

Monograph Forty-five:

The Dreaming (4)

Dreaming Stories of Conveyance

Stories were, in our ancient past, recognised as conveyors of spiritual essence, and they were honoured and preserved as sacred. Today, we are suffering from the lack of sacredness our ancestors accorded the art of storytelling and the stories themselves, despite the fact that the art of storytelling has never died. Stories are powerful mediums of Creation, and, so, we are naturally good at Working with them. We just need to remember that we Work with them at very deep levels of ourselves, and, then, *how*.

The Law of Movement

When we recognise Creation as the current of power it is, surely, we must also recognise, at the same time, the reasons why the Law of Movement is so important, and why its violation is so potentially catastrophic. As we're seeing in our world today.

Rivers are a good case in point, which is why many of the shamanic cultures, both old and current, recognise and honour the sacredness of them. They carry, or convey, many things that sustain life, not least of which is water, the element of Creation. Like the Nile, many rivers ebb and flow through vast tracts of terrain, swelling and contracting, rising and falling, in regular cycles that nourish and fertilise the land.

But only if they move. Or, only if they *do* flow.

When movement ceases upstream, they can dry up and stop flowing, and when it ceases downstream, they can block up, build up, back up, and stagnate. In fact, so important is the movement in rivers and streams that it has a cleansing effect, and it oxygenates the water. It is, therefore, a vital aspect of the life-giving nature of all waterways.

As mediums of Movement, stories are no different because they are conveyors not of water, obviously, but of energy, and, as such, they can, potentially, affect, stir, shape, influence, generate, stimulate, fertilise, guide, and direct thought and thought processes.

Candy for the Soul

Consciousness, in other words. Stories are *of* Consciousness, and they are *for* Consciousness. So this should come as no surprise. Consciousness loves stories, and not just listening to and absorbing them, following their ebb and flow, and flowing with them. Consciousness also loves birthing stories. Or sourcing them. Or, *Creating* them.

When Consciousness loves something, any thing, we tend to absorb that thing like the same proverbial dry sponge soaking up water that I keep referring to in these monographs.

For many of us, especially those of us who hold the Fae dimension, or the Faery Realm, within us as a facet of our Consciousness, stories are more than enriching and informing. They are, and they give us, very great pleasure, like a treat, or candy, for the soul.

From the Mouth of God

Wasn't it 'Jesus' who supposedly said *man does not live on bread alone, but by every word that comes from the mouth of God*?

Well, when words are formed into Moving stories, so nourishing are they that we could just about survive on the nutrients they offer us, figuratively speaking. And, when they are born directly from our Dreaming Realm, they *are* born directly from the mouth of God. Or, more aptly, the *heart* of God. Or, even better, the heart of *the Gods*.

And so, stories potentially speak directly to the soul, often without the participation of our conscious awareness. Good stories even keep the conscious awareness stimulated and entertained, even fully distracted, while they *do* commune with the soul.

Shallow Entertainments

Tragically, while we've never lost the art of storytelling, we have, on the whole, lost the art of understanding the transcendent language of it, its power, and its ability to penetrate and affect us at the deepest levels of ourselves.

Speaking generally, because this is certainly not the case for everyone, our stories have degenerated into nothing more than shallow entertainments. As such, we've trivialised them, and we've lost something precious, something vital, as a consequence.

Even if, and when, they do stir us deeply, many of us don't recognise this, and most of us certainly do not pay it heed, so we take the stimulation and leave the rest, the real nourishment. No wonder we're so hungry . . . starving, actually. And parched with thirst.

Currents of Power

The Storytellers (archetypal) of our past weren't just honoured, they were revered. They were considered to be the wise men and women, the mages, the sages, even the priesthood, of the ancient world, and they wielded very real and very great power.

Unfortunately, this power has been almost-entirely concentrated in the hands of the Darkness and those who serve it. They've been controlling the primary means by which we tell our stories – our movie industry, the publishing industry, our streaming services, and our television, news and media networks. I say 'has been' because their ability to wield this power is dissolving, and, with it, their power over *us* is waning drastically.

Up to now, the Darkness has been controlling our stories, and not just our collective mythological stories, but our personal ones, too. And, they've also been controlling the way we perceive many of our important stories, and, therefore, what we focus on, our interpretation, and what we miss, or misconstrue in those stories.

Recipes

But, perhaps even more tragically for us, the Darkness has also been controlling our ability, or lack thereof, to Create our own personal stories as, and in, our realities.

Again, speaking generally, we don't live our stories anymore. We've lost that ability. We live recipes – the *same* boring, predictable recipes – and these are significantly contributing to the dry, arid wasteland referred to in the Grail Legends.

Which makes perfect sense, does it not? As rivers, or currents, of spiritual essence, they've all but dried up, so they are no longer winding through the terrain of our individual and collective realities, and the parched landscapes of our collective experience and our own personal experiences are mourning their loss.

Mediums of Motion

So vital are they as mediums of motion that the power of stories should never be underestimated. In the fourth series, I wrote about the power of the ancient myths, like the Osiris and Isis mythology, that was sourced in our antiquity and sent flowing through our human experience, touching, stirring, awakening, stimulating, informing, even nourishing the Consciousness of so many individuals as it has flowed.

Despite its very great age, the stories that comprise the mythology have remained virtually intact, and the ability of this specific mythology to hold the current of Creation's power and its supremely-valuable transcendent Knowledge has not waned even slightly.

Likewise, the same can be said for the collection of stories in the Arthurian and Grail mythologies, both of which have touched, stirred and awakened, even *activated*, so many of us, again, despite the fact that they are many centuries old, and also despite the fact that many different individuals have told and re-told them, using different mediums to do so, sometimes adding, or incorporating, additions, or side stories, like tributaries, and sometimes weaving variations into the main themes.

Water Horses

Anything added to these mythologies has never marred or detracted from the soul of them, so their soul essence and the current of power they hold has absolutely remained intact. Instead, every tweak has added to, even enhanced, their overall power, and their appeal. They have, as such, been protected by that same power they hold.

Speaking of tributaries, and just to partly digress briefly, did you know hippopotamuses are masters, perhaps even guardians, of river tributaries? They create new ones.

They're far too heavy to swim, so they don't swim. They submerge, sink to the bottom, and then walk along the river beds. And whilst they do have their own territories, in their wanderings, they carve out new tributaries that can become channels of irrigation, watering the land. They are nature's irrigators. Is it any wonder the ancients recognised the sacredness of the animal kingdom and honoured it accordingly?

If we decided to do the same and we wanted to become more familiar with the beautiful and unique symbolic language of this kingdom, especially with a view to honouring it, *and them*, we would do well to consult, once again, the Ancient Egyptians, as one example, because their ancient stories understand, pay tribute to, honour, and facilitate conscious, Knowledgeable Work with this language.

Rich Veins of Culture

Stories like Robin Hood, the Arthurian and Grail mythologies, and the collections in cultural mythologies, like Norse, Hindu, Greek and Egyptian, for example, are the rich veins in our human experience that carry the life blood of our ancestry, our history, our traditions, and our cultural heritage.

They are the arteries that have carried the oxygenated life blood of powerful philosophical and spiritual Truths, and transcendent Knowledge and information, much of which we've been exploring for millennia, and which so many intelligent individuals have Worked with to enhance and hand down to us.

As fables, for example, stories are easily absorbed, remembered, and handed down, and they are wonderful repositories for little offerings of wisdom, or wise counsel, like the fable of the hare and the tortoise, with its wise advice to slow down, reminding us that slow and steady wins the race over the fast-paced, frenetic thoughtlessness of our modern era. Parables offer us this same sharply-penetrating potency, which is how, and why, Yeheshua made such good use of them. And so, too, do legends.

Oral Traditions

In many of the shamanic cultures of our ancient past, and for some in our modern world, oral traditions were maintained like a library of sacred texts as the heart of the culture, so the stories born of this library were the life blood that connected whole races, and the multiple tribes and communities that comprised those races, the way our vascular system connects the different organs in our bodies.

Their traditional stories carried, and still carry for some, the innate current of their spiritual essence, and their collective Purpose for being, and so were, and are, conveyors of spirit and connections with soul.

For these shamanic peoples who Know and understand the value of storytelling, their stories of the past were, and are, preserved as sacred, handed down, as heritage, generation after generation, nourishing each generation with Knowledge gained or accrued and collected over vast periods of time. In this way, valuable lessons learnt in the past were retained by the people, and, unlike our modern world, they did not have to re-learn those lessons, or re-experience the same circumstances, over and over again.

Flotsam and Jetsam

As the movie *Whale Rider*² portrays so beautifully, when people forget and lose a connection with their ancestral stories, they become hollow and shallow, directionless, purposeless, disconnected from themselves and from each other, and then they become

like flotsam and jetsam, unanchored, at the mercy of the elements, tossed this way and that, and caught in tides of current that, like us as a collective, do not serve us at all. *And* that scatter us to the four winds, like rolling tumble weed.

Put simply, unlike us as a collective, the shamanic cultures of our past and present did not, and do not, bounce in the same place, playing the same songs over and over again, like the proverbial needle stuck on its broken record. And nor did they, or do they, as a culture, suffer from a chronic lack of a sense of self. This actually makes them difficult, if not impossible, to control, which is why so many of them have become victims of genocide.

Conveyors of Poison

As mediums of motion and conveyance, stories can hold Creativity, Light, and Knowledge, but they can also hold the antithesis of these. Some stories, as currents of Creation's power, cannot be interfered with, like the ancient Greek, Norse, Hindu and Egyptian mythologies. But some stories can be tampered with, distorted, manipulated, sliced and diced, like the Jesus iconification and the stories associated with it.

Then, Light and Dark become interweaved, not mixing, but both present nonetheless, and discerning Truth from deception and distortion, and nourishment from toxicity, becomes all but impossible.

Whether as the interference of redactions and manipulations or freshly conceived by them, stories of the Darkness hold the power to infect, pollute, and even poison us, just like the red algae we've recently had in our southern waters, here in Australia, that has killed whole species and destroyed marine and land-based ecosystems.

The Clean Up

I'm no longer interested in stories conceived by the Darkness, or, for that matter, in any of their manipulative redactions of old stories – stories that never did belong to them – stories they had no right to manipulate.

Their stories and their manipulations of old ones are fast becoming irrelevant and redundant. The clean up of their pollution and corruption in our human experience is underway, and it's gaining momentum, spreading fast, soaking up the poison so as to remove it from the Quantum Field of our Consciousness. What remains is the nourishment of Truth *and* our ability to absorb and assimilate that Truth.

Our whole human story is changing in ways we're only really just beginning to comprehend. Soon, their Dark stories will be swept away, relegated to the annals of our history – gone but never forgotten because they, too, and the learning we've gained from our experiences with them will become part of our lore.

An Enormous Interwoven Tapestry

If we take a moment to think about our human experience from this different perspective, surely, we realise that our entire history, as a whole human culture, comprises a criss-crossing of billions of intersecting stories, like an enormous, but still-unfinished

interwoven tapestry.

Much of this valuable information is held in our DNA, but at the moment this is not helping us much courtesy of the fact that our DNA has been rendered largely dormant. The recognition of ancestral memory, as a concept, as a practice, and as held in our DNA is not just about honouring those who have gone before us. It is a very real current of connectivity, like a vast web comprising strands of brilliant Light, that *directly links us* to all those who have gone before us, and links them to us.

As the shamanic cultures Know, we've inherited so much more from our ancestors and our ancestral stories than we can fully comprehend, so what will we become, then, when we re-activate this ancient information by bringing the layers of our DNA out of their dormancy?

The Art of Storytelling

As mediums of conveyance, or communication, if a picture can convey a thousand words, then how many more words can a moving picture convey?

We *can* see, in and through the stories we've already created artistically, even just those of the last 25 years, since the turn of the millennia, that we Know and appreciate the Truth of this dynamic, *and* the Truth that we've never lost the art of storytelling.

We Know deep down the value of good stories, and not just physically, as entertainment, but as conveyors of Truth, lower knowledge and transcendent Knowledge, and also of inspiration, encouragement, support, and understanding. Put another way, despite our entrapped and ignorant state, our stories hold our deeper Knowing, and our deeper sight, or *insight*, and vision, and, therefore, many of them energetically convey these straight into our souls.

Old Classic Stories

If we take a fresh look at some of the classic stories we've created for our own supposed entertainment, we will see that we already hold within us an innate understanding of the rooms of us, with their black and white tiles, and of how the altering Balance and Imbalance of these serve the stories of our Processes.

The black-tile characters, as the nemesis of the white-tile heroes or heroines, provide an ingredient that adds flavour, stirs up the dust of stagnant, often old and dusty mindsets and beliefs, particularly *self* beliefs, Knowledge and perspectives. Courtesy of an inherent recognition that these characters hold the reflection of fears that already exist in the hero or heroine, they also provide powerful opportunities to face and confront those same fears.

In fairy tales, for example, this leverage is provided by the evil queen or the wicked stepmother. In the *Star Wars* franchise⁴, the Sith Lords and their apprentices form the same ingredient, and in *The Wizard of Oz*⁵, the Wicked Witch of the West provides the impetus for Dorothy's epic journey of self discovery and the reclamation of the missing pieces of her soul. And, then, of course, Neo's nemesis in *The Matrix* is the agent, Smith¹⁵.

Better Versions

In all of our ‘hero journey’ stories, the journey, and its Process, forces the hero or heroine into confrontations that generate whole new and different experiences, and that draw out of him or her better versions of themselves. He or she is stretched, challenged, and provided opportunities to go beyond old limitations, especially of fear.

We love these stories. In some cases, we’ve devoured them hungrily. But, speaking generally, because there are exceptions, we don’t ever seem to apply them to ourselves, or take from them the inspiration that would set us on similar journeys.

Oh, right, I forgot. We’re too busy earning money to pay off our mortgages and buy ourselves trinkets or playthings. We don’t have time to go running off on irrelevant and irresponsible adventures. And, this time, I make absolutely no apologies for my cynicism. Has anything snuffed out our ability to Create our own stories more than money? I don’t think so. Money has been the means by which far too many of us have gone spinning off on irrelevant, unhealthy, and unhelpful tangents, completely losing our Way.

Changing Archetypes

Interestingly, have you noticed, as I have, the change, or transmutation, over the last decades, in some of the evil archetypes that were weaved into our old stories?

In *Maleficent*, for example, Sleeping Beauty’s classically-evil witch was portrayed as a good fairy whose ‘evil’ actions we don’t necessarily condone but fully understand, and with which we empathise, because she was so wronged⁷. That she was, ultimately, good, meant she deeply regretted those same actions and so sort ways to reverse them.

In the musical *Wicked*, The Wizard of Oz’s Wicked Witch of the West also morphed into a good person, one who was much maligned and so was vastly misunderstood⁶. Likewise, in the *Twilight* saga¹⁰ and the *Underworld* series¹¹ vampires and werewolves have been romanticised.

Why is this? Could it be we’ve long been recognising that our childish notions of good and evil aren’t quite what we’ve been taught and led to believe, not so black and white?

I see in these changing archetypes and the re-telling of these older stories a sophistication, and even an open-hearted generosity, that is replacing a naivety of the past. And, this time, I don’t mean *innocence*, I mean *naivety*.

A Vast and Ancient Library

The ancient ancestral stories of the Australian aboriginal communities, which they refer to as Dreamtime stories, are now being recognised by anthropologists as holding such valuable information about the changing landscape of our country that the stories are being studied as official historical records.

So much do the Dreamtime stories preserve knowledge of the changes that have occurred in the landscape over tens of thousands of years, including higher and lowering

sea levels, that archaeologists are also using them in conjunction with archaeological finds and the archaeological record to understand the history, not just of this land but also of the flora and fauna in the land. The stories are being recognised as the vast, accurate, and ancient library they actually are.

I see a beautiful, burgeoning respect and honour being accorded this ancient culture, replacing the suppression, the hurts and the denigration of the past, and I love bearing witness to it. I am enjoying watching the unfurling relationship and the resulting synergy of two very different cultures. We in Australia are beginning to recognise that, for all our supposed advancement, we have much to learn from the vast storehouse of knowledge held by the aboriginal culture, especially where the guardianship of country is concerned.

A Vortex of Swirling Energy

I was channel hopping a few weekends ago, but I stopped jumping around the channels when a particular show caught my attention. The hostess had embarked on a real-life adventure of her own⁸, temporarily joining the caravan culture, and as she travelled, she interviewed the people she met, fellow travellers, many of whom had recognised, and given up, the toxicity of a focus ensnared by the obsessive accrual of material possessions and the paying off of hefty, entrapping mortgages. No wonder the show caught my attention.

These people have walked away from the 9 to 5 lifestyle to live a kind of educational freedom, living in, around, and with nature, and nearly all of them said they don't miss any of their old 'things'. Or the fast-paced, stressful, disconnecting lifestyle.

But at one point, the hostess, as a tourist, took us to a site, and its lookout, where a local river becomes a torrent of swirling rapids. The site is, really, a kind of vortex of powerful energy, and whether that energy is being generated by the flow of the water over the big granite rocks in the river, or whether the flow is being generated by a vortex of energy underlying the site is hard to tell. No doubt both explanations hold true.

So powerful is the vortex of energy at the site that it has claimed numerous lives over aeons of time, three of which occurred relatively recently, so there are signs warning people about the dangers of swimming there.

Slippages of Space-Time

Interestingly, as she was going to sleep the night before in her van, the hostess told us she could feel what she described as a 'presence'. She wasn't sure what it was, but she could feel it wasn't necessarily malevolent, it was just all around her. She could feel the energy of the place even from where she was in her camp site some distance from the swirling water.

There are vortexes of energy like this all over our planet, including the very-famous, or infamous, one in the Bermuda Triangle. The energy in it causes slippages of space-time that affect reality in a way we still hopelessly fail to understand, despite innumerable attempts to do so. Perhaps these are places where Gaia's ley lines intersect, or perhaps something powerful occurred in the past, and the land and the sea remember.

But some people believe, as I do, the old stories that circulate about these places are far more than just stories, and, as most people do, we don't dismiss them as rumours or New Age hogwash. The stories hold a knowledge of these places that I think we need to pay heed to, because these places *are* energetic remnants of a time when we and Gaia existed in much-higher frequencies and energetic states of being.

Some of these places are, therefore, higher dimensional, but we've lost the ability to even understand this as a concept let alone handle the effect on us, especially as these effects alter the fabric of reality. I did tell you Mu (Lemuria) never ceased to exist.

In our illusional Separation, we really do suffer from a very limited and restricted frame of reference.

The Dreamtime

What really interested me about the show, and the reason I'm including it in this section of the monograph, is the fact that the local aboriginal people know about the site and they have an ancient Dreamtime story that holds the recognition and knowledge of the energy, and, with it, an implicit warning that we need to heed.

In short, the Dreamtime story tells us that a local tribe was visited by another tribe, and the chieftain's young wife fell in love with one of the men from the visiting tribe. The lovers tried to run away, but men from both tribes tracked them and brought them back. The young wife declared that if she couldn't be with her lover then no one else would have her, and she threw herself into the river and drowned. Now, she searches for her lost love, so she entices young men into the rapids, and when she recognises they are not who she's searching for, she drowns them⁸.

Vortexes of Energy

Sounds a bit macabre, does it not? The story itself is not literal, it's symbolic, told in a language that is easily absorbed, remembered and handed down. And it is, indeed, a warning. How interesting it is that the story tells us the energy of the site is feminine.

To me, the story is shamanic, designed to convey information about things we don't necessarily understand but in such a way that we *can* understand what we need to know to interact with the site and its powerful energy.

Whilst obviously not as dangerous as this site, we, too, can think of ourselves as vortexes of energy, and even, for some of us, as swirling vortexes. But whilst energies of sites like the one in and around the river are set and unchanging, for many of us, the vortex of our energy *is* changing.

Dreaming Stories

Just as Dreamtime stories like the one I've referenced hold and convey the knowledge of the energy of these sites, so, too, can Dreamtime stories, or, as I call them, Dreaming stories, hold and convey knowledge *to* us, *for* us, *about* us that is beautifully enlightening *and* facilitates us interacting with our higher Selves and our changing reality.

Our own Dreaming stories then act like powerful ankhs that are slipped into the locks in our Consciousness, and they click open doors, or portals, through which transcendent Knowledge and information comes, sometimes trickling, but sometimes pouring. Never more so in the entire history of our human experience have we needed this ability and the stories themselves to unlock the mystery of what is occurring within us.

This is exactly why, and how, we miss the truly shamanic priesthoods, with their revered Storytellers, of our ancient past.

Archetypal Energies in the Layers of Our DNA

In being triggered and awakening to the transcendent skills and abilities that were dormant and untapped within me, including my own shamanic abilities, I discovered I am blessed with an ability to Work powerfully with Dreaming stories, much like the one I've just outlined, and not just as a means of accessing memories from other lives I've lived to untangle the complex web of my own psychology (as per Monograph Forty-two).

I should clarify, at this point, that my ability to Work with *Dreaming* stories, as opposed to ordinary ones, is greatly enhanced by the archetypal energy of the Storyteller I hold in the 5th layer of my DNA (the arena of Creativity and Pleasure governed by Leo³), and by the combination of the archetypal energies of the Writer and the Warrior I hold in the 12th layer of my DNA.

The Pen is Mightier than the Sword

The 12th layer, governed by Pisces, is a key means by which we access our unconscious minds, or the deeper facets of our Consciousness³, which is why writing opens up and allows me to tap into the portal within me. All three of these energies combine in such a way as to serve the shamanic aspect of what I am and of what I can do.

Remember that old expression *the pen is mightier than the sword*? Well, in my case, as a Warrior and a Writer, the pen *is* my sword, and these monographs are a vital part of its penetrating blade, just as our old Dreaming stories in the Arthurian collection tell us the Lady of the Lake is the custodian of Excalibur. These monographs, with *The Messiah Perspective* as their hilt, are the form Excalibur has taken this time around.

The Force of Destiny

It's taken me a long, long time to realise just how much, and, for that matter, *how*, my Dreaming stories so powerfully convey the Knowledge of what I am Creating and why. Obviously, or perhaps not, the only way I was ever going to awaken to the True Nature of what my stories are and of what they convey was to, first of all, at least begin to connect with what I am Creating, as a Conscious Creator.

This is why, and how, the Knowledge of the archetypal energies we hold in the layers of our DNA is actually quite essential, which is why I deliberately mentioned mine at this juncture in the monograph. I have said numerous times, and will say again in this context, in my opinion, there's no greater tool for transmuting *Unconscious* Creation into *Conscious* Creation.

In this monograph, I'm going to share the details of some of my Dreaming stories and of how they convey the Knowledge of specific themes, or mandates, that comprise part of my Destiny. The force of Destiny is very much like the force that moves the tectonic plates of the earth – unseen, but real, powerful, and felt when it shifts the physical by causing the plates to rub against each other . . . kind of like realities of a different viscosity colliding.

The Power of the Curse

Courtesy of the fact that it *is* there, as a current flowing underneath our lives, and, for those of us who are awakening, through the fabric of our reality, Destiny never goes away. We cannot escape it. We cannot outrun it. And we cannot, anymore, ignore it because it is the conducting manifestation of the Creative force, or current, in our incarnations – our unique symphonic theme – our own unique thread in the tapestry of Creation here.

In the movie *Maleficent*, the princess could not escape the energy of the curse that was laid upon her at birth. Despite the desperate attempts of many powerful individuals to orchestrate the princess's avoidance of the spinning wheel needle, including Maleficent herself, no one could stop the energy from moving and shaping reality to guide the princess to the needle. But, ultimately, despite its seeming negativity, for the good of all.

The story is a good depiction of the power of Destiny, and our ultimate inability to avoid it, escape it, or to orchestrate reality in opposition to it. So we might as well surrender to it and allow ourselves to go with its flow.

Ignoring the Force of Destiny

If we choose to ignore it, it might flow underground, or underneath our awareness, but rather than causing it to give up and relinquish its hold, which it never does, we simply exist in a state of ignorance where it is concerned. And how, then, in this state are we supposed to connect with its specific mandates and understand how it is shaping our lives? We cannot.

Ignoring the vortex of energy at the site of the river I referred to does not make the energy go away. Far from it. So ignorance of that energy simply means, for those brave enough to ignore the warning signs and take the plunge, they are, quite literally, risking their lives to do so.

They see only the swirling water and think they understand the nature of the site, often to their detriment, because they're missing vital information that would allow them to understand a lot more about its nature, its energy, and the danger of it.

Free Will

With egoic Free Will as the premise upon which our human experience has been based, we have had a *tiny* degree of control over whether or not we can safely ignore the force of Destiny. Now, however, even this is no longer available to us, especially for those of us who are awakening to the Truth of what is within us. The force of Destiny is, once again, re-staking its claim and re-taking its place as the driving force and current of our lives.

So, once again, never have our Dreaming stories been so important as they are right now, collectively and individually. They are not just the facilitators of an understanding of what our Destiny is, they *are* the currents that hold Destiny's very great power.

A Basket of Pure Fantasy

If you think you don't possess an ability to Work with Dreaming stories of your own, then I would ask you at this point, how do you know with such certainty? Have you tried? Are you one of those people who honours your imagination? Or have you, like so many others, relegated this facet of your Consciousness to the pure fantasy basket, within which you can safely disregard its Workings, and its contents, like chucked out rubbish?

Because, the first step in awakening an ability to Work with Dreaming stories is to throw out these outdated, old perspectives of the imagination, and to replace them with new, updated ones that honour and pay heed to what is within this beautiful and powerful facet of our Consciousness.

The imagination is, in fact, the amniotic fluid within which Dreaming stories are conceived, gestated and nourished until they are ready to be birthed in, and as, our reality, as part of, or all of, our Destiny. So there really is no greater way that I can think of to understand the inner workings and the higher Purpose of our lives.

The Second Step

The second step in awakening an ability to Work with the Dreaming involves the realisation that the images the imagination Works with – images the subconscious also loves Working with and fully understands – are part of the language of alchemy – the powerful, organic, or living, constantly-changing, multi-layered language of Creation.

Being alchemical in Nature, with the deeper facets of our Consciousness fully Working with and responding to it, so, too, does our reality respond. Once the viscosity of reality changes, or, more specifically, lightens, it responds seamlessly to this inner language. When we talk about the power of the mind to shape the physical world, the experience of reality's seamless responsiveness can be mind blowing.

But! With this responsiveness also comes an inherent sensitivity to what is seen and heard in reality – its input, in other words. The seamless response works both ways between our inner realm and our outer reality, so the necessity of taking responsibility for this must be recognised, and honoured, as a matter of high priority.

Alchemical Symbolism

In sharing my Work with my own Dreaming stories, my intention is to demonstrate the way the Dreaming Realm uses this alchemical symbolic imagery to absolute perfection, as the supremely-eloquent and organic language it is, because it actually does so constantly, as a normal, natural, and an inherent aspect, and function, of Consciousness.

The fact that most of us fail to realise or recognise the images for what they are is entirely due to all those elements of the illusional game I've been writing about, not least of

which is literalisation. Remember, literalisation robs these images of their deeper symbolic meaning and sets the conscious awareness against all the other facets of Consciousness. So we have to restore this deeper meaning as part of the Process of learning, or *re-learning*, to speak and Work with the language of alchemy.

Just Do It

In the early days of my writing, when people used to ask me if I had any advice for them in learning how to write too, I would always tell them to buy themselves a good quality dictionary and then *just do it*. The best way to become a writer is to learn who and how you are *as a writer*, and there's really only one way to accomplish this.

So, too, is this the same for us in learning the language of alchemy. Just step out and start Working with it. Make mistakes, and learn from them. Misunderstand and misconstrue, but then see where you went wrong, how, and why. Let your heart be your guide, and be aware of, and observe, both your inner and your outer realms, and the way they interact and respond, each to the other.

The Great Interpreters

This is, too, my intention in sharing my own experiences with it. The images that weave together in, and as, Moving stories, rarely *directly* translate into reality.

On the contrary, invariably, especially while we're still battling illusion, the translation is *indirect*, sometimes even obscure, so there is a trick to making correct interpretations, and this is where intuition and inner Knowing are vital. They are the essential interpreters. Without these two, especially, we'll get lost.

If you're worried that you're still battling your own ego, then allow me to reassure you. Consciousness is beautifully responsive to the language of alchemy, despite the dominance and the ignorance of ego. We can think of this as our higher Consciousness, imagination, subconscious and reality all ganging up against the ego. It doesn't have a chance.

The Nature of Transcendence

I'll begin sharing my own experience by laying a foundation for my burgeoning ability to Work with Dreaming stories, and by providing you some background of how this ability awakened and evolved within me.

This is important because if all we know is the physicality and, for that matter, the artistry, or the technique, of writing, or any other transcendent skill, then how on earth is our higher Self supposed to transmute this old, lower perception into the new, higher one of these skills *as transcendent in Nature*, with an extra dimension, or two, added?

The answer is with a Process and all that must accompany such a Process – a willingness to go beyond what is known and what is familiar, patience, trust, small steps at first, but certainly one step at a time, and, crucially, with revelations, epiphanies, and realisations born of our higher sixth, or heart, senses.

A Recognition of What is Beyond

For me, a vital aspect of this awakening Process involved my own recognition of the sacredness and significance of my stories as *metaphysical* and, therefore, as far more than just physical. In other words, without necessarily being able to describe or articulate it at first, I recognised there was an underlying *energy* in, and to, my stories, and, with this, a flow, or a current, over which, oftentimes, I had absolutely no conscious control.

This recognition began as a seed of suspicion, sprinkled with a liberal dose of doubting perplexity, but then it grew into a dawning awareness, and, finally, matured into a sure-footed, confident certainty, despite the fact that, although I'd heard of it, the concept of shamanism was not something I would ever have applied to myself.

In fact, the idea of shamanism applying to me was first raised, and introduced to me, via the tenth story in *The Messiah Perspective*. As a reader, if you're aware or sensitive enough, you will even be able to 'see' or perceive me processing the information and making the personal adjustment to my self perspective.

Writing in Earnest

A couple of very-turbulent years after I was triggered, before my stories started coming through, I knew I needed to start writing in earnest. I say 'in earnest' because I had been journalling my way through those turbulent years as a way of understanding and processing all that was coming up and out of me, of which there was an awful lot – 'awful' being the operative word, like the inner contents of a rotten egg spilling out of me.

As part of my Process communicating to me in no uncertain terms that I needed to start writing for real, in a way other people would be able to read, the information of a specific writing course kept coming into my reality. So, for example, I kept seeing a repeating television commercial for it, and, at one point, a loose pamphlet advertising it dropped out of a magazine I picked up in a local newsagent.

Even though I got the message, loud and clear, I resisted doing the course for as long as I could because I didn't want to study again, and, to be honest, the thought of writing creatively scared the bejesus out of me. Once I surrendered to the inevitable and gave up the fight, I enrolled in the course, and my first assignment was to write down and articulate my fears. Appropriately.

A Void of Creativity

Whilst I *was* intimidated by the thought of writing creatively, as a craft, or a skill, especially an artistic one, I was more afraid that I had nothing to write about. And I was even more afraid that I was incapable of imagining anything *to* write about. I was, after all, not an 'artist', was I? I believed I didn't have an artistic bone in my body, but I also believed I was empty, a bit like a dry husk. I *felt* empty at that time, and uni-dimensional.

This is, unfortunately, the consequence of an existence on the surface, or outside, of ourselves. And Separated from our Selves. We only know ourselves as the skin, so we are chronically ignorant of the rich, and different, inner fruit of ourselves.

In my case, courtesy of my chosen career, I'd been taking refuge in, and hiding behind, numbers, formulas, computer programs, and standardised recipes for data analysis. Some people courageously travel to and live in other cultures to challenge themselves and go beyond the safety and security of what they know and are familiar with.

For me, I was being urged beyond the safety of the statistician into the realm of my imagination, and I discovered pretty quickly, in this place, there is not the internal security offered by the old boundaries of formulas and recipes. That's pretty scary, like having no solid ground upon which to put one's feet, until one learns to walk in the new territory.

Diving into My Inner Rich Realm

The course turned out to be a launching pad, or, perhaps more aptly, a diving board from which I did dive into my inner rich realm. And I needed very little time to discover it was definitely there, awaiting rediscovery, and it was, indeed, very rich in many different ways. It was, in actual fact, bursting at the seams of me, yearning to express itself.

Looking back, I think one of the most valuable aspects of the assignments set by the course was the facilitation they provided for the involvement of my subconscious, and, in particular, the synergistic way my conscious awareness and my subconscious were able to work together. This, in itself, was a revelation, and a new beginning.

Lady of the Lake

The legends of Arthur had been important to me nearly all my life, ever since I was introduced to them as a young teenager. And, as I've outlined in previous monographs, some of the books I read at this time awakened a subconscious recognition within me of a female priestess, as if she was someone I was carrying within me, almost like another personality, because she certainly did not fit, or match, or mix with the ordinariness of my lower incarnated character identity.

It was the assignments set by the course that stirred this recognition into powerful life and brought her up from my subconscious into my conscious awareness. And once this occurred, she was never going back into the box of containment I'd long held her in, albeit, again, subconsciously.

I wrote about a female character for a couple of my assignments, and it didn't take me long from there to connect up the dots and recognise the picture they were forming. There was, I realised, a whole story there about the same person, and not a short one, either, but a long one. Thus was *Lady of the Lake* conceived¹³, but not born. I still had more Work to do before she could be birthed as a written story.

A Powerful Dreaming Story

I had no idea, back then, about the Dreaming Realm and its significance for us as a collective, so even when I was ready and began to write her story, I had no idea just how powerful she was as my own Dreaming story. And not just for my current life and its Destiny, but also as the wrong of a tragic previous-life story being put right.

Plus, of course, at the time, I was very identified with my ego, and my ego had its own ideas about what she was, what form she'd take, where her story would go, and what would be done with the story once it was written. The Dreaming be damned. My ego had no notion of such things, and nor did it care. As far as I was concerned, I was a typical writer, like every other writer, and so I was, also typically, writing a novel.

A Battle of Epic Proportions

This was, therefore, the point at which I truly began the epic battle with my ego – one of the key mandates, or themes, of my Destiny – and, so, this was the point at which I began the game of tug of war that defined the next nearly-two decades of my life, and underpinned my whole experience with the evolution of my writing, and, of course, my interaction with the very-toxic publishing industry. Although I refer to it as a 'game', not one iota of it was in any way fun. Actually, it was painful.

In writing and Working with *Lady of the Lake*, I wasn't just learning *that* I could write, and nor was I just learning *how* I write, with my own natural rhythm and routine, and the way I approach the 'blank page', I was also being confronted with the True Nature of my writing as transcendent and shamanic – a True Nature, I might add, that was beyond anything I'd ever heard of or experienced before, and a True Nature that was entirely contrary to my egoic wants, needs, perspectives, intents, focusses, and plans.

Unlocking the Internal Portal

Describing this Process in a single paragraph fails to convey just how hard it was, both for my Process and for me personally. I had no one to compare myself to, no one whose example I could follow or emulate, no one to mentor me, and no one who told me what was actually transpiring within me. There was absolutely no precedent, for me, at least.

I have been open about the fact that I Work extensively and telepathically with my own higher guides and companions, which we all have, but my relationship with them was also embryonic, and they have made it clear they are never allowed to tell me anything *internally* without my soul permission, which was withheld, and, therefore, so, too, was any information they could've given me. I had to make my own discoveries, my own way, with regards to many things, but especially where my writing was concerned.

I did have one person, a shamanic guide, who did tell me, at the very beginning, the truth of what my writing was. Her advice was a powerful ankh that released my locked-up mindsets, thereby unlocking, if not opening up, the portal within me. But in my ignorance I still needed a lot of water to flow under the proverbial bridge of the evolution of my writing to fully connect with and understand what she meant.

Asked and Answered

Ironically, although Elijah (aka Merlin, one of my companions) did not tell me what the Nature of my writing was, what its Purpose was, what it was expressing, and how I would use it, he *was* allowed to communicate his higher guidance through the medium of my writing, but only within the limited framework of what I could assimilate at any point in time, which, obviously, changed as I progressed.

Put slightly differently, one aspect of the transcendent, or shamanic, Nature of the way I was Working with *Lady of the Lake* was the discovery that the characters I was Working with, especially Merlin and Niniane, were responsive to what was occurring for me personally, in my own ‘real world’. So, for example, I was puzzling over the reason why red meat doubles me over in agony, and Merlin and Niniane provided the answer in their dialogues. Niniane asked, Merlin answered. Beautiful.

Bubbling Underneath the Surface

I’m not going to spend any more time explaining *Lady of the Lake* in this monograph because, in my opinion, she eloquently speaks for herself. What I am going to share is the way other stories I’ve written have revealed my Destiny, with its themes and mandates, and the way they’ve shed the illuminative Light of Knowledge on different elements of my reality, both past and present.

Before I begin, however, there is one theme in *Lady of the Lake* that I *will* write about here, because it holds our collective ancestral memory and our very ancient ancestral story of Atlantis and Mu. In revisiting both the memory and its ancient story, we really can understand what is currently transpiring in our collective experience. The energy of this is bubbling underneath the surface of us for now, but soon it will directly give rise to very new and different manifested forms in our collective reality.

Put simply, we’re collectively returning to Arcadia, as a state of being, where the powerful underground river of our collective Destiny will appear above ground, from where it will nourish the landscape of our collective reality.

Our Ancestral Memory

As for the theme in *Lady of the Lake*, Merlin tells us that once upon a time, there was a beautiful, ancient culture, Mu, and it existed in perfect harmony with itself, with the Cosmos, with the earth, and with nature. This culture possessed an innate understanding of energy, and of how to Work consciously with the wonderfully-rich cocktail of energies in our human experience at every given moment, so the people lived long lives, disease and illness were *virtually* unknown to them, and war, if not conflict, was *completely* unknown.

But into this culture came a heavy, dense energetic spanner, and this spanner greatly upset the harmony, and the Workings, of Mu. The Balance of forces was upset, and as that Balance tipped more and more towards an Imbalance that favoured the spanner, our human reality began to be torn asunder.

We became fractured, or split, until, finally, the spanner made war against Mu, because Balance was lost to the point where it could, and, given Mu’s lack of any experience whatsoever with warfare, it was defeated. In its defeat, its beating heart – its priesthood – was specifically targeted and torn out, or cut down. Then, humanity fell into the heavy density and the gravitational pull of materiality that characterised the spanner culture.

A Spanner in the Works

Atlantis *was*, and, as I hope I’ve made clear in these monographs, still *is* that heavy-

density culture, one obsessed with logic, technology, a competition for power, and, of course, materiality. It is a masculine-dominated culture, in opposition to Mu's Sacred Feminine essence, although these two energies were in Balance under Mu's governance.

The reason Atlantis was able to become such a catastrophic spanner in the works was the simple Truth that some Murians were seduced by what Atlantis offered – external and self serving power. Just a relatively small group was all it took initially, but this group was large enough to change the Balance and cause a catastrophic disruption. And, eventually, to muster an invading, marauding army, and to attack.

Right now, however, the reverse is occurring. Into the rule, and reign, the dominance, and the control of Atlantis there is arising a very powerful spanner, and it is significantly starting to harmonise the *disharmony* of Atlantis and the Atlantean works. The old way of being that characterises Mu is this spanner, and it is a direct karmic reversal of what once occurred between the two.

Tribal Disruption

Many of us are awakening to our Murian heritage, bringing it forth within ourselves, and, once again, reality is fracturing because the realities of these two are each a different viscosity, so they do not mix. The power of the Sacred Feminine is rising, and it is a power that has the wounded lower negative masculine energy of Atlantis running scared.

I see this same theme expressed in the ancient aboriginal Dreamtime story of the tribe that was visited by another, causing a catastrophic disruption to the Balance of energies that did not end well for the Sacred Feminine. But the story tells us, too, that she never vanished, and even her supposed exile in death, just like Isis and her exile, is only an illusion. She is still here. She always has been. And she still has the power to affect us.

A Precursor to Confronting the Cult of Illusion

To return to the grass roots of us personally, as opposed to collectively, in terms of my own past, especially the first two and a half decades of it, I have mentioned, in previous monographs, the fact that my experience with the church cult of my upbringing was a precursor, a little like a trial run, for the Work I would do, later in life, with the cult of illusion.

Obviously, mastering the illusionary reality has been as important as a mandate of my Destiny as confronting ego, and, hopefully also obviously, these two, as mandates, although separately identifiable, are, at the same time, intrinsically intertwined. I would even say one cannot be confronted without the other also being confronted.

My early experience with the church cult enabled me to identify and Work with the shadowed dynamics involved, to confront the cult persona, to navigate the minefield of coming away from it, to navigate an even more tightly-packed minefield of confronting its hold internally, as Neo did in *The Matrix*, and to show me I was fully capable of accomplishing all of these to set myself, and my Self, free.

Seeing the Link Between Cults

But I doubt I would've had such a valuable and insightful realisation, seeing the link between the church cult and the game, or the cult, of illusion, without my ability to Work with Dreaming stories, one in particular, coupled with the essential interpretive power of my intuition and inner Knowing.

I did recognise, even as I was writing the story, that it was conveying transcendent information about my Work to master the Separated lower dimension, but the recognition of the link between this Work and my experience with the church cult took an intuitive epiphany, once the story was finished, that rocked me on my feet, a bit like a punch in the gut. In my experience, really good intuitions can tend to feel like an internal punch.

The Symbolic Village

I haven't published the story and don't know if I ever will because I really am very reluctant to engage with the publishing industry again, but it is available for anyone who wants to read it¹⁴.

To provide a very brief summary, the main character, or heroine, falls lower, which the story does portray, into a small, old-fashion village, with its small, closed minded, closed off, confined, limited existence, and its inherent dangers as a trap. But with higher help that the village both fears and disapproves of, she breaks free, literally walks away, leaving the village and her family behind her for good, and travels 'north' to a predestined meeting point where she comes face to face with her reflection, and remembers who she is as a higher-dimensional being¹⁴.

Stewing in its Own Juices

The village symbolises the earlier cult I tussled with in my life, and the symbolism is potent, clear, highly relevant, and clever. But since the heroine in the story discovers, up 'north', that she is destined to tussle with the Separated lower dimension, the idea of the trial run, and making one's way out of the lower state of being, was also established with the village.

One of the elements I recognised as identical in both cults, which the story points out, is what I refer to as 'stewing in its own juices' to represent and describe stagnation.

This stagnation is born of the fact that, in any cult, the inherent segregation is designed to cut its members off from the world outside, including social networks and family members, or, in the case of this illusional game, the Cosmos. The cult therefore ensures there is no external exposure to anything that could call the cult's way of being to account, or challenge it, or present other options.

There is, therefore, no accountability for the subtly or, in some cases, not-so-subtly devolving beliefs, behaviours, and mindsets, because the controlling authority, symbolised by village elders in the story, as either the individual or the group at the core of any cult, is singular. Or, should that be a *singularity*?

The Village

Interestingly, my mother had a similar experience of conveyance, realisation and revelation when she saw M. Knight Shyamalan's movie *The Village*⁹.

The portrayal and presentation of the village in the movie impacted mum deeply even as she was seeing it. With her intuition powerfully stirring her, even plunging her into the state of shock that I, too, am familiar with as a response to profound metaphysical revelations, she couldn't fail to see the same dynamics at play in our experience of the church cult, which she was still part of at the time.

These included dictated rules and decrees, behaviours and beliefs, stagnation, closed off segregation and cut off isolation from the outside world, the exclusive and cult-specific language that facilitates the isolation, and a fear of being ostracised or expelled from the group if the rules for being are not adhered to.

The Source of Dreaming Stories

I'd been out of the church for a decade when we saw the movie, but the fact that it spoke so powerfully to mum influenced me to look more closely and draw the same parallels. Was this, then, a seed planted in my Consciousness that my Dreaming Realm utilised years later when I wrote my own Dreaming story, referred to above? Very probably, yes.

Mum's experience is important, too, as a way of illustrating the fact that we don't necessarily have to birth our own stories internally. Mum and I Worked with the same image to symbolise the same thing, many years apart, and the fact that mine came through internally and hers came through externally didn't alter the alchemical power of the symbolism, or the message, or its effects. We can, equally as powerfully, Work with other people's stories.

To this end, I believe, and hope, movies will begin to assume a new energetic relevance and a quantum significance, taking their place as a vital medium for the language of alchemy and its powerful ability to Work with Consciousness.

Fairy Tales

Fairy tales are another of those specific forms of story that offer us the same sharply-penetrating potency and ease of absorption offered by parables and legends. Unfortunately, despite the fact that we are still telling and re-telling these stories, again, speaking generally, courtesy of locked-in mindsets that has them relegated to irrelevancy as nothing more than children's bedtime stories, we're not recognising the transcendent nature or value of them.

I do not include myself in this mix. I love them, and I've long recognised the value of them. I also love our treatment of them in recent years. We have honoured the soul of them, and I see in these re-tellings the same sophistication I referred to earlier.

In the 2015 movie *Cinderella*¹⁶, which is a classic story of transformation if ever there was one, Ella was brought up to believe in and live by her own mantra, *have courage and*

be kind. Whilst beautiful, the mantra could easily have degenerated into naught but a glib cliché, and then Ella herself would also have become a glib cliché.

Releasing the Magic

Being kind, generous and loving when one is living a happy, sheltered life in an idyllic setting is easy, requiring no real personal effort whatsoever. Once again, however, Ella's Destiny *did* require more from, and of, her, so the black-tile character of the shadowed, deeply-wounded, very-jealous and cruel stepmother provided the means by which Ella was challenged with respect to her belief in, and her ability to live, her mantra fully and authentically. She was called to account, and the Process pushed her to the brink.

She passed the inherent test of character, of course, proving to herself and to others that she was, indeed, authentic. She held onto and maintained her integrity, and, in doing so, she released the magic within herself and in the mantra.

The Masks and Costumes of Illusion

But this is not the only theme encapsulated beautifully in the movie. Presenting oneself at court, and, especially, to a handsome prince, when one is wearing a spectacular ballgown and magical glass slippers is, again, easy. In these illusional clothes, we fit the tenor and tone of the court. We match, we measure up, we're acceptable, and we make sense.

So, what, then, about presenting oneself to the prince when one is wearing the rags of a servant girl? Not nearly so easily done. In fact, this requires a certain kind of strength and courage. And integrity. Especially when he happens to be an amalgam of the most impressive illusional constructs – wealth, fame, status, handsome appearance.

I fully relate to this dynamic, of course, because, as I hope I've made clear in these monographs, this has been an aspect of my own challenge, and my own Process. With an inadequate or underdeveloped sense of self, 'tis all too easy to cover one's nakedness with illusional clothes, especially impressive ones, and to then draw one's sense of self from the masks and costumes of the illusional cult.

Internal Sovereignty

This is the choice humanity as a collective is facing. We're being challenged with our self perceptions, our sense of self, and how we choose to be defined. So, do we draw our sense of self from what is within, or from what is without? Do we exist in our own internal sovereignty, or do we need external validation? In which case, we surrender our sovereignty, and we forfeit our personal power.

All credit to the prince, too, because he saw what he saw within Ella regardless of whether she was in her spectacular gown or her servant's rags. Despite the impressive constructs of his own reality, he did not wear them as a mask, and so he did not hide behind them either. He did not rely on them to determine his sense of self.

So, given his impressive status and his wealth, we know what *he* had to bring to the relationship. What about her? What did she have to bring to the relationship? No family,

but a strong sense of self. No wealth or riches, but integrity, authenticity, and a beautiful mantra that she lived by. No status, but an innate goodness, and an inner confidence in and knowledge of who she was. And one glass slipper. Beautiful.

The Inner Realm Revealed

The other theme, or dynamic, that resonates powerfully for me in this movie is one Ella did not struggle with, at all, as I have. She was as she was, and she was taught to believe in and value herself as she was, so she was never exposed to the necessity of having to tone herself down, rein herself in, contain and suppress herself, redirect her energy or her thoughts, beliefs, mindsets, and intents, and nor did she feel the urge to mask herself by adhering to the rules of any game. She didn't play games, especially the step mother's.

As a direct consequence, when she encountered one who possessed the eyes to see deeply, beyond the peripherals of appearance and personality, she didn't flinch, she didn't try and hide, and she didn't crumple in a heap. As, I admit, I have. Many times.

So you see, this movie is *not* just a movie, and nor is it just an entertaining story. It has a soul, and its soul potentially speaks to our soul.

Return of the Guardians

I have a question for you to ponder for a moment. If all we know about DNA is that it comprises two layers, or strands, of which 5%, or thereabouts, is coherent genetic information, and the other 95%, or thereabouts, is *incoherent* gibberish, how is my higher Self supposed to communicate to me the fact that another important mandate of my Destiny is the restoration of the *twelve* layers, thereby bringing them out of dormancy?

The answer? With my own Dreaming fairy tale¹², one I started writing whilst awaiting the sixth story of *The Messiah Perspective*.

At first, I thought I *was* writing the next story until I realised it was too long to be included in *The Messiah Perspective's* collection. To this day, my fairy tale, *Return of the Guardians*, remains one of my favourite stories, *and* one of the most powerful.

Beginning with a Vision

As many of my stories do, it began with a starkly-clear vision, and then it figuratively, if not literally, wrote itself. All I had to do, apart from actually write it, was allow it to flow through me, and I was never allowed to see more than a scene or two ahead. Looking back, I can see how important this actually was, because it meant my ego was completely unable to get a foothold of control over the flow and direction of the story.

I wrote it long before I was aware of DNA as an important and specific theme in my Work, and long before I was aware that there are twelve, not two, layers. So I was also not aware that all twelve layers have been rendered dormant by Dark agendas. But all of this, and a lot more, is conveyed in the story.

One important element in it dovetails perfectly with the ancestral story of Atlantis and

Mu I outlined earlier, including the reasons why the Dark Priests were able to muster their army, how they successfully exiled the twelve Guardians of DNA, why the Guardians allowed the travesty of the marauding army, and why they allowed themselves to *be* exiled, all of which is absolutely relevant to us, individually and collectively, right now.

An Alchemical Design

How the story conveys the exile of the Guardians and the layers of DNA, and their retrieval, I will leave for you to discover for yourself, if you're so inclined, because it is published. And I really would not do it justice with an over-simplified, re-hashed description here, so I won't provide this, either.

A re-hashed version would dishonour the soul of the story and its Purpose, because it is specifically designed to alchemically Work with the imagination's own canvass, which it symbolises as a kingdom, and it really does take us, as readers, into this kingdom, *and* into the restoration of this kingdom.

As the story reveals, the restoration of the kingdom of the imagination really must at least begin to occur before we can retrieve the layers of our DNA from their exile. The restoration of the imagination is also conveyed to us through another of our important Dreaming stories, *The NeverEnding Story*, for which the kingdom of the imagination is consumed by the Nothingness¹⁷. Far from being just another kid's story, we are communicating something vital to ourselves with, and in, this movie.

Activating the Pineal

Once I began to open up to, connect with, and see the themes in the story as metaphysically real, and as symbolic depictions of important mandates of my Work, it has continued to provide me, or supply me, with the transcendent Knowledge of what this means and involves.

I say 'continued' because Dreaming stories are so rich, and they have such multi-dimensional depth, that once we start Working with a particular one, we can keep plumbing its depths as our own vision, or our ability to see and understand, shifts and changes and, especially, opens up. We'll see and respond to different elements in it every time we re-read it or see its movie.

In other words, Dreaming stories keep giving. But to see into their depths, we require the assistance of the pineal – the third, or inner, eye – our beautiful, powerful little pine cone receiver. So we need to re-activate it, open it up, *and* open our minds to receive, accept, absorb and assimilate what it brings into our sphere.

When Single Shines the Triple Sun

We can keep obstinately seeing these stories as just physical if we so choose, but if we do, this will not stop our higher Consciousness Working through the pineal with the imagination and the subconscious. So the conscious awareness will effectively be isolated, of course, and kept out of the loop.

Once again, this will not stop those other facets of us from altering *both* the essence of reality *and* its pattern of manifested forms, so all we'll end up doing is scratching our heads in bewilderment, wondering what the heck is going on, as the new reality unfurls around us. And, we'll prevent the prophecy of the *Dark Crystal*¹⁸ from coming true within *us*.

The Thirteenth Guardian

One theme of the story I will cover specifically here is the Truth of the thirteenth Guardian, the thirteenth layer of our DNA, and the thirteenth sign of the Zodiac.

In more recent years, we have begun to pay more attention to the constellation of Ophiuchus as the thirteenth constellation, and many of us, too, have come to realise that the ancients fully knew about, and honoured, the thirteenth sign.

Not coincidentally, of course, Ophiuchus sits slightly outside of, but, at the same time, still fully a part of the circle of the Zodiac, and even just its presence causes the balance of the even number of twelve to be unbalanced. While it does enjoy a period during the year when it reigns supreme, for the most part, its energy Works with, and through, Scorpio (which governs Transformation, Reincarnation, and Karmic Patterns³) and Sagittarius (which governs Philosophy and Growth³).

What's important for us to Know, now, is the fact that while the other twelve layers of DNA are set and unchanging, the thirteenth does change.

The Themes of Ophiuchus

Ophiuchus both symbolises *and* holds the energetic influence of the rise out of the entrapment of the abyss, and the gravitational hold of materiality, into Divine reunion. And this requires, and takes, different forms as it ebbs and flows, and evolves.

So while Aries, for example, always governs the personality and appearance of the incarnation, and Pisces always governs the way we access and connect with the unconscious, Ophiuchus holds different themes at different times.

In our current iteration, and in quite a few previous ones, it holds, and has held, themes of Perpetual Separation, Free Will, ego, and illusion. And even within the infrastructure of these, we've Worked with different sub-themes at different times courtesy of Ophiuchus.

But, of course, Ophiuchus is changing its themes now, resolving the very great wound of Perpetual Separation, and mending the tear in the fabric of reality. *This Truth, we are all holding in the thirteenth layer of our own DNA.*

Alchemical Activators

What do *The Matrix*, the Arthurian and Grail legends, *Return of the Guardians*, and the Osiris and Isis mythology all have in common?

Yes, they are all currents of Creation, and so they all hold Creation's power. Yes, they are all conveyors of higher Truths and transcendent Knowledge and Wisdom. But they all

hold something else. Something powerful. They are alchemical *activators* for those of us who are prepared, willing, ready and able to *be* activated.

What this means is these Dreaming stories, and others like them, can, potentially, prepare us for profound, Consciousness-altering, transformational Processes. But they can also, for some of us, *trigger* the most powerful Process of them all – the awakening Process. *Return of the Guardians* does hold this power. And I have seen it trigger powerful Processes that start Working their magic the next day after reading it.

Do you have the courage to read it and allow it to penetrate deeply into your own Consciousness? Whether you do or not, the time of the Great Awakening is upon us, and just by virtue of being here, you *are* part of this Process.

* Author's Note: I deliberately use capital letters to denote higher-dimensional concepts and to distinguish these from the common, lower-dimensional use and definition of the words.

1. Matthew 4:4.
2. *Whale Rider*, 2002, South Pacific Pictures, Apollo Media, Pandora Film.
3. The twelve arenas of existence as linked with and governed by the twelve layers of DNA identified in *Sacred Contracts*, Caroline Myss, Ph.D, 2001, Harmony Books, Bantam Books, and adjusted slightly for my own personal use.
4. The Original Star Wars Trilogy: *Star Wars*, 1977, Lucasfilm; *The Empire Strikes Back*, 1980, Lucasfilm; *Return of the Jedi*, 1983, Lucasfilm.
5. *The Wizard of Oz*, 1939, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (MGM) & Warner Bros. Pictures (adaptation of L. Frank Burn's 1900 novel *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*).
6. *Wicked* (the musical), 2003, by Stephen Schwartz, based on *Wicked: The Life and Times of the Wicked Witch of the West*, by Gregory Maguire.
7. Disney's *Maleficent*, 2014, A Roth Films Production.
8. *Back Roads, Van Life (Part 1)*, hosted by Myf Warhurst, 2025, ABC Iview.
9. M. Night Shyamalan's *The Village*, 2004, Touchstone Pictures, Binding Edge Pictures.
10. *The Twilight Saga: Twilight*, 2009; *New Moon*, 2010; *Eclipse*, 2010; *Breaking Dawn Part 1*, 2011; *Breaking Dawn Part 2*, 2012, Summit Entertainment.
11. *Underworld*, 2004; *Underworld Revolution*, 2006, *Underworld Rise of the Lycans*, 2009; *Underworld Awakening*, 2012, Screen Gems and Lakeshore Entertainment.
12. *Return of the Guardians*, Jennifer Wherrett, 2013, Xlibris.
13. *Lady of the Lake*, Jennifer Wherrett, 2013, Xlibris.
14. *Three Roses*, Jennifer Wherrett, currently unpublished but available as a PDF upon request.
15. *The Matrix*, 1999, Village Roadshow Pictures; Warner Bros. Pictures.
16. *Cinderella*, 2015, A Disney presentation, A Kenneth Branagh Film; an Allison Shearmur/Beaglepug/Kinberg Genre Production.
17. *The NeverEnding Story*, 1984, Neue Constantin Film, Bavaria Film.
18. *The Dark Crystal*, 1982, by Jim Henson and Frank Oz, produced by Jim Henson and Gary Kurtz.

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