

The Zenith of Our Transcendence

By

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A Mystic, it is not something you are born, it is something you become through a conquest of consciousness on an evolutionary course of knowledge gathering. Sensory intelligence matures into intellectual intelligence, which grows into emotional intelligence, which finally transcends into divine wisdom. The path of a Mystic is one of diligence and divine faith. Although a rigorous way of life, its rewards of strength and serenity are beyond precious. The utmost goal of a Mystic is complete mastery of the physical emotional, by way of the mental spiritual, thus becoming an Avatar, one who has fully realized on all levels that they are divine consciousness within a physical body.

Mystics of the planet have joined together as leaders of a worldwide resistance, of awakened men and women who consider themselves soldiers of truth and renegades of light, fighting the tyranny and disinformation of their governments. Zen is an elite sect of this resistance, composed of seven members, who are more than just Mystics, they are Starseeds; souls who had graduated to higher dimensions of existence, but have volunteered to reincarnate as ascended masters, to aid the humans during Earth's dimensional shift from a fourth into a fifth dimensional reality.

Humans are currently three-dimensional beings living in a fourth-dimensional world. The first three dimensions are spatial, including length, width, and height. The fourth dimension is time, as expressed by Albert Einstein's theory of general relativity.

The Sol solar system is part of a greater rotational cosmic cycle that rotates through space around a Central Sun Alcyone. One complete rotation takes 26,000 years to complete, spending about 2,200 years in each of the twelve constellations of the zodiac. The culmination of 2012 marks the end of this 26,000 year cycle and with it the end of the Age of Pisces. The Mayan, Incan, Aztec, Egyptian, Hopi, and Vedic traditions all acknowledged that 2012 marked the end of this cycle and the beginning of a major advance in consciousness. The I Ching, an ancient Chinese system of divination involving interpretation of sixty-four hexagrams, is believed to have originally been an archaic Chinese calendar. It was discovered by fractal time experts to have an end date of December 22, 2012. Today is April the fourth of 2011, noon.

An interdimensional shape-shifting reptilian race that has been manipulating the governments of this world since before the Sumerian's time, beginning their infiltration in the Atlantis High Council, are the true rulers of Earth. They used Atlantis to forge a grand war with Lemuria, which in its climax caused the great deluge that changed the face of this planet, in the finale of the Age of Virgo. Thirteen selected survivors from around the globe were interbred with reptilian DNA to act as stewards for their race.

In Japan, emperors claimed descent from dragon gods that came from the sky. Australian aborigines believe they are descendants of a race of dragon humans. China teaches that the serpent queen, Nu Kua, interbred with man. India speaks of reptilian gods, Nagas that seeded their royal families. Throughout the Middle East, it is believed that a serpent race created man. The royal kings of Africa claimed descent from serpent gods who came from the sky, naming them Chitauri, 'children of the serpent.' In South America, the Mayans taught that their ancestors were the people of the serpent. Aztecs were said to be created by a serpent woman. The Hopi Indians believed sky gods came to earth to breed with their women and referred to them as their snake brothers. All of these stated are denotation of their reptilian-human hybrid bloodlines.

The resistance was formed out of a rising against the Reptilians, whom by indoctrinating blind faith (faith induced by fear rather than love), have created division through religion and government with the purpose of warfare, to manifest the negative emotion (emotion being energy

in motion) of fear from the masses. Fear is the cause of anger and rage, which is both empowering and also addicting.

Humans are energetically connected to the Source of Universal Genesis, known to many as God/Goddess, which emanates absolute love, the highest purest form of energy. The Reptilian's trans-dimensional plane is of negative polarity, thus cutting them off from the Source, so they use this world to feed the energy demands of theirs. Therefore, mankind has become power converters, transducing love into fear, viewed as cattle.

Zen is currently hidden within a self-sustaining intentional community (modern-day tribe) in Japan, which practices Complete Perfection Taoism. It is a small village consisting of forty tepees, a modest temple, the only permanent building within the village, and about seventy-five men, women, and children, surrounded by forest on all sides and mountains on two sides.

There is a Zen Mystic meditating in the temple at the center of the village before the Taoist altar at all times, projecting a psychic shield over the village to veil them from the Reptilians. If their location is discovered, not a single person would survive. They switch out every six hours, so as not to tire. There is also always a monk hidden at each corner of the village, standing guard from the treetops.

Each member of Zen surrendered their birth names, taking the names of their totem animal spirits when accepting the challenge of this most vital journey.

Falcon, Zen's leader, has the prophetic vision of an eagle and the decisive swiftness of a hawk. He stood six-foot-tall, lean but muscular, wearing the traditional robes of a Taoist monk. His dirty-blond hair, mustache, and beard were grown out to better blend into the community. With bold green eyes, he watched over each member of Zen as a father would his own children. As any good leader, Falcon knew not only the strengths and weaknesses of his enemies, but those of each one of his own men, and not only how to take advantage of each of their strengths, but also how to compensate for each of their weaknesses.

Wolf is Zen's fastest runner and greatest clairaudient, loyal but emotionally withdrawn, Falcon's brother of brothers and friend since childhood. Wolf stood by Falcon's side in the tepee all of Zen shared, slightly taller and quite a bit more muscular, coarse brown hair wild, arctic-blue eyes staring at the slow download coming through a cellular uplink to their shared laptop.

Wolf barked, "This is taking too long. The emotion behind the raucous alien tongue whispering through my inner ear is confident triumph and eager conquest."

Studiously operating the computer was Sea-Turtle, wise and majestic, a hacker guru and an oracle; her greatest weakness was her lack of faith in her own Delphic abilities. Thick skinned, thick boned, thick long black hair and oak colored eyes; she resonated an earthly beauty.

Just as every member of Zen did while in the village, Sea-Turtle spoke in Japanese out of respect for their hosts. "Download complete." She closed her eyes for a moment, psychically searching. "Wolf's ear was correct. It took too long. They've traced the signal enough to triangulate our coordinates." Her fingers blurred as her hands danced over the keyboard. "Encrypting...uploading...sent."

Snow-Leopard, swift and regal, clairsentient and Zen's most skillful warrior, seven-foot-tall, broad-shouldered, with short blond hair, his Achilles heel has always been his prideful ego.

Snow-Leopard closed his hazel eyes, communicating not with words, but feelings to his twin brother in the American Union, another member of the resistance and the recipient of the upload. Snow-Leopard opened his eyes. "Everything is set for the mass production and

distribution. All of the resistance capable will be sending us love and light throughout this day and night.”

“Thank you,” replied Falcon. “Our primary mission is finally complete. Now for the difficult part.”

Falcon closed his eyes, sending a telepathic message to Grizzly and Panda, instructing them to leave their current duties and hurry to Zen’s shared tepee.

Falcon then sent a thought broadcast to the entire tribe, to finalize their preparation for the exodus they had hoped would be unnecessary. “*Robert Kennedy said, ‘Few will have the greatness to bend history itself; but each of us can work to change a small portion of events, and in the total; of all those acts will be written the history of this generation.’ Thank you all for doing your portion. It is time to depart. May your lives be peaceful and full of love.*”

Dove, serene and patient, she had an extraordinary skill for psychically altering her appearance in the eyes of others, almost metamorphic. Short and petite with chocolate eyes like creamy velvet, and brunette hair that smelled sweeter than exotic wild flowers, she had a heart that manifested an inner beauty like none other Falcon had ever felt. Dove was Falcon’s soul-mate, and *his* greatest weakness. Her every touch was ecstasy surging throughout his body. Her blissful aura massaged his psyche into a state of halcyon, like the tranquil feeling a young dove experiences when held within the wings of its caring mother. Dove’s weakness was an inability to harm another living being, no matter the consequence to herself, possibly to her doom. Because of her unique talent and the fact that she was mostly Japanese, she had been the one he chose to infiltrate the enemy.

Sea-Turtle’s eyes shut tight, her face and body tensed as though she were on an emotional roller-coaster traveling at the speed of thought. The imagination shapes energy into imagery. She let out a breath, wiped the tears from her eyes, and whispered. “She was captured.”

Falcon’s heart beat beyond his control. “Can we save her?”

Sea-Turtle looked into his eyes with abundant remorse. “I am having great difficulty seeing beyond the inherent paradox of viewing the future and manifesting destiny. I am sorry Falcon, but I cannot determine her fate.”

“Then the rescue effort goes as planned.” That was all Falcon had to say to propel Zen into action. *We are coming for you, Dove.*

Grizzly, courageous though cumbersome, he was Zen’s largest and most intimidating, dark skinned with a black afro and full beard. He entered the tepee and embraced Sea-Turtle, kissing her cheek and whispering a farewell into her ear. He then gave Wolf a firm handshake and Falcon a heartfelt hug. “My brothers, I thank you for this glorious opportunity. My heart swells with anticipation. May we be brothers again in our next lifetime.” He turned and marched away, expecting no reply, knowing there was little time.

Having retrieved his katana, Snow-Leopard stepped forth, bowed with nobility and addressed them as one. “It has truly been an honor.” They each bowed in reply, and Snow-Leopard disappeared from the tepee. Grizzly and Snow-Leopard had both volunteered to remain in the village to hold off the enemy long enough for everyone else to escape. Neither of them expected to survive, yet they were content with such an admirable death.

Panda, jovial and strong, the youngest and most energetic of the seven, was usually the group jester, but as he rushed into the tepee with his blond dreadlocks and warm blue eyes, he said only, “Enjoy the journey, this segment I most definitely will.” His weakness was excessive effort, continuously needing to prove his worth.

Panda, Wolf, and Falcon packed Zen's personal belongings as Sea-Turtle packed up their electronic gear.

In silence, they left the tepee that had been their home for the last year and hurried to the edge of the forest to meet the villagers, who had become their family during that time.

Sea-Turtle led the march of villagers away from the only home they had ever known, projecting a psychic shield over them as she did so, veiling them from the Reptilians.

Panda trailed the group to be sure no one was left behind. He carried the eldest of the village women, her old legs making it difficult to move very swiftly.

Falcon and Wolf, hauling a small child under each arm, ran the mile track to the six old Ford work vans hidden under brush and tree limbs, back and forth at an incredible speed to carry any child that would have slowed the group's escape.

Once the march had made it halfway to the vans, the roar of two twin-engine tandem rotors broke the peace of the forest: Two CH-47J Chinook transport helicopters flying overhead.

Wolf gave Falcon a pleading gaze and Falcon nodded in reply. Wolf vanished like a quiet guise of wind toward the village. Falcon hoped he would return accompanied by Snow-Leopard and Grizzly, though he felt that was a near impossibility.

When the group had all made it to the vans, the children and women were weeping, not because they would never see their village again, but because of the harsh gunfire in the distance. Hiding their tension, Panda and Falcon calmed them with reassuring smiles as they made sure everyone was packed safely into the vans, and Sea-Turtle gave a key and map to each driver. The rear of the Ford's held no seats, so there was just enough room for everyone to cram in.

Five of the strongest and most agile of the monks had already chosen to accompany the remaining members of Zen in their rescue effort. Although they have not reached the level of a Mystic, they were quite a formidable force.

Falcon addressed them once they were seated together in the lead van. "To quote Edmund Burke, 'The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good people to do nothing.' I thank you from the source of my soul for leaving behind your families to risk your lives."

Each monk, one after the next, bowed their heads and said, "Namaste." The soul within me honors the soul within you. The smallest of them moved to the passenger seat, where he would stay for the remainder of the mission. He slipped into a meditative state, projecting a psychic shield over the van. One monk for each van had been trained to do the same.

Wolf leapt into the back of the van with a feeling of distraught as Sea-Turtle stepped on the gas. He must have witnessed something foul.

Wolf moved to where Falcon sat against the back of the front passenger seat and placed his palm on Falcon's forehead to pass him information in the energy stored in his aura, a memory share...

As if hallucinating, the hundred heavily armed U.N. soldiers in forest-camo surrounding the village in a deadly phalanx began to fire wildly and ran about in terror, some into the forest and others back into the helicopters sitting in the crop fields. Their years of training seemed all but lost, though Falcon knew that Snow-Leopard sat before the Taoist altar in the temple, projecting the imagery of twenty-five infuriated black panthers scattered throughout the village.

The General leading the assault stood his ground, commanding his soldiers to ignore the panthers. His aura was black; a Reptilian. He could easily see through the illusion. Leading the

few men who obeyed, he marched to the center of the village and pitched a grenade at the temple doors.

The old doors exploded into splinters and four soldiers rushed into the temple. They must have been killed at once because the General threw a canister of tear gas through the entry only a moment after. Before the canister erupted, it flew back out of the doorway and hit the General in the face. With the panthers now vanished, soldiers rushed in and pulled the General out of the smoke.

Two soldiers in unison flung two grenades each into the small temple. The holy sanctuary trembled and caught fire, presumably from all the lit candles.

Like a bolt of lightning from the heavens, Snow-Leopard struck from the sky, having leapt from the temple rooftop, the bright sun above blinding his adversaries. His katana was not only an extension of his body but also his spirit. Each slash carried a psychokinetic burst capable of ripping a man in half without even a touch of the sharp blade. His first strike mid-jump threw six men to the ground with traumatized innards and another six crashing into tepees, their weapons damaged beyond use.

The temple ablaze behind him, Snow-Leopard was cornered by the twenty soldiers charging toward him, firing their XM8 Carbines as they encroached on his position.

Intuitively rolling to one side, Snow-Leopard dodged the onslaught of gunfire, then jumped fifteen feet into the air with a psychokinetic thrust from his feet.

Slashing twice while in the air, he unarmed his attackers, knocking half of them to the ground unconscious. His feet hit the gentle earth and he swooshed forward in a blur, cutting through the air with his mighty steel. With a swift slashing figure eight, he split six soldiers in two, then flipped an aerial cartwheel to evade another barrage of bullets, and executed a twenty-foot front flip, landing behind the remaining four soldiers: A single slash snapped their spines.

Whirling around, Snow-Leopard found himself facing the reptilian General again.

Wearing a sinister smile, the reptile signaled four soldiers to toss grenades as he himself, fired a shoulder-mounted rocket launcher.

Ignoring the prospect of escape, Snow-Leopard psychokinetically reflected the grenades at the General with a thrust of his palms but was unable to deflect the missile: Both the General and Snow-Leopard were torn to shreds.

Gripping a pair of battle-axes, Grizzly roamed the other end of the village, hunting the hunters. A pair of soldiers were telekinetically wrenched into a tepee, and in a marauding instant, silent blood splashed and stained canvas, their life spilling out as their bodies fell.

Grizzly moved from tepee to tepee, the raw grunts of slaughter echoing throughout the village, cutting down soldier after soldier like so many pine saplings.

A sudden plethora of bullets pierced tepees and spit up dirt in a frightened rage to search out the haunting predator. Grizzly flung each of his axes, telekinetically guiding them through the air, striking down the two closest soldiers. He fled into the forest as swiftly as he was capable.

Zigzagging through the thick bamboo, he dashed toward the decoy path that led into the mountains, opposite from the vans. Bamboo splintered and shattered all around him as the soldiers chased, firing wildly. Grizzly spun in mid-stride and throughout a psychokinetic wave that slammed his advancing pursuers to the ground.

Without missing a step, he continued his charge. When he was in reach of the path, a sniper round struck the center of his back and exploded from his chest. As his bloodied body fell, his determined soul continued on, racing for the path ahead.

...Falcon opened his green eyes with a proud smile, knowing his two brothers had faithfully fulfilled their life's purpose. A single tear streamed down his face as he felt joy for their graduation from this lifetime, and also a pang of sorrow as he knew he would have to carry on this life without them.

Sea-Turtle, navigating the treacherous jungle path, glanced back giving him a compassionate gaze. She knew without being told, that Grizzly and Snow-Leopard had passed on. Closing her eyes for only a second, her energy-form reached out and wrenched Falcon with empathetic love; an auric hug.

Once they had exited the jungle, there was an hour ride to Osaka, during which all the men silently meditated together, heightening their vibrational resonance until they no longer reflected three-dimensional light, rendering them invisible to human eyes. Reality is but a matrix of electromagnetic grids that produce holograms through which we focus our individualized consciousness to experience: An illusion.

As Sea-Turtle brought the van to a stop in front of the great stairs leading up to the American Union Embassy, through his telepathic rapport with Dove, Falcon felt her cry out to him. "*Dove's in danger!*"

Japan was under martial law, like most of the world. Even with civilization crumbling from its foundation up, within the major cities, a troop of soldiers was never far away.

"*Five minutes in and out.*" Falcon whipped the sliding side-door open and was first out.

Four soldiers standing midway up the stairs leveled their XM8 Carbines at the work van, which to them appeared empty.

For but a moment, Falcon stepped beyond the illusion of reality to perform a line-of-sight short-range teleport. He moved at the speed of light, shifting forward twenty-five feet to close the distance between him and the closest marine. Falcon thrust his palm into the marine's face. His front teeth broke and flew free. Choking on his blood, he dropped unconscious.

Panda burned up an enormous amount of energy as he executed three consecutive teleports, snapping the necks of the remaining three guards, each one crumpling to the cement stairs without any realization of their deaths.

Wolf raced past them all, and with a successive thrust of each palm, he psychokinetically shattered the glass doors, moving so fast the glass did not have time to fall before he smacked through the jagged chunks in air. He leapt between the guards at the security check, leaving them for Falcon and Panda, zipped through the metal detector, passed two large steel sculptural tributes to war, and jumped over the front desk feet first, kicking the guard in the face and throat before he could sound the alarms. Then with another psychokinetic palm-thrust, destroyed the computer and phone system, shooting hunks of plastic everywhere.

Falcon and Panda entered swiftly behind him and with a well-placed thrust, they rendered the remaining guards unconscious. They moved through the metal detectors into the vast lobby, the four monks closely following. There was an open staircase on the left and right side of the lobby that led to the interior stairwells and the elevators on the second floor.

Panda began to shimmer like flowing heat waves, becoming visible.

Falcon psychically projected into each of the group's minds. "*A negative-energy vortex has been alchemized here to make it difficult for us to retain our heightened vibrations. Ask your angelic guides to help shield you.*"

To his alpha guide, who appeared as a samurai in indigo armor within his mind, Falcon spoke internally. *Xavier, please shield me.* An invigorating warmth surrounded him like a sunbeam cresting a raincloud. *Thank you.*

Two armed Colonels raced into the lobby, staring at them as if they were visible.

"*Reptilians!*" Falcon halted Wolf's attack with a firm palm to his chest and unleashed Panda with a slight nod. "*They know we are here, we must get to Dove immediately!*"

As Falcon and Wolf ran up the first flight of stairs, Panda charged at the Reptilians. Before they could fire their Carbines, Panda had them by the throat. He heaved them into the air, bashing their skulls together and spraying green blood. He dropped their corpses to the marble floor.

Falcon and Wolf entered the interior stairwell, leaving Panda, already noticeably drained, to lead the four monks in a diversionary tactic to destroy the information on the resistance stored in a server farm in the bowels of the building. Dove had previously supplied them with the exact whereabouts. Falcon's intuition told him *her* current location was on the thirty-eighth floor.

As they reached the fourteenth floor the alarms blared and soldiers from various levels rushed into the stairwell. Falcon and Wolf easily weaved around and between them unnoticed, until Dove psychically screamed for Falcon with a deafening cry. Images of cuddling, laughing, and kissing before an open fire flashed from Falcon's memory. *There's no time!*

Like a fierce god raging across the heavens, Falcon soared up the stairwell, moving faster than even Wolf was capable. Falcon slammed soldiers into the cement walls, shattering bones, and sent others yelping to their deaths over the metal railings.

Heart throbbing, muscles burning, his fear of losing Dove was becoming anger, lowering his vibrational resonance. He was becoming visible, even with the aid of his angelic guides. Beautiful thoughts of having made love until sunrise further ignited his inflamed emotions. It took all of his years of training to control his anger to keep it from exploding into a fit of rage, knowing it would endanger not only himself, but also his team, the resistance, and therefore the world.

Clairvoyantly blinded by his anger, Falcon's rapid ascent was jolted to a stop as a Reptilian among the soldiers grabbed him by the throat, crushing his larynx as he pounded him into the cement wall. *I must save her!* Disoriented by the blow to the head, his body did not respond to his mind's commands.

Before Falcon was bashed a second time, the Reptilian's head burst from his body. Wolf had struck with a ferocious uppercut that sent a green bloody mist into the air.

Wolf, eyes closed, held his palm to Falcon's chest for two seconds, transferring more than half of his own remaining energy. Falcon's muscles tensed, rejuvenated, and his mind refocused. They dashed up the stairwell together.

As they reached the thirty-eighth floor, Dove cried out with pain. Falcon heard it not only ringing in his mind but also stinging his ears. "*I'm here Dove!*" He ripped open the door entering a long hallway, which led to a steel door that he claircognizantly knew, held Dove and two Reptilians locked inside. A memory of envisioning and naming their yet to be conceived children illuminated within his mind.

Unable to hold back any longer, Falcon's fury was released and the steel door grew red hot and wilted as he charged down the hall, until finally, it exploded inward as Falcon reached it. As he burst into the interrogation room, he thrust out both palms. A General pointing a gun was shot through a double-sided mirror on the right, and a Colonel holding a boot-knife pressed to Dove's jugular was pitched into the left wall, smashing open his skull.

Scarlet streaked from Dove's neck and her eyes rolled back.

Falcon caught her as she fell. Pressing his hands firmly around her throat, he closed his eyes. *Spirit of Reiki, I ask you now to please flow through me as a conduit to heal Dove.* He envisioned the Reiki Master Symbol, Raku, entering each of Dove's chakras, then envisioned the Reiki Power Symbol, Cho Ku Rei, wrapped around her slit throat. *Heavenly Father/Mother, I thank you for blessing Dove with your Holy Light, for healing her with your absolute love.*

He trembled as a massive flow of divine energy surged through him into Dove. As she healed, he mentally reached into the secret garden that no other had ever entered within the deepest depths of Dove's beautiful heart, to find the ever blooming flowers bleeding, and the fluttering butterflies falling.

Dove embraced him amongst the wilting roses of her heart, weeping into his chest. *"Falcon, my brave knight, I am sorry I can no longer stay with you. I selflessly loved you more than any other. You must lead on."*

Falcon wiped her tears from her reddened cheeks. *"Dove, my sweet princess, I will lead on with you by my side. You can be healed."*

She gripped his neck and kissed him as her tears become blood. *"No, I cannot. Flee, my love."*

Wolf squeezed Falcon's shoulder tight, pulling him back to awareness. *"There is no time. We must go now."*

Falcon tore off Dove's shirt sleeve and tied it snug around her neck to cease the hemorrhaging, picked her up like a sleeping child, and darted out the doorway. He flew down each set of stairs, followed closely by Wolf still invisible, and kicked the second-floor door open without stopping.

What transpired next took only a brief moment of time, but that time was slowed by heightened levels of adrenaline.

Two marines standing at the center of the lobby raised their XM8 Carbines to fire, as Falcon came through the door. Before he could react, Wolf reached out telekinetically and tore the marine's weapons from their hands; a Carbine flew over each of Falcon's shoulders, smacking the wall beside him.

All at once, Falcon leapt from the open staircase, Wolf jumped from behind Falcon and soared over him, a troop of marines charged through the shattered entry doors, and Panda followed by the four monks, all visible, came into the lobby like an intense hurricane.

Thrusting out his palms as he ran, Panda telekinetically ripped a water fountain from the left wall, pitching it at the leading soldier, slamming him to the marble. Panda then toppled the two steel sculptures overtop the other marines, and the monks leapt like jackals over the falling monuments, attacking the soldiers out of range of Panda's assault, disarming and breaking legs with lightning velocity.

Cradling Dove against his chest, Falcon hit the floor and darted forward, following Wolf, who acted as a shield and battering-ram, creating a path through the mayhem. Bullets zipped over Falcon's head, and Wolf blitzed the young marine responsible, leaving him on the floor

with a snapped neck. Amid all the chaos, Falcon could feel Dove's heart slowing, and in turn, his own heart rupturing. "*Hold on just another moment!*"

Sea-Turtle, who had been psychically remote viewing the scene from an alley four blocks away, pulled up the van with squealing tires in front of an empty troop carrier, just as a second troop carrier was coming down the street, and Wolf and Falcon were running down the great stairs.

With the aid of the monks, Panda telekinetically flipped the empty troop carrier onto its side, blocking the approaching truck. He jumped atop the fallen truck with complete determination in his eyes, then teleported in front of the oncoming truck as it came to a halt. Using both palms held together at the wrist, he hit the engine with a kinetic thrust: The motor crumbled spilling fluids to the pavement.

Exhausted, Panda stumbled as he ran for the van. He hit the pavement, rolled, and jumped up again. Wolf grabbed Panda by the wrist and hauled him into the back of the van as it peeled away, bullets peppering the van as he did so.

An instant later the van jolted as a police cruiser, sirens wailing, attempted to push them off the road by ramming into the van's rear.

Steering through traffic, Sea-Turtle cried, "Falcon, what do I do?"

Holding Dove in his arms, his forehead pressed to her temple, Falcon was attempting to revive her with Reiki. The tears running down Falcon's cheeks dried as he felt the warmth of Dove's soul embracing him. A whisper in his mind and shivers up his spine confirmed it. "*That body serves me no longer.*" Echoed through his psyche and he knew then what he must do. *Thank you, my love.*

With a thought broadcast, Falcon informed the others of what he was about to execute. Just as the van was coming up on a tight turn around a bent, Wolf and Panda kicked open the back doors. Falcon heaved Dove's lifeless body from the van and it came crashing down on the windshield of the pursuing car. Blinded by shattering glass, the cruiser swerved and drove off the road, crashing into a ditch. Wolf and Panda slammed the doors shut.

Falcon collapsed backward onto the van floor and stared blankly at the ceiling, lost in his anguish. *It should have been my sacrifice. Why did she have to die? Why couldn't it have been me?*

They stopped at a self-storage center a few minutes later, to switch out the van with a closed-cab Honda Ridgeline that had been hidden for them there by the resistance.

In silent meditation, some assessing their performance, others praying, they drove six hours to a Buddhist temple, a temporary safe house, to rest for the night. Falcon, his heart throbbing in agony, slipped in and out of consciousness, wrestling with his thoughts the entire ride.

At dawn, the surviving members of Zen would leave for a cargo ship, to be smuggled out of the country, while the five Taoist monks would become Buddhist monks until arrangements could be made to reunite them with their families.

Sea-Turtle backed the truck into the forest behind the temple to keep it veiled, and they all climbed out. By Sea-Turtle's silent request, Wolf and the monks hiked up to the temple, leaving the other three behind. She closed her eyes for a moment, and then said, "There is a natural hot spring amid the woods a hundred yards in. A baptism would be of great value to you now. I will make sure everything is taken care of inside. We should converse after. Do not place fault on yourself. Focus your attention on appreciation of the love you shared."

He nodded in agreement and she hugged him tight. Panda then did the same. Though he was too weary for words, his emotion was consoling.

Falcon tread into the moonlit forest and the trees seemed to welcome him. A flowing energy led him, as if a pathway, directly to the hidden spring. He stripped, whispered a cleansing prayer, and then submerged himself in the bubbling tepid water, exhaling completely, releasing all oxygen and with it all emotion. His aching muscles tingled with delight, his clouded mind was washed clean, his energy was revitalized, and his heavy heart was alleviated. As he surfaced he stared up at the heavens, wondering if his next lifetime would bring Dove back into his arms.

A lone dove perched on the low branch of a cherry blossom tree in full bloom beside him. Dove's lingering soul embraced him in a final farewell. The warmth of her love could be felt like a heavy mist over the water. The watching dove cooed and Falcon smiled. It cooed once more as in reply and then flew away into the night sky, parting with it Dove's spirit. *May love guide you upon a path that finds us reunited.*

Falcon exited the hot spring, shook himself dry and dressed.

At the edge of the forest, Wolf was waiting with lantern in hand. Although as zealous as ever, Wolf's arctic-blue eyes seemed a bit tender as he stared into Falcon's soul and spoke. "My brother, there is nothing I can say to you that you do not already know, so all I can do is remind you that you are loved." He hugged Falcon tight, a rare act, then handed Falcon a printed copy of the download Dove had sacrificed herself for. An unpublished manuscript, its author had been assassinated before it made the press.

There are only two things that exist in the Universe, energy and the consciousness that guides it; matter and mind, emotion and thought. On the quantum level, the Universe is nothing more than energy moving at different oscillations. This subtle energy has many labels such as Chi, Ki, Mana, Orgone, Prana, Tachyon Energy, Torsion Energy, and Universal Energy. And since all life is made up of the same energy without any true division, all life is, therefore, unified. Everything and everyone is connected. The Universe is one infinite intelligence exploring its infinite potential through an infinite variety of finite fragments.

All the conscious beings of Earth constitute a collective unconsciousness. This collective holds the rules of reality rigid in a shared waking dream. When the majority of this collective focuses on the positive, such as love and peace, the energy of the planet will find balance, if held long enough, bringing about a transcendence. Symbols embody the intention of consciousness and therefore affect the vibrational frequency of energy: Words, written or spoken, are powerful symbols.

As Falcon held within his hands the fictional writing soaked through with many hidden truths, tears of joyous accomplishment broke free. He believed it would achieve a great portion in a grand awakening, a global enlightenment that will raise the vibrations of mankind. A catalyst for an ascension of spiritual evolution to precede the completion of Earth's dimensional shift: The novel titled, "[Dreaming of Eden](#)."