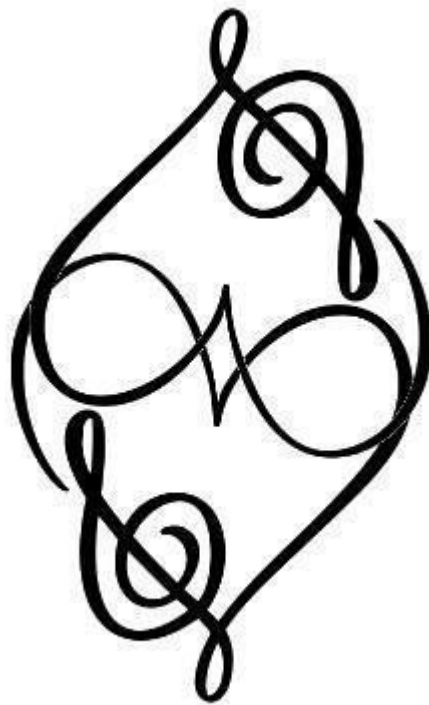




THE WIZARD  
OF  
GRASLUCS

RODNEY ALAN CRATER

# **The Wizard of Graslucs**



Haven Starwalkers  
Book One

Wizard of Graslucs

Haven Starwalkers — Book One

Second Edition

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Illustrations by Lynn Sausville

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# Dedication

To my wife Laurie Ann who has provided wholehearted support for my writing.

To Lynn Sausville who provided continual support, alpha review, guidance, and wonderful illustrations for this book.

To the town of Fairfield, Iowa, and its wonderful community who so lovingly embrace diversity and personal choice in identity. You all are an amazing group of beautiful people, artists, and holistic living practitioners.

With love, joy, and appreciation to the awesome Maharishi International University located in Fairfield, Iowa that immerses students in the joy of Transcendental Meditation, where I had the privilege of furthering my meditative understanding and honor of teaching mixed classes of Computer Science students from up to 60 different countries.

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# Chapter 1: We Are Family



Both Omy and Nebbi clung to Yendor with trembling delight as they stood before the viewport, gazing upon the world that seemed too beautiful to be real—and yet was.

The exoplanet shimmered in the void, a radiant sphere of violet and lilac, its surface glowing as if lit from within. It hung there like a promise... or a salvation. For a long moment, none of them spoke.

The journey had tested them all. There had been stretches where hope felt thin, where doubt crept in quietly and refused to leave. Each of them had wondered, at one time or another, if they had come too far... or not far enough.

But now it was there.

Omy's breath caught as tears welled in her eyes, slipping freely down her cheeks, catching the soft light.

“We made it...” she whispered, almost afraid to speak too loudly.

Nebbi tightened her grip around Yendor's arm, her usual wild energy softened by something deeper.

"Are you ready to go down there?" she asked. "We should go before night falls on this side."

Yendor did not answer immediately. His gaze lingered on the planet, searching it—not just seeing it. As if trying to decide whether this was truly a destination... or their last chance.

~~~~~

Nebbi rolled across the surface of the mesa, laughing as her body sank into the soft, lavender-colored moss that blanketed the ground like living velvet.

"Wheeee!" she cried, arms thrown wide as the strange vegetation rippled outward beneath her.

Omy followed more carefully, lowering herself to sit before slipping off her shoes. She pressed her bare feet into the tendrils and laughed softly.

"This feels incredible," she said. "Yendor, you have to try this. It's like slipping into the softest fur-lined slippers you could imagine."

Yendor stood at the edge of the butte, taking in the vast expanse before them. The landscape stretched endlessly in every direction—a rolling sea of purples, violets, and deep indigos. Towering rock formations rose like ancient sentinels, some crowned with tree-like growths that shimmered faintly in the alien light.

"It's more than beautiful," he said quietly. "It feels... alive."

For the first time since their journey began, he allowed himself to believe they might actually survive.

Then the light changed.

At first it was subtle—a shift across the distant horizon.

Then, suddenly, violently, their star rose.

An angry red sun surged upward far faster than any sunrise should, its ascent unnervingly rapid.

The air itself seemed to tighten as its light spread across the land.

And with it came heat.

Not warmth. Not life-giving light.

Pain.

Nebbi cried out first as the sensation struck them—sharp, biting, relentless. It crawled across their skin like fire ants beneath the surface, stinging again and again without mercy.

Omy stumbled back, clutching her arms.

“What is happening?!”

Yendor turned toward the rising star, instinct flaring.

Something was wrong.

Terribly wrong.

The light intensified.

The air shimmered.

The heat became unbearable—

And still it grew.

~~~~~

Yendor jerked upright in bed.

The world snapped back into place.

Gone was the violet sky. Gone was the burning star.

In its place, ribbons of multicolored sunlight streamed through stained glass, casting soft patterns across the familiar room. A white fur rug at the foot of the bed glowed warmly beneath the morning light.

He inhaled sharply, steadying himself. Cool air. Solid walls. Reality.

“...Another one,” he murmured.

Yendor had lived his entire life with visions. They came without warning—sometimes faint impressions, sometimes overwhelming floods that replaced reality entirely. Some proved to be guidance. Others, warnings. A few were glimpses of what had yet to come.

This one felt different.

He closed his eyes briefly, recalling not just the beauty of the world he had seen, but the searing pain that followed.

If the vision was true, then that place was not just a dream.

It was a destination.

And possibly their only chance.

~~~~~

He rose and drew on his silk kimono, its intricate embroidery catching the light — Omy’s work, as always done with care and quiet devotion. The floor was cool beneath his feet as he crossed the room to tend the hearth. Pine kindling crackled softly as it caught flame, followed by the familiar, comforting scent of sassafras rising into the air.

For a moment, everything felt normal.

From the bed behind him, Omy stirred, releasing a soft, contented sigh beneath the covers.

Then came the gentle weight against his legs.

Mesomorphy.

The feline wove expertly between his steps, purring with theatrical satisfaction as she demanded her morning attention. Yendor smiled faintly and bent to stroke her thick fur, running his hands along her back and cheeks. She rose to meet him, placing her paws against his face and pressing a small, affectionate kiss to his nose.

A simple moment. A peaceful moment.

One that suddenly felt... fragile.

~~~~~

Outside, the village caller's voice drifted through the morning air, singing the familiar song of rising:

“Come what may we will love and dance throughout this day,  
sharing and caring with each other in mind...”

Yendor listened, but his thoughts were elsewhere.

Havendearforu — Haven — was one of the last places where peace still held. A fragile sanctuary nestled between fractured kingdoms, each shaped by the deep divisions that had torn the world apart. Some lands had turned inward, embracing control, repression, and fear. Others fought to preserve freedom, expression, and open thought.

The world had not yet fallen.

But it was changing.

And not for the better.

Yendor had felt it for years. Seen it in fragments. He simply had not known what came next.

Until now.

~~~~~

“Come back to bed with me,” Omy called softly, stretching toward him with a playful smile.

He hesitated for just a moment before returning her smile.

“I would,” he said, “but I have to meet with the council. Those missing children can't wait.”

Even as he said it, the words carried more weight than usual.

Omy gave a small sigh and settled back beneath the covers.

“You can't carry everything yourself forever,” she said. “You should consider teaching Jib or Zarek to handle some of these situations.”

“I know,” Yendor replied as he moved through the room, finishing a piece of bread with honey and reaching for his coat. “And I will. But not today. Today we bring those children home.”

~~~~~

As he stepped outside, the village stirred gently to life. Birds sang from the trees, and small creatures moved through the underbrush. Haven felt as it always had—peaceful, grounded, alive.

But Yendor paused on the path.

That feeling returned.

Not curiosity. Not anticipation.

Certainty.

The vision had not been random. It had not been symbolic.

It had been real.

And if it was real... then time was already moving against them.

He continued toward town, the morning light warming his back, carrying with him the growing sense that something had already begun—

—and that soon, they would all have to decide whether to stay...

or leave everything behind.

## Chapter 2: Vibrationalist Mesomorphy

“Send in the cat!” Mayor Milliper demanded.

“Send in the cat!” five other voices echoed in the small meeting room just off the main entry of the village office bungalow. The council members, each seated in a circle on their own uniquely decorated but comfortable woolen rugs, gave Yendor looks that demanded attention.

“We are being pressured by the good people of this town to get these kids back, pronto!” said a well-kept, gray-haired councilwoman. She pulled her shawl tighter around her shoulders, sat up somewhat taller, and continued, “The whole town wants to know why we have not figured out a way to get them back yet!”

“We have to use Mesomorphy,” Mayor Milliper insisted, “You know your cat is the only one that can slip through a portal that we manifest and be unnoticed when she emerges on the other side. We know the frequency needed to tune our meditation mantras in order to create the manifestation portal. That vibration range is guaranteed to open the lower sideband of the government reserved manifestation band that the kids are lost in. We just need an individual capable of stealth.” With a pleading look on his face Mayor Milliper searched the stucco room for a supportive face among the council members.

A thin faced councilman who wore a railroad cap and dungarees spoke up, “Meso did it before and helped both sister Lida and sister Nuna to come back when they decided to tempt fate and tuned in to the upper edge of known mantra frequencies. Why can't she do the same for those kids who snuck into the government's reserved frequency ranges?”

“Yeah,” the others in the room resounded. Their unified voice declared that a resolution had been reached.

Much to Mesomorphy's feline vexation she had become a town hero when she accidentally snooped too close to the gravitational edge of a broadband frequency manifestation egress that Yendor had meditated in an attempt to send a message to two of the village's wayward wanderers. The two women, known widely for their inquisitive manifestational wanderlust, had toyed with creating a passage just past the edge of the known frequency manifestation range. Experimentation was always encouraged by all of the village folk. However, they had forgotten to enact return safeguards before they tempted fate in this manner.

During that past meeting Mesomorphy had accompanied Yendor, unbeknownst to Yendor. Just as Yendor evoked a manifestation gateway, Mesomorphy lapsed into her typical feline nosy ways, and as everyone watched in horror she calmly, cattingly, disappeared inside. An exploratory manifestation of that type would have killed any living beast that crossed over. Mesomorphy on the other hand had the advantage of not only her muscular physique, for which she was partially named, but also being naturally adept at navigating frequency planes – an act that locals had come to call resonance morphings. Of course this is natural behavior for a cat, as we have all noticed from time to time. We thought they were getting very still just to pretend to be invisible when in fact they have been meditating resonance manifestations all along, as is evidenced by how they can disappear in an instant and suddenly come running to you from somewhere else.

Another gasp from those gathered at that day's meeting erupted as Mesomorphy calmly walked back through what was thought of as only an egress with a note attached to her collar. She stopped and yawned as if to say the adventure had been enough for this particular moment in time and she desperately needed a good curled up nap. Yendor gently removed the note from her collar and let her snuggle into his coat on the chair in the corner. The note was from the two ladies who had disappeared. Scribbled on it was the precise frequency they had used for their passage. Yendor set out immediately to meditate an opening for their passage home at that frequency and as they burst

through the entry, joyful cheers and tears filled the room. When the women were told the entire story regarding how they were able to be rescued, they together scooped up the sleepy Mesomorphy in their arms and the cat responded by filling their arms and hearts with loving purr-fection.



Now that the town knew what Meso could do they wanted Yendor to bring her to the village office. They had pleaded with Yendor to convince Meso to help them rescue the three children. Reluctantly, Yendor made his way back to his sanctuary home away from all of the chaos happening in the village. It seemed that the sanctuary was the only place left to him that others respected and did not intrude upon. It was a quaint adobe house surrounded by natural shrubbery that was arranged in a manner to flower throughout the year to help feed honeybees and other pollinators. Whenever he arrived home, the site of his refuge always brought feelings of safety and happiness.

On entering the house, Yendor placed his jacket on one of the well-worn wooden kitchen chairs surrounding a sturdy family dining table that sat squarely in the kitchen. He sat down beside Mesomorphy who napped in one of the chairs and softly stroked her beautiful multi-colored coat. “Meso darling, I have a very important request from the council for you. I would not ask this of you but the lives of three of our children are at stake.”

Omy joined him while he spoke and lovingly squeezed his shoulder. It gave him assurance as Meso stared at him passively. He cleared his throat. “Since you helped out Lida and Nuna, everyone knows you have a special gift. It would break my heart to lose you, you understand, and if I had my way I would not impose this on you, but they all now know what you can do.”

Yendor paused for a moment to quell the emotion that was threatening to bring tears. Omy too, with glistening eyes, moved in closer to the back of Yendor’s chair. The pressing of her body to his back provided him the comfort he needed to continue his request to Meso. “So I have to ask, would you be willing to walk into a resonance manifestation I create and find those kids? It may be

dangerous because it is a governmentally restricted zone, and there could be guards, barriers, and traps on the other side.”

A salty wash streamed down Yendor’s face. Mesomorphy sat for what seemed like an eternity, just looking ahead. Suddenly she turned and placed her paw on his face as if to say ‘it will be alright’. Then she treated him to a nosy kiss.

Yendor scooped her up in his arms and carried her back to the meeting room in the village. When they arrived, without saying a word to the others there, Yendor sat Meso beside his honorary station sitting mat, seated himself comfortably, cleared his mind of all thoughts, and began a meditation session to create a portal. As he voiced a mantra at the correct pitch, the vibrational frequency caused the air in front of him to look like sunlight flicking across choppy lake water. A human sized resonance manifestation made its presence known, lighting up the darkened room. Mesomorphy stood up and walked to the edge of the portal. She looked back and held her tail high as if to say she was not afraid – that despite any hardship she may encounter she would bring those kids back to the village safe and sound. Then she turned into the portal entrance and marched through.



At first Mesomorphy couldn't understand her surroundings. The whole place was a random set of solid, eight foot wide, vertical gray walls, each running upward and downward as far as the eye could see. The walls were randomly placed, each askew from all of the other walls in every direction one looked, far into the distance. The scene reminded her of a set of dominos placed on a table, each placed on its upright edge, and each turned slightly horizontally, every which way, filling the whole table. What she saw was how one might see such dominos by bending down and peering through the dominos inward from the edge of a table.

The skewed walls were filled up and down at random intervals with attached, wide, ledge-like shelves. There was no direct way to get from one shelf to another on the same wall or wall to wall.

The distance between the shelves and supporting walls was too great to reach across or even jump from one to the other. On the very edge of her far vision she caught a glimpse of movement.

Concentrating her vision with great effort through what little gap there was between scattered skewed walls, she finally confirmed it was the kids, stuck midair on a shelf far off in the distance.

She could only think of one solution, meditate a jump from one shelf to the next until she could reach them. Calmly she set her sights on a shelf halfway to the children, removed all encumbering thought, and began to activate a manifestation jump. Meso generated a softly vibrating purr that rapidly changed pitch back and forth, and the air around her took on multiple changing shades of barely discernible ruby red. The manifestation immediately enveloped her entire body and she was gone.

Suddenly, she perched on the shelf she aimed for. Meso could see the children much more clearly. From her current vantage point she saw they clung to each other with terror painted starkly across their faces. Mesomorphy would need to be careful not to scare the children when she reached them on their shelf during her next manifestation jump. To do so might cause the children to fall from the shelf they sat on from fright of her sudden appearance. This would require a feat she had never done before, appearing midair, a little way in front of them, just long enough for the children to notice who she was before she herself plummeted to her death below from not being supported by a shelf of her own.

Meso called on the experience of all the ancestral mother cats that had come before her to aid her with this passage. Focusing like never before, she lost herself in the bliss of another unfolding manifestation and found herself situated directly in front of the children, who now wore faces of shock combined with wonder, surprise, hope, and love ... and she was midair. With all of her remaining faculties, and not wanting to waste one of her precious lives, she let go of her mental hold on her mid air position and let herself be suddenly on the oldest child's lap. The eldest child jerked

slightly in surprise as Meso appeared on on the child's lap but luckily the child held on to both the shelf and Meso, avoiding a freefall to their deaths.

The children started asking a thousand questions, but now was not the time. What would come next would be the greatest, and hardest achievement Mesomorphy had ever enacted in her entire life: moving three human children across a good distance of a foreign resonance plane without any support of any kind underneath them. There was no time to waste and she prayed from the depths of her soul that she could get them to the portal without losing them. Again, she entered into the mental abyss, joy filling her heart, and she pictured the children safely leaving back through the portal.

As the children emerged from the resonance manifestation, a crowd of villagers and parents let loose a great roar. The children's parents ran to gather up their child in their arms, squeezing them until the children let out whines that they were being crushed too much. The people of the village shared shouts of happiness and glee. Yendor, awash with fatigue from holding the portal open for so long, collapsed for a moment until he regained his strength. As he looked around he became uncomfortably aware – there was no Mesomorphy there. She had not made it back through the portal and he knew of no other way that she could be saved.

~~~~~

It was a long, terrible walk back home. The pain that filled his heart from losing his cherished feline friend was almost unbearable. Yendor barely noticed the warming day or the birds flitting from tree to tree. Nor was he entranced as he normally was by the multitude of flowering shrubs and plants that lined the path back home. The only solace he could find was that Mesomorphy would always be a part of him, no matter where he might be in the future, and no matter the situation. She would always remain with him, never lost to him. Yendor walked through the sanctuary door head down.

Omy immediately sensed that something was terribly wrong. She held him close, looking questioningly into his tear swollen face. “Yendor, honey, what’s wrong?” she implored worriedly.

“Did something bad happen?”

“She’s gone Omy,” Yendor replied.

“Who’s gone sweetie? Did something happen to one of the kids? Are they alright?” Omy said as a bit of panic filled her voice.

Yendor looked into her soul, as he did each and every time they came together, and told her of the events that had occurred. Lastly he recounted as gently as he could that Mesomorphy was lost to them forever.

Suddenly, Omy stretched back her head and laughed!!! Yes, laughed! Yendor was shocked and simply did not understand.

“Silly bird,” she said, “You need to trust Mesomorphy more than that. She remanifested underneath the wool blanket on the bed an hour ago!” “It was quite a shock to me too but she is perfectly fine and sleeping right over there on the bed.”

Yendor, still in shock but quickly recovering, felt joy like he had never before experienced in his life.

## Chapter 3: Indigo Inside Out

Nebulite and Omy walked through the kitchen door each carrying a basket of eggs, chatting away about the merits of good husbandry. Omy believed in spending time daily, individually loving each and every creature to enhance their existence and happiness, which in turn would allow them to prosper no matter their circumstance. Nebbi, who was often a bit more of a free-spirit, preferred to believe that if beings were fully given their basic needs of food, shelter, and clothing, love and happiness would follow and grow. As the two made their way into the kitchen, Yendor marveled at both of their beauty, feeling honored and blessed that they chose to spend some of their time with him without trying to claim individual ownership over him or each other. They all believed in the value of themselves and understood each of their one-to-one relationships — those of the three of them together — augmented the fullness of their lives, without encumbering each other with imaginary needs.

Omy, a gentle, wholesome, supportive, and loving soul began sharing the sanctuary with Yendor twenty years ago. She found fulfillment in living simply, and simply living. She cared lovingly for him, the sanctuary, and the creatures that were a part of this celestial and spiritual space. Nebulite was a freer spirit, making her stay wherever she happened to be at the moment. She too, some time ago, had formed an almost continual habit of showing up at the sanctuary weekly and sharing time with both Omy and Yendor. Normally this would mean a pleasurable day of melding mentally, spiritually, and physically, with Omy and Yendor from the time she arrived until early the next morning. “Looks like the girls have given us plenty of eggs today for breakfast,” said Omy. “There’s enough left over to give four or five dozen to the village pantry/Flora asked for more so she could bake a few of those fabulous spinach quiches for the gathering tomorrow.” She turned to

Nebbi who had sat down beside Yendor at the kitchen table and prompted both of them, “Nebbi dear, would you mind mixing the eggs and milk for the French toast. Yendor honey, would you please pour the juice and set the table for us.”

Jib, who had come in a few minutes earlier with Zarek, lifted his head from the table, grabbed his mug of coffee and took a big swig. He squinted his eyes and made a face like he had just bit into a very green apple as the bitter, cold, straight black coffee washed down his throat. “Bbbbllllbbblb,” he said, shaking his head quickly side to side.

“Why do you drink that if it tastes so bad to you?” Asked Zarek as he sat back with an incredulous look on his face.

“Caffeine baby. Caffeine,” Jib replied, his gaze now a little less sleepy. “Hey Omy, do you need me to add another log to the stove?”

“That would be nice sweetheart,” Omy replied and added, “Zarek, would you cut the bread for me please?”

“Sure thing!” Zarek stood and scooted his chair back from the table, giving Jib a hearty but friendly slap on his back. “By the way, Jib and I are going to finish building the wildlife blind out by the back fence row after we eat so he can get better wildlife shots for his regional nature blog. After that we are going into town to see if we can special order a stronger lens for the camera and then take in a movie. We probably won’t be back until late.”

Meso, woken by all of the chatter, stalked her way around the edge of the room to the cat door at the bottom of the kitchen door and slipped quietly through the flap so as not to scare away any of her breakfast that might be wandering near.

The volunteer kitchen crew set about doing their part. Nebbi began beating eggs and milk together on the kitchen island. Yendor placed six glasses, three for juice and three for water, on the island

beside Nebbi and began filling them. Omy placed an iron skillet on the stove top, adjusted the flue a bit, and thanked Jib for stoking the kitchen cook stove.

As Yendor placed his full concentration on filling three of the glasses with juice, two soft hands suddenly gave a squeeze to each of his butt cheeks, one hand coming from each side. He tried not to give away that he was a bit surprised by the sudden moves. Breaking out in a big grin he turned and gave a soft, long kiss first to Omy on one side and then to Nebbi on the other. Both of the girls laughed and Omy moved over to Nebbi's side to finish the play session with a loving kiss between them too. Zarek missed what happened but smiled knowingly as he finished his work. Jib just chuckled from where he sat again at the table and took another shiver-producing swig of his harsh wakeup medicine.

Once the table was set and breakfast was on the plates, the group joined together in talk about their adventures during the last week. Omy recounted how wonderful it was that Mesomorphy had once again become the town hero and how the three kids she had saved kept coming to the door to give her affection and various feline delectables.

“Meso is going to get totally fat and lazy if this keeps up,” she said. “Then we will have to get another cat to handle all the mice in the outbuildings.”

Meso, who had returned from morning nourishment of her own, lay stretched out in her favorite place on the master bedroom bed and had nothing to add to this point in the conversation.

Nebbi piped in that she had seen a litter of five, black, week-old kittens cuddling together in a clowder with their mama at Nuna's tiny home on the north hill face outside of the village, and suggested “I bet Nuna would not hesitate to let you, or Meso, pick one of the kittens from the litter. A new kitten would be a nice companion for Meso. I worry about her being lonely for others of her own kind since she is the only cat living with you.”

After Jib and Zarek had made their leave, Yendor and the girls continued sharing events with each other until the village caller alerted them to midday. Together they cleaned up and finished the dishes, with a little more closening thrown in for good measure.

“What do you say we take a mini-slip into the indigo frequency band so we can enhance and tune our CIRP powers a bit more?” Yendor suggested.

“What are CIRP powers?” Nebbi asked but then said, “Oh yeah, I remember now – perception, realization, intuition, and clairvoyance, right?”

“Yes indeed,” said Yendor as he led the way into the living room to start the meditation session.

“I wish Anastasia were here to enjoy this,” Omy said a little sullenly.

“No doubt,” Nebbi replied, “She always seems to add completeness when she is with us.”

Together they sat cross-legged in a circle, knee to knee, facing 60 degrees from the person next to them, hands joined with each partner. Yendor began the meditation with a perfect mantra pitch of 221.23Hertz, sometimes called the Venus frequency. The women joined in, each perfecting the same tone, all three voices joining in a meditative choir that sent thrills through them all. Yendor then lowered his chant to the Ethereal frequency of 110.615 Hertz, Omy stayed at Venus tone, and Nebbi raised her pitch to 442.46 Hertz, the Venusian Orbital frequency. All three frequencies produced a triple harmonic that together, not only filled them with elation and erotic energy, but opened up and moved them into a portal filled with indigo light.

Inside, as they gazed on one another, and especially when gazing on both partners at once, they each felt as if their minds, chests, bodies, and [souls filled with spiritual ecstasy](#) so complete they could not imagine feeling more. Broad grins of pleasure showed across their faces as each knew the others more fully than they had ever experienced. In this state, they joined fully with each other as they together joined fully with the sum of creation.

True to his stalwart self-training whenever dealing with vibrational manifestations, Yendor had set his antique, vibrating pocket watch to twenty minutes to bring him back to cognitive awareness and alert him that it was time to bring all of them all back to their origin plane. With a slow intercession, Yendor interjected an off frequency, periodically, then randomly into his chant, thus disrupting the true harmonic and gently removing them from and closing the portal.

“Wow,” Nebbi gasped. “Oh My God! That was such a good one. We really need to do this more often.”

A soft glow had begun to enhance all of their faces and they could do nothing but stay put for a little while, enjoying the ebbing, lingering rush that had filled them so deeply.

“Ohhhh Nebbi, I could not agree with you more...” Omy sighed, leaning back on her hands.

Yendor, content with enjoying the afterglow he and the two women were experiencing, felt his heart full of love at being so fortunate to have both of them sharing in his life.

~~~~~

Later that evening, after they had time to recuperate and refresh, the trio donned their jackets and made their way out to the porch swing. Yendor had built it sturdy enough to seat three, and sometimes four if the occasion deemed necessary. As they slowly rocked in the swing, holding each other or hand in hand, letting their feet dangle or legs drape across one another, they stared up into the clear spring twilight at the planet that had provided them with so much enjoyment earlier that day, Venus the evening star. Yendor was not one much for the Zodiac, but Venus had certainly lived up to her notoriety today.

Omy wondered aloud, “I know we can jump into different planes of existence based on harnessing a composite harmonic carrier frequency, but do you think it is possible to build a resonance manifestation that bridges the space between here and another planet in the universe?” She laid back

against Yendor's shoulder with a smile of wonder and dreamy look in her eyes as her foot that touched the deck gently began rocking the swing a little more.

She went on, "I am fascinated by astronomy and the thought that humans might actually be able to wander the stars and their planets some day. I mean, you would think that given the effect of time on what we see out there, that is, knowing that what we see when we view the stars in the heavens is millions or even billions of years in the past, that we could somehow build a resonance portal that bridges time as a controlled dimensional variable so that we could reach a remote frequency plane sometime in the past, rather than the present."

Both Yendor and Nebbi smiled, lost in the vision that Omy presented. Nebbi snuggled a little more into her side of Yendor's wide spread arms. Omy continued, "It would mean we would need to somehow control two variables at the same time, the carrier frequency of time and that of space." "Maybe time can be analyzed and measured like we do with frequencies," Nebbi suggested. "I mean, we have a continuum on which we plot frequencies from lowest to highest, even though I am not sure if negative frequencies exist or that there is some kind of a limiting hard endpoint to the highest of frequency," she brought her hand to pinch her chin, pondering. "So why couldn't we plot time the same way, from the beginning of time to the furthest possible point in the future? Our current time, and the time when some planet we see in the sky existed in the past can both be plotted on that time scale," she added. "So what's to say we can't somehow create a time harmonic like we did with the Venus frequency harmonic earlier today?"

"The only question is how do we determine what frequencies will access and control time," Yendor pondered along with them, "I don't recall any mention in my studies, or by anyone else, regarding the manipulation of time. Nor do I recall any personal experience meditating resonance manifestations that would have me believe that time was a variable or dimension that could be controlled."

Suddenly he sat up straighter in the swing and said, “Say, do you think Meso has the ability to do what we are thinking? After all, she can resonance morph. Wouldn’t that involve manipulating time, seeing as how she can disappear from one location at one point in time and suddenly appear coming from another location at a future point in time? We know she is different from other cats because of how she has saved our friends. Do you think she might have greater abilities interacting with manifestations? “I think you’re on to something!” Omy claimed excitedly.

“I agree,” Nebbi joined in. “Why don’t we take some time and play with Meso making sure to thoroughly study what happens when she makes those jumps. Wouldn’t it be cool if we could figure out how to join with her when she actually makes the jumps!”

Yendor piped up, “You know what, the kids told me she made one of those jumps with them in tow when she saved them from that subcarrier dimension, even though she somehow got left behind. Still, she was then able to displace time and space immediately, ending up here under the bed covers, some distance away from the village council building.” Turning to Omy he asked her, “Omy, do you recall what time Meso appeared? Tomorrow I can pin down when the kids came back through the portal so we can compare time differences.”

Omy replied, “I will have to think about it for a bit to try to pinpoint the time. That stinker made me just about jump out of my pants!”

A wry grin appeared across Yendor’s face, “Speaking of jumping out of one’s pants, it is getting late. Let’s say we retire for the evening and snuggle a bit under the covers.”

The girls turned to each other and rolled their eyes, then, giggling, raced to the bed to see who could get under the covers first. Meso erupted from under the covers. She looked somewhat put out, but then stretched and slowly made her way out the cat door in the kitchen.

Yendor, still holding a sly grin, undressed and lifted the covers at the edge of the bed, entering head first amid mock shouts and play slaps atop his head. Once inside, his voice emitted from under

the covers, “Now what frequency was that we so enjoyed today? Ah yes, the Venus frequency.” His voice then changed into a soft continuous hum at 221.23Hertz.

“[Oh my God, yes!](#)” Nebbi cried out.

## Chapter 4: Red Shift

It had been almost one week and Omy was beginning to get a bit frustrated. She had been playing with Meso almost non-stop, watching carefully for temporal discontinuity every time Meso crouched and pretended to not exist, but the cat outmaneuvered her repeatedly and reappeared somewhere else before Omy could get a fix on her launch point. To Meso it was great fun. She had not had so much attention from Omy ever before and was completely enjoying the game of cat and mouse, or in this case Omy and Meso.

Meso could sense the frustration building in Omy and began to feel concerned that perhaps Meso herself was doing something wrong to cause this distress. Today, Omy finally had to give up and take care of things in the sanctuary. As she left, the three kids that Meso had saved showed up just as Omy was leaving. The oldest, Manny, waved to Omy as the children arrived. Omy smiled and waved back from the doorway of the sanctuary. It was nice seeing the kids still coming over, not losing their enthusiasm and interest in playing with their savior, Meso.

Meso happily caressed the three short people 'children' with the entire length of her body, letting a massive welcoming purr erupt from deep within. Omy watched from afar as the children rolled on the ground and played chase with Meso. The smallest child, Kicki, straddled Meso and they both disappeared. At first Omy blinked and didn't quite register what she'd seen. Then Kichi astride Meso appeared across the yard in a *different* spot. Kichi laughed like a banshee the entire time! Jola, the middle child, ran up to the pair and as Kichi dismounted, Jola replaced her and poof! Meso and Jola disappeared, only to reappear again a few seconds later halfway across the yard in another spot.

This was all Omy could take. She bounded out across the yard to join the children and that very, very special cat. When she reached them she asked Jola if she could ride too. Jola dismounted, and kneeling, Omy held Meso between her thighs. As Omy gently straddled Meso she stroked Meso's

neck soothingly. Without warning, Omy found herself lost in space and time. Omy felt and held on to Meso between her thighs then — There was no up, no down, no left, no right. She was in a completely red hued void where nothing existed except Meso and herself.

Meso was in bliss. At first she thought she had done something terribly wrong when Omy mounted her. However as Meso felt the soft and tender caress from the big human she finally understood what Omy wanted all along. She wanted to play the game the kids liked so much. With complete bliss Meso focused on and memorized the multidimensional location of a spot in the yard some distance from where they were playing and let go of current reality. As Meso and Omy passed into the portal Meso created for them, a three toned audible purr, harmonic to red frequency light, allowed time to fold ahead of them. A red envelope surrounded them wavering ever so slightly due to the red frequency harmonics at, above, and below 757.53 Hertz – a soft but not unpleasant Gb - F#. It was all quite fundamental and automatic to Meso, and a completely innate characteristic of her species that had evolved since the cat Felidae family first sprang snarling from the evolutionary tree nearly 25 million years ago.

As they moved through the time and space shift, Meso felt Omy grip her a little more tightly. Meso worried that Omy's actions might begin to cause a gyroscopic precession, which if left unchecked could result in them reappearing in one of many countless three dimensional orientations when they reemerged on the other side. Worse still, the situation could end up with Omy's head buried in the sand. It was a real concern. Meso herself had once been forced to dig herself out at a young age. While that had happened when she was first learning to control her abilities, to this day she found an occasional sand grain making its way out of her nose. Meso countered Omy's vertigo just in time. Just when Omy was about to get sick, the earth, sky and existence suddenly reappeared as the two emerged onto the lawn.

“Whoooooa!” Omy yelled and the children ran to her, laughing and giggling with excitement.

Manny jumped up and down shouting, “My turn!, My turn!” as Omy shakily dismounted her kneed stance over Meso and carefully got to her feet, dizzy from the event.

When Omy yelled with glee like the kids always did Meso knew she had made Omy happy, and that made Meso’s day complete.

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Yendor was away for the day teaching best practices for regenerative agriculture in the valley just east of Haven. It was a long walk home and by the time he arrived back at the sanctuary darkness had fallen throughout the sleepy village streets and dwellings. As he opened the door to his home, Omy rushed to him, jumped and wrapped her legs around his waist, almost throwing him off balance as she hugged him with delight and gave him a breathtakingly long, delicious kiss. She hopped off, took him by the hand, and smiled the biggest grin he swore he had ever seen on the woman the entire time he had known her.

“Guess what happened to me today!” she chortled gleefully. For the life of him Yendor did not even know what to begin to guess. Luckily she saved him an embarrassing reply by continuing, “I solved the time manipulation problem we were talking about with Nebbi last week! We can control time by harmonic red shifting.” Omy went on to explain to Yendor the day’s discoveries, including how she found herself in a total ethereal redwashed existence that began to cause her vertigo before she reappeared in the yard once more.

“When I thought about the experience for a while, I recalled that the red hue that surrounded us changed ever so slightly, repeatedly changing saturation from less red to crimson in time with the harmonic purr that Meso made. You know I studied music for many years,” she continued. “The tone Meso was purring during our transition was definitely a G flat - F sharp. The upper harmonics for that tone correlate directly to the red part of the light spectrum. In other words,” she exclaimed, “we

were ever so slightly red shifting during the transition which accounts for the second or two difference between when we disappeared from this reality and reappeared again!”

Yendor stood, mouth agape. “Of course! That makes complete sense, Omy. Wow, you are absolutely amazing!” He shook his head slowly in wonder, “Hey can you show me how you do this with Meso? You know that any good hypothesis needs to be able to be replicated practically and I would love to be witness. Hell, maybe you can show me how you do it so I can have the same experience — with Meso’s permission of course.” Yendor made sure to add the last part as Meso gently nudged his hand to be petted from the seat she had just claimed in his lap.

Omy laughed “Of course darling. But it is too dark out tonight. Let’s have some dinner and we can have that rodeo in the morning when Nebbi is here. In the meantime,” she added, “I am starving after all of that excitement.” “Let’s nourish these bodies and follow through with [a little rodeo of our own](#) you cowboy wizard you,” she teased, winking with one eye and turning away with a Mona Lisa smile.

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The next morning after the family finished with their morning sharing breakfast and Omy had recounted the red shift hypothesis to everyone who was unaware, they all went outside to join the group of kids that were already playing the new pop in - pop out game with Meso. Meso was obviously in her glory again with all of the attention the kids gave her. As the girls played the game Nebbi could wait no longer and asked the girls if she could try. Carefully she strode the cat with her knees, giving Meso a loving caress and poof, they were gone. When they appeared some distance across the yard Nebbi let out a whoop loud enough to be heard all the way across town. It must not have bothered Meso too much because when Nebbi bent over and whispered in her ear they both left the plain of known existence once more. This time they appeared one foot from Yendor

“Oh! son of a bitch!” he yelled in surprise as he waved his arms up in the air and jumped a foot in the other direction.

Nebbi let loose a deep throated, lovingly-wicked laugh, got up from her knees and pointed at him, “Got you big guy!”

Everyone joined in with the laughter. Yendor looked a bit embarrassed at first but then joined in with the rest of them. He then took his turn with Meso, reappearing then disappearing again three or four times in a row, and finally ending up back where the adults were standing. As he stepped off, Omy and Nebbi had to catch and steady him for a moment while he regained composure. He wiped away a bead of sweat that rolled down his forehead and grinned from ear to ear.

“Damn, that kitty’s got a bounce!” he laughed, making everyone laugh as well. Then he wobbled over to a spot in the grass a few yards away where the dandelions were in full bloom. He sat down with a “umphf”, laid back among the vibrant yellow flowers and let the honey bees buzz lazily past his head as they searched from flower to flower. “Are you ok?” Nebbi asked him.

“Definitely,” he replied, and rested the back of his hand on his forehead to block the bright sunlight, “but watch that first step! ... Just kidding. You were right, Omy.”

“Before you know it,” Omy said, “we might be traveling to the stars thanks to Meso. But perhaps now that you know about the red frequencies, none of us may need to depend on her. We just might be able to add a red harmonic to our meditative chants when we open future resonance manifestations.”

# Chapter 5: Forward Elation

[Queen Luquesha Anastasia Keely-Tierney](#) was the kind of woman men would give their kingdoms to be with, if ever they had even the remotest chance.

When Yendor opened the kitchen door to the smiling, voluptuous, incredibly gorgeous redhead, his breath caught in his throat. Her long, brilliant, fiery auburn hair perfectly framed her oval statuesque face. Her eyes fixed on Yendor, such a deep blue he swore looking in them was like falling in heaven's ocean. She was the desire of every man, and most women, whoever gazed upon her beauty.

Anastasia was very discerning however and quite selective in her company, keeping strictly to her chosen family that included Yendor, Omy, Nebbi, and the boys. It was an unfortunate side effect of her position as Queen, one that did not allow much free time for sharing and growing close with others. Her situation required great discretion as to her whereabouts but sometimes loneliness took hold, loneliness so harrowing that she had no choice but to find solace in her friends or surely go quite mad due to the isolation she normally endured.

If others with nefarious intent ever knew of the when and where of her whereabouts during these visits she would certainly be placing both herself and her chosen family in grave danger. There were many veiled and dangerous people within the Queen's stewardship that would gladly see her dead. And many that would simply do it for hire.

Yendor reached out to give Anastasia a huge hug just as Omy squeezed between him and the doorway frame. Omy wrapped her arms around both of them, adding her complete presence to the pleasure of three souls coming together in greeting after missing a significant partner for so many days.

Anastasia relaxed in their arms and suddenly let go of the heavy weight she had been carrying inside for so long.

“Oh my god I missed you two,” she said as she felt their love flow through her entire being, releasing her from the oppressive burdens that she never normally allowed to be set aside. Tears of relief and joy began to fall down her cheeks and the other two joined in with tears of their own as together they let the bonds of completeness reunite them once more.

“Come, come,” Omy encouraged, almost dancing, as she took Anastasia’s hand and led her into the kitchen.

Yendor did his best to nonchalantly look about the outside grounds before closing the door. He was ever on guard to ensure that this wondrous soul who graced their presence would never come to any harm in his sanctuary. Fortunately, there were those completely loyal to the Queen in her court that, on rare occasions, assisted her in slipping away and returning unnoticed. Both Omy and Yendor were completely aware of the danger Anastasia’s visits possessed and assured her that no matter the danger, they would always choose her presence over any peril that her visits might present.

Yendor had grown up in the court with Anastasia as children. They were childhood playmates throughout their entire younger years. He knew Anastasia more deeply than possibly anybody except Omy. It was this kinship and complete understanding between each other that allowed both Anastasia and Yendor their special, unquestioning relationship.

Yendor was always the kind of person to be watchful and protective of all the members of the family and village, and they in turn welcomed his special skills in times of crisis. He relied on their strength and wisdom just as much as they relied on his. Yendor’s intent was never to be obsessively intrusive into anyone’s life, as he felt doing so would be taking away from their autonomy, and quite frankly not the right for any person to do so. It was an ethical constraint he always abided by.

If it came to a situation of an imminent threat of death or serious bodily injury to another, he would intervene immediately regardless. This was a matter that he had thought long and hard about, finally reaching resolution within himself. Such a situation always demands decisions of some kind and potential action – both of which guarantee immediate internal moral conflict and long lasting, soul wrenching, emotional turmoil. The welfare of the people he loved and cared about was paramount to him, as much, if sometimes not more than, the value he held for his own life. “Are you hungry, sweetheart?” Omy asked Anastasia.

“I am a bit quenched dear and I could use a bite to eat if you don’t mind. Anything you have would be perfectly fine with me,” Anastasia replied.

With that, Omy cut and transferred a large piece of mulberry-cherry pie from a pie sitting on the counter onto a plate, added a large dollop of fresh, deep yellow, whipped cream to the top, and poured a goodly glass of golden milk for Anastasia as well.

Yendor raised his eyebrows questioningly.

Omy responded, “I think you are perfectly capable of getting some for yourself. This is catch up time for me too, you know.”

With a mock pout on his face Yendor stuck out his lower lip and set about scarfing a piece of the pie, then looked to Omy who waved him off and said, “Thanks hon but I had a piece just a little while ago.”

Yendor sat down again with the women. Because the pie was to die for, he and Anastasia put reasonable concentration into enjoying the flavors while Omy cheerily recounted a number of events that happened while Anastasia was away.

Yendor had to finally interrupt, “I have to go to the community garden for a bit to provide some advice on the best way to rotate the position of the different crops in this year’s garden. It really

helps keep the bugs at bay when you relocate the plants to a different place than they were grown last year.”

Anastasia and Omy did their best to give him their momentary attention but soon looked back to each other to continue their conversation.

Yendor added a parting farewell, “I will have to catch up more with you girls when I get back.”

Both Omy and Anastasia nodded then gave each other coy little grins. Yendor gathered all the essentials he would need for the day, then gave a long loving kiss to Omy and a big hug to Anastasia as he departed.

~~~~~ It actually took longer than Yendor thought it would to go over the plan for this year’s community garden. In the end the garden committee developed a map that they could rotate 90 or 180 degrees each year to rearrange where plants would be planted. Insects and plant infestations have a habit of dropping eggs and spores directly in the ground where they are foraging or invading during the year. Each year,, if the same type of plants were planted in the same place without the use of commercial pesticides and fungicides, it was highly likely that the invading eggs and spores would hatch. This led to emerging infestations damaging crops before good growth came on.

The completely organic garden sprawled end to end. Leaves and other natural materials were collected and placed in a mulch pile throughout the year. Chicken or cow manure and straw were mixed in, and during the spring the mulch was spread evenly across the garden. It was then tilled in, and wood ash collected all winter was spread across the garden and tilled in as well. The wood ash acted as a base that counteracted the acidity from the leaf mulch. The fallow garden was then left to allow rain to soak in. Earthworms, centipedes, and a variety of other soil-making insects feasted and churned the new mulch into extremely fertile humus. This meant that no chemical fertilizer was ever needed and each year the top soil became thicker and thicker.

By following these practices the garden was at its healthiest, and thus healthier for everyone. No chemical applied. To top it off, the yields from such fertile soil produced something incredible; Tomato plants well over an adult's head, and waist high zucchini flourished. The green pole bean vines populated to the point that when grown on a separate fence trellis in the middle of the garden they could provide shade to delicate plants in the afternoon on the shady side of the trellis. Some of the old mulch pile was left untouched during spreading time and multiple types of squash, pumpkins, and gourds were planted in it to produce a bumper crop each year.

When Yendor arrived back at the sanctuary it began to get dark. He took his shoes off at the door, lit one of the kitchen table candles, and hearing nothing from Nebbi's bedroom room — where Nebbi and Jib had arranged to be sleeping that night — walked gently into the master bedroom. The beautiful vision of the two ladies laying sleeping together on the bed, Omy holding Anastasia in spoon fashion, with one corner of the sheet slightly pulled over the top of Omy's thigh, was so profound it caused him to catch his breath. [The vision of the two lovers](#) filled his heart with intense happiness and he carefully undressed, then slipped in behind Omy to complete a triple spoon of togetherness.



They awoke the next morning to the sounds of robins and wrens singing the melodies of spring. The warbles of several love forlorn male wrens filled the air with musical riffs that rivaled many concerto instrumental solos. Anastasia, in all her glorious form, sat up on the bed, smiled at both Yendor and Omy, and proceeded to dress.

Omy stretched her arms over her head as she remained laying for a moment while Yendor snuck in a tender squeezing caress. She reached in back of her and said, "Sorry darling, you'll have to accept a rain check," then proceeded to sit up on the edge of the bed beside Anastasia and begin to get dressed herself.

Yendor moaned and fell back on the pillow causing Anastasia to turn, glance over him, roll her eyes, and return to her task of finishing dressing. Anastasia then made her way to the kitchen gently closing the bedroom door behind her.

Omy smiled, softly play-slapping Yendor's butt, and said in a deep sexy voice, quiet enough to only be heard by only the two of them, "Come on tiger. You'll have plenty of opportunity to test that thing out later tonight." Then she too made her way into the kitchen, leaving Yendor to struggle wistfully into his clothing.

As he made his way into the kitchen, the growing sound and aroma of coffee brewing filled the air. "Mmmmmm, cofffee," he said as he delightedly snuffled the heavy odor of Puerto Rican espresso that brewed on the stove. Zarek had already claimed his seat at the table. Yendor snuggled up to the unclaimed side of Omy, kissed the back of her neck and asked "What can I do to help?"

Omy replied, "If you could pour us some coffee and set out the cream and sugar, that would be wonderful," she added, "Then after you finish enjoying watching us make breakfast, and we finish eating it, it would be splendid if you would be kind enough to do up the dishes while Anastasia and I finish our discussion from yesterday."

Yendor nodded in agreement, served up the coffee to everyone there, and sat down to admire the view. He then began petting Meso who had jumped up on his lap to demand some attention for herself.

Zarek, earlier, had made his way from his cabin lickety-split across the yard, bare-foot through the cool breeze to the kitchen. His puffs of breath still hung in the air from when he fired up the wood stove. Everyone appreciated the warmth in the air as they wandered in.

Nebbi and Jib eventually appeared. Nebbi's hair looked like the epitome of a rock star on stage after performing multiple sets. As everyone turned to look at her with a teasing, ah-ha look, Jib put on a coy smile and tucked his head.

Zarek, as usual, could not pass up the opportunity. “Hey Lover Boy, you have to be the sweetest romancer I have ever seen!” “I’ll say,” replied Nebbi.

That caused the room to fill with laughter and Nebbi’s face to turn the color of ripe nectarines on the branch.

After the meal and dishes were done, and the girls were satisfied with their time visiting, and communing with the outside animals, the three of them gathered at the kitchen table once more. Omy filled in Anastasia about her experience with the red ethereal void, including how they were whisked out of one point in the yard, into the void, and back out of the void at a spot some distance away from where they had started.

“Now that Omy has filled you in on what happened with Meso and the red harmonic time shift, would you like to join us in testing this hypothesis out?” Yendor asked Anastasia.

Omy looked at everyone with a serious face, took a pencil and paper from the drawer behind her and began sharing her thoughts as she sketched the ideas out on the paper, “Ok, we know the frequency of the color red falls within the G flat - F sharp range audibly at lower harmonics. I heard Meso purring that pitch distinctly when we were in the void together. The frequency that suitably matched that tone and is audible at a pitch we can produce vocally by mantra sits at 189 Hertz. Split it in half, the next lower harmonic is about 95 Hertz and multiplied by two the next upper harmonic is 379 Hertz. I know Zarek and I can sing 379 Hertz and I know Yendor and Jib can do 95 Hertz, can you and Nebbi do a continuous frequency mantra at 189 Hertz, Anastasia?”

Anastasia responded, “I’m pretty sure I can, let me try. Can you give me a proper tone on your guitar please, Yendor.”

Yendor walked to the corner and picked up his guitar. He placed a finger over the fourth fret of the D string and plucked the string. “Now this is actually at 185 Hertz,” he said, “but it is definitely a G flat, or F sharp if you prefer.” He continued to pluck as the tone died down while Anastasia and

Nebbi began working to vocally match the pitch being produced. When they were satisfied that they were on key, everyone else each took turns practicing, creating a continuous frequency mantra at their assigned frequency, matching the tones generated by the guitar when fingered at second fret upper E string and second fret lower E string respectively.

“OK, are we ready?” Omy asked breathlessly.

Everyone nodded and confirmed with a shared, “Yes!”

“I was thinking about this last night just before snuggling with you two,” Yendor said, “In order to keep track of whether time has actually passed while we are in the void I grabbed the wind up kitchen timer. I can wind it up just before we launch the resonance manifestation then set the vibrating alarm on my pocket watch for five minutes. When we come out we should see some kind of time discontinuity other than five minutes on the kitchen timer.” Everyone looked impressed. “Let’s go then!” Omy said as she got up from her chair, went to the living area, then sat on the floor, patting the floor on each side of her.

They all entered the room and formed a circle knee to knee.

Yendor then wound up the kitchen hand timer to the hour mark and set it aside, far enough away that he was pretty certain it would not be affected by the manifestation, then set his pocket watch timer for five minutes in the future. They all joined hands, and began their vocal mantras.

The room disappeared from view and was replaced by a solid red void. They all smiled as they became aware of its existence and continued their steadfast mantras, hands never leaving each other. It was as if they were being cast into a vivid dream. Everyone stared in awe. Anastasia's hair appeared pure white, making her look even more dynamic. The group fought and succeeded to keep their composure enough to continue their individual mantras. Anastasia looked back at them with a quizzical look of ‘What Gives?’ Omy softly shook her head as if to say, ‘Nothing, it can wait’. That

was when the pocket watch vibrated and Yendor changed to the exit mantra to get them out of the manifestation gently.

It took a couple of seconds to adjust back to the normal plane and its illumination, quite different to the eyes from the solid red void they had just returned from. Yendor looked over at the timer and frowned. Exactly 5 minutes had passed. When he brought it to their attention, Omy looked like she wanted to cry. No temporal discontinuity had occurred.

Both Yendor and Anastasia began to move toward her to comfort her but she stopped them firmly, holding up both her hands. With a determined look in her eye, she said, “When we were in the resonant manifestation we just created, the entire void around us was solid red.”

“Yes,” they both muttered.

Anastasia replied “But darling that is what you said it should be like.”

“I know,” Omy said, “but when I was being transported by Meso in the yard, the void was not only red but its saturation pulsed, causing the void to have waves of weaker red and then a stronger red. I think we need to vary the volume of our mantras, together, synchronously, lower and higher to achieve the proper energy change in the manifestation.” Everyone now looked at Omy, impressed. “Ok babe,” Yendor said, “Let’s have at it!” He turned and rewound the kitchen timer to an hour again, reset the pocket watch to vibrate in five minutes, and they all joined hands again. Together and synchronously, led by Omy, they voiced their individual continuous frequency mantras but together, smoothly and continuously they varied the volume of their voicings. The red void surrounded them once more. To no one but Anastasia’s surprise her hair again turned from a brilliant fiery auburn to a vivid titanium white. It stood out starkly against the red void that now pulsed with intensity. Before they could become completely acclimated to the void Yendor’s pocket timer went off again and he gently brought them back out of the manifestation.

He suddenly saw a look of shock light up Omy's face. She sat directly across from the timer, and the timer only had ten minutes left on it from the hour it had been wound up to. They had moved through time 50 minutes in the normal world but had only spent 5 minutes in the void.

Omy jumped up and began to bounce around the room, first bear-hugging Yendor around the neck, then laying a lavish, erotic kiss on Anastasia. Omy then continued to bounce up and down, stopping to hug the others, and repeating, "We did it, we did it."

Both Yendor and Anastasia sat back and watched with pleasure while Nebbi, Jib, and Zarek chuckled in amusement.

After Omy had finally exhausted her immediate energy supply, she plopped back down cross legged with all of them, a mile wide grin on her face. Then her beautiful smile suddenly changed to the face of someone who just had an 'oh no, shit!' epiphany. "That was really cool," she said, "but while I'm elated that we actually did it, we only moved forward in time. How are we supposed to move back in time? I mean, we need to go backwards in time if we ever want to visit one of those stars we see in the sky. If we don't, they and their planets might not even exist when we get there."

## **Chapter 6: Bluer than Blue**

The next morning Anastasia sat staring out the window for a long while not saying anything.

"Are you ok sweetheart?" Omy asked.

Anastasia slowly emerged from being lost in thought and replied, "Uh, yea. I just have some bad news I need to tell you all."

Everyone glanced at each other with concern.

Anastasia replied solemnly, "Ambassadors from all of our neighboring kingdoms delivered some bad news to the court just before I decided to take a break away from things. Their scientists, and ours too, have been working closely on the odd phenomena we have been seeing and experiencing

over the last few years. I am sure you are aware the summers have been getting a lot hotter lately. We are also seeing all kinds of erratic behavior from animals in general and the wild animals are dying off.” Her worried frown deepened, “The scientists have come to the conclusion that our planet is heating up rapidly and it is almost assured that the planet is entering a runaway greenhouse effect phase. This means it will keep getting hotter. They do not know if the heat-up will stop before things get too out of control. Life may not continue to survive for very long if this situation continues. They figure we have about 5 years before things really start to get miserable.”

“I felt something was odd,” Yendor said, “It has definitely been hotter the last few years and we didn’t have near the amount of rain we usually do during the last two years. It’s getting droughty enough that the outside foundations of all of our buildings in the village are beginning to drop and the gutter rain catchment tanks are running out quickly or already dried up. It’s beginning to be a bit of a drudge carrying all those buckets of well water to the gardens and watching the water level drop so much in those wells.”

Omy asked, “Do you think we will have to dig the well deeper this year, Yendor?”

Yendor replied, “I sure hope not, it was the devil of the time taking it down a few feet the last time we had to do it.”

Jib added, “I think I lost thirty pounds in sweat helping you dig that out Yendor!”

Anastasia continued, “I have been wracking my brains since I left, trying to think of a solution that can save our people from the eventual incredible hardships that they will go through if we can’t find a way out of this. The only glimmer of hope that I have seen is what you all are doing with the resonance vibrations. I pray to any heavenly being that will listen that you do figure out how to transport people to a safe, viable location, one that is fresh and alive. A place where our people and their heirs will inherit not only a vibrant wholesome ecosphere but also wisdom from the past regarding how not to irreversibly damage it like we have done here.”

Yendor leaned forward and looked deeply into her incredible blue eyes. "I swear Anastasia , I will do my best to guide our people here to a solution that will give them hope and a new lease on living." Omy drew close to him and wrapped an arm around his shoulders and added, "Our hearts are yours, your worries ours, love, joys, sorrows, and laughter shared between us. We are one with you and with that shared inner strength we will support each other come what may. We will find a way, and when we do, we will sing praises to what a unity and bond can accomplish. Don't worry, love. Stay strong. We will adapt and overcome."

Anastasia took a deep breath and sighed. "I had better get back before the court degenerates into some unfathomable pool of human sludge. I sometimes wonder what they would do if they actually had to make a decision and bear the consequences for themselves. The only ones there that seem to maintain any kind of integrity are the nobility with carriage and character enough not to get caught up in petty power pushing and self-ego stroking. And the only ones I can truly rely on are the ones that I love, you, my chosen family. I'd better go."

Nebbie brushed a tear from her eye and quickly went to Anastasia, giving her a long hug from behind and tucking her head on Anastasia's shoulder while saying, "I love you too you know. You better take care while you're gone. I don't know what we would do without you."

Zarek and Jib together reached their hands across the table to her, looking her sadly in the eye.

"Girl," Zarek said, "if you need someone to rescue you from some lame excuse for a stylist, you just send for me and I'll show them what a killer look can do!"

Anastasia gave a sad chuckle trying to hold back the tears and got up from her chair.

"Thanks Zarek. I'll make sure to let them know to be on their best behavior or I will sick the Voodoo son of a Voodoo practitioner after them." she replied.

Anastasia then walked over to Omy and gave her a full body hug that seemed to last for hours. Wiping a tear from her eye, Anastasia pulled Yendor in and the three of them held each other as close

as any three people possibly could. Anastasia stepped back and with red eyes, tried to wipe away her sadness with a kerchief. “God I hate partings. Who in the heavens would have had such sadistic pleasure as to put people in situations where they had to leave like this.” She shook her slightly downturned head and opened the kitchen door.

Looking back she said to them, “I love you all so much,” and gave them the bravest smile she could muster. Then she turned and walked down the path in the direction of the palace as her eyes again filled with tears, almost blinding her way forward.

Anastasia felt like it was hard to breathe. Her insides ached from deep within, just as it had many, many times before when leaving her chosen family, not knowing if she would ever make it back to them again. The guilt she felt from possibly bringing harm their way haunted her, but [her heart simply could not stand the pain of ever losing them](#). They were her loves, her chosen, and she felt like she would perish if she could never be close to them again. It tortured her soul every time an opportunity presented itself to be together only to have to tear herself away once more.

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Nobody felt much like doing anything the next couple of days. Omy hurt terribly each time Anastasia had to leave and she worried about Anastasia’s welfare, a concern that always lingered in the recesses of her mind – even though she knew Anastasia would return to her again someday. That would be the day they all could rest peacefully and wholly together once more.

Omy never denied her feelings for others, personally or publicly. Just like all the people she surrounded herself with in her chosen family, her self-integrity did not allow her self-deceit. She would rather be open, honest, and real about how she felt instead of suffering the shackles of pretending she was someone other than who she really was.

From past experience Omy knew society often invokes horrible taboos on others they fear and on those who cause a culture to fear visions of itself in the social mirror. The emotional and holistic

support provided by Omy's chosen family continued to [allow all of the chosen family to stand](#) and be who they really were. They were free to be real, despite the tainted winds of desperation and false norming blockades that humanity frequently besets on those feared, those whose institutions mark as different. She felt it was unfortunate that so many people flock to the vast multitude of religions and organizations that feign to provide solace and relief, when in reality their leaders' only concerns are power, ego, and control of the masses by any means they can. Further, she was saddened by the preaching, teaching, and spreading of false beliefs about their fellow man, false beliefs that leveraged differences and fanned the flames of hatred.

For a while, Omy and Yendor aimlessly putted around the house taking care of odd chores that had been neglected for far too long while Nebbie and the guys intuitively left them in peace and found other ways to occupy themselves. In the evenings, still crisp from a soon forgotten winter, Omy, Yendor, and sometimes Nebbi too lay cuddled together near the fireplace, bonding closer and thanking the heavens for the privilege of being alive with someone by their side who truly loved them. Jib and Zarek had been staying more to themselves for the time being which was understood and appreciated.

Among the many things the three talked about was how wondrous it was they had discovered how to move forward in time. Their talks included the grave concern regarding how to reverse time or even if they should worry about reversing the forward jumps. Nobody had any great desire to lose time but when they really thought about it, was there really any great loss in losing it? Leaping forward or backward, from the perspective of the ones leaping, had no effect at the biological level as far as they could tell.

Granted, moving forward in time too far and not coming back would result in them missing the personal experience of the events that happened during the timeframe they skipped. This could be a great personal loss to them since they so cherished the day to day and little moments together. Would

they be able to develop mental coping skills to handle such a conceptual discontinuity? Would the lost time itself really be a significant issue? After all, nobody experienced past history personally, and they all got along fine just knowing about it rather than personally experiencing it.

After everyone's emotions had eased a little from letting go of such a close and dear life partner and friend again, even if just for some undetermined period, they finally regained enough fortitude to move forward once more. It helped tremendously when a couple of days later Nebbi burst through the door in the morning, like she normally did, bubbling with enthusiasm.

"Can you believe it! I saw a huge flock of Purple Martins filling the sky on my way here! It was amazing, like, they were dancing some kinda cosmic ballet in the sky, expressing the joy of pure freedom from restraint. Dudes, it was totally bussin'.... Sheesh! I'm so friggin' amped!" Yendor and Omy could not help but laugh at her entrance.

"No seriously, it was so magnificent!" Nebbi said, not sure why they were laughing.

"Honey, you are such a peach I could just eat you up," Omy said.

Yendor added, "I have to agree. Nebbi you are like sunshine bursting through the clouds on a rainy day, and ah, yeah what Omy said."

Omy turned to him, looking him in the eye, winked and said, "First dibs fella." "You know my philosophy has always been ladies first dear," he quipped.

Nebbi just stood looking at them, jaw dropped and blushing. "You guys are such shits sometimes," she said, "[But you know, I love you dearly.](#)"

Omy and Yendor turned back to what they had been doing when Nebbi arrived, making western veggie omelets for breakfast. Omy added two more eggs to the bowl she was mixing while Yendor diced spinach, tomatoes, mushrooms, black olives, and green peppers. Nebbi snuggled in between them, hugging them both with arms outstretched, then reached in the cupboard and pulled out the

breakfast dishware and set the table. Omy poured the egg, milk, and flour mixture into a 15 inch wrought iron skillet set to low heat while Nebbi and Yendor took care of the juice and coffee.

When the egg batter had mostly set in the long, flat, double burner skillet, Nebbi asked Omy if she could try flipping one of the egg sheets, a skill that takes practice so as to not rip the sheet or splatter yet uncooked egg all over the stove, and the cook. Nebbi carefully slid the spatula under the mostly congealed eggs, lifting the sheet up and giving it just enough flip to perfectly land it upside down on the skillet without causing any mess. “Very good,” Omy said. “Pretty soon we’ll have to make you head chef,” she said smiling.

“Oh noooo,” Nebbi replied, “I’m not one to have the kind of love you do for the kitchen. I am perfectly happy having an occasional meal made by a master chef.”

Just then Jib and Zarek opened the kitchen door while trying to kick mud off their shoes before entering. Omy nearly shouted at them saying, “Guys! Boots off before you come in. We don’t need to be smelling what you were cleaning up out of the stalls while we eat.”

“Sorry Omy,” they both replied, and closed the door, then sat on the outside step and removed their muddy galoshes.

Omy finished adding the veggies and some shredded cheese to the omelets. After they finished cooking she served them up to everyone and they all sat down to eat.

“By the way,” Nebbi said with a mouth full of omelet, “I was thinking about how we were able to move forward in time but don’t have a solution for moving backward. That really slaps you know.”

“So do any of you have any ideas on how to tackle the backward time issue we’re having with the resonance manifestations?” Yendor asked. “Also we can move forward in time now using red shift frequencies, but we are still not sure how to precisely control the amount of time we actually move forward.”

“In art we use a color wheel for determining opposition in colors,” Nebbi suggested, “According to the color wheel, the opposite of red would be green.”

Yendor sat back and folded his hands into a Ajna Chakra mudra for increased intuition by forming a heart with his thumbs touching at the tips and letting his forefingers, ring and little fingers, touch at the second phalanges. He then raised his middle fingers to form a crown and positioned his hands in front of his solar plexus. With a look of complete attention to what Nebbi was about to say he told her, “Please, go on.”

Nebbi continued, “I was thinking there must be frequencies that would be acceptable harmonics of green light that we could use for mantras like we did with the red harmonics. The way I figure it, 524 Hertz, 262 Hertz, and 131 Hertz would be close enough. 262 Hertz is also known as middle C on the piano by the way.”

“That makes perfect sense,” Omy affirmed. “After we clean up breakfast, let's give it a shot! I was so excited when the red shift worked. I can't wait to see if we can make this happen too.”

Yendor smiled as they all eagerly finished with breakfast and breakfast chores then joined together in a circle in the living area as Meso laid on her side and stretched herself all the way out, watching the group from the other side of the room. Yendor set the guitar across his lap, placed the kitchen timer on the floor a little distance away and wound it all the way up to an hour.

Nebbi took the lead, “Ok, Yendor, can you and Jib take 131 Hertz please, Zarek can stay in the middle at 262 Hertz, and Omy and I can do 524 Hertz.” They then each practiced perfecting their individual tones as Yendor plucked them on the guitar.

When everyone was satisfied, Yendor wound the kitchen timer to ten minutes and explained they could start when the kitchen timer reached 5 minutes. He went on to say if they traveled backward in time on this attempt the fifty minutes of time that they traveled forward during their previous attempt, then the timer should end up moving backward in time close to the one hour mark. As they

reached 5 minutes on the kitchen timer, Yendor made his pocket watch ready, they all held hands knee to knee facing and began their unified green tone mantra with a volume warble led by Omy. Slowly they became enveloped in a wavering green light and continued their mantras until Yendor felt the pocket watch vibrate. He then led them gently back out of the manifestation.

They all looked at the kitchen timer expectantly. It said 0 minutes. Five minutes had passed going forward. They all exhaled a group sigh of disappointment at once.

“Well it was a good try,” said Yendor with a knowing sparkle in his eye, “Any thoughts on what to do next?” Omy spoke up, “You know, I was reading the other day about how light red shifts while traveling across space. That article mentioned something about a blue shift being an opposite effect. Do you think blue frequencies might move us backward?”

“Worth a shot since green was a total fail,” Nebbi lamented.

“OK, let’s figure out the blue harmonics,” Yendor replied, then got up and went over to the book shelf and pulled out the frequency chart. “Ah, here it is, let's see, frequency of blue light, divided by two to the power of about thirty or thirty one should center on the harmonic range of 147 Hertz, 294 Hertz, and 588 Hertz or a D musical tone. Let’s divide up the octaves like we have been doing with Jib and I low, Zarek in the middle, and Omy and Nebbi at the high note.” Yendor said.

The guitar was used again to help everyone reach their correct pitches then the timers were wound and set. As everyone held hands in a circle and began their blue harmonic mantras, a beautiful pulsing cobalt blue hue surrounded them and they all began to experience a slight feeling of falling. It was a little disorientating to Omy but not like the vertigo she felt when she had played with Meso in the yard. As Yendor felt his pocket watch signal stopping time he led them gently back out of the manifestation again.

“Alright!” Nebbi shouted and victory danced across the floor once she saw that the timer read one hour.

Everyone relaxed in place and enjoyed the enthusiasm that Nebbi was generating.

Nebbi finally sat down. “OK, forward and backward time travel is solved. Now how do we distort and travel in the spatial plane while manipulating the temporal plane? After hearing what Anastasia told us I am getting scared that we might run out of time on this planet and we need to find a way to get to a new fresh home on another exoplanet where we can begin again.”

They had all recognized the tell-tale warnings, warnings that had been starkly evident world-wide but which world leaders had chosen to ignore out of their thirst to maintain power and wealth. The carbon load in the atmosphere was already becoming so high that all nine of the tipping points predicted to push the earth into irreversible climate change had been breached a couple of years ago causing massive weather upheaval across the globe. It had become starkly evident even where they lived. Summers had grown markedly warmer every year and drought caused the soil to thirst so heavily that some species of trees around them had begun to lose their leaves and branches, dying before their very eyes.

Jib crossed his arms, “I agree with Nebbi, we really need to figure out how to get the hell out of here.”

# Chapter 7: Blessed Gathering

A few weeks later Omy was in a tizzy, scurrying back and forth across the kitchen preparing for their Friendsgiving Feast Day. She was preparing her special roasted spaghetti squash recipe with mushrooms, kale, and creamy vegan cheese sauce, a savory lentil soup, alongside pumpkin pie topped with luscious whip cream. Yendor had blended some of his special knock-your-socks-off fruit and veggie green juice with Red Panax Ginseng Extractum.

Omy had nearly finished cooking the pies when Jib tapped on the kitchen window, surprising her so much she screamed, jumped, and flung a potholder backward half-way across the kitchen. Jib laughed merrily through the glass as a menacing play scowl suddenly crossed Omy's face. Secretly she grabbed a large, flat, pan spatula and waited for him to come through the door.

Jib opened the kitchen door and came through, followed by Zarek who wore a Freddy Mercury style vee-neck white tee shirt – large, heart-shaped, jewel rimmed sunglasses – and a thin gold chain necklace with a pendant that said 'bitch'. Yendor entered the room just in time to see Jib make the mistake of turning to Zarek to say something but had the presence of mind to hang back in the doorway unnoticed. SMACK! Omy laid the spatula on Jib's arse so hard it broke the handle clean off.

Jib, not expecting the attack shouted 'Ayeeeee!', jumped to the left of Zarek after spinning around in the air, and landed in a tiger crouch. Zarek laid back his head and completely lost it, then continued to laugh so hard he bent over in agony. That was when Jib smacked his arse in return. "Oh, baby," Zarek laughed and continued in falsetto, "Do that again honey and I will ignore proper house conduct and [carry you off to the sack](#), right now!"

Jib stood in a bit of shock, very red faced, then turned and wrapped his arms around Zarek. He gave him swoon-worthy kiss that would make a young bride faint. “Um ...,” Zarek sighed, catching his breath, “That was ... incredible.”

“Well now that you’re done with your horsing around Jib, why don’t you and Zarek pull up a chair at the table and tell us what you’ve been up to lately,” Omy playfully scolded. She turned back to the oven, opened the door, pulled out the pies and placed them on the counter. “I would have made you eat both these pies right there until you got sick if you had made me burn them.

Jib rubbed his bottom and smiled “I think I got burnt enough for both of them, Omy.”

Nebbi quietly made her way in from outside through the kitchen door. Yendor winked and Omy quietly glanced with smiling eyes at her as she tip-toed behind Jib.

Laying her arms across both his and Zarek’s shoulders she gave both of them a big hug, kissing the side of Jib’s neck from behind. Jib floated back in her arms with a grin on his face and finished the sweet canoodle. Nebbi stood up and looked around the room. “Will Anastasia be able to make it?” she asked.

Omy sighed and replied, “Probably not honey. We haven’t heard anything from her since she had to go back.” Omy’s eyes began to glisten a bit as she continued, “Let’s just ask the heavens above to protect her and guide her while she is away from us and bring her safely back when the time is proper.”

Nebbi glided over to where Omy and Yendor were standing by the sink and wrapped her arms around them, laying her head to the side on Omy’s shoulder. They both wrapped their arms around the three of them to complete the triad and rocked back and forth together for a while as Jib and Zarek gazed on them with tender eyes.

They finally opened back up again, shared energy having been renewed. Omy wiped a remaining tear from her eye with the corner of her apron, looked around at them all and said, “Ok everyone, let’s set this table and enjoy the food and family we have been blessed with here today.”

As the meal finished, Zarek slid his chair back slightly, stretched his one leg over Jibs and the other one straight out under the table in the free space, leaned back and said, “Girl, you are the cream of the crop. Your cooking beats any meal I have ever had including my mothers. Don’t ever let her know I told you that or she’ll start stabbing that voodoo doll she made of me again.”

Omy blushed slightly and smiled, saying, “Flatterer.”

“No, I mean it,” he replied, “Annapurna is sitting right now in the heavens jealous as hell.” Nebbi slid her chair back slightly and hooked her leg beneath the table over Jib’s remaining free leg. Jib said nothing, but he could not hide a growing smile that refused to leave his face.

Nebbi smiled and said to the group, “I have been thinking a lot about where we left off trying to make progress with the resonance manifestations. We now know how to create a temporal discontinuity that moves us forward and backward in time by using red and blue harmonics but we have not figured out yet how to create a physical spatial displacement.”

Nebbi continued, “When I traveled in the manifestations that Meso created, I recall quite distinctly that there was more to her purr than continuous warbling harmonics like we have been using. There were some complementary tones in there as well. In other words she was purring chord variants with basic harmonic triads by adding additional tones to create a distinctive harmonic flavor and melody. She changed cords to create chord progressions like how we sing a song by changing the chords along the way.”

They all sat quiet for some time and then Jib turned and asked her, “I know this is going to sound like a far out question but did you recognize any particular melody?”

“No, not really,” she replied, “But it was nice to the ears and I felt comforted by it.”

“Say,” said Zarek, who was the most professional musician of the bunch, "I have a cool idea. We’re using blue light harmonics to move backward in time. Those frequencies were more or less the tone of D. What if the five of us voiced a mantra that was a chord progression of a D chord and a D

suspended 4th chord, the chord change being repeated over and over again, like in some of the stanzas of the song by Queen, 'Crazy Little Thing Called Love'."

Suddenly the whole room broke out in excited chatter as their spirits rose.

"I think this might be very interesting," Yendor said and gave Omy a little one armed hug around the waist.

It was hard to contain their excitement as they cleared the table and washed the dishes. There was no worry about preserving any leftovers. As soon as they were done they gathered in the living room forming knee to knee. This time Yendor asked Zarek to have the honor of holding the guitar and teaching everyone how to voice the cords. Looking around Zarek suggested that they position themselves around the circle based on the vocal ranges from bass to soprano. They all agreed and shifted to more agreeable positions.

Zarek then held and played a six note D major for everyone to hear and then trained each person from low to high on the notes C, F, A, C, and F, ignoring the lowest string on the guitar. He then played a D sus 4th chord.

"OK, this is actually going to be easy. All we need to do in order to switch from a D chord to a D sus 4 chord is have the lowest note person switch notes from C to A and the middle note person switch notes from an A to a G. In other words, three of you will continue a steady mantra of F, C, and F while the low and middle people will switch notes back and forth in time together, low person repeating C to A and middle person repeating A to G. Since we have to vary amplitude or volume apparently to get any action out of these chords, let's practice forming manifestations with them first."

Together they held hands and voiced their mantras acapella to produce a D chord. As they did, a cobalt blue void opened up, filling all space around them. After a minute or two, as he had been coached by Yendor, Zarek gently removed them from the void.

“Being in that deep blue manifestation was really bitchin’! The color was like totally intense!” Jib exclaimed, causing the others to laugh.

Zarek took the lead again, “OK, are you ready? Let’s try a D suspended 4th, that is, a Dsus4.”

Again they held hands and voiced the new cord. This time the void filled with a brighter Parish blue which caused them all to become wide eyed as they were voicing.

After they were out of the manifestation again, Omy said, “Wow, that was a brighter blue than when we did the D major chord.”

Zarek agreed, “That makes total sense. In music we actually say that Dsus4 is ‘brighter’ because of the change in tonal quality.” He continued, “Now for the real test. We need to do two things in the void this time. First we have to have everyone maintain pitch except the low and middle person who will be changing up their notes. I am in the middle so I will lead the tempo or timing of the note exchanges. The second thing we need to make sure of is to oscillate the volume so that it activates the actual effects of the manifestation. When we do this our mantras should sound like riffs from Queen’s [‘Crazy Little Thing Called Love’](#).”

Yendor had wound the kitchen timer to an hour previously and it was about to reach the 5 minute mark. This time he would be the one to bring them back out when 5 minutes had passed.

“Ok folks,” he said, “Let’s rock and roll!”

Together with hands held they began the cyclic mantra at intervals led by Zarek. Waves of blue light enfolded them and a psychedelic effect happened as the color and intensity of the blues switched from Cobalt Blue to Parish Blue in time with the interchanging chords.

About a minute into the session Nebbi got so amped she simply could not contain herself and began singing the actual lyrics of “Crazy Little Thing Called Love.”

Befuddled at first, the rest of them happily joined in as a natural acapella quintet, singing right along with Nebbi. They continued another two and a half minutes to the end of the song before

Yendor brought them out of the manifestation giggling and smiling from ear to ear. That was when they suddenly stopped, awestruck and dumbfounded.

They were sitting in the middle of a bright sunny field of wildflowers that stretched out as far as the eye could see in any direction. Honey bees filled the air with a soft wonderful buzzing and birds were flitting everywhere. Everyone was in such shock they just sat there with big, fat, silly grins plastered all over their faces. They looked at each other supercharged with delight and intense emotion.

Nebbi started dancing around, floating her arms in the air as she did. Then she began spinning in circles, arms raised to the sky, head flung back, shouting in joy and singing again the song that had brought them to this wonderful place until the vertigo caused her to collapse into the flowers laughing. Jib placed wild blanket flowers bursting with red and orange in Nebbi and Zarek's hair, kissing each one in turn as he sang the song along with her again.

Finally after they were able to settle down a bit Yendor said, "This looks like Jack Stewart's field." Omy agreed, "I think you are right sweetie. I come here all the time to pick fresh flowers for the sanctuary. This must be at least four miles from our house as the crow flies. As they relaxed they discussed the idea of trying to reverse the effects of this last spatial displacement by creating an opposing manifestation but dropped the idea because it was just too unpredictable at the moment. They would need to somehow perfect what they were doing to be sure they did not end up in a life threatening situation.

Instead they all opted to walk back home since it was not that far away, and it was an absolutely beautiful day to have someone you love hand in hand as you walked along a path filled with flowers and the wonders of spring. Nebbi, Jib, and Zarek took the lead and began skipping along the trail, sending rabbits and squirrels scurrying as they made their way down the path singing. Soon they were out of sight as [faint echoes of their singing](#) lingered in the air.

Omy and Yendor smiled at the exuberance of the three and continued making their way back home, hand in hand through a beautiful natural glade at the edge of the open meadow.

## Chapter 8: Crystal Magic

The next morning as the five gathered again at the sanctuary for breakfast. Everyone was incredibly hungry, mostly due to the energy they had expended on the previous day's excitement and later romantic interludes. Omy and Nebbi took the lead in gathering eggs from the chicken coop and Jib volunteered to relieve their Jersey cow Buttercup of her overnight burden of golden, highly creamy milk. Since it was Yendor's turn to cook he opted to treat the crew to his perfected recipe for hearty buckwheat pancakes. Rich and creamy homemade butter smothered the pancakes, fresh from the skillet. Omy had hand churned the butter the day before alongside succulently smooth dark maple syrup still left from the harvest of the past spring.

Lively chatter and banter crisscrossed the table mixed with humorous and sometimes more serious tales of their past adventures and current views regarding local and more worldly affairs. This led the conversation to a more serious one, the stark warning that Anastasia had left with them before her last parting. The earth was in serious peril.

They were all in agreement and rehashed the previous discussion they had been thinking about for some time – trying to reach a habitable exoplanet that would support human life.

“I really think we are onto something if we can perfect and precisely control the resonant manifestations we have been working with,” Yendor said as he forked another heavy flapjack and grabbed the molasses again. They all nodded eagerly.

A delighted Nebbi cut in, “I think it is so bussin' that we were able to create a spatial displacement simply by singing appropriate chords acapella!”

Again they all agreed as their cross-table chatter continued.

Yendor took a swig of his ice cold milk, leaving a chilled cream ring at the top of his glass and some across his upper lip. He wiped the cream away with an index finger, sucking it off as he closed his eyes smiling in ecstasy. “Man that’s good stuff,” he said and went on, “To get to our ultimate goal, the next thing we should probably try to perfect is how to control the temporal discontinuity, both forward and back, along with the distance the spatial displacement creates. Yesterday we managed to move a few miles and about an hour backward in time. Last night I had an epiphany, inspired by some marvelous shared loving,” he winked at Omy and Nebbi, “that perhaps we could amplify these resonant manifestations by using crystal oscillators that vibrate at the proper harmonic frequency.”

He stopped for a moment to let his idea be absorbed by the others. “What’s a crystal oscillator?” Zarek asked, his brows turning to a frown.

“Many years ago,” Yendor answered, as he sat back in his chair and laid his silver across his plate, “in the late 19th century, when humanity was experimenting with ways to communicate, they stumbled on the realization that crystals made from particular types of material and fractured or grown into specific shapes, would vibrate at a steady frequency, or ‘oscillate’, when an certain voltage was applied to them. They captured these vibrations as electronic waveforms, boosted their strength by amplifying them, and then used the amplified signals to piggyback sound, like music and voice, over long distances. It worked splendidly and the first radios were built from crystals around 1920 until they were slowly replaced starting in the 1930’s, as vacuum tubes, transistors, and semiconductor chips were subsequently used instead.”

“I remember seeing vacuum tubes when I was a kid,” Omy said. “We used to have a gully out on the back side of our farm that had been used as a dump for years by the past farmers owning the property. We would hunt through all the old appliances they tossed in there and find ones we could

tear apart and explore. There were a couple of television sets that had those tubes with the little prongs on the bottom. But I never did find any older radios, not until I started looking for antique radios with Yendor.”

Yendor continued, “For some time now Omy and I have been collecting these old homemade, commercial, and government radios, toying with the crystals they held inside. We have a large collection of crystals that oscillate at a wide range of frequencies, depending on the crystal. Omy discovered last year that we can make these crystals vibrate if we sing a note in the frequency band that a crystal oscillator would normally generate its waveform. I think we can use these oscillating crystals to amplify the effect of our singing. We just need to pick crystals that work at a harmonic frequency that match the harmonics we want to employ.”

He went on, “To amplify backward temporal discontinuities we need crystal oscillators that work at a frequency that matches the harmonics of a blue light frequency, or in the case of our song, a song that centers around a D tone. I am sure that we can then learn to control the amount of discontinuity by the number of these crystals we place inside our melody-activated meditative circles. I vote we try one crystal the first time.”

Everyone agreed again, eagerly leaning forward in their chairs, except Zarek who now took on the role of mama to Meso, given that the meal was over and his hands were free for a fur-stroking love session.

Suddenly Nebbi spotted the title of a song she had been playing on her phone before breakfast as it crawled across the screen, reminding her that the tune was still on pause. She perked up and said, “Hey, hey, can we try singing the Pretenders song ‘Brass in Pocket’ acapella and see where it takes us?”

Zarek chimed in, “Well, that song is in the key of A sweetie but you know what?” and dragged out his pause.

Everyone looked at him questioningly and Nebbi hunched her shoulders up with bent elbows and hands wide open in the air. With an exasperated look on her face she exclaimed, “What! In heaven’s name, What?”

Everyone laughed.

Zarek continued, chuckling, “Even though [‘Brass In Pocket’](#) is normally in the key of A we can easily modulate it into the subdominant key of D. I will show you how and we can practice our voicings like we did last time, but this time we will sing that baby the blues!”

Now he had the whole group in stitches, including Nebbi.

Over the next hour they practiced the song acapella in the subdominant key of D while Zarek accompanied them on the guitar. He asked if they would be ok with him playing the guitar as an accompaniment to help keep them on track and they all agreed.

Yendor tended to his timing duties and Omy placed one crystal that resonated at a harmonic of blue light frequency in the center of their circle. Zarek placed the guitar across his lap and they all joined hands, and began voicing the beginning notes of the song.

As the cyclic blue colors filled the void around them Zarek began playing accompaniment on the guitar and the others bobbed about to the time of the guitar with smiles on their faces and began their words and notes to the song, and then they began singing the lyrics. As they reached the end of the song Zarek creatively adapted the ending to bring them gently back to the normal plane.

As their eyes opened all of them about wet their pants right there on the spot.

As they looked around they saw they were on a long theater stage stretching across an auditorium. Just for a moment, the band that was playing there didn’t realize the group of five had appeared out of nowhere and were now sitting on the floor, hand in hand in a circle. A refrain from the Grateful Dead’s [“They Love Each Other”](#) reverberated out over the auditorium as the band suddenly stopped playing.

All of the students and faculty in the audience, themselves sitting cross-legged together or standing with each other throughout the totally filled up the expansive first floor full-sized gym, went completely silent except for the sound of the collective group inhaling sharply. They then let loose a growing “Woooooow!” that burst into a roar!

The lead singer looked at the five arrivals wide eyed and said, “Whoa, far out man. Are you from like Venus or something?” while the rest of the Deadheads stood back wide eyed with mouths dropped open, trying to wrap their enhanced minds around the sudden manifestation of a ring of meditators in the center of their stage.

Yendor managed to gather his wits first, stood up and asked, “What date is this?”

A wide-eyed female vocalist with starry eyes answered for the lead, “It’s May 8th man, don’t you know?”

Omy, who had finally recovered and now stood beside Yendor said to her, “No honey we kind of lost track. What year is this?”

The guitarist on the side quavered, “Freaky man, totally far out freaky!”

The female vocalist, somewhat taken aback by Omy’s question, answered, “It’s 1977 sweetie,” and with concern growing in her eyes said, “Are you folks alright?”

Yendor, who had begun to grasp the situation fully, nimbly replied, “Yes, yes we are ok. It’s totally cool. We just flew in from Chicago and took the wrong exit terminal is all.” “Whoa, they better get that fixed,” said the bass player from the other side of the band.

“Where are we by the way,” Omy asked them.

One of the drummers answered from the back, “You’re in Ithaca, New York baby. Barton Hall, Cornell University.”

As Yendor and Omy talked to the band, Nebbi walked over to a doobie on the floor (that was likely left by one of the student stage assistants), picked it up with a smile and winked at a band member. She took a deep full hit, slowly letting it curl out of her lips and nose.

“Totally wig man!!! This shit is better than they told me it used to be.”

She walked to the edge of the stage, took another toke from the joint, looked out over the crowd with a totally laid back smile, and waved, which elicited cheers from the whooping crowd. As she continued to scan the scene, the pot took complete hold on her and she decided to jostle off her pull over shirt. [Nebbi then turned around and spread her arms out wide](#) to display a full body tattoo across her back of a mocking jay that had wings which spread from one elbow to the other.

Now the crowd went truly wild and Jib, seeing the action just in time, quickly went over to Nebbi, leaned her over in a full face to face Tango style body hug, kissed her passionately, and helped her pull her shirt back over her head. Then he gently guided her back to their group on center stage while Nebbi kept turning back to the crowd, smiling a huge goofy grin, waving at all of them.

Before the totally tripped out crowd got too far out of control, the lead singer gently coaxed the five of them toward the back of the stage.

Zarek, guitar in hand, walked over to the microphone and said to the crowd in a deep southern rockabilly voice, “Thank you very much,” then turned and joined the others who were all trying to herd Nebbi with them as she kept turning back, smiling at the crowd, and waving the what left of the roach back and forth in the air over her head.

As they left, the lead singer cranked the volume up on the amps saying, “Give those folks a hand! Is that not what love is all about?”

After the roar died down a bit he then said, “Wow, all right then. Like the song we were just playing said ...” He then queued the band and the band picked back up where they had left off with the song “They Love Each Other.”

From the back of the noisy, frenzied crowd a voice could be heard asking, “Far out man, did you get that?” Someone else replied, “Oh, no man. I am so totally stoned I completely tripped on those dudes and forgot to film it.” The first fellow replied, “It’s ok. I got a joint here man I’ve been saving for a special occasion.”

The blown away manifestation travelers made their way out the back door of Barton Hall, doing their best to guide the still silly, stumbling Nebbi, and leaving via the back stage entry door. The exit door was stubborn to open and it took both Zarek and Jib to get the door opened wide enough to leave. They soon found out that half of a foot of snow covered everything in a thick blanket of brilliant white, as a few sparkling flakes still fell from the sky. Given that this was the month of May they were all taken aback by the freakish event.

They did their best to file out the door, Nebbi stumbling and falling flat on her face in the snow. She pushed her head and sweatered chest out of the fluff, laughing and making repeated pfft! noises as she tried to clear the snow away from her face. The others helped her up and with Yendor in the lead breaking a path, they did their best to high-step through the impeding blanket to a dorm across the way that had been broken into before the band arrived so that a hundred or so students could get stoned in peace before the concert.

They found a quiet place in a hallway on the second floor and all set down to recover.

“Any suggestions on how to get back home?” Jib asked the group.

Yendor pulled what looked like a small ring box out of his pocket, opened it, and placed the blue crystal in the box. Fortunately he had had the presence of mind to snag the crystal from the center of their circle just before he stood up to talk to the band leader. Yendor then pulled a red crystal of the same size and shape from the box.

“I created this small sound-proof faraday cage to hold our crystals in before we left so that we could keep crystals we are not using from being activated when we’re causing resonant

manifestations. It shields the crystals from unwanted sound and electromagnetic radiation while they are not in use.” He placed the red crystal in the center of the circle and asked, “Well, now that we know where we landed, any suggestions on a song that could get us back home?”

Zarek muttered for a moment to himself, “Get back, hey, yeah I have an idea,” then he piped up saying, “Like they say here, dig. How about ‘[Honkey Cat](#)’ by [Elton John](#)? Its lyrics would work really well for projecting into the manifestation our intent to get home. The song is in the key of D, and those harmonics move us backward. We need change the key of the song to F# which has harmonics that move us forward in time and are amplified by the red crystal. The only problem is our group vocal range might not work shifting it down key. We will likely need to go up a few keys but those notes are pretty high.”

They all sat and weighed what Zarek had proposed, except Nebbi, who cycled between looking around, giggling, and passing out for short periods of time.

Zarek looked at her and shook his head, “And we lost one of our high range singers.”

As they were discussing their situation another group of younger people who had lingered in the dorm were walking by carrying small cylinders and repeatedly putting the nozzles to their lips, cranking the valves while breathing deeply, and laughing in squeaky voices.

Noticing them from a distance, Zarek put up his hand and waved, asking them to stop as they drew closer, saying, “Hey man, that’s not gas from the band’s tank is it?”

Two of them laughed squeakily at him and said in munchkin voices, “No man. It’s helium. You know, follow the yellow brick road!” and then both laughed merrily and squeakily together at once.

The whole group of manifesters broke out laughing, especially Nebbi, who started cracking up and slapping one of her cross-legged knees with one hand.

“Far out man,” said Zarek. “Say, can we snag one of those cylinders for our group. Nothin’ to offer but our undying gratitude for your kindness if you would.”

“No problem,” one of the others in the group said handing over a tank, “It's still about half full but there should be enough for all of you to get a hit.”

“Thanks dude,” Zarek replied, “We owe you one big time!”

“No problem man,” the gifter said, then looking at Nebbi said to her, “Don't let them bogart the tank on you love.” The helium group then turned away and walked on down the hall laughing squeakily and joyfully as they went.

Zarek turned back to his group and said, “Problem solved. Now we can all sing ‘Honky Cat’ like Alvin and the Chipmunks in the key of F#.”

Jib replied, “Dude you are a freaking genius. Did I tell you lately how much I love you?”

Yendor cut in, “We had better get on the way before someone from that audience suspects that we're not really a hallucination and comes looking for us.”

With that Zarek passed around the helium tank, each of them taking a hit of the gas, and then they all started singing “Honky Cat” Chipmunk style. Nebbi's howling laughter faded away in the dorm hall as the red manifestation closed around them, taking them back home in space and time.

When the manifestation opened up again they found themselves back in the flowering meadow where they had returned to during their first attempt at resonance travel. “Wow, what gives? Now this is freaking, me, out!” Omy said, looking around.

Jib agreed, “Yea, like we got to be real, honest to God Deadheads, man, right there on stage with them! How fucking cool was that!!! That female vocalist is an absolute dish. I'd take her on anytime, anywhere! Hey, can we go back? I'd love to see her again!”

Nebbi, having returned to consciousness, added, “Yeaaaaa, that drummer and those other guys were pretty friggin' hot too!” and passed out again.

Omy replied laughing, “That's not quite what I meant Jib. I mean it's totally freaky that we came back to exactly the same location as last time.”

Yendor offered his thoughts, "I think that without providing any end point, the natural effect of the manifestation is to continually return us to a common point back here at home, one that is familiar to us. Our collective imagination of what home is must have had a direct effect on where it placed us, so here we are!"

He paused for a moment, looking at Nebbi who had crashed again amongst the flowers, and let everyone readjust to their surroundings. It brought a tear to his eye seeing how beautiful Nebbi was laying there with an innocent, happy, smile.

He continued, "Perhaps Omy and I had best help Nebbi home with us for the night so we can watch over her and you two can enjoy the rest of the evening together."

They all agreed, shared a big hug, then Zarek and Jib left ahead of them for Jib's house. Yendor gently woke Nebbi and once she was on her feet, seeing how unsteady she was, asked her if she would wrap her arms around his neck so he could carry her home piggyback. Nebbi smiled sweetly at him and said, "That would be so nice of you my love."

Hoisting her up on his back, Nebbi wrapped her arms around Yendor's neck and crossed her legs around his waist. Yendor held on to her crossed arms with one hand and at first stumbled a little, but was then able to maintain a steady gate, while Nebbi started cooing in his ear, "I lub you, lub you, lub you," and kissing him on the neck.

As they walked along she got the urge to tickle his ear with her tongue a little. "Nebbi, You're driving me nuts honey. We really need to wait a little while until we get home."

"You're such a party pooper," she replied, sticking out her lower lip, "but I lub you anyway." Omy, watching from the side, kept giggling at their antics and looking at the two of them. She reached out and began holding Yendor's free hand until they made it back to the sanctuary.

Jib had decided to pull the curtains back in his tiny house so that the light from the full moon could bring a glow to the room as Zarek began to disrobe. Jib gasped as the velvety white rays that

were now steaming through the tree boughs into the window, caused a halo around Zarek's face and made his muscular chest to sparkle in the light. Emotion choked Jib's voice as he said, "My god. You are so beautiful. How did I ever get so lucky to find someone like you?"

Zarek smiled and pulled him close in a soft, loving kiss that seemed to Jib to last for hours, so much so that it left him breathless. "Come on Lover Boy," Zarek said taking Jib by the hand and leading him to the bed, "It's my turn to practice some of the voodoo I learned on you."

As the trio arrived at the main house, Nebbi promptly raided the pantry, pulling out Graham crackers, chocolate bars and marshmallows. After Omy stoked the fire in the stove and Yendor had collected and stripped three sturdy skewers from the spiraea bush outside, they all proceeded to roast the marshmallows through the open kitchen wood stove door and make creamy, rich, chocolatey s'mores. When they finished with the munchies, Nebbi, with a little chocolate still lingering in the corners of her mouth, wobbled her way into the bedroom, flopped on the bed face first with arms outstretched, and completely crashed.

Watching Nebbi awkwardly make her way to the bedroom, Omy smiled and hugged Yendor, kissing him gently and fully, and said, "That was a fun day, babe. I hope we never encounter worse than that but I am so glad I could do it with you." Then she continued, "It's been a long, long, day so let's go ahead to bed and get some well-deserved rest."

Yendor agreed and replied, "Sweetheart, I wouldn't have missed this chance to be with you for the world," and took her hand leading her into the bedroom.

Together they removed the unresponding Nebbi's outerwear and lifted her dangling legs onto the bed, turning her to her side. She slightly revived, looked at them smiling, and murmured, "Thank you," then fell back into a deep, relaxed sleep. Omy and Yendor undressed, then, Omy first, and then Yendor, slid into a comforting triple spoon with Nebbi. Together they relaxed and slept peacefully through the night.



## Chapter 9: Feloniousness Thwarted

Trapped by birth in aristocracy, Queen Luquesha Anastasia Keely-Tierney, was caught in a political cage not of her own making, one that she never felt she had the right to walk away from. Throughout her childhood it was ingrained in her that she had a duty to the kingdom and the people to fulfill. She had been told it was her destiny, and that it would be a grave moral sin for her to neglect any part of those duties for as long as she lived. She had lived up to those expectations to this day, never shying away from a difficult situation, always bearing in mind the welfare of all concerned, especially the people of the kingdom.

Throughout her childhood, she was continually and rigorously schooled in topics that lent themselves to maintaining the proper state of affairs involved in running and ruling a province. Interspersed occasionally in these heavy undertakings were brief periods of play with chosen children of the realm. Yendor, son of Yulen the Sorcerer, keeper of mystical knowledge and power, was one of those chosen few. Together, Anastasia and Yendor formed the type of deep, loving bond that can only be created when two children begin sharing adventures together at a very young age. Their relationship, growing from such tender years, added fullness to the depth and color of their joint understanding of the world, as common experience and opportunity presented itself to them throughout their growing into adulthood.

Yendor was schooled in his family's knowledge and skills, although these types of understandings were kept completely secret from everyone except father, son, and previous ancestry. Not even royalty were allowed to know from whence the wisdom of sorcery was derived. His father served as high counsel to the ruling class, providing guidance to others, which was thought completely mystical and unattainable by their own means. In truth, most of the 'magic' was grounded solidly in

empirical understanding, but there were a few key aspects that lie veiled in a deeper, intuitive, emotionally based reality.

As Anastasia and Yendor passed through their adolescent stages, they became distinctly aware of each other's development. As with many young people, despite imposed taboos and because of their closeness to one another, they explored those hungry emotions of desire and sensuality together. It was then, through the complete honesty that they shared with each other, that they both became aware that Anastasia was completely sexually attracted to women and not men.

Anastasia was turned on physically by every inch of a woman, from the soul's depths of their eyes, through the complete fullness of all of the curves of their bodies, down to their incredibly sensuous toes. The additional deep, complex, shared emotional togetherness that a female partner brought to her filled her soul totally.

Yendor understood completely as he felt the same way about women and not men. That bond between Anastasia and Yendor, that shared, sacred, private knowledge of discovery, forever sealed the bond of love between them and their ability to have deep and rewarding relationships with other women together.

Unbeknownst to either of them as they reached the age of full maturity, political winds had begun to shift the power base of the kingdom. The unfortunate effect of these tidings was that Yendor's father was forced to step down as council and required to leave the controlled region of the realm. Yendor's family was ushered through secret passages in the middle of one dark night so they could flee any impending purge. They traveled for days until they found welcome and safety in the village of Havendearforu. Yendor and Anastasia were both completely broken-hearted at their separation, but through loyal subjects to Anastasia, they were able to convey messages, and on very rare occasions Anastasia was able to sneak away for a day or two.

Yendor met Omy in Haven after a few years and they began to form a bond together that lasted to the present day. It was on one of Anastasia's visits that she first met Omy. From the moment the two cast eyes on each other they instantly fell, head over heels, in love with each other. Yendor, having such a [close bond with both of them](#), felt no sense of intrusion or jealousy. In fact, he was pretty darned pleased about it all and made sure they knew it. He was always there for both of them and made sure to fully support Anastasia and Omy's personal relationship, knowing the strength it brought to his relationship with Omy, and the solidity it brought to the sacred bonds of their unique throuple.

But now those shifting political winds harbored far greater danger to Anastasia. Her family's power base had been being secretly undermined ever since the upheaval that caused Yendor and his family to leave the court. On the passing of her parents, she was left with no support other than a few remaining loyal attendants. After her last trip to see Omy and Yendor the ramifications of the shift in power were made perfectly clear to her. Those who sought control did not want to do it openly. In firm, menacing voices they informed her that the trips she made to Haven were not so secret to them and that if she did not comply with their direction, she, and those she loved in Haven would be terminated, and a new principal would be appointed to the throne.

Anastasia felt completely powerless to resist. She understood not only that her chosen family would be harmed but that such disruption to the throne could cause a revolt, resulting in death or serious harm to a multitude of her subjects. What she hadn't expected was that those implementing this nefarious plan had already decided to replace her tomorrow. A person and plan they felt would be accepted by the people of the realm already in place. This plan included her impending death and the death of those dear to her in Haven. To her great fortune, her few remaining subjects caught wind of the coup and convinced her to leave with them immediately.

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Not even a week after the family's trip to the past, Yendor awoke to Anastasia insistently calling his name and shaking his shoulder in the dim light of the master bedroom.

“Yendor, Yendor! Wake up now! Please, get up now! It's urgent. I need you out here.”

Omy immediately woke and sat up from behind Yendor, “What is it sweetheart? Is someone hurt?”

“I need you both to get dressed right now! They've sent their henchmen after us and those bastards will be here any minute! Please, get moving and come out to the kitchen!” Anastasia said, her voice quavered with fear and the anxiety of what could happen next.

Omy and Yendor rubbed the sleep from their eyes and quickly dressed. As they entered the kitchen Omy rushed over and pulled her distraught lover close in a rocking hug. Anastasia wrapped her arms around Omy too as they held each other in close comfort for a brief minute.

Two women in dark hoods and cloaks stood by the door shifting back and forth on their feet nervously, in a motion that signaled their distress to Yendor.. As he raised his brow questioningly, about to ask who they were, Anastasia softly pulled away from Omy and said, “Yendor, these two wonderful ladies are my personal assistants from the court. They helped me get away before the repressors could kill me. Those evil bastards had been lying to me all along and planned to kill me tonight! These brave girls came and helped me to escape before they could finish me off but their hired assassins are only minutes behind us. Those tyrants made it clear before I left that they planned on killing all of you too.”

“Ohhh,” Omy gasped, putting a hand to her mouth.

Meso, woken by the commotion, padded over to the newcomer girls and began to purr and wind herself about their legs, seemingly unaware of what was happening in the room.

“Yendor, these two women are also in danger. Can you get them to someone who will shelter and protect them for a while until the danger passes?”

Conflict fluttered through Yendor. If danger neared then the last thing he wanted to do was leave Omy and Anastasia to face it alone.

Anastasia immediately noticed his hesitation and gentled, "Sweetheart, we will be ok until you get back. Omy and I can go in the back and hide in Jib or Zarek's place."

"Nebbie's out there too," Omy added.

Anastasia nodded. "We'll get them up and moving. They can help fend off anybody that comes looking for us while you are gone. Please, please take these ladies to safety and get back here as soon as you can. I understand you don't want to leave us like this but I owe my life to these ladies and you know I can defend myself in a fray."

He did not like this. He did not like this at all. The situation caused a gnawing ache in his heart and soul, the kind of innate warning he had experienced in the past before imminent danger drew near, but Anastasia possessed good judgment. Slipping a dark lightweight jacket on, he led the two women out of the back door and across the field to a lady he trusted fully to protect these two precious souls. The journey seemed to take forever.

Anastasia's two loyal maidens followed Yendor as they then wound their way up a forest trail on the north face of the hill outside of the village where Nuna's home was situated. Nuna was a friend who Yendor trusted with his life.

During an ice skating trip some years ago at Pearl Lake, located many miles away in remote forest land, she had pulled him from deathly cold waters after he accidentally fell through the ice, risking her life doing so without hesitation. What Nuna did, knowingly risking her own life for his, was the kind of action that cements the bonds of eternal trust and love between two people, and Yendor knew that Nuna would never hesitate to protect him again. He would do the same for her. By this knowledge, he also knew she would protect anyone he asked her to without hesitation.

Only minutes after Yendor left Omy and Anastasia by themselves, two men dressed in dark leather cloaks, bearing long knives in their hands, pushed the kitchen door open and entered the sanctuary. They peered from under their hoods with intense, cold, black piercing eyes that showed as much emotion as a shark about to eat its next meal. Spotting the two women immediately they slowly moved toward them, their unshaven faces scowling as they calculated their next moves.

Anastasia and Omy joined hands and instinctively backed away into the living room, their vision frantically searching for anything they could find to use as a weapon as they focused on the stalking men. Strangely, Meso seemed not to be aware of the present danger and began weaving between both men's legs. When the two men entered the kitchen however, Meso immediately recognized and felt their black hearts projecting hatred and the putrid delight of harm they planned to do to Meso's family. She knew right then she was the only one who could possibly save her humans from the horribly inflicted agony and death the two men had planned.

Just as one of the men started to kick Meso to the side, she quickly began her meditative state, focusing on a proper destination that would ensure the permanent disposal of these two felonious dark angels of death. She made contact with both of them at once and a resonant manifestation suddenly opened up in front of them, swallowing both men and Meso inside. It then snapped closed leaving Omy and Anastasia wide eyed and gasping in shock. "Mesoooo!" Omy cried out, tears filling her eyes.



The three landed far out in the middle of Pearl Lake, one of the last deep, cold lakes in the area. Meso clung to one of the men's heads, ripping and clawing at his eyes until he choked screaming under water and sank to the bottom to drown. As he went down she launched herself from his head at the other man who slashed at her with his knife, laying open a wide cut alongside her right thigh. Ignoring the growing fire in her leg, she twisted her body like a pretzel, doubled back to his neck and

gashed his jugular vein wide open with her front claws. The man suddenly realized he was in trouble and reached up to his neck to try to stop the heavy flow that was pouring out. As he sank to the bottom of the lake to join his evil partner in death, Meso summoned her last remaining strength, concentrated on a vision of the comfortable bed at the sanctuary, then weakly opened a manifestation, and prayed she would make it home.



Only a couple of brief minutes later, before the two women could gather their bearings, Omy recognized Meso faintly mewling from the bedroom. Still in a bit of shock from having seen Meso disappear only minutes before, Omy ran to the bedroom to find Meso laying in a pool of blood on the bed, blood that was continually pouring from Meso's thigh. Omy screamed to Anastasia to grab one of the leather strips laying across the sewing table and bring it to her while Omy held firm pressure against Meso's wound. When Anastasia arrived she knew immediately to wrap the wide leather strip around Meso's upper thigh and cinch it tight enough to stop the blood flow, but not do Meso permanent harm. As soon as the flow stopped, Omy ran to the sewing table and grabbed a needle and some gut string from the medicine cabinet in the bathroom while Anastasia comforted Meso, trying to help ease her pain.

Omy gently but firmly stitched Meso's wound closed. Meso jerked slightly and mewed a bit in pain each time the stitches were placed but stayed strong throughout the entire ordeal. As soon as Omy was done, Anastasia released the leather tourniquet from Meso's leg letting the blood flow through that part of her body once more. All three of them remained there for a while on the bed in a post-adrenalin state, the women comforting Meso until Omy suggested that Anastasia go first and clean herself up in the bathroom. After Anastasia finished her work, she came back into the bedroom with a fluffy towel and gently wrapped it around Meso to help prevent her from going into shock.

Omy then went into the bathroom, sat down on the toilet seat, cupped her hands over her face, and did her best to sob quietly until her emotions cleared.



When Yendor returned he immediately started to panic at the blood still collected and drying on the bed linen. Anastasia reached up from her seat on the bed beside Meso and pulled him down beside her, laying her head against his shoulder. Omy, hearing Yendor's return, made her way hastily over to all of them gathered there, and sat down on the floor between Yendor's legs, resting her head on his chest. He intuitively knew to say nothing, to only be present for them. After a while, Omy stood up, face still flushed with crying and took both Anastasia's and Yendor's hands in hers.

## Chapter 10: Family Teamwork

Many days later Meso was finally on the mend. She limped about the sanctuary, tending to her own affairs as usual, if not at a slower pace. Being a Pallas's cat, Mesomorphy was not the kind of soul people kept. Her roots lay buried deep in freedom, originating roughly five million years ago from DNA closely shared with leopard ancestry. Since that time her ancestors had roamed the shrub and grass of montane rocklands in central and northern Asia, often at higher elevations such as the Himalayas, Tibetan Plateau and South Siberian Mountains. She was fiercely independent, and selfsupporting, preferring to feed herself on smaller living prey found on the grounds.

Nobody knew where she came from. Meso just came strolling into the sanctuary one day, stole their hearts, and never left. She immediately fell in love with Omy, and well Yendor too she guessed, their attachments forming immediately and never waning thereafter. She was not kept, or owned, which was in perfect harmony with [the philosophy of relationship anarchy](#) held so dear by all of the human members of her chosen family at the sanctuary. She was free to roam as she saw fit, fully

enjoying all aspects of life encountered during every moment of every day. Today she was very hungry from mending and wandered past her adopted brother and sisters with a grouchy look on her face, which they knew hid her true loving aspects. As she left she let the flap of the kitty door slap behind her.

Omy, Yendor, and Anastasia, after spending sufficient time to recuperate from the past horrific events, felt reasonably certain there would not be another attack in the immediate future. Yendor made the point that since the two thugs were found floating in the lake shortly after the incident by a trusted local authority and immediately concealed after their friend and official learned of the events, the assassins obviously would not have reported back to the kingdom court officials who sent them. Not knowing the disposition of the decidedly well-trained professional killers would certainly cause those in power to pause any aggression and take proper time to reassess what they had originally believed to be an easy mark.

The family had spent much of their time as of late working on a solution to controlling the rate of effect the crystals had on manifestations. In particular they wanted to be sure about how the crystals affected placement in time and space and if they could adjust those aspects. They all worked together feverishly offering encouragement, and advice. Sometimes their discussions got a bit off the wall or even heated but as a family they all knew each other well enough to reign in the wild stuff or in the case of a potentially fiery debate, take a time out away from the other until they could settle their emotions down.

In the end it was Omy's advice they turned to. "I think we will have the best chance at a rapid solution if we continue the path the crystal experimenters took in the 1920's," she offered. "They controlled the crystal output by applying different voltages to the crystals. If we can contain the crystals in some sort of a gyroscope that allows their dimensional orientations to remain stable under all conditions, it should allow the crystals to oscillate freely when varying voltages get applied. This

will allow us to control the effect of the manifestations by controlling the crystal effect through voltage regulation.” Anastasia added excellent insight to the discussion as well, “I studied a bit of electric and electronic theory during my scientific schooling as a child. It will not take a lot of voltage to regulate the crystal oscillations, somewhere between zero to three volts. A couple of AA batteries will give us that much juice. We can bring along extra batteries so we don’t get stranded if the batteries run out of juice.”

Nebbi tipped her head to one side, raising an eye, “That doesn’t seem like enough juice to do much of anything, let alone transport us.”

Anastasia replied, “Once the crystal oscillations are active they get amplified by the manifestation effect we create by mantras and meditation. As you have experienced, the mantra-meditation effect is extremely powerful. What we need to do is figure out how to regulate the little vibrations created by the crystals which in turn will regulate the effect of the manifestations.”

Yendor then spoke up, “You know what, we can increase or decrease the amount of battery voltage given to the crystals by using a smaller version of a house light dimmer switch.”

Jib and Zarek volunteered to solder and unsolder the parts as they experimented a bit and Yendor came up with a feedback circuit that kept the crystal output from drifting away from the desired setting, which is a common problem in circuits with components that produce heat. At last they were all reasonably satisfied that they could trust the device to function properly and decided on conducting a practical trial the next day.

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“Ok Nebbi, you seem to have a knack for coming up with some interesting travel songs,” Jib said to her as all six of them prepared themselves in the group circle, “Do you have any cool suggestions to guide our way?” Nebbi, never to be outdone, said, “As a matter of fact, just as we arrived today, I saw all of those Purple Martins Omy is housing in that communal nest on the flagpole having a

blast doing zoomies all over the place, up and down and round and round in the sky. The fabulous time they were having dropping out of the sky and swooping away made the song 'Free Falling' start running through my head. Can we sing that one?"

Everyone nodded in agreement.

Zarek replied, "That's so cool! It's in the key of F major so it won't take much for us to transpose it to the key of F# if we are headed to the future, but if we are going to travel to the past we will have to compensate a bit more to sing it in the key of D."

Yendor spoke up, "During our discussion together yesterday we talked about wanting to know what the future holds for us if this climate change keeps accelerating like it is now. I propose taking a look at the future."

He went on, "Anastasia, Omy, and I did our best to make an educated guess at how much we wanted each graduated number on the device dial to affect the nature of the time discontinuity and we decided it would work well using a base 10 logarithmic scale, otherwise known as a log 10 scale."

Nebbi, Jib, and Zarek looked confused.

Yendor elaborated, "OK, each number on the device's control knob won't just multiply the crystal effect by that number, as in 2 for twice the effect, 3 for three times the effect. Instead, with the log 10 scale we first considered, 1 on the dial increases the effect by 10, 2 on the dial increases the effect by 100, 3 on the dial by 1000, and so on."

"So in other words," Nebbi responded, "something like 1 equals 10 years, 2 equals 100 years, 3 equals 1000 years, and so on." "Close," replied Omy.

"Whoa, that would mean since the numbers on that dial go to 10 that we could end up going 10 billion years into the future!" Zarek exclaimed.

Anastasia cut in, “We considered that, so we adjusted the electronics in the device to make smaller increments of about a third of the scale for each number so that it comes out as 3 equals 10 years, 6 equals 100 years, and 9 equals 1000 years, graduated logarithmically in between.”

“OK, I feel a little bit better about this now,” replied Zarek.

The sanctuary travelers now had the capability of creating regulated temporal discontinuity forward and backward in time. To move forward in time they would place a red crystal in the control box, set the control dial to the desired amount of time to travel, and could sing any song as long as they made sure to sing it in the key of F#. To move backward in time they would place a blue crystal in the control box, set the control dial to the desired amount of time to travel, and sing any song as long as they made sure to sing it in the key of D. They had also discovered in their manifestation experiments that if they simply sang a song acapella vibrato without any involvement of crystals or use of a particular key, an intense pearl like envelope would surround them and they would be spatially placed in an undetermined location that, oddly enough, correlated to the theme of the lyrics they were singing.

What they still could not do was control where a manifestation would displace them spatially, but it would place them situationally based on the song they sang, except when returning home. All home travels had ended up placing them in the field of flowers regardless of the song sung. Omy got their attention saying, “We figured we would set the dial to 4.3, which should cause a temporal discontinuity of about 35 years. Together now, we are going to have the device amplify the red crystals to move us into the future that amount of time and sing ‘Free Falling’ in the key of F# to engage the manifestation. Is everyone ready?”

Everyone nodded, scootched their butts around a little to better align themselves knee to knee in a circle, and Omy placed a small box with a graduated control knob in the center of the circle and turned the dial to 4.3 on its scale. The box now held the red crystals. Having learned their lessons

from the last time when they appeared on a stage, Omy made sure a tether that was attached to the box was secured to her waist so that they did not lose the box if they landed in a tricky situation again.

Joining hands together they began singing acapella the lyrics to [Tom Petty's "Free Fallin'"](#) in perfect pitch, as they once again were gently enveloped in fluctuating dynamic shades of crimson. When the song was finished, Zarek led the way out. The manifestation ceased to exist, and Zarek, Omy, and Nebbi suddenly screamed!

Zarek punctuated his scream with "OH MY GOD, I'M GONNA DIE!!!"

# Chapter 11: Stark Reality Intrudes

They were falling, falling fast, down through clouds together, wind whipping their bodies to and fro as the upward rush of air blasted their hearing. Only the presence of mind of Yendor, Anastasia, and Jib, who were situated between the screamers, still gripping their hands firmly, saved them all from being torn apart from each other and prevented them all from flying away in every direction.

Head down, Yendor pulled Omy and Anastasia, who he was holding hands with, in tight to his sides. The others who were keeping their wits followed suit and helped to close the circle tighter. Yendor realized that the only way to save them was to cause a non-time bound manifestation that placed them in another more desired location. The problem was that the control box was set to jump 35 more years into the future and that kind of jump into an even yet more unknown situation could very well end in all of their immediate deaths.

He yelled to everyone at the top of his lungs, “I need to turn off the box!!!” Anastasia to his one side, looking scared shitless, began saying, “no, No, NO, NO, NO!!!” as Yendor let go of her hand causing the group circle to separate and turn into a line of hand holding skydivers. When he let go Anastasia suddenly could not catch her breath and she felt like her stomach had dropped out as well.

Their entire line caught the wind as they fell causing the line of six people to begin flapping through the air. Yendor pulled Omy, who was on his other side, against him, and with his now free hand grabbed the tether. He pulled the box against his body and switched it off. Then he let go of the box and crawled along the line of family members, using one arm and his two free legs, to make his way back to Anastasia at the other end, grabbing firmly ahold of her hand.

Now that the circle was reestablished, Yendor pulled in both arms to his chest and the group responded by all pulling together, face to face, as desperation washed across their faces. At first they thought Yendor yelled “SING UP, UP, AND AWRY IN A BOUNTIFUL BALLOON! .... WARBLE IT... LOUDLY!!!” but then they figured it out as [he yelled it out again](#). They finally all nodded as the sky cleared and the ground below rushed closer and closer with each passing second. They began singing with all their might, somehow staying in synchronous harmony, as a multi-colored, shimmering, pearl sphere enveloped them. In the next instant they found themselves standing in a large basket of a well-worn, hot-air balloon that bore multiple colored patchings across most of the balloon’s outer skin.

The totally surprised and completely shocked operator of the air ship just sat there, staring at them in awe from where he had been seated facing inward on one of the balloon’s benches.

Nebbi, who was beginning to catch on to how to keep her bearings after instantaneous temporal spatial switches, quickly took a seat beside him with her hips and shoulders touching his, turned and said “[Hey tiger](#), we thought we would drop by and see how a real man blows up his balloon.”

Given what they learned from their recent experiences of landing in new, awkward places, most of the six recovered quickly, except for Zarek who needed more time than the others to calm his shaking body while Jib held him close. Everything remained quiet for a while except one time when the burner kicked in noisily, filling the balloon above with more buoyant gas. An irritating acrid smell began to bother the back of all of their throats.

Anastasia complained, “My goodness, what’s burning and what’s causing that stink?”

Omy had stepped to the side of the basket and was looking over its edge. She added to Anastasia’s comment, coughing as she did, “Why do I see gray everywhere I look down there covering everything?” The balloon operator, having finally snapped out of his shock at their arrival, said, “Yea that used to be the rich, green farmland of Iowa, part of the corn belt and breadbasket that

helped feed the world. Nebraska and the Dakotas are the same way. Have you been in a bunker during all of this?" Omy, thinking quickly nodded.

He went on, "Well, when global warming caused the temperatures to rise across the entire earth some years ago, which is probably when you went into hiding..." Omy nodded in faux agreement again, "... the water got so high even the Space Needle on the west coast in Washington state and the Statue of Liberty and Empire State Building on the east coast were totally submerged. Florida and most of the southern portion along the Gulf Coast are gone. The Mississippi is now a hundred mile wide lake running from what was New Orleans up through between Davenport and Peoria to where it joins the Great Lakes in Chicago and floods out the land all the way to the eastern end of the St. Lawrence River near Newfoundland."

Yendor broke in, "But I read all the studies by multiple experts and they said there is not enough water on the earth to possibly get that high and that the Mississippi River would never join the Great Lakes." "That's was the real problem," the man continued, "you see, empirical science is actually an excellent way of making sense of this reality. It is based on what scientists can observe and directly experience. The problem was that the papers you speak of were simply speculations about what would happen when global warming took firm hold. Scientists had positive measurements showing that global warming was indeed happening, but the speculation in those studies and reports might just as well have been fiction. The earth's crust is actually quite malleable and a kind of quazi-fluid like bread dough. When all this stuff happened the buildings in those areas sank into the ground and the earth's crust was kneaded like dough and realigned to form a pathway for the Mississippi River to the Great Lakes"

"I see," said Yendor.

"Remember," the man went on, "the government, through multiple channels, controlled all the studies and information that was released. They kept back anything that might cause fear and panic.

Mass emotion by the public would have caused the folks in the governments to spend money on solutions that would benefit all the people and those government folks knew there would never be enough money for that. Besides, how could they fund their own getaway if they had to spend money on the public?"

"You have a good point," Anastasia asserted with an angry look on her face.

The man looked around at them and saw they were all paying rapt attention to what he was saying and continued, "Because of the pressure exerted on the ocean bottoms by the weight of all the extra water melting off from the ice caps and glaciers, tectonic plate movement increased markedly. The plates all began to accelerate sublimation at their downward edges causing them to melt faster and increase the magma pressure in the earth's mantle. This in turn caused the plate divergent boundaries where the plates are spreading apart to accelerate their spreading, making their opposite sides collide faster with other plates, and cause more crustal uplift than ever seen in human history."

"Again, not what was in the studies", Yendor interjected, himself growing angry at the deception he had been subjected to.

"Yup!", the man said, "All those supposedly smart fellas didn't see that coming, did they?"

He went on, "The action of the mid-Atlantic ridge spreading caused pressure against the east coast of the North American Plate, the one that the United States sits on. The Pacific Plate off the west coast was really pushed hard to the northeast and began to spin rapidly, in geological terms, counter clockwise causing so much pressure along the Pacific fault lines that the faults let loose, violently sinking most of the West coast and California into the Pacific Ocean. That same pressure from the west forced a huge uplift in the Rockies and lands to the east of them. Combined with the increased upward magma pressure from within the mantle below, it caused the Yellowstone caldera to blow about 10 years ago and start building a massive volcano in the same spot."

"Obviously we weren't told about that one too!" Omy growled.

“That’s it over there in the far distance,” the man said, “ Yellowstone – the glow that looks like some evil, one-eyed, red-eyed beast just waiting to blow its killing hell storm and ash over this area again. When it blew last time all of the forest lands from the upper central north United States to mid-Canada burned, destroying what remained of anything left of all of the kingdoms throughout the land. It was horrible and there was nothing I could do. You could tell by the charred bones and remains afterward that [the fiery rage consumed the land](#), pushing huge crowds of panicked people in front of it. Many folks, including the elderly and children, had to have dropped from exhaustion and poisonous gasses. You could tell others tried to save them only to get caught and die in the flames in one of the most horrible kinds of deaths you can ever imagine.”

“Oh god, those poor people,” Zarek said, tears streaming down his face.

The man bowed his head and finished his account sadly with, “I only survived during that time because I navigated this balloon to the Yukon and new Arctic coast. Luckily there are government gaseous element storage facilities, natural gas processing centers, and staple reserves still dotted across all of Canada so that I always had fuel and supplies for the balloon and food to live on. I’ve traveled as much as I can around what was once the US, skirting all the volcanic activity now active at Yellowstone and along the Rockies and there really is nothing left for anyone anymore here. I don’t know about other parts of the world but if it is anything close to what we went through here I think we had better make our last peace with this earth before we go.”

Omy’s breath caught in her chest, and hand over her mouth, started crying, joining Zarek in grieving the billions of people who had died senseless deaths.

Jib held Zarek to comfort him further and they both cried together as Omy and Anastasia held each other in their shared sorrow. Yendor held Nebbi closely in his arms, Nebbi’s head on his shoulder, her hand across her chest trying to keep the harsh emotional pain of reality at bay.

The man added one last thought, his voice welling up, “Bad isn’t it. Damn politicians and corporations totally screwed us with their greed. I’ll get you folks back down to safety but it will be a while before we get to a safe spot. There aren’t many left and they are disappearing more and more every day.”

Yendor sat contemplating the situation as he comforted the weeping Nebbi. After a bit he said to Frank, “If you’ll trust us we can take you back to a safe place where this horror is not yet happening.” The man replied, “You know, I realized there must be a really good reason why you appeared here in my balloon out of thin air. Aside from a hallucination — and I have not had mushrooms, peyote, or the like in some time, mind you — the only logical rationale I could summon is that you must have slipped in here through some kind of dimensional, spatial, or temporal portal.” He continued, “Do I want to leave with you all? Why the hell not. I ain’t got nothin’ to lose here anymore,” then said, “My name is Frank by the way. Good to meet you folks.”

Luckily Frank had tucked away ample stores into his balloon and everyone was kept from hunger during the next week and a half it took to fly from the south east corner of Iowa to the Hudson Bay.

The jet stream had been completely decomposed due to the drastic change in global climate conditions. Any remaining cold air in the upper North American continent now flowed steadily south in a cold layer across Canada and what was the northern United States. Air warmed by the massive Yellowstone volcano and the now active volcanoes in the Rockies caused a steady upper air current flowing to the north, replacing the cold air lost from the Canadian upper latitudes. Frank took advantage of these currents to propel the balloon and its occupants to a location in the northwestern Hudson bay area of Canada.

After they touched down safely, his mood became dour and he became unusually quiet. Omy noticed right away, and placed a hand on his shoulder asking him what was bothering him. He told the group that he had spent his entire life manning some sort of balloon for a living and that this

balloon had kept him safe from harm through some of the toughest days of his life. The patches on the balloon's skin were testimony to the trials they had gone through over the last 25 years.

Emotionally it was killing him right now to let her go. Hearing this, the entire group of travelers gathered around Frank in a long group hug.

He finally pulled away and said, "I think it's time to let this lady angel of the sky go to the heavens to find her nirvana."

With that he climbed into the balloon's basket and pulled out a bottle of Champagne Avenue Foch 2017 'Magnum 2.5' NFT that he had found in an abandoned private collection, opened the bottle, poured a little in the balloon's basket, took a long draught of his own, and sighing delightedly passed the bottle to Anastasia to continue passing along to the others. Walking away, he climbed in and fired up the balloon's burner, giving the balloon a good fill for its last voyage. He then climbed out, hugged and kissed the basket, released the ropes that held her back from her heaven's journey and started singing [Cat Stevens "Wild World."](#)

Zarek looked at Frank in astonishment as he sang and then Zarek and the others joined in until the end of the song. When they were finished Zarek turned to him, "You are an absolutely wonderful singer, Frank. Hey, do you swing, uh, I mean sing very often?"

Frank blushed, coyly cocked his head, and said, "Maybe...depends on the song. I also was a singer to lovers and their friends as part of what I did operating the balloon business, rather like a gondolier serenading his guests down the canals of Venice, but through beautiful skies instead."

Noting that the dark was about to close in on them, Yendor suggested that they get ready and be on their way.

Zarek turned to Frank and asked him, "Would you be ok singing [Paul McCartney's 'Hope For The Future'](#) in the key of D?" "Absolutely,"

Frank replied.

“Ok, everyone!” Zarek said to the group, “I figured out a song to get us home!”

The group then coached Frank on how to go about getting ready for and creating a resonant manifestation. They warned him that it might be unsettling but not to worry as they had been safely doing this and traveling to locations for some time now. When they felt assured that Frank was good with it all they sat down and formed the circle, this time as a circle of seven. Omy replaced the red crystals with blue ones in the device and dialed it to 4.3 again, trusting that it would get them back home at about the same time they left, but perhaps a week or so into that future.

Together they held hands and began to sing “Hope For The Future” acapella. Frank was totally blown away as a brilliant varying blue hue surrounded them, completely pulling them into its cobalt colored womb. As they finished the song, Zarek eased the manifestation back open leaving them once again in the beautiful flower meadow that they always homed to. Now, Frank was really blown away and broke down crying at a sight he had long ago convinced himself he would never see again. They all gathered around him, and Jib and Zarek held him in their arms sharing with Frank his intense emotional joy and relief from the years of physical and psychological pain he had endured.

When all had settled their emotions down a bit, they all stood up and gave each other one last long hug before making the journey home. On the way there Zarek let Yendor, Omy, and Anastasia know he and Frank would be staying at his place. Nebbi and Jib had decided to bunk up together at Jib’s house. Yendor, Omy, and Anastasia, hand in hand, remained quiet in the comfort of each other. All three convinced that time was running out quickly and that the need to find a solution and a new home somewhere other than earth had become graver still.

# Chapter 12: The Teacher and the Teachings

Since seeing the horror of their destiny 35 years in the future, the sanctuary family had been working feverishly to come up with a solution to the spatial destination aspect of resonant manifestations. They desperately needed to find a way to control where they would end up in the universe's spatial dimensions. GPS would not be reliable enough because of future failure and, even more importantly, it did not exist in space beyond earth where they saw the only solution to man's survival.

As they sat at the table discussing the problem, Anastasia brought up a legitimate question, "Why can't we just go back in time and fix the problems with global warming and misuse of the earth? After all, we now knew how to travel back and forth in time and if we could pin down how to arrive at a correct location we could reverse the damage that was done."

This question had been bothering Yendor, and after thinking about it for quite some time he finally came to the realization that it would not be the right thing to do. He let the group know his thinking. "Yes, once we understand how to navigate correctly to an exact location we can reverse this whole mess – but, should we? If we do fix the issues that cause the earth to fail by going back and changing things, we will also change the cascading events that happen beyond that point in time where we fix things. This means we will be changing the lives of people, past, present, and future without their consent, and possibly even not even allowing them to be born."

"That's a major ethical problem!" Jib interjected, "Do we as outsiders have the right to force dramatic change to peoples' lives without their permission? Do we, who have no direct connection to another person's life, have the right to deny or allow them life?"

Yendor replied, "Morally, the answer is quite honestly, NO. The only individual that nature provides this option to is the female. All across nature, in all kinds of animals, a potential mother can,

and has the right to, stop life if she feels there is good reason. But we as outsiders do not have the right to force another being to allow or deny life. But we do have a solution – allow people to choose for themselves!”

He continued, “If we can find an exoplanet suitable for life then people have a choice of staying or going, and that is the proper and ethical way to resolve this kind of deeply moral dilemma, let a person decide for themselves. Do not force action upon a person against their will or withhold reasonable options, otherwise you are committing an atrocity akin to the destruction of the earth we just witnessed.”

Everyone in the group nodded, agreeing wholeheartedly with what Yendor was saying.

To even be able to give people the choice of leaving the planet, the family would need to provide some method of navigating across the three dimensional planes that humans could perceive. They first needed to establish their location, but unlike how most of humanity chooses their starting travel location as a spot on a flat two dimensional map, the manifestation travelers needed to think in terms of stellar location on earth and identify where they were located based in three dimensions. This would require triangulating their three dimensional position in the universe based on the positions of known stars they could see. They would also need to get a fix on their desired destination in the same manner.

This obviously was going to be a challenge. As they stewed over ways to accomplish the feat Meso kept pestering them, constantly demanding attention by rubbing against them and jumping on the table where they usually met, sticking her nose in their faces. At first they all thought she was wanting some attention, then it happened! Meso jumped up on the table again and began rubbing her nose in Omy’s face, then poof! She disappeared and reappeared a quarter of a second later in front of Yendor’s face, then poof! She disappeared again and reappeared nosing Anastasia’s face, and kept

doing it until she had greeted all seven of the — now wide eyed — family members sitting around the table.

“Oh My God!” Nebbi and Omy chorused.

“She just showed she could navigate in three dimensional space!” Nebbi burst out.

“Meso,” Yendor said breathlessly, “would you be able to spatially navigate the resonant manifestations we create?”

Meso responded by sitting up on her butt and hind legs in the center of the table, lifting both paws in the air while making kneading motions and, poof!, disappeared again, reappearing nose to nose with Yendor, holding his face in her paws, and kissing him [smack on the lips](#).

Jib jumped up excitedly, “We have to try this!”

Everyone started talking at once, all of their voices filling the air with enthusiasm while Nebbi, Omy, and Anastasia encouraged Yendor out of the way and picked Meso up together in their group arms. Meso rolled on her back while they cradled her, stretched her front and hind legs straight out in a long stretch, then began purring the loudest purr any of them had ever heard coming from her before. They could swear her normally grouchy face had turned into what they saw as a [smile of pure pleasure](#).

Eagerly, everyone left the kitchen, with Nebbi holding Meso in her arms, kissing her over and over, telling her “I lub you, lub you, lub youm,” much to the now apparent squirmy embarrassment of Meso.

All seven of them gathered in a circle with Meso gently placed in the center and Yendor said, “Let’s not do any time travel so we can eliminate that variable right away.” All agreed. “Does anyone have a suggestion for a song about a cool destination?” he continued.

“I vote for [Bob Seger’s ‘Kathmandu’](#),” said Anastasia this time, totally surprising the group.

“I love it!” Frank piped up.

Yendor asked Meso, “Meso, do you know where Kathmandu is?”

Meso looked at him with a silly ‘Are you serious, I’m from there’ look on her face, then sat on her haunches and pawed the air again.

“I take it you agree,” Yendor replied and wondered if he should be embarrassed for having asked such a question, then said, “Ok, Rock On!”

Joining hands the travelers began singing the lyrics to ‘Kathmandu’ bouncing their bodies about in time with the song as they did, smiles filling their delighted faces. Meso, not willing to be left out of the fun, began meowling along with them, her voice adding to the song in random places where she believed she was filling in important musical gaps that made the song complete, a concept she knew humans would simply never understand. As they all sang, a pearly shimmer of a non-time transient manifestation arose around them, completely cloaking them in iridescent light, until they were at the end of the song. Yendor then added voicing effects that smoothly opened the resonant manifestation, letting it fade gently away.

When they looked around, Anastasia said a bit sternly, “Cute, Meso. And just what did you think it would accomplish by having us appear in the middle of the Katmandu Panchmukhi Hanuman Temple.”

Attracted by the voices that had echoed through the manifest as the song ended, a group of temple priests in robes, who were the only ones allowed to be in the temple, gracefully gathered around the travelers.

Looking over the travelers, who were still seated on the floor holding hands, all of the priests bowed in honor, and one of the priests in a gold robe with a red and ornate sash said to Meso in a soft, humble, voice, “Griva Bhasundara Lama, it has been a long time since you left on your journey

to save humanity. We humbly honor your return and ask for your wisdom and guidance when you are ready to allow us.”

All of the travelers’ jaws fell completely open in surprise, especially Anastasia. They looked at Meso in astonishment as she stood up on her four feet, stretched longly, arching her back as she did, and then made her way over to the priest who had spoken, putting one of her front paws to the center of his forehead for a short while. The priests stood back up and the chief priest beckoned for all of them to follow. With Meso in the lead, they all made their way out of the temple’s southern entry into the Hanuman Dhoka complex.



After their brief, but eye-opening visit, the manifestation travelers made their way back home to Havendearforu, under the almost, humble guidance of Mesomorphy. They were not surprised when they returned to the point exactly from where they had left from, the living room of the sanctuary. They had predicted this outcome since Meso was controlling the final destination. The only difference was that it was a day later because they had stayed overnight in Kathmandu as guests in the priests’ welcome care while Meso took some time to be with and share knowledge with the priests.

During their stayover in the comfort of the quarters that the priests had provided them, while Meso was away for a while, Anastasias had shared with the group the meaning of Meso’s Nepalian name, Griva Bhasundara Lama. “Griva is a given name like our first name, it likely means ‘A woman with a beautiful singing voice’. Bhasundara is a family name most likely meaning ‘Goddess of Prosperity’. Lama is an honorific title meaning ‘Spiritual leader, guru, or even venerable one’. It is a title given only to truly great teachers.”

They continued to chat for a while after they arrived safely back home, happily recounting how fun, and interesting it had been to visit Nepal. The thought then made them sullen as they realized

that there was not much time left to visit all of the wonderful places in the world that they could now have enjoyed. After a few minutes, Frank and Jarek decided to leave saying they would be back in the morning as they walked out the door hand in hand. Jib and Nebbi then together gave their farewells to everyone remaining as well. Meso was not there. She had wandered off of her own accord through the cat door shortly after they arrived. For the rest of the day, the remaining throuple continued talking together with each other, sharing their views of the experience in Nepal. “What did you think of all of the erotic carvings we saw?” Omy asked Yendor and Anastasia. “Well what I found interesting was how so many of them involved three people together,” Yendor replied. Anastasia added, “And there was a lot of variety in genders portrayed.”

“Very true,” Omy replied, “ever since I saw them I have been having a hell of a time keeping my hands off the both of you.”

“You know what,” Yendor said in a slow drawn out sexy voice, “We have an illustrated copy of the ‘Kama Sutra’ on the third bookshelf down, right over there.” He pointed at a smaller velvety red covered book with blue writing.

Omy smiled saying, “Mmmm, yes that one. I remember it well. Shall we all call it a day and retire early?” The three unanimously agreed.

## **Chapter 13: Meso Fluffy**

Around noon the next day, all seven of the chosen family gathered together in the living room of the sanctuary. They were getting so used to sitting in a circle that it was only natural for them to come in and sit together forming a circle automatically and adjusting the circle bigger as more of the seven arrived. It made not only for the essential contact required to create manifestations, but also

became their perfect communication format with each other, each person being able to see all the rest.

When everyone had arrived Omy brought up what she, Anastasia, and Yendor had been discussing earlier at the breakfast table that day. “Some time ago, we all talked about the idea of finding a new home for humanity on a habitable exoplanet located somewhere we could get to in a realistic fashion. We also discussed the difficulties we faced in getting there and, incredibly, we have found solutions to pretty much every barrier that held us back from actually making it happen.” “The idea we discussed centered around reaching a habitable exoplanet near one of the stars in the sky that we could see, but we need to be sure it is still there when we arrive. Even though we can see its star in the sky today it is likely the light reaching us was from some time in the past, which means that the star could be dead by the time we saw its light in our night sky. We have solved this problem, we can travel back through time now. Thanks to Meso we can also travel to a destination that we choose, although we will need to do an exploratory mission to make sure she can navigate us to a spot so far out in the cosmos.”

“What we need to do now is locate candidate exoplanets, filter them for acceptability, and lastly, explore the ones that may be viable. We don’t have a lot of time. You have seen for yourselves what is going to happen in only a few short years. So now what we need to do is figure out how to find those candidate planets. Anyone have any thoughts on how we can make this happen?” she finished. “Say, you know what?” Jib said, “Last night I couldn’t sleep because I was trying to figure out the same exact thing! During my research for my Bachelor’s in Astronomical and Planetary Sciences I was totally floored reading about the work being done at the Planetary Habitability Laboratory in Puerto Rico. They have been busy classifying and identifying exoplanets that are near earth-like. Even though the Arecibo Observatory telescope failed after those hurricanes a few years ago, the research team at the Planetary Habitability Laboratory have been working steadily with NASA,

CalTech, and others around the world to add more confirmed exoplanets as quickly as possible to their database. I must have been on the same wavelength as you guys because I looked at their exoplanet database last night and there were quite a few exoplanets listed that had a good probability of having a rocky composition, liquid surface water, and fell in the habitable zone. The closest I recall is Proxima Centauri b with an 1.27 earth mass and is 4.2 light years away. There are a number of exoplanets identified so far as being in habitable zones within 12 light years from us and more exoplanets being found every day.”

“So, say we want to start with Proxima Cen B, since it seems like a much closer jump. How do we do this? I mean, shouldn’t whoever goes to check it out have, like, protective gear or something. And what kind of essential supplies should they take along. And who would be the best candidates for the trip. And...” said Nebbi in a staccato series of ongoing questions.

Yendor interrupted her, “All very good questions and ones we should start documenting and solving for as we work toward this goal.” “I do have an idea about who to ask for help,” he went on, “but we will really have to make an immediate irresistible impression on him from the second we, ah, bump into him.”

They all sat in anticipation waiting for him to continue.

“You all know about him,” Yendor said, “He is the king of the kings of the kings of the sky, the one that owns most of the stellar holdings in orbit around earth and beyond. And he knows all the right astronomical people to help us get to where we need to go.”

Omy chimed in, “You mean that ‘Moon, Mars and All the Stars’ guy right?”

Yendor replied, “Yes, Makum Dutchy, and he just happens to be taking a vacation in his star yacht as we speak, the Ruby Reconnoiterer. It is one of his earth orbiting labs and control centers.”

Anastasia asked, “Now how do you know that Yendor?”

“Well,” Yendor answered, “Some fancy talking lady on the radio said Makum Dutchy had invited her up to his luxury space habitat for a week of mind blowing, zero gravity space sex. She was laughing and said that was one come-on she had certainly never heard before. Then she said she told Makum that she couldn’t go because her G-suit was in the cleaners.”

Everyone in the group started laughing until Yendor held up a hand for them to stay still for a moment. He continued, “But the thing I actually believe is that his invitation to her was real. In the business section of the paper today I noticed an article that mentioned he had gone up there on a week-long quality inspection tour just yesterday.”

“Do you think we can pull off a jump up there and convince him, Yendor?” Nebbi asked awestruck. “I mean seriously, if the man is offering free mind blowing, zero gravity space sex, and a free ride on his luxury space yacht, I’m all for getting in on it. I mean, who in their right mind, aside from some airhead, would pass on that?!”

Now everyone could not help but laugh and hoot a little more. “Yes, I think we can make a go of it,” said Yendor, “But like I said, we need to be on the ball the very second we emerge from the manifestation.” He went on, “I am pretty sure that Meso should be able to navigate there but this will be a good test of her talents. That spacecraft is not orbiting the earth geosynchronously. From what I understand it orbits a little slower than the speed of the earth’s rotation and somewhat oblique to earth’s zero latitude rotation so that it can get a changing view of the earth all the time, and where we are on earth, we are spinning at a surface speed of 786 miles per hour eastward. It will be a bit of a complicated jump for Meso because both the ship’s location and ours are constantly changing in relation to each other, but given what I know in my gut about her she will deliver us there without a hitch.”

Meso had wandered in during their discussion and was laying in Omy’s lap purring while Omy gently stroked her coat. When Yendor had finished what he was saying Meso gently walked off

Omy's lap, stretched, and moved into the circle's center. Once inside, she looked up at Yendor, and let him know she understood by doing a slow counter clockwise spin then stepped away sideways from the spot she had been in and walked in an oval across it, stepped to the side again to another spot slightly distant from where she had spun originally, and walked fast in a circle around it. Then she sat on her haunches and kneaded both her paws in the air toward him and sat back down.

Anastasia looked worried. "We have a lot of work to do and little time to do it. We need to convince Makum to help us reach the right people in the space and astronomy communities, then provide convincing proof to all of them regarding what we can now do in terms of temporal and spatial displacement. We also need to start training others immediately regarding how to form these manifestations and safely travel using them so that we can move those populations willing to do so to a new exoplanet location once we have confirmed it is a fully habitable long-term location." Sitting forward with both forearms folded on the table for emphasis she continued, "We now have the wisdom and knowledge to do this, and seven souls to make it happen. It will be more effective if we approach these tasks with a divide and conquer mindset, meaning, we need to separate ourselves into a couple of smaller autonomous groups, each with their own task sets, that support each other and coordinate with each other. I propose that since Zarek and Frank are so musically inclined and Jib being astronomically and thus spatially knowledgeable that they lead the effort to coordinate and train as many people as they can before we need to depart." All three of the guys and the group agreed.

Jib sat back and stretched his legs, "I think that is a perfect job for the three of us. So what will you guys do?" Anastasia steadfastly replied, "It would be prudent to have a group that serves as control and home base in order to ensure efficient coordination and communication between the groups. With everyone's approval, I believe Omy and I would be the perfect people to provide that grounding and interconnectivity. We have discussed this with each other and are both good with it."

Again the group unanimously agreed. Yendor sat waiting with a knowing look on his face, even before she finished speaking the rest of the plan.

Anastasia went on, “At the moment, the most critical team will be the one to establish the support of the space and astronomical communities. Yendor dear, you are, and always have been a natural guiding light all of my life in everything we have done together. You have an innate talent for fitting pieces of complex puzzles together and creating unique solutions. This is what we are going to need – to not only identify with Makum and bring him on board, but also to create a holistic, passionate effort between the stellar communities that will provide the advanced knowledge and drive to get us where we need to be. Nebbi shares that creative synergy with you Yendor, and has a keen ability to come up with, if I may, some of the damnedest delightful segways to instantly breach any social barrier. I see it all the time.”

Omy nodded firmly in agreement.

With noble closing grace Anastasia finished, “Yendor, you, Nebbi and Meso should be the ones to jump to that, ah, space yacht of his, and kick this human rescue effort off.”

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Even as a child Sir Makum Edward Dutchy often scared the hell out of his au pairs and nannies by continually wandering into the garden mazes and making himself lost in the captivating world of situations needing solutions. Makum had a fascination for accomplishing things that others found difficult, if sometimes impossible to achieve. His drive to succeed stayed with him, spurring him on to greater and greater accomplishments.

He never relinquished his grip on maintaining a purpose, as so many others do. Other people so frequently ended up relegating themselves to the commonplace and being supported in their failures by a plethora of easily accessible platitudes available as excuses. The drive he maintained, combined

with his insatiable curiosity, creativity, and childhood dream of being an [interstellar pioneer](#) led him to establishing one of the first successful privately funded space conglomerates.

His holdings now included orbital and lunar habitations, telecommunications, and extraterrestrial cargo import – export between earth and space. In addition he created promising lucrative advances in solar mining and solar planetary development. Currently the closest and best potential for solar asset development, aside from the moon which he already had a firm grip on, was the planet many had long considered a worthless pursuit, Mars.

Three of his private subsidiaries had missions aligned to the task of reaching and colonizing Mars. This would allow him to send his research teams there to determine the potential for product development sourced from Mars, products that would be unique to Martian planetary makeup and influence.

Periodically he conducted personal inspections of his off-planet holdings – not necessarily for the sake of quality assurance, but more so because he [simply loved being in space](#). He relished the constant need for attention to detail that it demanded.

He scheduled his time this week to be on the Ruby Reconnoiterer, often called the Ruby Reigh by staff and himself. It was one of his orbiting labs and living habitats devoted to current and future management, synchronization, and control of his Martian pursuits. It also doubled as a luxurious private vacation get-away and was an absolute hit with those who were willing to join him for an adventurous fling in space.

As he checked in with the bridge commander, he gazed out on the never ending starfield in front of him through the long rectangular viewing port at the bow of the ship's bridge. To those unaccustomed to living in space, the visage would undoubtedly cause vertigo, as it had the very first time Makum set float on its deck. The engineers had opted to place the bridge at the front of the ship's central spinning spindle. Other passages and bays, running parallel to the spindle gave the ship

the appearance of what looked like a long multi-bladed, slatted paddle wheel. Bay and passage gravity was achieved by spinning the ship on its spindle axis to create centrifugal forces that acted on the bays and passages radiating from the spindle.

Makum also had the engineers design luxury living quarters for his personal use located at the stern of the ship. Another luxury suite could be found in the living bays along one passageway on the furthest external ring from the axis of the ship. Both of these arrangements provided varied views of the celestial surroundings and the ability to choose between weightlessness in the stern quarters and gravity in the external ring quarters. Tonight he had opted to sleep in the stern quarters so he could get a [complete, restful weightless sleep](#).

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“Are you both ready?” Yendor asked Nebbi, who was sitting to his left, and Meso sitting up cat fashion to his right, closing the triangle.

Nebbi replied, “You know I would go anywhere in this universe with you darling.” Meso sat up on her haunches and made a kneading paw motion toward both of them.

“Ok then,” he continued, “Meso I would suggest landing us on the bridge of that ship. From what I understand though, it has zero gravity, so you two should prepare yourselves for the effects, or lack of effects as the case may be. I know the destination is a tight scope but I have complete confidence in you Meso to get us on that bridge safe and sound.”

Meso acknowledged with her paw motions again, and purred a loud short purr.

Even though it was only the next day after having successfully enacted a spatial displacement, everyone trusted Meso fully to be able to safely get them to where they needed to go.

Yendor went on, and turning to Nebbi said, “Ok babe. Let’s razzle dazzle them like we talked about!”

Yendor and Nebbi then started singing the lyrics to [“Razzle Dazzle” from the musical “Chicago”](#), and had a terrible time not laughing as they sang. Meso added her special singing to the song at what she considered were key points and all three of them, Meso included, began swaying sideways back and forth to the tempo of their singing. At the part where the song roared, Nebbi threw her hands in the air and let out a loud three loud roars causing Meso to glance sideways at her with a bemused little sidelong whiskered look. At the ending crescendo of the song their pearly transport softly faded away, leaving all three of them floating directly in front of Makum on the bridge of the Ruby Reigh. They were situated between Makum and the forward viewing portal, Yendor and Nebbi laughing together as they appeared.

To make matters worse, Nebbi became totally wide eyed and she started pointing at Meso and laughing hysterically. Meso, very much to her chagrin, had turned into a giant fluffy furball with hair sticking straight out from her body in every conceivable direction. She looked like a completely pissed off furry puffer fish floating aimlessly, trying to figure out how to maintain some kind of desired orientation. She slowly rotated on all three axes, head facing in no particular direction as she began drifting about the bridge of the spacecraft. The ship captain, swiveled in his pilot’s chair that was located up front near the portal and faced the scene that was unfolding. After a second he bent his elbow and arm upward from the chair rest, rested his chin in his hand while shaking his head slightly back and forth, and said, “Don’t that beat all.”

Makum, his face maintaining its typical stoic demeanor, looked on unflinchingly as the events unfolded before him. When Meso floated past his face, making pleading mews, he gently reached out, held her in both hands, placed her in a rearward seat, and buckled her in as best he could. Then suddenly, his eyes locked with Nebbi’s and [a firestorm of instant passion ignited between them](#). A hot flush filled both their bodies as they stood transfixed on each other, each hoping the next breath they took would not cause the wonder before them to vanish. Nebbi, now completely adept at handling

situations involving her sudden appearances, smiled at him with dancing, beaming eyes and said, “Say fella, I heard over the radio that this ship has an ‘L over D Max’.” To everyone’s surprise on deck, the discipline of years of maintaining a neutral facial projection, suddenly left Markum’s face. His eyes sparkled in return, then he let out a belly laugh at the absolute surprise and hilarity of the situation. The crew members present sat dumbfounded, some even a little scared of what he might do next. Instead, he looked at her with complete appreciation and said in a light quip, “Yes, I too heard that once during a FaceTime conversation.”

“What the hell is going on up there,” a smart looking woman exclaimed from the telecommunications screen as Meso spun slowly by, floating past her view.

The seat restraints had not been engineered for living fluff balls therefore allowing Meso’s restraints to loosen and Meso to continue her random journey about the deck. Makum, always in total control of his situational presence, gently floated over to the communications console and said, “Madam Vice President, I need to get back to you,” and switched off the transmission connection. Just then, a cute crew member toting a pixie cut and a cell phone spotted Makum and Meso both facing her side by side, Meso situated at Makum’s head level. Suddenly she said, “Awe, that’s sooooo cute,” and snapped a picture of the both of them together.

# Chapter 14: Dawning Awareness

“Would you folks mind telling me how you got in here? Did you stow away on the transport that brought me here?” Makum demanded.

Yendor tilted his head slightly. “Makum—may I call you Makum?”

Makum nodded, wary.

“You are the kind of man who believes in empirical evidence,” Yendor continued. “Is that correct?”

Makum gave a short, guarded nod.

“You and several members of your crew saw us appear on this bridge only minutes ago,” Yendor said calmly.

Makum frowned. “Some kind of trick. Smoke and mirrors. A distraction.”

“All right,” Yendor replied. “Let me give you a demonstration. One you can observe under your own control.”

He turned toward Nebbi, where Meso had finally settled, still a bit shaken.

“Meso,” Yendor said gently, “would you mind doing me a favor? Would you allow the captain to hold you?”

From his chair, Captain Michael Weaver broke into a broad grin. “I don’t mind that at all.”

Nebbi laughed softly and stepped forward, placing Meso into the captain’s arms with a playful wink.

Makum raised an eyebrow. “You’re... talking to the cat?”

Yendor ignored the question.

“Makum,” he said, “would you hold out your arms, please? As if you were cradling something.”

Makum hesitated, then complied with visible reluctance.

“Meso,” Yendor continued, “would you mind making a short manifestation jump—from the captain’s arms to Makum’s?”

In an instant, Meso vanished.

She reappeared in Makum’s arms.

The captain let out a low whistle, grinning in astonishment.

Makum stared down at the cat, then released her reflexively. Meso floated briefly before Nebbi scooped her up.

“I still don’t buy it,” Makum muttered. “Cats don’t just disappear and reappear.”

“Let’s try something else,” Yendor said.

He turned to a crew member with a pixie cut. “Would you mind holding Meso for a moment?”

She smiled and accepted the cat.

“Makum,” Yendor said again, “arms out. Straight this time.”

Makum groaned under his breath, but Captain Weaver chuckled. “Go on, Makum. Let’s see where this goes.”

With exaggerated reluctance, Makum extended his arms.

Yendor seized the moment.

“Meso,” he said softly, “would you please transport this young lady into Makum’s arms?”

Before anyone could react, the woman vanished—

—and reappeared, stretched across Makum’s arms, still holding Meso.

“Well, I’ll be damned,” the captain said.

Makum stood frozen, stunned, as the woman laughed softly. “That was... incredible.”

He carefully set her upright again.

“All right,” he said slowly. “I’m listening.”

---

Yendor took his time explaining.

He spoke of resonance, of harmonic frequencies, of temporal displacement and spatial instability. He described the use of red and blue light, the role of crystalline structures, and the fragile balance required to bridge time itself.

Makum listened intently.

When Yendor finished, he added, “There is still one element we do not fully understand—controlled movement between fixed points in space. That is where Meso comes in.”

Makum glanced at the cat.

“She knows how to navigate,” Yendor said. “We are still learning.”

Makum leaned back, considering everything.

“Let me think on this overnight,” he said finally. “You’re welcome to stay aboard the Ruby Reigh. Join us for supper.”

---

Dinner was simple but warm, and conversation flowed easily despite the weight of what had been shared.

They spoke of the future—of what had been seen, of what might come. The urgency of finding a new home for humanity lingered beneath every word.

Nebbi and Makum quickly fell into an easy rhythm, trading stories and laughter that grew louder as the meal went on.

At one point, Nebbi shot Yendor a look that needed no translation.

He smiled and nodded.

Later, as the group dispersed, a crew member approached Yendor.

“Hi,” she said softly. “I’m Jeanie. Would you like me to show you to your quarters?”

Yendor smiled knowingly. “Yes. I think I would.”

Behind them, Meso had curled into the captain’s lap.

“I’ve got her,” Captain Weaver said with a relaxed grin. “You two enjoy your evening.”

---

Later that night, Makum lay beside Nebbi, his mind racing.

Possibilities unfolded before him—new worlds, new systems, new futures. The vision was intoxicating.

And for the first time in years, something else returned to him.

Hope.

As sleep finally took him, one thought remained clear above all others:

Helping these people find a new home was no longer optional.

It was essential.

---

Morning aboard the Ruby Reconnoiterer brought a wave of energy that swept through the entire crew.

Makum wasted no time.

Over breakfast, he made his announcement.

“The mission of the Ruby Reigh is changing,” he said. “Effective immediately, we are shifting focus from Mars operations to the discovery and exploration of habitable exoplanets.”

A ripple of surprise passed through the crew.

Yendor and Nebbi explained what they knew—what had been seen, what might come. Though some remained skeptical, no one questioned Makum’s judgment.

They trusted him.

And that was enough—for now.

---

Later, during a midday meeting, Makum introduced a new figure.

“I’d like you to meet Ellen Bliane,” he said. “She oversees one of my primary astrobiological research facilities in Tucson, Arizona.”

He outlined her credentials, her partnerships, and her importance to their efforts.

“That facility will now serve as a central hub for exoplanet research,” he concluded.

Nebbi beamed and leaned over to kiss him. “Thank you, Morrrrrreeesss.”

Makum flushed slightly, quickly redirecting the conversation.

“The facility is here,” he said, pointing to a map. “Coordinates are marked. We can land just outside the main building.”

“You play ultimate frisbee?” Nebbi asked, delighted.

“Indeed we do,” Makum replied. “Keeps the mind sharp.”

“I am so in love with this man,” Nebbi said.

Makum cleared his throat.

Yendor stepped in smoothly. “Meso, are you able to take us there?”

Meso pawed the air and purred.

“I believe that’s a yes,” Yendor said.

Makum nodded. “Then we go together.”

---

Preparation took most of the afternoon.

Makum struggled—not with the theory, but with the method. Meditation did not come naturally to him, and singing even less so.

Nebbi, however, had an idea.

“I’ve got the perfect song,” she said. “The Joker.”

Makum raised an eyebrow.

Moments later, he was laughing.

And then... singing.

---

The following morning, they gathered on the bridge.

Floating gently in place, they joined hands, Meso at the center.

Over the intercom, Captain Weaver played the song.

Their voices rose together—uneven at first, then steady—as the familiar melody filled the space.

A soft, pearlescent light formed around them.

It shimmered.

Brightened.

And then—

They were gone.

---

They arrived seated on soft grass beneath an open sky.

The light faded.

Makum blinked, steadying himself.

“That,” he said after a moment, “was one hell of a ride.”

He stood, grinning.

“Let’s meet our genius.”

---

Inside the lab, Ellen Bliane turned at their approach—and froze.

Then she smiled.

Warmly.

Genuinely.

The reunion with Makum was immediate, familiar, and just slightly more intimate than expected.

Nebbi noticed.

Yendor definitely noticed.

Neither said a word.

---

Moments later, they were seated together.

Ellen listened carefully as they spoke, her expression thoughtful.

“I trust Makum,” she said. “And if he believes this... then I’m willing to believe it too.”

At that moment, a Siamese cat leapt onto the table.

“This is Xanadu,” Ellen said, smiling. “He runs the place.”

Almost instantly, Meso appeared in front of them.

Xanadu froze.

Then bolted.

Meso followed—appearing and disappearing in rapid succession as they tore through the lab and out the open door.

Silence fell.

Ellen blinked.

Then nodded.

“Okay,” she said. “I’m convinced.”

Yendor smiled. "Meso has that effect."

Ellen leaned forward slightly.

"I think," she said, "I may have something that interests you."

She paused, letting the moment build.

Then smiled.

"I've found an exoplanet."

She smiled.

"One that could be our future."

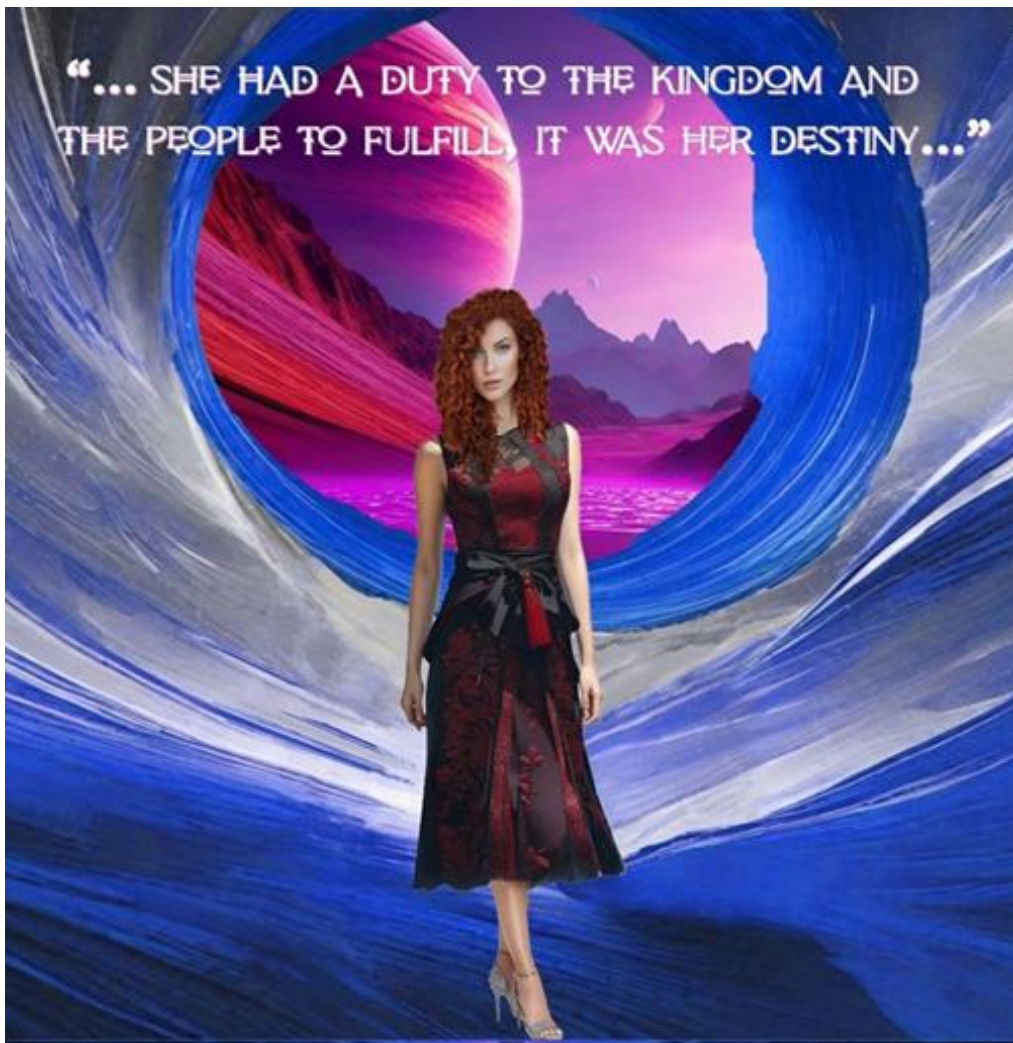
# About the Author

Rodney Alan Crater has been a post-secondary teacher and educator for the last 24 years at the community college, private non-profit university, private for-profit university, and public for-profit university level . During this time he had the pleasure learning meditation and teaching Computer Science courses at Maharishi University of Management in Fairfield, Iowa, a consciousness-based educational institution that was founded by under the guidance of the late Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, the guru of The Beatles. Rodney has graduate degrees in education, computer science, bioinformatics, and has plans to pursue further degrees in biology, planetary science, and astronomy in the future. In his spare time Rodney tends to his “mini farm-like property” on an acre and a half in the city where he and his wife tend their 10 adopted chickens, large organic garden, and soon again hive of honeybees. They share the land with a herd of about 30 roaming deer that lay around at will, drink from a small pool, and make rounds through the town daily eating everyone’s foliage. In addition, numerous rabbits, squirrels, birds, and other assorted animals roam the grounds freely at all hours.

Rodney has also worked in the past for a number of years in a real estate brokerage and property management firm, as a corrections officer and sergeant, and as a communications/navigation technician on F4s and F18s in the United States Marine Corps.

Semper Fi

“... SHE HAD A DUTY TO THE KINGDOM AND  
THE PEOPLE TO FULFILL, IT WAS HER DESTINY...”



## BOOK 1 OF THE HAVEN STARWALKERS SERIES

IN A LAND NOT SO FAR INTO THE FUTURE,  
A LOVING CHOSEN FAMILY USES THE STRENGTH AND BOND  
OF THEIR DIVERSE CULTURAL AND SEXUAL MAKEUP  
TO OVERCOME MAJOR CHALLENGES NEEDED  
TO SAVE MANKIND FROM ITSELF  
DESPITE NUMEROUS WILD AND UNPREDICTABLE SITUATIONS THEY ENCOUNTER,  
THEY STICK TOGETHER, SUPPORTING EACH OTHER, PROVIDING THE COURAGE  
NECESSARY TO MAKE IT THROUGH THE TOUGHEST OF TIMES  
BY NAVIGATING TEMPORAL DISCONTINUITIES AND SPATIAL DISPLACEMENTS,  
WITH THE HELP OF FELINE TENACIOUSNESS,  
THEY SOON FIND THEMSELVES TO BE  
HUMANITY'S ONLY HOPE FOR THE FUTURE