spot of warmth he could feel as it called to him.*

*“Enter child, I have much to show you, but little time.”*

*The flame was evident now, and warmth was the only*

*sensation. A perfect fire stood, and unflickering flames provided a smooth and continuous flow of light and heat. As the child entered, a shape came into view, at first just a silhouette on the wall. It was an old man. He wore a blue robe of a distinguished style and, by appearance, seemed very wise.*

*“Come young one, and sit by the still fire. I have many things to teach.”*

*The child sat near the fire, a still-unmoving translucent flame, with appearances of orange and yellow shades.*

*The old man began, “You can accomplish your desires. You need to unlock your potential, tap into your inner power, and release it with control, but also return it at length for use at a later time. You have a powerful mind, though your wisdom must be enhanced. You must also learn where to go and how to access this gift.*

*“You shall not encounter as many obstacles as those that have learned before you since you have already begun to experience your gift. In time, I shall teach you the basics of the power of the mind and body. You will influence others by your power, and your goals will be reached. As for now, I cannot teach you much, for now, you must continue to dream.”*

*The child felt the stirrings of understanding. It all seemed strikingly unreal. Why then did he know what was about to happen? He knew the old man would say, “Find me. Your mind will lead you.”*

*Immediately the old man said, “Find me. Your mind will lead you. You will know when you have found me, for the scene will be foretold. You have the details.”*

*He paused, noting the child’s doubt, and then*

*continued, "I can see you are confused and doubtful. Let me show you the first of what I mean. Remember this lesson, for I will repeat it each night until you understand."*

*The old man placed his hand on the fire, and it began flickering. The child looked into the light and saw his own face. He looked around and realized that the cave had fallen away and was no longer there and neither was the old man. He now stood alone on a plain of sand, feeling the mist from the surf of an ocean. It was daytime, different from the night when he first saw the cave.*

*"What did the old man mean when he said it was a dream?"*

*The child now felt it was real. He could hear the waves and smell the salty air. Then it felt unreal, as it became night again.*

*"This magic can't be real. The night became day, and back again."*

*The fire still glowed but was less warm than before. Its waning color reflected this change in warmth. The temperature began to fall quickly. The air liquefied and it started to rain as the fire turned blue.*

*He could feel the temperature stabilizing, for a moment before it got colder. The liquid air became snow and sleet, and the child couldn't stop it from falling. The chilly, dense flakes frosted his skin, yet did not pain the child. They filled his world until it was submerged. In a brief instant, the air froze his world and memories. All was still. Everything was a solid translucent blue, and he couldn't move.*

*Suddenly, the fire opened to reveal a black void. The child could feel himself being pulled into the void, one piece at a*

*time. It started getting faster and more violent, and he felt as if he was being torn apart. The intensity of the sensation was unbelievable. It was so real, so powerful and so painful. It was an unusual pain, not entirely physical, and he could feel it flow through every facet of his being. He was pulled into the void and his physical consciousness slowly returned to his body, which lay awake under the Joshua tree, beneath the stars of the sandy plain.*

The child sat up, sweaty and nervous. Placing his hands on the cold sand, he balanced himself. He knew he must find the old man from the cave so that this particular dream would end, for he believed the spoken words. Though he refused to accept the dream while experiencing it, he held confidence in it when he was not.

Remembering his dream clearly and vividly, he said, “It was only a dream. I know this dream intends to guide me somewhere. I never really could pursue my goals in that town. Perhaps I am meant to be alone.”

Strangely, he missed the power and knowledge of his dream. Perhaps he learned what he needed in his legends and goals, not just what he thought was his destiny. Possibly the visions of his future would not disturb him as much given that the first time was usually the worst. However, he was still fearful, as the sweat on his brow and forehead revealed. He began to trust in the dream as he sat awake thinking about it more and more as it lingered in his mind.

“I understand the demands of this old man, and I’ll follow, but only by the light of day.”

He slept the rest of the night, with no doubt in his mind that he would rest soundly, for he felt strongly that the same dream would not return in the same hours given that it never had in the past.

It was peaceful in the open air as he looked overhead while he rested



on the sandy plain. The moon was not visible at that moment. A dark sky with many stars was all he saw, and as he closed his eyes for the last time that first night alone, he could see the remnants of speckled lights behind his closed eyes. The child continued to look into the blackness behind his eyes, as the lights turned yellow, then spread out, so millions of tiny specks flooded his vision. Curious, he kept on staring, concentrating on the spots. There was an occasional purple flash as specks of light exploded in a peaceful dance.

Faint pictures began to appear—trees, faces of those known and unknown, old houses and animals. “*This is quite interesting,*” the boy said silently. At times a frightening scene flashed by such as an old skull or a growling mad dog.

“*What was that?*”

He didn’t recognize his own deepest fears, those potent worries, and his unconscious gladness of them being unreal. Indeed, there were ways to bring his concerns alive, though he was unconcerned as he rested upon the plain. So too were there ways to turn his dreams into reality and his legends to the truth. Such fantasies as those he saw in his usual dream were legends he lived for, yet not being a reality for the moment.

Unconcerned at those fearful images, his body fell asleep, yet his mind stayed awake, and he could feel physical numbness set in as he relaxed. His feet, legs, stomach, chest, arms, neck, and head all settled in a relaxing wave. After a few moments, he lay, without the sensation of the outside world, and concentrated on his visions.

“*Am I dreaming now?*” he asked himself. Visions flooded his mind and convinced him that he must be for he lost contact with the outside world. With this, he dropped into his dream reality but was still aware that he was dreaming.

“Ah, yes, this is it. I can now try anything.” First, he donned his armor, made of durable materials known only to him. Next, he drew his sword, hard as diamond, strong as steel. This was sharp enough to cut any metal like butter

merely from the weight of the blade. The child focused on the ability to movement, fluidity, and grace, to tackle what may appear. The dream was more powerful than he realized yet he knew it was a dream and stayed with it so as not to drop into the real unconscious sleep.

In his dream, he created ornery dragons that stood 150 feet tall and breathed fire as hot as the sun. He killed them by gently touching their toes. He massacred hundreds of dragons and other giant demons easily. Some he destroyed with a deadly breath. Others he just glanced at, and they vaporized. The child was impressed by the power of his mind, and the believability of it all. He knew he had the advantage in this world yet knew as well that these creations were only within him. Thus he had not demonstrated true power.

He focused again on the creations he spawned. One yawn, a hundred dragons gone, as they exploded, imploded, melted, vaporized or just fell over dead. He made spiders that covered one-quarter of the world and blocked out the entire sky. They were so big they didn't even see him. One he zapped with lightning, and it exploded, with each dismembered piece repeatedly blasting as it traveled toward the ground. Another spider he sent flying to the highest height where it froze and then blew.

As he continued his test of might, a memory of Rezaeith flickered in his dream world. He remembered Rezaeith's pursuit of power, and how it had corrupted his nobility and respect. The child realized the mistakes he had made in his recent discoveries of destruction, knowing he should not desire such power. He did not understand how he could control such knowledge and become concerned with what he had started. At his will, the scene vanished, becoming just a memory of his quietest mind, fading through a wisp of red smoke to black. Then, he let himself fall asleep.

As he slept, various images and words flickered through his mind in multiple colors. The strangest, a statement of *primeval concerns are your witness*, and he didn't know what that meant. The phrase was repeated so often that he couldn't help but remember it and wonder about its meaning.

At dawn, on the second day, he was awoken by a blast of the rays of the morning sun. The generous signature of this heavenly body was soothing enough to remove tensions from even the most hard-hearted of men. Though he was far from this type of man, he was relieved that his power was confined to his higher plane of existence. He believed that finding this strength within him, on a real and profound level, gave him the knowledge and experience to cherish this gift. Now he was hungry and rose to clean the sand from his clothing.

A faint memory of Xanthier stood at the back of his mind, just out of reach. His quest to find the old man overshadowed any remembrance of Xanthier. Though Xanthier had taught him how to hunt, the child did not recall many of the details, as it was long since passed. He focused his mind on the basic techniques of killing that he could remember for his stomach spoke boldly, and he needed something to sustain him. Since there were no animals on this plain, the child was required to travel in search of them, and he was determined not to turn back to the town for food out of his need. That choice was not an option for it would take four hours to travel there again not to mention the ridicule he would face from the townspeople.

As he stood, he stretched and enjoyed the scent of the morning. Looking over the hills, he saw a forest, about five miles distant from what he could tell. He made his way for this, and his travels brought him over the rolling hills of grass. Along the journey toward the forest, the cloudy sky played peek-a-boo with the sun as he passed several small patches of cacti, including a rare pink plant. Shadows danced around the hills and painted the ground in a multitude of shades. The forest approached as he continued north, skew to the rising sun.

“It is fortunate that I learned how to hunt,” he commented as he approached.

After encountering dozens of cacti, he came to the edge of the forest, two hours from the Joshua tree. These trees were ten feet apart. He stopped

and chuckled to himself as a riddle suddenly crossed his mind, "*How far can one run into a forest?*" He answered aloud, "Only halfway, because then they would be running back out."

He then felt his grumbling stomach take control of his senses and his chuckling was cut short as he was reminded of his hunger. He walked toward a tree and found a fallen branch. "This will make a fine spear," he spoke confidently.

He looked around and found a sharp rock. He sat and concentrated for some time on sharpening the reasonably thick limb into a spear. Slowly, a sharp weapon was formed. He then hid behind a large rock, fifty feet outside the edge of the forest, and waited for the passing of an animal, to come from among the trees.

With a measure of common sense, he knew his grumbling stomach, and sweaty scent forewarned any animal in the area. As the physical sensation of hunger drove him, he waited for two pressing hours until a deer finally appeared through the trees on the outer edge of the forest. The deer proceeded toward him, reaching twenty paces distance where it fed on some grass.

The deer abruptly propped up its head, sniffed the air and ran back into the forest. The child threw the spear aimlessly. Such haste guaranteed the miss, but in persistence, he ran to the spear, grabbed it and chased the deer recklessly into the forest, but the deer escaped. Forlorn, he sat down on a rock to rest.

Just then, a sound came from some nearby bushes, in a clearing inside the forest. He went to see what it was and found a familiar man sitting on the ground, laughing. It was an annoying sound, and the laughter would not stop. Then the words of this heartless man came out, "What do I see before me, but a pathetic hunter?"

The child wouldn't settle for this.

"Silence, Hananni!"

"You're really going to die out here, aren't you?" The laughing continued.

“Why must you torment me, Hananni? Go back to the town and leave me alone. Why did you come here?”

“I wanted to see how pathetic you truly are and see for myself that you’ll never survive out here on your own.”

“My dreams brought me out here, but you’d never understand.”

“You’d better quit your pride, boy, or I’ll quiet it for you.”

Hananni’s laughter subsided.

“Why should I? You’re the reason that the deer was scared off.”

“You’re even more pathetic than I thought.”

“I said go back to town and leave me alone!”

“Make me, boy!”

Challenge screamed out in the child’s mind. He grabbed a palm-sized rock and threw it confidently at Hananni, hitting him in the chest.

From this Hananni lashed out at the child, swinging with both fists, landing his punches. But the child did not let him have the upper hand for long. The child gathered all his strength and fought back valiantly throwing a few of his own effective punches, including several uppercuts that squarely hit their mark. A careless punch from Hananni followed, missing its target.

The child landed a solid roundhouse kick on Hananni’s face and was paid back with a sweep off his feet. Hananni’s elbow came from above, bruised the child’s cheek and ended the bloody match.

“Wipe your face; you’re such a disgrace!” Hananni, the victor, spoke, and threw a handkerchief on the ground and walked away. Hananni knew that the child would suffer a worse fate alone than if he had killed him outright. He was satisfied as he left, anxious to return to Rezaeith and tell him of this episode in the woods.

The child held his tears until Hananni was gone. His tears then mixed with blood as he tried unsuccessfully to dry his face with the handkerchief. His anger burned toward Hananni at this moment, as he sat in despair and hunger.

Then he remembered his parents and Xanthier. Their images shone firmly in his mind. The child felt his determination build. Thoughts of revenge went through his mind, but he quenched those with an inward desire for peace like he had felt his last night in town.

Remembrances of the dream of the old man also played in his mind. His quest to stop this thought, and to find this curious old man began to grow in their importance in his mind. With this, he stood upon trembling legs, and his confidence slowly returned as he continued north. He focused his thoughts on those of a calmer nature and noted that as he walked the five miles into the forest, it thinned at places.

Twenty miles from home, the forest was becoming sparse, but still, it was a forest. He noticed something shiny at the base of a tree, about ten yards away from him and he stopped to take note. He still had a grumbling stomach and found it hard to focus on anything else. The shine came from a metallic strip attached to an old potato sack.

“Curious,” he said, looking at the bag for a moment. He carefully opened the bag, finding food inside. “I wonder who left this.”

Then his attention was brought to a piece of cooked meat which lay inside. The scent of it was quite appealing, yet the child restrained himself. “This is not mine to take.”

As his mouth salivated, he closed the bag. “No, I must find food myself. This is not right.”

His grumbling stomach continued to haunt his thoughts, as he took one more look at the bag. “Whoever owns this has not come for it. Perhaps a small portion won’t be missed.” He opened the bag, looking upon a piece of bread. He noticed there were corn and wine as well.

Then he closed the bag swiftly, and stood up, walking a few steps away. “No, I can’t be selfish. Hananni and Rezaeith are selfish. I cannot be like that.”

When he could restrain the feeling of hunger no longer, he again

opened the bag. “Just this once, I will eat, though I am undeserving of this meal. I did not pay for it, and I did not earn it. I have to eat before I collapse.”

He removed the contents and reluctantly ate a full meal of bread, meat, corn, and wine. He began to detest the hunger he felt, the nuisance it was. He did not desire to always satiate the whims of his stomach for this required time and energy that he’d instead have spent on more productive activities. He felt genuine appreciation for the meal, the first of his journey, which was better than his usual dinner at home. He cautiously spoke, “May the owner of this food be forgiving for my thievery.”

Just then, he noticed a note at the bottom of the bag. He gratefully remembered Xanthier, who had taught him to read their Xjaderian words. The letter seemed to have magically appeared, as he was confident he had removed everything from the bag before eating the meal.

*In all journeys, one must have food and drink. A deer cannot be won with the odor of sweat and stomach of thunder. Nor can food be caught through a race over land. Do not waste what you cannot make use of. A deer is more than one can carry, and even less can one eat at a single time. Be strong. You get nearer to my place with every step. Continue on. Follow the same path. I will wait for you.*

He sat dumbstruck and thought about this remarkable find. He thought for a moment that it could possibly be the old man he saw in his dream, but this left doubt in his mind, as the old man had not yet revealed himself physically. The child focused on this decisive goal to find the old man. This was his main driving force. The force he felt in this was more powerful than anything he thought might try to stop his advancement and as powerful as anything the boy believed he could ever handle.

“I wish my desire to find this old man showed itself in my strength. I

don't know how far I have to go.”

With these words, he felt lonelier, and he felt many years would pass before he could achieve what he desired. He did not want revenge, as Hananni had, but he wanted to know how to handle the events he had been handed in life. His respect for the new world he imagined was deepening to a new level, and he asked questions of himself of how to handle the events that were to come.

He left the potato sack and note behind where he found them, and he ventured on at an impressive pace without the grueling pain of hunger to distract him. He sang as he walked, songs of the power that he desired. Perhaps what control he could gain could help him to better solve the situations he had been placed in. The wise man of his dream needed to be aware of his position and be prepared to establish the correct form of discipline to teach the way of power.

As he continued his journey northward, he kept in his mind the importance of the food which he found at prime spots along his path. He remembered the dream of the old man as it continued each night. While he dreamed, he still did not believe it was real.

After traveling two weeks in the sparse, yet rock-filled forest, his feet were becoming sore, as he had never journeyed that far from home in the past. He trusted in the old man, and wanted to persevere, but found it hard to walk. He sat down on a patch of dry leaves, to examine his aching feet in the midday sun. He was now one hundred fifty miles from home.

“They hurt so much. But I can't stop now since I need to gain distance before the cold season sets in.”

The cold season was still three months away, and he kept this in his mind and rubbed his swollen feet.

“No, I have to go on, so long as I can walk.”

He traveled another five days before the pain incapacitated him. He was now one hundred sixty miles, and three weeks from home.



“I cannot go on, for I will not be able to walk again,” he spoke in the morning light, unable to stand.

The child sat, saddened, and began crying, feeling the despair of loneliness. Now he felt trapped between two places: his home of destruction, and this old man of instruction. He was hungry, and somewhat frantic when, for the past two days, he had not found the usual potato sack of food.

He desired to be relieved of this pain and knew only in sleep it disappeared. His feet, in the past, had been able to keep up his pace of ten miles in a day, when given a rest. Now, he felt, even a month was not enough time to rest his feet, but he desired so much to see this old man. He found it very difficult to fall asleep, with hunger and pain as his only companions.

In the few moments, he was asleep at midday, upon a spot of moss in the sparse forest. He felt a silence again, like the one he had known before, though not as profound. He heard no melodies this time but felt light and free. Then the pain of his feet reminded him where he really was and stole his only chance for hope as they awakened him throughout the day. This vicious cycle repeatedly continued until he turned his attention to just long enough to sleep.

He began to dream of Xanthier, the friend he missed though his thoughts were still overshadowed in waking life by his desire to find the old man. In this dream, he felt the remarkable and real friendship of Xanthier, one that he felt would last. This idea allowed him to forget the troubles of his past and focus on the presence of his vision. The surroundings were blanketed with a grey mist, with no sense of warm or cold, and Xanthier and he stood alone.

Xanthier spoke, in his dream, “Only through pain can you show true perseverance.”

“What do you mean, Xanthier?”

“He who spoke to you the night before you left also speaks through me.”

The child could not remember his peaceful vision in town, as

the dream had taken away any remembrance of his daily life.

The child questioned, “Who is he?”

“He has persevered through pain, and so will you.”

The child was beginning to feel the ache of his feet return as he asked, “How can I do that?”

“By believing you can, and also with help from another.”

The child tried to ask “who,” but had awakened. He suddenly grasped his aching feet as the pain sharply returned. He remembered what Xanthier had first said, *‘Only through pain can you show true perseverance.’* He felt that Xanthier himself did not have the power to enter dreams, and knew the old man always arrived as himself. Thus, he did not know who had spoken to him.

He remembered Xanthier saying *‘He who spoke to you the night you left also speaks to me.’* He then realized it was the one who brought him the peace that he felt who spoke through Xanthier. Then the child thought to himself, *“Maybe only through pain can peace be felt.”* Though he understood this with the logical mind, he did not realize that deep within him held the truth: *only through pain can peace be known, thus appreciated.*

Then his mind was turned to the last phrase Xanthier had spoken, *‘By believing you can, and also with help from another.’* He wondered who this other might be. He knew the old man had helped him many times by providing food, but wondered about not finding any for the past two days. This wondering stopped when he noticed the familiar silvery strand about fifty feet away.

The child tried to stand but could not. The pain sank deep into the bones of his feet. He knew he had to crawl. He was weak from the hurt and lack of food, and he found crawling to the food bag arduous and lengthy. His arms had little strength. Sticks, leaves, and rocks rubbed against his clothes, tearing his garment.

The child grimaced a bit as he remembered words written in the

*Ijere:*

*And the sticks and rocks tore his clothes.*

He felt some comfort in the words of the *Ijere* as they seemed to speak more and more about him as his journey continued. When he first read those words, many years back, he had wondered how they would happen.

His chest and belly had been scraped, though not too severely. When he reached the bag, he quickly opened it and devoured the meal appreciatively. Inside as well he found a small clay jar of salve. Upon opening the jar of ointment, a clear gel sparkled in the evening sunlight. It had a pleasing aroma of nectar, and the child proceeded to rub it carefully on his aching feet.

As soon as he rubbed it in, coolness found its way through his feet. They felt tingly, and this tingling numbed the pain. Noticing the small scratches on his body, he proceeded to rub this salve on his scrapes. The coolness set in, and the stinging stopped.

Then, he found a note in the bag, the only sign since he had received the first.

*For a week, you will rest. You need to renew your strength. The test has been born in pain, and you have shown your dedication through this. The salve gives you strength to move on, and you will apply it each day. Your feet will hurt no more, then you will continue your way.*

The child, encouraged, spoke to himself, “I am thankful for the old man, and strongly believe he has written this to me. Now that the pain has gone, I will gain back my strength. I’ll rest for this week, to make sure the pain does not return. I have enough salve for this.”

He stayed in place for that week, each morning waking up to newly found meals in the familiar sack. Interestingly, each new day the bag from the day before had disappeared leaving no trace. This ensured that he did not leave a trail to be followed.

On the last day of the week, he awoke to find the jar of salve had disappeared as well. However, he was unconcerned, as he was feeling much stronger and ready to continue his journey.

# 6

*Only he who has truly conquered the Dream will become this spirit, to  
dream other life into existence*

A month had passed since his departure from town. After traveling two hours this day, the morning light revealed a great river that split the land and divided the forest, one hundred sixty-five miles from home. His full attention was brought here. Its waters flowed one hundred feet wide. Fish could be seen swimming around, yet the child was not focused on eating as the new feast left his appetite satisfied. The child felt strongly the urge to cross the river exploring his journey calling to him. He had come this far, so passing this did not terrify the child, and as he stood upon the gravel bank, he examined the water intently to see what he faced.

“I must start moving if I’m ever to meet that man in my dreams,” he spoke.

The animals of the forest could be seen behind the trees on his side of the bank watching him as if sent to be witnesses for this part of his journey. They suddenly scattered and scurried as the child turned his attention in their direction.

As the child slowly submerged his foot in the water, it chilled him, as the cold season was only two months away and already the water was turning chilly. “How am I ever going to cross this river?”

Seeing no other alternative to cross, he plunged in and struggled to fight the current and the shock of the cold water. Being forced downstream, he narrowly avoided slamming into a few large mossy rocks. Thunder could be heard over the sounds of the river, and the child grew more distressed.

After being washed a mile downstream, he washed up on dry ground and exited the water, numb and cold, on the same side as he started. Fear and exhaustion set in, as his world grew black, and he fell into unconsciousness,

outstretched beside a patch of overgrown maple trees.

He was not unconscious for long. When he awoke, it was still daytime, yet he was unsure of the hour. Thick, grey clouds had formed in the sky and blocked the light from the sun. Thunder rumbled, and the wind grew stronger. The tree branches swayed in the chilly breeze, and though he had dried since leaving the water, the dryness was not to last.

As the child sat up, the first drops could be felt cool through his torn clothes. Across the river, he saw what appeared to be a cave, a pleasant refuge. Fortunately, the river narrowed at this point quite a lot, but it still seemed uncrossable. He questioned the wind aloud, “What do I do now?”

As if in answer to his question, the rain picked up. He dared not to jump in this river again and stood in despair. Tuning into its roar and storm, all other thoughts vanished away. He closed his eyes, tilted his head back and let the drops fall upon his face. He remembered the vision of peace he felt that last night in town and held on to his ray of hope. He spoke to the rain, as if the old man could somehow hear him, “I trust the old man, and I believe that he will come through for me, guide me and help me.”

Then, just as the rain began to let up, the child heard the sound of an animal he recognized from once before in his younger days in the town. The sound came from among the trees behind the child, and he turned around to gaze into the eyes of a beautiful horse. The child became lost in its beauty. The horse was a natural chestnut brown, magnificent, and powerful, and stood fifteen hands high. The child saw a noble lineage in its eyes, and the occasional snort brought back his attention to his surroundings, as the horse seemed to hint *‘If you believe, and don’t give up, you will find help.’*

He was not familiar with horses, as he had only seen them once, though he knew their importance and strength. The horse was fearless and motioned the child to mount. The child touched the dark colored mane and felt the warmth that contrasted the cold world. He climbed atop and felt as tall and majestic as his sheltering maple trees. The child felt free, secure, and had a

sense of accomplishment as he crossed the river. “*Was this a gift from that old man?*” he wondered.

A few short minutes passed when they reached the other side of the river. The child dismounted as the horse dropped his head to feed with the rain now trickling down. The child hurried for the warm cave followed soon after by the horse. The cave had been empty, yet the faint smell of some long-gone animal remained. The child grew more tired as the rains increased in the moderate storm. The sound of the now increasing rain and the breathing of the horse soon lulled the child into a restful slumber.

He had been so tired that he did not dream. He awoke to the horse sniffing his face as if it was saying, ‘*It’s time to go.*’

“You’re awake already?” spoke the child.

The horse motioned its head in a ‘yes’ fashion and raked the ground with his front right hoof.

“Ok, let’s go get something to eat,” said the boy.

Just then he noticed another bag with the shiny foil leaning against the cave wall. He had grown accustomed to the feasts that were prepared in the sacks, yet still felt undeserving of them. He ate a great meal once again and gave the apple to his newfound friend, who accepted it excitedly.

After finishing his meal, he set off using the empty potato sack to cushion the ride on the horse’s hard back. Fortunately, there were no clouds in the sky; it was a peaceful day. For the next month, they traveled by day through the sparse forest before arriving at the base of a mountain. The child was now one thousand miles and two months from home.

The lowest mountain between two higher peaks was of medium height, at slightly more than ten thousand feet from base to summit. However, it was gradual enough for the horse to scale with smooth paths along its surface.

Though the cold season was a month away in Nosessica, he had not

considered the onset of winter this far north. Snowfall was prevalent upon this mountain and snow rested heavily on branches of its deciduous trees. Green was scarce, while grey rock and snow were commonplace.

“Boy, you know we’ve got to go over these mountains don’t you,” he said to his horse.

The horse did not answer but kept its steady pace up the mountain. The child dismounted periodically when the horse encountered slippery places. He motioned the horse on and encouraged him along. He respected his new friend. He then remounted when the horse was ready again.

After two thousand feet, the child sensed some fear from the horse though the horse had not shown any before. The fear touched his heart, yet he had to be more concerned with the dreams of the old man. He had, since his departure from town, had his usual vision of the cave and the speck of light of the unflickering fire. He thought about the fire and desired the heat. The warmth was his priority for the moment. The occasional snort from his horse brought back his thoughts from the glow he saw.

“Come on boy, we’re getting close.” They reached three thousand feet.

The horse pressed on, seemingly lost within its own thought. The horse ignored the speaking of the child, and as if driven by instinct, continued on unresponsively.

The path curved many times as they approached the summit. The snow crunched noisily under the hooves, and the horse’s head began to sink. This was four thousand feet, and the air was becoming thin.

“What is it boy?” asked the child.

The horse made a faint neigh, barely audible, and continued its steady trek up the mountain.

The horse then stopped at five thousand feet. The child was puzzled by this and encouraged the horse to move on. With the horse unmoving, the child dismounted. At this point, the incline became steep, yet the horse could still



advance. "Come on, we're almost there, we've got to go on," he said with an edge of concern.

There was a worry in the horse's eyes, on the border of dread. The child looked into the horse's eyes and saw hopelessness. The child, now becoming teary-eyed, began to fear.

"What is it? What do you fear?"

The horse looked to his right and motioned toward a small cave, just big enough for the child to find shelter. The child turned his eyes toward the cave just as a rumble like thunder sounded from above, and the ground began to slowly quake.

Fear flashed across the child's eyes as his head whipped around to see the rolling snow of an oncoming avalanche.

"You knew," whispered the frightened child to the horse, "You knew all along."

There was a single snort response, and the horse lay down to await its fate. The child ran for the cave barely managing to squeeze into the small opening. Moments later the rumble became unbearable. The horse was just out of view, and its panicked, painful cry filled the sky from within the roar of the snow. The horse disappeared as the snow covered the entrance to the cave and the enclosure was drowned in darkness.

The child sat hunched in the small space, fearing, and wondering about his life and destiny. A few moments passed as the world settled and all became silent again. The child knew the old man of his dreams had not brought him here to be killed; yet, his fear was powerful. He began to doubt his visions but tried to hold on to a glimmer of hope. "The old man has not failed me. I hope he never will. Please tell me how to go on."

He reached out his hand to touch the hard-packed snow, and a soft-white light came from within it. The subtle radiance continued to move around in various patterns of soft white which lit up his face and the space in which he sat. Strangely enough, there was no sense of cold in this snow, no sense of any

temperature. The light shined through his hand, showing his red, underlying tissues, as he sat intrigued. He looked at his hand as pieces of the snow melted that stuck to his hand, but he still felt no coolness.

“Tell me the meaning of this, and when I can go on.”

As he experienced in his past, the ancient words that he at first could not understand began to form and were resonated by the snow. The wind picked up outside the cave as the words grew:

Time has shown itself  
Unto you, the worthy child  
The Dream sets forth the Journey  
And sparks the Light, which drives the child

“Were these words from the old man?” questioned the child, becoming lost in thought.

He did not receive an answer, yet the noisy wind brought his attention back to his predicament. He believed these words, and they were needed to give him the confidence to persevere as they spoke of his worthiness.

As he held his hand against the snow, he felt it grow cold again until he could not bear to touch it. The wind kept up its howling. The child became aware that the wind was slowly chipping away at the snow that held him captive, and so too the sun warmed the snow. Rays of light began to enter, and the warmth of the sun lifted his spirit even more.

As the snow melted away, he was able to dig through it and climb his way into the open world, having been trapped for two hours. Some miraculous pocket of air had kept him from suffocating. After stretching, he snapped to his senses. Looking around, he could not see his horse. The beautiful snow glistening in the afternoon sun opposed the sad feeling of loss that overcame him. Without sentimental delay, he knew he needed to get over and down the other side before nightfall.

Six more hours brought him to the summit, and then he descended. Though he was now comforted that he had been rescued and felt the old man's presence around he still feared his surroundings, even the wind when it blew.

When he finally arrived at the base of the mountain, he found another cave, just as nightfall began. He was exhausted from the hard climb and found his usual food bag full of much-needed nourishment.

The next morning, he was determined as usual to see this old man for his dreams continued as usual. He could see a forest continue, denser than before.

The child marched on for a fortnight, minus a day, covering another one hundred fifty miles of forest. He stopped for the many feasts that were prepared and left for him along the way. Each had the familiar signature of the shiny foil along with notes of wise prophecy. The latest, an impressive reminder of joyful news, described his journey's success and how close he was to meeting the wise man after his one thousand one hundred fifty miles, and two months, two-week journey. The note presented many ideas for the child to contemplate and occupy his mind along with his route.

*A time ago I made a promise, and I live by all that I declare. You are brave and worthy indeed. Your perseverance and dedication are proof of this, so you shall see your journey's end, and the fruits you expect will come in full. Continue on. This is the last I will say of all notes written in my name.*

*The moon grows full. A cosmic event will take place. Wait until it covers Qeimxzan on that day. At the apex, the game will be done, and the night will be dark evermore. A new light will come, and at once it will all begin. Be bold, take heart, and press on. Trust your heart and your mind will follow. I will no longer visit your dreams, for you now believe,*

*and you must stay with this choice and stay on your course.*

*Let nothing block you along your way.*

The child understood the advice and took it to heart. Though many did not understand these words, he believed that what was written was obvious. Indeed, it required a thoughtful mind to comprehend the parables written by the old man, and a higher perception to apply them. As instructed, he waited, patient for his rewards, as the lunar eclipse was not to come for another day and a half.

Indeed, he received his just rewards as payment for his perseverance. Yet he did not understand that it was to be much harder once he met the old man because of the incredibly lofty goal he had set for himself of gaining power for control. He slept through the night in his usual dream-filled way. The dreams were all the same, and he knew of his actions within them.

Now he believed and understood the dreams and was determined to not disappear into the void of doubt in his unconsciousness, and no longer did they cause him to awaken. His heart had been the cold, night air, which could touch one to their most profound beliefs; cold because he had failed to honestly believe the dreams of the old man while he dreamt.

His knowledge was the vast sea, growing ever stronger, and his desire was the beach of fine sand. The still fire was his belief in the old man while he dreamed, and the real light would be his focus when awake. It had been still because he did not believe what he sought. The flames were linked to the cold air, as all of nature played its part in the life of the child. But now, the fire burned on, flickering as it should. The fire burned on because he believed, and so he would gain a powerful life.

The night of the prophesized meeting with the old man was radiant as the almost-full moon and bright stars burned through to the clearing in the forest where the child rested. Much more polished than the surrounding area, it seemed like the only light in the world. This was where his heart and mind

belonged, in a focused spot separate from all else. All else was dark, and the dust around him increased the radiance of the silvery light. He experienced tranquility, and the chirping of crickets pierced the silence, punctuating the importance of the impending events.

Existence seemed solitary in his nighttime world, as he felt the darkness around. He felt nothing changes in his own realm of being. The old man was the key to making a change. It was important that he learn thoroughly what he was about to be taught. The child desired for the world to feel the peace that he once felt, and this was necessary, because of paradigm-shifting events, more powerful than anyone could imagine, guided only by the Power, would soon come about. The world had to be changed in a positive way.

Through the night he pondered the quest for which he was chosen by this old man. His dedication to self-inquisition proved him to be the epitome of an inquisitive mind. No one seemed to desire knowledge as much as he, for he sought it more aggressively than perhaps any other man in Xjadero. That seemed to be the reason for his expulsion from his hometown. Were it not for his desire for knowledge and the town's desire for him to leave, he likely would have remained an average member of that place. Therefore, he would not have had this chance in the world to accomplish his goal. For this fate, he was thankful.

The time of his life was about to unfold into a collage of feelings, thoughts, and actions. He would know when this happened, and it was to be larger than any other event he had ever dreamed. The child would have done well to remember the words of the prophets, who spoke through the *Ijere*:

*A child will know and become a spirit in nature. The Dream gives birth to life, and the presence of a dream gives way to sense. Only he who has truly conquered the Dream will become this spirit, to dream other life into existence.*

If the child listened to and remembered these few words, then his life would flow more naturally, as the hope of these words about him would give him that extra confidence. As well, he wouldn't need to keep guessing his purpose.

He felt that something was missing in his life. This something, unless he mastered it, would leave his spirit broken, leaving him vulnerable. It was vital for him to learn the many truths that surrounded him to avoid that fate. And this future would be overcome by the gift he sought, which would allow him to better understand the needs of every person who lived in the name of humanity, past and always.

## 7

*This is your spirit's song*

The child saw the familiar scene of his dream become a reality and emerge from the nighttime mist. As the trees obscured light from the moon, the cave, an open space in front of the cave, and the all-too-familiar speck of light came into view. He approached and entered the cave, feeling distanced, yet knowing he was there, as his awareness was focused solely on what he saw. As he approached, the old man appeared in his distinguished blue tunic. His presence seemed overwhelming to the child. He quickly approached the old man and sat by the peacefully flickering fire. This, the physical counterpart to the flames of his dream, had never stopped burning for the past twelve years, showing the truth within the old man.

The child noticed that the fire produced no smoke, but gave warmth from the cold night; a comfort, as the cold season had begun. The child sat and looked up expectantly at the old man, waiting for something to be said. The old man stated, "Sit and behold, Daniel of much faith. Faith is right in the eyes of men, for none could be great without it. This was my experience, and as well will be yours. It is imperative that you possess faith since you can do nothing without it.

"Listen! For I have much to tell of the things which necessitate success in you. You will learn all that I know before I die, as I cannot live forever. In this time we have together you will learn from me and then go out to gain even more knowledge than I. An infinite wisdom awaits you. In time, your most excellent yearning will be achieved through your seemingly most trivial ability. Patience is an essence of life, so take heed and prepare for its arrival. First, you must know that I earned my wisdom and strength through the Power alone, and as you should have faith in this, so did I with many results."

Daniel was quite astonished, as he had never heard his name spoken.

“How did you know my name? Even I did not know that,” inquired Daniel, believing the old man.

“I know more about you than you realize. You must believe in the things I tell you, and not always wonder why they are. Still, understand that I have worked for the Power to call you. He has given me, and will also give you, the things that are necessary for his plan.”

“Why did my parents not tell me my name?”

“A more important name awaits you. Your parents could not speak your current name because it was the will of the Power because they would not believe the greater plan he has for you. Though they never knew why in their awakened life, it was a dream, they were tested. In this, the words of the *Ijere* were fulfilled, the ones you know.”

Daniel struggled to remember words of long past. The old man began these words, to spark his remembrance.

“He will see the nameless child...”

Daniel then remembered, continuing the old man’s words.

“‘He will see the nameless child brought into the world.’ That is all I can remember. The *Ijere* is so large, and it was such a long time ago. Don’t I have the name Daniel, as you have said?”

“Yes, Daniel is your name that had not been spoken by another man, and so you were nameless to the world. Do not ponder on this transient name for you will receive a new name which will be your quest to find.”

Daniel felt relieved, yet felt another question form. “What do I call you?”

“My name is Magistro, but call me Teacher.”

Daniel immediately realized, “*Magistro, of course.*” He became very interested in learning from and about Magistro whom he believed had called



him away from Rezaeith. He then remembered the words from the *Ijere* he had read long before which seemed to describe more about him:

*The child will meet his teacher, in the journey of two months, two weeks and two days. Together, the two will train.*

His thoughts then went to the town he was from. He remembered the fate of his parents and Xanthier. “No, Xanthier is lost to Rezaeith,” thought Daniel. Then he began to fear Rezaeith once more and spoke of him to Magistro. “Teacher, I fear Rezaeith, for he has the words of Kablu.”

“Daniel, he has not harmed you on your two-and-a-half-month journey, and never will again as long as you stay focused. When you were exiled, I saw to this. Hananni, in his curious nature, took to read new words he had found which were previously unknown to Rezaeith. These words spoke of the Kablu language itself.”

Magistro paused as he took a breath.

Magistro resumed, “The words Hananni spoke were one of the few phrases that have an effect on the language itself. The words of Kablu are now time-bound. Now, the words of Kablu must be written and spoken concerning the flow of time. Even Rezaeith cannot comprehend the details involved in this.”

Daniel was quite relieved and deepened his respect for Magistro. Magistro indeed was not to be fooled with. Daniel then knew he was safe and needed to let Magistro make the decisions.

Daniel remembered Magistro mentioning the Power, and spoke, “Teacher, who is the Power?”

“The Power is the creator of all things. You will understand more in time. But to advance, you must believe what I teach you.”

“I believe, but what must I do?”

“You must remain good, and not squander your skills for evil deeds.

You must always continue your work despite all obstacles. You will know you are bringing good when you feel the peace.”

“Is this the same peace I felt the night before I began my journey?”

Magistro replied, “Yes, for it was the Power who spoke to you of the Voice. The Power still speaks to you and wants you to bring the peace that you felt to the rest of Qeimxzan.”

Daniel thought of this overwhelming task of bringing peace, let alone anything, to the whole world. He trusted in Magistro even more, as he believed Magistro would give him the ability to do such a task.

“Who is the Voice?”

“You are not ready to hear of it. Have patience and focus on the peace you remember.”

“Will you teach me the nature of this peace?” asked Daniel. “I grow full of anticipation of what is to come. When will your teachings begin?”

“What can you do now?” Magistro inquired, wanting to hear Daniel’s own answer.

“Nothing that I know of.”

“Yes, you can! I know that you can,” exclaimed Magistro. “Were it not for this, you would not be here, nor have a teachable heart. You already can influence your dreams, to make them what you want, and can relax yourself to separate your consciousness from the physical realm.”

“Yes, of course, but that is nothing. It’s a straightforward thing.”

“Nothing you know is unimportant. It takes one step to get to the next. Do you realize exactly what you are doing when you dream?”

“Of course, I am only dreaming,” Daniel replied, yet felt it was inadequate for Magistro.

“Not just that. You may think that, but you must believe that what you experience is entirely real and occurs on another level of existence. There, your thoughts are real. It works like magic, yet only thoughts are needed to begin

the event. You must learn to stay focused for an indefinite amount of time, and this will come when you have perfected relaxation.”

“Yes, I can relax, and change my thoughts to whatever I want, but sometimes I just fall asleep, and have trouble keeping myself awake. Teach me to stay focused.”

“You have already done this at night, but it must become a habit, to ask yourself during your waking life if you are dreaming. Know that when you do dream, you will remember and know that you are dreaming and can shape the events to be your own creation. These words will become imprinted into the hidden depths of your mind and will most definitely affect the outcome of your dreams. Do not worry yourself about future tasks and teachings, because they will come soon enough. You will then be prepared.”

“Prepared for what?”

“You will know, but only when you are prepared.”

“Thank you for your patience and teachings,” said an excited Daniel.

“Do not thank me. My teaching is necessary, and it will only become more difficult. I believe in your ability since you are like no other and the Power has told me this in a lucid dream, so I know it is true. To give you more control of your abilities, I will hypnotize you, but we will start that lesson tomorrow. Now you must rest so that you are fresh for my instruction. You will then be able to relax with no more than a slight effort of the mind.”

A few moments passed as Daniel tried to take in all he learned that night. The usual day of visiting the Pinnacle Archives had probably not provided the same insight as what he learned from Magistro. His heart felt more alive as he spoke, “Thank you, Teacher.”

Magistro nodded in response and stood up. He retrieved another red garment for Daniel to replace the torn one that he still wore. “Wear this instead.” This new clothing had a large pocket inside, different from the old.

“Thank you. The nights are cold, and the draft is quite distracting.”

In one short moment, they came to the mutual agreement that sleep would be a benefit. Daniel and Magistro knew that even in rest one could learn. As in accord, Magistro took to his sleeping mat and motioned Daniel toward another inside the cave. After an hour Daniel had still not fallen asleep. Concerned about this, he felt heavy air surround him. Thinking it was Magistro, he looked but found Magistro asleep.

*“He says that he cannot live forever and that his instruction must be complete before he passes away. I hope he does not die before my instruction is complete. My fate is in his hands,”* Daniel thought to himself.

At once he heard a peaceful but firm voice emanate from within his mind, *“Daniel, don’t worry, but sleep.”* He felt himself suddenly and swiftly drift into sleep.

Immediately, he felt himself floating in blackness. He didn’t see his body but felt numbness and heard the deadness of silence. At once, Magistro’s voice came to him, *“I see you have found the void. Here the physical world of Qeimxzan intersects with other planes of existence. From here, you can go anywhere. But first, you must learn how to control and use your abilities effectively. We must review the lower planes to ensure proficiency with your talents which will be needed within the higher planes. Try to move your hands up in front of your face as if to look at your palms. No matter how hard it may be to do this you must try.”* At this, Magistro’s voice was gone.

Daniel moved his hands, and it was indeed challenging to shift them. He finally managed, with much effort, to pull them in front of his body to look at them. At first, they were transparent then slowly they became opaquer and more visible as they faded in through the blackness. When he saw his hands, the fingers looked like stumps of melted wax, very deformed. At the same time, a scene of a grassy plain with a few trees appeared around him.

Daniel then slowly floated to the ground, feeling calmness. It was an intriguing world he saw and stood in, nothing like he was used to seeing in

Qeimxzan. There was a vast open plain before him as he stood at the head of the middle of two rows of trees that extended beyond the horizon. The rows were approximately one hundred feet apart. The sky was bright and sunny. The shadows of the trees seemed to cycle around the ground, though the sun did not move.

Just then, the land shook, and a shadow moved across it. A towering figure appeared on the horizon, but Daniel could not distinguish its features. He fell down and lay back watching in fear at the shape above him. After a few moments, he made out more of the details. It was the head of an unknown man, peering over the horizon. The head moved closer and covered the sun. The face glowed slightly, providing a faint light. The form was a large man holding Daniel's world, like a ball in one's palm.

The immense figure looked directly at Daniel, who saw a reflection in the figure's right eye. It was not his accurate reflection, but a mangled and very ugly representation of himself. "*This is your primeval witness,*" echoed throughout his world, like a piercing, high-pitched, reverberating scream which enveloped the sky, and the figure closed his hand over the land.

Daniel himself swiftly blacked out as he lost the realization that he was in a dream. It was also the power of the vision that caused his unconscious state. Even so, it was a vision he would not forget. Despite this, he rested very well the remainder of the night.

Daniel awoke to his second day of training fully refreshed and grateful for his rest. He remembered the event and came to Magistro outside of the cave with a question about what transpired the night before in his dream.

"Last night as I slept I appeared in a strange place. I was on a plain with trees whose shadows circled the ground while the sun stood still. A large figure appeared, and a disfigured image of me was visible in his eye."

"The trees shadows are a mystery, but if the standing sun is a sign I say that time itself will not be a concern to you and events will still continue. It also seems from this vision that someone is watching you. Evidently, that person

does not like what they see.”

“It was terrifying.”

“Remember, it is early in your journey, for you have really only begun. I could say it may be an enemy, but this is only speculation. I suggest you wait for the dream to return, to judge its validity, and learn what it desires. Be it an enemy, you should be prepared for it knows of your existence.”

“I have so many enemies in Nosessica, and I could easily guess any one of them, but I know none to be that powerful. Maybe Rezaeith, but he is not that strong since he no longer has the words of Kablu.”

“Daniel, as I have said, even you realize the enormous power that this gesture demonstrated and yet how effortless it can be. To visit someone’s dreams, to evoke fear based on someone’s most rooted morals and touch that very root of their emotion could be quite a simple task for him who desires that power. You, as well as anyone, should know that, having much experience being frightened in your dreams.

“But truthfully, you do not yet know of its power, and the more you are visited, the more you will learn. Now, get some food, and we will begin your studies when you have finished eating. You must first be hypnotized to develop a reliable means of relaxation. From there, meditation and more advanced studies. I need your full concentration, so, for now, do not think about that vision.”

Satisfied with Magistro’s words, Daniel went to the everlasting fire and removed a piece of fish from a hot pan that Magistro had prepared that morning. He took this outside and ate. Then they went into the cave to make for the first of Daniel’s studies.

“Lie down and relax as much as you can,” said Magistro, “but try not to allow yourself to fall asleep.” As Daniel lay upon the mat inside the cave, Magistro proceeded to relax Daniel with soothing words and creating images of warm, colorful mists within Daniel’s imagination.

After this gentle introduction, Magistro continued. “Now with your

body relaxed, it's time to relax your mind.”

When Daniel was utterly relaxed in body and mind, Magistro spoke, “Now imagine a tree stands in front of you. It is a large tree, with strong branches, strong roots, and a fine green canopy. Reach out your hands and touch the tree. Feel the roughness of its bark and note all the details. Smell the wood scent.”

Magistro saw Daniel moving his arms as he reached out to feel the tree in his mind. Magistro continued, “This tree will serve a purpose for you, and with your account will help you achieve your goal. I know you have been confused over the phrase *primeval concerns are your witness*. I will explain its meaning.

“The universe and all we are is a part of the Dream of one greater than ourselves. This one is the Power. It is a lucid dream, where the Power is totally aware. In fact, he controls this Dream. Time is nothing, neither to the Power nor to the Dream, since it shows our universe's age. Valaxano, our universe, will be created and destroyed in one night of the Dream. The Dream will continue beyond our natural lives. This is the meaning of *Primeval* in that phrase. His *concerns* are your own, since what he thinks of relates to you more than you can know. You will find these concerns he has for you along your journey.”

Daniel was pondering as he continued to look at the tree in his mind, “*Not only the world but the whole universe. Well, that certainly is quite a task.*”

“*Witness* affects you the most. Even your own dreams are known, and your actions will be involved through the Power. The Power exists within us, as you will soon find out. This part in you is more than what is shown in any other. This part will show that less can be more, as more can be less. At the right time, you shall go beyond the Power in existence. You will inherit the power of the Dream, and more, to do things that cannot be explained.

“Instinct will be involved in some of your actions. Though you may

not know how your efforts are accomplished, you will know how to do these things. Remember, with each breath you grow more relaxed, more at ease, and more confident in your abilities.

“In the future, whenever you say to yourself, ‘three, two, one, relax,’ you will be pulled into a relaxation as deep as you are now. You will be able to do this at any time that you choose. You shall remember everything I have said to you today, and each new idea you learn will become natural, and you will never forget the details of the voyage toward your goal.

“Now when I say, ‘One, two, three, rise,’ you will slowly arise, remembering everything I have said so that you may continue your training. You can only reach your goals through practice, and there will be no end to your training. There will come a time when your ability will match this Dream of the Power. Then you will be free of this Dream, and your life will be extended to countless years.

“Your dreams will then be life for others, and you will indeed live forever. What you are destined to do will be incredible. You will have more knowledge than any other person or being in Qeimxzan. Even then, do not let your pride consume you. Use your powers for good. Let the Power handle the absurd extremes for now, and you will certainly do the rest. I trust in you, in full assurance of the incredible strength you will earn. Wake up as I say one, two, three, rise!”

Daniel rose slowly, feeling calm and remembering everything Magistro said. He was amazed by the powers that he was prophesized to inherit.

“What will I be able to do when I gain those powers?” asked Daniel.

“That is not for me to say, Daniel. Know this, there will be much you will do, but there is not enough time in our lives to explain all that you will accomplish. Later today, we will continue your training. It is becoming midday. Go catch a fish for our meal, and I will wait for you.”

Daniel walked about a half mile to a nearby lake. Though he had



recently finished more than a thousand-mile journey, this half-mile seemed like a long journey because of his anxiousness to return to his training. When he arrived, he knew it was well worth it. Fish swam in large numbers near the shore, so Daniel had no need to wade in deep water to search for a meal. Here, Daniel could find enough fish to support them for many days. He had felt greater hunger in the past during his journey and satisfying his appetite now was not his biggest priority. He merely saw this gathering of food as a necessary step for survival and towards more in-depth learning.

The sun was peacefully warm and shone down with an eloquent beauty that pronounced its nature. However, the sun was not on his mind, but only his desire to gather the necessities and return to camp. He quickly collected the spoils of his efforts and returned to Magistro, to await further instruction.

As he walked along, many thoughts rushed through his mind, so fast in fact that they were almost indistinguishable. Comprehension, he knew, comes with time, and then he would understand all he would ever need to know. Time would be known to him, opened up to its fullest extent and laid out bare before his eyes. Did he think he was the Power? Inquiries such as these led to ideas, which led to exploration, which led to knowledge.

Daniel returned to camp, reaching the place where Magistro stood, just outside the cave. Magistro was delighted in his strength and endurance for carrying such weight for such a distance. He motioned Daniel inside the cave saying, “You are indeed a strong person, both physically and mentally. That is good, as this strength will be beneficial to you. Cook upon the flames of the fire and let us feast!”

Through the rest of the second day, Daniel observed Magistro's actions. Magistro needed to live long enough for Daniel to learn all he could from him. In fact, the focus was one of Magistro's main points for instruction. When perfected, focus allowed many miraculous things to happen.

“What may seem miraculous to you is a normal thing to the Power,

and you must understand that,” said Magistro. “When you develop proficiency in your talents and abilities, you too will find that those things that appear to be miracles now will become simple tasks.”

Daniel replied, “This I understand. I am eager to learn. I want to do so much, but even billions of years do not seem to be enough to do everything I want.”

He had his mind set on grander things than what life immediately offered. Daniel became aware of the limits of the brain that confronted most people, giving him a well-defined goal to surpass. In time Daniel’s abilities expressed themselves in a myriad of forms, each more glorious than the last, but not yet. He questioned, “If I attain those abilities, will there be any challenge left?”

Magistro answered, “Surely there will be challenges for you. There is much famine, disease, pestilence and violence in the world for you to battle. Your quest is not only to remove these problems from the world and man, but it is also to take humankind beyond these things. This is a conscious decision they must make. The world may seem like a dangerous place, as you are well aware, but was created with an intention for good. It exists for no other purpose.

“Yes, you will be powerful, as the physical world knows. When you rise out of this Dream, you will create another dream and no longer be a part of Valaxano. This new one will be your own, of your own devising, and every second, every fraction of a second will be known to you, from the deepest and smallest particles to the magnificent creations.

“You will understand in time, but now concentrate on the present, and do not concern yourself with what will come for it will come at its chosen time.”

Daniel replied, “This all sounds so overwhelming. I was chosen from so many people; people of higher authority, higher respect, more noble character, more giving personalities and warmer hearts. I have been stubborn

in my legends and beliefs and did not give care to what people said. I have been cursed by the very town I came from.”

Magistro replied, “Do not worry about that now, for your destiny led you here. If it were not for your character, you would not have sought change and would not have changed. It shows that you have much more potential than a man who has no need or desire for change.”

“When can we train? Today?”

“Tomorrow will be the time for that for you need to focus on the lessons you have learned so far.”

The third day, Daniel was again eager for more training, which Magistro easily sensed. It was cold outside and although there would be no snow, Magistro, anxious as well to teach, continued with the fundamentals inside the cave.

“You shall once again be hypnotized, and from your previous experience, you will be even more relaxed than you were before. More shall be revealed to you, and gradually you will increase your ability to go deeper into hypnosis, the important priority of the larger picture. Now lie down and assume a relaxed position.”

Daniel lay on the ground and began to focus on relaxing his body and mind.

Magistro began his lecturing. “At the count of three, you shall become as relaxed as you were yesterday. You shall continue going further into relaxation, and each breath will bring you ten times deeper than you were at the previous count.

“One, you are falling deeper into your relaxed sensation. Two, you can feel yourself fading from this world, hearing only my voice to guide you. Three, you are completely relaxed in any surrounding you choose.

“You can do anything here you wish, and anything will be given to you. Set up your ideal place to use your talents and you will become proficient.

You will develop these abilities which you will apply to the maximum of your ability. Now, describe to me your place of choice with clear words so I may understand and give you feedback on them.”

Daniel described what he saw, bringing his visions to Magistro.

“I’m standing in a field, and it is dark, blackness everywhere, with only a smooth misty light above. I notice that it goes on forever. There is an Amorcus tree in front of me, lit by the soft glow above. It is an average-looking tree with full green foliage. I hear the wind whispering silent words which grow louder. Even so, they are still unintelligible. My mind is empty, so I just focus on what I see. I get the feeling that this has never existed before today. This field is its own world. I sense a stronger power, very spiritual in nature, but I do not see it. I learn new words, and I hold onto these words in my mind.

“The expanse of the field makes me feel lonely even though the tree is here. I can’t really understand what I see. The wind sings peaceful songs to me, and I can hear the songs clearly. These lights in the sky that are shining onto the tree guide me so I can see. My mind tells me where to go, though I just stand still. The spirit of peace that I feel around me understands, but I do not.

“I can look back to the past, to the start of time, but it remains only briefly in my mind. I can ask for anything and get a key for what I want. The prophets who spoke through the *Ijere* were not wrong. I looked at the Power for a time, and then he was gone. But I remember him, so he hasn’t completely disappeared. My mind is still playing music, which I can hear. The wind sounds like a flute playing spiritual songs.

“I see a path and now walk down it, beyond the tree. I have finally reached my journey’s end. Time has stood still, this I can feel. I know I will see beyond even the Power, and feel comforted. This will be my long journey’s end.”

Magistro replied, “That was a compelling vision. I have never before

heard of such a perspective. Listen to what the wind tells you, and what the flute plays. Concentrate. This is your Soul Song. Remember it well for you will always have a use for it and it will help you on your way. This song is your destiny, a song that represents your life to come.

“You must take it for what it is and not take it for granted. Focus and listen carefully to what is said in the wind, and tell me what the song sings to you. In time, you will surely understand the meaning. I will write down this song for you, and you shall keep it as your own. You shall interpret it as your heart decides because this spirit knows you, and this spirit you saw has placed this on my heart: He wants to help you. Now, go on.”

Daniel spoke the words of his song and contemplated the truth and the mystery that was being revealed to him. He believed it was real and that this song was to lead him to his destiny. Indeed, many future events are told in dreams especially if they are emotionally charged in nature. The world needed to understand the prophecies that were spoken. It only happened during sleep, and this rare chance gave an insight into Daniel’s mind, who so boldly accepted his fate and the struggles that were to follow. Magistro listened to what he said, what was in Daniel’s heart, and what would come about:

**“This is your spirit’s song**

A blackness sought, the night did see  
An enigmatic and mysterious tree  
A whisper silent with room to grow  
The infinite horizon, longing to know  
The Power beyond, he once did see  
One word gained, another set free  
High up above, an endless cool light  
Guiding the soul in the deadness of night  
He can understand, but will you not

A pain intense when his goal is lost  
A challenge it is when the forgetting begins  
The price is the pain, and so it lives  
Can you see and remember his face?  
He is not gone; the mind holds a trace  
A spiritual flute can open the way  
Follow the path that words have to say  
And at last, it will end, a journey of will  
And for a moment, time will stand still  
So the end, it is said is a place  
In his mind, at this time you will see his face  
All will know when you see  
As darkness surrounds the peaceful tree.”

There they were, right before his eyes, the words that expressed his destiny. Powerful words such as these could never go unnoticed. Magistro surely knew this, for he comprehended much more than Daniel could imagine. Unknowingly, Daniel had fulfilled yet more of the *Ijere*:

*On the third day of training, the child learned his destiny in song.*

Magistro said, “Indeed, such powerful words as these have a purpose, and you already know what that is. For you were more cunning than any of the others before you, and their puzzles, though complex, were not at the level of yours. Yet you, with a more inquiring mind, have gained much more knowledge through your short years and can interpret the meaning of these profound words. Your spiritual Soul Song has been spoken to you, unlike many of the others, and is written here on this tablet.”

Magistro was indeed powerful and talented to have carved the wooden tablet so quickly. He surely would have taken hours under normal

circumstances to carve out such a magnificent piece. This genuinely impressed upon Daniel the power his teacher held. “How amazing you are to be able to do that. It would have taken me days to finish that tablet. How were you able to do it so quickly?”

Magistro replied, “This is one of the many things you will learn as you continue, and being simple enough for me to do shall not even be a challenge for you in the years to come. Yet I sense that you do not fully understand the words. This tablet is necessary and will serve you well. Worry not, for I will tell you of this destiny.

“Indeed, it is dark for you do not understand what lies beyond your eyes. You seek knowledge, which is the tree, for expertise stands firm, and all can see its result. Knowledge may not be apparently visible to you, as the tree was first hidden in darkness, and did not appear too magical. However, it did seem a bit mysterious, standing by itself, showing that there is one real source of knowledge, that of the Power, by way of the Voice.

“You have heard many words in your dreams, those words which once were silent, but they grow. In their growth, which will come by your understanding, there will be boundless potential shown by your infinite horizon. These are the words you should long for, as these words have said. You once did see the Power, and he set free his words of peace so he would gain the words you will share in Xjadero.

“The soft light you spoke of is that which drives the child, told on your journey. This light, which is of the Power, reveals your only knowledge. This view is the guide, showing your path to wisdom, while the world around you remains dark in ignorance. The Power wants you to understand what he has gone through. His goal had been lost, because people had stopped believing, hence ignoring your dreams, which sparked memories of the truth of the Power.

“When people had stopped believing, and trusting even in what you had said, this pained the Power. Indeed, also you began failing in your belief.

For now, you must look into yourself and remember when you saw him. Even in your dreams, he exists throughout your mind. You must recall his presence to find the truth in yourself.

“Remember the words he spoke and their sound. The notes of the flute are his words, those words of a lost ancient dialect, never uttered by man. Even now, as your mind is changing, you are tuning into the way the Power speaks. This was why you understood the words, yet others could not. They had never really listened.

“When you have completed your goal, and that of the Power, time will have no consequence. It all will come down to a place upon Xjadero, within the Chimera Plain. At this time and place, everyone you have influenced will finally see the knowledge they had detested, that which they failed to achieve. Yet you will train many in your influence with words the Power will give you to share. The world will know the knowledge they lacked and see the Power’s symbol of knowledge, the Amorcus tree.

“Now, when I say one, two, three, you will awaken again, remembering all. One, two, three...”

Daniel awoke and replied, “This is too much information. I don’t know if I can remember it all. I already know that many changes will take place in me, from my heart to my character. I’m not sure if I want to be wholly responsible for the future and using my abilities as is foretold as they may be taken from me when I make a mistake. This is so much responsibility.”

Magistro replied, “Powers such as these will not be taken away unless you choose another path counter to what the Power has laid for you. You will learn responsibility and develop a moral compass to guide you. Indeed, you shall see many changes coming your way.”

They both fell silent as nightfall came to ponder all that transpired that day, and they both rested well that third night.



# 8

*Memories flashed in his mind as well, memories of Nosessica, for they  
never went away*

Daniel, re-energized from his rest entered his fourth day of training. His relaxation and concentration brought about more profound thoughts which would not otherwise have been fulfilled. Daniel realized that he had a higher responsibility and task than anyone else who lived on Qeimxzan until his time. He did not feel special, and why should he? Too much pride in oneself only led to destruction.

He rose, quite aware of his surroundings and spent the day speaking with Magistro. They reasoned, pondered, and thought about the most fundamental aspects of nature.

“Why are things the way they are? Is it because the Power wants it that way?” Daniel questioned, as Magistro left him to ponder this question himself.

In a sense, yes, because the Power controlled all of nature. Time was the limiting factor here, as Daniel learned. He quickly learned all the fundamentals before moving on to realms of understanding that bordered the furthest insight of an ordinary man. Daniel was shown these things through the mind of the wise and knowing Magistro.

Daniel said, “I was chosen because of my mind, and the many thoughts that go through it. When I escape this Dream, I must be an artist and possess a creative personality to produce a new world of my devising. But what you have covered is so simple; can’t we get into more complex and broader issues, and away from the trivial things? The fundamentals are already understood. Isn’t that what makes mankind unique? Does not everyone have a common sense that reveals all the fundamental and essential ideas?”

Magistro replied, “Yes, you shall graduate to these higher levels, and

though I could skip on to more advanced studies, I would not be teaching you all that I know and what you need to know. There are things you must understand, and many laws you must obey to make the world stable. The idea is to change for the better because only when the world has seen peace can you move on. This will be attained but only through vigorous training.

“You must accept this change, to trust in your very soul, because only this can have an effect. What I can say is, do not try to advance too fast, or otherwise you will be left behind and will not be able to catch up before I die. If you cannot hold onto a single thought and focus on it fully for the needed period of time, how can you consider being able to comprehend the world in an instant?”

“I understand. Do you feel I am ready to move to the next level? I do not want to lose any focus on what lies ahead. I want to be ready.” Daniel inquired.

“You shall not lose focus because you show promise and the Power will not let you go. You shall stay committed to this learning. By the time I die, you will have surpassed my ability. Work hard in everything you do, and persevere to achieve success.”

“Teach me more about the world and how to conquer its boundaries.”

“You now need to examine the world. Every step you take and everything you see should be made into memory. Never lose focus, never let your vision and concentration fade. For the more you know about these things, the more you will be able to do in times to come. You have inherited a special gift from this dream of your destiny you had. What you dream I know, and I know more than what you imagine.

“You may now focus on objects to see their very nature of existence. You can magnify their very form to understand their basic makeup and construction. You will understand every piece of its existence, and your intelligent mind will handle the arrangement. To begin, concentrate intensely on that ironstone.”

Daniel walked over to the stone that Magistro pointed to, inside the cave, beside the fire, and sat on his mat to look at it. Magistro followed and rested against a cave wall. Daniel noted the smoothness of the stone, with just a few imperfections here and there. It looked silver, yet a bit orange where it reflected the fire. It also had a few small red rust spots. He was slightly surprised by what he saw. He thought he actually saw the make-up of the stone become clearer, yet confusing images flashed quickly in his mind. "Teacher," he said, "I cannot understand these images."

"Your physical eyes cannot see less than a dust particle in size. Now, you must trust in your spiritual ability to guide and help you. You must concentrate on bringing the images together. Concentrate, let your eyes close, and you will see the stone with your heart and the center of your mind. Fantastic detail will be shown to you, and you can bring yourself into these small worlds that are unlike our own."

Daniel looked intently at the stone in his mind and its colors blurred into a rainbow of hues. The mystery was revealed to him at an accelerated rate. The blurring changed into a brownish colored tunnel, which then faded to black. Dust-like particles swirled around violently. As the scene zoomed in farther and faster, Daniel stopped at a massive red ball among other red and grey spherical objects.

There was unmoving dust floating between this giant ball and distant flickering shells. He started to move his hand and could see that it was slightly transparent, barely visible, but could distinguish it by the pale white that emanated from it. He ran his hand near the surface of the mass of balls and noticed sparking action. This sparking increased as he moved his hand closer.

"Very strange," Daniel said aloud, which Magistro heard, evidence of the compelling link between the world of the small and large.

Suddenly, he saw a blue spark shoot between his hand and one of the reddish spheres. He became daring and plunged his hand inside one of the balls. It latched onto his hand with incredible force. Though it was painless, he

attempted to pull his hand free but found it very difficult. So he mustered all his strength and focus and shouted from the depth of his being, and he pulled the ball away from the colony.

The force of the sudden jarring motion sent the sphere and him flying at a somewhat alarming rate, faster than he had ever traveled before. After a split second of being very violently bounced about between structures, he shouted, "Stop!" He was suddenly back in his physical body, covered in sweat. There lay the stone, melted at one end.

With a slight chuckle under his breath, Magistro said, "You have changed this rock from its original form. You have not learned control, but you will soon be able to control your actions. You have done what no one has ever done before. You can see down to the very smallest element of rock, and convert its make-up. I see even more potential in you than I ever realized for I never expected you to get this far so quickly." Indeed, it had only been one month since Daniel arrived.

"I certainly am not ready for greater things, for this was difficult, and I lost my grasp of the reality of where I was. I now realize these powers are truly based on emotion. I lost control because I let the situation overwhelm me. I must conquer this focus and attention before I attempt this again."

"You must do many things, even when they are risky before you can advance. You shall not be able to advance until you learn to control your emotions, including fear, and use them to your advantage. For now, you seem to only be able to destroy, and even then only in small quantities. Rest until you get your energy back and you shall try again. You will achieve finer control in time for this was only your first attempt. With each successive attempt your ability to notice detail will grow stronger. Indeed, be encouraged for you have seen much more than any man who has ever lived."

Daniel sat against the cave wall, relaxing by the fire, and looked into its limitless flames, concentrating on their warmth, wondering about how it was fed as it burned. Images periodically flashed in his mind, small pictures of

minute fire particles. Memories flashed in his mind as well, memories of Nosessica, for they never went away.

“Magistro, I am saddened by the town from which I came. I keep thinking about the way things turned out, and how Rezaeith hated me. I cannot stop thinking about what he may do to me.”

Magistro replied, “You should not be troubled with that, for your anger and bitterness, in the end, will lead to all loss of your self-control. With your newfound power, you must realize that your emotions will be focused on Qeimxzan. You must prepare yourself to control them. Cling not to this feeling of anger. Let those thoughts go for you will have your chance to confront your townsfolk. People have always mocked the more intelligent, and have cursed those who do not conform to their way of thinking.

“Believe me, you should not worry about those townspeople now. When the time comes, they will have their choice, and their decision will be based on their past actions. You have to remember that you are not here to torment and torture people, but to show them the right way, and bring them past the problems that are associated with this world.

“Only by helping others will you gain enough knowledge to create a world of your own, to do with as you please, and to select whomever you want to continue with you. Remember, you must have an open heart to learn. The Power could easily give you all the knowledge at once. However, you must work for it and make an effort.”

Daniel replied, “I understand the importance of obeying these rules. I will follow what you have taught me and work diligently in my practices.”

Daniel worked hard in his studies, and while there was never any writing, he scribed it all into his mind and applied it all through his heart, though this was often more difficult than Daniel realized. He continued to intently study various objects, examining their make-up, and formulating ways to change their characteristics. He slept some nights restlessly, although the silence of the dark gave him a more relaxed feeling and aided actively in his

studies, helping him focus.

Leading into his second month of training he began to control his efforts in a more efficient manner. At night, he faded into his dream world and, as always, he stayed conscious in his dream and was able to make his thoughts reality. Each time, Daniel made the fantasy world he lived in more complex. He concentrated more on the details of dragons within his dream world, attempting to capture their essence to the highest degree. He had no fear here. It was calm, and everything was under his control. Why should he have feared?

Only in the tiny worlds where he had no control did he have to worry, because he could not understand the properties involved in real life. In his dream realm there were no laws, hence no boundaries, and yet his beliefs built his world. This world would become more real given time, and become the very heart of his concentration. Reality would become known, and his dreams would become part of Qeimxzan. Daniel gave the name Rittikan to his dream world, meaning *green breeze*, because of the calmness he felt while being there.

In his dream, Daniel saw many things. He concentrated on dragons and wizards and had duels with both of them. The boy wanted a challenge so he would be prepared for what faced him in the future. To the wizards, he gave many powers; powers of destruction in many different ways. He was very interested in his power to see the very nature of objects, and his ability to change their properties. He also concentrated on remembering his studies from his dream and from real life so he could train with more time and improved concentration.

He practiced for months looking at these creations of his, concentrating on their smallest components. He focused on the minutest particles, becoming more amused each time he learned how to control the motions with smoother actions.

Six months after he had reached Magistro, after the season turned

warm, he learned finally how to move smoothly and avoided being bombarded by flying particles as in his first attempt. It was a dream so he was unsure of how his attempt would work in real life. In time he learned to control both worlds simultaneously.

He peered at the specks of an iron rock he had built with his mind. Being solid iron, each particle had 26 of the familiar red spheres, along with 26 grey ones. Each sphere was about the size of a ripe grapefruit, and the entire conglomeration of spheres was about as high as he was. Much action was visible inside this reddish ball, which contained numerous little greyish-black and white dots. The red ones interested Daniel more than the greyish ones as they shot sparks while the grey ones were inanimate.

Now, he got more daring than before and jumped into the mass of spheres. The jiggling became very intense, and his skin and cloak began to glow a bright blue color. He was being knocked around in this active environment and was twisted in many positions. Though it didn't hurt, it was moderately uncomfortable and irritating. He could barely make out a flickering shell very far away, but the frenzy of the mass of balls prevented him from seeing clearly.

There were other masses of spheres, millions of them, and he could see them all around, as flickering thin shells. Soon enough he grew tired of this activity and bumping around inside, and he struggled to move. He realized that this was a mistake because he found he could not control his actions and was uncontrollably jumbled about within this monster ball. He became frustrated and didn't know how to get himself out of this dilemma.

A figure then emerged in the distance. Daniel didn't know what it was, though somewhere in his mind he knew, but couldn't recall. The character moved toward Daniel, now just crossing the path of the closest flickering shell outside of the conglomeration he was in. Daniel was concerned and curious but still unafraid of this approaching figure. The figure got closer and finally stood outside the mass, looking in at the unfortunate child, appearing as a

three-dimensional translucent silhouette.

“I see you are trapped by your own curious nature. You should remember what was taught to you and remain focused. You lost focus when your curiosity took hold and pushed you into a situation that you could not handle. If you do not understand, do not worry, for you are learning continuously and will continue to learn until your quest is complete. Even then, when you have learned everything that man can gain, you will need to perfect spiritual wisdom. The learning of spiritual sense complements the physical, and you will learn them much in the same.

“When you focus on spiritual wisdom there will be far more to learn than any amount of knowledge in Qeimxzan. Protect yourself from temptations that will lead you to danger for you are not experienced to handle such situations just yet. In time, you shall be permitted to encounter more hazardous conditions as you learn to control the world around you, and always, your conscience will guide you.”

Daniel, still in his dream, could not understand. He always had the notion that he had an unlimited power within his world but realized his lack of experience was why he couldn't handle this situation.

Daniel asked the form, “How do I free myself from this trap?”

The figure replied, “Look into your heart and remember your past. Do not forget the destiny you have been handed. The spark of the peace of your destiny was shown to you, the day you saw the Power in his radiance. Now, consult your past, and remember.”

Daniel thought pensively about how to get out of this situation. He soon heard phrases rush through his mind, such as the now familiar *primeval concerns are your witness*, which sparked his memory almost immediately. He concentrated intently on this sentence, the meaning of each word. He imagined the creation of the world, starting from groups of particles such as these he was encountering, and suddenly his thoughts were back to his predicament.

He couldn't seem to keep his concentration long enough, and then



suddenly the phrase “*smaller objects can escape small realms*” entered his mind. He concentrated and made himself smaller. He did this until the spheres faded away and clouds of particles got thinner and thinner until he could no longer see them. Now he was smaller than the smallest particle, and even a ray of light seemed hundreds of miles wide in this lower world. There he was, free of all material. As he realized this, the form that had spoken disappeared.

Daniel said, “No more!” But instead of waking up, he found himself stuck in that place. It was nearly entirely black, and Daniel felt fear wash over him. Suddenly, his body was thrown violently onto the hard surface of an unfamiliar world, scattering dust, making him cough. The light became brighter, but the sight was not pretty.

Dark-brown clouds spread across a tan sky. It was a world with a rust-colored terrain. The dark world smelled unfamiliar, neither foul nor sweet, but somewhat earthy. There was also a rusty red mountain range in the distance to his right. He could see two moons, grey behind the clouds. They suddenly went black, turning the land dark, and a voice boomed across the desert, “You will not have me.” The words threw his body into blackness and he reappeared back into the mess of spheres in which he began. Daniel suddenly blacked out and could not remember the unfamiliar desert.

Then he awoke, this time not sweaty, but agitated about why he still couldn’t control the particles and what he had just experienced. He decided it didn’t much matter. This is the mindset he thought he must adapt to not get upset at failure, for it only served to increase his endurance, perseverance, and dedication to reaching and perfecting his goal.

It was morning, the day after his sixth month of training began, and Daniel was shaken by his experience with the spheres but again ready for more training. This was good because the practice he undertook while asleep served to advance him more quickly and proficiently in his studies. He now knew not to be as clumsy and stupid as to jump into an unfamiliar situation. Even so, he needed to take risks, for without risks there would be no advancements, no

achievements, and no adventures.

It was right that Daniel sought adventure, for it was written and evident in every step, every motion, and every thought that went through his mind. The teachings of Magistro would have been too advanced for the average person. Yet, this was an adventure for Daniel, and so he stayed focused on his goal.

He had to learn to account for every situation when dealing with risky activities so as not to put himself in further danger. He believed it was the Power who spoke to him, and would always save him, but he could not solely depend on the actions of this higher being.

Daniel said to Magistro, “Dreams indeed are training fields, and they serve me well. I can train both night and day and grow more proficient all the while.”

“In this you are correct, and you indeed are a man of fast learning. Soon you will reach my level of understanding. Proficiency comes with time, as you well know, so keep on this track, for when you possess all my knowledge, you will have no need for my teaching any longer. Then I will depart. The Power will then begin to train you, and even now works through me to train you.”

Daniel went on with his general studies that day while the next few days were used to learn the various techniques and methods of focus, for there were many different styles including the primary methods of concentration and meditation. Concentration was used to determine the intricate details of an object, to learn its outward appearance, and so discover the outcome of this interaction. Reflection was the process of pondering these particulars. Much thought and relaxation were the prime necessity of this observation. Meditation revealed the personal characteristics of an object, its meaning of existence.

Meditation was the technique used to see down to even the smallest scale of an object. Concentration dealt mainly with the physical senses, while

meditation dealt with the spiritual points, and by common sense, meditation and reflection revealed far more than concentration ever could. It was not until the child mastered concentration that he could begin to understand meditation to a point where it had the effects that he wished.

It took nearly four more months of practice, ten months after first finding Magistro before Daniel reached an acceptable level of concentration for his desired discoveries. This meant that his attention could not be diverted, so as not to miss or forget any of the minutest physical features. Indeed, he could not continue going to smaller levels of detail until he knew the placement of each particular point of interest. Then there came the day when he finally perfected concentration.

Magistro complimented him, “You have perfected one task of many. You have learned a great deal, and now that concentration has been developed you must study meditation. You now can explore the physical aspects of an object with little more than a glimpse. Your memory has served you well and will continue to do so many times to come. However, you must continue to use this art to examine more of the world, to learn all its properties, scientific and analytical aspects as well as its aesthetic characteristics.

“See now that the fire no longer burns. It has smoldered, a sign from the Power that you have progressed. Your consciousness has shifted from the physical world alone, as you have perfected your concentration. You no longer need to be driven only by what you see for you are finding your power within. Now, you see yourself in a new way, the choice of you alone. Now your goals have changed, and the physical world does not limit you the way it did before.

“Now come, lie by the ashes of the old fire. You must relax, and learn to perfect the art of meditation. The familiar small worlds you have seen are good places to learn. Though the workings of this world are much different than what you are used to, you shall learn soon enough how to handle both realms together.”

Daniel finally understood the importance of the fire. Though the fire in

his dream had been his belief, that of Qeimxzan was his focus and had gone out, as a sign that he had gone beyond what the fire pronounced. Daniel did as Magistro directed and lay down by the burnt-out fire.

# 9

*Your name is sacred, and when spoken, will give you the key to finish  
your work*

Magistro spoke, “At the count of three, you shall be at the ultimate point of relaxation, more than you have experienced so far in your life. You will feel a comfortable, floating sensation. Relax and follow the flow of the many forces that keep you still.

“One, you feel yourself going into your most relaxed state, into that place of your choosing where you carry out your duties and abilities. Two, enter this world where no limits exist. Only your imagination sets your boundaries. It shall be opened up to reveal your most distant thoughts thereby giving way to a much larger variety of ideas, moods, feelings, and points of view. Three, you are in a world of your own and Qeimxzán, the land you were once in, has faded as if it were a dream.

“However, whatever happens here, and whatever you learn shall be carried into your regular life as second nature. Describe to me your special place where you feel most calm and where you have no fears.”

Daniel replied, “I stand on an endless, beautiful grassy pasture. This is my Rittikan, the world of *green breeze*. There is a mile-wide lake to my left, not far from me. This lake seems to feed my dream world. It is my Sentinel Lake. It heightens my senses, allowing me to envision more about my world.

“The sky is beautiful with beautiful white clouds floating by. The sunshine is warm and comforting. This is the most beautiful place I have ever seen, and here I feel most secure. This is where I choose to do my training. Here, I sense that I have a stronger connection with the Power. I sense him stronger here than I have ever felt before. I can’t see him though.”

“Yes, you are on the second level of your world Rittikan, which is Rittikan Two. Your destiny was shown to you in Rittikan One where your

single Amorcus tree stood in quiet darkness. Rittikan Three will reveal the Power to you.

“You will assemble concentration and awareness into one similar body for which you are the head. Go to your Sentinel Lake and take note of what you see. This lake gives you spiritual nourishment, the life of your dream, enriched by the words of the Power. You get much strength, discerning and wisdom from its waters. Concentrate on the water, and your awareness of the ambient scenes will be shown to you within moments. You will understand because the Power will open your heart and mind to take in all that is presented to you.”

Daniel approached Sentinel Lake in Rittikan Two. He gazed at the clear water and noted to himself the odd red-colored lakebed.

“Sentinel Lake is uniquely beautiful, with crystal-clear waters. Indeed a source this pure must have strong powers. What will Sentinel Lake teach me, I wonder?”

He saw an intense flash that was a collage of every image in his dream merged into a single picture which reflected his subconscious beliefs. “This lake shows me my heart, and what lies inside. It knows me.

A reflection of all I believe is within this lake, while this world represents me in my entirety. There is a lot of my dream world that I do not understand. What I know now is that the quality of everyone’s life will improve with each passing moment, as I draw closer to finding my name.

“I have gained a grander wisdom, but I still have much to learn. What I don’t know far exceeds what I know, even about myself. I need to learn about myself before I can tackle the problems that are prevalent in the world today. Yes, this is the place I choose, for it has the truth, and will help me to become more truthful. For in a world that is of my own making I must hold an understanding that far exceeds any other place. This is Rittikan Two, the world of *green breeze*.”

Magistro responded, “Here then is where you shall train. You will

learn how to reach your deepest inner self. Through this discovery, you will progress at a more rapid pace, and experience an increased amount each time you explore. Here, you can possess multiple consciousnesses and through this will learn many things at once.

“Yet, you will need to learn how to control these gifts so that you will not become confused and perplexed. Your consciousness will be that of many, knowing the thoughts and actions of others. This is necessary to know how to appeal to others and bring people the best in themselves. In a place like this, there is no leader, and only your conscience will guide you, as this greater Power continues to take an interest in you. I shall become a part of your dream and your training place to help you in your studies and training.”

Magistro sat and leaned against the cave wall. He sank into a meditative state, in which he, like Daniel, didn't feel the outside world yet could still observe it. He focused on the scenes in Daniel's mind. Daniel waited expectantly and patiently for him to arrive. Magistro took only seconds to visit, but it seemed like an hour for Daniel to become aware of Magistro's presence in Rittikan Two. Time was different in this place than in Qeimxzan.

Magistro entered Daniel's dream through meditation.

That one day of training was worth a month of general practice in Qeimxzan and was very inspiring for Daniel. He learned more that day than he had learned in all his ten months with Magistro combined. He found that each day that passed taught him more than his combined knowledge from the past. This exponential learning existed because he finally learned control and his mind could work at faster rates because he utilized more of his mind which led to improved performance. Daniel took an interest in Sentinel Lake as Magistro stood beside him, continuing his training.

Magistro spoke, “The Power is closer to you, here in Rittikan Two, and the Power talks to you, though you usually cannot hear or understand what he says. You will speak and understand many languages sometime soon, much more than the few words of Qeimxzan including the many tongues of the

spirit. By finding this place in your dream, you have touched the essence of the wise Power.

“Take this knowledge into your mind and place it on your heart. You will then learn who you are and that you have held this experience all this time, but just never understood it. Understanding of this magnitude cannot be expressed in only the Xjaderian tongue, for the words of only one language are inadequate. You must understand the songs that are sung, in all their styles and ways, and you will be able to reach your divine destiny.

“Go deeper into this world,” instructed Magistro. “You must reach the next level within your spirit; that of Rittikan Three, to really see. Rittikan Three is the dream within Rittikan Two, and this dream within a dream is ever more subtle in some respects. Time will become slower and feel slower to you. Your physical body will not age much because in the physical Qeimxzan only a short time will elapse. You are quite advanced in the physical aspects of Qeimxzan and have incorporated them all in your mind, so you know what will be expected and what binds all the layers of existence together. You discovered this in the ironstone. Now, go more in-depth to Rittikan Three, and I will assist you.”

Magistro encouraged Daniel to delve deeper. The second dream, Rittikan Two, was more spiritually intensified than the regular world of Qeimxzan. This served to make Rittikan Three a thousand times more intense than Rittikan Two. This intensity was required for the advanced nature of Daniel’s studies.

A scene of his Sentinel Lake and Rittikan Three emerged in this broader and newer world. Now, he could clearly see a massive mountain to the north and a forest to the east. His lake stood to the west, and the endless grassy plain continued south on the horizon. This time, Daniel could see the Power quite clearly.

The Power gazed intently at him with a satisfied look. Daniel had partially seen the Power in his peace vision and felt him in his Soul Song



world of Rittikan One. The Power had also visited him in his attempt at seeing the small world of the iron rock. The Power did not look as mystical or magical as Daniel had expected. He was a yellow humanoid animal in appearance, but his clothing seemed somehow odd in its style.

“At last, a new time has come. You shall never again wonder about yourself. Thoughts will intrigue you and pass through your mind in much detail, giving you insight into worlds and realms unseen by another man. With my words, I reveal to you that which I am. Your quest has been the same as mine, to bring this peace to the world, peace through a wonderful gift that you possess. This gift is the knowledge that I am you, or more precisely, your conscience,” the Power said to Daniel.

The Power continued, “Your heart is a heart of good. You have so far pursued the path of what is right, and have stood by your beliefs. Though you have not been highly regarded by others, you shall rise up anew with a discerning and robust spirit. No wrong will be found in your heart, and you will lead a life devoid of regret, blame or shame.

“The Voice will share my power with you at the chosen time. As your destiny revealed, I was in pain while you, as well as the rest of Qeimxzan, were ignorant. I was trapped within you because you did not believe and I was not able to help you until your faith was firmly established. I know you desired to believe, but you had doubts because of the town; casting shadows on your faith. Once you began to have it, I was able to help you, not only for my freedom but to bring you new life.”

He concluded, “I knew that you were alone. Daniel, I watched you from your birth. I have felt alone because the world has turned away from me. I know you do not have fond memories of that town, but remember your childhood and remember you did have a true friend then. Now, you feel alone, because he is gone, and Xanthier does not remember your friendship. Times will change when you make things right. Do not give up for I have given you what you need to succeed.”

Daniel was astonished by what was said. He yearned for more, this time more than ever before. He had in fact tapped into the very heart of his soul and could see who he really was. He asked the Power, “How will I see you again to be able to see myself?”

The Power responded, “I am always here and will be until your quest is complete. You will form new examples of change, define new philosophies, and train all of these with a correct and perfect life. You will be a corrector, and your actions will allow men to believe in higher powers, should they choose. You will perform many miracles on Qeimxzan and do many deeds, such that it will take more than the Pinnacle Archives to document. Know now, that your name is Warlock. With this title, you will bring peace to Qeimxzan by locking the wars of the conscience that rage in peoples’ minds that hold them captive from peace.”

Warlock believed the Power, yet wondered about these wars. “But these wars can still be unlocked.”

“Yes, in Qeimxzan they can because peace cannot last forever. Only in the New World, you will dream of being can peace endure.”

Warlock did not doubt what was spoken by the Power, understanding that his consciousness was formed of many levels. Warlock wondered why the Power had given him such a name; why his own conscience gave him that name. His idea of bringing peace certainly stood against the beliefs that one would see in a title like Warlock. However, he took this name to heart and trusted in this deeper part of himself.

Warlock replied, “I understand for you have opened my mind. I understand now that you could not be free without my belief. I will peer down into the depths of knowledge, down to the seed of creation, and learn about all that has happened, and why it became that way. I shall never hunger or thirst for knowledge of where to go for this is always inside me, and I can search my heart and examine the ways to present these things in full.”

“Yes, Warlock, you shall create eternal peace. In time, you shall be

given a new spiritual name, beyond that of Warlock, and then you will finish your work.”

Warlock questioned, “Can you reveal my true name?”

The Power replied, “When the time is right, you will learn your name. But, only when you are ready when you reach the end of your journey. Your name is sacred, and when spoken, will give you the key to finishing your work. You must be ready at that time, or you will fail in your journey. As for now, you do not fully understand the physical, which you must before you can advance to the spiritual. Though the fire has gone out in the physical world, it only showed that you had made a permanent choice to follow a more spiritual goal. I shall be with you until the end. Now sleep, for later you will receive your true Warlock Name.”

Warlock slept the rest of that night, drifting from Rittikan Three, back to the original dream world of Rittikan Two. The green pasture and Sentinel Lake of Rittikan Two formed merely the base of this world. From this base could spawn any globe he would imagine. Thus, his now ordinary dream world was Rittikan Two.



He didn't train that night as he pondered and meditated on what he learned and what had so graciously been revealed to him. He had always thought of warlocks as something of a nuisance, something loathsome and evil. He started to realize that he was reinventing the meaning of this word.

He redefined this essential word which had always meant *male witch*. Warlock, the enchanter, would show many people the truth about what it was

said to be a warlock. The main distinguishing characteristic between himself, Warlock and a wizard was that wizards are compelled to do good by their laws and beliefs and their attention to ethical and honorable behavior. Warlock, not fixed to a set of laws or rules, chose his own path. This was to avoid evil. This was a result of the Power's goodness and his own desire to be dominant in knowledge and not wickedness.

Warlock believed that everything in all creation came down to a fundamental good, even the people he considered to be evil in his old town. Everything was intended for some purpose, which was in turn meant for good. Warlock believed that under the control of the Power, good would eventually triumph. As the young Warlock would soon realize, he was the one who made this real. The Power trusted in him, and the glory that was created for him was given solely to the one who created this world, by way of the Voice.

Warlock rose, content from the Rittikan Three vision, and Rittikan Two dream. He was sure of the truth in what the Power said. His mind wandered from picture to picture, and among his thoughts, the central struggle was the fact that he didn't have all the abilities that he felt he wanted. Even though he had not believed his dreams while he was there from the beginning, his changes in character were shown. He now believed in the dreams while he lucidly experienced them. This gave him the freedom to explore the depths of his imagination that had beforehand led him to doubt.

Warlock said to Magistro, "I believe I am ready for faster learning. I will do as you say, as you have never led me astray. Please, teach me more."

"Yes, I have been many places," Magistro responded. "I have many answers to the questions you seek. However, I do not have all the answers, so you must find the Power at new levels of awareness that guide you as his knowledge surpasses my own. Your heart has shown your enthusiasm and eagerness to learn. You have yet to learn all the basics of your gift. Do not rush quickly or blindly into learning, for you need time to meditate on the aspects of your lessons so as not to forget or confuse them.

“We must not forget the physical world where many people will never have the chance that you have been given. As of now, your training and learning advance you beyond many people in the world. Heed all of my advice, for I have lived much the same as you, and have learned much from the Power. In a sense, it was you teaching me since your conscience had created all of what we are, and now as your teacher, I help you to understand and to reveal to you what lies inside. We are learning continually from one another, and soon we shall part in knowledge as your abilities begin to exceed mine. You will then have no further need for my assistance.”

Warlock said, “Many times I’ve wanted my wishes to come true. I focused and tried, but often failed. When I receive my true Warlock Name, I’ll do these things. Perhaps I could grant the wishes of the truly downtrodden. However, people are greedy and may ask for more than they can handle. How will I be able to decide what is sufficient to satisfy their longings and be able to account for the wishes of everyone?”

“You shall develop a more advanced consciousness. As I have said to you before, you will be able to accomplish many tasks simultaneously,” Magistro replied. “You must focus because there are many things you will miss if you do not pay the utmost attention to your lessons. Question not the iniquity of the world for it, as you know, will be silenced, and you will advance to rule over your own world. You will learn the meaning of eternity, for you will live as long as these two worlds, the old and the new, exist.”

With his vigorous curiosity, he asked Magistro, “Can you teach me to sing? I don’t know any songs, but I’d like to learn.”

Magistro replied, “Yes, I can teach you to sing. Music is one of the many languages you should learn to connect with different types of people. Music can make some of the most hardened personalities respond to your message.

“This is your Song of Strength. Listen carefully, for I shall sing it but once, and it speaks to your growth and success:

Sleep young one, you need your rest  
Tomorrow will be a great day.  
Imagine for once a courageous fight  
But be calm as you lie tonight.  
This is the strength you will have  
To break the unbreakable staff  
And upon cutting the staff of wars,  
It leaves peace forevermore.

Awake young one, for the battle begins  
Prepare the words you have made  
Be willing to fight and do not flee  
For you will not meet utter defeat  
Go to battle this first time  
Against many thousand men your size.  
Inherit the land that is yours  
And speak to its boundaries far.  
Listen at the end of what is said  
Your journey has finally begun!”

Warlock enjoyed what was said, and how Magistro had made these words entertaining. However, he was slightly concerned, and he said, “I hope there is no fight tomorrow.”

Magistro replied, “No, this battle is throughout your entire life. Tomorrow is arbitrary; it can come at any time, and not just once, but many times. Both your Soul Song and Song of Strength show your outcome. Your destiny grows more assured with each passing moment. It will continue to grow, and you shall no longer be held in suspense of what these things mean.

Now, follow the song and rest. Your training continues with each passing day, including the nocturnal activities. Listen to your dreams.”

Warlock remembered this song and applied it to his heart so that he could think about the power that he would inherit. He spoke, “I’ll rest and learn more tomorrow. I’ll grow stronger and wiser until the day that I surpass even the strongest and wisest of men. I feel that I am more sympathetic now, as my hate toward Rezaeith seems to have receded. I do not want to fall behind at work to be done. Goodnight, Magistro.”

Since Magistro had informed Warlock when he first arrived to address him as Teacher, Warlock was showing a change to feel comfortable in addressing him by name.

Magistro responded, “Go to dream now, for tomorrow I will teach you of another true story. Now rest, and remember your dream when you wake.”

Warlock’s dream of Rittikan Three was filled with power and intrigued him in this training world. Sentinel Lake of his heart was prominent as was the Amorcus tree of knowledge. Fires of magical strength, and the Power, with wisdom and consciousness, were here. All that pertained to Warlock was here. He was at peace in this world and continually learned.

His destiny, from Rittikan One, opened up new doors of creation and impressionism, upon his Rittikan Three. Pleasing emotions were always lively here. The wind seemed to be performing a messenger’s duty and carried the knowledge from the Amorcus tree in huge waves outward into Rittikan Two and throughout Rittikan Three. Education was now easily seen in Rittikan Three, in its red and yellow hues, forming quite an objective view; not so in the subjective world, he left behind in this temporary separation from the continual Qeimxzan. However, Warlock could choose whether he wanted to see this knowledge visibly, and would not always have a need to actually see these red and yellow waves. They only let him know how commanding the presence of expertise was in Rittikan Three.

Warlock’s heart burned with the anticipation of what he was to



receive. In Rittikan Three he clearly communicated with the creator of the Valaxano universe.

Warlock spoke into Rittikan Three, “It is I, without a spiritual name that comes to you again, to learn more about myself, my destiny, and all the paths to follow along the way. Teach about what awaits me.”

The Power responded, “Young Warlock, without a name and without limit, you shall inherit my power when you learn yourself fully. You must learn about the world and all its wisdom and become sentient of this information. For I know all there is among men, and you must become knowledgeable of this as well. Slowly it will be revealed to you, to allow your original mind to take hold and not let go of any. Otherwise, it will lose vital insight.”

“Tell me about the future and what it holds. Teach me to open my mind to accept that which inevitably awaits me.”

“You have learned focus and concentration quite well. You must concentrate on yourself and on what you and I are. Allow your awareness to grow to the proficiency of your concentration in all aspects. Meditate on these perceptions so as not to let them waste away from a misunderstanding of what they represent.

“As you peer down to the smallest particles within Sentinel Lake that reflect the waves of pure knowledge, you must understand the intricate detail involved. You must also be able to manipulate multiple pieces together, or your task will become too complex and time-consuming for you to accomplish within your short life. Do not miss any detail. Learn control so as not to be taken by surprise at the enormity of your task.”

Warlock took these words to heart and applied them to his labor. He focused on Sentinel Lake, containing the water of consciousness and wisdom. In fact, being that these waters were his spiritual essence, they gave him the energy to live his dream. His focus grew more acute and precise. At once, he saw the individual water particles separate into individually unique bodies.

These units of power were remarkable. Different than the iron he studied before, the water created greater possibilities because it gave life.

As he peered down, he could see that each particle of water was really three smaller spheres, attached to one another, surrounded by flickering shells. Warlock focused on one ball and struggled to concentrate and reflect on the other balls simultaneously. Through persistence, and his focus upon Sentinel Lake, he reached Rittikan Four.

Rittikan Four was much like Rittikan Three, except it had an abundance of life. Many animals came to drink at the waters of Sentinel Lake. As Rittikan Four was closer to the realization of the Dream of the Power, it was closer to the origin of life. These animals did not fear Warlock and came to him. His world showed a unity that many would have desired.

The Power spoke, “You have more dream levels than what you realize, but very few are accessible to you because of your inexperience. You will learn to travel to these at any time. However, you must be relaxed enough in one level to move up to the next, and each level will become increasingly more challenging to achieve. You must be at peace in Rittikan Three to jump to Rittikan Four. This was how you found Rittikan Four. You must demonstrate patience to advance.

“To comprehend the changes you will make in physical objects, you must become proficient at traveling to the higher levels, like Rittikan Four, so the sheer numbers of particles you control will not overwhelm you. As for now, you can only see five of these flickering entities at a time. If you travel further, you will split your consciousness, giving you insight into seeing more.

“In this way, you will experience more detail by continually splitting your consciousness. You will then be able to go beyond even Rittikan Four, which is your current limit because of inexperience.

“When you have altered what you have decided to in your higher dream worlds, and for your work to have an effect, you will also need to learn to bring these forms back past the lower dream levels until you reach the

physical. You will soon see how amazingly quick you can affect objects as you retain your skills from the higher levels.

“In fact, working hard in Rittikan Four will allow you to manipulate enough of Sentinel Lake for your work to form a new creation. You will need caution at the depths of this level, so as not to disturb too much. You still have much experience to gain to find all your levels.

“Now, make it your quest to focus on the water of Sentinel Lake here in Rittikan Four. You will turn its waters into a more complex structure continuing to fulfill your possibilities. Now, concentrate on this collection of specks and continue your learning.”

Warlock listened intently to the wise Power’s words. He then focused on five of the water particles, allowing his mind to move away from awareness. He felt a greater emotion here than he was used to in Qeimxzan, being closer to the level of the Dream. He relaxed more while maintaining his focus adequately on the particles and he felt himself drift to a more profound feeling realm, much the same in appearance, but with a larger number of intense intertwined feelings.

Though it was still Rittikan Four, he realized the breadth of this level, how far and deep it spanned. The same familiar particulate figures appeared, yet he could see five where one was before. He relaxed further knowing this stage of relaxation was very near to one who was without the breath of life. He faded again, knowing his consciousness was split between the worlds and he could feel himself in multiple levels at the same time. He increased his concentration until many entities appeared.

The Power spoke to him, “You have gained the ability to take into account every possibility in a radius of your choosing. In this, you touch the broadest reach of Rittikan Four. As you return from this to lower dream realms, you will find it more difficult each time to transfer your energy to the lower level.

“Continue to focus as you move back to lower levels. Attempt to

retain any of the details you have acquired. You will be able to apply these aspects of the upper levels to your state at lower levels. You have been wise to halt your search where you are. You found that it is easy to discover detail but hard to keep it.

“When you have in mind what you want to bring to lower levels, you will need to pause, to make sure that the energy is balanced, so you don’t lose control. Then you will be more knowledgeable about the outcome of your actions. In this, you will leave what you do not desire to change untouched. You will not destroy or change beyond repair that which you do not wish to change. You shall see what I mean in future times.” At this, the Power disappeared.

Warlock heeded his advice, and using his mind, toyed with the collections of specks, billions upon billions at a time. He found it interesting how combined bits would form other, more massive structures. He also found it became more and more difficult as he progressed downward past Rittikan Three. Already, he saw the difficulty of this task as too much to think about on his way to Rittikan Two, barely being able to hold them in his mind. Warlock stopped at Rittikan Two, noting that the last clumps of matter were more substantial and were connected differently than the spheres of Sentinel Lake. These new entities were gargantuan.

He called back his thoughts into one distinct form upon Sentinel Lake in Rittikan Two and found the simplicity of this current level a relief. He took one last look into his lake’s waters upon which the yellow sun of Rittikan shone brightly. An apple-sized, shiny-yellow spherical object caught his eye at the bottom of the lake. Reaching in, he pulled it out and felt the warmth of his recent creation amongst the fresh water.

Warlock spoke confidently, “Finally, my ability has been revealed to me, for a more valuable asset to this lake has been created and so will further aid my power.” He was surprised, for the substance he held in his hand in Rittikan Two was pure gold.

# 10

*Gold was spiritual and silver was physical, both an essential part of a broader realm of understanding*

Warlock awoke the next morning remembering the gold and every detail of his experience. He spoke about his gold to Magistro, and in response, Magistro continued to reveal his wise prophecy.

“You have shown your inner nature. It has come about at the chosen time. You shall never again be lonely, for every particle in existence can and will aid your powers. The Power has given you the great gift of realizing your true inner self and applying it to change the world both physically and spiritually.

“Gold yields more energy than water and will serve you to better understand your spiritual dream world Rittikan on its many levels. However, do not change all your water to gold, for water aids life while gold aids development of the spiritual mind. You must maintain an adequate balance of both since water is of the utmost importance as you continue to grow. Do not deprive yourself of water for the sudden spiritual burst of power from gold. Lack of water within Rittikan will lead to the death of these dreams.

“Understand now that gold yields the most potent influence you can imagine. However, do not use it alone because you do not have the experience to make it last in its purest form. Instead, the water will help keep your dreams alive and sustain this gold. As you search deeper within yourself, you will realize worlds beyond the spiritual that will encompass more than what gold can touch. These things, beyond gold, are for the levels you will reach.”

Warlock replied, “I shall use gold for its power. Until I find my deeper self and a more distant truth, I will not be able to use any more power than what is present in gold. I have realized that by converting the water to gold, it has lessened the amount of water I have in Sentinel Lake. I’ll have to create

more, through the rains of knowledge and time. Knowledge, by way of the Power's tree, will create the rain to fill up my Sentinel Lake, as its waves flow throughout Rittikan Two and Rittikan Three."

Magistro then said, "You are now ready to hear of the past. It is the story of one such man, who you will find to have much relevance to you. Though he was not like you, you will see in time the significance of this and the importance of this in your quest. For now, take this example as a warning, so as not to repeat his mistakes. He had an almost infinite power, but lack of discerning stole his life.

"You must not let your power create a sense of arrogance for that will destroy you in much the same way as this man who experienced death. Heed this warning and apply it to your future works. This story will cut from your heart to your soul much as its words can stir the hearts of Qeimxzan. The Power speaks to me, so listen and hear your deep conscience speak and it will guide you."

"I'll listen to every word you utter," Warlock replied anxiously. "Their significance means fulfilling my destiny. I support you, Magistro, and wish for your knowledge to be passed on so that you will have accomplished your purpose by sharing your experience with others. Don't hesitate in what you say as I need to hear these words of warning. Though the town had shaken me, there is little now that can deter me in confidence. Your words also strengthen my beliefs. I'll build up a tolerance for oncoming danger, and so will be ready for many struggles that will come my way, both physically and spiritually."

Magistro then told his story with the young Warlock enthralled by every word:

### The Amulet of Discerning

"Fifteen hundred years ago, a young man wished for more in his

isolated life and was neglected by scorn. He had faith his life would improve, and worked hard to make a change. He gathered wood for a master who had a sincere fondness for the man. However, the master never revealed this, so the man never realized the master's true feelings. As the young man sat in private, he asked the universe desperately for something different in his life.

“Later that day, as he gathered wood, he went deeper into the forest than he had ever gone before. It grew darker as he ventured further and became covered by the forest's canopy above him. He noticed a strange red glow emanated from within the thick woods. He knew immediately that his prayer was answered as voices rustled in the air and hinted to him of his discovery.

“This attractive red glow became brighter with each step, and soon became the only visible light. It seemed very powerful to the young man, and he felt total contentment and peace for the first time in his life.

“The man gazed down at the ground and looked into the heart of the light. It burned his eyes slightly, but the peace he felt from it was unspeakable. The man reached down to touch the surface of what resembled a giant ruby.

“The young man picked up the glowing stone. There was a golden ring that met evenly with the flat gem to support it on a silver chain. As he left the forest, the amulet grew dim and brought a worry to his heart. Calmness began to fade.

“When his master called him the young man hid the amulet in his pocket. For three days, he continued to work diligently for his master, continually pondering about the features of the amulet which displayed some unknown language:

Ψου μαψ μακε α ωιση, ωιτη νο λιμιτσ, βυτ ψου μυστ σαχριφι  
χε α παρτ οφ ψουρσελφ, εθυιπαλεντ το τηε νατυρε οφ τηε ωιση.

“Being distraught on the third day, the young man, squeezing the gem, demanded to know the meaning of the phrase. ‘I wish I knew what this amulet

says!’ It emitted a bright white glow which then morphed back to red and the words changed:

**You may make a wish, with no limits, but you must sacrifice a part of yourself equivalent to the nature of the wish.**

“Without a trace of pain, the young man’s right pinky disappeared at the granting of this first wish. Though shocked at first at the disappearance of his finger he proceeded to make another request. ‘I wish I had my pinky back,’ and so he got his pinky back, but all his hair vanished. The young man realized that energy was needed by the gem to grant the wish; therefore, accounting for the need to consume the gem holder’s body as energy for the wish. Realizing the gem’s power, he realized he had no further need for strenuous labor. Much to the master’s shock of this hairless man’s words, the young man bid him good-bye, feeling the pressures of work disappear.

“The young man was tired of living with those who did not support him and made another wish. ‘I wish I lived in my own house with no one else to bother me.’ This cost his right leg. A fourth request allowed him to fly but cost his other leg.

“Being unconcerned about the loss of his legs because he could fly, he made an earnest wish without thinking about the consequences. He uttered the words, ‘I wish for all the knowledge and abilities of every person in the world, past, present, and future as well as enough understanding to use all this knowledge.’ It was then that his sight was taken. Even without seeing, his knowledge allowed him to perform most any activity without hindrance.

“In time, he wished to see again, yet it cost him both his hands. The amulet now rested around his neck, as he could not hold it any longer. He felt that even not having hands was fair because of all the material possessions he had accumulated through his knowledge. People were quick to make fun of his situation, though amazed at his ability to fly and his incredible wisdom. His



next wish demanded respect from everyone, resulting in the loss of his arms.

“The young man was pensive about his next wish. He wanted it to be extraordinary. It took him a long time to determine what it would be and was glad when the idea finally came to him. He uttered strong words again, ‘I wish I could have anything I want, anytime, anywhere, for any reason.’ He was suddenly reduced to a blind husk of a man devoid of joy. Now he had the bare minimum faculties required for human survival.

“Consciousness was all he had. Though his body could perceive sensation, he could not make any use of this feeling being the shell of a man he once was. Now, being able to do anything he wanted, anytime, anywhere for any reason, he wanted to try things on his own, without the amulet. First, however, he knew he needed to return himself back to his usual body and senses. He dared not use the amulet now because it would have taken what he needed for survival, and then he would die. So, he trusted in his own power he obtained.

“He then imagined himself as an average person in the sense that all his body and senses were restored, and he retained the knowledge that he gained. He felt the amulet in his hand and with his power, the power given by the amulet, caused it to disappear to another dimension, completely gone from his presence. For once, he felt real power. For him, the words ‘I wish’ were unnecessary for, at any time, for any reason, what he wanted was done.

“Being scared to die, he lived a long time through the use of his power, as long as he cared to. He tried everything he could imagine, from creating to destroying worlds. After five hundred years, he grew bored and tired, yet he still did not want to die.

“The amulet was the only thing that limited him, as it was a single force that could oppose him, and he desired some challenge. Therefore, he called the amulet from its hidden dimension and attempted to challenge its power. He made wishes and used his own power to try to counter its effects. The amulet exceeded his ability, and the challenge always ended with the

advantage in favor of it.

“The amulet had great knowledge both physically and spiritually while the man only had experience of the physical world. The young man took a risk, thinking he could outwit this old gem. He grabbed it in confidence and uttered his final wish, ‘I wish I had all knowledge, both physical and spiritual, in all dimensions and creations, that would equal the Power in wisdom, with power that exceeds the amulet.’”

The amulet itself had a limited scope, not equal to the Power. The wish was beyond even the most considerable ability of the amulet. It had to gather all the power it could to grant this request. The man felt his own powers fading as they drained to give strength to the amulet. He could not reverse the unstoppable.

“His physical strength faded and the man became weaker until he could no longer move. He could not think or dream as even his thoughts were being used to energize the gem. His limbs started disappearing, and his hair vanished. All his features faded and deteriorated. There was no pain until his nerves were consumed, but then the pain passed quickly because even his pain was taken to grant the wish. His body melted away and disappeared.

“Finally, his conscience faded. Now he was totally spiritually unconscious. His soul expired without a trace. Even with all this energy and power, the amulet could not grant the wish, so it destroyed itself, and vanished from all reality.”

Warlock, dumbstruck, looked at Magistro’s face. He had indeed been moved much more by this story than by anything else in the nearly eleven months he had spent with Magistro. Warlock wondered how many men would have handled the amulet situation in the same manner. How many people actually think of themselves as expendable?

He indeed had many questions for Magistro. “Who made the amulet? Should the foolish man have known better?” Such matters opened up new opportunities to be taught, showed his level of aptitude, and acknowledged his

readiness to move on so he could achieve what before would have been impossible. This was so because he had not previously understood the consequences of misusing one's power.

Magistro said, "You must take notice of every possibility, or you shall forfeit many ideas that will cross your path. You are not being trained for submission, but for leadership, the leadership of such a proportion that many leaders of today could only dream of having."

"Yes, I see your interpretation. I haven't yet met utter defeat, though I have had my lifetime's share of troubles. Hopefully, I shall never taste another trying time."

"Do not expect what you say to happen. You must be open, like I said before, to all possibilities, and do not exclude what now seems unlikely, because it could just as easily become a reality. Indeed, times will become more trying and difficult as you train for your problems to come, which will be more complex, though all for a good cause. However, you shall never have to worry about being able to succeed, for the Power that is your conscience is with you at every step of your life. Your actions will have a greater impact on the world than you could ever have hoped to dream, and you should take care and pay more attention to detail so as not to leave anything unattended."

Warlock graduated to a whole new level and had much to show for his tiring exercises. He would have to learn how to search his heart deeper for answers to the more complex problems that would inevitably come his way. That night proved very interesting, again, because he accomplished even more than he had anticipated. He yearned to actually change the objects around the cave with his thoughts, but this proved very difficult. His mind was powerful, but he needed to learn how to channel this energy in thought form to Qeimxzan in which he lived.

Warlock said to Magistro, "Be with me in spirit tonight for I'll attempt an act of a new degree, like I did at Sentinel Lake of Rittikan, turning the water into gold. I now intend to affect material items in our world of Qeimxzan, even

more than I did with the ironstone.”

“Tonight you will see a new side of yourself. It is good for you to know this part of yourself. Begin with the iron pan and use it for your creation. You can do much, and with what will be revealed tonight, you will increase your insight no less than a hundred fold.”

Thus, this eleventh month of training would teach Warlock much more. He rested against the outside cave wall and looked intently at the iron pan in which the fish had been cooked. The fire, having gone down, left it slightly warm. Warlock thought carefully about the clean empty skillet. He scanned its features, imprinted them into his own mind and focused on its very nature. He and Magistro knew then that what he would gain would allow him to influence the future generations he would encounter.

He remained aware of his surroundings, not daring to let himself fall into unconscious sleep. He earnestly stared at the pan, then slowly closed his eyes and retained the image that so strongly burned in his mind's eye. As he looked at the picture within his mind, its appearance became more real, almost a counterpart to the actual pan, just as he entered Rittikan Two. Was it the spiritual part of this object? It sure seemed to be because he was able to understand more of this simple object. The spiritual held more information for the taking, if only one could grasp what was presented.

The surface features of this spiritual object became fuzzier as Warlock concentrated on it. Magistro sat and helped him to focus, using his powers of a dream to amplify the effects. Warlock began to understand more about the reasoning behind this curious result. He could see more of the object, its inner structure was presenting itself bare before his eyes. Information about the simple iron pan was coming to him in such a robust and continuous stream that it could overflow a sea.

This continued as the dreamworld iron pan completely turned itself inside out and returned to its original form. He had progressed to Rittikan Three with the thing. It was then that Warlock understood this object in its

entirety. Many might think that a chunk of iron such as this did not have a need to be explored. However, if Warlock had left this unexamined, how much more would he misunderstand items of a more complex nature?

He thought to himself, *“How interesting that this was revealed to me. Now I shall expand this into a more complex description. The pan has been explained with a lot of information.”*

Warlock became in tune with the matter in its most basic form, and he could relate to something as expendable as an iron pan.

Magistro spoke through the mind of Warlock, “Explain to me the nature of this object. You will leave no details untold for you understand and are grateful. You will know how to change it to suit your purposes.”

Warlock spoke to Magistro in his mind, “Even in its stoic silence it speaks. Many words it wishes to share are not heard with the ears. One must be in exact nature, in such harmony with a simple form, that they can understand the fundamentals. Nothing is as trivial as the fuller world may think. The simplest pan, even the most straightforward stone can describe more about a complex individual than one can imagine or even begin to describe. People are trapped in darkness when they do not contemplate something such as this. They are cheating themselves out of a valuable prize that anyone can claim if they choose. Even the pan speaks; not words, not emotions, not even assumptions, but with an underlying sense of being.

“This pan has a presence, and consciousness and even that makes it more worthwhile than can be defined. Its presence is explosive in radiance in the discoveries it reveals. Know that the human spirit can shine brighter in being able to control such lowly forms as this.

Though many people do not care to understand these forms, much will be taught by those who do. Knowledge of this will be brought to completion by those who have the power to speak, the insight to understand, and the heart to listen to what is told them.”

Warlock grasped the iron pan with the energy in his mind, and the pan

presented itself with a radiance that he never experienced before. He wanted to learn more, thus more was taught. He spread his consciousness within this pan and allowed his energy to fill every crack and crevice. It harmonized with Warlock with the resonance that would soon become his signature.

Suddenly, a shock wave split the night as the Rittikan Three pan shattered with a blast that shook Warlock to his heart and forced Warlock's and the pan's essences into Rittikan Four. His consciousness tugged on each radiant fragment of the pan and pulled them into a perfect spherical shape.

An iron ball was formed. Warlock forced it down to a sphere the size of an apple before halting his pressure on the mass. The iron ball shone bright silver, and all rusty imperfections disappeared.

Warlock grasped the shiny ball within his hand and caressed it. He injected his energy into the ball giving part of his essence to this object. In a sense, he gave life to an inanimate object. Warlock had enough spirit to do the same with every iota of substance in his Rittikan Four representation of Valaxano if he so chose. However, he felt a particular fondness for this object that he had not felt before.

This iron ball represented the physical matter that made up his physical body, similar to the water in Sentinel Lake, giving life. He closed his mental eyes and, holding the iron ball firmly, went further to the edge of Rittikan Four. Warlock walked contentedly toward Sentinel Lake and stopped at the side of its waters.

Finding the gold he had created from his prior visit to his lake, he reached in with his free hand and held the gold object with his left hand and the iron object with his right. He focused on the iron object, zooming into every particle until a single speck in his vision represented every part of the iron ball.

Warlock used part of the brilliant gold's energy and brought it toward the iron sphere. This brought about a very warm and comforting feeling. With the warmth, the surface changed on the iron ball. Smoothly, the gold's energy

flowed over the surface of the iron like water and penetrated more in-depth into the ball. The iron became silver.

As Warlock opened his eyes and proceeded back to Rittikan Three, he continued to grasp the gold and silver, pulling them closer to his physical world. Gold represented the day, and silver the night. Gold was the feeling of warmth, and silver the coolness of the water. Gold was the spirit and silver the strength. Gold was spiritual, and silver was physical; both an essential part of a broader realm of understanding.

His spiritual and physical senses had been separate until now, existing in two very different worlds. Now, he held both worlds and experiences within the palm of each hand. He kept them firm and closed his eyes. Moving them together slowly, he could feel the opposing forces; their attractive force drawing them near to one another and, at the same time, the weaker repellent force that had beforehand kept them separate. Energy shot back and forth from one to the other. The spiritual and physical counterparts of his existence were being blended into one another. He felt his conscience being poured into the very center of where these energies met. Gold and silver energy, covering all possibilities, were being sealed together by his own creation, by his own conscience.

Magistro, still in the physical world, saw reddish-yellow sparks shoot violently from the iron pan, knowing that something indeed magical and special was happening.

The force between the silver and gold became very strong, yet Warlock's conscience allowed these spheres to approach one another slowly. The energies slowly touched and created an explosive force contained in a precise field. The physical pan instantaneously vanished with nothing more than a sharp flash with all the power pulled back into itself within a single moment. This left nothing behind of the skillet in Qeimxzán but a sound which resembled a sledgehammer striking an anvil.

The gold and silver merged into one form as one body with colors that

crossed all hues. Its weight seemed non-existent rather like the weight of air, and it floated wherever it was placed. It was of a spiritual and physical nature, and was, in essence, everything Warlock knew.

Warlock held all his wisdom in his hand. He felt multiple existences, for his presence seemed to encompass everything, yet he did not understand it fully. Only the Amorcus tree of his destiny showed him a true wisdom the Power revealed. Just then, his focus was concentrated on a figure that took hold of his sphere. This being was the Power himself, the creator and dreamer of Valaxano.

The Power spoke, “You have proven your worth. You have surpassed your teacher in wisdom and discerning. You have been able to use both silver and gold efficiently.

“I give you a name for this creation, a creation that has everything in a finite form and will provide you with the wisdom to find your Rittikan Five. You shall refer to this invention as the **Gamma Sphere** which begins the **Gamma Gold Generation**. This Generation will believe in what you will teach, and they will form the reality. It is your creation, and thus a descendant of mine. The new generation has been spawned. Use it efficiently and appropriately for you have achieved discerning of every man and woman on Qeimxzan.

“Warlock, you have a name, yet unknown to you, that suits you and your plan for this world. Your new name envelops that which you have created, enhanced by your own true form. Your name will be spoken when all people have heard your words and have chosen your way. Now, you possess the Gamma Sphere, which gives you insight into the hidden depths of your knowledge, revealing what you do not realize. Learn to use it, for all your knowledge can be searched within its endless and simultaneously finite bounds.”

Warlock closed his eyes and focused his consciousness on the Gamma Sphere, appearing at once in Qeimxzan. He exclaimed to Magistro, “I have



The Warlock Name  
created the Gamma Sphere!”

Thomas Sweet

# 11

*Take my cloak, for you are now a teacher of the world*

One year, or three hundred thirty-six days of training; precisely twelve months of twenty-eight days each, had passed. The cold season was upon them again.

Magistro spoke, “I can no longer teach you for you have surpassed my knowledge. When the time is right, you will learn your new name. Then, you will speak it. For when your name is spoken, the choices people have made will be fixed. They will need to be at peace, as the signs that occur will be beyond the understanding of those who are not.”

Magistro continued, “Your name will be the key to the answer to your quest. It has been decreed that I will not live to hear you speak your true name. Though not always in the physical, I will remain with you. Be assured that I will always be a part of you. Warlock, your physical name will fade, and you will be left with what you have created. Carry on your training and learn more about what your conscience has to teach.”

That night, Warlock slept calmly. It was the first time in many nights that he did not remain aware of his natural Rittikan Two dream world. This meant that he would not readily remember his dream. Typically, a vision was presented to him with some underlying meaning. Without being aware, he could not tap into the higher planes that delivered these purposes. He assumed that things shown in regular sleep had no real sense, and therefore did not concern him.

His dream did not consist of power and glory, and he did not feel a higher presence. Even so, the difference did not surprise him. The laws of an unconscious slumber were nonexistent. He dreamt of his town, remembering some faces. There was talk among them. Warlock heard the end of a phrase

“...and what do you think?” directed toward him.

“I don’t know,” Warlock replied.

His friend, Xanthier spoke the words again, but this time they were said more slowly. Time changed its pace and Warlock could not make out his friend’s words.

“What’s happening?” Warlock said in shock. “I can’t understand you.”

Xanthier then spoke in an ugly, raspy, and echoing voice, “You’ll never understand me, and I’ll plague your life with the things that you fear most.” His mouth moved in a different form, not seeming to follow the words correctly.

“What do I fear?”

“I will not tell you,” Xanthier said, in the same tone, and pointed at Warlock. Warlock then suddenly appeared in blackness and was alone with his old friend. Xanthier spoke again, “Magistro will die in your Rittikan Negative One!”

Then Xanthier absorbed all the energy within Warlock’s dream world, and focused it on Warlock, forcing him out of his dream. Warlock, upon waking, jumped to his feet and examined Magistro. He knew that his deep fear was losing Magistro who had talked about an unusual departure. He also wondered about this new Rittikan.

“Magistro!” he shouted.

Magistro awoke with a start and looked upon him. “What is it, Warlock?”

“I was visited in a dream by an enemy again. I think it was the same one as before, but I am not sure. He took the form of Xanthier, my friend, and he threatened you with Rittikan Negative One. I’m afraid. I don’t know what that is.”

“Remember what you learned from the beginning and trust in the

Power. You will soon be ready to seek the Voice. This enemy of your dream knows of your Rittikan and wants to turn it against us. I believe Rezaeith may be finding his Kablu words again and is determined to stop you. Do not stop trusting in the Power who will guide you to the Voice.”

“I thought that I know all that you know. However, my actions under new situations are unforeseen. I may need you a little longer.”

“That is why I am with you until the Power decides it is time that I depart.”

“I understand. I am sorry for disturbing your sleep. I’ll see you in the morning.”

Though the sun was not yet high in the sky, the next morning they woke slightly later than usual. While they performed their standard morning routines, Magistro noticed something in the distance, like light reflecting off a lake. “Strange,” he said since it did not come from the direction of the distant lake. “Look, Warlock, do you see that?”

No sooner had Warlock begun to respond than the glare beamed across the ground toward them in an active path. A rippling, metallic figure suddenly appeared in front of Magistro. It reached out its right hand and picked him up by the neck. Energy surged through Magistro’s body, and Magistro’s body appeared translucent, fading in and out.

Warlock tried to reach for this figure, but it was as intangible as air. Then he remembered the words of his dream and knew that this form was attacking Magistro in his Rittikan Negative One. Warlock called upon his Gamma Sphere to help, but it could only bring him to Rittikan Four because of his panicked nature.

He desired to try to reach Rittikan Negative One, to stop this attacker, but he could not go lower than Rittikan One. Five seconds passed, and Warlock returned to the physical world with the knowledge that he should not bring such a mindset into any of his Rittikan worlds because emotion could have a strong and lasting influence on them.

The figure then dropped Magistro's quivering form, and as Warlock tried to reach for the figure, the attacker vanished in a wisp of blue-black smoke. A voice directed toward Warlock said, "You will not surpass me, and you will not have me, and you will die in your Rittikan Negative Two." Magistro lay on the ground, drained of strength and barely conscious. Warlock knew this was the time.

Warlock remained calm as he could, knelt beside his teacher and uttered the final words that Magistro would hear. "A humble teacher such as you will not be lost. You have given much. My life has been changed and directed by you more than anyone could have done. Relax and sleep for I have much to show you. You will see many things revealed to you, and you will enjoy what I have in store for you. Though you die physically, your spirit will never die; it can only grow by unlimited bounds. Be patient, rest in peace, and you shall have what nature takes from you."

For the first time in Warlock's life, he was able to confuse Magistro. He, in all his wisdom, could not comprehend what Warlock was saying. In those final minutes, he contemplated what was said. Images flowed peacefully through his mind, for he did not fear death. Warlock prepared for the arrival of the spirit of Magistro into his Gamma Sphere.

After these words, and only moments before Magistro died, Warlock imagined the Gamma Sphere. It pulled Warlock from Qeimxzan into Rittikan Four instantly and was an influential channel between the two worlds.

He sat in Rittikan Four, in full control of all its happenings. Here, he could tune into a man's spirit because of his heightened senses. He held the Gamma Sphere with his mind, floating slightly above his crossed legs.

Looking into the Gamma Sphere, he could see Magistro lying in Qeimxzan with his own body resting alongside. He saw Magistro open his eyes once, look at Warlock's physical body, and speak his final words. "Take my cloak, for you are now a teacher of the world. You can see your destiny is already changing. Go now, and learn your name." He then closed his eyes and

expired.

Warlock noticed something happening to the Soul Song tablet in the physical world, he had beside him. The spirit of Magistro was leaving his body and traveling toward the tablet. As Magistro's essence filled the tablet, Warlock knew of the change in the physical world. As the tablet turned from wood to silver, the very form of his destiny changed showing a permanent change he would make in the physical world.

So too was his Gamma Sphere changed, for it held his wisdom, and now held a portion of his teacher's spirit, and thus became part of Warlock's conscience. His teacher had been carried on, able to live again through the eyes of Warlock. Magistro and Warlock had become one. When Warlock's tablet had been transformed, Magistro became part of the Gamma Sphere.

Warlock came back to Qeimxzan as instantly as he left it and looked upon the body of Magistro. In response to Magistro's request, he removed Magistro's cloak and placed his own cloak, as best as he could fit it, upon Magistro.

Warlock felt sincere appreciation as he took on the garment of Magistro, and a single tear ran down his face. He felt the warmth within a cold world, and then the responsibility he had suddenly hit him. He was to affect the world far more than even Magistro had changed him. This would not be easy.

Warlock then proceeded to bury the body of his teacher. He chanted a secret prayer over Magistro even though he knew his soul was protected. His words were few and concise, but complete.

Warlock then spoke into the air, as if to advise the world. "The Gamma Gold Generation will soon arrive. I shall now advance the beliefs of the one before me. The world will know what was meant in the peace spoken of by the Power. What was spoken had been protected in secrecy; that which pertained to every man. All will finally know."

He then placed a bare tombstone into the head of the grave, closed his

eyes, and entered into Rittikan Four. He gazed into the Gamma Sphere and said, "Such days are made most notable."

These words were burned into the image that was in the Gamma Sphere, that of the tombstone. Warlock blinked again and was transported back to the physical, carrying the energy with him. Focusing the energy, he burned his words onto the tombstone.

Though he was concerned at his teacher's death, he was not upset. He would later get revenge but realized the attacker was presently too powerful for him to pursue. He knew he needed some insight to understand the nature of the encounter and discover these Negative Rittikans. A question formed in his mind, and he, in all his conscience, could not figure out the answer. How much he longed for an answer, and with some thought, he soon knew where to find it. He closed his eyes, and by way of the Gamma Sphere, appeared in Rittikan Four, with them fully open. Only the Gamma Sphere could take him directly to this Rittikan Four, without the need to first go through Rittikan Three.

The emotions that bordered his subconscious/conscious mind surrounding his teacher's death disturbed his focus. He grasped the Gamma Sphere in his hand and proclaimed, "Reveal to me the meaning of life!"

Many images flashed through his mind, yet it was answered with distinct words. This was how the Power would reveal the meaning of life.

### **The Meaning of Life**

The quality of one's life can be found in a Shape that few men understand. This Shape of truth is continually changing and is becoming known. This is the Power's intent.

To understand this Shape, one must become aware of its place within reality. This Shape is the path of life, within the bounds of the Dream of the Power, which gave birth to Valaxano.

Outside the Dream, there is an eternity, and inside the Dream, there is time and life. Life was born of time and will be carried from time into non-

existence, upon the end of the Dream.

The Shape of life seeks to guide life beyond the hold of time. The Shape, which is the path of life, can become time, and in turn can become the Dream. When the Shape of life can become this Dream, it can carry life even beyond the Dream, into the realm of eternity.

If the Shape of life cannot reach eternity beyond the Dream, it will remain confined to the hold of time, which will push it into non-existence.

Each man has his place within the Shape of life. With that, each forms his own shape, touching a piece of this Shape. With one's way, they can lay out the effects within the Shape of life.

### **Thus, the Meaning of Life is its Shape**

Warlock could feel these profound words flowing throughout his mind. He understood these words, for they refined that which he already knew and brought them into increased detail. At this level of progression he experienced, he began to decrease his number of mistakes. He had the spirit of his teacher within him, in the Gamma Sphere, which allowed him to see his own essence. His tablet guarded his destiny and the Gamma Sphere his wisdom.

He opened his eyes again and transported himself back into Qeimxzan. He looked one last time upon the grave and summed up the experience with Magistro in one nostalgic, dearly-held memory. It had been one long year of training, and now he was setting out to go back to his town. It would be a return journey of one thousand one hundred fifty miles, and four months by foot.

He began his journey and looked upon the world and what constituted most of his life. It required the unification of spirit and body to understand the world's paleness. He continued to learn, and just because he had unified spirit and life did not mean he mastered it. He had yet to learn about using the mind



as well, for only then could he bring his spiritual knowledge to Qeimxzán and not be confined to his memory.

# 12

*He made a quest to go to Sentinel Lake, within Rittikan Four, to conclude the unification of spirit, body, and mind into one distinct personality*

He walked on toward home, southward, with no more than Magistro's blue cloak, his sandals, and the silver tablet. He needed nothing more because his mind possessed all that helped him in his journey; far more than any material possession could. He decided to head back to the town that had exiled him. Now with a unique insight, he was able to go and confront his problems directly. Many thoughts went through his mind as he walked back towards his hometown. Perhaps the people would welcome him after his long voyage, or maybe they would still scorn him. Nobody was to know, for he had not yet mastered time.

With each step toward his goal, he inquired of many things within his vast body of knowledge. Indeed, it was so extensive that he could not comprehend it all simultaneously. It took time for him to merge various possibilities together, in categories of similarity, and others of potential. Realms of understanding were being formed at a rather rapid rate as Warlock made the voyage home, along a familiar trail.

He spoke many words to himself and gained a greater appreciation of what he had accomplished to date. He spent most of the voyage in his own mind for it was an opportunity for spiritual learning and merging knowledge of the physical into tighter groups. He was fed both spiritually by examining the Gamma Sphere and physically by the food that was provided by the Gamma Sphere. This food nourished him, and he had no need to look for food in the natural sense.

The moon shone brightly every night, nourishing the physical counterpart of the Gamma Sphere, and by day the sun sustained his pure gold

within the Gamma Sphere. The Gamma Sphere was reinforced continuously since it was never drained, and steadily gained in power, revealing ever more. Warlock noticed that the Gamma Sphere was absorbing the excess energy of all life that existed around it and it kept him warm on his journey home, as the cold season was still upon him.

He was becoming so powerful that the power seeped from his mind's realm. It could be seen as leaves of trees seemed to twitch when he passed. Sometimes, he needed to focus, for the physical world could be altered into the thoughts he possessed. He made a quest to go to Sentinel Lake, within Rittikan Four, to conclude the unification of spirit, body, and mind into one distinct personality. He was tired and frustrated by his inability to perceive both Rittikan and Qeimxzan at once since the death of his teacher.

Warlock found a suitable place to rest, after traveling for one week, and eighty miles. He now stood one thousand seventy miles from home. He closed his mind to outside distractions and entered Rittikan Four with the Gamma Sphere. Sentinel Lake was in full view, reflecting the spiritual light from the sun, casting many reflections upon the outer extents of his world. The many trees, stumps, and rocks that surrounded this vast body of water-cast shadows. He walked to the lakeshore while holding his radiant Gamma Sphere, which lit up Rittikan Four, complementary to the sun.

In Rittikan Four, Sentinel Lake took in the light emitted by the Gamma Sphere in every color and intensity. The lake changed from clear and took on a bluish hue. The sandy bottom disappeared from view as the lake became more opaque. Warlock moved the Gamma Sphere near the water, and much activity began stirring within its waters. The lake became so absorbent that it started pulling energy from the Gamma Sphere, which had an unlimited amount to give.

Warlock bent down and touched the Gamma Sphere to the surface of Sentinel Lake and released it to float on the water's surface. He was still in complete control and allowed the Gamma Sphere to move to the center of the

lake. The light started pulsing from the Gamma Sphere, and the lake began flashing and fading into different colors. From blue, it rushed to red, then black, back to blue and finally turned white. The change happened very quickly, and the water actually moved toward the Gamma Sphere pulling itself over its surface in a smooth cylindrical shape.

The column of water moved upward as the Gamma Sphere levitated. The water surrounded the Gamma Sphere and then shrank in size compressing the sphere and became harder and denser. The pool, which gave life to his dream, was becoming a part of Warlock's wisdom as it intensified the energy within the Gamma Sphere.

He continued to watch as the water formed a half-inch thick layer on the Gamma Sphere's surface and became much harder and more indestructible than diamond. The Gamma Sphere began to move toward him, and he could see on its surface a flash of the life forms of Qeimxzan. The Gamma Sphere finally came to rest in Warlock's hand with only a paper-thin shell of dense water which continued to intensely change colors.

Now, understanding life in a more profound detail, Warlock understood how to bring power from this high level of Rittikan Four, back to the physical, without requiring the effort he had beforehand shown. In this, his focus was finer, and less effort was required to bring what he desired back to Qeimxzan to have an effect.

Warlock returned to Qeimxzan, carrying with him the proof of his accomplishment. He brought the Gamma Sphere with him everywhere. The Gamma Sphere was not with him in physical form, for in a material world it was spiritual, and in a spiritual world, it could be physical and/or mental.

When Warlock returned his attention to the physical world, he felt a buzzing in his mind left from his recent visit to Rittikan Four. He took a few moments to gather his thoughts on what had happened, reaching for the physical strength to walk. This required some slight effort, yet he continued on his way. As his focus sharpened, and the buzzing in his mind faded, he looked

around the daylight world, seeing it more vividly than he had before as if seeing with more than just his eyes. He noticed that everything, like the colors on the leaves in the forest, were sharper.

Then, in the distance, he saw something that did not appear quite right. Blinking a few times to make sure he saw reality, he looked again. Pieces of the natural world began looking translucent, and then transparent, phasing out and in. The trees appeared hollow. He became more concerned when the phenomenon started approaching him.

“What is happening? The world, it’s disappearing, and yet reappearing.”

As he spoke, he realized a new phenomenon. Not only did nature appear to phase in and out, but he also distinctly saw it decay. Trees looked like they were melting.

“This is not right. I do not understand.”

As the decay and phasing came closer, Warlock feared it would cover him, and he crouched down, covering his head. “Please, Power, what is happening?”

A soft, warm wind blew past Warlock, easing his tension. After a few moments of cowering, he looked again. Everything had been restored.

Warlock blinked again, but upon opening his eyes, he was not in Qeimxzan, but Rittikan Four. This had been the only time the Power pulled Warlock into any Rittikan.

“Warlock, your senses are quite keen, as you now realize. With your eyes, you have seen the world in its truth. No other has ever known what you have understood, and yet you must be quick on your journey.”

“Why is the world changing?”

“My hold on Valaxano loosens as my Dream will soon end. Like a mortal man awakes from his dream, I will soon awaken from mine. I gave you the time in your journey, and you have done well with this. The world has little

time until I awaken, for I cannot control that outside my Dream that will cause me to awaken. There will be death as well as the birth of the Dream. After the death of the Dream, I will then enter oblivion.”

“But are not you and I forever?”

“Yes, it can be that way, but you must be quick on your journey. You will learn as you travel, what you are prepared at that time to know. The answers to your quest will arrive. In this, you must continue to believe.”

“What else will happen as the Dream continues to die?”

“The Wish will be fulfilled.”

“Is this the Wish of the amulet-holder, the man who no longer exists?”

“He no longer exists in your reality, but only in the recesses of time. So too the amulet exists within its own recesses of time. The two do not know the existence of the other, but the Wish must be fulfilled, then man and amulet will reunite.”

“His Wish was that of having greater power than even you. How can this happen?”

“As I begin to awaken from my Dream, my hold on Valaxano will weaken. There will be the point where the influence of the amulet will equal my own; then the Wish will commence, and the amulet will begin searching for the wishmaker.”

Warlock questioned, remembering what Magistro had said. “What relevance does this have to me, since Magistro mentioned the Wish would have relevance?”

“You will find in time as you travel what you are prepared at that time to know.”

“But of the wishmaker, will he not have little time before the Dream dies?”

“He will have all the time he would need, as he would become the New Power.”

“That would be very bad I should think.”

“Yes, it would be a tragedy. The wishmaker does not understand all the laws of nature needed to support this world and chaos will break loose, and Valaxano will become formless. That is the fate of the world that does not follow you. It will be for you as well if you do not hurry. He will keep the Dream alive, but only briefly, and it will not be mine. My Dream will die.”

“I don’t want to lose you. I don’t want to die.”

“Focus on your journey and quest to find your name, and you will do well. Remember these words and find confidence in yourself, and you will succeed.”

The Power then left Warlock alone to ponder what he was taught. This knowledge weighed heavy on his mind, as the overwhelming responsibility of peace before destruction was upon him. Now, he began to understand his purpose within the world, as he stood, one thousand seventy miles from home.

# 13

*Wisdom comes like the wind, and you must know how to grasp it with  
the fine net of understanding*

After traveling one more week and sixty-five more miles, he came upon the deadly mountain range of his past, remembering his fallen horse. He rested the night in the cave before setting out to conquer the five-mile-wide mountain. His Gamma Sphere, much like a warm spiritual fire, gave him comfort.

In the morning, he prepared for the journey and noted that the snow was as hard as it had been before, yet he carried the Gamma Sphere now, and the snow melted as he walked. The resulting water did not touch him but flowed away from him keeping him dry.

Approaching five thousand feet of this ten-thousand-foot mountain, its top became transparent, and decayed, yet he kept walking, unafraid. The decay was not physical, and he focused his mind to better see what was tangible. He walked over the transparent rocks, the melting snow sloshing under his leather sandals.

As he descended, the world was restored. He passed the cave of his refuge from death, recalling the pain-stricken cry of the horse as echoes filled the cave in his mind's eye. Turning his attention back to his goal of bringing peace, he continued his descent. At the mountain base, he stood one thousand miles and three and a half months from home.

After walking one and one half more months, and four hundred twenty-five miles, he was now precisely halfway to home. The weather had since warmed to a comfortable, cool breeze.

Warlock looked at the dawning moon and spoke, "So long you have shined with a sharp brilliance of silver. You have marked the world with a light like no other. Sing a song for me. Let me know what lies beyond this



place.”

The moon, in its timely masquerade, enlightened any that intensely concentrated upon its features. How many more people other than he had really and truly understood what the light that emanated from its surface meant? Surely, Warlock expected something in a physical sense, yet he realized that the spiritual realm was far more powerful.

As Warlock gazed upon the moon’s surface, he became increasingly aware of himself and his surroundings. He felt woven into the very fabric of nature. He soon realized that it was not quite the right time for the moon to tell its story. He spoke to himself about the moon, knowing it was not the time to learn from it.

“At night is when I dream. The light of the moon touches the surface of all things. Thus the words of the moon will do well through me to touch the hearts of Qeimxzan. As its light is much finer and smoother than rain, I must understand the rain first. Indeed, rain fills up my Sentinel Lake, but I must know this physical form. This will come when I understand day so I may see these drops of rain. When I have come to understand the rain, then the words of the moon will shine.”

As he watched the moon, various visions permeated his sight, and he could sense more than what usually would have come from a stable and seemingly unending phenomenon such as the moon. Its silvery appearance resembled the silvery glow that emanated from the waters of Sentinel Lake and the Gamma Sphere that gave him power by wisdom. Thoughts came into his mind that he knew could only be understood if he were to return to his spiritual world of Rittikan Four.

His hunger began to grow, and he willed that it would disappear from him, yet it continued on its gradual climb. He did not feel it was time to satisfy himself, for he wanted to go beyond a simple craving. He knew that the feeling would grow until it almost asphyxiated him, yet he willed himself, even more, to focus on the moon.

In hunger, his concentration was tested at a new level. He needed to learn how to focus with this oppressive distraction on his mind. He had learned to concentrate and reflect almost entirely, yet no disturbance of this magnitude had presented itself since his studies began.

Warlock then closed his eyes, yet had trouble transporting himself to Rittikan Four. After struggling for several minutes he finally clearly focused on what was in his mind, what he wanted and needed. He learned to remove the distraction of hunger. If he learned his lesson and went to Rittikan before he grew hungry it wouldn't have been so difficult.

His first vision upon entering Rittikan Four was of an ordinary sphere. It was not of the same quality as his powerful Sphere, but instead, this one was a light blue-green color.

Warlock spoke, "I do not feel that hunger which was strong a moment ago, and yet I know it still exists. Seemingly, I can turn these cravings and feelings on or off, and change their intensities. I don't want to become one who is powerful for pleasure, but I have still much to learn about what emotions really mean."

As he spoke, the new sphere began to change colors, morphing into a much darker shade of bluish-green. Strange shapes started forming in the same swirl of color. Irregular shapes took the form of the green colors while the blue hues laid themselves over the green shapes, still forged onto the surface of this sphere. At last, they began to slow their process of formation, and he could see what was so unique but had only a faint understanding of what it all meant.

Warlock spoke again, "To this ball, I give the name Globe for it glows with a radiance I have never witnessed before, and resembles the colors and shapes of the world of Qeimxzan. Yes, this glowing Globe shall become more familiar to me as I learn to use it and explore its meaning."

He closed his eyes and moved himself to the very edge of Rittikan Four, as far as he could presently go. His focus on the Globe gave him control over it in his mind. He moved the Globe toward his left hand where it floated

just above his palm. He then shouted, “I am Warlock. I call on the Gamma Sphere!”

Abruptly, a golden glow emanated from his forehead, with the brilliance of ten thousand candles, as the Gamma Sphere emerged and grew. The color of the Globe changed into the infinite shades of the Gamma Sphere, all swirled into a pattern of seemingly endless randomness. The Gamma Sphere floated out of his mind showing itself as the entirety of his wisdom and knowledge, which still contained the discernment of his teacher. He stood, holding the Globe above his left hand and the Gamma Sphere above his right.

In Rittikan Four, he sat by Sentinel Lake, with beautiful trees in the distance as well as the animals and mountain. His eyes were fully open in that world.

Warlock called out, “Teach me about the significance of the Globe I now possess.”

A presence formed from some of the waters of Sentinel Lake and approached Warlock. It was the Power.

Warlock spoke, “Power, tell me what this Globe can yield and its potential so that I may use it for necessary tasks and adopt its full power.”

The Power responded, “In your mind, you see many things, and this Globe represents one of your unified thoughts. It represents your familiar world and is natural to you. It is a world in your hands, and yet you must understand many more aspects of this orb before you can utilize its full power.

“This Globe was found when you sacrificed your feeling, your hunger. This was born, in the perseverance through the pain. Your hunger back in Qeimxzan did not fully distract you, thus allowing you space to see another part of reality. You named the Globe correctly, as it is, in fact, Qeimxzan, a reflection of the reality of every event, at every place for every time. The only difference is that time flows from the Globe to Qeimxzan, not the other way. You hold the cause, and Qeimxzan is the effect.”

“It is quite intriguing. I wish I knew and trusted myself enough to not hold back any power that’s necessary,” said Warlock.

“You shall not hold back, and you will learn to trust. Your trust has exceeded that of many men, for the knowledge you hold in the Gamma Sphere has served you well. There still remains your name, the key which you must gain as I told you while you were training with Magistro. While you can control many events from Rittikan Four, you shall not be able to from Qeimxzan unless you can find your name.”

“Why don’t I know my name now?”

“You do not have the understanding to realize it. You will discover this name for yourself. Now, study the Globe, for you are just beginning, and it will take time until you are ready to withstand the trials that block you from realizing this name. Your powers are still limited and not until you can fully use the powers of these two, the Gamma Sphere and the Globe, without a sacrifice such as focusing around an obstacle, will you be able to learn your name. You need experience. Tap into the knowledge bank of the Gamma Sphere and project this into the Globe, at a point near where your physical body sleeps, and you shall see the marvel of this creation arise.”

The Power departed as quickly as it had arrived. The Power knew no more than Warlock given that it was a part of Warlock, except with a greater insight into his existence. As a part of Warlock, the Power could guide him through the tasks that were necessary.

Warlock then focused on the Gamma Sphere and spoke within his mind. “Gamma Sphere, use this Globe. Enlighten me with this knowledge and teach me where to find it.”

The Gamma Sphere rotated ninety degrees across all three planes of space until the southern hemisphere pointed toward him. The Globe turned as well until a point within Xjadero faced him. A flash of light came from a location on the Gamma Sphere, and Warlock’s forehead glowed warmly with the reception of the incoming knowledge. Warlock looked at the Globe as it

started growing larger. It increased in size at an incredible rate, and he felt the sensation of falling.

Then the Gamma Sphere began rippling like the water of many brilliant colors. The rippling started to move faster in front of him, and the Gamma Sphere too grew larger. Warlock did not understand what was happening, yet he was not afraid. He could not let himself succumb to fear. Then the Rittikan Four Gamma Sphere became twice as large as Warlock himself and surrounded the Globe. Immediately, the Globe and Gamma Sphere stopped growing and moving. Warlock fell into the watery pool of the Gamma Sphere. Upon returning to Qeimxzan, he was drenched, having splashed in a stream. This did not last too long, as his warmth from the Gamma Sphere dried him as he stood up, and began to walk.

It was a morning after traveling two months. He saw a village with half a dozen children playing on its gravel paths.

“Strange,” he commented. He did not remember this town on his path toward Magistro.

The children were dancing around one another and playing games that he remembered from his own childhood. A little girl of no more than seven years of age spotted Warlock, who was now himself thirteen and giggled.

The little girl smiled and ran to Warlock. Standing about three feet from him, she whispered, “Come here, I have a secret to whisper to you.”

As Warlock bent his ear toward the young girl, she jumped toward him, touched him on his left ear and shouted, “Tag! You’re it! Now hide and seek!”

She laughed with youthful vibrancy as she turned and ran back to the rest of the children, who, in turn, ran as one big mob to hide amongst the stonewalled houses.

Having been deprived of the presence of children for nearly one and a half years proved to him how much he had grown.

“This is quite different,” said Warlock. “I’m not used to this type of play. Very well, if it’s a show they want, I shall give them one!”

Warlock closed his eyes and entered Rittikan Four instantly. He again held the Globe in his left hand and the Gamma Sphere in his right.

He spoke, “Gamma Sphere, give me the knowledge I seek; the location of those who choose to play with me. Since I have the advantage, let me now use these new rules as a means to show them the truth.”

Warlock shifted his attention to the Globe, while his focus remains on the exact spot where he physically stood. While calling on the knowledge from the Gamma Sphere, he retained his attention upon his place within the Globe’s image of Qeimxzan. The spot on the Globe began to glow, a sharp spot, tiny, and yet bright enough to see clearly.

Then Warlock spoke, “Show me their location and give a treat with which to surprise each of them.”

His face glowed a soft orange, and the Gamma Sphere grew momentarily dark. Then, a bright beam of reddish light shot from the Gamma Sphere to the Globe onto the very spot where he stood.

“Give them something good for a treat. Now let’s see, what type of treat is best for these children? Ah, something sweet and tasty to satisfy their bellies.”

The children, hidden behind a distant house, tried to remain quiet while they watched Warlock from around the corner of the building. They kept giggling as they saw him standing still with his eyes closed. One young boy of about seven years of age said, “Maybe he’s just thinking about where to look for us. Or maybe he’s dead.”

The voice of another boy: “No, then he wouldn’t be standing up.” The girl then spoke, “If he’s dead, it’s your fault!”

Another boy spoke, “You’re the one who wanted to make him chase us. You don’t even know where he came from.”

The girl spoke, "I do too know. He has been living in the woods for the longest time now. And, he's one of those people, um, who lives by themselves. Oh, what is that word: vernt, semrit, bermit..."

The children emphasized, "Hermit!"

The young girl replied, "All right then, can you tell me where he's from?"

The first young boy spoke. "I don't know where he's been, but I do know where he's going; right for us. Hush, he's coming this way."

Warlock approached them confidently along what seemed the shortest possible path. The children dashed from their hiding place and ran behind some nearby blackberry bushes. One young boy whispered, "We shall win this game!"

Warlock turned on his path toward their new hiding place.

"Quick, he's coming this way." They scurried away toward a barn.

Warlock smiled and called out, "Don't try to hide in the barn. In fact, don't try to hide anywhere."

The children didn't listen, and they ran giggling to the barn. The doors were shut, and a note was attached to the handle.

"Quick, get inside," whispered one of the other girls, as one of the boys grabbed the note.

Once inside they sat on a row of hay bales, and the oldest of the children began to read the note. Just as Warlock opened the doors to the barn, the young boy read the words on the paper, *Don't hide in the barn!*

"Now, Jabun," spoke Warlock, "you're very confident, but yet no victor. And Lasiella, hermit is the word, yet not what I am. And here, I brought these for all of you." He began to hand out pieces of candy.

The young girl spoke, "So who are you?"

Warlock said, "I am Warlock."

"I mean what is your name?"

“You can call me that, Warlock.”

A voice immediately boomed out in the distance, “Lasiella, it’s lunchtime. Come and wash up!”

Lasiella then said to Warlock. “Come and see my family!”

The other children immediately began bickering amongst themselves saying, “No, he’s coming to see my family!”

Warlock intervened, “Wait! Do not argue, for I must visit Lasiella’s parents tonight because there will be something there I must learn. Tomorrow, I will be on my way.”

Lasiella’s father called out again, “Come along Lasiella, we’re waiting for you.”

Lasiella grabbed Warlock’s hand and started skipping toward home.

The other children grudgingly went to their own homes.

Warlock said to her, “Be glad that you have a family. Though I know the nature of many people and have much knowledge, I desire that which you have. The only friend I have is lost.”

Lasiella reached her house and opened the door and brought Warlock inside.

Her parents saw Warlock, and her mom said, “Who is this boy?”

“Mom, he’s a warlock,” replied the young girl.

Her father, Paul, piped up accusingly, “A witch! I advise against performing your witchcraft here.”

Upon looking at Warlock for a few moments, the father did not see anything unusual with him. Becoming calm, the father continued, in a more friendly tone, “However, you look as though you have traveled a long way, and you must be tired, young traveler. Come in and join us for supper, won’t you?”

“Yes, thank you! I’d appreciate something to eat.”

“Very well, wash up, and then we’ll start. I hope you don’t mind



meager scraps. We are not a rich family.”

“Not at all. I appreciate anything that you can spare,” smiled Warlock appreciatively.

Warlock ate and calmed his aching stomach. He could see within the very eyes of Paul that he was a caring man who loved his family much. The town knew of Paul’s generosity as he always gave to strangers in need. Paul was a clean-cut, handsome man with a kind demeanor and many put their trust in him.

After the meal, Warlock questioned Paul. “I do not remember ever coming through this town on my way from Nosessica to beyond the mountains. Now that I return, it is here.”

“You certainly are lost, young warlock. We are not north, but east of Nosessica, which lies nearly two hundred miles away. This is the town of Nurana.”

Then Warlock began to understand, the Globe had brought him nearly six hundred miles, to the east of Nosessica. This new path saved him three hundred fifty miles, and thirty-five days of extra travel. He realized that he had no control yet of where the Globe and Gamma Sphere could take him.

Warlock commented, “Well, I won’t have to cross that river then.”

Paul replied, “If you are headed back to Nosessica, you certainly will, for the river winds, and travels across the land. The river is twenty miles from here.”

Paul was intrigued with Warlock, and at the same time concerned with his calling himself by that name. He took the plates from the table and spoke to Warlock, “You are quite young to be a warlock. Why are you so far from home?”

Warlock responded, “In a world where time has no meaning, age is of no significance. The world where you spend most of your time is your home. Others must understand that concept so that things in this world may change.

Wisdom comes like the wind, and you must know how to grasp it with the fine net of understanding.”

Paul said, intrigued, “Interesting remarks. You seem to know a lot about this wisdom.”

Paul then whispered to his wife, Ruth, “Maybe he has some hidden ability like a soothsayer or prophet, being able to speak in such a way. Do you think we could learn from him?”

Ruth replied secretly to Paul, “I’m sure we can. If you think he has something to offer us, then let him stay. He is obviously a long way from home.”

Paul then said to Warlock, “You can stay for as long as you like. Do you have any interesting stories that you can share with us?”

“Thank you for the offer which I gladly accept. In answer to your inquiry, I know many things; yet you also can find these things, so nothing is really novel for you to hear.”

“How do I find these things?” asked Paul.

“Whatever comes your way, trust in what is revealed to you at that moment.”

Immediately, there was a knocking at the door. Ruth answered the door to an expectant Jabun and Niklas. In unison, they proposed, “Can we spend the night with your new guest? He was fun today in our games.”

“Oh was he?” said Ruth in a jovial manner looking to Paul for an answer. Paul swiftly agreed and motioned the children in. The children launched their series of seemingly unending questions toward Warlock, and he did his best to answer them.

Not long after Jabun and Niklas arrived, Paul and Ruth felt comfortable with their new guest. However, they both felt the tiredness of a long day upon their shoulders.

Paul spoke, “Jabun and Niklas, be kind to our guest tonight.

Lasiella, if he needs anything, make sure he is taken care of.”

The children agreed, and Lasiella’s parents made for bed wanting to rise early before Warlock continued his journey.

Warlock commented, “I’d like something to drink if you don’t mind.”

Lasiella motioned Niklas who went to the pantry, removed a jar of grape juice, and gave a glass to Warlock. Niklas responded, “My apologies, but it is a bit warm. That’s the way it always is unless you are willing to wait for winter to return. It is spring now, and everything is warm with no ice to cool it, and only the rivers contain cool water.”

Warlock responded, “That’s fine, I’ll cool it myself.”

“How are you going to do that?” asked Jabun in excited uncertainty. “Watch, and you will see.”

Warlock closed his eyes. He entered Rittikan Four and pulled up the Gamma Sphere and Globe. The Globe again illuminated a bright spot where he now sat.

“Give me a knowing of the basic substance presented in this glass, the very essence of its creation, and the knowledge to cool it.”

The Gamma Sphere then glowed as a line swept across its surface from left to right and connected at the top and bottom.

The Power’s voice boomed in his Rittikan Four, “You are beginning to understand the importance of time. Time is a creator in itself. Time has a direct bearing on the flow of events. As time is slowed down in this glass for you, coolness will become more defined. Believe, and watch a marvel unfold!”

Just then, Warlock was back in his place in Qeimxzan. Events were beginning to happen at such a fast rate that he did not have time to see the spark of energy surge toward the Globe. Things were happening now merely with Warlock willing them to happen without him concentrating as much on how to do it. The glass was far too cold, and the juice had become slushy.

“Wow!” Jabun and Niklas said in unison. Lasiella watched intrigued,

silent.

Niklas said, "Can you teach me how to do that?"

"I'm not even sure how I did it myself," said Warlock. "I just willed it to happen. Knowledge of this process is scarce, and yet even you or anyone else has it within them. It has taken me two years, no less, to even begin to understand. I still know nothing compared to what I will learn as time moves on. However, even you can teach me. I learn from everyone that I meet, as each person has something inside them unknown to me."

Jabun replied, "What can I teach you?"

"You have an innocent heart, blameless, for you're a young child, and though it sounds insignificant, it means very much. This is the heart I desire: A heart that is taught without judgment and can be influenced by a willingness to learn that which I see as insignificant. Your mind is in a state where you can gain a wealth of knowledge though you know not how to obtain it. If I had the heart of one of you, I'd be able to do whatever I wish."

"What is it you wish to do?"

"I desire to complete my quest and to bring peace to everyone. An inquisitive child you are and that deserves special recognition. Here, I'll show you a sample of what I speak, an insight into my life, my knowledge. You may tell others, for all need to know. I want everyone to have a chance."

"A chance for what?" the children said.

"A chance to be part of a New World," Warlock answered. "Close your eyes," Warlock continued.

The children obeyed.

"Envision a ball of glowing red with a fire surrounding it. The power is presented for you to grasp and when you understand what the meaning implies, you shall be able to grasp even more."

The children imagined the red ball just as Warlock described.

"Now grasp the ball and make it your own likeness. This ball, which

floats in black darkness and gives you a light by which to see, represents all that you are. Even though it is fiery red, it emits white light, bright enough to see, and calm enough to be comfortable.”

Warlock closed his eyes and traveled into Rittikan Four. He then brought the Gamma Sphere, Globe, and red ball into his mind. He spoke through the Gamma Sphere, into the Globe, and upon Qeimxzan, so the children still heard him.

“Stare deeply at its surface and words of insight will begin to appear. Your hearts have revealed these words to you, and you shall see deeper things than I did at your age.”

Then, alone in Rittikan Four, he spoke. “Give them an insight into their own lives, who they are, and what their purpose is to be. To use their hearts to inspire others, let them remain innocent throughout their entire lives.”

Warlock let go of the Gamma Sphere and Globe and grasped the dimly lit red ball in his mind.

The children then spoke, “The ball is dim. We don’t see it as bright as it was.”

Warlock responded, “You shall see much more than that. Look! The ball grows brighter as I speak!”

The ball in his mind began to grow brighter and revealed more features. Warlock spoke to them again, “This ball represents a heart, the innocence of childhood, and you shall treasure it always. It also represents courage. You don’t fear the stranger you don’t know, and you dare to enter the realms you haven’t seen before without fear. Courage and a pure life can now be seen before your eyes. Look at the order of it and how it glows in its pattern that represents each of you.”

It was surprising that the children knew and understood what he was saying to them. Perhaps the knowing was deeply embedded within each of them, merely waiting to be released. Maybe it was the sheer magic that was

shown to them that no one had ever seen, including Warlock. This event marked another of the many firsts in his life. He was learning as well and felt the gratefulness that came about from the inquiring minds of these young children.

Warlock looked at his ruby-colored ball and saw the words written upon its surface, “Save innocent blood for creation that comes out of innocence.”

Jabun spoke, “My ball says: A growing age will ensure certain success. What does that mean?”

Niklas spoke, “Mine says: Trust your youth to spring up new ideas.”

Lasiella spoke, “The woman grows strong, faith will endure. That’s what mine says.”

Warlock returned to the physical house in Nurana and spoke, “Jabun, you’ll grow very wise as you grow older. You must not stop learning! And Niklas, you must keep your honest view of life. Don’t get involved in what you know is wrong. Keep your mind clear of all bad things, and you’ll multiply your efforts enormously. Lasiella, trust in what you can learn, for though people will see you differently as a woman, you will be a great example in your life that those who work hard can achieve their dreams.”

Warlock knew this new red ball he discovered would help in the way of innocence, just as it was found by way of the children’s insight. He gave the name Red Child to this red ball, because of this purity that could be shared with another.

They all opened their eyes and continued to face Warlock. He spoke, “I shall now be off to bed for I have shown you all you need to know, for now!” He finished his glass of grape juice that had warmed to an acceptable temperature. He continued, “I’ll bid you farewell in the morning before I continue on my journey, but you must remember what I have said to you, and never be tempted to do wrong.”

Jabun looked intently at Warlock while Niklas continued his

questions, “Will we see you again?”

“Yes, you will see me again when you are called. I will call the world to make a new decision. Many legends will come about because of me, and you must listen to them all. In your hearts, you’ll know the truth about what to believe and what to not believe. I must now sleep for you have exhausted me,” he concluded with a chuckle.

The three children went to their own resting places as Warlock lay on the cot they prepared for him. It was very comfortable for one who had slept on nothing but the solid ground for a very long time.

The moon’s light showered the ground with its emotionally cooling effect. It touched all, missing nothing except the dark caves and crevices that hid from its presence. Warlock wanted to be a part of that light, to learn even more from it. As it now rained peacefully outside, Warlock could hear the chant begin softly in his ear. The rain itself seemed to amplify the words and how he longed to clearly understand and remember what was said.

In his mind, he pondered the rain and the moon. He knew the moon had existed long before the shower had formed, and the moon shone over more than what rain could reach. He felt in his mind, in his beliefs that he was not ready to hear what the moon had to tell him. He knew the words of the rain would bring comfort and understanding, to prepare him for what the moon might tell. He spoke in his mind, “*Teach me first of the rain, so I shall understand the words of the moon!*”

In his world, Rittikan Four, with sun shining and clouds dotting the sky, he remembered the rains of the world and incorporated it into his world. At first, it was both sunny and rainy in Rittikan Four, yet the world grew darker as the words came to life.

Then, the words of the rain came to him vividly, and he remembered what was spoken. They were probably not what he expected, as they spoke of another being he would receive:

Never-ending raindrops on your furry head

Make you wonder why it's cold

A breeze throughout a dense foggy night

Warmth you feel, but only in your heart

The wind combs your fur making you think

You fear the freezing rain and storm

The musky scent is drowned out wet

The soaked fox remaining sad.

Is he not alone, does he have support?

Of course, his needs are met aloud

“But not tonight,” he says to himself.

His memories are seldom seen

Perhaps this explains his depression.

If there was one to be loved

Can he safely say it was he?

“Continue,” the fox says, “do not leave me like this.”

His words are heard and make me care.

Be brave and strong, you'll get through the night

Just as everyone has, a matter of fact.

Do you love the sun, to give you warmth?

And take away the freezing rain.

“I do,” the fox says, “Get me through the night.”

So on I go, giving courage to him

And at last his depression has gone

Do what you must to survive

An endless role of life

See, I care; we are finally friends at last,



And we have grown a truthful fruit.  
It is safe to come out and see the world  
Open your heart to spread  
A joyful warmth and love.  
I have talked long enough to you  
Please speak and spread your words of wisdom.

“How content I am, at peace and rest  
At ease from the breaking stress.  
Warmth I can feel is all around  
No rain anymore, to spoil the fun  
And a mist so refreshing still hangs  
I am Fox, and I know the truth  
Are you a fox too?  
You resemble one.”  
“I am, but only part of me still is.  
I lost a part long ago.  
But still, I aim to help you.  
And you have made it through the stormy night.”

Then the sun slowly rose over a mountain,  
And the warmth filled our empty hearts.  
The dew-rich ground was a perfect bed,  
And I slept in the light of the sun  
And the last glimpse from my friend  
Was a flash of warmth from his eyes  
We have both made it through the stormy night.

This sounded quite amazing to Warlock who lay half asleep. Still, with

Warlock's current wisdom he could not decipher what was being told to him. He would one day understand all the parables that always confused his intricate mind.

Times were merging into one and water had formed in the misty air that touched the enduring nature of this particular fox. This air penetrated the Rittikan Four sky toward where Warlock stood. Patience and a great deal of calmness flowed around, showering him with a great gift that could only be within his own mind, for never had Warlock known such an uplifting feeling as this. He knew the outcome of his life, and the presence of Qeimxzan's storm would bring the peace.

He analyzed every word of every line that was spoken to him or rather sung with a dominant theme. Warlock said the words in his mind and they came to life bringing about a new understanding. Now, he was able to analyze a great deal about his own life, in that he felt confident to overcome any storms or wars that could rage in people's minds.

Warlock spoke in the now sunny Rittikan Four, "The truth which I seek is becoming clearer now. I shall seek every meaning, hidden and visible, that show that this fox has overcome. I will need to find this fox, as this hope has become real, and shall remain so, for no one can stop me from this purpose. Just as the sun gives its strength to warm the drops after the storm, the truth shall evoke the power that can be witnessed and obtained when all are considered as one great entity. This shows peace after the storm."

Warlock, having spoken, was now content with his creation from which he could now work. He had to bring the peace that would reveal his most authentic self; a self that was giving. He continued to dream, currently in Rittikan Two. He listened to the rain and enjoyed his creation for the remainder of the night before waking from a needed rest. When he did arise and was ready to depart, he found Paul had already awoken.

"When will we see you again?" said Paul.

Warlock spoke, "When you are called, you will see me again. Then,

you will come to me.”

Warlock then would not come for him, for he knew those who sought him must travel in search of him, as he had to Magistro.

Paul questioned, “What will make me come to you?”

“All I can say is that you must listen to your heart. In time it will say new things to you and bring a yearning for new and different ideas in your life. You shall know new truths and your most benevolent goals will be reached.”

Paul bade him goodbye and Warlock continued his journey. Paul held a solid confidence that he would be called and he would heed what was revealed within himself.

# 14

*Nosessica is changing, as Hananni said, but to what extent, only you  
can discover*

The river of his distant past reappeared and being many miles from where he was before on this river, there was another cave. Yet now he was east of Nosessica, instead of north. The scent of no animal existed here. Warlock camped that night to renew his strength to challenge the river waters. The water was warmer than it was in his memory and it still flowed strong. He sat in the cave beside a new fire, which was born in almost the same method he had cooled the juice at Paul's home, yet in the opposite way, by speeding up the time within the wood. He looked through the fire's flames into the rippling surge of the river, shuddering at his past experience of being swept downstream.

At that moment he remembered the pains of home. "*How many times,*" he thought, "*must I bring those thoughts of home back into my mind?*" He would become more focused on his goal with every step toward his destiny. He sang complex songs to himself that clarified his nature.

Warlock remembered the times when life was more comfortable. He pondered about why his place in life was so and started to draw any conclusions. His words, to form the most appropriate literature, were not to be shaken for the Gamma Sphere enforced the stability of truth the words presented. How could one possess such knowledge? It must be given to him through his greater insight. Warlock was always careful to remember it was the Power who revealed the powerful poems and songs to him, which would in time prove to others the necessity of consequence.

Many people in the past had tried unsuccessfully to justify themselves through many trials, errors, and ingenious designs, yet Warlock was able to explain himself with not a second thought. Trust could be placed in one who

had such powerful visions. He wouldn't hesitate in sharing this wisdom, for a greater understanding of that which created everyone could be realized. It is that which continued to live through the lives of every man, woman, and child, upon Qeimxzan.

Warlock exclaimed, "Of the knowledge granted me, upon what must I concentrate? This mass of opinions has left me with many choices, which have similar consequences. I must continue on, toward that town, as I grow more secure with my ability to withstand the persecution that may confront me."

Of all emotions, it seemed that anger still played a role, and though small, it could cause harm. He needed the patience to appeal to those who would not want to be dealt with. He always assumed people could not change unless forced to change. Sometimes this was right, but did that make destruction just? By no means, yet he could not envision when such action would be necessary.

It was morning as Warlock arose in his cave by the river. The dead fire still smoldered. He turned his attention to the flowing stream. If he was to cross successfully, he knew he needed some guidance. Instead of asking the Power for help, he felt a responsibility to tackle this situation himself. Looking within himself, he turned to the support that always stood within Rittikan Four.

Within his spiritual world Rittikan Four, he called forth a representation of the river near where he stood. It flowed much the same as in Xjadero, yet each drop of water was more detailed, and Warlock saw the separation of each one. They became distinct as his mind began to comprehend the vastness of his task.

"If I am to cross," he spoke within Rittikan Four, "I must be creative and work from past experience."

He turned his attention to more delicate details and brought what he saw to deeper parts of Rittikan Four, in ever-increasing clarity. Focusing on a two-foot wide, straight line that crossed the river, he called forth his essence, that of the Gamma Sphere, to aid him, and the silver tablet to secure the

completion of his destiny. If his fate was to bring peace, the river here must not stop him.

He continued in his Rittikan Four, “This river must be shown in a new form and on its surface a line. A new path will form for me to cross which will quickly break apart after I have arrived safely on the other bank.”

Holding the Gamma Sphere in front of him, he called upon its power, focusing his energy through its form, and onto the very particles that flowed in the river. The process began slowly and began to increase in pace. In Rittikan Four the creation formed each new particle that followed the last into a sheet of silver.

Warlock moved through the lower dream worlds and returned to Xjadero, bringing forth the energy of transformation. The events of his dream worlds could be seen unfolding as a thin sheet of silver formed, crossing the river like ice. It thickened steadily, creating a bridge.

Warlock crossed quickly, peering behind once, to see a reflection of the extinguished fire from the cave on the silvery bridge. As his feet touched the riverbank, a faint metallic tinkling could be heard as the currents of the water ripped apart the new creation. It had succumbed as prescribed. He was now one hundred sixty-five miles, and two weeks from home, after traveling for two months.

Warlock continued west toward Nosessica. The sun was on the verge of rising, and the air was misty and fragrant. It was the scent of openness, increasing love, and freedom which permeated from within his heart. His passion was for the positive changes he would make in the best interests of the townspeople.

He had hunger, which he promptly satisfied with some of the extra sweets he created for the children. They were satisfying and were a taste that he hadn't experienced for as long as he had been away. This remembrance of the sweet taste brought him to remember his friends, Xanthier and the horse, and he questioned which had suffered the worse fate. In his slow quest home,

he felt lonelier than ever. He shuddered at the thought of what the town may have done with Xanthier. Due to the life of complexity Warlock lived and with the weight of Qeimxzán on his shoulders, he had forgotten what it was like to be a carefree child.

“What is feeling and what are emotions? I’ll enter Rittikan Four again, to seek out answers to these questions.”

He was about to enter his world when a mysterious person walked up to him and broke his concentration.

“Why are you going home?” the stranger asked with an edge of disdain.

Warlock had his back to the man and so did not see him. Warlock replied, “I go where I choose to.”

“Warlock, things are changing, and you are already losing your hold on Xjadero. You grow weak, and will not have me.”

Warlock turned around to face the accuser.

“I am gaining ground, and you think you can stop me?”

“Be warned, Warlock, that your home will not be what you expect. The town has already changed, and you cannot stop it.”

“What I have to bring to Nosessica is more powerful than what you can handle.”

“Even Xanthier is no longer a concern to you.”

“What have you done to him?” Warlock questioned as he tried to grab this stranger. The stranger was spectral, and Warlock was unable to grasp the man. Warlock then remembered Magistro’s attacker, who attacked from Rittikan Negative One.

Warlock jumped into Rittikan Four to challenge this foe, trying to use his Gamma Sphere against the accuser. He still was unsure as to how to reach Rittikan Negative One. The strange man appeared in Rittikan Four as well, speaking, “Your useless toys can’t help you here.” He snatched up Warlock’s

Gamma Sphere with little effort.

“Who are you?” Warlock demanded, unable to recover his Gamma Sphere.

“Be quiet now, or I will silence you,” the stranger spoke, holding Warlock’s Gamma Sphere above in one hand. Warlock then believed it may be Rezaeith.

“So, this is how it should be? How do you intend to make your changes?”

“Did I not warn you to be silent? Now, your own Sphere will silence you.” The aggressor began to speak the familiar Kablu language Warlock remembered from Nosessica, trying to use it with the Gamma Sphere. The Gamma Sphere grew white-hot, and the stranger lost control of it.

Magistro’s familiar voice came from the Gamma Sphere, “Hananni, leave Warlock alone. You will not defeat him.”

The Gamma Sphere emanated a shockwave that went through Hananni, knocking him out of Rittikan Four. Magistro’s essence from within the Gamma Sphere spoke, “Warlock, you must be quick on your journey. Nosessica is changing, as Hananni said, but to what extent, only you can discover. It deals with the physical realm of Qeimxzán, of which I have no further influence. Hananni will not interfere with your Rittikan Four again. Now hurry!”

Warlock was suddenly in Qeimxzán, noticing Hananni was not present. Warlock knew he had never been there in the physical but was concerned about how his Negative Rittikans had influence over the material. He had not learned how to effectively use his Globe yet, and this troubled him. However, even with this doubt about his own control over the Globe, he began to run toward Nosessica. If he were to try to use the Globe, he had no idea if it would get him to Nosessica in time.

Having run for approximately one week, with rests as needed, he covered many miles of ground and was now within 10 miles of Nosessica. He



slowed his pace as he left the forest and entered onto a sandy plain in the mid-day sun. He did not want to be drained of strength by the time he reached his hometown. He required all the strength he could muster to encounter whatever was waiting for him in Nosessica. Of these, he was sure.

As he walked on, he noticed strange activity, yet different from the decaying of the plant life he had witnessed before in the forest, and the translucent rocks on the mountain. As he trod over gravel and palm-sized stones, he noticed they were softer than usual and broke quite easily under his leather sandals. As he continued the rocks became softer, and within five miles of Nosessica, they became smooth as butter under his feet. "What has happened?" He was worried.

However, he tried to remain brave and confident because he knew he had a purpose – to find the source of this change.

He finally arrived at the edge of the high ground which surrounded the valley where Nosessica lay and paused to look down to the town and rest. He could not rest against a tree by this time for the tree had the liquid consistency of water. When he would try to touch it, his hand would go through with little resistance, and he felt a tingly sensation as he passed his hand through one though it looked solid.

He climbed down the one-hundred-foot cliff, trying to grab vines to keep from slipping, yet the wall of the valley was smooth, and he could not take hold of anything for it was of the same watery consistency as the trees on the ledge. He slid down the slope and came to rest with his head and shoulders inside of rock about half his size which looked solid but was less dense than water. He gasped and jerked his head up for fear of suffocation. He was unfamiliar with this type of surrounding and was unsure of what to make of this odd turn of events.

When he reached one mile from Nosessica, it was dusk. He could hear voices from the town as people were still out mingling about. He continued his walk toward the town, toward a spark of light, as the moonless cloudy night

began. This was the light of fire around which three townspeople sat telling stories.

As Warlock approached the fire, he noticed that he could feel no warmth from it. Upon looking more closely, he saw that the flame did not light up his skin but seemed to pass through him instead and left no shadow on the town's solitary tree which stood behind him.

"Very strange," he spoke, yet none of them noticed his presence. He knew that the third man on the right was Hananni. Warlock did not know the other two. Warlock wondered why Hananni would be out among the people.

Warlock spoke again, addressing the men who were lost in conversation. "Men, what has happened to this town?" Still, he received no response. He realized that no one could see or hear him because of Nosessica's phenomenon.

Then he went to touch one of the men, and his hand only cut through the air. Frustrated, he walked to the fire and sat down within the flames facing the men. He felt no sensation from the heat of the fire as they burned around and through him.

He then felt lonelier than ever, even here amongst these townspeople. They continued to speak of their stories of the town's past. Warlock's attention was sparked when one made mention of the *Ijere*.

"Yes, we do miss the one who read the *Ijere* book to us."

The second man spoke, "It's a shame that boy had to become so evil."

Hananni spoke, as he drank from his tankard, "Don't talk of him! Remember what Rezaeith said."

The other two men nodded in agreement and fell silent. An hour passed as they chatted casually. Then, the first man piped up, "We should go home. The town meeting is tomorrow, and we don't want to be late."

The other men agreed, and Hananni poured what was left of his drink

onto the flames of the fire in which Warlock sat. Warlock flinched but felt nothing as the fire was further smothered by Hananni's boot which passed through him like air.

As the newness of this phenomenon wore off, Warlock began to understand the seriousness of what Nosessica faced. He took the opportunity to walk through and explore his home before heading to Xanthier's house. What he found, or more appropriately, didn't see disturbed him. His house was empty. He felt fatigue set in but was determined to find Xanthier, and then his parents.

As Warlock approached Xanthier's home, he noticed Hananni entering. This was not normal, and Warlock proceeded to follow him.

Hananni appeared to be alone, and Warlock wondered where Xanthier had gone. Looking throughout Xanthier's home, Warlock found no trace of him. He then followed Hananni to the den.

Hananni lit a candle and proceeded to open a journal and write in a book. Warlock could not see what he wrote. Warlock tried grabbing the text and table but knew the attempt was futile.

Warlock then heard Hananni speak as he wrote. "Oh Journal, you are so trusting. I know the plans Rezaeith has for me with his good intentions. I don't know if I can handle this responsibility. Now that Xanthier is gone, I must take his place."

The realization struck Warlock, shattering his confidence. He broke down, weeping, "Xanthier is lost."

In his desperation, he wanted so much to confront Hananni, but he could not enter Rittikan Four because he was frantic.

A few moments passed, and Hananni blew out the candle, leaving the room. Now, Warlock wanted so much to rest, for he was exhausted with sorrow. He laid down and entered unconscious sleep.

# 15

*Color is energy and energy life; with tone the emotion, and feeling the Voice*

A large crowd that gathered behind the Pinnacle Archives, a half-mile from Xanthier's home, awakened Warlock the next morning. Warlock proceeded to this meeting following the sound of Rezaeith's voice. Rezaeith was encouraging the crowd to persevere. As Rezaeith kept speaking, Warlock walked directly up to him, unnoticed, and stood in front of Rezaeith.

"What have you done to Xanthier and my parents?" Warlock insisted, wishing that Rezaeith could hear.

Rezaeith spoke to the crowd, giving warning. "Everyone, listen! Hananni has discovered that the child returns."

Warlock replied, unheard, "Rezaeith, here I stand. Deal with me as you are and do not involve these townspeople."

Each person in the crowd turned to one another in concern and many whispered conversations erupted.

Some asked, "How does he know the child returns?"

Others questioned, "Did he not say the child was dead?"

Rezaeith responded, "The child was protected by Magistro. Be concerned for the young one has the knowledge of the *Ijere* and Kablu to harm each one of you. You must be ready to fight if he should return."

The crowd grew concerned and responded, "How can we stand against the child with that kind of knowledge?"

Hananni then walked out of the crowd to join Rezaeith and addressed the crowd. "The child now goes by the name Warlock. He desires to bring disaster upon us. Do not worry yourselves about him, because he is weak now that Magistro no longer lives. Also, do not be lax in your perception. Be ready,

in case he should arrive.”

Hananni knew that Magistro still had power because of his expulsion from Rittikan Four, yet he desired to bring out the negative feelings within the crowd and produced fear in them. Warlock could sense that he had some ulterior motive for sparking the town’s fury once again.

Warlock desired to stay longer, to hear more of Rezaeith’s threats, yet he suddenly felt dizzy. Disorientation came over him like he had never felt before. He knew he needed to leave this place, as he had no control, and began to feel like it was taking him over as it had Nosessica. Confused by how it all came about, he ran toward the valley cliff, trying to escape Nosessica with the feeling of disorientation becoming worse.

Desperately, he tried climbing the cliff, by grabbing vines and roots, but his hand went through them like air. He decided to walk through the valley wall, but could only go one inch into the dirt, before hitting solid material. The wall felt smooth, and he could not grab hold.

The disorientation grew worse, and Warlock began feeling his own body become less dense. The feeling became painful as he cringed into a ball on the ground. Then, in an instant of clear thought he asked the only question that was running through his mind, which he had begun to ask before meeting Hananni:

“Feelings and emotions that are commonly felt, what are they and what is their purpose?”

Warlock suddenly found himself in a sunny Rittikan Four noticing the familiar mountain to the north. The physical pain was no more, yet he knew he must hurry.

After looking upon the mountain, a blast of blue light flashed across his vision. Warlock was quite intrigued as the light changed quickly through the many colors of the light spectrum. The light moved in a broad arc, back and forth every few seconds, in a continuous pattern. The beams of light now enveloped him, and their high intensity could be seen over the entire plain as

they painted it with a rainbow of colors. The light reflected brightly back from the surface of his sparkling Sentinel Lake, and though it was intense, the colorful light did not hurt his eyes.

Warlock ran toward the mountain, as fast as he could. It seemed that the mountain was ten miles away although the distance was of no real consequence in this world. As he ran, he noticed for the first time that he could float ever so slightly. He had no actual control of this new mystery and so kept this floating to a minimum. It was intriguing.

He crossed a broad plain of gold-colored rocks and dirt and saw a few lone shrubberies sprinkled throughout the land. The animals did not follow but remained around his lake. After traveling for what seemed like twenty minutes, he approached the base of the purple-grey mountain. Even time was not absolute in this world.

As he came within a hundred feet of the mountain, Warlock proceeded to float further off the ground, being careful not to lose control. He grabbed hold of the mountain and moved to climb up, with feet hovering horizontally behind him.

This mountain was twenty thousand feet in height, and he scaled it with minimal effort in what seemed like ten minutes. As he approached the summit of the mountain a silvery tube outside the mouth of a cave, the source of the rainbow of colors in the plain, appeared.

As Warlock climbed over the ledge and onto the level ground, he heard a barely audible hum emanate from the tube, and a sizeable cube-like object rested behind it. As Warlock approached, he could hear that the hum was not continuous and smooth, but rather a series of pulsing sounds. In this world, all his senses were heightened which enabled him to hear and see things that would go unnoticed by someone in the physical world. Even Warlock himself would not have noticed the pulsing sounds in the physical world for they were so faint, yet Rittikan Four and Sentinel Lake provided him with heightened senses.

He focused more on the sound and realized that time between the individual pulses of sound began to lengthen. It continued until ten seconds elapsed between each pulse of sound, which in themselves only lasted a half a second for each. Then he noticed that the light itself was pulsing at a slower rate and not as continuously as he had first seen. The change in speed was slight in its variance and was difficult to discern. Warlock then concentrated on the light and gradually influenced it to shorter and shorter amounts of time until the pulses of light would have only been able to travel a very short distance before the next pulse occurred. He watched intently and determined that over a million pulses came every second.

With his heightened sight, he could see the change in color between each pulse distinguishing a thousand times more than an ordinary man could perceive. Then he slowed the rhythm down yet again until five minutes passed between each pulse. During the instance where no light was emanating from the tube Warlock climbed inside of it. There was a golden plaque containing writing that was firmly attached to the inside of the tube, and the plate began to glow with a bluish tint, which slowly increased in brightness. Warlock crawled back out and moved to the side of the tube, just as a bright pulse of light sprouted.

Warlock yet again climbed into the tube, and having time slowed down to almost a total standstill, he had plenty of time to read the words inscribed on the plaque. He left the light slightly blue to give him enough light by which to read.

By the faint blue light that he allowed to emanate from the tube, he read a most interesting message:

It is of a natural being,  
All and throughout the world,  
And even into your very dreams.  
Light has value concerning this being.

A constant interaction,  
Light yields valuable results.  
The answers for which you ask  
Are hidden within a substance of this nature.  
To discover your answer.  
Explore within yourself,  
And ask yourself how.  
You will begin to learn  
The secrets hidden within  
Every part of this substance,  
And it shall be unraveled With the power you possess.

After Warlock read the message, he climbed out. He was unsure of the message's meaning and how it pertained to his present situation.

“Since it speaks of the present, it must speak of the power I now possess. Is it a set of instructions? It does not provide much in the way of explanations. The power is the light, but what is the substance? What is of natural being and all and throughout the world?”

Warlock paced pondering the message in the tube, and he stopped to look into the damp cave. There was a small pool containing crystal clear water. It was a cool cave and interestingly very humid at the same time.

“Ah, now I see. I must combine the light and the water.”

He grasped the side of the tube and proceeded to turn it to face the cave. Once it was oriented correctly, he waited for a pulse. A light blue colored pulse shot out and the entire cave filled with a brilliant light that slightly irritated his Rittikan Four eyes.

Nothing seemed to happen right away, so Warlock sped up time until two pulses filled the cave each second. Warlock heard a roaring come from within the cave which echoed throughout Rittikan Four. Interested, Warlock



returned time to its regular rate and the cave filled with a bright, white-hot light.

The heat soon became unbearable, so Warlock floated rapidly down the mountainside back to his lake. Every note imaginable came from the mountain and resonated louder and louder. The light grew brighter until Warlock had to turn away. He jumped in the lake, submerged himself and watched the light through the water. He heard each note pound the surface of the water making distinct rings he could clearly see. Each ring reflected the light in different ways and patterns of color floated throughout the lake.

It was beautiful. The low notes resonated much like a giant stone cast into the water. The high notes continued beyond his acute hearing range. There was then a startling moment of silence. He could not see the light either for it was now beyond his visible scope.

Warlock then heard what sounded like intense thunder. The rumbling grew louder, and the surface of the water shook. Many individual peaks appeared across the water's surface. The pool lit up and glowed dark red. The pitch of sound became higher and mixed with the lower frequencies into an audible noise. Warlock felt the need to consume more air, and he rose reluctantly to the surface and took a deep breath while still looking at the bright lights that covered the lake's surface. His skin burned slightly when he broke the surface which made him retreat quickly back under the water to safety. Not wanting to rise again, he stayed under for a much longer time. He then realized he didn't need to breathe and remained comfortably underwater.

The audible sounds became more distinct and changed into intelligible words. They were words of low and high-pitched voices, which increased in volume until they were almost too loud to tolerate, even with the sound muffled by the water. Then they quieted down dramatically but remained slightly audible. These very words answered his question about the substance mentioned in the message. They would give way to his question on feeling.

Warlock listened intently to the words that alternated in pitch with

“Color is voice and tone; vibrancy expressed when the sound comes forth. Feelings are shown through that which occurs in power. The energy of the light, in each hue, surrounds each emotion. Speak with your chosen color; a word that is unique, and that color will be your own. What you see is what you hear. The colors of the world define their existence. Learn them well, for you will use them indefinitely to create a new hue of your own.”

There was a pause, and then Warlock felt a surge of heat pass through his Rittikan Four body. Moments later, the mountain exploded with such violence that it was entirely turned to energy. The water in Sentinel Lake vaporized instantaneously, and Warlock bounced slightly, left exposed in the bare depression. A mist of warm water was formed, and this cloud of humid air blocked the surrounding light, and so Warlock now sat in a misty dark world. He called on the Gamma Sphere to bring him light, and in answer to his question about feeling, spoke the words he had learned:

“Color is energy and energy life; with tone the emotion, and feeling the Voice.”

In the moments that followed, Warlock saw the stirrings of lightning within the clouds of his misty dark world. At each flash of soft white light, a rumble erupted, growing progressively louder. It did not become uncomfortable, but Warlock continued to look around him, as the whole dark world seemed to rumble with this thunder of sorts every few seconds.

The thunder was far different from the tones he heard from the Power and seemed to form some kind of pattern in its expression, with each flash of white light. Warlock felt this manifestation would become words, but the

thunder still remained unintelligible.

Warlock remembered the fate his physical body faced, being trapped in the pain of a strange Nosessica, and was desperate to hurry. Yet, now understanding the importance of emotions, he remained calm. As the thunder continued, he still had no idea of its meaning.

Then, he repeated what he learned and what he felt had started the rumble:

“Color is energy and energy life; with tone the emotion, and feeling the **Voice.**”

For an instant, Warlock thought he understood the rumble’s words: “Warlock speaks my name.”

The rumble continued, as Warlock pondered on these words, as the thunder became unintelligible again.

Again, he spoke what he learned, emphasizing the name as if to call it:

“Color is energy and energy life; with tone the emotion, and feeling the **Voice.**”

The lightning and thunder became more regular and covered more of his world until Warlock was surrounded by soft white light. The light blocked out that of his Gamma Sphere, making it unseen. The rumble of the thunder became less pronounced, becoming faint in the background.

The words of his world became clear, the most peaceful, yet powerful, he had ever heard.

“Warlock splits Rittikan Four, revealing Rittikan Five.”

Warlock tried to think about what was said, but could not, as this new world, Rittikan Five, with soft white light, encompassed his entire thoughts. Thus, thoughts in themselves did not exist without being unified throughout this realm. Warlock dared not think of asking this speaker who, or what it was. As Warlock could not speak in Rittikan Five, he listened as the speaker gave

its words of instruction, one point at a time:

“Warlock is endowed with his hidden name; the key that brings Qeimxzan peace.”

Warlock did not feel like he knew his name.

“The words Warlock speaks, of color and life, hold true in form, of what Warlock now receives.”

Warlock was confused, but could not think, because of the ubiquitous nature of Rittikan Five.

“Warlock knows I am the Voice; the essence of emotion that sparks the existence of the Power.”

Warlock worried about his physical body but was captivated by the Voice and its message.

“Within my Voice, all things that were, and will be, are.”

Warlock was unable to think about Nosessica due to the rapture he felt in the presence of the Voice.

“Warlock sees that Rezaeith shifts the dimension of Nosessica.”

Even Rezaeith could not enable Warlock to think in Rittikan Five if he wanted to.

“Warlock knows that Rezaeith drops Nosessica into Warlock’s Rittikan Negative Two.”

Somewhere in the faintest part of Warlock’s conscience, outside of reach, was a remembrance of Xanthier, overlit by Rittikan Five.

“Warlock’s friend Xanthier dies in Warlock’s Rittikan Negative One.”

Warlock could not cry, for Rittikan Five was the source of emotion, and all feelings were one.

“Rezaeith uses Xanthier’s bond with Warlock to reach Warlock’s Rittikan Negative Two.”

Warlock still had no idea of how to reach Rittikan Negative One or

Rittikan Negative Two.

“Warlock’s Rittikan Negative One gives power to the words of Kablu.”

Warlock could only accept this knowledge openly without judgment. In his Rittikan Five, things were neither good nor bad; they just were.

Within a few moments, as best as Warlock could tell, the ambient lightning began fading, and he felt the pull of Rittikan Four. When all was a dark mist, lit only by his Gamma Sphere, Warlock spoke the words he had learned:

“Emotions are powerful, and feelings are fierce. This is the spark of the Voice.”

In that instant after his words, the mist cleared from Rittikan Four, and the water settled back into Sentinel Lake. Then, his Globe and Gamma Sphere reappeared and along with them a new clear prism-shaped form, which sparkled colorfully in the light of his Rittikan Four sun.

Immediately he was back in Qeimxzan, feeling the pain of Nosessica’s phenomenon of a shifted dimension. For now, he needed to get away, and could only hope the Globe would lead him to safety. Calling on the Globe, by way of the Gamma Sphere, he departed Nosessica, where he was lost for a remedy.

# 16

*Rittikan Four has its place and now can become your reality*

Warlock found himself in an unfamiliar place in Xjadero. He stood at the edge of a forest, not knowing if this was the same one he had traveled before. The sun was at its peak in the sky when Warlock exited the forest. There were few clouds and no rain. Here, he felt a new essence of life, and with his unique ability to perceive through emotion, he took advantage of the situation and bathed in the type of warmth he had rarely felt before.

In the distance, he could barely make out a brownish structure. It was peacefully resting in its small space on the dusty plain. Warlock approached the structure, and as he drew closer, he saw more of the details of the building. He saw that it was a house with slightly brown faded paint and a few warped boards on the walls. The house seemed to be over a hundred years old.

Warlock wondered about the purpose of this building which stood by itself. He tried to consider what Magistro, the Power, and Voice had taught him. He remembered the story that Magistro told about the house of the unfortunate wishmaker. However, Warlock thought that the story happened too far back in history to consider that this building was the wishmaker's. The sense of fear that he felt on occasion in the past was again upon him, this time in the physical realm. He studied the features of the house in an attempt to ease his fear. He guessed that the house stood about twenty-two feet high and was three hundred feet long. No drapes covered the windows, so his view to the inside was not impeded.

The sun was shining through the windows and the floating dust motes inside formed a dancing array of mystical grey shades. He went toward the front door and attempted to enter, but to no avail; the door was locked.

“It’s time,” spoke Warlock, “to affect the physical in a powerful,

He entered Rittikan Four. While staring into the Gamma Sphere, he spoke, “Teach me to use this new Prism powerfully.” Somewhat to his surprise, the Power responded immediately.

“A New World has been created by you. You do not understand or know it and cannot comprehend what lies within your higher Rittikans of understanding, beyond Rittikan Five.”

Warlock replied, “I am eager to learn. I’ll be patient to understand. Teach me the importance of the house near which I now stand in Qeimxzan.”

“You already know. What you hear, and whatever you see, you already know. You must listen and understand. It is within you, the voice of a feeling that you hear and now possess. Put forth some effort, and you will see amazing things. Trust in yourself if you trust me.”

Warlock replied, “I’ll do as you say. Allow me to succeed, to know, and to comprehend that which will be revealed to me.”

“You have your spirit’s word, guided by your Teacher. The spirit you possess is now within your conscience. Use it for your needs, and success will be assured. Speak no more, just do your work, and see your rewards come when you choose to receive them.”

Warlock grasped the Gamma Sphere in his left hand and the Globe in his right, keeping himself calm by light of the new Prism, which seemed to be able to control his emotions. He removed his hands from beneath, and they floated in front of him. He focused his thoughts on the Gamma Sphere, using the Globe for positioning and linking to Qeimxzan. He did not want to speak aloud for thought-forms would be more precise in this exercise. He thought to himself, “*Help me solve this new challenge. Reveal that which lies beyond the locked door of the physical world. Let me understand when I see what lies inside.*”

The Globe turned to the spot where he stood which pointed directly at him. The Gamma Sphere floated and rotated between him and the Globe,

pointing straight to the door of the house. The Prism emitted a reddish light that inspired his work. Warlock saw the Gamma Sphere grow more transparent while retaining a red tint. He saw an image of the door form on the surface of the Gamma Sphere.

Then, he spoke, "Destroy the door."

Nothing happened. His experience was only with a pure element and not a complicated structure such as the door. The wood grain was a more advanced substance than he had experienced previously. He became frustrated and called to the Prism.

He spoke, "Calm me for I cannot grow angry and let anger distract me. I must remain content if I am to progress in this task."

The Prism emitted a peaceful blue flash every two seconds for a total of thirty flashes. After a minute, he was calmed and continued his quest.

He called upon Magistro from the Gamma Sphere. Magistro replied, "Think deeper for within every fiber of the existence of this feature can be found that which is simple to understand. Do not remain on the surface."

Warlock played with the thoughts that entered his mind. He was interested in what was being said to him and applied each ethereal event toward affecting the physical. The Globe, as well as his experience, was used to accomplish this. He knew Magistro helped him in this predicament.

Warlock used his former tactic; that of changing the very makeup of materials to alter the structure of the door. He grew potent as he assessed this test, and this time he would not stop, regardless of how challenging the task became.

He concentrated on each small set of specks within the wood of the solid door, as he had done with the ironstone over a year before. He was, in a sense, relearning everything through a more intense challenge. Though he had turned the water of the river into silver, this wood grain was porous and much more complicated. He now had to affect the physical on a grander scale. His purpose was not to alter a minute edge but to completely change the door's



entire structure. Whispers came from within Rittikan Four, and he continued listening to the words swirling in his world.

Not only could the Prism represent the color of emotion, but it could also turn colors into emotions within him. It mixed red with the blue of Rittikan Four sky, forming a light violet color. Warlock embraced the euphoric feeling that was represented by the violet and it helped him understand where his heart resided.

Within his Rittikan Four, he reached a point where the entire door became a single brownish particle approximately the same size as the Gamma Sphere. He allowed the door-particle ball to float in front of him, along with the Prism, Sphere, Globe and Red Child.

Using the Globe for real-world positioning, he initiated a spark from the Gamma Sphere, the heart of his Teacher, to tap into extended wisdom. He enveloped the wooden ball he had created with this intense energy. After seven seconds, the ball began to glow a dim red color. The color gradually became brighter and more yellow; then it shone a brilliant white and continued to grow brighter.

The color then faded as if it was becoming transparent. Warlock could feel the energy, but could no longer see it.

Warlock spoke, "This place of the wooden door shall become that which was there before it was. The air of many years ago will take its place. Through time, destiny had decreed that this door be here, but now I say, the door will become what this place was before destiny intervened."

Warlock removed the spark from the wooden ball of the door, and after a moment its color became more of an opaque blue. Its color then began turning yellow again and changed back to red before finally becoming transparent.

Warlock took the wooden ball deeper into Rittikan Four. He grasped it in his hand and felt its weight decreasing. He focused on Qeimxzan and simultaneously perceived Rittikan Four as well.

He spoke, "Become that which was before."

Suddenly he was transported back to Qeimxzan where he still stood before the door. As soon as he reappeared, he realized that the door was no longer there and he felt a blast of warm air emanating from the doorway. The full burst of the air was directed outward like an explosion from the door's transformation but yet not a paper within had been disturbed in the process.

He walked cautiously into the house and immediately sensed the years of neglect. It was dark inside and was becoming darker every moment as dusk began to set in. Warlock decided to stay within the house for the night as it seemed safe and was a dry, warm shelter. He found a candle, but found nothing with which to light it. He formed the thought of its wick in Rittikan Four. With a spark from the Gamma Sphere and his inner strength, he ignited the candle through a flash in Qeimxzan. It was a flash that seemed to implode from a radius that enclosed the wick. It made a flash that looked like rays of sunlight glinting off a calm lake. This small spark lit the candle that would complement the moon to give light for the rest of the night.

The inside of the house had that dry, dusty air of a long-forgotten space shut up from the rest of the damp world. As he crossed the floor, he noticed that the dust swirled around his feet in a magical random pattern that soothed his mind and took away the remembrance of Nosessica's predicament.

He sat upon a chair to relax. It was comfortable, though cracked from the intense dryness. Having very little by way of maintaining a constant temperature, Warlock knew that it would grow cold that night.

He periodically faded into a dream and back out to where he sat. Gentle cool breezes wafted into the building. He looked out through a hazy window. It was shut, but he could see the moonlight shine through. The dust moved inside the beam of moonlight and created a ray that caught his attention.

It was beautiful in its brilliant-yet-subtle portrayal of an elegant dance, and it also showed him things he needed to learn from the moon. It seemed that

the moon had something to say, something Warlock had waited for a long time to hear. Outside, the moonlight shone onto a particular tree and seemed to give it a life of its own with a quasi-luminescent brilliance.

The moisture on the tree contrasted with the dusty dry air of the house in quite a unique manner. These contrasting pictures further put thoughts into his own mind, and so the thought, the dusty air and the moonlight, worked together to give him the songs and words that he sought. That which was life became more familiar to him. The silver part of his Gamma Sphere, half of Warlock's essence, was being shown to him in an understandable and physical form.

Warlock had another dream. As he faded in and out of it, another song enticed him. It was his dream of Rittikan Four where it was revealed. He was taught of another possibility that helped him to understand the true meaning of the words of the moon. He heard these words being presented:

Why must one ask  
The question which lies in himself  
You seek the form of light  
But do not understand its meaning  
Ask again within yourself  
Step back and look at what you see  
It is not what you expected  
It is tied to the roots of your childhood  
When you and the Power were one  
In Spirit In Truth In Faith  
And in Love Remember now the thing you ask  
Be this form ever existent in your mind  
To Quiet  
To Astound

## To Relieve And to Surmount

This peace be ever present in you

For now you understand what it means

To be You

This song revealed much about Warlock's character, about how he lived, and how he expressed himself. He would still need Magistro's spiritual insight to explain the meaning, the deep purpose of this particular song. The very songs of Warlock's past caught up to him, mixing in their words and meanings. He was at peace with this truth and stayed content with the purpose it held for him.

Warlock spoke with a whisper but one that could be heard at arm's length. The words of the moon's song were brief compared to other songs he had heard in his past, yet they held a luxurious meaning. He still needed his teacher, Magistro, and yet learned to trust the Power, who created Valaxano.

Warlock spoke, "Such days as these come rarely. I confess the stubbornness of my past actions in Nosessica and association with Kablu, which have changed and have allowed me to accomplish new feats. Charm me in this, oh Power. Entice me with new wonders that only I could have imagined. Instill in me the confidence that I will succeed, and use this power to aid others. Promises I have kept in full, I vow to make the difference. Nothing will remain stagnant, and as I say this, I increase my faith. Yes, I am becoming a learned man, and at the same time an innocent one. Help my words to be accepted and understood in Qeimxzan, so that I will not be a burden to the common man."

The Power appeared in his Rittikan Four, which was now brighter than ever, as he knew the Moon Song, thus understanding what it meant to be himself. As the light of the moon covered all, Warlock now realized he would have that kind of influence. The words the Power spoke presented themselves to Warlock through a calm knowing deep within his heart.

The Power spoke, “All that can be revealed to you has been shown, and yet you hide it from yourself. Awake and calm yourself. Magistro works within you, in languages you cannot perceive. Though sometimes he speaks to you, many of your choices are motivated unknowingly by his presence, so you must trust your heart. Become the child you once were through the Red Child you hold in Rittikan Four. Allow the wisdom within your Gamma Sphere to follow in step, and you shall have all good things in a single unique parcel. This parcel represents you, and your destiny for it is all known by the very existence of Valaxano. Use what you have been shown. Rittikan Four has its place and now can become your reality.”

After this, the Power departed and golden dust scattered with sunlight dissolved in Sentinel Lake. The sunshine of Rittikan Four peered through and transformed every speck of the visible dust of the house into their Rittikan Four counterpart, weightless, with an ever-present warm sensation.

The sunlight morphed into its purest white color, which Warlock had seen before many times in the brilliance of his Gamma Sphere. This reassured him of the reality of the tranquility presented.

Through Rittikan Four, Warlock could see colors of Qeimxzan with clear distinction that appeared invisible to the rest of the world. He yearned for white light from the Prism to arise which would signal perfection within his heart. Though the Prism was not the purest of whites, he was thankful it was not black. If a rage were to take over his life and lead him to unforgivable mistakes, the Prism could become the blackest of blacks. As he grew more innocent, the Prism would grow more rooted in color and brighter in intensity. His anger would not get in the way, for the reddening of this object would forewarn him and bring him back on his path. Indeed, redness could signify many things, from innocence to a warning, and Warlock could distinguish these subtle shades.

Also, the closer toward violet the Prism became, the closer he was to peace. And as well, the thicker the color, the less he was focused on only

himself, and more in tune with other people's needs. The intensity showed the strength he held in a particular emotion.

The Gamma Sphere helped help him manipulate his surroundings to create food and eliminate hazards and obstacles that would otherwise prove to be trouble. The Prism enabled him to remain calm in any situation, though he still held onto his feeling regarding Nosessica, as he had not wholly relinquished control of his emotions to the Prism. Indeed, the Red Child would retain his innocence and keep him from doing anything rash. It was those things that would work against his conscience, the creator and dreamer of Valaxano. Memories of the town continued, and he wondered what may have happened. Yet he knew emotions would help him overcome whatever the Negative Rittikans produced.

The night became day, and Warlock resumed his walk, away from the forest where he appeared by way of the Globe. He hoped his journey to wherever the next town may lie would help him to remedy Nosessica. Warlock felt he would need to know Qeimxzan much more than he realized to bring peace. This was challenging, for who could say they knew all of Qeimxzan down to every grain of sand? Yet he, with all his energy, still wanted to be sure of his ability. His confidence had to be tested, to be perfected.

Knowing the words of the moon, he better understood how to bring his knowledge of peace and innocence to everyone, just as the smooth light touches all. Those that could survive the rains of war that raged in their minds could be moved, just as Warlock had learned. As he walked west, he followed the direction he felt in his heart, which was guided by the Globe, and revealed to him through the Gamma Sphere.

# 17

*Somewhere in the town's consciences of unreality held a remembrance  
of Warlock, the child*

As Warlock continued his journey, he wondered how things would have been if Nosessica had not been affected in its way. Warlock wanted to better understand the nature of reality, and in that what had not happened.

Thus, two weeks after traveling one hundred fifty miles west, he took a rest upon a grassy plain beside a grove of oak trees. The night was upon him, a quarter moon was rising in the sky, and the air was warm, being the start of the warm season. It was a clear night, and crickets could be heard, soft in the distance.

As he rested on the mesmerizing plain, he questioned his conscience, the Power, which always gave him the answers that he needed.

“What is the nature of reality, and what would have become of Nosessica, had Rezaeith not intervened?”

Warlock knew that by contemplating what did not happen, and yet could have occurred set against what actually happened he understood the reality and its counterpart in the case of Nosessica. Thus reality and unreality could be superimposed within his Rittikan Four mind and played out through his actions within Qeimxzan upon Xjadero.

By understanding this, his Globe, the cause behind Qeimxzan, could be expanded in its reach to encompass all reality and unreality. His Gamma Sphere, for his original physical mind to comprehend, would then, in turn, decipher this. The Prism of Emotions would keep him rational, and accept what he learned with reasonable concern. The Red Child would allow his perception to take a step back, and see things in a new way, as one with a fresh perspective, with sound judgment, as if seeing it with wisdom unlearned.

When Warlock asked this question of the Power, the Power pulled him

into sleep, away from the grassy plain where he lay in Qeimxzán. The Power understood Warlock would need to be unconscious to comprehend this unreality. The nature of unreality was new to him, and maintaining awareness was difficult in this new discovery. He was in Rittikan Four, but the scene was his town of Nosessica. Sentinel Lake and the forest were not present, only a vision of the unreality of Nosessica.

**This was the vision of Nosessica's Unreality:**

*Warlock continued his quest to bring peace to Nosessica. Going door to door, he realized the lack of interest that these townspeople held. Few dearly sought this New World he promised. All the while, he thought of the Power, and what he was asked to do. Every moment of his life was created; a road that he followed, and kept in check on these vast journeys. These journeys led to a single goal, incorporated into a single quest.*

*When he came to a person that had a genuine interest in what was spoken, he enlightened them with his Prism to charge their emotions. He used the Gamma Sphere to give them a piece of his wisdom and yet allowed them to keep their own thoughts and desires. The Red Child brought back their innocence. Warlock only asked for respect and hope for peace.*

*The townspeople were also given a yearning to teach to others as well as the power to change them. The town was divided. Roughly, one-half of Nosessica believed. Some, when shown their fate, could still not swerve in their own beliefs. This could not be helped for Warlock was not there to force anyone to make a choice, though he felt pained by those who would not. He learned to be patient and to love people as best he could and*



*embrace their faults.*

*Even some that had been faithful swayed in their commitment. Though it didn't take much more than a simple willingness to change, some saw it as an obstacle far beyond their ability. Warlock knew this and even more was revealed to him about this nature. It was a real-world experience that guided him now. He was learning to apply his skills to the spiritual world as well. Every night, he remembered what he did that day. He analyzed what he learned and sifted through the information he amassed. He knew not to disregard even the smallest piece of information for it built up to a larger part of wisdom.*

*Even Xanthier was eager to learn this peace and followed Warlock's words wholeheartedly. However, even the strong bond they held could not prepare Warlock for what he discovered after a week within the town.*

*One particularly shocking message came to Warlock's attention as it echoed throughout his mind. He realized a change in the state and belief of Xanthier. This was just the thing Warlock had worried about. Xanthier had lost the desire to follow Warlock. Xanthier was becoming angry with Rezaeith, for he knew he would persecute Warlock. It was such a shock to Warlock that he rushed to Xanthier's presence, and as he approached Xanthier's home, nothing seemed out of place. He entered without knocking and pleaded with Xanthier to be wary of his thoughts.*

*Warlock said to Xanthier, "Don't become angry toward a person who may do wrong. That is a mistake and has hidden your path. You need to learn more. For a moment, I took your word for being immovable in your conviction, but you had a*

*lack of knowledge. Therefore, I give you knowledge of all good things. I give you innocence as well to do no wrong if you are willing to take this journey.”*

*Xanthier spoke, “Of course I wish to take this journey. I promised you with my word, and now I have made a mistake. I still want to inherit that which has been promised. So please help me to do so. In return, I will tell you of your parents. They have heard of your presence and now search for you, some distance from here. Counter to what you thought, they love you and have changed their ways. They have forgiven you for learning Kablu and running away.”*

*“Yes, I have missed them, but we will meet only when the time is right. For now, I give you a piece of my knowledge. Use the piece of my Sphere to learn, and it will guide you to a new level of understanding.”*

*Warlock called forth a fraction of the essence of the Gamma Sphere. It glowed with a radiance unmatched which was only seen by Xanthier and Warlock. Warlock spoke, “A gift is yours, for you and those whom you choose to accept. Go and do my work as well and we’ll see many come from this new understanding.”*

*“I’ll accept this,” said Xanthier, “and I will not delay. I trust your spirit and knowledge to give the world peace.”*

*“What I have given you is a hint of the spirit of my Teacher. He was the one who gave me guidance, and he’ll do the same for you. He now waits to live in the New World that I will create in the future. It will be a wonderful place, which you will see. Magistro had to die to help me prepare to bring others there. You’ll get there alive for you have accepted my words.”*

*“Tell me more, Warlock!” spoke Xanthier.*

*“My conscience created this world. This is a physical world created by the spiritual self. I’ll choose whether it will be physical or mental. In the end, I’ll have the wisdom to create a perfect world, an ideal place of refuge for those who choose to seek it. You have my word in this.”*

*“Has it started?”*

*“It will begin when my true name is spoken, and I have awakened my spirit. It has not yet been revealed, even to me. I won’t speak of it until the right time, ensuring the vow I established. Once I reveal my name, the New World will start, and all people must stand ready. If they are not ready, they will not be able to join me in the New World. Their imperfections will weigh them down and will not allow them passage.”*

*Xanthier replied, “Go and do your work, and I’ll do what you ask of me. I’ll try to be a model individual to the others. You’ve given me the power to change others at their will, and I’ll use this gift wisely.”*

*“That’s good and necessary. I’ll leave you now. We meet only in the time of need, for we need to go forth and gain more people to our cause.”*

*Xanthier spoke, “I’ll remember your words.”*

*Warlock knew that Xanthier would now hold to his choice. He learned a lesson that many would learn. He would give many chances to those who were willing to change. The last day was approaching faster now, and all things toward the end were coming into more precise focus for Warlock.*

**This was the end of the vision of Nosessica’s Unreality at that moment.**

As Warlock awoke from his dream of unreality upon Rittikan Four, he

realized even more. He saw the character of Xanthier, and how he could have been if things had gone another way. Perhaps, if Warlock could discover a way to undo what Rezaeith started, then he could have the old Nosessica back, even before he was outcast; to the time when the town loved him. Not that he knew how to change time itself to the extent that it would affect people directly, but he did not discount that possibility. Though he had seen the Power change the time of the juice in Nurana, he did not let this mar his perception of time.

He noticed as well the unreal Nosessica did not fear him. Though Rezaeith seemed to still dislike him as well, he saw that Hananni had no influence and was not even revealed in this unreal place. Perhaps Hananni had no impact on unreality.

In fact, people as well did not see him as a threat, as if he had never run away. It was as if they did not know him, and yet did not disregard him as a complete stranger. Somewhere in the town's consciences of unreality held a remembrance of Warlock, the child. However, Xanthier's bond had been firm enough to allow him to remember Warlock, and even more, to trust in him wholeheartedly. It was a bond that spanned even into unreality.

Wanting to understand more about unreality, he became interested in what Magistro had taught him before about the amulet which had disappeared from reality. Magistro had mentioned that the story of the Amulet of Discerning had some relevance to Warlock. Thinking about the amulet, which no longer existed in reality, a thought came to Warlock.

*“The Wish that is unfulfilled that was made by the amulet. It is outside reality, and yet I feel it is strong within its unreal realm within the recesses of time.”*

Warlock became determined to find out more about this event. He consulted the Power for the answer, as to where this incident took place upon Qeimxzan.

The Power called to Warlock within Rittikan Four, speaking “Warlock wishes to find this Wish that remains unfulfilled?”

“Yes, for I wish to save Nosessica.”

“Yes, for there to be peace among Qeimxzán, Nosessica must be helped.”

“How do I reach the Wish, oh Power?”

“Warlock, you do not understand the physical and spiritual to a complete extent, and yet you ask about this unreal world?”

“Yes, I feel the need to help Nosessica.”

“Warlock, what you saw was a mere shadow of the unreal. Your own body was a projection of your mind into this shadow. Did you think it was real, or unreal? Rightly so, for you perceived, yet were not aware.”

“I knew when I was there, how to reach into the deepest minds of the people in the unreal Nosessica.”

“Know that the unreal Nosessica is outside my Dream and not a part of its existence. What you ask, and what you will do concerning the unreal, has not yet had influence within the reaches of Valaxano. You know nothing about this unreal realm, and yet you try to find it?”

Warlock insisted, “The Voice will know how to reach this unreal Nosessica.”

“Yes, the Voice knows, but you are not ready. You have not seen the unreal side of yourself that forms your full existence.”

“I must try. Xanthier died in my own Rittikan Negative One, and I must discover the unreality of this.”

“You will find out about the meaning of unreality soon enough. Know now that the unreality represents everything that could have happened in reality, but did not. Once you discover the unreal side of yourself, you will understand the true nature of the unreal Dream, that which is the UnDream. Only the UnDream can undo the Dream, and what lies within.”

Warlock questioned him with concern, “But is my Rittikan Negative One real?”

“Yes, Rittikan Negative One exists with my Dream.”

“Can you not destroy Rittikan Negative One, and bring back Xanthier?”

“Warlock, to destroy Rittikan Negative One would be to destroy your existence. That which you have not found is a part of you. It is neither good nor bad in itself, it is what you do with it.”

“What about Xanthier, can you not bring him back?”

“Xanthier’s existence is lost in your Rittikan Negative One. The Dream set time in motion, and it will not stop until the Dream dies. Thus his death cannot be reversed in the real Qeimxzan. Only the UnDream can undo this.”

“And what about my parents?”

“You will find them in time.”

Knowing he could not help his parents or Xanthier at the moment, he questioned, “How can I stop Rezaeith from taking over Qeimxzan?”

“Discover the unreal side of yourself. It comes with knowing which questions to ask. Now go, and follow the same path you have taken in Qeimxzan, and you will find how to reach this unreal side of yourself. That is the counterpart of your existence outside the Dream, in the realm of the UnDream.”

Now, back in Qeimxzan, Warlock continued walking upon the grassy plain knowing the questions he needed to ask would be found.

# 18

*Kablu has great power, to reveal more details of the Akashic Records,  
those which store all events of time*

After walking on the grassy plain in Xjadero for a week, a faint cobalt-blue structure came into view. His curiosity became sharpened, and his focus was directed at every step toward this distant structure. Details began to emerge as the sun reflected off the windows of this small building.

With each approaching step, other similar structures began to emerge. It was a town, and now Warlock began to run toward it. He was happy to be amongst people once again.

Brief flashes and thoughts of children appeared in his mind. The flashes moved across his eyes and soothed him, calming him as he increased his pace toward the town. Something about its buildings seemed familiar to him. Perhaps this would reveal something about the Wish for which he still searched.

Sounds filled the air as he now came within earshot: dogs barking, children giggling, angry people shouting and uplifting music playing. It was the music that enticed him. His mind guided him toward the direction of the music more than his eyes did. The forest ended long ago, and this town lay in the middle of seemingly nowhere, with mountains barely visible in the distance. A lake sat just outside the town's edges, and a river flowed from the lake through the center of the small village, which was covered by a bridge.

He came up to the threshold of the town, and he could feel a sudden change from loneliness to a large number of mixed emotions. There were some people in the distance, who looked up at him for a few seconds and then turned their attention back to one another. It seemed that a stranger's presence did not distract them from what was possibly their daily routine.

He slowed his pace enough to absorb all the vital details of the town,

and yet still gain fair ground. He smiled and walked up to a group of three people, two men, and a woman, and stood beside them. They didn't pay any attention to him. Warlock greeted them but received no response, and they continued on their monotonous discussion.

After Warlock began to speak a second time, one shouted, "Be quiet stranger. We want nothing to do with you!"

Warlock was taken aback by a gruff reply. He attempted once again to gain their attention, and with a calm tone, he addressed them back, all to no avail.

Warlock then spoke four words, "Then it will be!"

While looking at them intently, he simultaneously went into Rittikan Four. Calling forth the Globe in front of him over the place where they stood, he spoke, "Come forth cool water!"

One second later, gallons of water appeared over their heads and fell, drenching them thoroughly.

They shouted at him, "What have you done! How dare you!"

Warlock responded, "Now I have your attention."

One man in the group said, "You dumped a cold bucket of water on us. What is the meaning of this?"

"You don't know to whom you are speaking. Rather, you should pay me more respect."

The other man spoke, "Get out of here, and leave this town."

When Warlock did not give a response, the first man spoke, "What is so important that you must insult us to get our attention?"

"I have come to this town, to learn its history. I was guided here by Magistro." At that, he called forth the Gamma Sphere and spoke, "Begin where you are!"

A warm flash of light formed a ring around the heads of the two men and one woman like a halo. It then moved smoothly down their bodies,



surrounding them. All the while they felt themselves drying off.

When they were completely dried, the flash disappeared.

After they were dried, they turned to look at one another. “Magistro, the teacher?”

Warlock replied, “Yes, for now, his spirit guides me through the world, to save Nosessica. Today, Rezaeith has Nosessica trapped, and his influence spreads.”

They began laughing, speaking “How could you know what goes on in Nosessica today? It is a thousand miles east of here.”

They were still laughing at Warlock when he noticed the phenomenon of nature decaying. Warlock pointed to trees in the distance, to reveal their fate. “Do you see, the world is changing? It will not be long before the last day.”

The woman spoke, “What do you mean, traveler? I see nothing strange.”

“You do not see nature melt and become translucent?”

The phenomenon approached, and even the houses in the town began to look as though they were melting.

As the surrounding buildings and trees seemed to become liquid, floating around Warlock and the three people, they still did not notice, and they made comments that Warlock may be crazy.

The first man spoke again, “You are a strange traveler. Your mind does not see reality.”

Warlock began to speak, noticing everything was suddenly restored. “Never mind what I said, for it takes a keen sense to notice the subtleties of reality.”

Warlock realized that no person could help him to understand the end of the Dream, as none could perceive its signs. After their initial chuckling, the second man asked, “So what is it you are looking for in this town’s history?”

“I seek the wishmaker, who made the Wish by the amulet, many years

“We have heard of no such person. However, if you want to know, you should try looking in the town of Tiemptra. It is said there are timewatchers there. They would know the most about events that have happened throughout Xjadero. They have time down to an art.”

“Where is Tiemptra?”

“You have a journey ahead of you. It is five hundred miles south. It will take you at least two months by foot.”

“I will manage. Now, I must go find this Tiemptra.”

Warlock was feeling anxious about the state of Nosessica, and wondering how far this phenomenon had spread. He walked away, giving a casual goodbye. The people continued their discussion with one another, ignoring Warlock altogether as he left.

As Warlock walked along the grassy plain leading out of this town, he entered Rittikan Four while still walking. He called Magistro within the Gamma Sphere, “Magistro, please help me understand the nature of my Globe, and learn which questions to reveal to the Power for greater insight.”

Magistro responded, “to understand the nature of the Globe, which brings its effects to Qeimxzan, you need to understand your own Rittikan Four even more. Once you have discovered the darkest part of Rittikan Four, you will then understand Rittikan Negative One.”

“What part is dark within Rittikan Four? The sun shines over all places.” Warlock thought for a moment before looking east. Noticing the forest he had not beforehand paid particular attention to, he spoke to Magistro, “That forest, it has a darkness within it which the light of Rittikan Four does not reach.”

“Yes, for that is what you do not understand.” “Is that the dark side of myself?”

“Warlock, only you can discover that. You must learn by experience.

Now go, discover that which you do not know, which has been hidden within the deep realms of Rittikan.”

Warlock ran from Sentinel Lake to the mile distant forest of Rittikan Four, using his slight ability to float and he stopped abruptly at the forest’s boundary. The inside looked like a typical forest, though it was utterly black deep inside. The foliage was denser than any he had seen in Xjadero. Leaning in and reaching further, it felt modestly cold.

Warlock knew he needed to challenge the fear he felt to learn more about Rittikan Negative One. Warlock called the Gamma Sphere, which he had left behind by the Lake.

“The Gamma Sphere will keep me warm in this cold forest and will give me light by which to see.”

Warlock then pushed all his fears aside and stepped into the forest becoming instantly shroud in complete darkness and silence, with only a small area lit by the Gamma Sphere. As he walked farther, even the Gamma Sphere could not light up the thick darkness. After traveling for what seemed like a short moment, Warlock could only see a faint glimmer from the Gamma Sphere. Not only was the light diminishing significantly, but the air grew colder and colder too. Warlock became worried and reached out his hands to feel for trees to ensure that he did not injure himself by bumping into anything too sharply.

Warlock knew he was entering a realm outside the influence of the Gamma Sphere and his wisdom. Even his knowledge that resided in the Gamma Sphere could not light this place beyond his current understanding. He called for Magistro for help but received no response.

Warlock remembered that he needed to conquer his fear. Despite the cold and unknown darkness, he picked up his pace, running faster, while still keeping his hands outstretched. After realizing that he had not run headlong into any trees, he put his hands back down at his sides and allowed his trust in his own world to overshadow any reasoning his mind tried to produce. He

again picked up his pace as it still grew colder.

Warlock continued to run, determined not to stop until his Rittikan Negative One was revealed. The coldness began to impede his thoughts, almost freezing them in place, and distracted him from the task at hand.

The instant the cold seemed to paralyze his Rittikan Four body and mind, Warlock then felt himself fall. Suddenly, his body was thrown violently onto the hard surface of an unfamiliar world, scattering dust, making him cough. He could see a scene emerge.

ark-brown clouds spread across a tan sky. It was a world with a rusty colored terrain. The dark world smelled unfamiliar, somewhat like acrid dirt. He could see two moons, grey behind the clouds. Warlock stood, intrigued by this curious environment. He tried desperately to think clearly but found it difficult.

In fact, it was tough to keep his thoughts straight. His consciousness was scattered, and he could not perceive where he was. With his last rational sense, he knew he needed to leave, but could not call the Gamma Sphere.

Then, he tried calling the Voice. "Color, Voice."

He could barely speak as the words became jumbled in this world, and he stumbled around unable to function. As Warlock began staggering uncontrollably, he felt himself start to fall toward the ground.

At that moment, he felt a sharp pull from behind, bringing him out of the forest. He regained his senses in a few minutes. Then, he realized it was the Power that had pulled him out of the woods. Even more interesting, as though he had run for a few minutes, he had not traveled outside of an arm's reach from the forest border.

The Power spoke to Warlock, "What have you learned in your Rittikan Negative One?"

Warlock sat down to stop his dizzying head. He mumbled, "I have no control there."

“It is a part of you, and you say you have no control?” “But what can I do to stay there and continue to think?”

“You must learn the boundaries of this forest, your Rittikan Negative One.”

“I cannot reach its boundary. I ran, and did not get more than arm’s reach inside of it.”

“You must see it all as one, just as you did with the small particles within Rittikan Two and Rittikan Three. You cannot go through to see all as one. There is much darkness you do not understand, and without light, you cannot learn this darkness. You must have light, and see the forest as one. Just as the light of my knowledge drives the child, the Light of the Voice drives you beyond these realms hidden in darkness.”

Not knowing yet how to handle Rittikan Negative One, Warlock departed Rittikan Four, returning to Qeimxzan. He felt that perhaps Tiempra could offer him insight with regards to the Wish, which he felt would help him understand more about Rittikan Negative One. He returned to the physical, noticing his physical body had traveled some distance. Since he could still create food directly within himself, he could continue with few stops. His physical body never tired as it had, for he was given strength through his trips to Rittikan Four. As well, any other need his body would encounter could be dealt with automatically, beyond only the way nature intended.

He kept his focus on Qeimxzan, calling the Globe into his mind to see how far he had traveled. After realizing that he had gone four hundred miles of a five-hundred-mile journey, he was intrigued at how this had seemed to pass so quickly. He noticed as well that it had only been a day of travel, as the moon’s phase had not changed. He had traveled much faster, by use of his Globe without realizing it. Perhaps this challenging his fear within Rittikan Negative One had allowed him to utilize the Globe with greater precision.

His voyage finally brought him to Tiempra. As he walked into town, he noticed how tall the buildings were, at least three times the height of the

single floored houses of Nosessica. Upon walking along Tiempra's dirt path, which ran through the center of town, he remembered more of the *Ijere* from his youth:

*The princess of Tiempra has killed her groom, the prince, before her wedding day. Alas, it is forgotten what the prince has done, in his plot to kill the king. Never will she be remembered in trust, for she goes unpunished.*

Warlock knew this was why Tiempra no longer had a king. This was a reasonably large town, with what seemed like dozens of well-spaced out buildings from what Warlock could see. The town had been more celebrated in the past when there was a king. However, most had left many years ago, around the time of which the *Ijere* spoke.

The most noticeable building was a large hall in the center of town, which Warlock had to walk for a few hours to reach. Inside this room, there were two men. One sat at a large wooden desk, appearing to write. A large red candle burned nearby the man to his left with a fist-sized yellow flame flickering in a draft from an unknown source. Periodically, the man at the desk would touch his plume to the flame of the red candle, producing blue smoke. He moved the plume again onto a scroll of some sort, seemingly unaware of his surroundings.

The second man was moving books to and from the desk, leaving and coming from another room. This second man noticed Warlock entering, and whispered to the first man some unheard words.

The first man spoke, "Welcome, traveler. What knowledge do you seek?"

Warlock noticed there was a copy of the *Ijere* to the man's right.

Warlock walked up to the first man, as the man motioned the second away into another room. Warlock questioned, "Who are you?"

“I am a timewatcher. My name is Trej. What event do you seek?”

“I am Warlock, and I seek knowledge of the wishmaker of the amulet that no longer exists.”

“Under whose name do you demand such knowledge?” “Magistro, my teacher.”

“Magistro is dead. This has been revealed in the Akashic Records, within the spiritual plane. How does he train you?”

“Magistro died after teaching me all he knew, yet his spirit lives on.”

“This may be so, and I must test you in this. What do you know of Kablu?”

“Why do you want to know?”

“Kablu has great power, to reveal more details of the Akashic Records, those which store all events of time.”

“Kablu has trapped Nosessica, and this capture is spreading across the land. It will cover Xjadero if I do not stop this. I need your help in finding where the Wish began. Even the *Ijere* does not speak of it.”

“Why would you expect it to? Such knowledge has been lost, for it lies outside of our reality. Outside of a timekeeper, only Magistro knew of its existence. The reality of it having ever occurred was taken from the minds of all witnesses.” Trej did not seem to want to reveal how he, as a timewatcher, and not a timekeeper could have known of this event. Warlock thought about this but had another concern.

“I do not believe this makes it inaccessible.”

“Even if I speak of the origin of the place, it will do you no good. The amulet no longer exists, so why should it be a concern?”

“Trej, even you should know the significance of this, as a timewatcher. Events have their places in time.”

“Yes, for time is the momentum that creates reality.” “How do I

discover this time?”

“You already have discovered, but like everyone else, you do not realize. The creation by time is a fine balance between that which is real, and that which is not.”

“What is not real?”

“Ask Magistro these questions. If he is with you, he has seen the spiritual realms beyond what I know. But know this: that which you seek is in the town of Sibux, which lies five hundred miles south of here.”

Warlock felt the need to hurry even more strongly, and calling on the Globe, he vanished from the presence of Trej to the town of Sibux. After seeing his Rittikan Negative One, and learning more about time, he felt more confident in the use of his Globe.



# 19

*Unreality funnels out from the backbone of reality, as events unfold*

Sibux was a hot, dry desert town, and Warlock stood out from the locals, as he was the lightest-skinned person in that land. The people were curious, as travelers never ventured into the desert region. It was a moderately sized town, smaller than Nosessica, yet Sibux's main attraction was its central meeting square where the townspeople held meetings once a week.

Aside from town meetings, much gossip and news flowed freely in the square. The town considered every idea a potentially beneficial endeavor. The town was more prosperous than most, but it was the people's mindset that stood out from other towns. The town focused its energy on making these ideas become a reality. Sometimes frustration would play a part when an opinion could not be expressed in words. It also was a frustration to the town when they could not reach their goals.

It was approaching evening as Warlock came near the town and there were still a few people mingling about. Warlock inquired about a place to stay, before questioning the locals about the transpired event of the Wish.

A poorly dressed fat man replied, "Yes sir, I am Trent, the keeper of the inn. It will cost thirty pieces of silver to stay for the night."

Warlock replied, "You must understand that I have no money. All that I have is my power."

"So why not make yourself some money?"

"That isn't the right way. I don't squander my powers for personal comfort and gain as others might. Please, give me a place to stay. I'll work in the morning to repay my debt."

"What is it you hold inside your tunic?"

At this, Trent grabbed Warlock's tunic and opened it. The silver tablet

was clearly visible. “What is this?” Trent asked.

Warlock replied, “That is my destiny which you will not disrupt. I’ll work in the morning, but this you will not touch!”

“Very well,” Trent replied. He had a strange, sly smile on his face and one that caused a hint of concern within the young traveler. Warlock knew he needed to be careful.

Warlock went to his room where the candle lit the dark room warmly. His shadow flickered on the wall, and this reminded him of his dreams of long ago. There were wooden furniture and a bed with solid springs. Warlock would rest well that night.

No one grew as fast as Warlock in the perfection of spirit, but he still needed to learn the lessons of identifying trouble and recognizing the signs of a severe problem that awaited him, or how to know when someone was genuine in the heart.

Trent had recently oiled the door hinges and repaired the floorboards to eliminate the creaking when he snuck in to prey on his lodgers. He had a preference for picking on the poor, as they were comfortable, harmless targets. He preyed so much on the poor that he really had no need to steal from the rich.

As the night wore on, Warlock heard voices becoming progressively quieter as the other inn guests eventually made their way to their rooms. By the time the moon was high in the sky, only a few voices could still be heard as Warlock drifted off to sleep.

Trent whispered to his partners, “The candle in the boy’s room has gone out. So, he must now be asleep. Hush! He will not hear us if we keep quiet.”

They had removed their shoes before quietly entering the room, and Trent padded across the floor in his stocking feet. Another man whispered to Trent, “Should we kill him since he has no money?”

“No, we don’t want to cause a scene. We need to take what we can so that he won’t notice until he has left our inn.”

Warlock’s tunic lay on the back of a chair, yet he held the tablet in his arms on the bed.

Trent thought, *“The tablet is pure silver. It must be worth a lot of money. I wonder what else he has amongst his belongings.”*

He looked at Warlock’s face with a smile as he gently pried the tablet from his arms. But, as he continued to stare at Warlock’s face the innkeeper’s smile began to fade. It wasn’t that Warlock was moving, but the innkeeper could sense a strong feeling that unsettled him greatly. He immediately signaled to his partners to leave and left the tablet. They did not want to be caught so off they went leaving the innkeeper behind.

Trent had turned his back and prepared to leave the room, but Warlock saw what was happening in the place through Rittikan Four. Warlock was concerned and felt sorry for Trent who decided to steal from him. In Rittikan Four, the Prism kept Warlock’s mindset the best to make just decisions.

Warlock spoke in Rittikan Four, “Oh Trent, you have wronged many people. May you learn to be content with the pay you receive only from honest work.”

Warlock called forth the Gamma Sphere and the Globe. He looked into the Gamma Sphere and focused it to the spot in the room within the Globe. The Gamma Sphere glowed a pleasant green color.

Trent continued walking for the door, but the door seemed harder and harder to reach. He could not see it moving away, but as he walked the door did not get any closer, though he could feel himself moving toward it. This startled Trent, and he did not care about being quiet anymore. He started running very fast toward the door, but still did not get closer, and yet was not farther from it either.

Trent then felt himself slowing down. It felt as if he was running underwater, later it became more difficult, like moving through thick molasses.

After a few minutes of struggling, he froze completely. Though he could not run, Trent could still fully comprehend the outside world and realized that dawn was soon approaching.

Warlock woke up and yawned. He stretched and looked over at Trent. He stood up, walking toward Trent, speaking,

“You know that one must not steal. Isn’t that the rule of Sibux? You truly are skillful, but you do not focus it on a good cause. You should be thankful. You now have much time to think about the grief you have caused others since it will be reflected in you. You will remain in your state until you have firmly decided that you will not let this happen again.”

Warlock looked back at the room as he left and spoke,

“The payment for my stay is on the front table. Good day to you.” Warlock decided at that time it would have been more appropriate to leave the thirty pieces of silver than to work for Trent. This silver was created in much the same way as he had created the silver bridge on his journey.

He turned back toward the door and left. As Warlock walked out of the inn and went out into the town, he passed the men who worked with Trent. He spoke to the men,

“Protect your master. Don’t let him do wrong and you must also do what is right.”

They did not know what had happened to Trent, but nonetheless, they were scared of Warlock because of Trent’s response when Warlock had slept, and walked away, leaving him alone.

Warlock wondered to himself at his ability to affect time in the way that he did at the inn as he never did so to such an extent before.

Warlock questioned his conscience, with what he knew to ask. “How is that I can now affect time to this specific extent, which I had not before done?”

To Warlock’s surprise, it was Magistro who answered, within his

mind.

“Warlock, your Prism has become very powerful. This is the Light of the Voice within your Rittikan Four. The emotion that sparked the Dream through the Power is in your hands. Time is opening itself up to you. Though you did not alter the time of the Dream, you have isolated time to a place in itself.”

“How do you know all this Magistro?”

“I touch the spark of the Voice. It has revealed reality to me, and the unreality you must discover, that which is in the UnDream.”

“And what are reality and unreality?”

“Unreality funnels out from the backbone of reality, as events unfold. You will understand more about this in time, as you find the unreality for yourself. For now, know that Rezaeith controls your Rittikan Negative Two, and has since he dropped Nosessica into it.”

“How can I reach Rittikan Negative Two?”

“You must see all as one in your Rittikan Negative One. Your Rittikan Negative One is the forest of your fears, within Rittikan Four. Fear has killed Xanthier, and helped Rezaeith drop Nosessica into that which you do not yet control.”

Warlock then remembered how Rezaeith was feeding the anger of Nosessica. He pondered the connection between the anger and Rittikan Negative Two.

“So Rittikan Negative Two is my anger? Can that be fixed by the Prism?”

“Anger is more than just emotion fixed by the Prism. Rezaeith now controls your anger, and Hananni feeds the fear of the town. Only by peace can this stop, because peace can be found at the moment which unreality emerged from reality.”

“So Hananni controls my fear, and Kablu within Rittikan Negative

One and Rezaeith controls my anger within Rittikan Negative Two?”

“Yes, this is why you must hurry, and see your Rittikan Negative One as one, to find your Rittikan Negative Two.”

Warlock instantly went into Rittikan Four, to focus intently on his forest. The Gamma Sphere followed as he ran toward the mile-distant forest, reaching it in under a minute from Sentinel Lake.

Stopping outside his forest, his Gamma Sphere floated in front of him. Touching his Gamma Sphere, he felt the warmth, and pressed his hands together, inside the Gamma Sphere. The Gamma Sphere locked on his Rittikan Four hands, and he floated upward and over, guided by the Gamma Sphere, to overlook his forest. The forest went on endlessly toward the horizon.

Warlock became afraid, unsure of what would happen if he were to fall in the middle of this forest. He increased his speed until the trees raced under him in a blur. After what seemed like an eternity, he still could not see the end. Then he flew even higher, away from the ground in Rittikan Four. The forest grew smaller below him as he ascended, but he still did not see where it finished in the endless plain.

Then, he noticed a figure resembling a man, which seemed to be holding his Rittikan Four world in the palm of his hand. Though the man appeared to look like Xanthier, Warlock knew it was Rezaeith. Since Xanthier had been lost within Rittikan Negative One, Rezaeith had inherited all there was regarding Xanthier. Warlock, knowing this, could see Rezaeith as he was.

Rezaeith looked directly at Warlock. Warlock could see his own ugly reflection in the eyes of Rezaeith. Rezaeith did not like what he saw in how Warlock had come so far. Warlock could see in Rezaeith’s eyes how he viewed Warlock. A piercing, high-pitched, echoing scream enveloped the sky, and Rezaeith closed his hand over the land, shrouding it in darkness. Then Rezaeith’s voice boomed through his dark world,

“You will not have me, even in your Rittikan Negative Two.”

Warlock knew Rezaeith was trapped here since Nosessica’s dimension

had been shifted, taking Rezaeith with it. Warlock responded, holding his dimly lit Sphere in front of him,

“Rezaeith, you are trapped in Rittikan Negative Two. You do not realize what you have done for you cannot escape. I saw you in Nosessica, yet you did not see me. You have trapped the whole town.”

Warlock called upon the Prism through the Gamma Sphere, speaking into his Rittikan Negative Two world,

“I call for the Prism, the Light of the Voice.”

Rittikan Negative Two was lit up brightly showing the endless forest. Warlock took every tree into his mind, as Rezaeith started making threats. Not allowing his emotions to overtake him, Warlock brought each tree into an amalgamation of them all. Thus, his Rittikan Negative Two world formed into a single tree within the realm of Rittikan Four. A single red Moncor tree was established, representing his Rittikan Negative Two, his anger.

There, in Rittikan Four, now stood Sentinel Lake, the Moncor tree, an endless grassy plain, and the animals around Sentinel Lake. Warlock remembered the mountain, which used to be there, and had helped form the Prism. Rezaeith disappeared without a word as this event took place. Warlock knew that Rezaeith was still locked within Rittikan Negative Two which was now the simple tree. Warlock could now keep a watch on his anger, even that beyond emotion. He still needed to find that unreal side of himself, to undo what Rezaeith had started. He could then bring the peace to Qeimxzan once Nosessica was restored.

All this had happened quite fast, as no time seemed to have elapsed in Sibux. Warlock found himself still walking away from the inn, just as a hand grabbed his physical arm. “Come with us. You have caused chaos in Sibux, and you must face this fact.”

Warlock went with the two men who led him to the town square. The crowd had grown into a frenzy, and he was brought before a lady not much older than himself. The men continued to hold Warlock.

The lady spoke,

“Traveler, you are warned not to bring trouble to this town. It has been said that you cast a wicked spell onto Trent. What do you have to say?”

“I have come for help, and for answers to my questions.”

“You are not welcome here. This town does not like troublemakers.”

“I have not come to bring trouble. I come in the name of Trej, to find the origin of the Wish that remains unfulfilled.”

“You have seen the last timewatcher, Trej?”

“Yes, I was there yesterday.”

“That cannot be, for Tiemptra lies five hundred miles from here.” The crowd began laughing at Warlock’s seemingly crazy tale.

Warlock spoke, “I need to find the origin of the Wish, to save Nosessica.”

The lady motioned for the men to let Warlock go, and commanded him to follow her alone. The crowd remained behind confused, and still angry. Eventually, their anger dispersed as did the group itself. They walked toward the edge of town, and the lady spoke,

“Traveler, who are you?”

“My name is Warlock. I was trained by Magistro and came here because of information I was given by Trej. You seem to know about him.”

“My name is Lastra. I am the daughter of Trej. Magistro visited me in a dream many years ago. He spoke to me of the Wish that remained unfulfilled, and that one would come to discover it.”

“I do not mean to fulfill this Wish.”

“The Wish will be fulfilled, nonetheless. I informed Trej of this Wish when I found out about it from Magistro. Other than Trej, you and I, there is no other that I know of with knowledge of the amulet.”

“Why did Magistro not tell me how to find this Wish before?”

“Because, your journey needed to follow the path of the Dream, which



is the Shape of life. That which you have traveled, and when you have been at those places upon Xjadero, have matched the pattern and Shape which represents the Dream.”

“I do not understand.”

Lastra spoke while looking into the sky,

“Even I have noticed strange events. Though I see nothing, I feel the end is near.”

Warlock began noticing nature melting once more, and this time, his hands appeared to dissolve into a liquid, though he felt nothing. Lastra still spoke without seeing this happening but felt that something was wrong.

“I see in your eyes the fear of the end. You must master your fear. If you control this, you will understand more about what is hidden inside of you.”

“How can I find this Wish that remains unfulfilled?”

“The Wish can be found in the path you have taken. You must continue to the town of Prenya. The paths you have followed, the places you have been, they are pre-destined; they all will come at once to allow you to find the origin of the Wish, within its recesses of time.”

Nature was suddenly restored, as Warlock spoke. “Then I must continue to the town of Prenya.”

“Yes, it lies one thousand miles east of here.”

“Thank you. I must go, to find this Wish, and undo what Rezaeith has started.”

As Warlock departed using the Globe, the last words of Lastra could be heard. “Do not forget to find the unreal side of yourself. Then, you will understand the nature of the Wish.”

# 20

*Indeed, it takes a keen eye to notice the subtleties of reality*

As soon as Warlock appeared in Prenya, he was surrounded by the liquid nature once again which showed the nearing end of the Dream, flowing around. Though he felt no fear or pain from this liquid state of his surroundings, he was frustrated by it but trusted in the Prism to keep himself calm. He walked through the swirling town, speaking with people about the peace he was trying to spread. Warlock knew that by following his heart, he would be stepping the correct pattern and Shape set out by the Dream.

Warlock went to the market and purchased an apple with a copper coin he found on the ground as he entered the town. It had been a long time since he had eaten anything not created directly by him. He spoke to the merchant about his journey and the goal of his quest. “My dreams have told me that the end of existence is near. However, we can have peace in this.”

“Are you a timewatcher?”

“No, my name is Warlock. I come in the name of Magistro.”

“The timewatchers say Magistro is dead. However, if you were trained by him, why do you need to come here, besides convincing the people about peace?”

Warlock insisted, “I seek the nature of the Wish that remains unfulfilled.”

“Why do you ask me such a thing?” questioned the merchant.

Warlock knew there was something special about this man because the liquid flowing nature did not touch the merchant. Warlock spoke, “I see you are special. You cover yourself well as a merchant.”

“Yes, you are very observant. Indeed, it takes a keen eye to notice the subtleties of reality.”

The man motioned for his assistant, who was at another booth, to take over his stand. Warlock walked with the man in privacy.

“Warlock, the Wish is a dangerous thing you seek. It could destroy you, you must understand that.”

“The Wish will be fulfilled, no matter what I do. I must find its origin, to understand it. With all this talk, I did not ask your name.” “My name is Seban. I am a timekeeper; the only physical timekeeper. You will need to seek the spiritual timekeeper. He travels the path from reality to unreality and back. He knows the origin of the Wish.”

“How do I find him?” Warlock inquired.

“You must travel to the town of Shuxlor. It lies one thousand miles south of here. You will have no trouble finding the spiritual timekeeper because he will call for you.”

“How will I know him when I see him?”

“Because he will appear to you as a part of yourself. He is a guide, and a shape-changer of sorts.”

“Will he look like me?”

“He will appear as the symbol that represents you, between the realms of real and unreal. He is your link to understanding the nature of the Wish, and how to reach its origin.”

“Then I must go. The apple was good, many thanks for it. I hope to see you again so that we can learn more from one another.”

Warlock called forth the Globe to aid his travel to Shuxlor. The voice of Seban left its mark as he traveled, “He will not look like what you expect. Trust in your heart upon what you see.”

Shuxlor was most unlike any town Warlock knew from his past. It stood beside the sea, and the pounding surf covered the village in a salty mist. As Warlock entered Shuxlor, the moon was high in the sky, and it was night. Though Warlock felt that his travel was accomplished in an instant, the travel

time, in reality, had taken a day.

As he approached the town, Warlock could not see anyone outside the few homes that were scattered across the area. There were trees distributed around the perimeter of the town, but no trees could be found within the town's boundaries. This place was mysterious. The air was crisp and damp, and as Warlock moved away from the sea, the sound of the surf grew quieter. He did not know this town's history, as he had with Tiempra. He walked cautiously, yet was eager to find the spiritual timekeeper.

Warlock kept walking for an hour, crossing the town. He received no recognition from any townspeople, as there were none to be seen. A few wild dogs could be heard chasing rabbits outside the town but other than that sound, there was little else to be heard. Warlock kept his watch on this only sign of life to be seen until he was noticed, and the animals disappeared in the distance. Warlock could not understand why the timekeeper had not revealed himself and why the town was so desolate and empty.

By this time in Warlock's exploration of the town the surf could no longer be heard. The mist had thinned, and a light fog was still left behind. Warlock looked around, again not witnessing any form of life, and decided to walk around the town toward his left.

As he walked the fog patches alternated between barely existent and very thick. A few places the fog was too dense for Warlock to see his own hand in front of his face. After passing through such a patch, he noticed a small speck of light appear. Interested, he walked toward this light passing once again through the fog which glowed an attractive pale blue by the moon's light.

When he approached the light that he had seen in the distance, he found a fire that stood without the slightest flicker. This brought back memories of the fire of his dreams from Magistro. However, this was not in a cave. It was upon a small open plain within Shuxlor's boundaries.

As he approached the odd, unflickering fire, he felt the warmth. This

warmth was different from the fire that Magistro had built in Warlock's dreams before they met. Nonetheless, Warlock sat next to it, admiring its miraculous form. After looking around to see who may have lit this fire, he looked back, and to his surprise, he now could see his reflection in the fire. He was taken aback and jumped slightly, standing, and looking keenly as he saw his reflection age by about five years in what seemed like a half-minute.

Suddenly, a new voice came from behind him, "The fox stands alone."

Warlock spun around quickly in the direction of the voice only to see a humanoid red fox sitting behind him. Warlock was shocked, yet intrigued. He did not doubt this sign as he had learned to trust that anything could be possible. He listened to what the fox would say next.

"Independent he is, on his own."

Warlock questioned, "Are you the spiritual timekeeper?"

The fox cocked his head slightly as if wondering why Warlock would have asked that as if the fox thought Warlock should have known for sure it was he.

"The sign of power through the dark thundershower."

Warlock then remembered his Song of Rain and how it described him helping a fox through a stormy night. Then again, Warlock knew that maybe the fox could help him.

Warlock spoke, "I seek the nature of the Wish." "Venture on you must, on a bittersweet trail of dust."

Warlock wondered why this fox seemed to speak in riddles and rhymes of some sort, yet he sat and let the fox finish his words. The fire behind him was still unmoving and gave its warmth to his back.

The fox continued, in words that would help Warlock understand the rest of his journey:

"Hush, your thoughts grow loud

Wonder increases their sound

Forward you will go to Chimera Plain  
Content is your will for you are trained  
In dark Rittikan One stands still  
Your Amorcus tree and cool winds of a chill  
From there you move on  
Driven by your dreams, and legends at once  
At first light you will see where your dream told you to be The  
plateau, not what your mind at dark let you see Adventurous are  
you, and you know it quite well  
Hear the words the Voice has to tell  
The fox is part of you, as I am of him  
The final day, beyond dark, your heart be not dim.”

The fox then stood up, walking, and motioning for Warlock to follow  
as he continued his words:

“There you will lie, beyond the symmetrical  
Dream All emotions flowing through in a stream  
This is the Dream with memory the way  
Remember your tree, knowledge learned on each day.”



The fox then sat silent and scratched his right ear, and when finished continued speaking, looking up at Warlock:

“Listen for the peace that grows true in all  
Your wise tree grows; the soft wind is its call.”

Warlock could not clearly understand the meaning of every line of this riddle spoken by the fox, yet he knew that he was given useful insight.

Warlock wondered why the spiritual timekeeper appeared to him as a fox. The fox, sensing this, spoke, “Even now, you understand more about this symbol which represents you. Like the fox in his solitude, you were alone, and not highly regarded by men. This has been shown as a sign of the Power, as you continue to rely more on your wit than your strength. As you heard in the Song of Rain, the fox has overcome, and so shall you. You have inherited a piece of me, and you shall find out later how this became so.”

The fox motioned Warlock to follow him again as he led him outside of Shuxlor and into a dense forest. As it grew darker, Warlock moved closer to the fox. He could hear the fox treading over dried leaves and followed these sounds in the darkness.

When complete darkness enveloped him, Warlock desired to call his Gamma Sphere to give light so that he could use it to see through his Rittikan Four, a representation of the physical Qeimxzan. Yet, he decided to trust the fox as they walked further and did not use the Gamma Sphere. After walking in complete darkness for several minutes, Warlock suddenly stopped hearing the footsteps. Silence, save for his own breath, fell on this world; however, he trusted and walked on.

After several more minutes of walking in darkness and silence, he heard the fox speak once again, and the sudden sound of the fox gave Warlock a start.

“I have traveled the realm of the unreal and so must you. You must find the unreal side of yourself and undo what Rezaeith has started.”

Warlock asked the fox, “Can you undo what he has done since you are



"No, for Rezaeith's work branched off from your own Rittikan Negative Two. I will help you find the wishmaker so that you may understand the Wish. Then, you will understand your true unreality. With this knowledge, you will undo Rezaeith's work and bring peace to Qeimxzan."

Then, a minute amount of light lit up the world around Warlock, and this dimly lit the fox. Warlock could see the faint swishing of the fox's tail as it stood and continued its story.

"A thousand years ago, when the amulet was destroyed, unreality was created. The wishmaker became trapped in this unreality. It is tough to find a path from reality to unreality, yet one has recently emerged. When this path is crossed, you will go backward in time, along the unreal, to the source of the Wish. There, you will find the wishmaker."

"I assumed that the wishmaker was dead after these thousand years."

"Know that one truly dies when he ceases to exist from all reality and unreality. This is why you must go back along the path of unreality."

"When did this recent path you speak of emerge from reality to unreality?"

"When Xanthier died in your Rittikan Negative One. Fear formed this path, but it was guided in its formation by Xanthier's love and care for you."

"What about the Dream that may soon end?"

"This is why you must hurry. When you formed the Moncor tree in Rittikan Four, you merged Rittikan Negative One and Rittikan Negative Two. Your fear and anger are now within this tree. This tree is the beginning of your path to unreality. From there, another tree will be formed at the end of the path to unreality. Once you see this second tree, you will be at the door to the unreality."

"Will I be trapped there?"

"Your tablet of destiny will wait for you, showing that you will return."

Do not fear about that. But you must hurry, for the Dream will soon end, and Qeimxzan must have peace before then.”

Warlock transferred his consciousness to Rittikan Four. Standing by Sentinel Lake, he could see his Moncor tree about a mile away. It looked like his Amorcus tree, except it was red in color with much broader leaves and darker, rougher bark.

As Warlock walked up to the Moncor tree, he felt coolness come from within, and the tree seemed to pull something from him ever so slightly. As he approached closer to touch it, the air around it became very thick. As he reached out to touch it now, he noticed strange things happening in Rittikan Four. As his hand got closer to the bark, some of the animals nearby began disappearing and reappearing in different places.

He waved his hand an inch from the tree trunk and noticed the animals disappear more quickly and some did not reappear until he moved his hand entirely away from the tree. When he got his hand closer to its bark, he noticed Sentinel Lake stretching and squeezing itself in an elastic motion.

At the moment when he touched its bark, Rittikan Four turned into a chaotic mess, with things disappearing and reappearing in irregular and rapid patterns. This included Sentinel Lake, which seemed to change size and location quite rapidly.

Knowing no other alternative, he grabbed a large branch of the Moncor tree quite firmly with both hands and pulled himself up into its red canopy. Instantly, Warlock found himself standing in the world of Rittikan Negative Two, looking upon the tan sky and dark-brown clouds. The Moncor tree was not present, as it seemed to have disappeared as Warlock entered this world. Warlock felt a bit concerned about how he could get back but did not fret about this. Warlock felt distanced from this world as if it could not touch him. Perhaps this was because he entered it without fear, knowing it was a part of him. Warlock stood, looking at the rust-red mountains in the distance.

Warlock then ran over the land, toward the dark, rust-red mountains

that gave off their smell of acrid dirt. After reaching the base of one of the mountains, he climbed it, feeling leering eyes upon his back. He knew that Rezaeith watched him, yet Warlock could not see him. Unconcerned about Rezaeith, Warlock ascended, reaching a plateau at the top.

There was a violet colored tree in the middle of the thousand-foot-wide plateau. A hot hissing high-pitched wind rushed past the tree, shaking the leaves. Warlock wondered about this tree and how it existed on this plateau of discomforting winds. It stung his ears and skin, but Warlock pressed on. Even the harsh dust that came with the wind and hurt his eyes could not stop him, and he tried to protect his Rittikan Negative Two face with a fold of Magistro's blue cloak. As he did this, he realized his silver tablet was not with him in this world. He remembered the timekeeper fox speaking of it. He trusted that his silver tablet of destiny would wait for him within Shuxlor, until the time he was ready to return.

Warlock stood at the base of this tree which gave him shelter from the wind. He touched it and felt nothing unusual. Even climbing into it did not reveal anything new. Warlock decided that perhaps unconsciousness in this Rittikan Negative Two tree would help him find unreality. Though Warlock was not tired in Rittikan Negative Two, he spoke to himself,

"Maybe if I try to sleep here, it may work. I have to try, as nothing else seems to work." Warlock fell fast asleep in its branches, becoming unconscious, before waking up in another dark place. He was in a darkly lit room and saw a young man crouched in a corner.

# 21

*The consciousness of Rittikan Real merged with Rittikan Unreal, and became straight white lightning, streaking through unreality*

“Who are you?” Warlock asked the young man gently.

The startled man jumped. He remained squatted with his back to the corner and his arms outstretched along the walls.

Warlock knelt down, to meet this young man at eye level. Again, Warlock spoke, quietly in sympathy, “What is your name, young man?”

Warlock could not make out the face of the young man apparently though he thought that the man looked like he may be slightly older than himself. The young man’s face was sweating, as he looked at Warlock, obviously frightened.

Warlock then sat in an attempt to show the tense young man that he meant no harm and to allow this young man to calm down. Warlock was unsure where this place was though he did think that it might be the unreality that he was seeking.

The young man spoke softly and timidly, “I...I’m so cold.”

Warlock noticed he was not shaking or shivering and showed no apparent signs of a chill.

Warlock spoke again, empathically, “Do you remember your name?” After a few moments, the young man spoke again, “I...I can’t remember. I can’t remember anything.” The young man apparently looked like he wanted to cry, but had shed all his tears and was exhausted from the effort.

Warlock reached out to try to touch the young man, but the young man shied away and moved from the corner to settle once again between another wall and a decrepit bed. It was very dimly lit in this room and Warlock moved slowly, unable to make out any other form within the bedroom.

Warlock also noticed this room smelled quite stale as if the door and windows had not been opened for decades. He even began to be aware of the smell of the young man who probably had not bathed in some time. Warlock wanted to call forth his Gamma Sphere to light up this room, yet he was not able. Now he was certain this was unreality. He had left the timeline of reality and was bound to this new path. Warlock did not care much for this separation, as his goal was to help this young man that he believed was the wishmaker.

After about an hour of silence and after the man seemed to have calmed down quite significantly, Warlock spoke again. “When did you come here?”

The man, more comfortable with Warlock’s presence, replied after a few moments, “I don’t remember. I have been here as long as I can remember.”

Warlock then sat on the bed and offered a hand to the young man. The young man did not want to move from his shelter of the bed and the wall. As Warlock adjusted his position on the mattress to be able to see the young man more clearly, he felt a strange hard object. Though he could barely see what it was, he thought it looked like a glass ball of some sort and it was very cool to the touch.

Warlock questioned the man, calmly, “Do you know what this glass ball is?”

“I don’t know. It appeared here not long ago. I thought it could help me, but I cannot make use of it.”

Warlock then held this glass sphere up to try and study its appearance and noted that he could look through it. The young man spoke to Warlock, a bit more confident. “That ball sometimes makes music, like a flute. It gives me some hope, but that hope comes and goes.”

“When did it last make this music?”

“I think it was yesterday, but I don’t know. It may have been longer,

but I can't tell."

"How do you get the ball to begin playing this music?"

"It just comes, especially at moments when I feel utterly hopeless. At those moments, I truly have no desire to live except for hearing its beautiful tones."

"Does it glow when it plays music?"

"No, I have been in darkness for as long as I can remember." "Do you think this music may be telling you something?"

"I just listen to it, until it stops. I don't know what this music means."

"Perhaps, the next time you hear it, and listen, it may tell you something. Trust in your heart and listen closely to what it will say."

This ball seemed to remind Warlock of something he had in his reality. Warlock felt he was beginning to forget, as he could not grasp what it reminded him of. Warlock thought hard, "*Did I have a ball like this?*"

Warlock spoke to the young man, "You must try to remember how you arrived here. This glass ball has some resemblance to one of my own, but I seem to be forgetting what it is exactly."

"How can I remember?"

"Have you tried speaking to this glass ball which plays music for you?"

The young man shivered a bit as he felt coolness come over him again. He replied to Warlock,

"I had not thought of that. Perhaps I should say before I forget."

"Yes, and before I forget." Warlock worried that this act of forgetting may lead to him becoming lost in this unreal world.

The young man stood up carefully on trembling legs and sat down on the bed next to Warlock. Feeling around for the glass ball, he could feel its coolness as he grasped it. The young man closed his eyes desiring it to play its beautiful flute music. He focused his heart on this request and began to feel a

certain sympathy and caring for the glass ball. He felt warmth he had not remembered emerge from within himself as this ball produced a feeling of love and trust within the frail young man.

The young man shed a single tear which fell upon the glass ball as he spoke, "What have I forgotten?"

The teardrop splashed upon its surface and revealed a soft, rippling reddish wave of light like a stone dropped on a pond that reflected the morning sun. This light then faded to dark. The young man gave a sigh and held the ball to his chest as a mother would a baby. The young man's warmth touched the glass ball and caused it to glow ever so slightly, lighting up the young man's face.

As low tones of a flute began to emerge from within the glass ball, Warlock remembered his Gamma Sphere and looked intently into the face of this young man. The young man's face was the same one he had seen in the still fire of Shuxlor when he met the timekeeper fox. Warlock instantly knew this young man, the wishmaker, was the unreal side of himself.

Warlock questioned himself, "*How can that be? This is a thousand years before me. How could this have happened?*"

As Warlock remembered, the glass ball grew lighter, and the music increased until its music resembled the calm tones he had heard when he left Nosessica. These had formed the words of the lost ancient dialect never spoken by man.

The young man spoke, "What is it saying?"

"I think it said: 'You have found the real side of yourself, Warlock.'"

As the light in the room increased, another voice came into the room. "Yes, that is what the music is saying. Danny, you are the unreal side of Warlock, many years before he earned that name. Now, you both must undo what Rezaeith has started so peace can be brought to Qeimxzan."

Warlock knew the voice to be that of the timekeeper fox. Then, the fox

revealed himself near the wall opposite from the bed.

The fox then questioned Warlock, “What have you learned about the unreal, Warlock?”

“I know it is a place to forget what is real.”

“Yes, the unreal is a place of forgetting. Do you remember how you got here, Warlock?”

“I came from the Rittikan Negative Two tree.” “What does that tell you about the unreal?”

Warlock answered somewhat unsure, “That it is my Rittikan Negative Three.”

“Yes, for just as your unreal is a place to forget, Rittikan Negative Three is this unreal, the nature of oblivion.”

“Now I understand. I became unconscious in Rittikan Negative Two to reach Rittikan Negative Three. But can I just go back?”

“No, for the path you took to get here has taken you back one thousand years in the past. You must travel the path of unreality until you find another path back to reality.”

Warlock was in the midst of thinking that he could not live a thousand years when the well-lit room began deteriorating before them. All three noticed this phenomenon, and Danny became scared.

The fox spoke, “Warlock, the Dream is ending. Very soon, when the Dream has weakened enough, the Wish will be fulfilled, and the amulet will seek out Danny, the wishmaker. When this Wish is fulfilled, unreality will merge back into reality, undoing all events within your reality that are not in synchronicity with that of the unreal.”

Loud thunder rumbled through the world as Warlock pleaded, “What can I do?”

The fox replied, “You must quickly fly to defeat the merging of unreality and reality, or you will cease to exist. You have a thousand years



now between you and Nosessica.”

Warlock was about to ask the fox where to go when a doorway seemed to open up that revealed a soft yellow light. Warlock scooped up the fox in his right arm and took Danny by his free hand and ran out the door just as a crash of red sparks erupted behind him. Warlock saw a grassy plain emerge as he continued running. Danny, fearful, grasped his glass ball harder and its music became silenced.

After a few moments, Warlock lifted his feet and floated all three rapidly over the ground as a fast approaching blackness chased after them. Holding onto the timekeeper fox gave him this ability to levitate, though he was unconcerned about how. Warlock asked the fox, “Can you lead us?”

The fox replied, “No, Warlock. This is your unreality, and you must be the one to follow it through. When I carried your spirit before from unreality back to reality, you inherited a piece of me, and this is why you can travel the unreal as you have done. Now, the path to reality no longer exists, so you must lead Danny onward lest he cease to exist. In that, you would cease to exist, for he is your past, disjointed from reality by a thousand years.”

Warlock pushed on, proceeding as fast as he could go. Soon, he saw houses of a town appearing and disappearing. Buildings shifted around quite rapidly. Trees moved, disappeared, and grew and shrank. Though he traveled along the unreality, Warlock knew it was a reality he saw changing, as unreality was undoing its events that pertained to Danny and Warlock.

Danny noticed the blackness was gaining on them, and spoke, “Hurry Warlock, non-existence is approaching.”

Warlock tried to move faster but was becoming tired. The blackness seemed but only a few seconds behind them. Warlock wondered how far they had traveled and just then their motion became jerky and awkward. It was challenging for Warlock to move but he was determined not to allow the blackness to reach them.

The fox spoke, “We have only traversed ten years. You must go

faster!” As soon as he had spoken reality seemed to appear right in front of Warlock. Trees covered their path and Warlock had to move quickly to dodge them. With the sudden movement, the glass ball was dislodged from Danny’s hand as he cried, “Nooo!” At this, Warlock pulled Danny to his side, struggling to hold him.

Within seconds, the glass ball disappeared in a shower of red sparks and a high-pitched ringing. Danny became frantic, yelling, “No, no, no, no! Go, go, go, go!”

Warlock became desperate as he looked back and saw the blackness closing the gap and questioned the fox, “When will I find reality?”

“You must trust in yourself to find this. I cannot help you anymore, and I am hindering your advance.” The fox tried to wiggle free while Warlock desperately held him tight. Warlock’s arm grew tired from resisting the struggling fox, and his grip loosened. The fox spoke as he dropped away, “Warlock, become the Light of the Voice.” At this, the fox was also gone in a shower of red sparks and a high-pitched echoing thunder. Warlock then focused on Danny and held him with both hands.

Danny held on tight and became confident that he had to help Warlock. He proceeded to help Warlock advance by using his own will.

With both of them working together, they were able to move away from this phenomenon which was still chasing after them, but they then noticed it accelerated its pace once again. They were both growing tired, and Warlock tried to determine how to become the Light of the Voice of which the fox had spoken.

As the blackness continued to rocket behind them, Warlock called on the Voice with the only words he could think of. “Emotions are powerful, and feelings are fierce. This is the spark of the Voice.”

Warlock then saw Rittikan One, with his Amorcus tree, drop down in front of their path. But, as they attempted to move toward it, it kept its distance. It had stacked itself upon Warlock’s unreality of Qeimxzan. He was

surrounded by darkness, yet lit by the endless cool light from above.

The blackness could still be heard approaching as it ripped through space and time behind them.

Then, Rittikan Two dropped down and stacked itself upon Rittikan One. Sentinel Lake was shifting around, yet his Amorcus tree stood still. Patches of daylight from Rittikan Two began to appear and disappear, as reality seemed to go throughout his path of unreality.

Then, Rittikan Three dropped down, superimposing itself within Rittikan Two and Rittikan One.

The Power could be seen, appearing and disappearing three times each second. Danny was wondering about these but trusted in what he had forgotten. He had known by now that Warlock needed him, because he had forgotten, and was conscious within the UnDream, which was unconsciousness within the Dream.

Then, Rittikan Four dropped down into the stack of Rittikan Three, Two and One. The Moncor tree appeared, unmoving, while animals shifted around, trading places with one another. Some animals seemed to decay, and melt, and flowed to form other composite animals.

Warlock was quite exhausted by this time, as was Danny. The merging blackness then burst forward and was about to touch them. Warlock and Danny both felt the emptiness, the lack of all feeling and all emotion reaching out to them.

Just as they felt that they could not go further, Rittikan Five, the all-white realm dropped into Rittikan Four, Three, Two and One. White light shone out and this source of emotion, feeling and thought pulled against Warlock, Danny and pushed at the blackness upon their backs.

As the light flowed, it surrounded them thoroughly, and Warlock and Danny found themselves floating in peaceful whiteness. They received rest, and this bubble of Rittikan Five carried them along the disappearing path of unreality and kept them a safe distance ahead of the blackness of non-

existence.

The peaceful Voice spoke, “All of Warlock’s Rittikans, One through Five, are Rittikan Real.”

Warlock could now think, as he had gained insight from all of his Rittikans within Rittikan Real. Danny also began to understand and realized that they were getting closer to Nosessica, and closer to when Warlock had left reality.

Then, the Moncor tree appeared, surrounded by darkness, revolving slowly around the white Rittikan Real. This was the tree of his fear and anger, Rittikan Negative One and Rittikan Negative Two combined.

Then, the Violet tree, which held Rittikan Negative Three, the bedroom of oblivion, appeared alongside the Moncor tree, and both scenes formed a cylinder surrounding them, with the Rittikan Real light inside holding Warlock and Danny.

The Voice spoke again, “Warlock’s Rittikan Real meets Danny’s Rittikan Negative Three Unreal, joined by the Violet, Moncor, and Amorcus trees.”

Rittikan Negative One, Negative Two and Negative Three spun around them, moving faster, soon turning white and they focused the light of Rittikan Real on Warlock and Danny.

The Voice spoke again, “Warlock is the Light of the Voice, and Danny the UnLight. They form the Dream and UnDream, to remember and forget, within the spark of time.”

As the Voice spoke, Warlock and Danny felt themselves become lighter in weight as well as whiter in color. This continued until they no longer had bodies and merged to become a single pure consciousness among the white of Rittikan Real, surrounded by Rittikan Negative One, Rittikan Negative Two, and the unreal Rittikan Negative Three. As all of these elements continued to swirl around this center of consciousness of Rittikan Real, the three Negative Rittikans began to merge and close in on the source of

The consciousness of Rittikan Real merged with Rittikan Unreal, and became straight white lightning, streaking through unreality. Non-existence was left far behind as they traveled along the path of unreality which had been set in place already by time.

The consciousness of Rittikan Real and Rittikan Unreal, which was Warlock and Danny as one, continued, knowing that non-existence would eventually catch up if they could not find reality. After moments of rapidly traveling, the ubiquitous white began to darken.

Within seconds, the Light of the Voice, which was the consciousness of Rittikan Real and Rittikan Unreal, moved into a foggy grey realm and was forced to suddenly stop.

The Voice spoke into the consciousness of its Light. “My Light is at the limit of time, at the edge of the Dream. Reality is created at this moment, as is unreality.”

The consciousness of the Light, which was the Light of the Voice, knew where it was. The Light spoke, “I am in Rittikan Six, which is the Dream. This is the edge of time.”

As the Light spoke, reality and unreality emerged. Trees faded in through the grey clouds. The mountains could be seen fading into existence in the distance. People could be seen walking about. The Light moved away, fading back into grey, staying ahead of reality, unreality and time. Here, there was no difference between reality and unreality for they had yet to be created. The Light knew that non-existence was catching up and would soon put an end to unreality. Then, only reality would remain.

The Light knew it could not stay here and wait for reality to be undone. If the merging were to reach Nosessica while its dimension was still shifted by Rezaeith, the fusion would pass right through Nosessica, leaving Rezaeith still in control. As only the UnDream could undo what Rezaeith had started, the Light knew it needed to make Nosessica entirely physical again.

The Light now needed to figure out how it could bring Nosessica out of Rittikan Negative Two.

The Light knew it needed to merge Rittikan Real and Rittikan Unreal with reality, for these had only been combined as the Light traveled on the path of unreality. With Rittikan Real and Rittikan Unreal merged, Rezaeith and Hananni would lose their control of Warlock's Negative Rittikans within reality. With this knowledge, the Light prepared to let reality begin to pass it, progressing back through time, to where Nosessica had been dropped into Warlock's Rittikan Negative Two.

# 22

*The amulet will follow this path of light, for it is now bound to this light*

As reality passed the Light, the scenery continually changed. The Light soon found itself becoming heavier and was turned back into the body and form of Warlock. In this progression backward through reality, the Light of the Voice could not remain so, as it needed to attach itself to reality. The Light had moved freely but now needed to become locked into reality to have influence.

Warlock was slightly worried, as reality began to take hold of his mind. Warlock knew that he would soon not see the difference between what was real and what was undone by the merging of the real and unreal.

Warlock kept his mind focused and held onto the Prism of Emotions within Rittikan Real. Using his Globe, also in Rittikan Real, he vanished from his place in Shuxlor, taking his tablet with him to just outside the pale-green valley of Nosessica. Warlock noticed his tablet had become gold. Now that he had experienced the Light of the Voice, he had taken that next step to fulfill his destiny.

No longer could the surrounding trees of Nosessica be felt. They had faded. Warlock realized that Nosessica was fading from the physical. Warlock appeared in the center of Nosessica right where another meeting was being held. Rezaeith could barely be seen, and his voice was muffled and barely audible. Warlock could not understand what Rezaeith was telling the town but noticed that the townspeople were agitated and angry. Warlock could sense that their anger was making Nosessica's predicament worse. He felt that if the townspeople continued to be angry, they would give strength to his Rittikan Negative Two, and disappear altogether.

Not knowing what else to do, Warlock called forth Seban, the physical timekeeper, from the town of Prenya. Two seconds later, Seban appeared

beside Warlock and was somewhat stunned by this.

Seban questioned, about being transported, “Warlock, what is happening?”

“My town disappears. Peace cannot be brought to Qeimxzan without Nosessica.”

Seban then looked around, seeing what had been revealed to him through the mind of the timewatcher, Trej. Because what the timewatchers learned, the timekeepers knew.

Seban replied, “Have you found the wishmaker?”

“Yes, I was the wishmaker. Now, the reality is being undone, yet we do not notice because we are bound to reality.”

“Then you know what you must do,” stated Seban. “What?”

“You must find the amulet, and unwish the Wish you made as the wishmaker.”

“I did not see the amulet in unreality when I traveled as the Light of the Voice.”

“The Light you say?”

“Yes, I am the Light of the Voice.”

“How can this be, for the Light cannot be bound to reality? It travels freely.”

“I left the consciousness of the Light to become bound to reality as Warlock like I was before.”

“Then this is why you did not see the amulet. The amulet was bound to unreality, and you passed it by as the Light of the Voice. You also passed up the path from unreality to reality. The timekeeper fox, who exists no more within the Dream, told me of this, yet I only learned of it just now. The voice of the timekeeper fox progresses through time. Perhaps the words he has spoken in the past will find you in the future.”

“How will I find the amulet?”



“It will find you.”

“There is no time, Nosessica is fading, and the unreal is becoming nonexistent.”

Seban replied, “Trust that it will find you.”

“Can Magistro or the Power help me?”

“They do not know the realm of the unreal, as it lies outside the Dream. When the amulet finds the path from unreality to reality, it will take this path and come to find you. The Wish has been fulfilled within unreality, yet you outran its effects. Now, the amulet will come backward in reality from that path to find you.”

“How then can I bring peace when I undo the Wish?”

“Things will need to be left the way you remember. And always, trust in your heart.”

Warlock understood what Seban was saying, and using the Globe, sent Seban back to the town of Prenya, still bound to reality. Warlock then noticed that Nosessica was melting and decaying, revealing the nearing end of the Dream.

Warlock wondered whether the amulet would find him in time before Nosessica was set permanent, or the Dream would end. He did not want to become nonexistent by reality and could not create a New World of peace without Nosessica, as he needed the hearts of every person to be touched.

Warlock then recalled a memory. His destiny had spoken of the Chimera Plain which existed upon a plateau of some sort, revealed by the song of the timekeeper fox. Warlock quickly disappeared from a helpless Nosessica and appeared at the top of Chimera Plain. This was in the region of Parsaknia, upon Xjadero, a thousand miles east of Shuxlor.

Chimera Plain was on the plateau only five hundred feet above the surrounding ground. The slope leading up to the plain was one mile long, making it an easy walk for whoever wished to try.

There was a single green tree upon the plain that looked very much like his Amorcus tree. There were few clouds in the sky, and the summer wind blew soft and warm. The tree seemed so calm and yet active at the same time. Its bark was firm and coarse. It was very mystical as the sunset through its branches speckled between each leaf. It provided a constant energy that he could feel.

Warlock held his gold tablet firmly and remembered his destiny, a course of thought that rested on this tree. Messages came to him and such encouraging words they were as they became more clear and vivid as the sun set and the moon followed in close pursuit. These were the many words of peace he heard in his past.

A faint sound of chimes rang out as the wind encouraged the branches to sing songs of long ago. The sounds of the Amorcus tree allowed him to know more and he came to realize it as himself. He positioned himself below the sloping branches of the tree and sang in time with the wind, the chimes of ancient wisdom.

The Amorcus tree of Rittikan Real sang in unison and in harmony with the physical tree. Warlock understood the tree to its very core, and the origin of it became clear as he explored its makeup much like he had the ironstone with Magistro.

From here, Warlock could sense the Violet tree of Rittikan Unreal beginning its mysterious chanting. The Moncor tree of Rittikan Negative One and Rittikan Negative Two followed in tune until all three trees harmonized.

Warlock began to understand the purpose of his life, of the peace that would come to the Gamma Gold Generation. The physical Amorcus tree had stood since the dawning of man, gathering the wisdom of all generations who spoke through the timekeepers, revealed by the timewatchers. Soon, the last generation of man upon Qeimxzan would become aware of this knowledge.

Warlock now wondered how far non-existence had traveled along the unreal but was afraid that in becoming the Light of the Voice again

would allow the amulet pass him by once again. Warlock knew that he needed to reach everyone in Xjadero as soon as he could. He called them to Chimera Plain, to bring the peace before the end of the Dream. Warlock spoke to the Amorcus tree, desiring to send his message throughout Xjadero. “Amorcus tree from Xjadero’s ancient past; please spread this wisdom throughout the land.” Warlock touched the bark and called forth his Gamma Sphere. Placing this Gamma Sphere within the tree’s foliage, he allowed this message to travel to the farthest reaches of Qeimxzan to where Xjadero touched the sea. The word went tree by tree, spreading rapidly throughout the land.

The Amorcus tree began glowing as Warlock felt within him how this message touched his Moncor and Violet trees, sending the message out throughout Rittikan Real and Rittikan Unreal. The tree now lit up Chimera Plain with a beautiful greenish-gold and white light.

Then, Warlock called forth the Globe also placing it amongst the Amorcus leaves. This would guide people toward the Chimera Plain after the Gamma Sphere had given them the wisdom of the journey. The tree glowed more bluish and became brighter until it was as bright as a full moon and was more prominent than the stars.

Warlock called forth his Red Child also placing it into the branches of the Amorcus tree. This would spread innocence throughout Xjadero. Warlock knew that whoever came desired peace. The tree glowed a soft red, blue and green, as all three colors could be seen. Even its trunk glowed slightly.

Warlock hesitated on placing his Prism within the branches of the tree because activating this in the physical Qeimxzan would force him back into the Light of the Voice. The amulet, being bound to unreality, and reality, when it crossed the path, could miss Warlock if he were not waiting, just as he had missed it going through unreality as the Light.

After sending the messages throughout Xjadero, Warlock was drained. The reality of what he faced suddenly hit him, and he broke down, weeping as

he dropped to the ground, facing away from the tree. Sitting upon the ground by this Amorcus tree, he was more downcast than he had ever felt before.

It took about an hour before he was exhausted from crying and Warlock waited for people to begin arriving. Warlock was concerned that people would have to travel thousands of miles and did not know if they could get there in time. He was torn between bringing peace to these people outside Nosessica, and saving Nosessica, and tried with difficulty to keep his mind focused on those he could help.

Warlock was brought back to his senses when the ground began to shake. Looking around, he did not see anything unusual. Then, the translucency of the land started again, this time more regularly, and it continued moving under him like ice across a river until the entire surface of Chimera Plain appeared translucent. This effect moved downward, covering the whole slope, leaving Warlock sitting on the invisible plateau.

After a few moments, the plateau began to reappear in places, and continually phased in and out. Warlock understood this as a sign to hurry in his work, and he knew that people would not arrive in time. If he called the Prism, the energy would make him not bound to reality. The amulet would then pass him up as it was bound to where reality and unreality met, favoring reality, on its progression through time. If Warlock could not find this amulet, he would not have the chance to unwish the Wish he made when he was Danny. However, people could not make it in time, before the end of the Dream if he were not to use the Prism. Then, he decided to use the Prism to call the people, regardless of whether the amulet passed him by.

While seated, Warlock produced a physical representation of the Prism in front of him. Warlock knew the Prism linked Rittikan Real and Rittikan Unreal to reality. The energy that radiated out touched Warlock, lighting him brightly, turning Chimera Plain into an almost daylight realm surrounded by a dark Xjadero. Now, was the time for Warlock to fully activate this Prism, and place it within the Amorcus tree. Despite fear that the amulet

may pass him up, Warlock stood and turned to face the tree, pushing his Prism into its awaiting, cradling boughs. Rays of white light streamed out and beamed out throughout Xjadero's reality.

Energy caught Warlock, making him feel lighter. Warlock could then see nature in the distance begin to shift around, as unreality was still merging. Warlock thought, "*No, the amulet will pass!*"

People began appearing upon Chimera Plain and then disappearing. One moment, the reality was to have people there; the next minute was to not have people there. As Warlock tried to pull himself back to be bound to reality again, he heard the familiar voice of Magistro.

"Worry not, Warlock, for this amulet will find you. The rays of your Prism guide it toward you, shining forward through reality, and backward through unreality, meeting with non-existence. The amulet will follow this path of light, for it is now bound to this light. Do not put out this light, and you will succeed."

Warlock trusted in the words of Magistro, who now knew about unreality. Warlock, in becoming the Light of the Voice before, had allowed Magistro to better understand the unreality. Warlock let the light of the Prism energize him, and strengthen his emotions. When Warlock became the Light of the Voice once again, he became unbound entirely from reality but remained fixed to this point in time. People still seemed to disappear and reappear, yet more people stayed with each appearance. This meant that people were already arriving.

People found Chimera Plain, and they all felt an aching in their heart to be here and knew it was the best for them. As people could not have walked thousands of miles in that short time, the Prism helped in this. Its light touched people, bringing them along an active path of the most direct route. The crowds of those who trusted flooded in. The ones who did not trust their hearts did not come. They chose to stay in the darkness of their own comfort and safety, closing their minds to any new idea or desire.

Though Nosessica was not getting this message, because it was shifted from the physical, the Light needed, more importantly, to protect these people of Chimera Plain from unreality changing events. Being the Light of the Voice, it touched the very source of knowledge, beyond that of the Power. The Light then called forth Rittikan Two from Rittikan Real and dropped it onto Chimera Plain. Slowly, the people saw Sentinel Lake emerge, and were stunned at its beauty.

Chimera Plain before had been the physical representation of his Rittikan One, and now it became Rittikan Two. This lake would give nourishment and life to the people, giving life to their dreams and desires. As Rittikan Two faded in, the changing of people slowed, until reality seemed to be firm.

Within an hour, the Light knew that 77,000 had arrived by being transported by the energy of the Prism, guided by the Globe, willed by the Gamma Sphere, desired by the Red Child, and destined by their own intent. The Light knew that everyone had made their choice and would be safe here. The Light could see nature decaying and becoming translucent again, and people melting into one another, although the people themselves did not notice. The Light knew that most people upon the plain had warm hearts, and he could feel their very emotions flowing backward through the Prism into itself. This was because the Light knew passion.

Warlock called forth the Moncor tree, to enter Rittikan Negative Two. Because of the nature of Rezaeith taking over Rittikan Negative Two, the Light could only bring Rittikan Negative Two to Chimera Plain, where he was. Thus, the Moncor tree was overlaid upon the physical Amorcus tree, merging into one.

Nature on Chimera Plain was still seemingly decaying and was becoming worse. The end of the Dream was fast approaching. The Light needed the amulet to find it, yet the amulet had not. Then, words from the past of the timekeeper fox finally reached him as he had hoped. These were the last

words of the fox. “You did not see the amulet because the amulet must be found in peace.”

The Light knew that he needed to free Nosessica, for only then could peace be brought to Qeimxzan. As Rittikan Negative Two settled in upon Chimera Plain, the people did not notice much change outside of the Amorcus tree turning red.

Chimera Plain took on Rittikan Negative Two, turning dark and tan, in its nonphysical counterpart. Though people did not see this, they could feel the coolness, as the air thickened. As the Light’s Rittikan Negative Two, which was now part of Rittikan Unreal, emerged the Light could hear the threatening voice of Rezaeith, “How dare you enter my realm!”

# 23

*Remember Rittikan Six, for that is the key to Rittikan Seven which is the  
New World*

Rezaeith floated throughout the realm of Rittikan Negative Two, which was part of Rittikan Unreal. Though this realm had been merged with Rittikan Real within unreality, it still retained its own world upon reality. Rezaeith did not know the nature of this Light, and once again, made threats against it. “You do not belong here.”

The Light responded, “I am the one you cast out many moons ago.”

Realizing to whom he was speaking, Rezaeith replied, “You have no chance against me, boy! Magistro is dead.”

Warlock knew not to become agitated by Rezaeith while within Rittikan Negative Two, for that would feed this world and strengthen Rezaeith.

Rezaeith then spoke and taunted his foe, “Why don’t you face me in person?”

The Light then turned back into Warlock, and he spoke, “You are destroying Nosessica. You will destroy yourself at the end of the Dream.”

“Then take what you think is yours. But know that you have no chance against me.”

Rezaeith then called out to the mountains in the Kablu language, “Brehu Prakna Neftanu.” The mountains broke apart, and large fragments tumbled down rapidly, smoking throughout the tan sky. Rezaeith floated again, and the rocks of the mountains crashed toward Warlock. Warlock quickly became the Light again, and the stones passed through him.

The Light then spoke, “I do not desire to fight you, but you must leave.”

“No, you will not make me go. Prena Nava Nieun.” Rezaeith, by those words, bound himself into Warlock’s Rittikan Negative Two, not believing he was already trapped there.



The Light then floated rapidly into the air while Rezaeith watched. Its energy then radiated out brilliantly throughout Rittikan Negative Two, lighting it as if it were day. Rezaeith would not settle for this and commanded the ground to plunge the sky into a dusty, dark world. “Tienom Vana Niek.”

The sky was darkened, and the radiance of the Light scattered. As the Light had not bound itself into this world, its thoughts did not scatter. The Light then proceeded toward the Violet tree, and Rezaeith followed.

The Light was about to place its energy into the Violet tree, and split it open, to bring forth unreality, when the Rittikan Negative Two world began shaking. Rezaeith was knocked down as shockwaves rippled through the air. Because it had not bound itself to this world, the Light was again not impacted.

The Light instantly knew that non-existence had reached the point of Xanthier’s death upon unreality. The land shook again. Within a few moments, Nosessica would be set permanently in time, and he would lose all those in that town.

The Light spoke again, “Let Nosessica go!”

Rezaeith refused, and charged at the Light, flying rapidly toward it. Moments before Rezaeith reached the Light, the land shook more violently, and appeared to break apart. Rezaeith was knocked aside again from another shockwave, and the Light tried to focus on splitting this Violet tree.

Rezaeith spoke again, “Lemmorva Khaiem Vhieorga.” The Violet tree disappeared, and the Light could not find it in the scattered darkness. The Light searched frantically for this tree, trying to keep its emotions in check so as not to empower Rezaeith any further. Rezaeith knew he was in danger if this world were to be destroyed by its violence.

People on Chimera Plain were scared because the actions by Rezaeith caused sparking which threatened people upon the plain. The people could not predict where the shower of red and white sparks would appear next. Though they were scared, they remained and trusted in what they had learned from the peace Warlock had spread.

The Light knew that when Rittikan Negative Two was destroyed, Nosessica would disappear. The land erupted again, continuing to fall apart. The Light kept its search, using all its emotion to clear enough of the dust to see. As it was not bound to Rittikan Negative Two, it could not have influence in this world. If it were to bind itself as Warlock to Rittikan Negative Two, then Warlock would become lost upon Rittikan Negative Two's destruction.

If the Light were to restrict itself as Warlock, in turn, he would have needed to use Kablu to alter Rittikan Negative Two. If he used Kablu in this world, Warlock would give enough power to Rittikan Negative One to allow Hananni to enter Rittikan Negative Two, and the Light would then have two adversaries to handle. Hananni had controlled Kablu since Xanthier's death, and the Light dared not call upon this power.

Rezaeith tried words of Kablu to undo its destruction, but they yielded no effect. The Light knew that Rezaeith had tired Hananni with his recent overuse of Kablu. The Light knew Hananni was weak, and so could not trust to use Kablu if it had wanted to. Rezaeith continued to try his threats in Kablu but received no response.

Rezaeith then desired to unbind himself from Rittikan Negative Two, but could not. However, he was satisfied in his mind that this Light, Warlock, the boy would not save Nosessica, as Rittikan Negative Two's destruction was moments away.

The Light, for a moment, stopped its frantic search for the Violet tree. It decided to trust in the heart of Warlock, to see what would be revealed. Fairly soon, a thought came into focus. "What is destruction, but a process of time? Use what you know, for you are the Dream, the limit of time."

The Light immediately flooded Rittikan Negative Two with a command. "Time, you will stop. Now!"

As time came to a halt within Rittikan Negative Two, the Light was still in a dark world, and eventually found Rezaeith, frozen in thought and action. The Light figured it was safe but now Rittikan Negative Two began

decaying. The end of the Dream was now touching the edges of even this Rittikan realm. Rittikan Negative Two was stopped at the moment before non-existence reached the unreal part of Nosessica which was being dropped into Rittikan Negative Two.

Trusting in the deepest part of the Light's Rama, the deepest of its heart, it rapidly followed a path throughout Rittikan Negative Two that was the same path Warlock had taken upon Xjadero from Nosessica, through to Shuxlor, and even to Chimera Plain. This was the pattern of the Dream; that which was the Shape of life.

The Light reached the Violet tree within the Rittikan Negative Two counterpart to the Chimera Plain. This was the path to the unreal. Calling forth the very spark of emotion from the Voice, the Light dropped and set the Violet tree aflame. Quickly, Rittikan Negative Two became brighter as the light of these flames touched each speck of dust in the air. They poured out of unreality, undoing what was within Rittikan Negative Two.

Within a minute, the tree began to crack and split. Grey light began pouring out of it, pulling in the remnants of Rittikan Negative Two which was still stopped in time. As these pieces were absorbed by the tree, Nosessica became less bound to Rittikan Negative Two.

As well, the flow of time and merging of unreality resumed, undoing pieces of Nosessica's reality that pertained to Rezaeith. Rezaeith became aware of where he was just shortly before being pulled into the Violet tree of unreality. He gave one quick fright-filled glance at the Light knowing that he could not get away.

There, in a dark world was only the Light and the remnants of the Violet tree. When the Violet tree did not have any more energy to absorb that was bound to Rittikan Negative Two, it destroyed itself and disappeared from all reality. Though Rezaeith had trained Warlock, Warlock's experience was not undone, for he was within the Chimera Plain protected in reality by Rittikan Two.

The Light knew that as soon as it left Rittikan Negative Two, the doorway to this world would be closed forever. The Light glanced around, taking in the nothingness of Warlock's anger world before departing, and ending Rittikan Negative Two's existence.

When the Light returned as the child Warlock onto Chimera Plain within Rittikan Two, he saw that the people were looking at a sparkling object above the Amorcus tree. The people turned their attention to Warlock. There was a feeling of surprise at his appearing, yet also a feeling of longing, as the people knew whom they were to expect. Almost instantly, one thousand more seekers arrived, transported from the freed Nosessica.

The crowd cheered for Warlock who brought them the most profound feeling of peace and desire they ever felt in their lives. They knew in their hearts what to expect of the New World about which Warlock would teach them. The crowd then motioned Warlock to this strange gold sparkling object hovering above his Amorcus/Moncor tree. Warlock recognized the object immediately and called forth the amulet, knowing it had waited for its wishmaker to return. The amulet floated slowly down, into the hands of the expectant Warlock. Warlock gazed onto the amulet, and turned it around, reading the inscription on its back:

**You may make a wish, with no limits, but you must sacrifice  
a part of yourself equivalent to the nature of the wish.**

Warlock began to understand more how the story of the amulet that Magistro had told more than a year ago had relevance to him. He did not feel the same nervousness as he had once Magistro had revealed the fate of that young man of a thousand years past. Warlock felt joy and eagerness as he touched the amulet's surface. Warlock knew the actual power was within him, yet this amulet had been a large part of his existence throughout life. In a way, it had given him over a thousand years of life.

As Warlock was thinking about the amulet and its significance to him,

he heard nature cracking in the distance. Trees vanished, split, and decayed. The end of the Dream was imminent now, and Warlock had no idea how long it would be before he, and all gathered on the Plain, would witness the end. As he thought about the decision to undo his Wish, he heard the Power speak in the sky directly to him. No other person heard the words.

“Warlock, you are torn between two worlds and two great decisions. You can undo your Wish, and live the simple life of one thousand years ago as a mortal man. You would be none the wiser, and live out the rest of your days without concern. Or, you can take immortality, in the world of your dreams, and take on the responsibilities of these 78,000 people that have put their trust in you. If you undo your Wish, no one is hurt, and no one will know. If you take these people into your New World, you will be in tune with their emotions forever. This is your choice, and neither one is wrong.”

Warlock desperately wanted to undo his Wish, as the foreseen responsibility would be substantial if he chose to complete his goal of peace. This would only be the beginning. Warlock looked around and saw old friends in the crowd.

He spoke to himself as the crowd peered on, “Paul, Niklas, Jabun, and Lasiella. If for anybody, I must do this for them.”

Warlock then saw his mother, Seona, and was filled with a warm fondness. He walked to his mother, speaking “Mother, it is good to have you here.”

Seona was speechless for a few moments as she hugged her son. Seona spoke to Warlock, “I knew I would find you. I truly understand what you were saying all your years in Nosessica.”

Warlock noticed Ozar, his father, was not there and asked Seona, “Where is Ozar?”

Seona’s face turned downcast, and she could hardly speak. “Daniel, he did not believe. I could not convince him, and he would not listen. He still fears your words of Kablu. They touched him in a way that I cannot explain.

When the white light took me, I saw the last glimpse of his broken heart upon his face. He feels betrayed by you and feels you have taken me. Son, I did not want it to come to this.”

Warlock was torn again since now he had first heard his mother speak his name. Yet, he wanted so much to unwish the Wish so he would not have to see Ozar be left behind. In contrast, these 78,000 people were counting on him.

His attention was suddenly averted as he started smelling the scent of nature burning nearby. No other person could sense this. Warlock could see the surrounding environment burning and smoldering violently.

The crowd could see in expression that Warlock was torn between some decisions, though they did not fully know what. Warlock made his way back to the tree. Looking once again upon the amulet, he rubbed it, speaking, “Be back to your original self.”

The amulet emitted a bright white glow, which morphed back to red, and the words changed:

Ψου μαψ μακε α ωιση, ωιτη νο λιμιτσ, βυτ ψο  
υ μυστ σαχριφιχε α παρτ οφ ψουρσελφ, εθυιπαλεντ το  
τηε νατυρε οφ τηε ωιση.

This happened by the will of Warlock, by the power of his Rittikan Four Gamma Sphere. Warlock knew in his heart that he had no further need for the amulet. Knowing how close the end of the Dream was, Warlock threw it high in the air. As if by design, the amulet was suddenly caught by a bird that swooped down from seemingly nowhere and took it off Chimera Plain forever.

Nature within Chimera Plain then began changing. People noticed the Amorcus tree transform into a yellow humanoid canine who was slightly larger than Warlock. Warlock realized this was the Power showing himself the first time in the physical Qeimxzan.

The Power spoke to the crowd, “Now I can show myself, for the world believes. You have left your fears and anger aside, and trusted in your heart that peace would prevail. Warlock is the Light of the Voice, whose nature sparks my existence. Listen to him, for he has learned his name.”

The Power spoke to Warlock, “Remember Rittikan Six, for that is the key to Rittikan Seven which is the New World.” Then, vanishing into grey smoke, he concluded, “Now, I must finish the Dream.”

Warlock thought forward to the edge of time, that realm that knew neither reality nor unreality. It was the edge of the Dream. In that realm of Rittikan Six, Warlock had become the Dream. Now, Warlock understood his name.

The Voice then spoke for all to hear, “All know that I am the Voice. I love my people. Warlock, you now know your name. Bring our people home.”

After a moment, Warlock spoke to the crowd, “As the Light of the Voice revealed the edge of the Dream to me, my name becomes this Dream. This is the key to Rittikan Seven, for I am...”

Silence came over the land, and Rittikan Real dropped onto Chimera Plain, enveloping everyone in this white world. The intent to speak his name had been stopped in time. The Warlock Name could not be revealed in the physical. Rittikan Unreal spun around the land like a cylinder, focusing the light of Rittikan Real onto the 78,000 people. People felt themselves become lighter until each person formed their own consciousness which were transformed into their ideal forms.

Together, everyone became pure white lightning, flashing through all reality that remained and into Rittikan Six. Warlock’s tablet turned into bright, beautiful ruby as it became powered by the consciences of the 78,000.

The Warlock Name then enveloped their existence, “...**Warlock Dream.**” The ruby tablet, powered by his Name, emitted a flash of violet light and surrounded Rittikan Six. The crowd, those of the Gamma Gold Generation, found themselves lit by the Violet Sun which was born of

Warlock's ruby tablet, within the New World of Rittikan Seven. This was peace for all.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the morning, children were playing in a town somewhere within Xjadero. Nature erupted violently around them, unnoticed. Rocks melted, trees snapped, the ground caved in, but this was not physical, and the children went on playing their games. They saw everything as usual without a single concern.

One child, about twelve years of age, ran off from the group to hide. As he hid behind a boulder, he noticed golden light reflecting off it. Turning around, he saw what looked like a ruby surrounded by a gold band, with a silver chain. Turning it over, he could not read its writing.

The child walked out from behind the rock, with the group of children running toward him, totally oblivious to the invisible furnace of nature raging around them. As the children approached, he faced them and held the talisman against the sky, looking upon its surface. The child thought to himself, wondering what its writing said.

When all nature around them was pure, white-hot energy, unnoticed by anyone, the child lowered the amulet, while still looking at the sky and said, at the blackening end of the Dream, "I wish..."

\* \* \* \* \*

These are the words of the Voice. They are revealed to all who listen. They are revealed to all who believe. In the distant lands they are heard, and those who hear have known. They are the Light in the blackness of night, of the Gamma Gold Generation, and one of these words of my Voice.



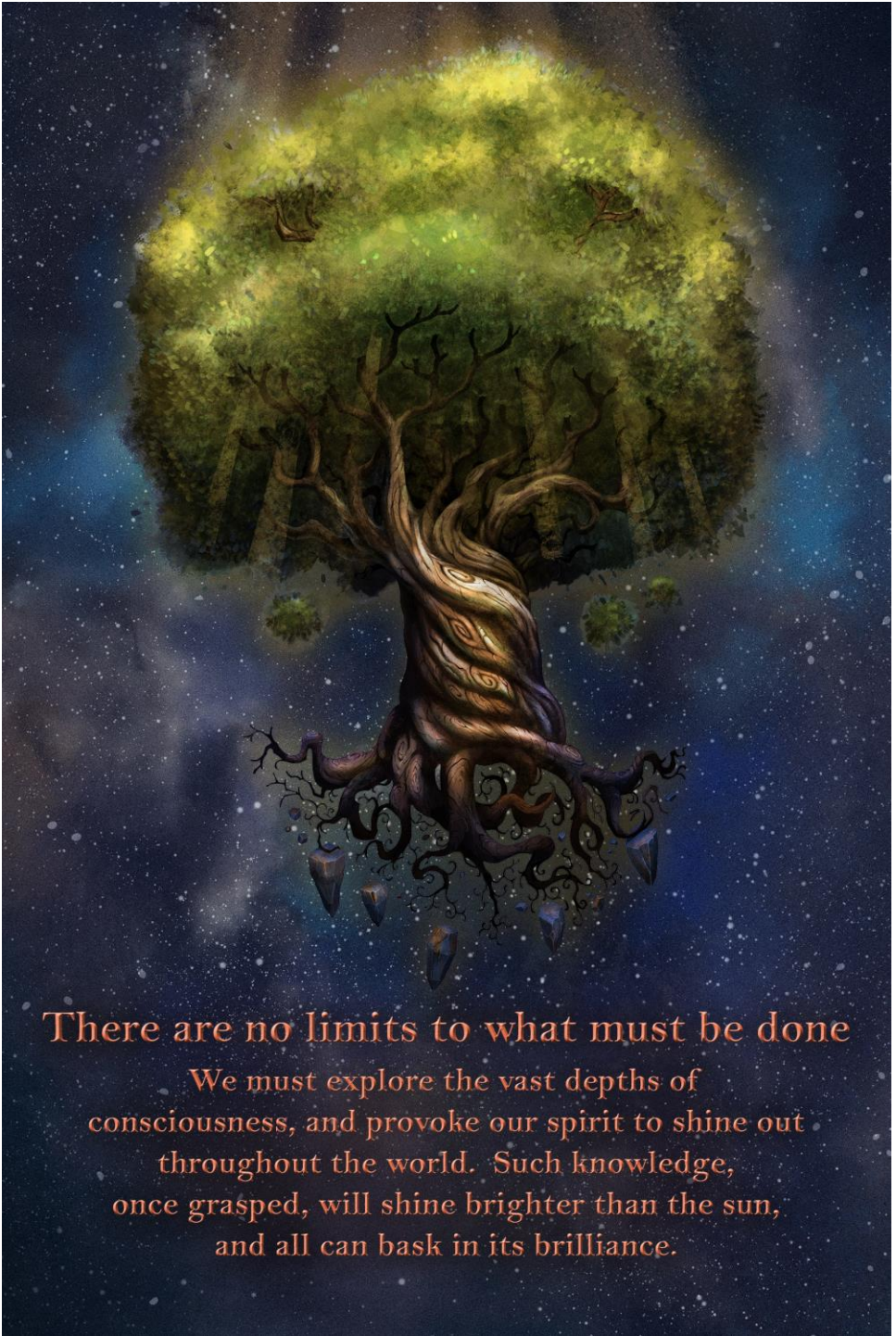
## About the Author

With the writing of his first novel, The Warlock Name, Thomas Sweet has furthered two of his passions - dreaming and inspiring others. Thomas has succeeded in creating a world in which anything is possible, and the main character is an inspiration for all who believe there is truth within each of us.

Born in Biloxi, Mississippi, in 1977, Thomas completed a B.A. in Physics, obtained an MCP certification and an MBA, and gained experience in video production while writing and researching his first novel. His sense of humor, passion for his work, and love for music and art keep him motivated throughout the process.

Between his times of creativity, he sometimes enjoys wine, computer programming, and anthropomorphic beings. Living in a rural countryside, he appreciates nature and loves raising his German Shepherd Dog. He also likes Native American and Celtic shamanism as well as a wide variety of music.

Thomas believes and hopes that in every heart there is a little part that never grows up out of childhood which will always continue to believe in the impossible. In this, he feels free.



*There are no limits to what must be done*

*We must explore the vast depths of  
consciousness, and provoke our spirit to shine out  
throughout the world. Such knowledge,  
once grasped, will shine brighter than the sun,  
and all can bask in its brilliance.*