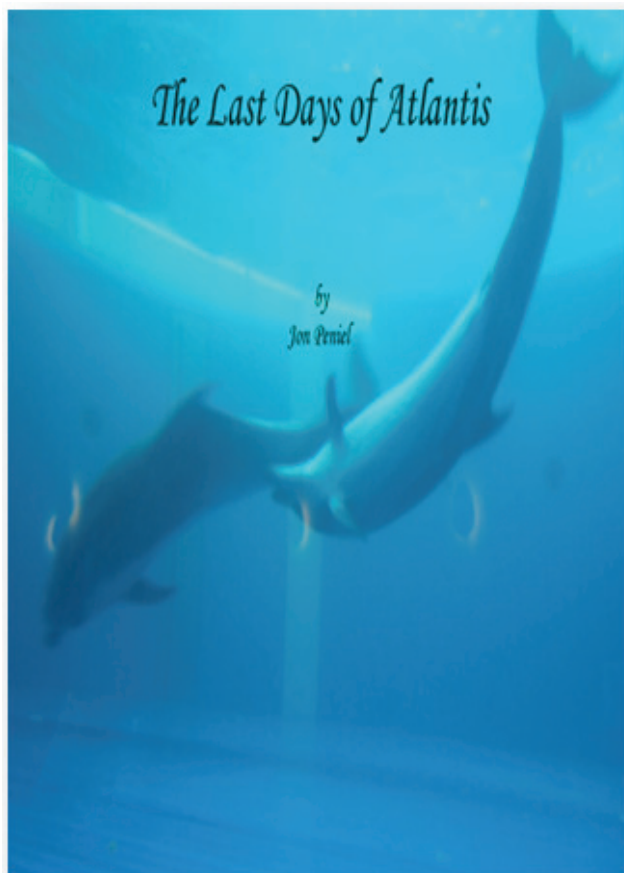


The Last Days of Atlantis

by
Jon Penick



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CHAPTER ONE

It Was One of Those Years

Doctor Please

The sky was an ominous gray as I piloted my transship into Atros City. I could “feel” the storm approaching in my bones. I’d already flown above 3 extra-large “grade A” thunderheads. It was surely going to be another wave of the strange and severe weather anomalies that had plagued Atlantis in recent years. But a much different type of storm was also on its way, one that only some of us could see coming - and it was going to be more devastating than most people would have ever imagined – even in their worst nightmares.

As I made my final approach to the Temple of Thera, the great pyramid that the vast healing center was built around, filled my view screen. I had to set my screen on wide-angle just to see the entire temple complex. I sighed as I took it all in. It was an amazing sight to behold. Nearly 10 kilometers tall, it was the grandest of all Atlantean structures. The great shimmering white pyramid was surrounded by a sprawling network of translucent domes. The way the domes artistically conjoined the pyramid at its center created a beautiful mandala-like effect when looking directly down on it from the air. It never failed to leave me stunned and impressed by its design alone, let alone the fact that it was the most advanced healing center the world had ever known.

I was traveling much faster than the acceptable speed that cities were restricted to (because of the inevitable thundering noise that occurred when a transship flew faster than the speed of sound). But since I considered this a “medical emergency”, I had a good excuse – at least that’s what I told myself. The truth was, I loved to fly fast, especially inside canyons (natural or those created by the structures in a large city). And this time I could probably get away with it, even if I was pursued. But then again, pursuit wasn’t really a concern anyway. Not even a Belialian interceptor ship could ever catch me – not after the performance modifications I’d done (especially the mental piloting control enhancements). And even if I were to be caught, I had political immunity that protected me from such trivial legal issues. In a blink of an eye I had gone from the city outskirts, to arriving at the beautiful Temple in the inner city. Piece of cake. Of course, parking was another matter. The parking situation never failed to get me “worked up” and grumbling about it to myself. Being in extreme pain and having to go to a thera-minister for a physical was bad enough, but as if to add insult to injury, I couldn’t find an open transship dock anywhere near this “great center of healing”. What good does it do to have a thera facility if those who need it can’t even park somewhere to get into it!? I set the controls to climb to 15 kilometers and circle the Temple so I could get a better overview of the situation. Oy Vau! Still not a single docking space in sight! Why is it that nobody provides adequate docking slots for the amount of traffic they have? Oh well, just one more thing to add to my “gripe list”. If I hadn’t been involved in

designing and building the Temple (including the docking areas), I would be even *more* irritated!

After circling all levels three times, I gave up and decided to get out on the public loading zone dock and just *walk* to the diagnosis and healing center. I set my ship down, hobbled out the hatch, and sent her off on remote to go into an autopilot hover pattern somewhere over the Temple.

Yep, this was certainly turning out to be a classic case of “one of those days”. I didn’t know it yet, but it was just the first in a long string of them. Soon, it would turn into “one of those years”.

Isis had warned me that many challenges were written in the stars for me this month, and the coming months, but until today, I had managed to comfortably live in denial of it. I’m not the kind to go running to a thera-minister for every little ache & pain. But pain has a way of “talking you into getting a check-up” that’s far more effective than when your wife tries to talk you into it. Especially when the pain doubles you over during your morning shower.

I’d always considered our physical bodies to be such a pain in the ass (literally, in my case right now). They were even worse when not functioning properly or at times of dis-ease. It was times like these that I longed for the old days when we were not so physically bound, not so enmeshed in these slower vibratory realms of the Earth plane. But, here we were, stuck in physical forms that befit this gross animalistic plane of existence.

My body had been “acting up” lately, but I didn’t pay much attention to it because I was approaching middle-age and figured occasional aches & pains were just part of the package. After all, a man who’s physical form has seen the 4 seasons go ‘round 823 times, can’t be expected to feel like a kid all the time – I suppose. But hell, I was still a “young” 823, and generally in great condition. Sure. I just kept telling myself that over and over again, as I limped into the temple for a full work-up.

After the seemingly required un-necessary wait in the reception hall, and finishing off several magazines I had no need or desire to read, I was admitted to an examination room. It was a sterile environment, but attempts had been made to use color, light, sound and form to make it comfortable and relaxing. Nevertheless, it was never relaxing for anyone who *had* to be there for medical reasons. Reluctantly, I submitted to the standard scans, prodding *and* rather “personal probing” that accompanies a general physical-form diagnostic. My full-body auragraph showed an energy flare and meridian blockage in my stomach area. The theraminister in charge, Re-Te, was a general practitioner, and friend.

“Osirus, after looking over your scans, I suggest you have a specialist do an immediate full work-up on you with a diognomatrix.”

“Why Ret? What do you think you see?”

“Well, I see all kinds of things, but that’s not important now, what we’re talking about here is what your scans look like.”

“What???”

“Sorry, just a little clinic humor.”

"A little is right."

"Now you know why I went into therapy instead of comedy. Anyway, you know who you should see. And don't put it off."

I knew. I took a transmat to the west wing, to *try* and "get an appointment" with my ever-elusive soulmate, Sid-Ome. She was easily one of the best surgical theraministers in all Atlantis. Unfortunately, that also meant she was one of the busiest. But I knew she would want to see my scans right away. And hell, it would probably be the only way I'd be able to see her all month.

Sidome

Besides her work as a theraminister, Sidome was also a Mother Supreme of the Children of the Law of One. She was endowed with great talents of the heart & mind - her psychic powers were often astonishing when it came to caring for others (those same traits were also put to good use in her work as a theraminister). Her inner beauty overshadowed the realms of the senses, and made her as lovely to behold as the Earth-Mother during her Spring times. And like the Earth-Mother, Sidome cared for and nurtured all beings in the name of Yod, with a compassion and intelligence that was extraordinary, even for a person of *her* status. (As you may have guessed, I like her a little more than a bit).

"Siddy" and I were very close, yet we didn't get to see each other very often. She and I first Shared Water and bonded about 3 anuls ago (actually, now that I think about it, it may have been 3 anuls ago *to the day*). Anyway, on that day, we also took the Rites of Joining, and became as One being in essence (forever, as long as we did not choose separation). In many ways, our hearts and minds were now one and the same.

We were both aware that we had been as One before time, and that we required each other to be as we once were, but nevertheless, I still felt very fortunate. My bonding with Sidome had expanded me in many ways. I knew I provided her with things she wanted and needed also, but I always felt especially appreciative of what she brought to my life.

Our joining also gave us a psychic link that allowed us to mutually experience many things simultaneously. But while our subconscious minds were always in sync, circumstances made the link between our conscious minds inconsistent. We frequently had to function separately, in order to fulfill our individual responsibilities. This required focusing our thoughts in different directions, and during such periods, we were out of conscious touch with each other. It seemed that lately, we had been consciously separated more than ever. Thus, I was very pleased we would be seeing each other, even if it *was* because my body was out of sorts and she'd just be seeing me "professionally" - and only for a few minutes.

Here's to My Health

Sidome entered the healing chamber quietly, and gave me a caring, sexy glance. We spoke no words - we didn't need to - our thoughts were one. But even though we didn't *need* to communicate with words, we often did, just for the pure enjoyment of the art.

Sidome had just been with a patient, and was only now transitioning out of her deepest healing state. She preferred to remain silent right after an intense healing session. I looked her over, as she was looking *me* over as a patient. Her wide cat shaped eyes had an entrancing quality. Looking into them was like dream-trancing and staring off into the horizon of the Atlantic sea at dawn - hypnotic currents of blue and green twinkled with the golden reflections of the early rising Sun. As she was preparing to place me in scan position, I couldn't help but smile - her movements flowed with the grace of a meditative dance, and it was sheer pleasure just to watch her move while she worked.

The crystals in the matrix gave off a beautiful, warm glow as it thoroughly analyzed my torso. Sidome passed the primary scanner crystal over my body. I noticed that when she moved the crystal near my navel, her hand shook subtly, as if the crystal was vibrating in her hand. Suddenly, she shifted into a more analytical state of mind, and broke the silence.

"*There they are*", she said as she cross-mapped with the scino-crystal.

She had pinpointed the locations of malignant tumors growing in the area of my solar plexus.

"Cancer?" I asked.

"Yes!", she said beamingly.

I sighed with relief.

"That's why I've been having this intense pain and feeling so tired lately".

She looked at me intently,

"Only *partly*. It is quite out of tune in there, but the real question is... how or why did it *get* so out of tune?..."

I knew she was chastising me about letting my physical form get into such a state, and about the state of mind that led to it. As I considered the truth in what she was saying, I responded to her question in my best satirical style, "It's nice to see you *too*, Sidy."

She smiled at my comment, then the smile turned into a look of concerned pain.

"We are suffering so much lately my love - let me help you with these things that weigh so heavily".

Both she and I knew the tumors were just the result of other problems. I was so mentally upset lately, and I knew this had contributed to my ill health. I *was* suffering, deeply, but it wasn't from my illness, and there was really nothing Sidome could do to help me. Just like Toth had told me so many times, the future was in my hands. But there were so many things wrong, and so many disturbing signs - and that was the real source of my suffering. They all ate at me inside - tearing me up far more viciously than the mere tumors that ate at

my stomach. My illness was caused, in part, by my dis-ease.

As Siddy worked on me, the things that were bothering me thrashed through my mind like a tornado. There were my sessions with Toth, with his stern but loving teaching that purified the soul by fire. His predictions of the fate about to befall Atlantis were awesome. And seeing the first of his series of predictions come to pass, like the thousands of small quakes in Poseidia, drove home the truth of his visions. Now, I was starting to have my own visions of the events to come, including the final outcome of the social decay that grew worse every year. Part of me wished I could believe it was all just psychotic paranoia, shared by Toth and I. Yet I couldn't escape the fact that it was all too real, and I couldn't stop thinking about it for a moment.

Deep inside, I was full of dread over these horrible things that would soon come to pass, and it was starting to affect my health. But the greatest damage to my health came from my apprehension of the role *I* needed to play in this great saga that was unfolding before my eyes. The strain of mentally dealing with it all was greater than my physical form could handle right now.

The distant sound of Siddy's voice called me back from my mental wanderings. "Welcome back, Love. Well, at least I can give you some *physical* relief. When we get together again at home, I'll give you some *other* types of relief too." She glanced at me with a wry smile, as I raised my eyebrows in response. She continued her sentence without missing a beat, "And try to soothe your emotions and bring much needed rest your mind. But for now, I've isolated the vibrational signature of your body's healthy solar plexus tissue", she said as she placed several of the crystals in the healing matrix. She pointed to the large crystal in the center of the matrix. "Let's focus on the primary distribution crystal together". She wanted me to join with her in the visualization to add my energy to hers, thus making the healing faster and more powerful. My own abilities had been growing and developing ever more rapidly since Grand Master Toth began guiding me through the process of transcending the boundaries of my self-limited consciousness. Thus, even though healing was one of Sidome's specialties, the addition of my individual energy, plus the effects of our being intimate "in-tune" soul mates, made our combined forces far more powerful than the energy she wielded separately. The importance and full power of this, was yet to be revealed in the cards of our future. Sidome placed one hand on the matrix and one hand over my solar plexus. "Visualize it with me now", she said as she leaned over me and began to channel the energy. Her long silky hair fell onto my chest - it felt soft and comforting (- and rather erotic). I began having thoughts and feelings of *other* energies, and wasn't focusing on our task at hand. Sidome stopped and looked at me intently with a "playfully pissed" frown.

"Osirus... you're *supposed* to be doing this *with* me. Now *concentrate*".

"Sorry, I got distracted. It's been a while you know".

"I know, believe me, *I do know*. But now is not the time".

I saw the light and colors sparkling deep within my body, rejuvenating the cells with the Universal Life Force. It had that "needles & pins" feeling that you get

when part of your body re-awakens after falling asleep. It was a good sort of feeling all-in-all.

"That's it!" she said. "Normal tissue is restored, you're all done - get out of here and don't let me see you in here again - unless, of course, it's to pick me up for that lunch you promised me two weeks ago". She grinned with a cute, half-joking smile.

"I'm sorry, Sidy. I've tried to work some time in to see you, but between the crazy schedule this strange epidemic has you on, and all the meetings I've had to attend because of the labor crisis, ... and ...I've had so much on my mind lately... the meetings with Toth you know?"

Sidome wrapped her soft, slender hand over mine, and her face got that look - the one of a mother tenderly comforting her child, "I understand, Osirus, I talked with Toth yesterday, too. But especially now you've got to take care of yourself. Toth said important things are in store for you that will affect many others. He said you're in for quite a jolt that will prepare you for final Initiation, and I sense it, too."

That made me feel good - sort of. But I was a bit perplexed and apprehensive as to what that might mean.

"I'll have to ask him about that. But anyway, how 'bout if I pick you up Friday after your shift, and you, me and Isis spend the weekend together in retreat at Eden"?

"Sounds *great*. We all have a lot to talk about (not to mention other things to do). You know, it's been three anuls today that we were bonded."

"I know. I always remember that sort of thing you know."

"Oh sure, like you remembered to water the juju plant in the entry hall at home, right?"

"It's not my fault it died, it just didn't like the environment in the room without direct Sun. OK, maybe a little water would have helped... But I don't have time for that sort of thing anymore Sidy."

"I know, love. I'm just teasing."

"What do ya say to re-taking our bonds in a Water-Sharing celebration this weekend?"

"That would be so nice, Osirus..." She drifted off into bliss for a moment, then caught herself and shifted to a state of consciousness that was part theraminister, part mother, and part lover. "But *until* then, make *sure* you colorsound-bathe in golden # 3, with a tone of C# for 30 minutes every day, or I'll have to spank you!"

"Is that a promise?"

She pinched me and went on scolding her "little boy" without missing a beat, "And you've got to do daily rejuv visuals!"

"OK, OK."

"*And* stress meds!" she admonished me one last time before dashing out the door to meet her next patient.

Watching and Waiting

I summoned my tranship via my new mental remote system, but it was going to take her a bit longer to get to me than usual. Rather than the usual rapid access internal docking spaces that were now overfull, my tranship was hover-parked - moored at 5 kilometers above the Temple's highest peak. Even all the designated external mooring spaces were filled with hovering tranships all the way up to 70th level. Between the traffic, the fact that it wasn't docked in an internal space, and the atmospheric energy flux problems that had been plaguing all remote power transmissions lately, I'd be lucky if I didn't need to rent a room and sleep over. OK, so that was an exaggeration - but I did decide to have a cup of koka while I waited. The traffic and waiting didn't really bother me, but what did concern me, was the *reason* why the traffic was so heavy. It wasn't just coincidence. There was so much traffic jamming the parking lots of the healing Temple, because there were more and more physical form disturbances lately, all due to the effects of so many people being out-of-tune with the One, and thus within themselves. And the rapid spread of that new immuno-debilitation disease, was one of the worst of such repercussions. The tides of illness were part of the tides of the times. And this was nothing. It was just the beginning, and the thera-ministers were already virtually overrun with patients. Just more of those damn signs of the coming catastrophes. As I sipped my koka, I admired the striking architecture of the Temple with its white on white alabaster walls and pillars. As the stimulant hit my blood, I became more awake and alert, and my mind again returned to my last visit with Toth. "Osirus," he said, "The day dawns upon us. Those of the One must part *all* ways with the Sons of Belial. We will travel beyond our once fair Atlantis, and live among, but apart from, the sons of men. There, we will complete our tasks of freedom. Let the Belialians ignore the omens with the blindfold of their greed - they will meet the same fate as the land. Such is not *our* destiny."

I had a hard time integrating into my mindset, the idea that Atlantis was really going to be destroyed - and would be gone forever. I was still going through the pain of letting go. Letting go of everything I ever knew, people, places, memories, my home. But deep down inside, I knew it must be. The massive corruption and the disdain and disregard for Oneness with the Universal Spirit and obeying Universal Law was all coming to roost. The Law of Cause & Effect was going to hit us hard with the results of our own actions - on a vast scale. It was past the point of no return now. No one could stop it now. The catastrophes were thus written in stone. The Earth-Mother herself had no choice but to respond, and all we could do is watch it coming. The weather just kept getting stranger year after year. Drought and fire were the inheritance of some lands, flooding was the lot of others. All we could do is watch the burning and drowning. The atmosphere was changing. The earth was shaking. Volcanoes spit their liquid fire as if angry with our disrespect. Society was crumbling - the economy was on a precipice - you couldn't turn around anymore without getting ripped off, either by the business corps, or in more

direct, perhaps more honest way - by some desperate person with a death ray pointed at your head. Everyone was on edge. Everyone seemed to really know something was terribly wrong - some consciously - some preferred to pretend, and hide from the knowing, but deep within them, they still knew - you could tell. Even as I sat in the lounge, I saw it all around me. What a mess.

Two Paths

In Atlantis, religion and politics were one in the same. The power had been shared between two groups for thousands of years, The Children of the Law of One, and the Sons of Belial. And the two philosophies and ways of life, could not have been more polarized, more opposite. Lately the animosity between them had really heated up. In the Great Hall, representatives of The Children of the Law of One (sometimes called the Great Light Brotherhood) argued that the Sons of Belial (sometimes called the Dark Brotherhood) were the source of all our problems. They pointed out that the Belialian's lack of compassion and extreme greed were the reason for the massive labor strikes that were paralyzing the country, the destruction of our environment, and the civil unrest. They cited their continuing enslavement of the animataurs as a contributing cause of the labor disputes, demonstrating with charts how the free labor animataurs provided, lowered the standards for everyone, and put some out of work entirely. They also pointed to their profit motivated management of natural resources as the main factor in the ecological destruction of the Earth-Mother.

The Sons of Belial, of course, denied the charges of the Children of the Law of One. They argued that the Children's predictions of environmental destruction were exaggerated and unfounded. And that there was no evidence that there was really any serious problem with the Earth-Mother. In an attempt to turn the tables regarding the labor problems, they claimed that it was *the Law of One's* who were to blame for the civil unrest, labor strikes, and economic straits we were in. The Belialians insisted that the souls of the animataurs were forever lost, and that they were now just animals, not intelligent or of the "human" class, and thus should just be treated the same as any other beast of burden.

To the Children, that was a poor argument - in more than one way. First, even IF they were just beasts of burden, the Children didn't believe in abusing, or using, animals. Secondly, the Children knew the souls of the animataurs weren't "lost", and so did the Belialians. They were simply our unfortunate brothers and sisters - ones who made the mistake of delving too deeply into physical matter and taking on half-animal half-human forms when we first manifested onto the Earth plane. For centuries animataurs had undergone special consciousness raising and thera-programs, that made them radically more "human". At least "human" in the sense of being the same as OUR current devolved condition. And recently, improvements in the programs were yielding exciting results, and

held the promise of complete consciousness recovery. The Belialians just turned a blind eye and refused to admit it - their precious power and wealth was at stake.

Lately, some Law of One'ers would go on "raids" to free Belialian controlled animataurs - taking them to secret temples where they would be surgically altered to change their animal features to more human ones, and concurrently counseled in attempts to raise their consciousness. Belialians considered this criminal, and said if the "bleeding hearts" would stop "stealing" their private property (the animataurs) and stop insisting on allowing them free-will and self-determination, we would have plenty of cheap labor, and no recession.

Who Do You Think You Are?

For over 300 anuls both I, and my brother Sett, had been members of the high council, representing the Children of the Law of One. My brother, however, wasn't as judicious about living up to our spiritual obligations as I was. He was a professional arbitrator, with strong political ambitions. Sett was highly trained in the ways of the Rules of Arbitrational Logic - and trained to supposedly "see both sides" in claims between the Children and Belialians. He "saw the Belialian side" a little *too* well though, because for many years he had allowed (actually "invited" would be more accurate) Belialian lobbyists to "influence" him with "gifts". They would even throw him wild beastotion orgies (which he had developed quite a taste for). Sett was, of course, expected to *return* "favors" during arbitration and council sessions.

Sett's indulgences dulled his sensibilities about the issues, allowing him to rationalize voting in their favor. And with every vote he cast in which he turned his back on his conscience, he darkened another small piece of himself. To Sett's Chagrin, I was always passionate about the animataur issue. Like all in the CLO (Children of the Law of One), I was sympathetic to their plight. But over the years, I gradually became more of an "activist". Now with the infusion of Isis' and Sidome's essence, the strength and power of our oneness had given us new energy to put into our activism - becoming what the Belialians called "terrorist radicals", and what we called "freedom fighters". Lately, *I had* been changing a great deal, and I was feeling good about myself more and more. I could also tell that things were coming up that would force me to make decisions - decisions that would clearly put me at odds with the most powerful Belialian factions, and drive a deeper wedge between Sett & I. But I had faced danger before, and this was not a time to back off and play the pacifist. Times were much too serious for that. I had already made certain *personal* moral commitments. I had been secretly going on animataur liberation raids for a couple of anuls, and was now leading them. But soon, I knew I would need to take a stand publically and professionally also.

As I was finishing my drink, I heard a familiar, yet irritating, voice. "Osirus! Hey, how ya doin' buddy?"

It was Merek T', one of the top Belialian staffers and a major lobbyist.

"Hey - we're goin' to have one hell of a party tonight at Lu-Jac's place... Sett will be there, and I could arrange for you to attend also ya know - and get a few of our girls to teach you some new tricks... How 'bout it, Osirus? Want to come?"

The Belialians wanted to fill my head with their propaganda again, but I was not in the mood to be polite. I just wanted to go see Toth again - now. Just as the thought entered my mind, I was elated to hear the sound of my beeper going off, signaling the arrival of my tranship. As I sprinted out the doors, I became the diplomat one more time.

"Sorry Merek - have to run!"

"But Osirus...."

I climbed aboard my ship, and entered the cockpit chamber. Before even sitting down, I had the primary engines warming up - I had turned them on with my mind as soon as I boarded, using my new invention, the Tranship Thought-Controller.

I was somewhat the inventor. I had a knack at applied science-magic that was always envied by the Sons of Belial and their business corps. I will always remember how they stole my brainwave translation discoveries when I published them. They put them to such horrible use - like helping them maintain their mind control over animataurs that were trying to exercise their free will. Never again would I allow such a thing to happen. From now on, my inventions would remain secret, starting with my new tranship thought-controller. I had just installed it in my tranship and was eager to give it a work out. I created it by interfacing an EEG decoder/brainwave translator link with my ship's computer. Theoretically, I could control all ship's computer functions, including manual or auto pilot input, just by thinking what I wanted to do - the EEG decoder would read my brainwaves, decode the patterns to match the associated words, and enter it automatically into the computer. I'd tested it on the ground many times. But I was in a "what the hell..." kind of mood today, so I decided to give it a test-run on the way to the Great Temple. I sat back and thought-ordered the hatch to close {hatch. close.}. The hatch shut slowly, securing itself with the "whoosh" sound typical of a pressurizing airlock. So far so good. {"Auto-pilot computer - On"}, the computer lit up, --- LOCATION ---, it prompted. {"Great Temple"} I thought commanded. We were *immediately* airborne, and on our way. My experiment was a success. Or so it seemed. I decided to thought-com with Isis while I was on-route to see Toth. But when I thought of Isis, I simultaneously thought of home. No sooner had the thought crossed my mind when the ship violently jerked around, abruptly changing our heading for home (which I just THOUGHT about), nearly tearing my neck off. Obviously, all the bugs hadn't been worked out of the control computer program yet. My nerves were so jangled by the startling course change that concentration was an effort. And when your ship is flying at 4000 legs, under the control of a thought-guided computer, you can't afford a moment's lapse of concentration. But in reaction to the radical course change, I had another thought which created another problem. As soon as the ship pulled its high G course change, I thought

to myself "What the hell was that? Whoa!" Well, you see, "Whoa" is a slang word for "Stop", and the computer hadn't been programmed to differentiate between the mental command to stop, and any thought that was close... and thus, unfortunately, the brainwave pattern for the thought "Whoa" was recognized by the ship as the pattern for "Stop abrupt". The ship stopped so suddenly that my physical form went flying into the forward view-screen. You could've mistaken my body for a squashed Giant Botho Moth that had hit the front visi-shield. It wasn't seriously hurt though, but I couldn't say the same for my applied science-magic dignity. After my physical form slithered down from the view-screen, I switched back to keyboard control of the ship's computer.

It was normally necessary for me to have a very clear mind to thought-com with Isis - we couldn't manage it when we were tense or upset. My body's adrenals were pumping furiously from it crashing into the screen, so I decided to relax with a 10 minute stress-med before I attempted to contact her. As I was regaining my normal adrenalin levels, I indulged myself in replaying a few memories of Isis and me.

Isis had a petite physical form, but she was intense and very powerful - in many ways. My body, on the other hand, was about as far from petite as you could get - it was tall, big, lean and angularly well-sculptured. With a full meter difference between us in height, and both of us having rather striking appearances, we made quite a sight. Judging by our physical forms, you'd never guess we were born brother & sister. When Isis was a child, her dark brown hair was streaked with strands of silver - a mark of power. Her hair had since become solid silver - a mark of age (just kidding Isis). My hair, in contrast, was virtually all but gone - except for the long silver columns that sprang from my temples like coiffured waterfalls. Like I said - quite a sight. But in Isis' case, intensity and power were better descriptions of her than her looks.

I still remember Isis' first political rally. It didn't take long for the crowd to become instantly aware of her dynamic demeanor. She was speaking to thousands of students, debating with a young Belialian - "How can you justify your power and hoard your wealth when it came from the blood of beings you abuse and enslave!? There are those who barely survive because of you! Children are "living" (if you could call it that) in wastelands of famine, disease, and death! Your greedy, narrow-minded actions will result in your *own* suffering someday."

The young Belialian scowled at her, while other Belialians in the crowd hissed. But one of them was moved to go beyond the mere verbal show of disapproval - he bent over and picked up a large jagged rock, and hurled it at her, Isis gestured with her hand, making a circular motion as if she were wiping a window. Instantly, the stone reversed its course, striking the head of the lizard-breath jerk who cast it. I was impressed, to say the least - stunned... in awe would probably be better words to describe it. I started to dream-trance as I watched her radiating the One within her, touching the One within all those in the crowd who's souls were not lost to Darkness. I thought to myself, "*What* an incredible woman. And what an incredible teammate she would make for

someone." All of a sudden I had a vision – a "through the veil" memory of Isis. It was then that I first realized she was more than my sister. I knew we were soulmates, and we were destined to be together eternally.

Isis had since become the All-High Priestess of the Sisters of the Children of the Law of One, and her power in the outward expressions of metascience-magic was known well throughout the land. She didn't have the healing skills of Sidome, but in all other expressions, she excelled. Her memory was also quite amazing, recording and storing every detail of anything she had ever been exposed to. I often kidded her about being a "sexy human filing cabinet".

Isis was always able to literally "read" my thoughts, as I could read hers. And, unlike my psychic-link with Sidome, our minds did not need to be *totally* still to know each other's thoughts. Our capabilities were much the same as the old days when our forms were more spiritual than physical. Toth & Re-sha, and Ra-Ta and were the only other beings I was aware of that still had such extensive mental abilities, and Toth's went far beyond anyone's.

Isis and I had taken the bonds 440 anuls ago. They had been wonderful and fulfilling years, full of growth and love. And now, with the addition of Siddy to our essence, all of that was just further enhanced. Expansion was greater than ever, and the joy we all felt was of a new kind, and nearly indescribable.

Sidome met Isis before meeting me. They met at the temple during one of Sidome's Initiations. The two of them instantly became friends, and shortly became inseparable. They were like twin sisters - not that their physical forms really looked alike so much. Yet their similarities and complementary qualities made them like two sides of the same coin. And they shared everything. In fact, it was Isis that introduced Siddy & I.

I still remember the day as clearly as if it were just a few moments ago. Isis had only known Siddy for a few days, and I had only just become aware of her from the few quick thought exchanges I had with Isis that week. Anyway, Siddy was visiting Isis at our house in Eden. I was in the library doing chronicle recording when the two of them came through the door like the house was on fire. I knew it had to be important, because Isis wouldn't ordinarily disturb me during a recording period. And I surmised it must have something to do with Sidome, otherwise Isis would not have brought her with her. I immediately stopped, and looked up at them, waiting for the heavy news that was so obviously impending. At first they just stood there quietly, glancing back and forth at each other - they looked like little kids preparing to spring a practical joke. Then Isis finally broke the silence.

"Osirus, as I have come to grow closer to Sidome - it has become apparent that we are of the same original soul -essence - once we were one being within the One. It is time now that we begin the return journey, and take the bonds with her. We wish to do so on this eve."

She was talking with high-priestess mannerisms, and was dead-pan serious.

"I take it you are telling me you think this woman is a soulmate of ours?"

"Yes, and we wish to share water, and take the bonds. Will you do so also this eve?"

"This *eve*? This *eve*? Isis, this isn't a temple. *Tonight* or, this *evening*, will do just fine."

"I'm sorry, Osirus, it's just that this is very important, and very sacred."

Isis had that temple "air" about her too. She simply knew she was right and that was that. And thus she knew, that I would know she was right also. And of course, I did. But even though I respected and appreciated her intuitive input, and trusted her judgment in most matters, I just couldn't resist teasing her when she was so serious. I looked sternly at her and said, "This hour be not of the time to consume such matters this eve."

Isis looked perplexed. Then a strong red energy rose around her head and shoulders.

"I'm just having fun with you Isis, don't singe your eyebrows."

The whole time Isis & I were speaking, Siddy was smiling shyly, and alternately glancing between me and the floor.

"Well, Isis, do you mind if I look her in the eyes first before I make an eternal commitment?"

Isis smiled and nodded affirmatively. I stood up and walked over to Sidome, and looked long and deeply into her eyes. Images filled my mind. I saw who she really was, and who she had been. Then, I knew directly, as Isis already did, that she belonged with us. Although I had not known Sidome long (at least in this time-space), I intuitively knew it was right also. Still looking in Sidome's eyes, I spoke softly and deliberately, "Of course I will share water with you. And take the bonds. I would be honored." And so was it done.

Later, in the tub of the water of life, Isis made yet another suggestion.

"I have taken up all Siddy's time in the last few days. Why don't the two of you take a trip to the Lemurian coastal peaks for a few days?"

Sidome spoke for the first time all evening, "Sounds good to me!"

I interjected, pretending to be put out, "Hey, do I get any say so about this?"

"Oh, *don't* start *that* again, Osirus." Isis lovingly joked.

We all laughed. Over the next week Siddy and I really got to know each other, and to know just how right Isis' first instinct was. We did all belong together.

My tranship announced that we were now passing over the coast of Alta, bringing my sentimental daydreaming to an end. I'd be home soon now. I decided to initiate my thought-com with Isis, so I gave her a "call". As Isis answered, her image appeared in my mind's-eye.

{{Hi, love. Done playing with the tranship?}}, she thought.

{{Yes, Isis. I take it you've been using my Crystal Orb Distance Viewer to look in on me again.}}

{{Well you did ask me to run a diagnostic on it darling, and I just happened to think of you while I was testing it and...}}

{{And it came on and you saw my test run of my tranship thought-controller.

Gosh, you test that crystal a lot don't you? Anyway, I was just on my way to the Great Temple to see father, so I thought I'd give you a call to let you know what I was up to - as if you didn't know.}}

{{Well you should be more careful with those inventions of yours, you could hurt

yourself!}}

{{Yes. Well I think I should at least be qualified for the test pilots retirement fund now.}}

{{Retirement fund hell, you could lose some serious change from your pockets, shaking yourself around like that inside a tranship. And what if someone sees you. You could get all 32nd degree Initiates grounded or...}}

{{Very funny, but you better save your most valuable jokes for amateur night at the Temple lounge. Before I forget what I called for, Siddy is going to be able to spend the weekend at home.}}

{{Oh, good, she's been so busy lately we hardly ever see her. I've been missing her so, especially over the past few days. We can all share water together this weekend!}}

{{Sounds good to me! I'll be picking her up Friday afternoon.}}

{{It went well at the healing temple?}} Isis half-asked, half-told me.

{{Good. Just some tumors that Siddy dispatched with a wave of her hand, you know?}}

{{That's good. How was your drink?}}

{{Isis... Give me a break!}} We mentally laughed together.

I had a peculiar feeling, and decided to follow up on it with a question.

{{How did everything go with you today Isis?}}

{{OK, but there was a strange message from Keph. He said he dug up some information that you needed to hear immediately, but he couldn't talk about it on any com lines, secured or not. He said he'd call later to tell you where to meet him.}}

{{That does sound strange. A bit of cloak and dagger drama, eh?}}

{{Keph watches too much visicom you know}}

{{True - but I'm getting something about this - something not so good - maybe I'd better head home anyway (I shuddered for a second when I said "home" - remembering the ship's abrupt maneuver earlier). I can see Toth later}}.

{{Whatever you think is best. Are you hungry? I've got a nice live salad made, and I made some wonderful 7 grain/7chakragizer bread - sound good?}}

{{Yumm! See you in a few weeks, Isis.}}

{{What do you mean by that!?!}}

{{Never mind. Bye dear.}}

Keph was overly excitable and dramatic sometimes. He was an anchorman on the local news, but he fancied himself an investigative reporter. Lately he was very big on environmental concerns. The last time he "had to talk to me right away!" was over a story he was covering on the destruction of blue potato crops by too much rain. But he was a good guy overall. I loved Keph as a close brother. We had gone through primal training together, and through the first 10 Initiations of the Brotherhood. But my expansions accelerated after bonding with Isis, and I've been far ahead of him in initiation levels ever since. But none the less, we've remained associates of the first degree, and would do anything for each other. We were both members of the underground also, and we'd been together on many animataur liberation missions. There had been more than

one occasion in which one of us ended up saving the other's butt.

"ARRIVING...HOME".

My ship was alerting me that we were on final approach to home. The parking dome sensed our presence, and its doors slowly parted, preparing to swallow us up into its dark underground chambers like some giant mechanical monster. The bad feeling I had gotten when Isis told me about Keph was still nagging me. As I descended into the parking dome, the lights came on, dispelling the shadows of the parking slots, but not the shadow that loomed over my emotions. As the tranship's door opened, I got a stronger bad feeling - a gut wrenching feeling. My solar-plexus was pulsating, and I knew it wasn't from the healing I'd just undergone - something was wrong. I was on alert as I left the ship and walked through the gateway, and stepped on the transmat of the tunnel leading to the house. When I arrived at the patio, Isis came running out to meet me. Her aura was highly disrupted and her eyes seemed to clutch at me. "What's wrong?", I said anxiously. "It's Keph...I just got a call... His physical form's been destroyed..."

"How?! Who said this?"

"The Temple Guardians told me... He was attacked with a death-ray weapon of some kind...they said there's not much of him left."

CHAPTER TWO

For Me to Know

Keph's death further substantiated my concerns about what was coming for Atlantis. I knew it was just his body that died, and that he still existed in other areas of the vibrational spectrum, but those weren't areas accessible to me while I was living in the physical form. So for all practical purposes, to me, he was gone. And my grief certainly didn't know any difference. I wished I was beyond the physical so I could see him one more time, and tell him how I feel. But with all my powers and abilities, I couldn't consciously be in both realms at once. It would take a full day to become elevated enough to reach his plane. Soon, perhaps, I would have the time to go beyond the veil, and meet him once more. But I had too many things I had to do in the physical for now.

It seemed like the tears would never stop coming. But the flood that arose in my eyes was nothing compared to the anxiety that was inundating my heart. A million thoughts seemed to run through my mind - so fast that it was making my head spin. I had to concentrate. So many feelings... so many questions...

Isis gave me a tender hug.

"Come inside, Osirus."

"Only for a moment, Isis...I need to get something, then I must go see Toth."

"You should have a stress-release first."

"But he may have some answers. He probably knows more about why this thing has happened. I must go to him... I have a feeling this involves something else... something I must do... Sidome told me some things earlier... I'll tell you later... I just have to concentrate right now."

"So be it, my love. Go see Toth. But be careful, it's likely that Keph's murder had something to do with a story he was working on - or whatever it was he wanted to tell you about privately. Whoever killed him may know he was trying to contact you, and they might think he already did."

"You said the Guardians believed it was a professional hit. Only enforcers from the Belialian Security Agency could do such a thing to a being like Keph. And if the BSA's behind this - they're likely to know he called here by tracing the com records...and if they do, they will try to "neutralize" anyone who is even slightly associated with our household. They may even know that he spoke with you specifically, Isis. Turn on the house defenses, ask the dolphins to keep an eye out, and stay on your toes."

"Don't worry about me, sweetheart. Anyone coming in here with nasty intentions will meet the same fate they intended for me. Remember my 'mirror of light' field? I can instantly visualize that around myself, and any attack will be reflected back with a force and energy signature that's the mirror image of what was launched at me."

For a moment, I forgot what Isis was capable of. "I know you can take care of yourself, I guess I'm thinking about too many other things right now... or not

enough."

"It's OK, Osirus. You just need some time. And you better take care of *your* self. Don't forget, you are just as capable of that little energy mirror trick as I am, and then some. And you better be ready to use it if the BSA is about."

"It looks as though I may need to. I have a few other tricks up my sleeve too. All my sessions with father haven't just been about philosophy you know."

We went into my study, and as I approached the bookcase on the east wall, I put my hands together making the gesture of the pyramid of light. The bookcase slowly slid open, revealing a hidden room that contained my collection of particle beam and laser weaponry. I picked out a small but potent beam device that I could carry in my pocket.

"But sometimes you need to fight fire with fire too. So don't worry about me, I've been on alert and mentally prepared for trouble since I landed - and I have never hesitated to act if attacked. I am more concerned about you. I'll try to stay in mental contact with you as much as I can, but..."

"I know darling. I'd rather you keep your mind on what you're doing though rather than splitting your attention over me."

"See you after my session."

As I hurried towards the tunnel gateway to get back to the ship, Isis grabbed my arm and spun me around. She looked into my eyes, and gave me a kiss that would have made a Belialian Pit Dancer blush. She wasn't just giving me a wild kiss though - she was up to something. Thinking she was being "oh, so clever"-covertly, she passed her hand over my forehead. My head got a "fuzzy" feeling. The amazing little sneak was doing some of her "stuff" on me while kissing me at the same time! Suddenly I felt more calm, more centered. She looked deeply into my eyes, then sent me on my way with a pat on the butt.

I reset the auto-pilot for the Great Temple - I didn't feel up to flying on. It was important that I act cautiously right now. I had to think more carefully than ever, and had no leeway to take the time to properly grieve over Keph. I needed to keep it together, and keep directing my thoughts into constructive channels. What had Keph discovered that was so important that someone wanted him dead? What was...? There was no point in conjecture right now... I might as well wait to hear what Toth had to say about it and start from there. *He* would know more about this than anyone, and know the best course of action to take from here.

I decided to do a stress-med until I arrived at the Great Temple. I turned on my medimind unit and set it for Alpha-Theta brain frequencies with a gradual slowdown from my present Beta abundant state. I entered a command for the medimind unit to switch off automatically when we reached the Temple perimeter. Soon, the soothing waves of energy eased me into a deep, clear-minded state of contemplation.

My thoughts immediately went to Toth.

The Grand Master's full given (and taken) name was Hermes Trismegistus Thoth. While in his presence, I usually called him father, and referred to him as master, but in public I referred to him as Toth, Megustis, or Megus. And the

Belialians had some particularly colorful names for him also. But whatever you call him, he is without a doubt the *most* wise, *most* powerful, and *most* importantly - the most caring being on Earth. But in the days before I became his student, I found him *most* frightening. His intensity is so great, I used to quiver inside when he spoke - and when he raises his voice, it literally vibrates one's solar plexus! And he can be so serious - Isis is a stand-up comedian in comparison - definitely not the guy to bring to a party you want to liven up a bit. But when you think about it, comedy is only relevant because there is so much suffering on the Earth, and Toth's presence here was not for the purpose of bringing comedy to us to *alleviate* our pain a bit - his purpose in being here was to *eliminate* the suffering by freeing us from the bondage brought by our separation from the One. Toth's greatness was recognized far and wide, and his position as leader of the Children of the Law of One, was not elected, it simply was - and every bit of it was fully earned.

Toth's physical form reflected his intensity. Like me, he is quite tall, towering over most people. His blazing blue eyes are framed within a drapery of long auburn hair and beard. You knew when he looked at you, that you were quite transparent to him. There was not hiding anything from him, or deceiving him. He could be quite intimidating to anyone who didn't *know* him well. But *such* kindness, and compassion. He has no equal in that, nor in his maintenance of his consciousness. No one saw things more objectively - seeing things from the heights and all encompassing viewpoint of the One. Truly he was my ideal, and with much emulation, hard work, and time, I had climbed the ladder of Initiation, to become one of his most advanced students. I was only a final Initiation away from being right there with him.

As my ship approached the Temple, the medimind unit abruptly switched off, ending its relaxing influence over my brainwaves. My thoughts turned to the flashing green landing indicator as I returned to the familiar feelings of my normal "waking" consciousness. "Stretching" back to full alertness, I remembered what I was doing. I must have arrived at the threshold of the Great Temple. No sooner had I concluded that, when the ship made its announcement, "ARRIVING...GREAT TEMPLE --- GUIDANCE SYSTEMS TRANSFER TO TEMPLE GROUND CONTROL". The Temple guardians had taken computer control of my ship, and were guiding me to the east well of the Temple - Toth's living quarters. Even though I wasn't in the best of spirits, the sight of the 600 meter tall, glistening white pyramid still filled me with awe, as always.

Three guardians met me at the hatch, including the chief guardian, An-Gel. "Master Toth awaits your presence." said Angel with a hurried tone. We entered the great gallery through a secret passage that I didn't even suspect existed, passing the entrance to the hall of Initiation. Halfway to what I thought was the end of the passage (from what I could see), Angel stopped and said "You may go alone from here.", in his most solemn tone.

"You have a nice one, too!" I said with a kind of half-kidding/half-wondering

look. The path didn't end where I thought it would. It was beset with mirrors - strange shaped mirrors that returned distorted images - some enhancing - some detracting. I felt dizzy, and began to feel as if I could no longer tell what images were real, and what were illusions. Then I remembered my last talk with Toth, and realized that they were *all illusions*. Just then, one of the mirrors slid open - the path had led me directly to Toth's med-chamber, where he was waiting. He sat in the position of the flower of the land of Om, and was wearing his golden cloak of Initiation.

I approached with much apprehension. I was dying to find the answers to so many things. but I was dreading what getting the answers might mean.

"Toth..."

"Yes, Osirus."

"Keph has been murdered."

"This I know, Osiris. It is a great loss to this world."

"Do you know who killed him!?"

"Yes, Osirus."

I waited for elaboration - the missing pieces of the puzzle that were needed to fall in place - words of wisdom to make them fit. Nothing was said for five minutes!

My mind was racing. Why was he not saying anything?!

"Well, who and why?!" I finally burst out.

"This is for me to know, and you to find out." Toth said.

I thought to myself, {{oh great, he's going to get inscrutable on me now. *This is for me to know and you to find out!* - Good one, Toth!}}

I thought to myself sarcastically, {{It had all the pizzazz of one of those sayings that would really catch on - yuccck! What a great quote for posterity! Give me a break!}}

"*Seriously*, Toth, I need help, I need some answers."

"Hear me, Osirus, help am I bestowing upon you. Answers you must find within and without."

"What do you *mean*?"

"Osirus, for many years you walked with the sons of Belial, you lay with the daughters of Belial. Yet you played at the Law of One. Always confusion with you. Always in-between with you. Now is you cross, Osirus. Now you must experience the dark night of the soul, and must you find the new light of the One has been born within and through your beingness. Finding these answers will be finding the end of your confusion of commitment. And finding these answers will be your finding of final Initiation. With 21 you know all. With 22 you shall pass full circle and become a fool who knows nothing, and join your brothers and sisters who have returned. Much to learn have you. Much to reconcile have you. Your contributions to Belial have done ill to this planet, and the beings that live within its bounds. Long term destruction of the environment have we. Why? For personal gain and comfort of a few. This you aided. We who are of the Law of One have always lived as One with the Earth-Mother. We live in ways that are beneficial to nature. The Belialians speak so - eco-

propaganda drips from their tongues, yet, have they not always used the Earth-Mother's resources for profit, with no thought as to renewal and consequences? Have you not cast votes in the high-council to allow this? It is time you find true answers to these things - go within! Belialians live not by the Law of One, but by one law - feed your every desire, thinking not of anyone or anything else. Their rule has applied to people as well as the land, enslaving our brothers and sisters, and oppressing the primitives that live in other distant lands. Follow you this path?! Waiver you between two laws, two paths. See where they lead, Osirus! See the self-destruction that earmarks Belialian short-sightedness. But does this path lead only to *self*-destruction? Or the destruction of the very existence of the world and its dwellers? Such is the cost of that life, and now payment is due. Have they not made an uninhabitable world full of suffering, all in exchange for power and wealth! Are these your friends, Osirus? You ask me who killed Keph, Osirus? You already know do you not? You search for reasons, when you are blind to reasons before you."

I couldn't believe it - Toth was telling me that I was somehow partly responsible for Keph's murder too! That was hard for me to accept or understand.

"But Toth, even though, I was once more understanding of the Belialian point of view, I never became so completely immersed in my indulgence that I lost all awareness of our link to the One, or the meaning and responsibility that underlay our existence here." I argued.

"I offer no arguments, Osirus. I just state the records. It is up to you to decide what truths you have ears to hear. If the words I have for you offend, I shall be silent and you may take leave of my presence."

"I'm sorry - I know you speak the truth, my ego just has a hard time sometimes. Please go on."

Toth stood up and stretched his hands up into the air. A pained expression crossed his face. "World-wide catastrophes comes now - retribution for the abuse of the Earth-Mother. The multi-level disruptions within her have taken great toll, and are past the point of no return. The Earth-Mother and Cosmic forces will create hostile conditions for our life-forms - they are going so even now, as we speak! They do this not out of avarice or malice towards us, they are flowing with the Law of One. Their attack is a natural reaction - it is to cleanse us from her being - just as our bodies rise in temperature, shake and heave, in order to cleanse themselves of unhealthy invading organisms. The use of psychic powers to override nature and Universal flows, rather than using them to assist the flow, will bring the *most* severe reprisals. Cataclysmic upheavals will be the 'effect of cause' for breaching Universal Laws. If that is not enough, Osirus, let us speak of the mind-control slavery of the animataurs. All of this you have aided, Osirus - you have cast votes on their behalf - votes that you knew were wrong deep inside. Now, all of this you must share responsibility in. All of this you shall pay for in your separate life, and in our lives together as One." he lowered his arms, looked at me penetratingly "I can give you no more than these words now, dear Osirus. The path is up to you. May the One guide your way. So let it be written. So let it be done. so Mote It

Be."

I knew he would say no more to me today, no matter what I did or how much I begged. When he said that "so let it..." phrase - that was it. He was done.

I was filled with shame - and guilt. Toth was right. I *was* responsible for many of the problems that now plagued Atlantis. I had changed though, and would not do the same things were I given a chance to live the past over. I guess Toth knew that too. He must know there is hope for me, or he would never even bothered talking to me. Over the years, I *had* grown to understand that indulgence created an insatiable cycle. For the sons of Belial, it had no end, no limits - no price was too great of a get-off or for self-aggrandizement - as long as someone else paid the price. It was when I began to realize the ultimately destructive effect of their ways, that I gradually turned back to the Law of One. But not before contributing to seriously harming others - and myself. Since then, with Toth and Isis' help I have achieved greater abilities of self-discipline, and self-determination in harmony with the Universal flows. But after Toth's lecture today, I understood that I still had a ways to go. In the past, the Belialians had taken advantage of me too often...I should probably say, I gave the Belialians advantage too often - I always knew what I was doing deep down. But NO MORE! I vow it.

I left Toth's med-chamber and started through the maze of passages that led to the chamber of the Fire in the Middle. I would contemplate there for awhile, and perhaps the immersion into the energy of the Earth-Mother that was concentrated there would give me a clue as to what to do next. I intuitively understood what Toth was telling me. Even though it wasn't what I wanted - it was what I needed.

The chamber of the Fire in the Middle was a place of tremendous power. Power of all kinds. It was one of the principle purposes of the Temple's architecture, and the thing that the design was named after [pyr-a-mid]. The design gathered and focused the various energies of the Earth-Mother: the life force; the raw energy which powered our vehicles and buildings; and the consciousness and intelligence of the Earth-Mother's very being. The chamber of Fire (in the middle) was also where the last stage of Initiation took place.

I entered the chamber, stopping at the fountain of eternal fire that burned at the threshold. I gathered a few buds of the Sacred Shin herb that lay in a container next to the fire. Blessing the Shin with my life energy, I cast the buds into the fire, thanking the Earth-Mother for her gift as it burned. The great energy vortex of the chamber began to outline itself as the smoke filled the air. Lying in the Sarcophagus of Initiation, I began assimilating the smoke and energy in the manner prescribed (breath of Fire). My body began to tingle. After my last initiation, Toth had given me the keys to body disengagement and vision reception. I decided to use the techniques now, to aid in my guidance contemplation. I visualized my body encircled with a sphere of light (protecting it from invasion during my absence). Next, I shifted my center of awareness within my body, moving it slowly down from my head to my toes, and back again. I repeated the technique until I was "loosened". Finally, I disengaged - I

was free from the body! What a wonderful feeling. I asked the guidance of the Great One. Instantly, I "flew" to a site I was familiar with. It was the solar/geothermal power generation plant about 10 miles from my home. Suddenly it erupted with an explosive force I had never even imagined could exist. It split the earth wide open, lava spewed miles into the air. Then the earth began to shake, so greatly that all I could perceive was leveled. Then it happened - far off in the horizon I could see the land beginning to submerge. It continued until all the land, in all directions, vanished beneath the waves...without a trace that it ever even existed. The vision ended abruptly, and I followed the silver cord back to my body. The destruction I had just witnessed must be one of the events that Toth warned us about. But why was the hierarchy showing it to me? Perhaps it was a clue to Keph's death, and the path of discovery that Toth told me I must follow.

The Guardians returned to escort me to my tranship. As we walked down the halls, I thought about all that had just happened. Toth answered none of my questions...sort of. Yet he answered the question of what I needed to do. My vision created more questions than it answered. I still had a lot to contemplate, and much to uncover, but I *felt* as if I'd learned much, even though when I *thought* about it...I didn't *think* I had??

My ship's computer requested coordinates. I needed to go to Alta to search for answers to Keph's murder. But there was no point in pushing myself now - nothing could change what had already happened. It was late, and to say this had been a long day would be a felonious understatement. I needed regeneration before I could think straight. An infusion of sexual energy from Isis, and a good night's sleep was just what the doctor ordered (or at least would have ordered if she were here). Oh, no! - Sidome! I'd forgotten to warn her about the danger from BSA! As I tried to call her, Isis "popped" into my head. "Don't fret, Osirus, I've already contacted Sidome about the situation - she's fine."

"Thank you, love, sometimes I don't know what I'd do without you."

"You *wouldn't* do."

My thoughts had led me to a link with Sidome. And as my ship silently sped through the midnight -blue sky towards home, she and I spent a few quiet moments together. Locked in soul embrace that can't be properly described with language (or even by thought itself), we shared, and touched each other where it's impossible to touch.

Sidome soon had to break her link with me to tend a patient. But the day after tomorrow we'd have some real quality time together. We were all looking forward to that with childlike anticipation.

It would be a few minutes before I arrived home - I was still nearly 1000 kilometers away. I decided to catch the news. Both network news shows had no report on Keph's murder. Even Keph's own show offered no explanation as to his absence. The cover-up must have been crafted at the highest levels of the Belialian political power structure.

I was really looking forward to getting home. It had already become my

sanctuary in this ever maddening world... it was just about the only place that I really liked to be anymore. And *now*... it was becoming more like a refuge for a desperate escapee.

CHAPTER THREE

Our home was on the outskirts of Eden town, right on the shore of the Atlantean Sea. Isis, Sidome and I all loved the water - both for its beauty from the surface, and for its wonders beneath the waves. In order to make the most out of our location, we built part of the house on the beach, and extended it out off-shore for about 300 meters. One wing was underground, and underwater, reaching all the way out to the edge of the famous Garden Reef.

Our house was truly a "dream" home, as I used a computer thought-scan of our combined imaginings in order to design it. As with most buildings, it was built by modern matter-projection construction methods, but our house was by far more unique than most (how could it be otherwise coming from the imaginations of three such eccentric people?). Every detail of our thought-conceptions for a house was replicated and manifested by molecular synthesis.

The synthetic building material created by matter-projection was called tels. It had a smooth, satiny quality and a beautiful white radiance. Stimulating the material with elenergy caused it to glow with a soft luminosity throughout the entire segment that was wired, and the color of the light it gave off could be altered by changing the frequency of the elenergy. The tight molecular binding of tels literally repelled all foreign substances. dirt was easily removed by suction rails that ran the length of the baseboards (in our house this was done automatically 6 times per day). It was an amazingly omni-versital material, with variable density and resilience. Thus it was used for most everything from the structure of the building itself, to its furnishings - toilets, dishes, walls, beds, chairs, doors, flooring, pools, pedestals, 3-d sculptures, roofing - just about anything that wasn't edible could be made with tels!

The general shape of our house was like a long arched hallway that spanned the entire distance from the beach to the reef. At each end there was the typical half-dome shape that rounded off the archways and gave the house excellent strength against the powerful seasonal storms that occasionally hit the Eden coast. These storms would sometimes create monstrous waves over 9 meters tall - but even their incessant pounding couldn't phase our dome-arch domicile. Our main lounging area was seaside. The windows wrapped around the forward above-surface dome segment. On this level, the waves lapped at the windows' bottom edges, making it look as though you were in a tranship that was beginning to submerge. I never tired of the way it looked, or the view from there. In the center of the lounging area was a pool. *This* pool had free tidal access to the sea, and was specially designed to be comfortable for our occasional guests and dear friends of the Dolphin community. A dividing wall separated our heat therapy aeration pool from the tidal pool (our favorite place to relax while visiting with the dolphins). Our bed chambers and food preparation chamber were below the lounging areas, and were below water level. The windows of the lower chambers looked directly out upon the reef. The lush coral foliage there instantly explained to any observer why it was called

the Garden Reef of Eden. Exotic shapes and colors created a style and atmosphere that no decorator could ever hope to accomplish. The 180 degree view of the wrap-around windows gave you the sensation of actually living in the reef, a feeling that we all enjoyed enormously.

Arriving home, I relayed to Isis all that had transpired during my visit with Toth at the Temple. She listened patiently, and nodded occasionally. I hoped that there would be at least some part of the story she didn't already know - but you never knew with her - she liked to keep people guessing, including me.

I went down to the bed chamber and fell asleep immediately. It was a restless sleep though, attributable to the combination of the energy of a waxing full moon and relentless nightmares. It was the kind of night that makes you feel like dawn is constantly 'looming'. You want dawn to arrive because it will put an end to the night, but at the same time you dread its arrival because you're too damn tired. But instead of the seemingly inevitable rising with the dawn, I found myself 'rising' to the warm, soft caresses of Isis' hands stroking my inner thigh. Soon we were engaged in the intense embraces of tantric interplay, and joined our energies in etheric ecstasy. For the next several hours we were totally immersed in a spiral vortex of orgenergy. With each of her undulating releases, a new wave of energy was added to our vortex of oneness - it flowed through her into me, then through me to her, never beginning and never ending like the symbol of infinity. Even though Sidome wasn't physically with us, we could still feel her presence, and soon, we linked with her essence. Our tantric dance became a shared triunal celebration of the energies of the Life Force. For the time, we were in timelessness- we were pure energy, out-of-body, totally of one mind, one being. We shared the experience of each other's bodies at will, as a whole. We became renewed in body and spirit, through the power unleashed by our love and the precious gift of the Life Forces.

Sunrise finally came. The soft diffused light of the Sun radiating through the reef bathed the room in a beautiful blue-green glow. I was clear-minded and centered again. As I lay in bed, staring at the watery reflections on the ceiling through half-awake eyes, I reviewed yesterday's events, and considered today's necessities. Where should I go next? Where to start? Keph's country dome might have some clues - he usually wrote his "investigative" stories there, and he had a compulink to his newsroom office.

I got out of bed and made my way into the bathroom. It too was surrounded by reef views - unfortunately. It was probably the only part of my design that I regretted. {{Jeeez!...}}, I thought to myself, {{I hate it when the fish gather around when you go to the bathroom! Oh, what the hell, maybe I'll still get used to it someday}}. Switching on the shower visi-com I tuned in the morning news - still no mention of Keph. It figures. While the post-shower body dryer evaporated the moisture from my skin, I changed channels to the rotating camera on our roof. It was a beautiful day, the waves mild and the water inviting. There would be no time for diving *today*, though.

Isis was already in the food-prep chamber designing breakfast.

"I don't have time to eat this morning, hun."

"Osirus, you've got to keep up your strength - don't skip eating."

"I wouldn't digest it anyway, Isis. That would be worse than not eating, don't you think?"

"Nooooo."

"I'll see you later - I'm going to Keph's country dome to see if I can find anything that might shed some light on why he was killed."

"Nothing I can do to change your mind?", she said as she wiggled her body at me like a trick-shot artist Belialian belly-yogi.

"About breakfast? No."

"About anything?"

Later that morning I finally made it to my tranship to leave. Our breakfast Tantra was giving me a late start, but considering the kind of day I had yesterday, and the kind of day I was likely to have today, the extra energy would probably come in handy. I decided to switch on the brainwave translator controller, and try to mentally guide my ship again. I wasn't suicidal mind you, I would just be extremely careful not to let my thoughts wander this time. (I could just see it now – thought control tranship accidents littering the countryside, then the educational campaign starts - a lady comes on the visicom and says, "We *must* prevent people from '*dreaming & driving*' ". Hover-signs and roadblocks everywhere. What a weird thought... I must be a little high still from the Shin in the Fire Chamber yesterday! Anyway, here goes – {hatch close}. {Auto-pilot, on}. {Keph's country dome}. Great. We're off. But, *just* to be safe, I switched it off thought-control before I thought *anything* else. It would be best to keep it that way as standard procedure while in transit.

Keph's place was only 10 kilometers from ours, so we arrived almost instantly. I switched my ship's auto-pilot back on thought-control for the landing, and it went very well. Keph's house was a single dome, with multiple sky panels. It was small but beautiful, and more than adequate for an un-bonded male like Keph. Like myself in days not so long gone, Keph's indulgence with Belialian women kept him quite stimulated, and busy, for many years. I'd since vowed against sex without commitment and the finer energies of bonding, but Keph still dabbled. I knew Keph kept a spare Soni-key hidden under a rock. It was still there. As I began to unlock the door I discovered that it was already open. Not Keph's style, to say the least. Someone other than Keph and his friends must have been here – and might still be. The house was in shambles! Someone had really torn it apart looking for something - probably the same thing I was hoping to find - anything that would link Keph to something so big that it might put his life in danger.

His bed chamber was littered with clothes thrown from the closet and ripped to shreds - there were quite a few women's things, not unexpected of course, and some hot little sheer...{{don't get distracted, Osirus}} (I wasn't quite sure if that was the voice of my conscious or the voice of my Isis.) His computer was on - someone had been searching his files. All his opti-disks were gone. But his computer still had a link to his newsroom office. Whoever did this apparently couldn't break his password system. That meant that they would hit his office

next, if they hadn't already done so. Keph told me about his computer password system once. What was that he used...? I remember. It was based on one of his favorite pastimes, and his concept of a physical ideal for a female figure. Now what was that...36-24-36? I entered it into the computer. No entry. 38-24-36? No entry? 40-22-34? BINGO! I had access! "Keph you are one weird puppy - wherever you are!" Now what? I couldn't stay here while I went through all these files, I was technically trespassing after all, and it could be tough explaining the condition of the house. What luck! I just remembered that I had a small opti-disk in my pocket, leftover from when I was working on my ship's climate-control program. I decided to download all files from the newsroom onto disk, then review it at home. Done. Now it was time to get the hell out of there.

When I got back aboard my tranship I had a surprise waiting for me. But not the kind of surprise that makes you feel like saying "Oh, goodie!". It was two enforcers from the Belialian Security Agency with the biggest damn pulsar weapons I'd ever seen.

"Can I help you?" I said innocently.

"Sure, we just want that pretty little disk you got in your hand there."

"Oh, this...why would you want this? This is just a garden control program. I'm the gardener here, you see, and I come every Thursday to monitor for necessary landscape maintenance control changes." {{Quick thinking, Osiris}} I thought to myself as I mentally patted myself on the back.

"This house doesn't have a garden. And we *know* who you are."

"Who do you *think* I am?"

"Os-Irus. And we know Keph called you. Now just hand over the disk so we can get this over with. We still need to disintegrate you, see, and we need to be getting on to lunch." I remembered that my thought controller was still on!

{Hatch-close}

"Huh???" The enforcers were startled and assumed someone must be outside the tranship hatch operating the external controls. But before they could catch their breath...

{300 meters vertical climb - full drive}.

I grabbed onto my pilot seat and held on for dear life. The ship turned on its side and simultaneously accelerated to top speed - straight up - then stopped dead in hover. The enforcers were totally taken by surprise. They had no idea that I was causing them to be tossed about the cabin like a wilted lettuce salad (with croutons). I managed to get into my seat and secure my harness.

{Horizontal, 300 meters, full drive}

Wooosh, BAMMM! Oops, they smashed into the floor. I did this maneuver a couple of more times for good measure. As the former enforcers snapped from one side of the ship to the other, they were shaken, not stirred, and thoroughly knocked unconscious (although I didn't consider them to be very conscious even when they *were* "conscious"!)

I leveled the ship, opened the hatch, and shoveled my two unwelcome visitors out of the hatchway. Toth would probably not approve of my disposal of these

jerks, but waiting a little longer for final initiation was worth ridding Atlantis of this scum. So mote it be. "Have a good lunch, fellas," I said as I rushed to meet the ground below). I returned home to find Isis waiting for me - scowling at me. "I'm sorry..." I shrugged. "but it felt *good*." She just continued looking at me disapprovingly.

CHAPTER FOUR

A Penny For Your Thoughts.

"You know...you could have brought those enforcers to the Temple for psychic scanning." Isis said scoldingly.

"Yes. But it wouldn't have been as much fun."

"Well, I'm glad you're all right at least."

"Gee, thanks."

"So what are you going to do now?"

"I copied all of Keph's newsroom files onto one of my opti-disks. I'll start searching them right away for anything that looks like it could be an issue worth killing for."

"I've got a feeling about file 13, Osirus. You might want to check that first."

"OK."

I wasted no time in going to the data library and loading up file 13. Isis was usually right about her "hunches". The screen flashed up the file titles. File thirteen...ah, there it was. Hmm, just a story about the elenergy "brownouts" on the eastside of Eden town. Nothing out of the ordinary for Keph. Reading through it, I couldn't find anything that could be considered of a "serious" nature. Hell, there wasn't even anything someone might find embarrassing, let alone feel a need to commit murder over. It looked like Isis was off on this one... strange. I started reading every file - thirty-three in all. But nothing seemed to hold any clues. They were all seemingly benign stories: Gardening in drought conditions; Tranship recalls; Home safety tips; etc. - Keph's usual lot. Either I was missing something, or someone had already gotten to the file I wanted and erased it. I vaguely remembered someone at a party telling me that computers didn't really erase files. Isis was with me that night - maybe she would remember more. I found her in the med chamber, hanging upside down from the inversion rods.

"Isis, do you remember anything about a discussion that was going on during a party we had last year - it was about computer file erasure?"

"Just a second, Osirus. Let me access. -.....Yes. I've got a picture of a gray-haired man. He came with Tel-Us, Ri-Va and Ju-Ti. I think he was mainly friends with Telus and Riva. His name was...Shi...RoTa."

"I'll give them a call and get his number. Thanks, Isis."

"Just leave a half-gold-chip on the dressing stand."

I ordered the visi-com to call Telus's. {{Come on... answer the damn phone....!}}

"Yes?"

"On, Juti, I'm glad you're home. I need some information. Are the guy's home?"

"No. Telus and Riva went on an overnight hike. I couldn't go 'cause I screwed up my knee."

"Sorry to hear that, how'd you do it?"

"Well...it happened in bed. Its stupid - you don't want to hear about it."

"Well I *am* in a rush. But I hope it gets better soon, maybe you should see Siddy."

"No, it will be all right...as long as I keep those guys off of me for a week or two."

"Ooohh. I get it. Well, anyway, maybe you could give me the information I need."

"What is it, Osirus?"

"Information? It means content - things about a subject that explain or describe. But that's not important now."

"OK wise guy. What...is...it...you...want...to...know? Is *that* better?"

"Much. Do you have the number for Telus's friend Shi-ro-ta?"

"Sure. Just a sec. Here it is. 2 Baker Alpha Zero, in Alta."

"Thanks Juti - Bye."

"(?)...Bye, Osirus. Say hi to Isis and Si (click).?"

I dialed the number and waited for him to answer with my usual patience.

{{COME ON!!}}

A gray-haired man appeared on the screen.

"Yes." He looked familiar, but it had been a long time.

"Shirota?"

"Yes."

"I met you at a party last year at my house. You came with Telus, Riva and Juti?..."

"Oh, yes. I remember you. Os-Trus, wasn't it?"

"Os-Irus."

"Oh, that's right. How are you doing, Osirus?"

"OK. Listen, Shirota, I need your help. Do you remember telling me something about files that are erased from a computer disk aren't really erased?"

"No. I don't."

"Oh, *great*."

"But that is true."

"It is?! Fantastic. Do you know if there is a way to access them once they've been 'erased'?"

"Yes. The files themselves don't get erased, just the file name and number in the directory. That's what makes a file un-accessible - and 'appear' to be gone. I have a program that can sometimes retrieve 'erased' files, but there are no guarantees and it's difficult and time consuming to use."

"This involves the murder of a friend of mine, Shirota. It's very important to me, and perhaps many others. Will you help me with this?"

"Of course, Osirus. Would you like me to come over there?"

"As soon as possible."

"I'll leave as soon as I find my program."

"Thanks Shirota. See you in a few minutes." Shirota soon arrived - not only with his program, but also with a new supercomputer in his briefcase. They were called compulators, and they were so advanced from regular computers that they were revolutionizing data processing.

"This will save us a lot of time.", he said as he patted his tiny prize gadget on the lid.

"Thank you again for helping, Shiota. I can't tell you how much this means."

"Think nothing of it, Osirus. Just leave a quarter-gold-chip on my briefcase."

{{Oh, *brother*! Two great comedians in one day! - I don't deserve this!}}

"Uh, right, Shiota. - Good one."

"OK, where is the disk you want scanned?"

"Here it is."

"Good. I'll just set this parameter and..."

"How long does it take to scan the whole thing?"

"Ordinarily, this much data would take about 2 hours if you're lucky. But with this little baby - 2 minutes - if we're *real* lucky. I'd forgotten I just got this. I didn't think of it until after you called."

"I've heard about these new computators, but this is the first time I've seen one in action. Impressive."

"Yes, they are. It's done. Ah, there has only been one file erased - it's loading up now. There you go." It was another benign, stupid story. *Faulty construction projectors create walls that discolor*. I didn't get it! What was I missing?

"Could this have been file 13, Shiota?"

"Might have been, there's no way of telling because the files get automatically re-numbered when you erase. I hope that this helps you."

"Thanks, Shiota. I'm sure it will...somehow. I've got to contemplate it all now to try and make some sense of it. I'll walk you to your tranship."

If it weren't for Toth's "attitude", I'd already *know* what this was all about! Oh, well. I went back to the med chamber to do a stress-release. I needed to review this with a clear mind. Isis was still there.

"How's it going, Osirus?"

"You know."

"Did you look at file 13?"

"Yes. But it was just a bunch of bland reporting on the brownouts in Eden proper. You were out of touch this time, kid."

"What did it say about them?"

"It just dealt with the typical inefficiency of Belialian power systems, and the usual explanation of temporary circuit shut-downs. All things that had been said a million times before."

"Didn't you say you had a vision at the Temple that involved a power plant near here. Was it a Belialian type plant?"

"... that's right! Why didn't I think of that before?!"

"Calm down, dear."

"Yeah. OK."

"Why don't you do a stress-release, and I'll go design some dinner."

"Thank you, Isis. That sounds good. I'm sorry I doubted your skill."

"That's all right, Osirus. *Just put a half-gold-chip on the table when you leave.*"

"Ohhh, Nooooo! Will I ever survive this?!"

CHAPTER FIVE

Knights on White Satin

For many years now there had been two entirely different types of power generation plants in Atlantis. This came to be as the result of disputes between the Children of the Law of One and the Sons of Belial. Originally, all we had were the same type of passive generation plants that the Brotherhood still uses. But that kind of plant doesn't generate as much power as the Belialian kind. Because the Belialians are energy ravenous and wasteful, they demanded greater amounts of energy to suit their extravagant lifestyles.

The old style plant is harmonious with Universal flows, and had virtually no environmental impact. It was based on the pyramid shape. This shape, when properly aligned with the Earth-Mother's electro-magnetic field, focuses energy in the center of it. Placed in the center was an ark, about the size of a travel trunk. This ark was insulated with layers of Gold plating inside and outside, thus giving it the qualities of elenergy capacitance. The ark would build up elenergy from what was being focused on it, then release it in peak waves. The crystals at the top of the power generation pyramids would then change the frequency of the elenergy, enabling it to be transmitted through the air. The energy was thus available to anyone who had a converter crystal on their home, business building, or tranship. The converter crystal would change the frequency back into a usable form of elenergy, and "presto"... you have power wherever you need it. But this form of generation power could only create limited amounts of power, and because of the nature of the peak wave releases from the ark, it was not smooth, continuous power. After conversion at home, for instance, it needed to be sent to storage modules, then drawn off from them, in order to achieve a smooth continuous flow of elenergy.

The Belialian system had much higher output, and direct smooth continuous flow, but at the cost of great disruption of the Earth-Mother. And as opposed to the older pyramid plants which were maintenance free, the Belialian plants were maintenance intensive, requiring both animataurs for manual labor, and Belialian white collar workers for continuous monitoring and regulation. The system involved using a combination of solar laser power (and star-driven laser power at night), and geo-thermal generation. Lasers powered by the Sun bored deep into the Earth-Mother's flesh, and reaching the places of liquid-fire, it would super-heat coils full of thermal-transmission liquid. The heat changed the liquid into a rapidly expanding gas, which was then used to turn huge elenergy generating turbines. The elenergy they created would then be converted into elemenergy laden laser transmission beams which were computer aimed at power receptor/converters on homes, etc. Tranships were computer tracked, and computer piloted to keep them within line-of-sight courses. It's big drawback was that line-of-sight necessity. The laser beams could travel for thousands of kilometers, and their tranships could withstand temporary interruptions (with

back-up power storage modules), but basically you still needed to stay within the beam. But while you were in it - it was *powerful*. A Belialian tranship could run circles around a typical Brotherhood tranship. Before Atlantis allowed the Belialian generators, there were decades of heated political debates. Those on the side of the Children of the Law of One, fought their development and deployment fiercely, citing the misuse of natural and Universal forces, the damage to the Earth-Mother, and the further abuse of animataurs as slaves. The risk of an accident - a sort of melt-down from a misdirected laser bore, was also a big issue. But the Belialians claimed there were too many back-up safety systems in place for that to ever be a danger. But the wise ones predicted the wrath of nature would be inevitable, even if there were no accidents, because the way the plants operated was disharmonious with the flow of the ecosystem. Finally, through much lobbying, and corruption, a compromise was struck. The Belialians would be allowed to build a limited number of the plants, but they would be under monitor by a new government agency. Unfortunately, that agency was soon planted with Belialians and Belialian "payrollee's". The public was allowed to decide on an individual basis who they would get their power from. Those who strictly adhered to the tenants of the Children of the Law of One did not even consider it a choice of course, but those who were not so committed went both ways. Many though, were quite willing to be conservative in their power uses, in order to prevent supporting the abuse of animataurs. We had installed a computer power monitoring panel in our house. It controlled how many appliances, and which appliances would be operating at any given time, to make best use of our power. It also monitored lights and turned them off in areas of the house that weren't occupied.

The type of power plant I saw in my vision was Belialian, and it wasn't far from here. Since Keph's story was about power outages on this side of Eden town, that was the only plant that could have been involved. Keph's death had something to do with that. But what? I needed to think like a reporter. What would Keph do to cover his "Brownouts" story? For one thing, he'd ask questions (obviously). Who would he talk to? The power company executives, of course. And he'd probably go out to the plant itself to interview management, too.

I decided to follow in Keph's footsteps to retrace his investigation. If I could disguise myself as a reporter, perhaps I'd stumble upon the same things he discovered. I'd need some help to create a viable "cover". Let's see - who did he know well at the station? More importantly, who could I trust at the station? It was time to go pick up Sidy at the healing temple. As I was leaving, I ordered my tranship to make a high, slow pass by the power plant. I wanted to get a better look at this thing that seemed to be at the center of so much in my life right now. As we flew over I thought to myself, "Jeez, it sure doesn't look like much. Certainly nothing out of the ordinary. Just that invisible stuff." I knew most people would never see Keph's bloodstains all over the damn thing - but I did.

Sidome was waiting for me at the gateway. I told her about my new thought-controlled tranship computer, and how my little toy saved my life during my adventure with the enforcers (I changed the story a bit though - in order to protect the innocent - mainly my ass). I knew Sidome would probably think my actions were brutal, and I didn't want to tell her exactly how it went.

"What happened next, Osirus? What did you do with them? Bring them to the Temple Guardians?"

"Well...Oh, we should stop off and pick up some Oolang for later." I cleverly changed the subject.

{{Tell her, Osirus}} No question about it *this* time. That was Isis, not my conscience.

"Well, Sidy...you see...I was rather worked up. My adrenalin was all out of control, you know? I kind of pushed them."

"What do you mean, pushed them? Pushed them where?"

"Out of my ship..."

"While you were still in the air?!"

"Sort of."

"Oh, Osirus.....you are funny sometimes."

"Funny sometimes?" And *sometimes* Sidy could really seem funny to me. Sometimes she really surprised me - like now.

"Yes. Did you think I'd be angry or disappointed with you or something?"

"Well, you are so kind, caring and compassionate... and the great healer and all."

"Yes, but those men were trying to *kill* you, my love. They didn't have anything within them worth saving, as far as I'm concerned."

"I'm glad you feel that way, Sidy. I *was* afraid you'd think less of me."

"That's impossible, Osirus." She said with a smirk on her face.

"Hey...What do you *mean* by that?"

"*Nothing*, silly. I was *just teasing* you."

"Oh."

When we got home Isis was waiting at the door. We had a long tripple-hugger, and an energy/bonding technique that gave us all quite a "high". Soon, we slipped out of our clothes, and slipped into the heat-aeration pool.

"Siddy, sweetheart, can I get you anything to drink?" Isis queried.

"Yes, hun. Some of that Oolang sounds great!"

We had a wet-bar that was on a ledge that jutted out over the pool.

"You, Osirus?"

"Yes. A double, please."

"Oh, poor Osirus. This has been a rough week for him, Sidy. You'll have to give him a good working over." She smiled.

"Oh, *I will*, Isis. And you *too*." She got the most devilish little grin.

"Oooooo!", replied Isis.

Just then the heads of three of our dolphin friends splashed up from the tidal pool.

"...!!!"

"It's so good to see you too!" Sidome said to them.

It was Nur-ree, Sur-ree and Neph-toon. Nephtoon was a big male dolphin, and leader of the entire marine mammal community that lived in the Atlantean Sea area. Nurree and Surree were two of his mates. They were all very close friends of ours. Isis and Sidome could understand them, but I hadn't quite developed the skill yet, although I was trying. All of the dolphins, on the other hand, seemed to have no trouble understanding us.

"...?" They were asking if we wanted to play a game with them. We had waterproof plastic cards we used especially for playing with them. Their favorite game was one in which we'd take turns trying to guess what card someone else had in their hand (or flipper, as the case may be). If he being who's turn it was, correctly guessed the card in someone else's hand, they got the card. If the guess was wrong, they had to go eat a fish. The game was a lot more fun for the dolphins. And because I was the least psychic, I usually ended up with most of the fish - but they knew I'd give them my fish instead of eating it.

"No, not right now darlings, but maybe later. We haven't been able to spend much time together lately, and want to just relax and have some nice Tantra."

"..." With that they jumped up high in the air, dove back in the pool and were gone in a flash, I guess they understand quite well.

Isis went to prepare the bed chamber, while Sidome and I continued to snuggle beneath the warm, bubbling water.

"I'll be in the bed chamber when you two are ready."

"We'll be there in a few minutes, love."

We got out of the pool and took a quick dip in the tidal pool. The cool salt water was invigorating and felt so life-giving. As we walked together towards the bed chamber, Sidome took my arm and leaned her head on my shoulder.

"It's hard on my being away so much, Osirus. I know it's my duty and I have to fulfill my role - and I do feel good about helping people, but... I need to be with you and Isis more, especially now."

"What do you mean, especially now?"

"Didn't Isis tell you. I'm going to be with child."

"Whatt? No, she *didn't* tell me. You know how Isis likes to keep secrets."

"I suppose I'm a bit mysterious too." She looked up at me with those big soft kitty eyes. She had the look of asking for approval.

"Well, when is this supposed to happen?"

"Tonight."

"Well thanks for telling me!"

"Are you angry?"

"No. I suppose I just get tired of being so out of touch that I'm the last one to know anything about anything around here. But I'm not angry with you my love. I think that it's wonderful. And I'm certainly going to look forward to

seeing more of you around here. All I've ever got to look at these days is Isis (I said jokingly)

{{I heard that!}}

{{Good. That's what you get for thought-tapping all the time!}}

"But, Siddy, I don't think it's going to be here that we will be for very much longer." She looked wistful, and said "I know. I feel it too. I had hoped the child would be born here, with all of us, and the dolphins around to celebrate his arrival."

"His?"

"I know he is going to be a good and powerful being. Toth told me there was a 'waiting list' for me. Can you imagine?"

"How could it be otherwise with one as loving as you."

By the time we reached the bed chamber, Isis was lying seductively across the bed. She'd put new white satin sheets on the mattress, and white satin "donuts" on her nipples. She had erotic black-webbed crotch riders on (if you could call it having "something on"), and a stimu-wand in her hand.

"Oh, boy. It looks like we're in for it now, Siddy."

"Osirus, you just lay down here and shut up or I'll have to tie you down. Siddy, I got some cute new things for you too - over there on the dresser."

"Ummm, these are cute, hun. Thank you. Oooo, what's *this* for?"

I looked up at the strange object. Then I looked over at Isis and said, "I know, I know. That's for you to know and me to find out, right?"

Later that evening, the time had come for the conception. This would be a conscious conception, as was the way with the Sisterhood, and the High Initiates of the Brotherhood. When the time came (and me too [I know, I know]), all of us were in the deepest levels of Tantric bonding. Our souls were at one with each other, and the Universal One. In our thoughts we all decreed simultaneously, {"The will of the One be done within us"}.

Then we burst into a wondrous mutual orgasm that felt as though the Earth-Mother was having an orgasm right along with us. In a way, I suppose she was. A great soul had joined us, and he would be a blessing to all - even the Earth-Mother. Siddy and Isis could see the new arrival's aura and essence. I could only sense it. I could tell he was a male, and he felt very familiar to me.

"Do you know who this is?" I said.

Isis answered, "Of course, Osirus." and she looked over at Sidome grinning like the cat that just ate the canary. Sidome smiled at me tenderly and said "It is your Father, Osirus. Ho-rus of Alta."

I couldn't say anything. My mouth dropped open. I was elated! My father and I were very close. He was a full Initiate of the Brotherhood, and had once sat at the right hand of Toth. It would be such a pleasure to be together again, and to care for him as a child would be a great honor. We all sat together in a circle, with the essence of Horus in the center, and welcomed him with the sacred chant of the diversification of the One, the Tetragrammaton. And of course, our love.

CHAPTER SIX

Knight of the Dolphin

THUD!.....THUD!.....THUD!.....

"What the hell is that noise?!" I mumbled to myself as I struggled out of my deep slumber. I sat up and listened. Nothing. I looked at the clock - 3 O'clock in the morning. {{Great - Now I probably won't be able to get back to sleep.}} I laid back down, hoping against hope to return to my dream in the same place I left off.

THUD!.....THUD!.....THUD! There it was again!

"*thud...thud...thud!!!!*"

Dolphin talk! I sat up again, looking around through my groggy eyes. I got up and switched on the reef lights. It *was* dolphins! What the hell are they up to?

"Isis! Sidome! wake up!"

"What is it, Osirus?" Isis said begrudgingly.

"The dolphins are banging on the window with their noses. They're saying something but I don't understand it."

"OK, OK. I'll answer the visi-com..."

"Never mind, Isis."

"Siddy, can you tell me what the hell they're saying?"

"Yes, dear...calm down. I'll see what they want."

She closed her eyes and communicated with them psychically. In less than a minute she opened her eyes again and spoke abruptly, "Osirus. They said there are divers out there, heading for the house."

"How many?"

"Uh..." She closed her eyes again for a second, "Two."

"Sounds like another enforcer hit team. They must be planning on getting around our defenses by coming in the tidal pool access tunnel. Damn! I knew I should have included that in our house defense plans."

"Isis! Wake up!"

Sidome was immediately on the external security visi-com monitor panel.

"There's something registering about 300 meters from the access tunnel."

"I don't suppose anyone's got a death-ray handy?"

"We don't need one, Osirus. We've got *me*." Isis was only half-awake, but fully boasting.

"Yeah, but what if you're taken off-guard?"

"Who...me? I'm already tracking them. No one can get away with stealing *my* tranship." She was still a bit out-of-it.

"Uh...Yeah...Sure, Isis. I'd still feel better with a death-ray. I'm going to get into my Tok-Ri fighting suit, and wait for them at the tidal pool. As soon as they poke their ugly little heads out of the water. I'll nail them."

"Nail them with *what*?" Isis said sarcastically.

"One of my Tok-Ri weapons - something with a nice sharp point."

"What? Your head? Sorry - Me teasing."

"Not *now*, Isis. This is serious. Wake up will you?! Sidome, once they get to the tidal pool, you get in the dive-lock. If they get past me, use the emergency eject - the dolphins will help you from there."

"But Osirus..."

"No buts, Sidy. You've got a child to think about now. Just do it - don't argue."

"OK." She said reluctantly. "But you better take care of yourselves or I'll kill ya's both!"

"Isis, you stay...Isis?"

Isis had gone down the hallway while I was talking. She was going to take on the intruder alone. Suree appeared at the window again,

"*ts...ts...ts...ts...ts...ts...*".

"What did she say Sidome?"

"...They tried to stop the divers. Nuree was shot with a death-ray. Nephtoon took out one of them, but the one with the death-ray got away."

"Quickly, Sidy, use the reef-intercom. Warn all dolphins to keep a safe distance. I'm going after Isis."

"Osirus - someone is at the entrance of the tunnel access. Oh, NO! One of the dolphins is coming up behind the diver. It's Nephtoon." Nephtoon was a loyal friend, and stubborn. It figures he'd ignore our warning.

"He's got the diver's leg. OHHhhh! He shot Nephtoon!"

"Keep your eye on the monitor - I'm getting my Tok-Ri gear and weapons harness on. Keep me informed of every movement."

"Osirus, the diver's in the tunnel now! I'm switching to internal cameras. The diver is coming out of the tidal pool - shedding his aqua-gear. I don't see Isis anywhere. I've got movement in the main lounge - he's moving towards the front of the house. He's at the front stairway. Going downstairs - probably heading for our bed chamber."

"Where the hell is Isis?"

"I don't *know*. She's still not visible *anywhere*!"

"Go get in the dive-lock, *NOW*!"

Sidome hurried for the lock - "Switch to Infra-Red scan, Osirus - if Isis is using a cloaking field you should still be able to get something on IR."

I quickly responded to Sidome's suggestion. "*There* she is." I could see Isis' outline on the monitor screen now - she was almost to the front stairway landing... and so was the "Mirror of Light" field, but I couldn't be sure. She didn't say anything to me, she just slipped away. What if she wasn't?! She always had a problem waking up alert - but what was more worrisome to me... she had a problem with sleep-walking also. It was too late to run after her.

*I got it...*the house power distribution monitor panel was right here in our bed chamber. Maybe I could at least give Isis a little help - by creating a momentary distraction for our deadly intruder. I switched the power distribution computer off of automatic, and on to manual. Now I could control any light in the house. Maybe I could make the intruder think that someone was upstairs, behind him. I

switched on the upper stairway landing light. The astonished intruder spun around, firing up the staircase. Just then, Isis came into view, stretched out her arms towards the intruder, and let out such an energy blast that it knocked him half-way back up the stairs. I gave Sidome an all-clear sign, and she ran back from the dive-lock.

"It looks like Isis got a head start on cooking breakfast today.", I said to Sidome, "...And she gets on *my* case for throwing someone out of my ship!"

"Thank goodness for the dolphins. We'd *all* be 'breakfast' if it weren't for their vigilance and self-sacrificing help. I'll see if there's anything I can do for them." Sidome used the reef-intercom to ask the dolphins to bring Nephtoon and Nuree's bodies to the tidal pool.

I met Isis in the hallway at the bottom of the stairs. She was a little dazed from using so much of her life-energies.

"Sit down Isis. It's all over now. You did good, kid."

"I'm all right now, Osirus. I didn't even *think* about what I was doing. Maybe I was still asleep. Or maybe it's my surrogate 'mama' defenses going on automatic."

"I guess so! He didn't even get to experience your 'Mirror of Light' trick, you blew him away so fast!"

"...I...I don't think I was using it, Osirus."

"Oh, Isis!"

The guy's chest was still smoking. Strange, he looked familiar to me. I don't think this was your average enforcer hit.

"Isis, would you contact the Guardians telepathically, and ask them to get over here right away?"

"Sure."

Sidome ran past us, double-step jumping up the stairway and broad-jumping right over our intruder's body. As she went by she yelled, "Osirus - get my med-case out of the ship!"

"Right away, Siddy!"

"The Guardians will be here in a few minutes." Isis said, still looking dazed.

"Good. You go lay down, hun. Siddy and I can handle it from here. I have to go help her with the dolphins right now."

"Ohhh, the poor dear sweet things. What noble beings...I hope Siddy can do something."

I got Siddy's case and rushed to the tidal pool. Siddy was already in the water, assessing the damage to the dolphin's lifeless bodies.

"There are serious burns from the rays, but if I just have..." She started digging through her case, frantically looking for something.

"Oh, thank the One! I have my deep-tissue restorer matrix with me. Now if it's just not too late for them to return to their bodies..."

"Anything I can do?"

"Yes. Get Isis and get back here as fast as you can."

"I can call her."

{{Isis!}}

{{Yes, Osirus.}}

{{Sidome needs us for the dolphins.}}

{{Coming.}}

"She's on her way, Sidy."

"OK. When she gets here, we need to join our energies, and focus it on the dolphins' bodies. Isis' great power is our only hope. If she can add enough of her energy to ours, we might get them back."

"She's awfully tapped out though, Sidome."

"I know."

Isis came running into the room, out of breath.

"Are you OK? Sidome wants us to link energies and focus on the dolphins."

"I'm all right."

"She said she needs all your power, are you sure you can drain yourself without damage?"

"No problem. Even if it were dangerous, the dolphins gave their lives to help us. I would do no less for them. But don't worry, dear. I will be fine."

We stood in a circle and grasped each other's hands. Sidome was directing the energy with her mind, moving it around in a circle. As she did, Isis and I infused the glowing wheel with our energies. The ever-growing circle of power vibrated the furniture around us. Finally, when it had grown intense enough, Sidome directed it in an arc that struck through the bodies of both dolphins. We fell to the ground, exhausted. The dolphins' bodies wretched and convulsed. Life-energy was permeating their healed bodies now. If only the life-spark would return - the souls of Nuree and Nephtoon.

"." They were back! It worked!

"Isis! Look! They're all right! Isis?..." Isis was gone. Her body was there...but she was gone.

"Siddy! What happened to Isis?"

"I don't know, Osirus. She scans all right. Her body has nothing wrong with it. All we can do is wait. She'll be back to it, Osirus. Don't worry."

But I could tell she was worried. Very worried.

I took Isis' body down to the bed chamber and laid it down on my bed. It was still breathing, slowly. But the life that once lived there was gone. The dolphins were all outside the window watching. It's funny, they always look like they're smiling no matter what they're feeling. But I could tell that they weren't smiling now.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Will the real Guardian please stand up

{{Toth?}}.....{{Toth?.....}}

{{I heard you the first time, Osirus.}}

{{Something has happened to Isis. She left her body after channeling tremendous amounts of energy during the resurrection of two dolphins. She hasn't returned}}

{{Have the Guardians bring her body to me.}}

{{Yes. Thank you master Toth.}}

The Guardians arrived shortly after my thought-com with Toth. I met them at the gate. The first Guardian out of the ship ran up to me and said, "The High-Guardian received a thought-com emergency call from here. What's going on?" "We had some unwelcome visitors. They broke into the house around 3 O'clock. They had death-rays. I believe it was an enforcer hit-team. They killed two dolphins that were trying to protect us."

"Where are they now?"

"They came in through a dolphin access tunnel to our indoor tidal pool. The dolphins got one of them, Isis got the other."

"Isis got the other?"

"Yes. She "zapped" him with an energy surge."

"An energy surge from what?"

"From her inner resources."

"I see. Where is the enforcer now?"

"Follow me."

I led them down to where the body of our would-be killer lay. His body was *still* smoking. One of the Guardians looked down at the "fried" enforcer and quipped, "Hey - don't you know that smoking is bad for your health?" Guardian humor I suppose.

Chief-Guardian Angel showed up a few minutes later. He had come separately, along with his team of elite-Guardians. I met them upstairs. Angel looked around briefly, then looked at me with a smirk and said "Cute outfit, Osirus." (I was still wearing my Tok-Ri garb)

"Looks like it was quite a party." Angel said.

"Party. Huh! Yeah, *some* party."

"What's up?" I took him down the stairway, and told him the story of the night's events.

"This guy looks familiar to me Angel. I'd like to know the results of the ID scan as soon as you get them."

Angel lifted the man's face so he could see it. "Holy...! You don't have to wait for the ID scan, Osirus. I can tell you who this one is right now - but I almost can't believe it."

"Well who the hell is it?!"

"It's Tu-Kam. He's a ... Guardian."

"A Temple Guardian?! Are you sure?!"

"I wouldn't even speculate on such a thing if I wasn't sure."

"What does this mean?"

"More than I even want to consider."

Angel ordered the body to be taken aboard their ship, then began going through the assassin's jettisoned aqua-gear.

"This is special stuff - you can't buy gear like this at any store. And it's not standard BSA issue."

"What's that tell you?"

"It tells me he was equipped by someone very high-up in the government. What is this all about anyway, Osirus? Why was he after you?"

I filled him in on the whole story with Keph, and the power plant tie-in.

"You'd better really watch it, Osirus. This is not just a hit - It's a government hot. You, Isis, and Sidome better keep your backs against the wall till we get to the bottom of this."

"I'm afraid it's not that simple, Angel. I've got to keep on this personally - Toth said it was my quest for final Initiation. And Isis,... Isis is something else I need to talk to you about. Toth said you are to take her body to him."

"Her *body*?!!"

"Yes. I don't want to discuss it right now. Ask Toth if he'll explain."

"Sure, Osirus. I'm very sorry."

"Yeah. So am I."

I brought Isis' body to the Guardian's ship. It was ironic that she was riding side by side with the body of the assassin she "smoked" such a short time ago. I didn't want to leave her, and had to keep reminding myself that it was only her body, and that she was still alive...somewhere. And that this might be her only hope of returning to her earthly vehicle. I kissed her lips gently, perhaps for the last time. I stayed with her until the Guardians told me they had to leave.

Sidome had just finished up with Nephtoon and Nuree.

"Osirus...I guess I shouldn't have said everything would be fine with Isis. I'm sorry."

"It's not your fault, Sidy. It's no one's fault. We couldn't have done anything else other than what we did."

"I feel terrible though, helping save one life at the cost of another it goes against everything I am, personally *and* professionally."

"There wasn't much choice though, morally at least. Toth will probably be able to do something though, Sidy. It's in the hands of the hierarchy now, and if *any* being on this Earth has the capability to bring Isis back, Toth does. We need to secure the house again, Sidy. I doubt that anyone's going to try anything else tonight, but just in case..."

"Nephtoon has made arrangements for a group of Orca to guard the access tunnel. He's also patrolling around with about two-dozen big dolphins."

"Thank him for me, will you."

"Sure, hun. Let's go try and get some rest now, OK?

The next morning I awoke to the beeping of the visi-com.

"Yes." I said wearily. It was Angel on the screen. "Osirus, we found out a few things about Tukam, and I thought you would want to know right away."

"Yes, I do, Angel. Thanks. What is it?"

"First, it turns out he was a deep cover agent for the enforcers. The strange thing is - he didn't even know it. His brain had been chem-elenergy altered, so that his awareness of being an agent for the BSA, and even his basic Belialian beliefs and feelings, were kept locked in a deep recess of his sub-conscious mind. Even Toth couldn't have sensed any problems with him. Only through physically re-altering his brain would he remember his true loyalties and the fact that he was an enforcer. He was a very high-card for someone to play. Killing you is VERY important to someone. Also, I remembered bringing Tukam to a party at your house, along with a few other Guardians. That's *probably* why he was brought out from deep cover - he knew your house from the inside."

"That's incredible, Angel. Now what?"

"Well, because he was so damaged from Isis' energy blast, we can't reconstruct any of his synaptical memory patterns - so we don't know who his contacts were. But now that we know what to look for, we are doing surprise inspections of all Guardians. If there are anymore of these deep-cover BSA Guardians, we'll turn them up. If we can capture just one of them alive, we'll be able to probe for their contacts and find out who's at the bottom of all this. Jeez, Osirus, I sure hope *I'm* not one of those BSA undercover agents!"

"I don't think you have to worry, Angel. You don't have the kind of nerve it takes to be a BSA agent."

"....Uh, thanks. I *think*."

"Do you have any word on Isis?"

"No, but her body lies in the Fire chamber. Master Toth placed it there. But he has said nothing to anyone since then."

"Keep in touch, will you?"

"Of course, Osirus."

I decided to go ahead and get up. I still needed to "interview" the power plant executives. Sidome joined me, and I designed breakfast.

"Next time...let me design breakfast, will you sweetheart?"

"What, you don't like black bread?"

"Not when it started out white."

"You have to acquire a taste for it. It grows on you after a while."

"That's what I'm afraid of."

"Sidome, do you have any patients that are reporters?"

"No. But I have a friend from school that's a reporter. She's with the Chronicle."

"Is she Law of One or Belialian?"

"Law of One - very strictly. Why?"

"I need to find someone I can trust to give me a cover as a reporter - so I can investigate the power plant without suspicion."

"She'd be perfect then. She's on the assignment desk."

"Talk to her for me?"

"I'll call her now if you want."

"No. Let's finish breakfast. And appreciate the moment's peace."

She smiled and squeezed my arm.

"That's OK, I'll call her *now*," she said as she grimaced at her breakfast plate."

The reporter's name was Re-Aht. Reaht was fascinated with my story, and immediately agreed to help. We met at her apartment to discuss the details of our undercover operation.

"Remember Reaht, you've got to keep all this strictly confidential. My life might depend on it."

"Don't worry, Osirus. I understand perfectly. Besides, if anyone ever found out about this it would mean the end of *my* life - in the news business at least."

"Thanks, Reaht."

Upon returning home, Sidome and I 'crashed' on the sofa. The stress of the last few days still wore on us. She reminded me to do my stress-meds, and joined me in them. After relaxing and getting centered again, I started getting ready for my day as a reporter.

Like an actor getting ready to play a role, I "got into character" - putting on a wide-brimmed hat, folding it up on the back side in typical reporter fashion - flipping up my collar, and slinging a visi-dat camera over my shoulder. Finally, I was ready. I placed my call to the Atlantis Belutlility company.

"Hi, this is Roo-tee calling for the Eden Chronicle, we would like to do a story on the recent brownouts, who should I speak with?"

"Just a moment please..."

The operator went off the line for nearly five minutes.

"This is Ho-Tep speaking, what can I do for you?" I explained again.

After my spiel there was a 10 second pause on the other end of the line before Hotep finally broke the silence.

"...We...just had a story done on that last week? Why would you want to do another one so soon?...What did you say you name was?"

"Oh, Rootee is the name, newspapers is the game. We wanted to come at the story from a different angle, ya know? A whole lot a people are affected by these brownouts, and they eat up stories on it. It sells papers, ya know? I can promise to show your company in a good light if that is what concerns ya's."

"Oh, I see. Rootee, was it? What kind of angle are you talking about?"

"Human interest, ya know? *That* kind of thing. People eat it up, ya know?" I was bluffing big-time, but I had a feeling that I'd better think fast because this guy wasn't going to accept generalities for answers.

"Human interest? What kind of human interest?"

"Oh, ya know, people that work at the plant helping other people, helping the community aid programs don't ya's?" {{That's it Osirus - turn the tables on 'im!!}} I could hear whispering in the background.

"Oh, yes, of course. I'll set-up an appointment for you with our public relations V.P. to meet here tomorrow at 2. She'll take you down to the plant to interview the manager and some of the workers."

"Geez great. I'll be there. Thanks."

"You're quite welcome. Always happy to cooperate with the press. Good-bye now."

Boy, his attitude sure changed fast. Well, so far so good. Hanging up the phone I took off my hat and turned to Sidome. I spoke to her with the confidence of a star reporter.

"Siddy, it looks like I'm all set!" She looked at me *without* confidence - in my skills as a reporter - or maybe an investigator - or both.

"You'd better call Reaht right away so she can collaborate your story fully."

"Right. Good idea."

"Hello, Reaht. I got the interview. It's set for tomorrow at 2."

"I know. They already called here to confirm. It was lucky I got the call."

"I think it was more than luck, Reaht. Good. We're all set then. Thanks again."

"No problem, Osirus. Good luck."

"Wish me more than luck. I'll need it."

CHAPTER EIGHT

A Hard day's Knight

I landed on the roof of the Atlantis Bel building. I have to admit, I was more than a bit nervous as I went down the life tube to the executive offices. I was apprehensive about whether or not I could pull off my "con". As I walked through the huge opulent double-doors, I came face-to-face with the executive secretary from Hell. She looked at me up and down, never lowering the angle of her nose to less than the same degree of inclination that rightfully belongs to an arrowhead that's poised for attack. Finally she spoke - with *such* a nasal tone that, if *I* sounded that way, I'd go running to the healing Temple.

"May I *help* you, sir?"

I got into full character and replied, "Hi there, I'm Rootee. Hotep made an appointment for me to see your V.P., ya know?"

"Oh, yes sir. Please have a seat. I'll let them know you're here."

"Them?"

"Oh - I mean, her." She walked down the hall and went into the room on the left. After a couple of minutes she returned looking a bit flustered.

"Uh, I'm afraid she won't be able to see you today."

"But we had an appointment."

"I'm sorry, sir. She suddenly took sick and has already gone home." I didn't see anyone go in or out.

"But Hotep can help you. Would you like me to show you in?"

"Sure. Why not."

We walked down the hallway, and entered the room on the left - the same room that the receptionist had just gone to - supposedly to announce my arrival to the mysteriously missing V.P.. The sign on the door said Ho-Tep - Public Relations. Something was very odd here.

"Ah, Rootee I presume?" He stretched out his arm to shake my hand. I was hoping he wouldn't notice how sweaty my palm was.

"Yeah. Hotep?" He nodded, wiping his hand "oh so casually" on his suit coat. Funny though - *his* palms were sweatier than *mine* .

"Well, Rootee, would you like to get started?"

"Yeah. We're goin' to the plant?"

"Oh, yes indeedie. We can take our corporate luxship."

"Uh, I have my own tranship with me."

"That's all right. Just leave it here. I'll bring you back - don't worry." He laughed, slapping me on the back like an old chum. But for something that was supposed to be a joke, it sure rattled me in the Solar-plexus - not to mention causing the hair to stand up on the back of my neck.

"OK, fine." I said. I began to wonder if those where going to be famous last words.

MEANWHILE, BACK AT HOME

"Sidome!" The voice on the visi-com was clear, but there was no picture.

"Yes? Who is this?"

"It's Reaht. Get Osirus! I have to speak to him right away!"

"He's not here, Reaht. What's going on? Why is there no picture transmission from your phone?"

"I don't have time to explain now! You've got to get in touch with Osirus and warn him - tell him not to go to the plant - they know he's not a reporter!"

"Oh, no! He's already there! He called me just before he landed so there would be a visi-com record if anything happened to him. How did they find out?!"

"They called back to change the appointment time - but they got the city editor instead of me this time, and he told them he didn't know what the hell they were talking about - that there was no Rootee working for the chronicle."

"Oh, Sister! What's he walked into. I wonder if they know he's Osirus?"

"I don't know. I don't think so. They might think he's an undercover Guardian."

"I hope so. If that's the case they might just try to bluff him. If they really think it's a Guardian investigation, they're sure to put on a 'show' to cover up whatever it is they are doing there. They wouldn't dare risk the political fallout from killing a Guardian. But if they know he's Osirus...I'd better call Toth right away. Bye. (Click)

BACK AT ATLANTIS BEL -

OSIRUS AND HOTEPE LEAVE FOR THE PLANT

Their tranship was unbelievable. I'd never seen anything like it. A wet bar; A heat-serration pool; even bed chambers with sex-workers.

"Drink?" he said pouring one for himself.

"No, thanks. Not on the job."

"Yes." He said with a strange sort of inference. There goes my Solar-plexus again! We were at the plant in 30 seconds. Just enough time for the big fat Belialian to chug-a-lug his drink.

"Well, here we are. Would you like to start with interviewing the plant manager?"

"Sure. Sounds just fine to *me*."

The managers' office was right at the front entrance of the plant. He was a tall handsome man, not at all what I expected. He looked more like a leading man from a soap-opera.

"Rootee, I'd like you to meet Yo-Seph, our plant manager." He was obviously tense. No - more than tense. He was *afraid*.

"Nice to meet ya's Yoseph."

"Likewise."

"Well, how 'bout if we go on a tour of the plant while I ask ya's some questions." He looked over at Hotep, who nodded very subtly.

"Sure. Yes. Of course. Well, let's go right down here to the main generator." He was walking the wrong way. Even *I* knew *that* much.

"Oh - I mean the main circuit room." He caught himself. But as far as *I* was concerned, he was too late. He'd blown it - exposed himself. This guy was a ringer. But why? Hotep and I followed our fake tour guide through the maze of corridors - getting lost occasionally - on a tour of all the important plant features. At least, all the important plant features that I was supposed to see. I played their game, and my role, with all the "appropriateness", asking the "right" questions and getting the "right" answers.

When we reached the tracking-laser control room I met one of the main players in this game.

"Rootee, this is Da-Tera, chief engineer here."

"Charmed." I quipped with my jaded reporter's "attitude". This guy was scared too. But it was different from the fake manager's kind of scared. His eyes were deep, hollow, like someone that had seen too much action in the Lemurian War. When my "guides" turned away from us for a moment, to point out the merits of their equipment to me, Datera "snuck" me a note. I slipped it into my pocket, and gave him a slight nod. "Ya got a little boy's room around here?" I said to my escorts. Yoseph looked over at Hotep for an answer - he was probably wondering the same thing by now! Hotep finally took the cue, and said, "Uh, sure. Right over there, behind the ducts." I ducked behind the ducts (I can't *help* it) and hurriedly unraveled the note. "*I must talk to you.*" It said. What - he couldn't have actually *told* me something in the note?! OK, well, I'd just have to get away from my "keepers" long enough to get back to the control room and hear what Datera had to tell me. I returned from my apparent trip to the bathroom, and said, "That was a smooth one, ya know?"

"Ready to go on?"

"Yeah."

We started towards the geo-thermal shaft. We had to put heat-protective suits on for this place - it was hot. Very hot. These suits were so thick with active cooling hardware, that you could barely move in them. They also took a good 10 minutes to get in or out of. Perfect! This was my chance. As we got into our bulky outfits, I stalled, telling bad jokes as they got suited-up. They were fully-suited before I even got my pants on. I looked over at Hotep and said "Boy, this is Hell. But somebody's got to do it - ha!"

He and Yoseph just looked at each other blankly. Next came my clever move to get back to the tracking-laser control room. "Oh, Geez, I forgot my note recorder in the little boy's room - I'll be right back."

They both just looked at each other again - then Hotep spoke up, "No, I don't think you'd better go back there alone, you might get lost. Just give us a minute and we'll be right with you."

"Hey, I never get lost. I got a nose for these kind a things, ya know?" I pushed passed them like a mongoose passing a couple of elephants.

"Wait!" Hotep called.

"No - it's OK . Don't ya's worry 'bout me - I'll be right back." I was gone before they could say another word.

Datera was still in the control room. There were two other white-collar

Belialians with him though, and a half-dozen animataurs. That was odd...there shouldn't be any animataurs in this section of the plant. Operations here were too sensitive. Datera approached me as his co-workers watched with eager eyes.

"Can I help you Rootee? Are you lost?"

"No, I just came back because I forgot my note recorder on the back of the turlet."

"Well, let me walk you back, just to make sure you don't get lost."

"Yeah. Good idea."

We started down the hall in the direction of the geo-thermal shaft - but as soon as we were out of sight, we turned off into a cross-tunnel.

"So, what's up? Why the note?"

"I couldn't talk in front of them."

"Why?"

"They're afraid I'll talk to the press. And they're afraid I won't come back. They won't even let me leave the plant anymore."

We took another detour through a maze of 2-meter round conduits. I had the feeling we were going to a specific destination.

"You see, because of all the strikes going on throughout the country, the Belialian working class has been unable to get most of our basic necessities. We even have a hard time getting food now. We have to wait in line for days sometimes, and even then we might not get anything. So we decided to go on strike ourselves. There's no point in working when your money can't even buy food. That's when the big trouble started."

"Wait a minute. You're telling me that you people want to just walk away from these geo-thermal power plants and leave them un-attended?"

"Yes."

"You selfish asshole! You *know* what could happen!"

"But you've got to understand. Something must be done and there's no other way we can do it."

"There's got to be other ways. You can't just let millions of people die."

"That's one of the reasons I wanted to talk to you. You're a reporter. If you can get the story out, maybe the government will respond."

"I think that might be one of the problems - I think the government already responded. But you're right - if we can go public maybe we can turn this around. But I'm not really a reporter..."

"What?! Who are you then? BSA? Guardians?"

"Neither. I know it's unusual - but I'm on a spiritual quest, and trying to find out why a friend of mine was killed by the BSA. Now I guess I know."

"You're going to know even more now." He took me to a corridor which accessed the inside of a double wall. We entered the narrow, hollow wall space, and he gestured me to be quiet. There was a small hole in the wall, on the inner side. He looked through the hole, then backed off gesturing for me to look. I could hardly believe my eyes. There were dozens of people - men, women - chained naked to the walls, floor, and steel tables. They'd obviously been

severely tortured.

"Those are the ones that refused to work." He whispered to me carefully. "The executives have got animataurs doing most of the work those people once did. And those of us who *will* work are being worked double and triple shifts. If one of those animataurs screws up - we're all dead. And it's just a matter of time before they do - they can't handle the decision making skills that are required for the performance of their new jobs."

"I've got to get you out of here so you can expose all this on the visi-com news. Can you get to the plant manager's office near the front entrance?"

"I think so."

"Good. You hide near there. I'll go back to the executive offices with Hotep and get my tranship. I'll come back and hover right at the front door. When you see me, make a run for my ship."

"OK. I'll be there."

We split up and I headed back to the geo-thermal area. But before I got there, I was intercepted by plant guards - with death rays drawn. They took me to the manager's office, where Yoseph and Hotep were waiting.

"Sorry, it took so long. I had to 'go' again while I was there. Must have been those Ozian bean whips I had last night, ha!" Silence was thick in the air. "Well, I see ya's got out of your heat suits, aren't we goin' down to the pit still?"

"You are, Rootee - or whatever your real name is. But *we* aren't."

"Whada ye mean?" I said, still playing the innocent.

"We know you aren't a reporter. Who are you really?"

"I don't know what you're talkin' about! Have you guys been hittin' the cactus juice or somethin'?"

"You can drop it, pal. We recorded your conversation with our *former* chief engineer. We *had* thought that you were a Guardian investigator. We'd hoped you would just take a nice tour of the plant and leave, but it seems that you won't be going anywhere now, other than the pit."

"What are you going to do with me?"

"You're going to have a tragic accident. Your heat suit will malfunction, and you'll be cooked alive. Too bad I already ate!" Hotep said as he chuckled like only an obese Belialian lizard can.

"But first, we want to entertain you." He turned to one of the guards and gestured. The guard brought Datera in. He'd already been beaten - badly.

"We don't want to kill anyone here. As you already know - we're a bit short handed. It's hard to get good help these days. But we want to remind our former chief engineer that his life is our life. That there is nothing for him outside of this plant any longer." With that, Hotep brought out an auto-chain turkey carver. He approached Datera and ordered the guards to pull his pants down. Then Hotep ever so slowly started to cut into the base of Datera's groin. Datera screamed in agony, and screamed for mercy. But the screams were ecstasy to the fat lizard's ears - just icing on the cake. The job was done. They used a hot welding iron and cauterized Datera's blood gushing stump. He finally

passed out - thank the One for the mercy of shock. They'd be sure to keep him alive though - like Hotep said, they still needed him to work. Hotep pulled up the unconscious man's head by his hair, and said, "There. Now there's no reason for you to go anywhere anymore - is there?" Datera's suffering had only begun. It looked like mine was about to end.

"Now, let's take our "reporter" friend here to the thermal shaft, and finish giving him his tour." Hotep said to one of the guards. They brought me to the shaft and tied me on the arm of a laser alignment crane.

"Lower him in - slowly." They all chuckled.

As the crane started to lift me, something happened. Something the like of which I'd never experienced before. My life began to flash before my eyes. I saw the wasted time, wasted pursuits, the hurt I had caused others. With some new found super-clarity, I saw how the evil I had participated in hurt other people - I could see the entire chain of cause and effect from even my most simple thoughts and actions - and I saw how whenever my actions weren't actively helping people, they were contributing to hurting - even when I wasn't doing anything deliberately hurtful. A terrible creature appeared before me - the dweller on the threshold. The creature was *me*! It was the monster of my ego and selfishness in all its greedy glory. It was terrifying, such ugliness, such hate, such callousness, negativity and darkness. And the "kicker" was that I was a monster of my own creation - and I realized I was my own worst enemy. I was in a dark void where nothing existed except it, and a thread of light. Toth had told me about this phenomenon. He called it "The dark night of the soul". He said it could mean death for the body, and entrapment for the soul. But the passing of the test would mean enlightenment of equal magnitude. Toth taught me that the way to survive, and pass through, was to fear nothing, love the dweller, and keep looking toward the light. I responded to Toth's teachings almost intuitively. My heart filled with a compassion I never knew existed. I followed the thread of light until it changed into a path, and then to an all encompassing sphere that engulfed me with such beauty of mind and spirit that it can't be described. I became truly One with the Universe, and all things became clear to me. I knew that I would never be the same.

But before my transformational journey came to a natural end, I was recalled back to the Earth, back to my body. It seemed like an eternity had passed, but in the temporal illusion of the Earth plane only a fraction of a second had ticked by. I was still just being lifted by the crane. I could see the crane control room from my "delicate" position. The crane operator was an animataur - a big goat-headed one with hoofs for hands. I decided to try and direct the beast with my thoughts. I had never been able to do it before, but both Sidome and Isis were wizzes at mentally affecting both animals and animataurs, and had told me how they do it. Suddenly, the crane arm came to a complete stop.

"What's going on up there?!" Hotep yelled up at the crane operator.

One of the guards suggested, "Maybe it's that things' stupid hooves getting in its own way."

But hoofs weren't the problem - the crane controls were adapted for that - he

just wasn't responding to orders. Hotep concentrated on the animataur to force his actions telepathically. No response. I was blocking the orders. Hotep's abilities were no match for my new found multi-vibrational abilities. Hotep couldn't figure it out. He wasn't being able to control an animataur. Belialians were experts at it – they did it every day of their lives. But this time was different. In fact, Hotep got just the opposite response from what he expected. I communicated with the animataurs again - the crane swung around, knocking three of the guards into the shaft! Then I influenced my animataur friend to lower the crane arm to the ground. As it set me down, the guards closed in on me. Then *I* got something *I* didn't expect - as a guard reached out to grab my arm, a bolt of energy jumped from my body to the guard's chest. He flew back about three meters and hit the floor flat-out unconscious. With the crackling sound of the elenergy arcing on metal, my wrists and chest burned through my bonds. Another guard moved toward me and got the same treatment as the first. What the hell was going on? Hotep intervened, pulling a small "executive model" death ray out of the vest pocket of his shiny three piece suit.

"I don't know what you're up to Rootee, but you're not going to walk away from this death ray."

A new batch of guards scurried into the room. One grabbed for me again, and again got the shock treatment. Looking at their smoking unconscious companions, the remaining guards decided not to get *too* close to me. One of the guards recognized me. "I know that man. He's Osirus. I used to see him at orgies, but he's a stinkin' upper Initiate Law of Onener now. He's supposedly very close to Toth."

Hotep smiled and said "Soooo. That's very interesting. I know of this one. He's already been a thorn in our side for too long. This is going to be more of a pleasure than I thought."

He raised his death ray and aimed at my groin. Then he *slowly* pressed the firing button, savoring every moment. "Bwwaaaasshhhh!" The death ray triggered. But instead of my groin going up in smoke - *his* did. He was totally surprised. He was so surprised that he didn't feel the pain - for a moment. Then he got real pissed-off (literally). Before even thinking about what happened - and the fact that the ray had done to him what he tried to do to me - he fired again. This time at my head. After seeing what happened to Hotep's head when he attacked me, the guards ran for the hills. I couldn't blame them. It stunned me as much as it did them. What was going on? It was almost like Isis' "Mirror of Light" field, but I didn't ever learn how to do it.

I headed out towards the manager's office, and the main gates. There was no sign of a guard along the way, but as I got near the entrance, I ran into the phony plant manager. He was quivering in a corner of the outer-office - he'd apparently been watching my would-be murder on the security screen there. "Please don't hurt me!" He sobbed, "I'm not one of them, I don't even work here! I'm an actor – they kidnapped me and told me they would kill my family if I didn't cooperate!"

"Relax. If what you say is true, you have nothing to fear from me. But you do

have something to reconcile with your own conscience and inner-being. For you to participate in this horrendous evil, for *any* reason, has made a disease in your soul. You should seek counseling at the Temple. May the love of the One guide your steps."

{{Well said, my love.}} I couldn't believe my psychic ears - it sounded like Isis!

{{Isis! Can it be true?!}}

{{A Guardian ship is on the way for you, Osirus. Be there or be ware.}}

{{Cute, Isis. - Isis, I'm so happy to hear your voice, I mean your thoughts! I was afraid I'd never see, hear, or sense you again! So it was *you* behind my field of protection, eh? Where the Hell have you been anyway?!}}

{{I've been with you, my love. I have always been, and I will always be.}}

{{I can't wait to see you... - you are in the body... aren't you?}}

{{No, Osirus. But you should know *now* that it doesn't really matter. I am still alive, and still with you.}}

{{I do understand now, love. An hour ago I wouldn't have, but I had quite an experience back there...and I now *know* things I only *believed* before. Thank you.}}

{{I was with you the whole time, Osirus. I know what you went through, and it has changed you - it has changed us...we are all the better for it. Now nothing can ever come between us, whether we are in the body, or not. But take heart, beloved. Toth has preserved my body, and he believes there is some chance for reanimation. And wait till you see what my body's wearing!}}

{{Just what I need - eternal haunting from a perverted ghost! Don't you have anything better to do?}}

{{No. Certainly nothing as fun.}}

CHAPTER NINE

I entered the manager's office to see if I could do anything for Datera. He was lying on the floor in a pool of his own blood, and, unfortunately for him, he was beginning to regain consciousness. As he "came to" his suffering returned with a vengeance. He was rocking back and forth on the floor, writhing with severe pain – a pain that was not only physical, but also emotional. I had to *do* something, Datera's condition required *immediate* attention - there wasn't time to get him to a healer. "I guess if I'm ever going to be able to generate healing forces, now's a good time to start." I said to myself. I laid my hands on his wounds and went within, reciting the invocation I'd heard Sidome do so many times before. "Be it the will of the One, let me be an instrument of Light." Suddenly, I saw white energy pouring out of my hands into Datera's body. It split into colors - many different colors, each going to a specific area of his body. For the first time, I could actually *feel* something happening. I *knew* it was having an effect. He instantly calmed down a bit – it seemed that at least *some* of his pain was diminished. To my thorough amazement, his wounds were partially healed. Datera wasn't bleeding heavily anymore, but nevertheless I needed to get him out of there and to the Healing Temple as soon as possible - his life was still in danger - not only from his injuries, but also from our now mutual adversaries. The Guardians hadn't arrived yet, and it wasn't safe for us to wait a moment longer. Even though there was no sign of the guards anywhere, I knew they would be back - just as soon as they got reinforcements. There would be no better time than now to make a break for it.

I decided to "commandeer" the Belialian tranship Hotep & I had come to the power plant in (*he* certainly wouldn't be using it anymore). I tried to make Datera as comfortable as possible, but I couldn't do much more without equipment. I laid him on the couch, and covered him - ironically, I covered him with Hotep's coat (it was big enough to make a good substitute for a blanket). I hurried out of the manager's office and through the front entrance. To get to where the ship was parked, I'd need to go across the plant's ground-access street, and two wide-open lots - all in easy view of any guards that might be around. Like a conscientious schoolboy, I looked both ways as I crossed the street near the plant's main gates. But unlike a schoolboy, I wasn't looking around to beware of ground vehicles, but rather to beware of the things that were far more deadly - lizards that walked as men.

Hotep's pilot was leisurely having a smoke at the gate near the executive landing pad. He was obviously unaware of the going's on inside the plant. I stealthily crept up until I was right behind him - Jeez was he *ever* unaware! I got so close to him I could hear his breathing, but he didn't even know I was there! I tapped him on the shoulder, and as he turned around with a stupid/surprised look on his face, I executed a very nice Tok-Ri nerve-punch to the side of his neck. He was out cold in a flash. I mentally patted myself on the back - while I rubbed my sore hand. I returned to the manager's office and hoisted Datera

over my shoulder. Getting him out to the ship would be a task and a half. He was a large man and his moans certainly weren't going to help us be inconspicuous. As we crossed the first lot, we got the attention I was afraid of (but we well deserved), from a pair of guards that were emerging from the sub-generator external access shaft. "Bwwaaasshh!", "Bwwaaasshh!" Dodging death-ray blasts is never fun, but with this heavy man on my back, the whole scenario took on an air of the absurd - like some ridiculous slapstick comedy. I mean, here I was running serpentine with a man twice my size on top of me, zig-zagging left and right across the field like some giant mushroom dancing in a cartoon. It was a good thing the damn guards were such lousy shots - a by-product of not training because of the famous lizard-laziness. Or maybe I was still being protected from "on high". In any case, we *were* getting through. But we'd barely made it inside the hatch when I got another surprise. There was a guard standing at the end of the entryway - death-ray in hand, but not pointed at me.

"What are you up to?" The guard asked. The combination of his semi-armed stance and his question, immediately told me two things: That he had suspicions about me; and that he knew something was wrong, but didn't really know *what* had happened inside the plant. So I decided to bluff my way through again.

"Didn't they notify you?" I said assuredly.

"This is the chief engineer - he was in a very serious accident at the geo-thermal shaft. Hotep wants you to take him to a healer immediately."

"They didn't tell *me* anything." He said, still somewhat suspicious but not really sure about anything at this point.

"Everybody's in a panic right now. They obviously forgot or were too busy trying to contain the geo-thermal reactors."

"The reactors?! There's somethin' wrong with the reactors?!" Now he was concerned - it was his own butt that might be at risk. In fact, he was so scared that he was almost in shock - he just stood there with his mouth open.

"Well, come on man! You can see he's injured, can't you?! Give me a hand!"

"They never tell me anything." He complainingly mumbled under his breath. He holstered his gun, and took hold of Datera's legs to help me move him.

"OK - let's put him on one of the beds in the rear compartment."

We got Datera onto the bed. The guard was bending over him - in just the perfect position for an elbow-jab to the back of his head. Just then - his communicator beeped and an announcement immediately followed.

"All guards be on alert for the reporter Rootee, he has murdered Hotep - shoot on sight, repeat - shoot on sight!"

He looked at me - a little confused, a little surprised, and more than a little frightened. He went for his gun, but I was one step ahead of him. I kicked it out of his hand before he even got it all the way out of his holster. Then, I followed up with multiple Tok-Ri combo moves. He was hit with flurry of punches and kicks that left him unconscious before he even began to fall. It seemed that even my Tok-Ri skills had significantly improved since my "Dark night of the soul" experience. In no time at all I was at the controls of the huge

luxship. As I ascended into the skies above the plant, I breathed a deep sigh of relief. It was *more* than a relief to be away from there. It had all been like a nightmare come to life - and then I received a wonderful new life in the middle of the nightmare. But thinking about it, I realized that as my new life had just begun, the nightmare sequence was far from over.

I headed for home, to pick up Sidome. She was needed in two capacities today. As a healer for Datera, and to help retrieve our tranship from the roof parking lot of Atlantis Bel's executive offices. I figured that Siddy could pilot *our* ship while I flew this behemoth Belialian cruiser. But like plans usually do, this one was about to change.

I couldn't land at our house, the ship was just too big for the parking pads, so I hovered just above the sand on the beach. I'd already called Siddy to tell her what was going on. As she ran out to the ship, I lowered the auxiliary escape ladder. She climbed aboard, carrying a small satchel.

"Do you have everything you need?" I asked.

"Yes - at least from what you described."

She immediately went back to work on Datera in the bed chamber. I didn't think that there would be anymore hostilities today, but I was dead wrong. 3 BSA ships were waiting for us. Hovering just over the roof of the utility's offices.

"Siddy." I yelled. "Get out here...I need your help!" Siddy came out of the bed chamber.

"How's he doing?"

"He's stable, and not in pain at the moment."

"Good. It looks like the BSA's set a trap for us. I have an idea, but in order to work, you'll need to pilot *this* ship."

"Oh great! Are you going to yell at me while I drive?"

"Just get in the co-pilot's seat will you?"

"OK, it's your funeral - I guess. What's your plan?"

"I may have left my tranship thought-controller on. It was designed just to scan thoughts within the walls of the ship, but if it's still on...I might be able to send my thoughts by radio transmission."

The BSA ships began to give chase. They were armed to the teeth with deathrays. I reluctantly turned the controls over to Sidome while I rigged a brainwave interface to the radio. She wasn't the best tranship pilot around (to say the least), and I'd only just taught her how to fly about 2 anuls ago. Fortunately, the super-ion drives in our "borrowed" executive luxship were more than a match for the BSA's craft.

"Just keep zig-zagging all over the sky Siddy. Fly serpentine! Fly serpentine!"

"I'm *trying*. I'm *trying*. *Believe* me, I'm *trying*. Just don't yell at me. It makes me nervous."

"I'm not *yelling* at you, Siddy."

"Just hurry it up, will you?"

"I'm trying, I'm trying." I found the wiring harness for auxiliary power transmission, and cross-circuited it to the radio and my pocket EEG. "I got it!"

I made contact with my ship and ordered it to fly by us. Our poor little pyramid

powered ship wasn't as fast as the Belialian jobs - we needed to give it some help.

"Siddy - fly back over the Atlantis Bel tower. We need to get closer to our ship so it can make a fly-by of us."

"A-OK general!" Sidome said as she performed the exercise in precision flying.

"Jeez Siddy! You just missed our ship by a meter or so! I'll take over again!"

"If you didn't want me to be a combat pilot, Osirus, you shouldn't have taught me to fly."

When the BSA agents saw my ship take off, they split up, sending 1 ship after it, and the other 2 after us. It must have been quite a surprise to them to see it fly off - they didn't know *what* to make of it. They couldn't even suspect it was thought controlled - they didn't even know such a thing existed. All they knew is that they were there to snare me if I were to attempt to get to my ship. They must have figured that either I, or someone working with me, managed to slip by them.

I got back at the controls and gave the super-ion drives full throttle. "I just might keep this thing." I said to Sidome as we left our pursuers far behind in the clouds.

Siddy sat back in the seat, relaxing from her ordeal behind the wheel. "By the way, Osirus, there's a couple of hot little sex-workers back there - I don't suppose you know anything about that?"

"Well, yes. At least Hotep mentioned something about that. We should probably keep them on board. After all, this isn't our ship you know - we shouldn't disturb the contents."

"Yes. We shouldn't mess around with the contents either, should we?"

"No. I suppose not."

She looked at me with a slight smirk, "You'd better keep your mind on the subject at hand."

"I am." I said as I reached over and squeezed her thigh. She looked at me again, more deeply. A perplexed look crossed her face for a moment, then it changed to a smile. "You've gone through something, haven't you, my love?"

"You could say that. Yes."

"What happened?"

"Oh, not much. Just a major brush with death... and meeting myself face to face." I explained what had happened in detail. "I'm very happy for you, and for us all."

"I don't know if I feel happy per say, but I feel more peaceful than I ever have, and it feels good."

"Where are we headed now?"

"To the Temple. I want to see Toth about Isis."

We met Toth in the Great Hall, and began walking with him to the Chamber of Fire, where Isis' body lay.

"You were right, Toth. I think I needed all this to really understand the full realities of the Belialian way."

"I'm always right. You should know that by now, Osirus."

"I should, but sometimes I get in my own way, ya know?"

"Why do you speak strangely, Osirus?"

"It's a long story." He stood there waiting for an answer.

"It has to do with the role I was playing to infiltrate the Belialian power plant."

"You are still playing the role?"

"No - it was a joke... sort of... see?"

"Ah, yes. Very funny, Osirus. I hope that soon you will understand my level of humor, and join me in it."

"You're level of humor? What would that be?"

"You wouldn't understand at this point in your evolution, Osirus. Take my wife...Please."

"Eh, pardon... what did you say?"

"Nothing."

"Toth, I've experienced the Dark night of the soul. I've changed somehow - very much."

"Yes. You have changed, my son. But you did not finish your journey. You returned from your experience before it completed its cycle."

"I know... I could tell. So what can I do about it? Do I have to nearly die again?"

"Yes. But in a manner other than that which you expect. It was I who interfered with the completion of your cycle. It is for the better, for now, you will go through the dark night during your Final Initiation."

"I am to undergo Final Initiation now? I am honored. But what of Isis? How is she? Will you be able to help her return to her body?"

As I spoke, we arrived outside the Chamber of Fire.

"It may be within the flow for Isis to return to her Earthly form. But such is not certain at this juncture. She has sacrificed much of physical organs in her body that bind the body to her essence."

"Sacrificed? What do you mean sacrificed?"

"She deliberately severed her physic-etheric ties in order to fully inhabit another body - a body of light that would enable her to access all her powers in an astral form - so she could be with you, to protect you, at all times - but unseen and unsuspected by your enemies."

"She did this for me?"

"Yes. But also did she do this in service of the One - for the good of all. She committed this severance during the energy infusion you, she, and Sid-Ome performed to bring the life back to the bodies of the Dolphins. This created the appearance of death, or incapacitation. This did she do to mislead the agents of darkness, the Sons of Belial. Isis understood that when they believed in her demise, not on their guard would they be, easily detectable would they be, and initiate another attack on you would they. In this way could she then thwart, and then track, the lizards back to their lair. The ones who hide in the shadows must be brought to light. This she knew. This she attempts. Counseled not with me she did, for it was ordained that you would discover those who have initiated the recent actions of violence.

I felt sadness, humility, love - a mixture of emotions. I went in to the Chamber,

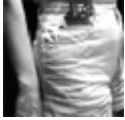
sprinkling some Sacred Shin on the fire as I passed. I looked down on her face, or, I should say, her body's face. "Soon we will exist on the same plane, my love, one way or another, one plane or another." I said, weeping into the sarcophagus.

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Ancient Hi-Tech

HELP PROGRAM YOUR AFFIRMATIONS & ACHIEVE YOUR GOALS

Jon’s early studies of ancient texts about color & sound healing, and his later scientific work, led to the development of these sounds that take you into the deepest meditative states where you are most receptive to programming your subconscious mind with your affirmations. These CD’s offer instant deep meditation at the push of a button, to help you achieve rapid changes. Take control of your life. Chose from the topics below and put what



YOU

want in your subconscious mind's programming. Great for gifts too.

- 1 - Spiritual Development/Growth.
- 2 - Healing affirmations/visualization.
- 3 - Breaking Bad Habits/Developing Healthy Habits.
- 4 - Male Virility.
- 5 - Stress Relief/Management.
- 6 - Sounds Only (no affirmations or induction).
- 7 - Ancient Chinese Healing Visualization. (Given to us by a Dr. who trained with Carl Simonton MD, a cancer therapist who uses psychology & visualization)
- 8 - Insomnia.
- 9 - Power Nap (feels like 3 hours sleep in 28 min.)
- 10 - Weight Loss.
- 11 - Emotional Healing. (Ties into many things such as eating/sexual disorders, smoking, substance abuse, self-esteem, co-dependency, etc. - almost everyone needs this. Great for those with history of emotional or sexual abuse)
- 12 - Intuition Development. Enhance your "inner-voice"
- 13 - Super Energizer Vitality Recharge.
- 14 - Eyesight
- 15 - Self-Less Confidence
- 16 - Blossoming Creativity
- 17 - Accelerated Mega-Learning
- 18 - Fantastic Memory
- 19 - Improving Relationships with Others
- 20 - Developing a Dynamic Success Oriented Personality
- 21 - Powerful Immune System
- 22 - Problem Solving Skill Booster
- 23 - Effective Communication Skills
- 24 - Becoming Better Organized/Time Management
- 25 - Willpower
- 26 - Healing and Victory for Survivors of Child Abuse
- 27 - Chakra Activation

FDA Disclaimer: These statements & products have not been evaluated by the FDA. They are not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease or condition. Always consult your physician before using. This applies to all products, information, meditations or advice we offer.

These should ONLY be used when safely sitting or laying down in normal meditation postures.

VIBRATIONAL SOUNDS FOR COUPLES

(Requires two identical stereo headphones, and a "splitter" [available at Radio Shack])

- 28 - Developing a psychic bond with your partner
- 29 - "Rainbow Bridge" - Create a "chakra connection"
- 30 - Spiritual Sexuality CLO Tantra Guided Imagery (1st stage training level. For use with Jon's Sacred Sexuality/Tantra books "Sex & the Spiritual Guy (or Woman)", and "Primal

Power Tantra").

Version (A), with Vibrational Sounds background.

Version (B), with Classical Music background (Bolero & others)

VIBRATIONAL SOUNDS – MUSIC THERAPY

Meditation Music with Vibrational Sounds mixed subtly in the background.

31 - Crystal Gong Chakra Meditation

32 - Crystal Gong Group Meditation

33 - Didgeridoo Monk's Meditation

34 - Didgeridoo & Crystal Gong Monk's Meditation

35 - Transformation

36 - Vintage Classics

Ineffective “rip offs” of Jon’s original work can sell for hundreds. All our titles (including “For Couples” & “Vib Sound/Music Therapy” versions) are **\$29.95 ea.** Please specify title.

Our Videos Offerings

We presently have 2 Tibetan Yoga videos and a “Cayce Yoga” (tm) video.

We’re

about to make a special ancient Hatha Yoga video, and a 5 min./day “anyone can do it” **self defense video** that will help people (even a small woman or teen) easily defend against almost all attackers, even expert fighters. Watch our website.

“Cayce Yoga” (tm)



Taught to a man who helped us make this video, by an Osteopath at the A.R.E. Clinic over 20 years ago. He had been given 6 months to live, and incorporated these exercises into his health regime.

This video demonstrates the simple rolls & stretches exactly as given in the Cayce readings as a general exercise routine to essentially help balance the forces in the body, and promote well-being.

Easy enough for a 4 year old to learn & easy enough to do by seniors.

Many can even be done sitting on a stool. They also complement Tibetan Yoga.

(This is a short video - about 14 minutes. After basic tips, recommendations & Cayce quotes about Peniel, the exercises take only about 7 to 8 minutes to teach. However, even a 5 min. short-run video costs nearly as much to manufacture as a 60 min one. Longer videos usually sell for more, and better. We feel “padding” length to get more money or sales, is dishonest. We’ve heard some people made videos with “extra” exercises.

We searched the complete readings on CD-ROM, and give only what Cayce gave - no more, no less. We believe quality & accuracy is more valuable than quantity).

\$14.95



Tibetan Yoga

Yoga of the Children of the Law of One

Vol. 1 - Tibetan Yoga Instructional Video. Feel great everyday.

Easy to learn, step-by-step instruction for doing the yoga routine we have done for thousands of years. Includes our unique secret meridian balancing techniques that get your body's energy systems flowing and in balance in just minutes - with only a few waves of your hands. They can be done anytime, even during a restroom break. Videod on the beaches of Maui. \$19.95

Vol. 2 - Tibetan Yoga Flow 20 Minute Workout Video. Once you have learned the techniques, you can do the 20 minute yoga workout along with your "video partner", while simultaneously enjoying some of our beautiful music. Filmed at the hauntingly beautiful "Garden of the Gods" in Colorado. \$19.95



ENERGY SPINNERS: You really CAN move things with your mind. Works instantly for most people. Sensitive to Universal Life Energy/Reiki, just put hands near it, and let the energy flow between them to spin its propeller! Prove that such energies exist. Further develop healing, concentration & visualization.

Packs up pocket-sized to take anywhere. Comes with special experiments from Jon. Great gift too. \$19.95

Would you like to Look & Feel Younger?

How about trying a totally unique (not HGH) anti-aging & rejuvenation product developed by an award winning Stanford graduate MD PhD pharmaceutical development specialist. Totally safe (we wouldn't use it otherwise). As soon as it's ready for the public (possibly by the time you read this), it will be available exclusively (for now) from our order-line.



Until then, they still offer the *only* good HGH type **spray** we've found. Dr. Klatz, M.D. said "*It is now possible to reverse the effects of aging 10-20 years*" (speaking of HGH injectable). Researched and used since the 1950's, it was the secret of the rich & famous until now because of its astronomical cost and illegality. The spray has changed all that. See Jon's comments on our website about the remarkable results it had for him & other monks for years - for about the price of an espresso a day, or less (depending on wholesale or retail quantities).

"Dream-recall-friendly" alarm clocks



Zen Alarm Clocks - When the alarm goes off, a chime bar is struck, making a beautiful, soft, pleasant tone. 3.5 minutes later, it chimes again. It becomes more frequent over 10 minutes if you don't respond...eventually reaching every 4 seconds until shut off. During this progressive awakening you can work on dreams & affirmations in the alpha-theta state.

Beautiful wood hand-made construction. \$97.



Ionic Bracelets - Used by Jon, other monks, & thousands who rave about them for pain relief & energy. Better than magnetic therapy, Jon said these bracelets filter out negative energies and restore balance. Attractive surgical stainless steel twist band with gold plated balls. Easy to put on/take off. Compares to ones costing \$180, even on our site. \$49.95.



Coral Calcium - Ours is from an above ground mine unlike many other brands and sources. This insures that it isn't contaminated from polluted waters and that coral reefs aren't being harmed in the harvesting of it. It's also treated with ozone to make sure there is no bacterial contamination. We can't discuss all the amazing health claims but you can find many by searching the internet.

We can say that it's great for pets too. We started giving it to our elderly, barely moving Tibetan mastiff and she started behaving like a puppy within a day.

Call or see our web site for optional formulas and pricing.



The Music of Peniel & Friends, & CLO Monks

Jon & other monks influenced the lyrics & music of hundreds of hits, and have been producers, arrangers, & professional musicians. Jon started the first all digital record company in the 80's, and developed 3-D sound (used on some of his albums). He also "influenced" the creation of some of the great *positive* pop & rock music of the 60's & 70's. Then there are his personal recordings, spanning classical, meditation, "new age", children's, light jazz, to pop & rock music. There are over a couple of dozen you can read about on our website. Here's just a few. Regularly \$17.95, our readers and web visitors (at this time), get an introductory offer of \$9.95 ea.

Sampler - Selections from a variety of our CDs, with the title announced between songs.

Vintage Classics - NOT the stuffy "made for royalty" stuff, but the most beautiful and inspiring pieces ever composed. Played and slightly modified by Jon.

Dreamweavers - This children's CD has 2 half-hour "positive" & success building stories, told by "Starry Eyes the Fairy Godmother". Using verbal and musical relaxation techniques, they gently bring children into a meditative state, where they calm down & sleep while getting good affirmations. Believe me, kids *want* to go to bed or nap, once they've heard them.

Transformation - A "new age" CD that includes a couple of minutes of the actual sounds recorded by the Voyager spacecraft as it entered the rings of, and past the planet Saturn.

Singing Trees - Featured for 10 minutes on CNN when it first came out years ago, it has a few "Native American feel" songs. But all the music was made from recording the sounds of trees from places like Sedona & Yosemite. The tree sounds were processed by computer to reproduce log drum sounds, flutes, and other instruments. They were then put onto Jon's synth, where he composed some great music. Includes other instruments, and a Sioux chant.

Tibetan - If your tastes lean towards light, soft jazz-fusion, you might try this. Using

special technology, Jon played piano, flute, etc., using his guitar, and played guitar using his synth!

Crystal Gong - A meditation album using monks rubbing and tapping specially tuned quartz crystal Tibetan bowls. Recorded outside in a canyon at the new monastery site.

Digeridoo - Another meditation album with Australian Aboriginal influence, with monks playing multiple Digeridoos tuned to different pitches. Also recorded on site.

Sentimental - This CD is primarily beautiful true love songs, sung folk style or orchestrated. Most use a female lead vocalist, singing her own compositions with a bit of an Irish accent and lullaby-ish style. We've seen people brought to tears by a few of the songs on this one.

**ENJOY SHARGUNG-LA TEAS - MADE BY
OUR OWN MONKS.
THE NEXT BEST THING TO HAVING TEA IN
"SHANGRI-LA"!**



Meditation & More blend - Exotic herbs carefully blended to aid spiritual/psychic/ intuitive sensitivity & development, and deep relaxation. # 2004 1 oz. \$7.99

Citrus Grove Dream - A delightful & refreshing blend that almost tastes like lemonade or a citrus punch! Great Iced or Hot. # 2001 2 oz. \$3.49

Mint Delight - Delicious minty blend that people love to enjoy as a before/after meal tea. Also a wonderful blend for digestion. # 2003 2 oz. \$3.49

Super Soother - Yummy, subtle, sophisticated flavors carry you off to our flower garden where you can sip your tea in peace, and relax. Also used to calm the tummy. # 2005 2 oz. \$4.49

Super Upper - Tasty blend of delicious invigorating spices, combined with the healthy stimulation of Brazilian Mate (contains natural "Maffeine" which we believe is healthier than caffeine) # 2006 2 oz. \$3.49

Tea Ball - These are bulk teas that require a tea ball or strainer, or teapots with one built in. We found a quality Stainless Steel tea ball for, \$4.95

OTHER BOOKS FROM J. PENIEL

THE CHILDREN OF THE LAW OF ONE & THE LOST TEACHINGS OF ATLANTIS

This is the account of an American teenager who discovered a monastery in Tibet that was the inspiration for the legend of "Shangri La." It might be categorized as a "new age" or philosophy book, like The Celestine Prophecy, since it focuses on his spiritual training and their teachings in a novel-like format. Hard to believe, but interestingly, the subtropical region amongst the Himalayas that he describes finding, was later documented by explorers from National Geographic, then covered up (there is still evidence of this). Also interesting is that the author was apparently mentioned in the Edgar Cayce readings (the famous American psychic whose books have sold millions of copies), as someone who would one day bring an important message to the world. See our website to order paperback or eBook version (Electronic/Digital Book). eBooks are less expensive and eco-friendly because no printing is involved.

"An inspiring and easy-to-read book that sheds brilliant clarity on the meaning of true spirituality, how to achieve it, and how it can change our lives."

JEFF RENSE, HOST OF SIGHTINGS

"A must for anyone interested in Atlantis, alternative theories about creation and pre-history, or legendary ancient civilizations."

DAVID CHILDRESS, ARCHEOLOGIST

"This fascinating, amusing and very readable book provides a teaching of such purity and promise, that it opens a path to guide a reader into the individual truth which lies within each and every one of us."

ROBERT WATTS, PRODUCER/FILMMAKER

The GR Workbook

A Step-by-Step Guide for a better life & a better world.

Attain growth, improve relationships (even with strangers) at home, in public or
in
independent groups. *Even our monks use the workbook section.*

Co-written by Jon Peniel, the GRW is a great aid for changing. That's why we promote *and practice* it. Not everyone wants (or is ready for) joining monasteries or having teachers to get the constructive criticism & discipline *necessary* to achieve their goals. And some people are really "turned off" by things like the legends, pre-history, etc.,

found in the “Lost Teachings of Atlantis” (LTA). Thus, “The Golden Rule Workbook” (GRW), serves a dual purpose. It has nothing anyone could consider “strange”, yet has important techniques for self-improvement - ones that help achieve the foundation of true spirituality - being a really good person. You can’t be on a path like the CLO’s without such a foundation. You don’t need to believe in our beliefs about creation, humanimals, etc., in order to create a better world and get back to God. Things like that were just put in this book to make it more interesting and marketable so it would reach more people of a certain kind, with it’s *truly important* messages. Unfortunately, many “spiritual” people think the Golden Rule is no big spiritual deal, aren’t really interested, and books like the LTA sell better.

Even those of you who have read the LTA and want to grow, really need the tools in the GRW. Plus, the GRW was created in a manner that everyone can agree with as long as they aren’t strongly selfish, or have religious beliefs that are negative and hateful.

Now you (and others if they want to) can work on real spiritual growth or self improvement on your own, right in your own homes, with or without a teacher. We hope that the GRW can help your growth in whatever living circumstances you find yourself in, and *apply* the GR principle in your daily life. The ideals/fears/affirmations/constructive criticism practices can be used alone or with like-minded friends, family, and even strangers. Remember, don’t try to force it on others - it’s YOU who needs to be humble and WANT truthful constructive criticism. Your selfish self will hate it, so beware of getting negative or resentful.

The GRW covers various possible living scenarios - living at home with family, doing a “study group”, church associated club, roommate situations, and creating an intentional roommate situation as a “semi-mini-monastery”.

As with everything, that doesn’t mean the GRW is a “magic bullet”, you REALLY have to want to change, BE SINCERE and do more than “talk a good game”. And even then, all those using it won’t become “perfect”, “saints”, or unselfishly loving all the time - but if you are sincerely “working on it”, you will eventually reach your goal, just like the old children’s story “The little train that could”. Just put one foot in front of the other, one step at a time.

As you’ve already read, we encourage the transcension of selfishness, and direct experience of oneness with the Universal Spirit/God. The big challenge is that separation from God, if you want freedom from the suffering and destruction selfish selves have created as a result. Surmounting that takes many things - clarifying your goals, using affirmations, meditation, understanding & flowing with Universal Law, but without humility, and using criticism as a mirror to see yourself, and then using that “reflection” to change, all the above is useless to burst the separation. If that is accomplished you can replace negative programming you didn’t choose, with the positive virtues YOU choose to have, and let your inner spirit/soul emerge and become One with, and a servant of, the Universal Spirit/God again.

The Ancient Teachings on, & My Personal Experiences with, Aliens and UFO’s.

At the time of this writing, these booklets were only available as eBooks. (Please see our website to order, or contact us to see if they’re in print yet. Includes the ancient CLO teachings and prophecy about aliens, Jon’s travels with a UN ambassador on a mission from aliens, inner-Earth tunnels and a map discovered by a UCLA archeologist, ancient terrestrial UFO’s, celebrity close encounters, and much much more.

Vol. 1, 2 and 3 \$5.95 each (for eBook version ordered on our website).

The Spiritual Sexuality Series

At the time of this writing, these booklets were only available as eBooks. Please see www.at-tantra-tantric-sex.com to order, or contact us to see if they're in print yet.

Vol. 1 - Sex & the Spiritual Guy (or Woman). The first of two booklets that Jon wrote about spiritual sexuality. Topics include: The human predicament – “angels” in physical bodies; Inner conflict & guilt; The sexual aspects of nature/the universe; The various ways people deal with sexuality & spirituality (and the results). This book examines all viewpoints, and provides unique solutions to achieving spiritual sexuality in relationships. It is a prerequisite to Jon’s book on his order’s traditional sexuality training (“Primal Power Tantra”). We strongly recommend to read the books in order.

Vol. 2 - Primal Power Tantra. “Primal Power Tantra” is considered to be the highest form of spiritual sexuality, and more effective for spiritual development and raising consciousness than other forms of tantra, or regular celibacy. Plus, it allows for sexual ecstasy and spiritual bliss to become one in the same, and those who master it become “the world’s greatest lovers”, while returning to Oneness with the Universal Spirit. This booklet is the fundamental instruction manual for the positive tantric sex method taught and practiced by the CLO. We highly recommend you read the books in order.
\$7.95 each (for eBook version ordered on our website).

Coming Soon!

A. Jon Peniel’s book on how to raise positive, successful, obedient children.

B. The Golden rule workbook is being edited with new, exciting additions, that include related works from Benjamin Franklin.

CONTACT, WEB, & ORDER INFO:

Our Website Features Great Things like:

Inspirational quotes page (choose from - the Ancient teachings, Cayce, or Founding Fathers - get a daily quote or “instant answers” to “thought of questions” with just a mouse click), a free Jon/CLO newsletter, important news updates, articles by Jon, free book chapters, news alerts, and spiritually oriented products. We also offer “**freebies**” like **astrology birth/compatibility charts, gems & jewelry**, etc, with orders (see details on the site).

Website address: www.atlantis.to (that’s “.to”, not “.com”)

The best way to contact us is via email. Note: sometimes our email is up to date, but sometimes we get back-logged by days, and even weeks.

Email: caring@atlantis.to

Phone Orders: 1-800-845-7991. This is an order line for Windsor Hill, but brief messages can be left for us. When closed or the line is busy, please leave your name, number & the best time to reach you. Due to meditation schedules and our lifestyle, we don’t take calls. But if you need to speak with a monk via phone, just buy a pre-paid calling card (either from our mail-order biz, or elsewhere),

then email or call the order line to set an appointment. If you bought it elsewhere, give your pre-paid calling card info, your phone number, and various dates/times that would work for you. We'll set an appointment, and call you back. This service is normally backlogged by a couple of weeks.

Mailing Address: You can send orders or letters to us at: GRO c/o Windsor-Hill, 7450 W. 52nd Ave. M241, Arvada, CO 80002. (Note: Mail is forwarded to us and may take a week or two extra *after* reaching the above mailing address, and then who knows how long to get to and read.)

When you write or email, please specify exactly what you are writing for - it saves us time - thanks. If you feel like telling us about yourself, please do!

Don't Have a Computer or Don't Know How to Use One to See our Website or Email Us?

Libraries, Kinko's copies, and 'internet cafes' offer public access computers and will often show you how to do use them for email & internet - it's easy! Some are in the yellow pages under *Internet services*. You can also get your own email address, that you can use from any computer anywhere. Better yet, get your own computer, and internet access service, they usually come with free email accounts. We've had best luck with Earthlink, worst with AOL. Please keep in mind we are understaffed, and may be backed up on our correspondence, including emails, mail, and phone. Have patience please, but you may try again if you think your communication didn't get through (sometimes email, voice mail, and letters can all get lost).

Gifts

If you wish to make us a gift of money or whatever, please include a note letting us know if you want us to use it for anything we wish, or only for a specific purpose.

We're out here, so always remember, someone out there really loves you. There always has been, and always will be.

GWBD (God's Will Be Done)