

## **PART II.**

### **KIL. WISH: Wishing at the Edge**

#### **CHAPTER EIGHT:**

210

### **Of Festivals in the Sun, Votes, and Battle Fought**

“If you can not do non-violence right, you should choose violence over passivity. Mahatma Gandhi (1939)

“Vanguards, hard to live with them... never change without them.”

Madrone looked out over the crowd camped in the meadows.

Colorful tents, tarps, and banners dotted the field and spread quite a ways out into the horse pastures. Flags, many with the Cross in a Circle motif of the New Church, fluttered in the rising breeze. She picked out only a few Hemp and ELF banners, but few of the Christian - old-schooler - emblems made an appearance either.

It certainly looked festive and happy-carefree, she thought.

People cavorting about and some in giant animal costumes representing their Clan or some group they belonged to.

Harrison had just finished his speech, proclaiming a New Era of Cooperation and building for the future. Hoorays and spontaneous applause erupted frequently. The only time she noticed scattered ‘boo’s’ came from his announcement of an end to direct militia support for mining. The right to mine, responsibly, was upheld, but ore brokerage by the militia, mining loans and sales of explosives would no longer be available.

At the end of his speech he declared a state of Emergency and the call up of all reserves, saying: “The time of severe vigilance is upon us... let us pray in a moment of silence for our neighbors on the coast. The Greens and the Forest Defenders seem certain to win the elections, but mischief stalks these times...” and he bowed his head pretending to pray, but actually going over again the final lines and hoping he would win their votes now with at least token applause and no booing.

The crowd remained respectfully quiet. The sound of a baby crying only serving to accentuate the otherwise silent vigil they kept over their prayers and absolutions.

Sensing, actually just guessing, the appropriate moment, Harrison raised his hands, feeling like some Evangelist at a faith healing sideshow, and said:

“Amen. Brothers and sisters.”

Then dramatically raising his voice and bellowing deeply he yelled out:

“Look to your neighbors - for who else can you count on now?”

He paused again before he seized the microphone off its stand and leaped up on top of one of the giant speakers. His hand whipping off his cap he said with genuine fervor:

“For Church, for this precious land of bounty, and for all those loyal to the Young Officers ... I say to anyone with the guts to listen: Long live Free Haymarket and her Allies...!

Long live Jarred Smith...!”

He tossed his silver starred hat high out over the crowd as wild cheering erupted, along with drum beats and crashing cymbals as the whole crowd seemed to chant together:

**“Jarred, Jarred... Jarred, Jarred... long live Jarred!”**

And people cried and hugged each other as he waited for them to quiet a little before saying:

“It is my greatest honor to introduce to you a young warrior of the Forest Defenders - Madrone of the Mesas.”

Slight clapping could be heard and only a few whistles and harangues...

The drums had died down, but her heart still thumped steadily. She didn't know how well she would do at speaking - nor how they would receive her - a young woman in home-made wilderness garb her long black hair clean, but wild and loose. Brione would sing afterwards and ‘everything would be all right’ (just like the reggae song she kept humming), but her friend's reputation as a witch precluded her speaking first... So, there Madrone stood, facing a microphone and a crowd of over forty thousand people. Her first time ever speaking and what later historians recorded as the most important and rousing oratory of the decade!

Beginning with a reserved, almost business like, voice, Madrone said:

“I am very, very honored today to speak to a crowd of united people... I wish my community were so together as yours.

The Young Officers hope I will tell you how our respective peoples can work together and learn new ways of peaceful co-existence. And I hope that someday that may all come true. But...”

And she paused as she took the microphone into her hands and walked a few steps closer to the edge of the stage.

“But I can't ... I won't lie to you honest folk.”

She paused again as she found herself reaching into her waist pouch. A couple voices yelled out something like: “Come on... tell us!”

And then as Madrone straightened up and clenched her fist, the crowd quieted feeling her seriousness looming... a contagious rage of righteous fury...

“You and I. We are going to get to know each other - not in Peace - not playing music around the campfire... as I love to do.

No, dear people of Haymarket... I believe we shall soon test our friendships... and our commitment on the Fields of ... **WAR** - in sorrow over death - and in our resolve for victory!

Enemies of life and freedom are poised to attack, now as we speak here today. I pledge before all of you gathered here to do honor to the spirit and the hard work of Jarred Smith.

I pledge the only thing of value that I have... I pledge... my life... to you and to all your generations to come.”

A few ‘right-ons’ and cries of support rang out as the crowd hung on the words of this young person.

She spread her arms out, wide concentrating on truthful intent, wishing as one force for rage to forge to love and give these good people the chance to open their hearts and know what sacrifices and compromises must be accepted.

Madrone brought the microphone to her mouth and said in a level voice:

“I ask you just one question now: Can I join you?”

She said it again and then hesitated looking outward past the crowd.

A few voices called out "yeas" and "come on."

She knelt down on one knee, Anaya’s gift of the Stone of Youthful Rage held high up in her tightly clenched fist.

“Tell me dammit! ...Tell me: Are we all... Forest Defenders **Now**?”

And she screamed the last part as her wish flew spinning, the crowd rising up as one, and the words:

“**Forever! One people**” rang out echoing off of doubts or somehow from the knowing mouths of an awakened force... and Harrison and Brione were there holding her hands high in theirs and not an eye in the place was dry... tears of joy, of excitement... and of fear for loved ones who might not return...

...Forever, indeed.

Spontaneously... as if by cue, thousands of voices arose to sing in unison, a song it seemed they had waited the lifetime of an entire species... or at least all day, to express the totality of their readiness and conviction.

They sang then the new anthem of the militia.

They called it **The Earth is God’s Temple**, but of course it arose from a true and terrible imprint on a stony hillside near London in 1649:

*In 1999, on Hayfork ridge*

*a ragged band they called the Patriots came  
to show free people's will.  
They defied the Federal. They defied the law.  
They were inspired, reclaiming spirits aim.  
"We came for peace," they said, "To dig and sow."  
We came to work the land in common and to make the wastelands grow  
This earth divided, we will make whole.  
So it will be a common treasury for all.  
Respect for Holy things, we do proclaim.  
No one has any right to harm or hoard the earth for private gain.  
By theft and murder, leaders hurt the land.  
Now everywhere we do reclaim.  
We learned hard lessons. Who we can trust.  
We let a leader steal our confidence, drag it in the dust.  
But now we worship the Lord of Peace.  
We reach our vision out to those in need.*

*Refugees take courage. Feds take care.  
Our cause begins uniting now, all struggles one to share.  
We are free people, though we are poor.  
Haymarket stands for freedom.  
Stand up now!*

Brione sang several songs of the forest and popular struggles. The crowd shared her enthusiasm and joyous celebration, begging for one more song three times before she left for good. Later on, many other performers, young and old played late into the night to dancing and raucous insobriety.

A few more speeches attracted some interest, especially the one about Community Self Reliance and Permaculture, but mostly people simply wanted to cut loose and forget about everything... and Madrone's 'fields of war' went untended at least by the people in that meadow.

War travels on streams too, and during the night what most took to be strange lightning in the distance, thundered and wrought its strong effect: the beginnings of the Last Wish.

Brione had hoped for a ride to Kama that night, or word from Sage and the search party. She got neither. Captain Harrison - soon to be promoted to General and Commander in Chief - assured her she could have the first available chopper. He refused to speculate where the five choppers had gone that afternoon, admitting only:  
"Important missions..."

She finally did contact Aire at the Kama River festival site by means of a cell phone radio relay. Sweet Aire, the oldest of the Chosen at 30 years old, and still so childlike and open. He informed her that everything seemed just fine, but that he was so tired of building and repairing outhouses and security sheds... that he didn't want to think about either one again for some time.

AND no sign or word from Hazel, Jarred or the search teams.

Crowds had already surrounded the polling places, but the Sheriff and deputies, knowing they might soon be out of a job and looking for a new ideology, remained disinterested and properly restrained.

She was about to end the conversation with:

“I’ll be there as...” and they lost the connection. In fact, few cell phones ever worked again, though not for the same reasons as this initial outage.

Two o’clock in the morning the sound of choppers awoke Brione who knew they would take an hour or more to refuel and quick check. She tried to rest another few minutes, but gave up and made some tea on the little stove. She did some stretching and noticed a few sore spots on her butt - ‘horses, I do suppose.’

Madrone stirred and they shared the tea quietly. Suddenly, a noisy bustle rolled down the hallway and Trevor and Taryn rushed into the room all smiles and, jumping with excitement:

“We did it ... hooray... It happened... Brione... oh thank you! What excitement!”

They kept going on, but too jabbered and unintelligible, given the hour, and her disposition. So, Brione waited until they settled down and asked softly:

“One of you, Taryn... Tell me slowly ...what happened?”

“What we talked about at the tower, the dream... you know...”

Brione didn’t know and asked: “Garth...?”

Madrone was already smiling, laughter beginning to roar out of her when, Taryn said:

“No, dummy... The Secret Plan - Ranger III...”

And Harrison entered the room, shaking his head obviously amazed at how fast classified news traveled with Sasha’s crew around.

Brione looked at him the ‘news’ barely sinking in yet and he said to her:

“Your plan?”

She just shrugged and said:

“An Elf’s actually I bet... Or maybe it was meant to be - everyone’s plan.”

Madrone grabbed her things and checked with Taryn about what she had brought along for the trip. Brione still stood there, wanting to figure out what it all meant and how far it had spread.

Harrison picked up her bag and said to her as the others left the room:

“Brione... the chopper. It’s all ready now...”

I guess I won’t see you for a while maybe...”

She looked at him and said:

“No... you won’t. Oh, I don’t know... I’ll be around.”

216

He held her at arms length, looking her over and then said:

“Take care, be strong... do what you have to do, but keep an eye out for Madrone, when you can... I... tell her that...I really. I liked having her visit... and, umm...”

I loved... her... her beak, her speech, I mean.”

Brione smiled, and said sweetly: “I know exactly what to tell her, but will she listen...?”

Oh, that’ll be up to you, definitely up to you.”

She followed him out the door and almost forgot the last item of business:

“Umm, Captain or General dear? About the reserves you called up...”

“Oh, yeah I forgot to tell you. I am prepping a half regiment complete with a MASH unit and some heavy artillery. We’ll move close to your territory awaiting orders for deployment. Hope we can be of service... or actually I hope you don’t need us, but just

in case... well what are friends for?"

She gave him a quick hug and they went different ways then.

Brione hopped in the chopper and seeing Madrone's strong arm reaching out to help her reminded her of an identical scene a few days earlier. The day when Hazel and Jarred crashed... She sent out a few safe wishes and trusted this flight would be less eventful than the last.

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Somewhere... yum... home-fries sizzled, warm water washed a face, clean clothes lay folded, and... Many places people knew what the day held for them, and where the next meal would coax its way in to their mouth, and a vast assortment of whats... and wheres... and whys that they permitted, so cleverly, to make up a whole world for... whose enjoyment... or is that a whats?

But not here. Here there was none of that... and much else lacking for the worse. But a sharp-nosed creature might easily root out a few treasures and this little camp... clean air, pure water, kind neighbors (well except for the Skunk!); and a few talented

217

musicians like the finches who studiously practiced their twitterings ... and pueeeps, while hopping in tune from one bramble to the next. And most remarkable of all, here, surrounded by a 'lack' of things, the vibes and feelings created patterns of love and purpose... bonds of loyalty and trust, and a casual, effortless comfort that only seeks a Chosen few.

A shower and some food wouldn't necessarily break the spell. Should it?

Hazel wondered if she could hear the fog rising or not. She stirred, not wanting to really, but the first rays of morning sun slid through vanishing fog and she had to check things out before she could enjoy another snooze. She poked her nose up and the rest of her face followed as she surveyed the camp.

Dave and Sasha collected some sparse and probably dried out berries from the slope below. Will slept soundly, if loud a short distance away. It was early. The cold and damp loitering, she easily decided in favor of cuddles and she laid back down snuggling her way closer to Jarred's back. The attraction was warmth, but the real possibility of desires flaring ... and the nurturing and getting attention...

'Why not?' Words thought at her. Everything else insisting on seriousness... so planned - out, dry or work of a sort... why not be spontaneous... And she resolved half-dreaming not to care if this moment or the next made sense and fit into this important wish or... not... or any of that...

She slipped her arm under Jarred's blanket and slid her hand down over the top of his. 'Rough knuckles' she mused automatically, and then she decided: no judgments either... or analysis or un-needed comments... and absolutely not a question! She wiggled another fraction closer and fit her body touching his as she breathed the smell of him: smoke and sweat, and... maleness whatever that was... and didn't matter a spit just then, only the three together... Now that is potent.

They lay like that for some time. Jarred vaguely feeling her close about him, but that didn't bother him yet, since he wasn't thinking much or caring about anything non-lifethreatening. Besides, it fit so well with the dream he thought he was having. Her nose, nuzzling the back of his neck fit the dream too, except now he knew it was real and pretended anyway that it was only half-real. But which half was which?

He decided then that her foot seeking his to rub must be all real. And he felt her hand over the top of his... small fingers sliding back and forth so lightly - that might be only half-real or less, but the tingle it stimulated must be real and the fingers...

218

He pulled her soft, willing fingers in-between his as their feet found close company

together. He almost wished her to have thick socks on so that she wouldn't feel how crusty his socks were. All petty trivia melted away without a fight as she pressed against him and cooed charms about his ear.

Soft, touching words assembled and curled off her only tongue:

"You smell too good..."

'No turning back,' he thought and decided he really had to see this to believe it. Small movements or the timing let her know his intention and like one of them had practiced, he lifted the blankets over him as he turned and she slid one arm under him. The other went up his back to slide under his hair making him close his eyes for better purchase on the fine sensations those naturally skilled digits performed flawlessly or maybe it was only like when you're so hungry that food always tastes incredibly good.

He knew better in this regard and he looked for her eyes, which stayed closed as she rubbed her chin on his chest till it rested near his clavicle. He brushed her hair back extra gently and kept stroking softly over her ear.

She opened her eyes as his finger tip arrived to trace along her brow and down past the side of her eye, and it was her turn to close her eyes again to best purchase pleasure.

He touched her carefully watching for her signs. She told him what she liked... and with patience rare to many, she found tender, special abandon in him, in his newness and in the hopes they might get a chance again to play to find new places... unique connections their bodies could make and share. And much deeper connections too...

Despite the absence of so many city-comforts... and the tension pulling incessantly at their worries, these two found great and simple joy there and hopefully didn't upset their friends or too many half-fulfilled wishes looking for resolution, no matter the avenue.

They rested content, basking their souls and allowing their usually busy minds to drift unyoked. It had been awhile for her and Jarred couldn't really remember making love to someone he really cared for and admired.

Not wanting to break their mutual spell, but knowing the day's agenda and valuing their pillow talk too, she said: "I wish I could promise you anything about the future, but I can't. I promise I won't..."

And he stopped her with a short if still burning kiss.

219

Said Jarred with love and fear nixed equally: "No, please, no promises... just faith... I..." and she silenced him the same way. They kissed long, then... making a moment almost eternal.

She said when she caught her breath: "I guess faith is like make-believe?"

"What?" he said acting offended and then continued, "I'm not pretending I love you?"

"I know... it's so hard to talk about some things... Let's see: Believing in a God that's practically invisible requires a certain amount of creativity, imagination.

Seems like make-believe to me."

He didn't seem too convinced so she said:

"We are kind of making it up on faith that this makes sense - you and me. That it won't cause harm, that it will lead to wonderful things... But we don't really have any reason to believe that is true..."

"OK, anything you say dear..."

And she pinned his leg down in a playful test of wills, letting go to give another close- in embrace.

"Come stay with me. We'll make a merry company together - and a hilarious sight with all our crazy friends!" she said feeling so happy. But the end of their fun loomed in the background, intruding from all sides and she knew she couldn't keep it back much longer.

“I’ll show you how to climb giant trees and the sacred springs of the Elves... And you can...”

What can you do except look cool in your Silver Star Cap?”

He started to slip his leg over hers so he could pin her and deliver the ultimate tickle in response as she said:

“Oh that’s right you could show me how to wander aimlessly in the woods... In love with all life, and...”

He made his move pushing his leg down and shifting on top of her, but either she was quicker than he imagined or reading his mind, because she pushed off with her leg timed to catch at his only vulnerable unbalance point....

And did, as they rolled sideways out of the blanket and into a pile of leaves with Hazel, firmly on top of him.

220

She held his ears back and with a fierce expression said:

“Well: what do you say Renegade Militia? Are we a team?”

I’ll have to kill you, if you say no... You know too much...

I’ve been compromised!”

And as part of the skit she quickly covered her bare breasts with her hands. This was her undoing of course as he bucked up from his back, popping her up so he could maneuver his leg enough to push off while he grabbed her in a bear hug...

Apparently he hadn’t learned his lesson yet, for she threw her weight with his momentum and they both rolled all the way over, with... Hazel ...King of the Mountain a second time.

He laughed and smiled till it hurt, trying between tickles and kisses to say: “OK, Uncle, Ali Ali Ottss...” ...And finally:

“I surrender to the Forest, please...”

She finally collapsed on top of him and they noticed an only slightly reluctant crowd viewed more than just their antics.

Hazel swatted up one of the blankets laying nearby, but Jarred had no such easy remedy and Sage’s wide grin and Will’s laughter only made his pointed predicament more out of hand, so he just walked over to their bedding and crawled under the blankets looking for his pants. This took quite some time and he felt Hazel give his leg a squeeze as she rose to get things ready.

Everyone returned to their previous activities and Jarred helped Hazel pack their gear as he whistled and practiced a few birdcalls.

He saw Sasha over by the lone, twisted Fir tree.

Sasha sat, back to the tree, with his legs pulled up and his arms hugging around his knees, silent and possibly a bit solemn.

Hazel watched Jarred observing his young friend and knew he had some concern. She said:

“Go ahead. We’re about done here... Let’s just be going pretty soon.”

221

And she added more with eyes than words: “All right?”

He nodded and went over to Sasha thinking how lucky he must be to find someone like Hazel. And that anguished feeling of total bliss and certain loss threatened his peace. He smiled being thankful for any little happiness in this crazy life and he vowed on their love and everything he believed in that he: as the Mayor, as an officer, or as a hunted criminal, if it came to that, which it might very well... He vowed to help others, to bring some magic and joy to the lives of strangers, family, comrades... whoever he encountered... Wherever he might be.

A ‘grand gesture,’ perhaps, he thought, but it fit his style and he took such vows in

utmost seriousness.

He walked closer to Sasha, still lost in thought, wondering if he could be like Hazel: lovey but not clingy. 'Love without hurt' had always seemed a cruel joke in his life and with most of the couples he had known. But there is another way, 'I can feel it in her.' A whole new way to be in this world - as the incredible, creative - she would say magical - entities we truly are meant to be.

He remembered she asked that they leave soon, and that they had miles to walk and a Music Festival with friends to meet - 'Yea, some music will crank us up and...'

Then, out loud ... "I feel like dancing!" He looked around not really wanting everyone to see him acting foolishly ... wild?

'Oh, what the heck... What's the worry' and he started to wish that everyone could be so... and he abruptly halted the word... the thought.

'Am I becoming like her? Afraid of wishes!, yet forced to rely on them. I don't even believe... well I don't doubt... not what's happened. Maybe I doubt what it means - or when you wield illusion contra illusion... or nightmare, its all really a test of will - an internal struggle - Even if it seems like so much more - or perhaps that actually is where we have to win the biggest battle...'

A blue jay squawked harshly at him, which kept him from walking into a low tree branch in his day-dreamy detachment.

'Oh, yeah...'

"Sasha..." he called out to his friend from a few yards away, his voice low not wanting to be rude or startle him... No telling what mood captured Sasha just now.

"Sasha, Master Shevchenko." He said a bit louder.

Still no response, so he came around to the side and sat quietly on a large flat rock.

222

He wished they could take it easy today. Enjoy camping together without feeling rushed, lost and pursued by Terrors... Just him and Sasha out hiking fast and far. Sprinting up tangled streambeds, flying rock to rock across chilly pools, leaping chasm spans ... Until the pleasant wearing of their muscles erased everything except the soothing of their poor human souls.

The State of Nature.

Then the thought, 'Sasha didn't seem so happy when we found the others... like he wants us to be alone...or to be all alone...'

He looked at his friend and then out at the green valley where Sasha gazed so intently.

'Teenage - longings' that's a strange possibility, I guess I haven't been paying enough attention - he's sixteen in just a few days... Urges, I bet!

And he formed a wish - one that just bubbled up straight from deep in your heart of innocence - where all truly strong magic comes from: A wish for understanding, a way to assist, his friend's needs for talk, for an out to his inner turmoil... And then a voice or more of a cautionary twitch warned, like your hair tingling before a lightning strike:

**'Don't wish at me!'**

Jarred stood up straighter, suddenly... Wondering...

And awareness of Sasha standing before him eyes bright with questions answered and urges... satisfied!

...A blurry vision of colors blending lapped at Jarred who felt himself losing it again when the boy said:

"Good morning Jarred... did you sleep late?"

And Jarred thought of asking what kind of question is that, but simply observed Sasha's quirky conspiratorial (?) smirk. Several voices seemed to cross his un-wizardly consciousness: *'I'm older, mature, experienced, and...'* **Don't wish at him it's dangerous...** *'More sure...'*

**'Stop him he'll only get hurt or harm...'**

Jarred tried to stop these jumbling emotions, reminding himself that he tended a little too emotional and sensitive when it came to Sasha... and now Hazel in the mix too...

223

Trying to focus for a change on something real and immediate he said:

“What were you looking at... in the distance, in that view?”

Sasha switched back to that place: the canyon dropping off into the valley, the long, dark line marking where the oldest trees still held their watch.... and at that other place:

working behind and sometimes within... and he said: “Oh, I just watch at times... watch the shade playing against shadows... the old brooding at the young.

I pretend I can read the **Shadows** out near the edge of things. There, do you see it...

where the clouds' shadow crosses the edge of the old woods... where owls close their eyes to blinding choices...

Jarred's countenance began turning dour...

Sasha added with an honest smile: “It's like practice... like I said I just pretend. I read the shadows to try and judge the day and how my luck will follow. I better go...”

Something eerie creeping in again as Jarred felt like Sasha was speaking to another or himself?

And then he nearly jumped in unwarranted surprise as Hazel put her arm on his shoulder and said as she handed him his pack:

“Come on we're gonna have to run to make it on time.”

Jarred nodded knowing she was right and on the ball as usual.

He shouldered the pack and browsed around the campsite - no sign really anymore that they had been there or of the several 'miracles' that they had witnessed or caused.

Sage and Sasha were far ahead already. Sasha had a small pack with extra water in it and Sage carried one of their two heavy machine guns. Sage, and Brione too, had always loved being the guides, and walking 'point,' thought Hazel as she followed Dave and Will with Jarred bringing up the rear.

Every joy and every sadness traipsed along in this company. And they felt confident in their wishes of safety ... even as they could never deny the certainty of doom that threatened to pound its way toward their heart.

Hazel realized that she had developed further as a competent leader. They had made it this far partly through her strength of spirit and her fearless quick thinking. Now she knew they faced more trials and danger surely, but she and all of them felt fortified by

224

their companionship and the bonds of love and fierce loyalty solidifying moment by moment.

A grim determination, but they wore it lightly.

Will seemed excited too as he kept the pace with his long legs and hummed an old fisherman tune. Hazel imagined it had been awhile since many of them had been to the coast - let alone to a wild hippie music festival of Hookahs and belly dancers, powerful brownies and few clothes.

'We'll see,' she thought as she hummed her own tune and flashed an occasional flirting wink or a little kiss to the wind, back Jarred's way.

A beautiful day opened to them.

They still couldn't see the coast, but the Kama River Valley stretched to their right and they could see where it broadened out near the ocean delta. Only a few miles as the Raven flies, but still a long hike for them. Their clothes began to dry out fully, but soon layers were packed away. Warmth from the sun and hiking rough terrain building up in their woolens and patched polypro.

Hazel slowed down a bit and when Jarred caught up she said quietly:

“The plan is for Sage, Will, and I to act like we captured you Bad Militia. That’s what they call bandits around here and there’s been a lot of trouble along this part of the Kama. So, folks mostly hippies and Natives, a few old ranches... might not take very kindly to an armed band showing up at their doorstep. It’ll be cool, just stay quiet if we run into anybody. Our story should work and anyway we may run into someone friendly right away and get a call down river for a lift.

Here’s the other pistol. You can hide it somewhere, just in case.”

She checked her new Glock 9mm auto and said:

“There’s only ten rounds in each but we’ve plenty of rifle ammo. How’s your arm been feeling?”

He answered: “Hey you...” as he jerked back from her tickle, almost dropping the gun he was tucking in his jacket pocket. She skipped away with only a trailing wave of her hand.

When he caught up she said:

“Did I ever tell you about Elves?”

He shook his head, no. And they walked slowly, his arm around her at times.

225

She told him how Lorien, the Goddess, traveled the wide lands and wove magical patterns of life in places she felt drawn to. New creatures arose as evolution worked and biodiversity pulsed to rhythms of its own vibration. Then the growing power in the beauty and sustainability of the Great Forest of Yelmarien brought forth the elves. These creatures from the womb of Ancient Forests fit and flowed easily with their surroundings and all things. The Elves traveled with Lorien, who greatly enjoyed their company. She taught them healing and herbal lore and to some, like Anaya, she entrusted great magic and the Patterns of Life. These Elves became the Forest Keepers who guard the Sacred Things: Earth, Air, Fire, Water, and Spirit.

“I’ve heard about them.” Jarred said.

“Against the wishes of Lorien, some Elves took up metal and killed animals to eat.

Slowly, they lost their magical affinity with the forest and those Elves ...through generations are now become the humans.

His eyebrows rose some and she said:

“It’s just a story - Can’t you morph a metaphor?”

“Well... over time humans changed so much that they can hardly feel the presence of the Goddess or even see Elves. But now some humans are finding Elvish connections... but that may not requite the Great Sending the Elves have often warned against and so stoically acquiesced to.

Anyway that’s a story Brione told me just before the disaster, the ambush by the General, near Redwing. God, that seems almost a month ago, but it was only like six days.

Can you believe it?”

Jarred started to answer when he saw Will and Dave waiting just up ahead where a larger trail... No a road!

‘A road he thought: ‘Hallelujah!’ And he wanted to shout for joy, but Hazel was already squeezing his hand to settle him down.

They came to the road where Dave pointed to the two sticks and a stone at the side of the trail, Sage’s code. Of course downhill, but the rock was pushed in the mud and that could be a slight warning.

Hazel looked around. No tracks on the road... probably a small bridge out, down a ways before the river. No one’s been up here for some time.

226

She looked at Jarred standing a ways down the road chewing a stem of Sweet Grass and

she smiled, slowly taking in a deep breath and letting it out... Just relaxing and soaking up the good parts of their days of hiking... being away from Babylon stresses. She decided that as quiet and peaceful as it all seemed they should continue on and not wait for scouts to return. It was close to noon and it still might take hours to get to the festival.

She figured everyone would agree. She turned and started to walk toward Will who rose slinging his rifle up ready to go.

Loud gunshots fired off, shaking the air and shattering the easy peacefulness of the morning.

Dave heaved his supply-pack, over his shoulder, as Will checked the rifle and loosened the straps on the spare magazine.

Hazel ran up to check with Jarred, who said:

“Half a mile, maybe more. Sounded like one of our rifles or just as big.”

He sounded rock solid already formulating several plans. Depending on...

A few smaller shots rang out and were answered by another burst of heavy machine gun fire: ‘bam, bambam...bambambam...’

He looked at Hazel and said to all three of them:

“Two and two, OK?”

You stay back with Will and the rifle.”

Hazel wanted to suggest otherwise, but accepted his plan.

Jarred told Will something, and then he and Dave set out down the road at a brisk pace.

Silent and ready, hoping to see one of the scouts soon.

Will and Hazel waited. Adrenaline rushing through... a few minutes ticked off, before they followed on. They heard no more shots and with senses prickling they proceeded slowly with both the point and rear guard alert in all directions.

Once Hazel thought she heard a scream that might only have been a branch rubbing another or ... the River. She could hear it now a low whir just perceptible in the background, fading when the breezes rustled. She almost thought she remembered something about this spot. She might of been nearby here once.

227

For many miles the Kama River runs high and wide. She liked this part of the river where tall Alders mixed with the Firs and there were a lot of berries in the summer: blackberries, Himalayas, raspberries and Salmon berries too – even some Logan berries if ya knew just where to hunt.

Peering around the next corner, she stopped seeing Jarred’s arm raised in signal, a couple hundred feet down the road. An old broken wood bridge could barely be seen from Hazel’s vantage, only a few, large, rotten timbers poking out of the ravine.

More hand signals passed.

Hazel sent Will up ahead and she stopped halfway to the others to talk with Jarred.

She tried to get some news out of Sasha’s mind, but it was noisy there:

‘Bandits down at a ranch house and Sasha feeling mad and just wanting to get on to the music festival or ...

Scattered frantic thoughts of... helping someone...’

Jarred spoke as Will and Dave came back for orders: “Hazel... Hey, Sasha says there’s four or five heavily armed bandits at a farm house just a few hundred yards down the road. Sage is in the close sniper position and says she wants to take out these scum.

She says she knows the owner of the property. The old lady’s son or somebody got shot we think. It might be a rough scene unless we can get in real close before we’re seen... What do you think?”

Hazel stretched both hands up at the sky and then bowed her head and swept her arms in reversing circles. Jarred thought that she was exercising until she traced a symbol in

the air and it glowed slightly before it rushed off toward Sasha.

She crouched down in the road and cleared a space in the dirt with her hand. She drew the river and a house marked by an 'X'.

Tapping into Sasha's memory now that he had settled down a little she drew in the willow hedge and the barn and the sniper position where Sage lay atop a small bank across the road from the ranch.

"No binoculars and no communications, so it's gonna have to be simple. Sasha you go to Sage and we'll work along the hedge and approach the barn when it's between us and the house."

228

They all wore strange looks at Hazel's apparent ability to speak inside their minds.

She pointed to the barn she had marked in the dirt and said:

"I think we can see your position Sasha, most of the time, and particularly here at the corner of the barn near to where you and Sage will be over here."

She could hear Sasha agreeing so she didn't have to waste time checking every detail out loud.

"We'll need a diversion back up or something," said Jarred frowning and almost certain something risky was about to pop up.

Hazel thought for a moment and then she said:

"Send Dave with Sasha and he can walk up to the gate and call out 'hello, anybody home.' She was trying to think through what they had forgotten when Sasha said firmly:

"No! You need four people to cover both sides of the house. I'll be the diversion if we need it.

Come on Jarred, I'll be safe by that big rock wall near the gate, Sage will be covering me..."

"Yeah, OK that will work," answered Hazel who silenced Jarred with a sharp glance.

"Come on! Let's do it... Oh yeah... Sasha when we get to the barn we'll look for your sign. Wave your white T-shirt if you can't reach me with magic. If you signal that means all is OK Green light for us to proceed to the house. If we don't see your signal we'll assume you are about to do the diversion and we'll prepare to take out the bandits that come out after you while some of us storm the house. Got it?"

Sasha thought it through again and considered just wishing the Bad Militia's hearts to burst or their hateful thoughts to just burst aflame in their heads... but he had never directly wished harm at anything natural or living, so he kept those wishes checked and said to Hazel while looking at the eyes of Jarred's soul:

"I'm ready."

Hazel reached out and took their hands. The four of them stood there silently, heads bowed, praying to different Gods, but wishing only safety for themselves and the poor people inside the house... even for the bandits who they wished they would not have to kill.

229

Sasha left his lookout by the road first, heading towards Sage's sniper position, the long way, making sure not to be seen.

The others worked their way slowly down the road a hundred feet and ducked under the fence where the little stream choked with willows formed a natural hedge and a fair concealment for their movement.

From inside the house they could hear harsh voices and something like glass or a plate breaking against a wall. Sasha made it back to Sage and filled her in on the rest of the plan. She was glad to hear they were going in, she had worried during Sasha's absence that someone would block her suggestion in the rush to get to the festival. But this is where they belonged... protecting their neighbors and risking your life for your

community: that's what they were fighting for and that's what thousands of people punched their ballots for today: for mutual aid, respect for all life and an end to strife. She checked through the scope again zeroing in on the front door where she expected to soon kill someone. She had spotted three men and she could hear a fourth voice at times, but both she and Sasha thought they had seen five figures rush the house... though it had been at a greater distance and through some branches. The high tech range finder that Will had brought confirmed her estimate of the firing distance. All was set. Sasha and Sage agreed he should go on down to the gate even though it looked like they might not need the diversion. Sage could give the signal to proceed and she could see Sasha's position well too.

The sky glowed blue, sunny but cool on this early November day. The 'old timers' said it would surely be a wet winter, which is what they usually say - and they're usually right. Sage thought she heard a car, but decided it had to be a chopper, probably doing security a few miles down river at the festival.

Minutes felt like hours and a few beads of sweat formed on her brow.

She looked back into the scope and saw three figures at one corner of the barn and it looked to be Will with the rifle at the other corner. They were waiting for Sasha's signal: All clear, proceed to house in stealth, no diversion.

She didn't want to take her eye off the house to check on Sasha who she knew must have made it to the gate by then. She hoped this would all work out as planned ...But that feeling... **Like someone laughed at her, though she couldn't hear it.**

She snapped back on guard as the door to the house opened and a man - 'Yes there's that fifth guy, and Sage released a gasp that turned derisive as she saw through the

230  
scope that it was indeed, a very corrupt Deputy Sheriff Abrams: A scoundrel, if there ever was one. She had the extreme displeasure to have encountered him, violently, one time too many.

Just as Sasha raised his arm to wave the white shirt three times... the door to the house opened slowly...

A fog or a **shadow** seemed to blur Sage's vision and she knew something needed her out of the way. She looked again checking on the barn and just saw Jarred and Dave dashing toward the house with Hazel and Will covering them... But then she realized that the Sheriff... 'He will see them!...

'And she felt Sasha in her thoughts... Looking through her eyes...

And then his voice:

"Hey there Sir, please I'm lost and I hurt my foot."

The potbellied man middle-aged, bored and angry at the world for not turning out his way... and mad at himself ... well for a dozen stupid mistakes at least, turned his head away from where Jarred ran and looked down the driveway at Sasha.

"What do you want you dirty looking kid?" and the Sheriff drew his gun as Sasha stayed close to the pillar at the gate and said:

"I think I need a doctor, it's my foot... It's..."

Rifle fire sprayed out of the upstairs window, pinning Hazel down behind the corner of the barn. Will couldn't get a shot at that window without exposing himself to the house and he was still covering Jarred who along with unarmed Dave were just crashing through the back door.

Sage couldn't clear her thoughts or **vision...** She could hear the **Laughter of the Shadow** now and the feeling of an empty husk - a nothingness - that didn't really matter at all... as Sasha's voice and his will yanked her away from the trap and she sighted straight and pulled the trigger.

A machine gun blasted out of the upper window tearing apart more of the corner of the

barn where Hazel crouched. She retreated slightly from the flying wood as two, five round bursts, from Sage slammed into the window and it went silent.

Will didn't know what to do or what was going on anywhere. He could hear a struggle in the house and slipped along the side of the barn trying to get closer, but exposed to fire if someone came out of the back door.

231

Sage tried to find the Sheriff through her sights when a gunshot sounded from near the gate. And another in the house... Then a shotgun blast that very nearly caught Jarred as he ducked back in the kitchen.

Jarred knew the short guy he shot was dead and he imagined that the silent gun upstairs had been hit by Sage, but Dave?

'Shit!' he thought as he saw a bit of Dave through the crack in the window, head blown clear off laying in the yard where the shotgun blast had knocked him through the hallway window.

The old woman lay across from him on the other side of the kitchen... She looked a little roughed up, but maybe nothing serious.

The little kid got out the door he thought.

When Dave flew backward out the window from the gun blast, Will charged across the yard to the side of the house. He reached the back door just as a large Skin Head thug slammed a rifle butt in his face...

Will sprawled backward - out cold, face down in the mud.

Hazel saw then the horses, two bays and a white mare, jumping over the fence and into the yard as she ran toward Will, her pistol ready.

The Sheriff turned at the sound of the gunshots and the horses snorting and whinnying.

Sasha took the opportunity to come out of hiding with a large stick.

He whipped the Sheriff good and hard across his back and left shoulder...

Jarred rushed back down the hallway and launched himself out the door. He landed on the Skin Head and they rolled out into the yard as Hazel rushed at them. But she had to slow for the horses who crossed her path as they slowed up...

It seemed they were looking for something or someone.

She saw the young boy running away from the house and a second deputy taking aim just as Sage fired again and ended his career quite permanently. The boy fled toward the

232

river and Sage left her position to help Sasha, breaking the rules but a good idea since she had no idea of his real powers.

Jarred kept pounding the guy's head into the dirt with both hands, but hey this dude was big and mean. He felt the other guy making his move, pushing off, and he jumped first rolling off in the direction of the horses.

As Sasha stood over the Sheriff and raised the club to kill, a white horse trotted right up to him and bent down slightly. He mounted the horse almost not believing his wish had come true in the form of Trotska, when the Sheriff grabbed his leg.

The horse pranced scarred and Sasha wielded the large stick and swung deftly enough, beating around at the man as the horse danced.

Sage spotting the dangerous battle just 100 feet away, leaned the rifle against a tree limb and took a tough shot. She missed but the Sheriff must have been distracted and Sasha hit him an almost lethal blow square in the face.

As the other horses passed her Hazel picked up speed and launched springing herself - and all of her one hundred and ten pounds - at the towering six foot, four inch hulk that swung his rifle butt down on Jarred's head...

Grace not an issue... she glanced off of him hard enough to change the arc of his swing, and his own momentum carried him to the ground. He landed hard on his side, half on

Jarred who had tried to roll out of the way of the planned strike and now found himself knocked back down with a jarring blow to his sore arm.

He heard hoof beats followed by Sage's machine-gun blasts:

'Blam...blamblamblam...'

And he tried to push the thug away as Hazel crashed on top of them both.

She punched her pistol into the thug's face, breaking a cracked tooth, and pulled the trigger.

Nothing happened.

The brute actually grinned as she hit him again hard in the face with the pistol and she swung her hand back again. But he caught her arm in a vice-like grip as he brought a knife around in his other hand.

233

...Wounded Will's machine-gun fire tore into the skin-head's chest and neck, and a searing pain sliced through Hazel's leg. She just let go and lay back in the mud and the gore, knowing there was nothing more...

It was like the whole world changed...

Sasha urged the horse on faster paying Sage's call no heed.

He thought the horse was Trotska, but he didn't know... He wasn't sure about anything.

He didn't know what happened back there... He hit the Sheriff so hard... and it felt terrible to be vicious... Even if he had no choice... He hoped his friends were safe, but wishes and passion drew him elsewhere as a clock ticked the minutes down...

I'm on my own at last. I've got to get help... I know some are dead... dying... still in danger.

**Visions of Brione at the Bridge... being dragged... crying.... Pieces of colors ... Floating, bobbing, going...**

He wished for speed and they did verily fly down that flat winding roadway... And he almost did it ...wishing away caution, but he could only think of one thing now - Brione - and that is always a bad sign - too singular combined with too close to the heart... But hearts have dimensions if you search the right places, so Sasha followed his young heart down that trail: Blazing a hard way and risking a fall...

Riding for his dreams toward his destiny...

A **Fools Errand** or... A Savior's gift...?

He barely slowed - a ghost fleeing toward its resolution. Speed pulling his judgment back and awareness poorly sought. The pair swept headlong into a more congested area where people parked their cars, buses, and the not uncommon, horse-pulled, Gypsy wagons.

234

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**So ends BOOK TWO:**

## **ALLIANCES OF LOVE AND NEED**

The Chosen grow in numbers and experience. Kimba, Amnesia, Dingo, Dave, General Swanson, Steve, and many others have died. More are missing and presumed dead:

Gabriele, Angela... and even Miya and the Elf Anaya...

The Young Officers have defeated the old-school militia leaders and allied their considerable forces with the Forest Defenders. Federal Forces are moving against Resistance forces across much of the country. A large assault is expected on the North Coast. Preparations are taking place on all sides.

Sasha has rejected his former mentor, Jarrel (Jarred's mother), and he has begun to accept the friendship and the love of the Elves. His abilities and judgment grow as he

makes decisions and sometimes mistakes. He struggles inside himself over the necessity of fashioning a wish for all things and all times. Hazel has learned along with Sasha and her powers of leadership and magic are growing in leaps and bounds. With her help Sasha pulls magic from the Chosen and their friends and begins the awakening of the Life Grid. Holy green energy flows around the world through the ley lines marked off by ancient calamities: the Imprints.

Book Two ends with many of the characters converging on the main election festival and the anticipated victory celebration. Sasha is rushing off alone having warned his friends that danger would soon surround him. The **shadows** have taken control of many humans.

**September 8; 60,167 words**

235

## **\*\*\*\*\* BOOK THREE: WHEN GODS WALK ON EARTH**

### **CHAPTER NINE:**

#### **Climax of Life: The Hour of the Two**

Cold sweat gathered, clammy and smelling of the most basic fear... that tight hard ball of lies and deception... where you are the spider tangled in its own trap... eaten up by your own mate... tricked into another's desires and a spreading putrid blot on the wide green where your heart used to be.

Twenty-eight odd years-old, a long time activist a leader at times. Daniel's main interest the young women who thought classy leader types were cool. He hung with the right crowd and never stepped on the wrong toes. But tonight he tossed and turned - nightmares tearing back and forth at the small space of his remaining sanity. Used to being in control and pulling strings unnoticed, he couldn't deal with the world and his marginal status. He doubted everything he had ever done, totally trapped at the mercy of phony friends.

236

**A vision of Hazel laughing at him, a doorway - Only sure he wanted out...**

He awoke, startled and scared; Yelling:

"No, no... It's too much, I don't even know... I'll never trust... murder..."

The word murder chiming and 'urd, urd, urd' stuck repeating in his tortured head.

He sat up in bed shook his head and leaned it down on his knees, hands cradling his agony. Rocking there slightly and moaning... so ashamed.

A small voice tried to reach through the darkness to him... a voice that remembered before the lies took over... a time not far past, where easy laughter lit up around campfire circles with the songs and stories going round and around... A time when people looked up to him and many called him friend.

The voice purred: *'Its never too late, not too late to do the right thing...'*

He just shrugged it off, and throwing his pillow against the wall said mumbling to himself:

'Sometimes it is too late to listen anymore... too late to believe in yourself ... or anything. Stop thinking!'

He yelled out the last part as he got out of bed and slammed his fist down on the bureau.

As he looked into the mirror at a face that seemed to show his misdeeds the longer he looked at it, he felt a presence behind him and words and images snuck into his thought again:

**"...Or they hold something or someone dear... hostage, hostage to fear..."**

"Gabrielle be safe..." And a young woman's face carried on the notes of her sweet voice, singing of ...

But the nightmares gathered and Daniel lost the connection.

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237

The two women hated to miss the festival at Kama and they still held out some hope of making it there in time to hear Brione sing and see Dragonfly smiling and strutting like a young Billy goat. But Madrone felt a strong certainty that it was crucial to follow up on the intelligence reports of terrible danger at the Eel River Festival to the south. An ecocommando unit had already raided the house of Scar Face Garth and though they did not find the scoundrel, a map of the area showed another secret house and a few other mysterious markings.

And nothing could stop Taryn from coming along. Her friend and first love, Steve, had died in order to get this information. Besides she had already been given an important mission from General Harrison: To be Madrone's bodyguard.

Madrone tried to hold her center, balanced and prepared with a lightness of heart, being and purpose. The beating of the helicopters' blades matched her heartbeat as it rose off to transport more soldiers and supplies elsewhere. She stood there a moment while the others assembled in the thicker woods by the trail. She wished they would all work well as a team today and complete their mission.

The bird sounds entered her as she passed her outward facing palm in a semi-circle from her face down to near her bellybutton. Her palm returned counterclockwise back to her face and then made a full circle before reversing and following the path back again, completing the circle and reinforcing the cycle of safety in all struggles. The hand lingered.

She closed her eyes and offered supplication to Nature and to Lorien.

She asked to give and to receive mercy as she traced the pattern again in her mind.

'The circle of change, that like the seasons of our fate, can flow in either direction: For nothing is fixed.'

Taryn pulled gently on her friend's sleeve, hoping she did not interfere too rudely and indicated that their team waited to move out on Madrone's command.

Madrone smiled down at her young friend and wondered at how much Taryn had grown since they had first met; And if she really should be on this mission at all. She remembered pictures of young soldiers in Chechnya, Colombia and Palestine. Kids barely fifteen and Madrone thought how the young had a greater stake than anyone else here.

238

'She'd have come along anyway and probably gotten in even more trouble alone or with the rest of her gang.'

They moved off with the five heavily armed commandos heading up the large draw southwest to the rumored site of a military bunker. The other thirty troops took up positions a mile below, overlooking the bridgehead and well-hidden from the many hundreds of festival goers and all the refugees still streaming across the bridge: The largest bridge over the great south flowing river of Ecotopia. Soon it would be a part of a bridge to a new world.

Maybe, this time, a world where 'surprises' and vanguards would not be so necessary and inevitable.

Could there really ever be a world of peaceful, consensual change and healthy growth? ...A world of very much growth - green growth, she hoped.

They passed above a small, boarded up shed or was it a mine entrance, up against the weathered stone abutment where the main canyon dropped away from their path and turned to the bridge approach down below.

She sought a vision of how these rocks lay in relation to other landmarks and the feel of the place. She saw the wide bend in the river where the ancient Redwoods grew thick along the far side. Towards the ridgeline, groves of ancients stood out and a slight glare of Eald vision played about one of the tallest trees that stood near an old broken-top mammoth. From high atop these sentinels, above the valley, a flag flew. Black with a green slash, fluttered there in resolved defiance of all that used to be: A tree-fort and now a lookout.

She could see how the region was formed: a place of rock up-thrusts and folding as the land pushed west. The rocks near her arranged themselves in a semi-circle oriented toward the south side bridge approach... She shook her head and blinked her eyes thinking maybe she was sliding a bit too deep into the picture.

The strange rocks themselves seemed to create a sorrowful cry... a calling and a warning... But Madrone focused on her prayers and barely felt her necklace humming. Sparrows molested a noisy Blue Jay as squirrels warned at them.

The leaves and soft duff accepted their tread, but a feeling of remorse or a clingy, lonely good-bye, lingered as they passed on. Beyond the second fork in the streambed, they climbed a steeply rising ridge and looked out across a canyon ripped into existence by a mud and debris torrent a few years earlier. Giant sawn stumps lay half upside down.

239

Dead roots tangled in a sad mudslide sculpture.

The power and the thought of what it must of been like... An art, in its own way. You could learn beauty and lessons even in catastrophe. Like most of the local drainages, silt filled the old rocky canyon bottoms and dead trees stood morbid and choked by thirty feet of debris packed gravel and mud... **Lies** and extinctions.

An antennae poked out of the forest edge a hundred yards distant across the deep gully washout.

Rope lines, called zips, stretched from one large tree all the way across the gap and tied off only slightly lower on the other side. When they reached the zip lines most of them agreed that the best course was to wait while a sniper crossed over much farther up the slope.

The standard maneuver: cover the backside of the fort, set up sniper cross-fires and storm in lightning quick.. Minutes ticked and Madrone started to worry if they had time for this.

Routine followed her wish and a slow, deep breath brought care. Methodically she prepared her rifle position. Another deep breath released, to check the focus and the range on her powerful scope.

'I wonder if anyone is even still there... or just another dead trail...!' she thought, and she knew they had to know soon. Very soon.

Nerves tensing her stomach, the center unbalancing some, like it often did, right before the start of a big action. She let go, not attached to which way her emotions leaned this time.

A Heart turning to a protective Stone. She wished for vengeance and an end to those directing violence. She knew the risks in the Wish of Harm, but she grew bolder now... Ready for the Sacred Fire.

**Visions of... Sasha standing in a snowy field, blood and bodies in fresh snow ...  
Garth smiling from a distant hilltop; An arrow splattering blood drops across her  
boot and onto the oak leaves; the young messenger falling forward, a slow motion  
realization...**

**Garth, crossbow in hand... Kimba raped!**

**Amnesia's motorcycle burning... crumpled; Dingo throwing his body in front of  
240**

**the machine-gun fire so Dragonfly sped away only nicked.**

She repeated the wish and reached automatically for the stone at her neck.

Visions... a long row of **Shadows**: her father who ignored her; an older cousin taking her  
in bed; the cop with the pepper spray 'hard-on'; Daniel-man; Namoiia; Sawnsion, with his  
sad face torn off; and Garth Brooks a strong face and an ugly scar.

All fools who never even considered they had a choice or a will.

Like a tiny bell, the slight beep tone of the pager nudged her awareness. A single digital  
code number, setting events in motion, hearts beating faster.

Taryn settled her body down more comfortably on the bank by Madrone. All ready, she  
patted Madrone's arm, the spotting scope zeroed in on the path to the building where  
the rifle aimed so precisely.

Three clicks as carabineers locked on the thick rope. The first two commandos slid  
quietly down and across. The third followed as the others landed softly in the dirt.

A stark quiet that didn't quite want to happen... Only the rumble of a distant truck  
somewhere far down below. Breathing through her nose, Taryn carefully watched the  
soldiers spread out: Expectant but awfully quiet.

A deep booming concussion shook the ground and the air moderately. Two short bursts  
of gunfire punctuating the drama. They waited... Madrone saw nothing. The sound of  
doves cooing or an owl.

A second digital page came ...and they got up slowly, packed their gear and hooked into  
the zip line.

Moss and human waste. A place not unfamiliar with crazed people and suffering. A  
compound that held pain - like an achy bruise. A scene not uncommon enough in many  
regions of the country, a continent soon to be known as the United States of Chaos.

The stairs creaked, cracked away at the porch and the heavy door hung crazily on  
broken hinges, she avoided the burned part near the latch and slipped inside.

Two broken bodies on the floor, but instantly the presence was there.

Eyes riveted on Gabrielle, ...Brione's half sister.

241

She moved to untie the ropes slow to dispel disbelief, and a queasy rush of ... 'wheels in  
motion...'

They held each other intensely: Friends who rarely saw each other.

Her long hair tangled and dirty, Gabrielle shook miserably. Her ears still rang from the  
loud blast of the sonic grenade. But she felt a world better inside... a friend pulling her  
away from dark edges.

She smiled and said to Madrone when she looked back:

"He's gone... gone with Willow, I can't hear anything!"

Eyes closed, she shivered as Madrone rubbed her back and gave her a squeeze of relief  
and a sister's energy.

Gently, she brought her young friends face up to hers with the teeth still clattering.

Madrone mouthed two words slowly:

"What else?"

The girl just kept looking at her. Slowly... thinking,

And then without hesitation, Gabrielle said clearly despite the daze:

"He's gone to the bridge ... to... to make it look like Willow, killed everyone. You've only got an hour or two I think."

Certainty held those words at the edge of two intense wishes - forces eager for resolution.

Madrone looked at her Captain and then back to Gabrielle. She leaned down to kiss her friend's forehead, lingering a few seconds, their heads touching in hello and good-bye. Madrone of the Mesas got up and walked around the room. She tried to feel the memories of the place or get some sense of things, but nothing: A blank wall. Mental contact sought through Eald for traces of Anaya or Brione or ... Harrison. Only the latter seemed to connect, but she broke off after realizing he had nearly crashed his car on feeling her inside his brain.

242

She made her decision and was about to speak to the three soldiers, when her sharp eyes, narrowing, were drawn down to the gray marks on Gabrielle's upper arm: Three unhealthy streaks like the impressions left from a hand that had grabbed there. But these were no ordinary bruises.

She commanded:

"Keep Damon here to escort Gabrielle back and they can kind of bring in the rear point. Take up positions on the southwest approach and contact the other troops. Deploy some down the road a ways to halt traffic if ... if something happens."

Turning to Taryn she said: "Ready for a run?"

And she dropped her rifle and pack taking Taryn's hand as they jogged the first steps.

...Down they traveled on a faster deer path through tall second growth forest.

Tinkling music carried eerily up the draw from the Eel River Peace Festival. The elements added their complement to the gaiety and life the two Forest Defenders experienced together as they smiled at Butterflies and laughed their way over giant logs, leaping and sliding.

They startled a lookout guard from their own team and tried hilariously to pass the appropriate signals as they zoomed by him. Gliding around behind the rock hill, the sensation fluttered through her again and stronger when they got around toward the other side by the bridge.

The side access road led quickly up to the bridge itself where what looked like a crowd of at least a thousand people jammed around the vicinity.

And more at cook fires by the beach and the look of semi-permanent encampments.

A dog growled playfully resisting the child trying to retrieve a toy doll from excited jaws. Life could be a simple festival of sharing and doing your own thing she thought and realized all those people had to get away from the bridge.

Her head shook, vainly trying to slough off worries, but there they remained: multiple disasters in her hands.

Tears wished for expression, but there was no time or inclination for that face of stone to hesitate or reconsider. Coming to the main road they slowed down. She took a quick look around and then turned and started across the solid old bridge.

243

A white raven called out loud... and trailing off loony. Meeting the challenge, a bold **shadow** raven cawed back in anger from overhead.

The presence of Destiny insinuated its announcement:

*"Its the Hour of The Two."*

Ripples... and souls connected. She saw *Brione's face... sound waves building and a deep passion for life. Then quite startled and the controlled panic of her friend...*

Probably just **shadow** tricks she figured and then she stopped dead still and froze.

Her eyes yanked her whole raging spirit toward the center of the bridge.

A **dark, vacant gap** where only endless pain devoured itself or more when possible. Her Eald vision flared brightly here and there and full -on around herself and Taryn, but on the bridge? Just a thick grayness and nothing at all with a heart. A pulse fed by pure hate.

From every pour and atom in her body the sacred fire burned brightly  
... She stood at the vortex of a great imprint's anticipation.

She knew it would happen one way or the other. She held the key firm in her callused hand; and an infinite will sought its release as the powers intensified – ready to burn. Wishes for loved ones: two-legged, winged, and tailed, went out from her. They sought and touched the great panorama - the Spectacle of The Chosen. That healing glory they shared on the march to victory.

The **Shadow** moved towards her and its menace penetrated ever deeper into the two women.

### **Carnivals and Barricades**

244

Come Ye , Come Ye ! All join in, its a Carnival of Life. We're off on a tour of the Old Countries... places wit a hole lot a Pixies and Faeries, Anarchist Punks and all Travelers - Ye're all welcome... or Jus do yer own thang...

#### **It's the First and Final Ancient Forest Action Tour: American Forests: Treasure or Tragedy.**

Help us tell the story to Europe, the sorrow of our long struggle to protect the environment and to save healthy, in-tact Ancient Forests. The struggle of all species for Earth Liberation.

Come along on the tour or stay at home and prepare for friendly reinforcements. After we spend a few weeks learning some of their tactics and skills for keeping action camps running smooth, well, we will be recruiting the whole lot of them to sail across the sea with us to Rally for the Great Trees: the Redwoods, the Hemlocks, Grand Firs, Spruce and Ponderosa.

Thousands will come when they hear the situation: that people are traveling on the last migration ... the last gypsy trip. They come to live Eco-social Defense in Vermont, British Columbia, Olympic Peninsula TAZ, in the Mt. Hood Confederation of Green Rangers, the recently liberated towns of Eugene and Ashland, and , of course, they come to Lorien and Ecotopia. When enough Forest Defenders arrive we will tap into all the Powers and send out an irresistible message of Healing and Love to conquer all fears.

Let's gather our wishes up carefully this time... and make it happen: One dam, one powerline, one bridge at a time ...

See you soon with a bunch of young crusties and hippies, maybe a few real tree-climbers. We all have to support everything that happens, 'embrace' Chaos - let it rip or get out of the way. Light up the Fires of your Imagination - think like the animals and the Elves - focus on what needs attention.

#### **Volunteer Now !**

A few dozen miles to the north another drama ended.

At the gate Sage picked up the Deputy's pistol and with hardly a thought, kicked her boot hard into his head. No time... and no chanciness for killers like these.

What matter anyway, he was already dead.

She moved quickly into the farmhouse yard, hoping the dead quiet didn't mean lifelessness.

She saw the man she had killed to save the boy and once past the corner of the porch she hurried over to Jarred who was just then busy clearing horseshit and blood off of his face and neck. He sat there trying to focus and just stared at a very still and bleeding Hazel.

245

Sage reached her arm down to help, Jarred looked up at her, a terrible worry graven within his blank look, when:

"Damn shit! ...

Ahh... Mm mother," groaned Hazel loudly and irritable as she kicked the dead body of the brute off of her injured leg.

Propped up on one elbow, she reached her hand down tightly over her leg to slow the bleeding and looked at Jarred, crawling toward her, a silly kind of smile showing

through his filthy face.

Hazel said, with some meanness still about her voice:

"Give me a rag for a tourniquet, or something... come on."

And only a quick "Thanks," in return when he handed it to her.

She looked at him one time and went to work pausing just to ask for the bandage Sage was already handing to her.

"Sorry about the leg, who shot you" said Sage.

Hazel said flatly with a bit of her usual self:

"Oh, the leg. The first shot probably saved my life... The leg... it's just a scratch."

And she gave Sage a wink and rose up with only a little help.

Jarred brought over the two horses that still remained as Sage gave them both a look like they were all crazy.

But these two knew Hazel's determination all too well, and she didn't have to say a word for them both to guess the plan.

Jarred handed a set of reins to Sage and then mounted up on the taller bay gelding.

They managed to get Hazel up on the saddle in front of him and then Sage jumped up on the Appaloosa. They rode off slowly down the road and Sage scanned their back-way

246

once, spotting the old woman and a little boy caring to Will, as they passed out of sight around a bend in the road.

The three stopped for water at the first leftward junction.

Jarred slid off the back of the horse and checked their gear. The horses drank their fill from the spring fed trough, while they wished for rest... or at least no more gunshots.

With true concern and kind words, Sage checked the horses' shoes and patted them down. Watching Hazel she realized how worried her friend must be. Sage, herself, had always preferred small groups. Groups with a clear purpose, and she always felt uncomfortable when obligations, misunderstandings and contrary wishes created tensions in so many of the coalitions she knew of.

So, she felt empathy for Hazel and wished she would let go of guilt and some of the pressures of responsibility.

When Hazel looked down at her, she knew she felt the same concerns and their love for the same things.

Sage said: "We've done a lot... and whatever happens today is out of our control..."

"Take the longer view... you mean..."

Hazel thought about it some more...

"...Don't rush into danger like Sasha... You're right there... Sage."

And they looked easily into friendly eyes.

Hazel said: "I want you to go up to Sarah's Homestead. See if she can draw a map of the Ley Lines and the Power Places around Snob Hill..."

I just know that's where the **Shadows** wait.

We'll meet you on the lower trail after we check in at the Festival..."

Sage's expression said she wasn't sure but Hazel's look convinced her.

More than friends, the Chosen had to trust each other now... All things bent in upon themselves and inevitabilities came due.

247

Sage mounted back up on the dappled horse and pulled her cap down tighter.

The horse turned and stepped sideways ready to run.

Hazel said:

"Sasha will be drawn to Anaya, and us, to her as well - all of us... in the Chosen place.

Go quickly. Give Sarah my love and our thanks..."

Sage nodded and kicked the horse lightly up the hill.

She watched the dust trail as her friend wound up the hill road toward the oaks and the ridge-top where tall Hemlocks still stood. Jarred slopped water over his head and rubbed his face even tossing a handful Hazel's way when she laughed at him and called him Tonto Guapo.

He used the fence to get back up on the horse and they turned down the road.

Anxiousness growing to set a faster pace, to aid their friends in need.

\*\*\*\*\*

The helicopter landed a short distance from the back of the stage area. Brione hopped out first and rushed over to Angela and Aire. Wind blasted in the wake of the chopper's departure and Brione felt strange being back here and with friends she thought she might never see again.

Aire held on to their hug as two Forest Defender security came running up to him.

A tall woman said:

"Excuse us Aire, but there's a disturbance at the North entrance. A ghostly looking boy on a wild horse headed into the crowd without a care."

Brione saw a vision which bothered her and she let go of Aire as he took her hands in his and said:

"I'll be right back Brione... It's gonna be one of those days... You know."

248

He left but turned back to ask:

"Are you ready to sing in an hour Bri?"

She nodded and smiled again thinking he looked younger in that moment and his earnestness still had the lightness of a kid's adventure to it: 'No sharp edges there... though he easily got newcomers out there... Sometimes into trouble of course. Out on the edge of their endurance and belief.

"Soon... " She said.

" I'll be waiting for you..." and he disappeared off into the crowd.

Brione saw Angela getting some water by an out-building and headed across the lawn to get some for herself. She wanted to hear about the Canadians. Angela looked beautiful, long dark hair down her back with a couple of exquisite hair ties woven orange and gold around dark tresses.

She smiled openly at Brione as she handed a glass of water over.

Angela said with obvious excitement and apparently not a negative act possible to her on such a fine fall day:

"There's almost ten thousand people here, right now! And, huge gatherings - even bigger - are happening everywhere."

Brione took another glass of water and thought of all the special times she had shared herb tea and stories with Angela, her child and Hazel... Hazel.

She wondered where her friend could be, she wondered...

In her especially disarming way Angela flashed her dark eyes teasing at Brione's brows and yelled for all to hear:

"Let's have fun. We'll all be together soon and you will sing like a goddess.

Wanna dance right now!"

Brione laughed and that relaxed her more. She caught up Angela's hand and they headed around the stage area, dancing in Faery skips as they went.

249

Reaching a small copse of young Alder trees, the two women looked out over the diverse crowd of gypsies, families, radical youth and the many animal costumes that spun and danced weaving fun and relief.

Angela stopped the spell to tell Brione the latest reports and the early election results:

"We're sure to win almost every race. Some voting problems are reported, but no

violence at all. Boxes of suspicious ballots surfaced in a few pro-corporate towns, but even those had some votes for us. The people support us, maybe even the plan. Ole Sheriff Alex Ford says he won't step down until there's a careful recount, but most of the deputies stayed home today. We've got quite a few people keeping an eye on them and everything else too. Someone has been sending us a lot of valuable intelligence about suspicious characters and such. It's helping... What a day it is. Aren't you happy?" Brione watched the fog burning off over by the beach and the bluest of sky... contrasting nicely with the fresh green of the alder and oak leaves that ringed the festival site and around the bridge too. She hardly heard Angela say: "Exit-Polls show seventy percent support for Lorien and Ecotopia seceding... The tax plan is doing well too..."

A change swept the air and Angela felt it too almost frowning when Brione looked around them there and said as if from some other place altogether:

"What will they do? How will they all feel when they can't go home?"

Ravens' cries split the air in answer and announcement: **The Hour.**

Standing there close together they soaked up the feelings of the day before them and all its hopes and promises. Inside of them too, excitement churned and startled them with a sense of the level of energy waiting, building up through all of their many lives and experiences.

A voice surprised them, drifting as they were in that moment:

"Hi there Brione... And hi Angela..."

To their left came Honeydew-Daniel himself and his woman friend Feather, though Brione thought 'Thorn' a better fit for this girl... Or just straight up: 'Feather was one pretentious hussy on sale and cheap.'

She held on as her feelings caught up from that quiet moment in the sun that she and Angela had just shared: the coziness and warmth of your truest friends and success in the air, so close...

250

And then she turned to answer diplomatically:

"Hey, if it isn't Daniel... What's up you Fog Rat..."

Been kicking it up at Trinidaddy I heard..."

Daniel continued after a sharp glance from Feather:

"You look great as always Bri... I guess everything went OK in Redwing... I mean Hayfork..." And then for a flickering instant his eyes seemed like they changed to very dark pools.

"Some business people from Portland, friends of our new mayor, Dragonfly, would love to talk to you about the plans that the Greens have for a new economy of self reliance and all that..."

Brione stood with wide eyes looking at Angela who just shrugged and looked more like she wanted to go down to the Salsa Jazz beats coming from a new act up on the stage.

They followed Daniel and Feather toward the tent they indicated not too far away.

'Now where are they going,' thought Trevor, as he headed over to check on his friends.

He nearly caught up to Brione as he saw the three men approaching the group and... then he decided to hold back.

Queasiness washed over Brione again... that feeling of being a part of the living airs.

And she wished to talk to Anaya about that soon. A wave of light and dark, then... her acorn tattoo glowing suddenly on her arm.

**...The hand smelling of chemicals closing over her mouth like an iron clamp.**

Following along at a distance from Brione, Trevor heard the tires screech. They had just reached the bridge when a school bus and truck swung sideways at each end, blocking all passage. Masked commandos wearing no identifying colors assumed positions

behind the barricades, rifles ready and poised. A smoke signal flared high up in a lazy arc as loud feedback wailed painfully from the festival stage area.

251

The loud speaker crackled and blared out from the giant music speakers, clashing with the culture around the stage area and its soft lilting flute music:

"Leave the bridge area, now!

All people leave the bridge area, immediately.

There is a bomb on the bridge... I repeat: there is a **bomb!**"

Daniel looked back at the meadows, colorful tarps and lively, innocent folk. And then the dark pools of his eyes returned to stay. The **Shadow** took control of his last wish and they passed right on through the barricades at the bridge... **Shadows** watching **shadows**.

No one noticed a bit of loose dirt tumbling down the hill by the edge of the bridge rail...

A quick flash and a scamper of fingers followed by Trevor's high-top sneakers.

A tiny fragment of Daniel still struggled... dragged along toward... darkness, but still holding that joy in the colors swirling about the festival... people together... Fear no longer a powerful obstruction...but... he was lost. He had forfeited everything. **Visions** of much worse yet to come tore away that fractured sliver that was all of his dwindling humanity.

Heavy boots ground those fragments of sanity to dust and dragged the captives along roughly.

At the tall bridge's first major structural member where curving steel arches met over a cross support, Daniel shoved her forward at an 'out of place' looking ex-sheriff Alex Ford: An old-fogey who lived to brag about his heroic combat duties when the truth was that he had never in his career even left a desk.

She thought of resisting, but new better and let Ford tie her up next to the large packages of explosives. A soldier tied Angela up nearby, next to the newly elected and soon to be dead, Sheriff Johnson, Mr. 'Fuck The System' himself.

Brione felt calm; and knew she had a chance. With mesmerizing intent, she caught her friend Dan Johnson's eye firmly, and she said:

"Congratulations Dan, you ought to be in town celebrating, and not hanging out with these scum."

252

Ford motioned like he would strike her and Brione just glared her essence back at him, She started to hum:

The Song to the Airs.

"Let's get out of here... you guys," said the fat ex-sheriff, his Prozac resisting raw nerves starting to show clear desperation.

A **Shadow** cut the sun as a tall figure approached the group.

A large masked commando followed closer into their vision and Honydew-Daniel starred dumbfounded like he was in the presence of a ghost or a God. But this wraith was neither. This was something foul that fed joyously on ghosts and turned the living into dust.

Daniel's words stammered in frightened spurts:

"What, What... in living hell... The hell you doing here...?"

Ford struggled to control the butterflies in his gut by acting perturbed - like he still knew what was going on:

"Who is it... What's he think he's doing..."

Silence obeyed the icy will in the eyes of the tall stranger. The **Shadow** reached out his hands from inside the baggy shirt that he wore, but no fingers were visible there to anyone except Brione. It was an ancient evil that stood among them, one that enjoyed toying with novices. It reached out its power smiling with cruelty and touched Ford

with a taste of hell.

The deposed sheriff stiffened and the name: **Ensombrarse** gripped his little ego and squeezed hard.

Daniel instinctively reached out just as a rifle butt cracked down on Ford's head sending the fat sheriff slumping to the ground.

Off balance, Daniel turned to ask... But powerful commands filled his skull:

**"Shoot him Daniel, shoot him now and leave the rifle for them to find with the dead."**

253

The **Shadow** turned away quite certain of his command.

Daniel watched his fingers begin to pull the trigger as his arms swung the gun at the bleeding ex-sheriff. As fingers squeezed, a streaking form swept over the rail and dove at the group slamming into the path of the bullets.

Time froze as they all looked at the blood gushing from holes in tiny Trevor's body. An artery pumped blood down those skinny legs covering the boy's tennis shoes and dripping off of the metal bridge grating.

Deep, manic laughter followed on in waves, with the sound of a heavy door's closing.

The **Shadow** smiled, as he walked away to the rail:

**"Have it your way... Foolish pawn."**

And Daniel pulled the trigger... again and... again. Shots still echoing wildly, but with full intent long after Daniel's own body lay ripped in gory shreds... consumed and defiled from the inside out.

### **Stealth Fascism**

It creeps in closer every day: pissing in cups; fighting a 'war' against plants with prisons as collateral; Armed Borders... the symbol of razor wire atop walls for a thousand miles, land-mines and killing zones; the terrorism of anti-terrorism.

Who voted for this... Where do the 'orders' come from?

Brione guessed these thoughts echoed back from Daniel's archetype - the Judas, the trapped soul, the traitor - extremes of light and dark tied together with Chaos as the only possible goal...

She prepared her last wish, judging the parameters and all the little consequences... not to mention the cost of failure. She never felt more ready in her whole life.

254

The song of the airs poured out from her and even the furthest away festival goers strained to better hear or feel whatever it was that tickled the air in their ears.

\*\*\*\*\*

Aire strode through the crowd. Small clouds and little puffs of smoke trailed and swirled upward from stoves, glass pipes and offerings. He felt like no one even saw him and proceeded only with some difficulty through the sea of celebrant people.

Minutes dragged on as he made it toward the back of the crowd where the old dike crossed the land. An ancient construct standing on older ruins and both reinforcing the Lines of the Earth - the same lines that we should of followed in infinite care and humble wisdom...The 'Boy on a Horse'...

Heads followed a shimmering disturbance spreading panic and 'visions from beyond' to the minds of those nearest and spreading outward fast.

It was Sasha's Day and he well knew it.

The White Horse rode against **Pestilence**. Imbalance and genetically engineered horrors squeezed at the fabric of interdependence but through the flames came caring wishes to nurture a diversity of all life; and a new fabric wove protection where it could.

The horse and its small rider backed up a pace and came back around to face **Famine**, descending from the sky in a hot, killing breath. **Death's Black Horse** snorted as it encircled them from behind. Sasha sent out love and offered what he could spare and

then a pinch more to the victims of Famine. Yanking the reins and spinning around to face a charging Death that nothing could stop, he canceled the ultimate with a great hoop that wrapped Death tight in the warp with Spirals of Life - circles in circles... and change allowing for equilibrium.

Some people could not endure their madness, nor believe the spectacle and they ran helter-skelter afraid. Quilt rushed after them and hands reached up by the billions to stop his madness... to save them both. A whole planet's sins of the past would now be resolved.

255

Past the gypsy wagons he rode. He felt himself still enjoying the fast ride along the river... Escape. Tasting imminent resolutions. The galloping legs rushed him into the future... to battles raging about him... Yet, his feelings followed not and he could clearly feel Trotska with the breeze in his hair. And then they entered the Eald and the horse tossed its head shifting in and out beneath him – Strong wishes satisfying or canceling each other out glanced off of him, as destinies cast about them all brazenly, like a shooting gallery where the targets are the shooters too.

The horse knew fear too and remembered carrying Sasha and Jarred together up a rutted road to the massacre at Scott River. The horse wished for luck and they flashed out of Eald. The green grass glistened with dew here and heavy along the river. Drawn they were... through the multitudes... the parting sea of a desperate humanity... Drawn to the bluffs where the bridge crossing stood. And more destinies.

The sea of faces stopped parting before him and became a great flood. Warm vibes from a flood of loving people. Gathering in swarms... holding their breath... Wishing the Chosen to fight their battles for them, but willing to follow orders too. They wished for consensus on understanding how simple it could be... Peace and celebrations... forever. He stumbled in his certainty... Wanting to help... to fulfill his purpose. But wanting it all ...to save her too.

Tiny, sharp-edged fragments of his life that wished to be aimed at his heart and ...desires unfulfilled reached out for him... asking for a grand wish... that he knew lay beyond him... Yet he had to try.

A fish leaped, high, out in the waters of the Kama... an Osprey diving hard... determined. Splashes of his youthful abandon.

**Shadows** sneaking in, right then, so he never heard the Ravens' cry

Reckless and uncaring it might seem – a bit of Sasha's mistaken arrogance yet to be tamed - but maybe still useful and even necessary to the final battle that he would face. Alone but not abandoned. He drew in a great breath feeling his strengths and letting them guard his weaknesses. His center then he stretched out away from him, away toward the river along the ley lines, seeking purchase for spirit and a limit... if one existed.

256

Tragedies fouled his path, but he hesitated not. He had the certain knowing to go on... to accept the consequences of many deaths. Sky colors filled his vision as the last Horseman of the Apocalypse - Disease blocked his ambitions. Disease: mental, physical, spiritual - a swarming mass of mutated fungus and microbes, giant crystal-like viruses with barbed tendrils... sticky roots and suckers... A mad imbalance seeking their own purpose ...

...And brewed in the warming seas of Earth from our own waste and ignorance.

Sasha slowed and hailed his rival:

"Ho Great Decomposer. Don't you know the Secret Plan yet?"

And he laughed the way he thought Hazel would like to laugh at her rivals - **the Ego Cult** and the other pretenders.

He cast down his arms and a great chasm opened magnificently deep into the Earth. The word – Isolation - boomed and echoed off of real visions... Visions of twisted steel and broken concrete the gray scars of some other Gods' lines of power.

He concentrated, for, 'Creating' ...and its spells did not come as easy to him just yet. He was learning.

Herbs bloomed and together with right living they shepherded health.

### **Disease faded.**

A river roared below them, and it flowed out to the sky. He saw it winking into the pattern, and he imagined that all the Chosen, maybe everyone, would soon be aware of the Critical Mass that drew to its moment of awakening.

Right attitude guided wishes together until a broad acceptance of how events would unfold made its power felt. Lights and insights flared in both worlds. Right and wrong made clear against the rising tidal wave of apathy. Crowds across the world lit up with awe at the understanding of their power and the Chosen multiplied in bursting kaleidoscopes of new patterns... energizing old patterns and the symbol of life began to attract warmth... Critical masses.

The horse stumbled... The great chasm had isolated him from his choices, **his disease...**  
257

A wish caught up then as he flew off the horse... pulled across the - space we keep to ourselves - a rainbow bridge and Aire's strong arms holding him. But uncontrollable wishes that warded Sasha from touch and made blasting openings for him when he need them, shook outward, barely muffled by Hazel's strong and centered wish of restraint. Sasha' fury knocked Aire aside violently and rebounded back at Hazel.

Nothing could stop Sasha, the Savior who had journeyed so far from the vast lands of Eastern Europe, nothing except his faults and his troubling doubts that is.

A mile away and slightly higher up, Jarred scanned the crowd looking for... Sasha or Brione. And then he sensed more than heard Hazel falling just in time to cushion her head against his hand as it struck the rocks hard.

Jarred had to fight to control the horses as they shied away from the crowd of people who suddenly grew tense and restless. Begging to move away from something...

Brione saw a shining light of a Savior, smaller lights drawn to the One and consuming their sins - and leaving those small **shadows** behind with the Myth of Doom, blowing like ashes from before the Storm of the Innocent.

Some fled or fell stricken, but many, very many, across the planet came unto their time, unafraid to hold the Fire of Survival - their first awareness of the Sacred in All Things.

Waves of energy bathed everyone everywhere and a great 'sea-change' gathered in its breath. Emotions and the forming of a great wish from all species - those lost and those yet to evolve - filled in another piece of the spell they needed.

A great pattern fashioned in her mind's eye as Eald and Earth rejoined for the first time in eons.

Brione tried to hold her purpose against colliding decisions and preparations for the blast.

She witnessed the Savior as he tore down the Statue of False Liberty and shaved the Tech Heads (think of misguided science whacked off from the institution of modern democracy). Technology melted to black sand pouring through his fingers back to the realm of Darnovoi.

258

The flow of mad myths rushing toward the flame threatened a critical mass of hate too. Aire pulled out his bone flute - the Elf gift he had never used - and three delicate notes sustained their timber across dimensions. Vibrations in all planes harmonized and the sound traveled down the Ley line toward the Shinning Light as well as the other

direction.

An Elf trapped painfully on a stony hilltop responded to the calling and a healing golden light force traveled back then in return.

\*\*\*\*\*

Brione felt the dripping menace... **a Beast** with a hole where its heart belonged... A black hole of pain condensed to infinity...

The **Shadow** materialized on the far rail of the bridge.

Multiple realizations and connections all clicking together in her life: Two divisions which needed healing - a union of the Four; and one happening, Now! ...And too early. She slowed time down as she drew on the elements and pledged her souls to one in affinity...She loved him too ...His willingness to sacrifice too much... And so she had to make it work... risking it all.

The Shinning Light of her true love's obsessions coming on too fast and too strong despite her efforts.

"Where is Anaya," she sang yelling to the winds now rising as a consequence of her other wishes.

She thought out at him, at Sasha:

"Listen! The Battle Fever, it has you, Love... Resist the fatal attraction... Enter not into their Temptations...

259

Obsession be gone...'

She put herself between the Light and the Dark space...

The **Shadow's** wish twisted about her... beyond her vision.

**"Whose purpose do you serve now... Foolish girl?"**

And it laughed heartily at this predicament Brione herself had helped create. The dangers for even a noble sorceress of attachments, emotion, pleasure...

The bodies of Daniel and Trevor melted to a gray slime that oozed in drifting agony to the **Shadow's** eagerness. Brione almost cried out as it pulled violently on her neck. The evil at the rail glowered, but she knew her wish and fought with all the certainty of her gender's struggle behind her - in duty - the pains and trials of eternal labor.

**It commanded** again, but her head moved barely a fraction. Intent brown eyes focusing and shaping a part of the extant reality of the explosive charge beside her. A powerful bomb ticking to... zero...

She knew that she had to respond to both threats, or else their magic would build beyond her control. Older wishes for safety - twisted against her design.

**The Shadow** was obviously the greater threat she hoped. It's laughing terror fencing and ever ready to stab past the tiniest of doubt or any weakness of spirit.

"I have a purpose, I do! ...I have a heart... It is pure... I know his and I know your wish."

Hooves pounded from the shoreline... A Screech Owl called... to the Winds.

"I will do anything to see this through... **I will it!**"

Nausea rose of a sudden and with it vivid images of her body... Sensations forcing expression... inside. She exhaled and wished for time to quicken. Two wishes escaped as she shifted all her concentration to bear on the bomb.

260

She wished for him to know the trust of love... And to Madrone went words and feelings of solidarity: "Oh Sister of The Earth's Stone... I love you... I am glad that we are the two."

Tick... tick... She entered the bomb's electronic circuitry... Two brains merged becoming instrument and hostage. She held its destiny with hers, protecting it fully from **Shadow** and adjusting the timing and the sequence out precisely.

Her awareness pressed outward measurably. Wards marked themselves off... and she

set the bounds of her spell in their final pose.

Sasha lost track of the rest of the world...

Wishes sailed past his commitments and bounced off the vibrations from **Shadow's** arrogant laugh.

The river shuddered, Sasha's powers weakened.

Now, **Shadow** kept laughter to itself, chuckling softly as he drew out Sasha's fury.

Reason and balance soared directionless to the benefit of Chaos.

The boy stopped on the bluffs at the edge of the river near the bridge. His will exerted a ravenous wrath taking and draining life from a wide area, heedless of the killing. A dark cloud obscured the light and he borrowed even from the Black... on the brink... feeding uncontrolled needs.

Drawn by the music from Aire's flute, Anaya's golden love flowed to Sasha's turmoil, smelling of forests and laced with Elf Magic. The moment dawned.

But he couldn't stop himself... He became a giant Black Swan leaping upward, huge wings flapping down and rising against the clear, still sky.

Brione's warning touch arrived firmly with her first wishes. They sought at the shrinking spot of his last link with balance.

"Let go of me! Sasha!"

261

He saw her awesomeness through the obscurity... and her words reverberated:

"Let go of me... and let me be to what I must..."

Trust me, my love... My Sasha... I... would never deceive you."

Sasha quavered unsure for a split second. Earth and sky separating wider as he backed up in a great sweep of spreading wings. Hovering over the edge as her final wishes caught him... closing the chasm that threatened to rend his heart forever... He stopped.

The tree below him wrapped green needles about his leg.

The sky glowed darkly behind the symbols of golden light when the massive explosion blasted directly at him as he sought to guide her death to him. Tumbling wild, unable to save himself or her.

Rainbow shards shattered against his hopes as her final words charred lightly on his soul:

*"This is not your Destiny here... with me. Our last wish is complete... Godspeed your final battle... our love lives forever in the light of protection..."*

A gaping crack spread twisting down the bridge away from the people tied up near the burned and blasted hole where Brione's spirit still hovered faintly. The smell of molten metal and blasting caps hung strong and disagreeable.

The two sheriffs came to, coughing and wheezing. Blood-caked with bits of flesh on the ex-sheriff's face and matted into his hair. One of his eyes looked badly damaged too.

The stone of the concrete groaned at them and the good sheriff grabbed for Angela's arm as a large piece of concrete dropped off right next to them, falling far down to the water below.

The forest defender held on in two worlds as possibilities split apart and a huge part of the middle of the span crashed off into the water with a thunderous splash.

Sheriff Johnson hauled her over the precipice to safety.

They were safe... all except Brione.

262

Melody sparkled then and song filled the air. It sang to them of flowers in the spring, babies born to summer, leaves falling, and life renewing. A song of enough love for willing sacrifice and a life well lived. Tonal images carried across the land till its message engraved deep into genetic memories from behind and ahead.

Souls yearned, ripe and ready... Spirit fed the magic and... the fires. Even the trapped

souls were ready now, at last.

Each breeze sent echoes of the Song of Brione into motion and effect... Finding hearts and creatures in need of examples to live their lives with.

You can still hear her crying tune whistling through the twisted steel and the wreckage of Kama Bridge... her imprint stands warding and guarding our excesses as it ties our struggle to many others.

The world drew nigher unto salvation... Energies built up like the many plugged culverts... now stuffed with rocks and wishes, channeling a force and a free will to... To take the road, to take a bridge... To unleash a new world.

Chaos and the elements wrestled with the Nature of the Heavens to be. Pictures flew out from one mind to the next, from Chosen to newly Chosen, and many more saw visions of roads disappearing, dams cracking down the middle, powerlines tumbled, Brione saving lives and stopping lies, the Golden Gate bridge missing one end, Straw Men burning... refugees... Millions of refugees ...Begging.

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Between the twin climatic events on the coast, a lone woman dismounts to let her horse feed.

On this ridgeline high above the bay, Sage turned into the sunset, before she entered Sarah's small cabin.

263

At a distance she felt her sisters' plight, as her eye caught the mushroom cloud to the North and the gray-brown flash to the southwest. The door to the cabin opened ...A door somewhere else closed.

### **Youth Versus Illegitimate Authority**

The most powerful lesson likely to emerge from Y2K – or the next Y2K - is an understanding among radicals of the real challenge ahead of us : to bring the healing community ; the rainbows ; youth, punkers, anarchists; even parts of the yuppie New Agers all together into a movement for ecological survival. A movement where the roles and contributions of nonviolent saboteurs, artists, homeless advocates, community fund-raisers, organic farmers, animal activists, tree-sitters, pepper-spray martyrs, and elves, blur and all flow together toward a specific goal of Earth Liberation: Regional Autonomy and a return to simple fundamentals of life's basics: food, shelter, safety, and sustainability.

Young people are coming forward to brazenly declare their willingness to do whatever is necessary to create and defend an ecologically and socially just world. Witness, Vail, Colorado and the defense of this daring ELF action, the burning of the U.S. Forest Industry's Headquarters in Oregon, numerous ALF actions in North America and Europe, the fires in San Diego. We are obligated to support them, or persuade them that more time and patience are needed. Given the thirty or more years of utter failure by environmentalists and other moderates to improve anything, we owe youth and radicals a chance to try it another way. Many have given up on slow, peaceful means, and reaching out to the mainstream is never the route to real change.

### **Things change that can and always at the weakest point.**

One thing that can change is the vague message ecologists have put out and the confused strategies and failed tactics they rely on. The 'weakest' point (at least from a reformist standpoint) is youth, who owe the world and the current crop of elders very little. A generation of broken homes, no one to look up to, a landscape of plastic, yuppie culture and now what are they offered: a millennial melt down of technology with nuclear disasters and social chaos distinct possibilities.

If just a handful of impassioned activists would stand up and do speaking tours on behalf of the Earth Liberation Front, ALF and Autonomy with Green Survival (ESD), they could easily trigger a new wave of serious activism. Direct action with a punch and even a sense of humor and fun. Somebody needs to say clearly what kind of world are we fighting for (An elegantly primitive, and festive, Basic Needs world!). And someone must help direct how we get to that world: major direct action campaigns ; public and private monkeywrenching; targeting key regions and the obvious corporate criminals .

Our strategy should be to support actions, which fight commercial exploitation of endangered regions or watersheds. We should support people being creative and taking risks and let them know that we stand behind them and will uphold, harbor, and defend their bodies and activities (and their dependents).

Whoever appears to have momentum and hope at the time of the collapse will be in the driver's seat on the way through the coming apocalypse of our fearful mistakes...

Cheer up all you low- life-Forest Defender, riff-raff, and a few thousand species about to vanish forever:

Luck, Courage and a touch of Paranoia are on the way for a blundering, preposterous rescue of the Angels, Crystals and Druids. ... **Seriously Wishing for Spirit Power: Raven - Fire (back in 99')**

264

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A mixture of fear and exertion dripped lather from their loyal horse. He snorted his slight displeasure as he chomped mouthfuls of sweet grass in the shade of the Douglas firs.

Right leg throbbing painfully, Hazel sat up at the sound of the blast. She set a simple wish and quiet took her despite the energy pulses flashing past her Eald vision. And the images of Brione's likeness that fled towards the Eel River where the blast had been directed to stop Sasha and maybe to reach Madrone in time too.

The sounds held back as she sought a moment or two of release... from grief and loss, and then she determined to go on, solace found in each step closer to their goal.

She knew as a Goddess would, that each must find it in their own way and deal with it. Aloud she repeated the words that came to her in understanding:

"For One shall lead us through obsolete Myths; the Elements shall claim three; Trinity revolving thrice and the Seven shall shine from this day forth. Seven martyred women, Saints through seven millennia of Earth worship."

She paused, taking breath and considering the new sense of definition and clear purpose she felt assuming a role inside of her. She said with true conviction:

"In the name of The Chosen, we bring our wish to bear: The Two shall arise... The **Prince** shall fall."

Hazel marveled and stood up by her own strength... She didn't even care from whose void she drew now. A new step in the Ascension opened to her and something she never experienced before or ever planned on... opened up inside: metamorphosis and a potential for virgin birth.

265

Jarred reached to take her hand... only slightly afraid at what she had become, but loving her all the same ...He'd never find anyone like her... another day could be a lifetime.

She took his hand and leaning on him she looked up and said:

"Come on Renegade Militia ...One more hill to climb. Why not?"

He tugged on the horse's reins and hugged Hazel as they headed south following the path of the shock wave... sorrow and joy mixed and carried by its own wind. A distress signal spreading out in radiant patterns... and reinforcing lesser wishes of mutual aid, patience ...A tribe and a team, hoping to bring wishes together.

Someone spoke into the microphone on the festival stage. Or they tried to speak as tears filled eyes wiping out words. An older woman with crystal blue eyes walked over and took the microphone from the younger man. They stood together and joined in the harmonizing oooooomm... that spread throughout the region.

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The horse, Trotska, found Sasha's crumpled body in the brush. A cold, happy nose blew misty gunk on his ear until he stirred and pushed the massive equine nostrils away. Sasha stretched sore of body and spirit and he thought ' three big mistakes so far... And I don't think I could survive getting 'rescued' from another.

Then he went back to studying the patterns and his body moved itself, walking along with the horse... away from the cliffs and the bridge approach... connecting lines of Ley, and drawing their true natures into alignment with the mission they had designed so many years ago.

He had never trusted to luck but then again, even the Gods walked in fear at times and who was he to turn down a favor?

266

### **Sendero Luminosos es Siempre Victoria - y Libre o Muerte: Loving Your Trap**

We are a self trap, everything traps everything. We cast denial full-on, repressing strong instincts... Labels as traps, schemes to twist, used by users, celebrating the strengthening of our cage. We howl delusions to keep calm as a bigger, Meaner Trap waits behind the first.

Examine the intent of the builder's design as you are swallowed by hidden intelligence, digested by one so very much more clever... then dismiss the importance of the whole trap mentality. Do it with an easy shrug, and dance with the faeries and open new doors to finer courage ...To be fully free in spite of the odds... a way or two out of every trap. Just hold on tight to Stinky Kat ...or get high and laugh with your friends.

**...A 'safe' world is a nice one.**

At the same instant that the great explosion annihilated the Kama River Bridge and took Brione from this world, Madrone peered intently, trying to understand the two **shadows**, as she drew nearer.

She felt the **tall walls of a city, surrounding her ...A cold pit sucking bits of the world... away and against her wishes** ...her dreams.

She could see where her commando units should be positioned and ready, but for what? She had to find the danger now!

An abandoned cart sat half blocking the road on the bridge, blocking Madrone's view... "Go Taryn, get the commandos and bring... bring explosive charges... Go!" Madrone ordered as she wished her needs out to those soldiers and her concern for Taryn's welfare.

A Woman's voice suddenly screamed out quite dramatically overdone and contrived: "Help, Help... Stop that man the one with the boy... He hid a bomb... Help ...He's going to kill us... Stop Him!

And the woman, Namoiā, waved and pointed to those around her, some of whom turned back toward the other side.

267

"Security... Help Security." People yelled and pointed.

At the far end of the bridge, security closed off all access... People drew back from there, many of them at a run. A crowd was growing on that side of the bridge over toward the hollow where the old mine entrance sat.

Madrone came around the upturned cart as a squad of the loyal SoHum armed security arrived – the Peace keepers. She saw Scar Face Garth just to her side, not twenty feet away and holding Willow firmly by the neck with a pistol in the other hand.

**The Shadow** looked at his ally Namoiā, her evil flickered back.

**"Namoiā... its Willow, this punk Forest Defender who did it. He's the one."**

The **Shadow** spun Willow around and showed him the gun he held to his head.

Willow's mouth made words:

"He's right I did it ... I, I hid the bomb. I'm sorry."

Young Willow looked so weak, thought Madrone... maybe drugged.

Garth twisted his captive around one-handed, with a strength of the possessed. People rushed as far as they could away from that scene... The terror in Willow's eyes and the cloud of fear darkened.

Security yelled out their last warning:

"Drop the gun. Sir ...let us have the boy."

Willow hung there crying, the gun stuck in his long dread locks and said:

"Stop him, please..."

**Garth**, or the **shadow** husk he possessed, viciously tore the gun free from Willow's head. Bits of blood clung with snatches of dready hairs to the sights on the end of the barrel.

268

His first gunshot hit the closest security woman in the chest. The other security guards fired at **Garth** as he dropped Willow and ran past the cart blocking the road.

He staggered back and dropped his gun as Madrone's fist struck him with a solid steel rod to the face. She ran to grab him before he flew over the rail. Her hands ached terribly from the touch, as if she held an edge of cold deep space or ...an iceberg of evil intent? But he appeared to weakened as she held him... wondering what to do.

She released him leaving **Garth** dangling from the rail. The necklace with the Stone of Youthful Rage hummed and the rock and metal of the Earth on which she stood lent Madrone the Will and she took visions from his cesspool of a mind...

### **...The bomb in the cave...**

The public address system crackled and the loud voice of the Eco-commando leader said against squeals of noisy feedback... "Leave this area immediately, A dangerous bomb is about to explode... Leave, run, a bomb."

### **Three boxes with skull and crossbones partially rubbed off... The word Redwing.**

#### **Too many people near it.**

Madrone carried Willow off the bridge to a soldier who had just arrived. She instructed him to warn the people. She was happy at least to see few people nearby and her soldiers taking charge.

She wished again for the soldiers to get everyone safe and away from the mine entrance... And to stand by for orders.

She looked back down the bridge where **Garth** had just yanked himself effortlessly back over the rail's edge. He pulled out another gun, a 9mm Luger, and fired at Namoia, somehow missing his rival... but striking an old lady peering out from behind a truck right between her eyes a hundred yards away.

Security guards fired into **Garth** amazed at the lack of effect from the rifles' bullets. Then a powerful blow sent two of the guards flying through the air and dashed over the rail to the rocks below... Their machine guns still firing until the deadly impact.

269

Fleeing away from Madrone toward the other side of the bridge, Namoia panicked and slipped and, as if by a wish, her shoe became firmly stuck in the metal grating of the roadway.

### **The bridge safe, Madrone ran for the mine entrance at full speed.**

**Garth** turned to run after Madrone, his defeat in the air and darkness taking his eyes...

The bridge exploded. Namoia turned to dust.

Madrone had reached the boarded up shed when the powerful explosion shook the base of the main bridge support down at the river. She felt the pain of the rocks and saw the main column partially cracked and giant chunks of concrete falling down atop each other. The old bridge still stood, if barely. Many people and some children too screamed and ran injured from down below the bridge where the debris had crashed randomly.

Seven soldiers came forward around her bearing her wish... She looked at the faces of these good men of Haymarket Free State. She drew her presence back to the rocks and let her being soak into the Earth, moving fissure by fissure toward the cave.

*Chemicals releasing, a clock with digits at seven... six...*

She wished Taryn and Gabrielle safe, their mouths closed... for just... long enough.

Captain Donovan handed her the satchel charge as her voice echoed, inside their heads: 'Leave, ...go my friends...'

But they withdrew only a bit around her.

Bracing strong legs she pictured her image ...Her spirit here forever ...Purifying ...Flames soaring straight up.

The nature of the Fire she called on, became her fierce rage - rock steady - as she supplemented her powers... A spell to purify sins and to erase the whole idea of sin... Separating the elements and the toxins... capturing infinite energy. The balance that her

270

wish sought out was a hope for moderation and a new cycle of growth and death.  
Vengeance and mercy.

But... a danger lay too in the unstable field building around the 'all consuming' Fires of Erol the Sun God. Erol, 'the always fickle,' and one to hold his allegiance secret if just for sport.

Too late to matter... as the ignition sent rapidly expanding gases detonating against the larger charge...

The sound of Brione merged with the force telling her: "*I love you... Sister of the Stone...*"

Another voice as if from the rocks she stood on:

"Knowing the Fire you must use it... You born of fire... Directing the fire becomes a Sacred Act - the Fire of Violence - not random but wholly Chosen."

And she saw Fire wielding the wielder, paring the truth of our natural ways apart from illusion... Sometimes only fire can fight fire... The steadfastness of our rage now becomes the bane of their blind obedience to techno-centric speeciism.

She knelt holding the satchel release next to her body... her stone necklace held high in her raised fist. Brione stood there too, hand on her friend's shoulder as the blast left the cave...

Boards and slivers flying outward as

...Madrone pulled the cord and the word, the essence:

**"Stanen-Ctbha"** exploded fiercely and burned amid the seven symbols cast about her.

The spell and the explosion went straight up with strength added from the blast that Brione had brought along from the other bridge. A column of dirty flames blazed skyward with the heat of many suns... Rising straight into outer space.

The **Shadow**, Garth, rose up to follow this route of escape... But a small desperate hand gripped and held on as the roaring flames polished and cleansed. Willow had his revenge.

271

A frozen silence settled as the sound of the thermal winds departed... fading away in the twilight that settled then suddenly across the land. Three powerful lightning bolts struck down at the new rocks as ball lightning circled, tracing patterns in the sky and on the Earth..

Giant Straw Men lit up the dusk... encouraging the flames. Reminding us of our frailty and folly.

Fires of revenge, of joy, of frustration ...and sacrifice, consumed government buildings, computer centers and the playground condos of the poor, deluded upper class. Rich flames licking their wounds... with salt.

Ugly dirty flames and secrets full of pollution and malignant souls.

Wildly they burned as accumulated ties were severed and the fuel added to hot fires.

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A time after the smoke cleared, two figures dressed in gas masks and extra clothing left the bridge on the trail to the site of another miracle: the same miracle transformed and etched into new guardians and important reminders.

Coming close they saw the Earth blasted to polished bedrock. The polished crater went ten feet down and was surrounded by seven small lumps of still molten rock. The glowing lumps were arrayed around a tall pillar of purest white crystal. The stones held their heat and the magic lingered.

Dragonfly and Taryn took off their masks and starred up at the spectacle of the heavens where the presence of the Seven Martyred Women appeared in the violet colored twilight.

272

Hermaytha of the ancient Elves; Persephone; Lot's Daughters - The first of the 'Twos';

Scota; Joan of Arc; Anna Mae - Lakota; and the last of The Twos: Madrone of the Mesas and Brione.

And the Chosen, which was many millions now, saw: The Airs made whole. The Rocks of the Earth blasted to purity, and Rainbow Fragments sifted down into the Waters of the Kama and the Eel Rivers. Sailing far, they rode the conscious pattern of the ocean currents... swept away to a new world's birthing... Pieces of colors describing Brione's love, Madrone's rage, willing sacrifices, and a call to Ascension. Messengers found the news in those patterns, fish schooling and passing the energy along in subtle shifts, pressure changes and hidden mannerisms.

The Spirit of the Waters breathed liquid air and listened to the Earth and her Rocks as air bubbles pleaded and played in conveyance. Branw-Nyorg smiled, as the wishes of the scaled ones, and those with gills, and fins joined with Her's. Tuna leaped and Dolphins barked, the Waters awoke as more wishes... The very Elements themselves sought new alignments. Spirit stood at hand... but one Elemental... Erol... remained engaged and unblessed.

### **Howl Together and/or Hang Together**

The Wilds and Her creatures ask us to be brave in their hour of need.

Seize this opportunity during the 'Chaos of 2006,' to strike hard with a 'Message of Liberation' and Gaia Self-Defense.

Since the government ignores the Endangered Species Act and refuses to implement an emergency program of sustainable living and ecological restoration: extreme action in defense of endangered regions is required. Ask enlightened Healers. They know the moment arrives soon. Healers and some moderates understand the inevitability of self defense and their duty to help keep violence to a minimum. To do that requires they plug in now and that they prepare to defend the goals and even the tactics of the ALF, the ELF and the vanguard of young warriors who as we speak prepares a new wave of daring direct action strikes.

They advise us through deeds, that its time for many of us to trespass, to make new laws, to cross the lines of power and cross our own lines of fear and apathy. A time that couldn't be better (though maybe a bit late ) to launch a coordinated and persistent attack against the 'Agents of Ecocide.'

The call to action will be heard and an upwelling of support and collaboration will begin. The end of our domination and repression by Global Capitalism and its technology starts as soon as enough of us light up the Fires of Love and torch the symbols and mechanics of Greed.

273

### **People Need to Promote Openly and /or Secretly: A Purpose, Plan and Targets.**

**I. Purpose:** Ensure protection of endangered ecosystems, bring down dangerous corporations, defend our survival plan, and recruit warriors who will adopt targets from the Emergency Hit-List. To send out a loud message and stop the destruction of each community's ability to survive the coming collapse without further ecological calamity.

**II. Survival Plans:** If the smoke clears from 2006, it will not be impossible to care for communities, refugees, and the land. Basic needs can be met in most areas. Everything will have to be shared and food production will be the priority.

If the community is strong and their defense vigilant, then there will be no need for fighting or damaging the environment. Cooperation will replace competition and people will find their groups to live and work with. Community celebrations and live entertainment will complement our work to renew each other and Nature.

**III. Emergency List:** Roads, bridges, dams, and equipment which operate in or threaten watersheds; industries with a history of pollution; corporate buildings; and communications; almost anything goes, except be careful of and respect all life.

Consider the impacts of all your actions. Support the warriors and may they listen to the voice of caution and modest restraint.

*'Give us the courage to change what we can; The patience to accept what cannot be changed; and the Weapons to get the job done.'* – **The Prophecy of 2005, The Evil Spirit Stalkers** (Posters that appeared all over the world!)

274

## **CHAPTER TEN:**

### **The Test of The Last Wish: The Many Chosen**

Brione's mother wished for calm as she looked out over the worried crowd. They had oom'ed and sang and cried together ...Rumors and stories spread and mingled... People

understood the bridges, but... who tried to kill whom found confusion. Except, Brione saved people - that they all knew - even the Sheriff's had spoken and said so ...to everyone!

She took one last breath and said again to herself:

275

'Please Goddesses of this sad world help me wish for calm.'

"I am Taniya Larthen. The voice... the song you can still hear is from my daughter's death. Her friends say she died to save others - even her enemies - so that the truth would be known of her intent - that the Forest Defenders seek self defense and self determination for all life here ...And for the refugees if we can help them too.

An evil was defeated today... It is not a sad day. Brione would want us to remember her beauty - which is the Wild Forest. She would hope we find beauty in all things, and in the path that she foresaw.

The people won the elections today... We won here, in neighboring counties, in the Bay Area, up and down the coast. I come from the Umqua in Oregon and over half the state seceded.

People are happy in many of these places... We can bear the tragedies to come... and there will be more tragedy... but now enough of us accept that there is a way worth fighting for... Land that we guard with our lives. So let us rejoice, let us gather at the watchfires and share our new beliefs. Join my wish that we have enough Peace to give us a chance to rebuild a new, simpler way of life.

Wish that the Chosen shall succeed and guide us well... for there is nowhere to go anymore.

I love you all for being here... for your support. You are wonderful.

All of you... Goodbye ...and good luck. "

The crowd started yelling "**Brione! ...Brione!**

The Goddess lives in **Brione!**"

And then Taniya finished her words to the inspired masses, saying:

"For Green Survival and the Watersheds - Victory and Vigilance!"

She waved to everyone and stood there ...looking out at the thousands still gathered, and someone started to sing one of Brione's favorite songs:

276

As I stumble home, all through the asphalt night and I know...

My brain is boiling in my head, my heart beating in my chest.

It feels like triage, though it's better than shame.

A blessing on you, wherever you may be.

A wink and a drink for all the drying tears ... the curve of the land.

Let the stories flow free in the candle light whispers,

Come, come sweet water, ... come, come sweet water.

Come and flood the road again

She left me like a fading ghost, like the Summer leaves the Fall,

How her eyes could leave this world behind,

Like the first cold wind that brings October frost.

Up on the ridge-line where the trees decline,  
in the arms of your valleys deep Winter-time.

Child of the Northland, wild to the core,

restless, sensing danger, closing in.

You are my totem, ... vision Familiar,

You move unseen, like a passing dream,

moonlight reflecting off high mountain snow.

Bear in mind, bear in Mind, Bear mind, Bear...

And I want to walk with you, see what you see.

Existence without bound -ar -ies.

I don't know where you are, but I pray you are well.

One day may I hear, the stories you have to tell.

If you see others, like me, may you run fast.  
Most of my kind are killing the past,  
But to ease your fears as the roads close in,  
There are those of us who fight for you,  
and know you are kin.  
Bear in mind, bear in Mind, Bear...  
Come, come sweet water... Come and flood the road again.  
*Beware foolish sheep, do you really know what lies beyond the third Window of Denial?*  
*Psychosis is the ultimate defense against unconscious terror*  
*....Or unconscionable nightmare.*

277

...Other songs followed and drumming circles. Well-behaved Amoebae Dancers swarmed - with a modicum of restraint - and wound around the Circle Dancers ...while the bonfires and Straw Men burned through the night and into day. Aire finally drowsed off, security reverting to autopilot, as Kimba Owlsight's young brother read his visions to the gathering... And to their dreams he spun:  
"People on Earth, we are crossing lines of power. Creation unites us in defense of all things. The Dream Tribes gather now, like us, in Special Places. Our homes, our fields, Sacred Places of Power and of Beauty Endangered.  
All good things come together at this time in the fabric of the future. Our trust in the new way becomes part of Earth's Protection and Power as Ley Lines of healing connect one group to another. Watchfires burn brightly shining the pride of our humble awareness... Until this light can be seen from here to that far hill top... and on to higher mountains... Across oceans ...from island to tall boat masts ...across the globe.  
A beacon to solidarity and the search for a way to survive without destroying everything.  
Food and Shelter... and something for those in need... are all we need to think about. Time may help us now. Work will never end.  
**We are symbols of the Universal Life Force. Old friends, strangers, Natives and refugees stand together ...hand in hand. Stand against the rising storm!"**  
Many hands moved silently in the firelight... and folk whose eyes found the way into Eald saw rising in the airs above them the Symbols of Eu and the Reiki Prayers. Profound ancient wishes... shaping now other patterns of survival and clearing the airs of lost wishes. A great relief went up from the crowd - a collective sigh - as tension released. Slowly... blockages dissipated and distress transformed in psychic humming, through the many Great Crystals.  
In a shifting slow motion scene, like a moonrise through scattered mists, a feeling of relaxed readiness, and a casual camaraderie settled lightly on the gathered masses. They had made it through the extremes of Light and Dark.  
Only '**One**' could stop the final Ascension of the Portal ...Only One dared.

278

**Shadows** gathered and scowled from their remote perches at the painful symbols and the Holy Lines spreading across the planet, glowing with deep purpose. Green lines now wove through with golden threads... and a hint of violet ...Yearning to be.

### **WE Are All Refugees**

Driven from our homes, fleeing disasters, fearful terrors at our ...heals.  
But... consider the Merry Refugees. Well-adjusted Gypsies, at home on the road.  
Maybe I'm haggard ...Sometimes blue, but I'd rather be me than you - You Babylon Zoo.  
I'll take refuge when it's easy, and refuge from myself - my time - fleeing TV Dinner commercialized lifelessness - those Marlboro adds of wordless message. Searching still for my Tribe, separated somewhere ...back in another Relocation attempt.  
There's a trick to the world of a Refugee - the Crazy and the inventive ones survive. It's no fun going around shitting Paranoia.  
Just accept your lot and tell the **Shadows** to chase elsewhere.

Stalkers of our thoughts or silly superstition? Go ahead, ask that face in thy reflection. Why? Seize the moment... define what you will be ... and make it fun. Keep laughing ...even on the run, confident. You will choose just where to make a stand. Its still a game - a contest - and you can handle that it's serious too Get excited at the Storm's Coming... Feel its power waiting to be shaped... It won't last forever. At least do something real and dangerous that we can make songs about. There's always refuge in Music...

### **Myth Two: To Kill a World... For What?**

Heal yourself first? Work on yourself to be a better person and then you will find 'The Way.' This might work for a few lucky ones, but in these times it's a pointless way to organize. We're going to have to heal ourselves as we endure together the pain of Earth's Healing. In Babylon's materialistic, self-centered society, a priority of healing yourself first, becomes a never ending waste of time, even a cop-out that diverts people from plugging into direct action groups and sends them off to study or meditate.

Come to the trenches and study. Come watch the giant trees fall and the mudslides and oil slicks. Come watch the murder and the pillaging of the future.

Come feel that pain and tell us your wonderful solutions.

279

Live with us in the woods and help us experiment with common sense. Craft a simple wish, something specific, like : reject most technology in theory and in your life; live with few possessions, mostly just your tools and personal gear; share what you can, and leap ... far outside of possessiveness, materialism ... and reject your infinite fixations on every little anal drip.

Be clear and alert, with an open, critical mind, but do focus on what always matters most: food and shelter in an organic, revolutionary, communal context. Then you can work on yourself and loving your friends in a way that fits the goal. Healing has direction. You have to know where and how, you are going to get to a goal in order to know the types of injury, problem, barriers, that you have to endure, overcome, accept... Most of us will need a lot of love and healing to deal with losing our cars; security blanket - career, bank accounts; relatives, and friends who don't have the guts to follow us towards something closer to sanity. What will you do when the shopping malls close, permanently - and the glossy magazines turn to toxic dust?

Let's hope enough of us learn 'living simple' and steadily drop out of the 'dead world' and ... join with friends to heal everything through a revolution or two ...into a new world ...And keep on healing on.

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Unnatural darkness descended early, beneath a troubled sky. Nothing felt the same Hazel thought, it was as if some Cosmic Chiropractor had done its best and the world as they had known it swaggered - spaced out - in a post-adjustment daze. Everything and every creature sensed the changes - the old and new habits teasing desires and perceptions. 'Out with the Old ' was the cry in the night.

*...Signal fires flared pure across the land.*

*Watchfires of a proud defiance reflected the spirit of so many: ready but apprehensive.*

Hazel looked out toward the ocean where she could see the fires... and the fireworks. Lights from a few boats, fishermen probably she realized ...And the idea of more meetings trying to negotiate fishing quotas and regulations... tried to get into her head, but ...not. Out with the Old ways indeed! But what would replace it and how would the test of the last wish shape all that would now follow in its wake?

280

She shared her thoughts with Jared's mind as she rested in her lotus pose, breathing slow and deep ...her body healing as she passed her hands in circles and pulled injury out. Her hands came to rest on her forehead at the third eye and she tried to open to the meaning of these recent events... and the foretelling

...But all she picked up was a very tired Aire wondering if anyone would mind if a tired security guy just fell asleep in the field ...And Taryn and Dragonfly discussing the impending attack by Federal forces and who knew what else...

She tried hard to remember all of the wishes that she and Sasha had made... And the hints of wishes made by others ...But the accounting went not well and she decided to start writing down the important ones at least... when she had time.

Jarred knew the ordinary dangers well from experiences he would just as soon forget.

How easily the euphoria of victory added to everyone's expectations of a new world so close at hand ...But the future success could hinge on the very next encounter. Even a trained and disciplined army could succumb to panic in an instant if the tide rose against them suddenly.

A vicious enemy counter-attack had to be met decisively.

This wasn't his first Rodeo, though times were when he wished he could trade all his valuable experiences and hard-won insights for a sip of innocence ...One night of giddy, carefree abandon and ...absolute bliss at how great everything would be, from now on ...Happily ever after.

He had other worries, like his hand that still bled from a lacerated artery where Hazel's head had smashed it between the rocks when the recoil from Sasha's spell had knocked her clean off the horse.

Haymarket and Harrison wanted consideration too. Maybe they even needed it. But somehow, given the chaos of this day and the climax still building, he knew events - or, well, Hazel mostly - would probably drag him away or get him killed before he ever did see... his home again. His friends...

He put some of the Lichen on top of the moss and secured the rag around his hand - not too tightly - but well enough so it would stay put a few hours and then it needed cleaning again.

He wondered about Hazel's ability to keep going. Too great a burden seemed directed at her and he wanted to help, but all he could do - just being there - didn't seem enough.

281

He doubted little about what they were doing, but his perceptions of Hazel and of everyone else close to him faltered and swam in a hazed funk.

Sometimes it really felt like he dealt with three different people: The usual balanced Hazel, business-like and down to Earth; Then there might come the Love-Goddess and their hearts, minds, bodies, souls and every quirky secret would touch deep in spellbound ecstasy. At the ranch house and at the music festival he thought he saw another aspect: An aspect with the raw sense of a wild animal - an Elk trapped by a pack of hunger-mad wolves... a Jaguar treed by blood-sought hounds.

Had she changed or was it just the long fatiguing day?

Or maybe she had second thoughts about his abilities and his usefulness.

He felt her love when she looked at him now with dark green eyes and even darker shadows beneath. He felt it surge and send tingle-tickles whenever they would brush against each other or... she put her arm in his. But even to her love, he felt new dimensions ...and it bothered him some.

'Too many changes for a simple man,' he thought loudly and then he worried at her decline to answer his thoughts. A warrior and a veteran he got used to wading through quagmires of disappointment and despair. So, he vowed to trust their pact and see it through - for better or for worse - victory assured or disaster breaking. And he took his vows seriously.

Could good people act together in such difficult times? The Maw of Chaos ready to swallow...

Could the Chosen hold to their simple visions of Food and Shelter, Isolation and Sharing... as their numbers soared?

***Did the blast still echo?***

People still milled about the far edges of the Festival site, some lost. Or others just passing feelings away as they wandered... kind of directionless.

Some headed home, some searched for friends, while many took off for the bridge to have a look and a feel for the implications.

282

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He knew she was in his thoughts too, even before she suggested they get going. She wanted to leave before anyone recognized them and then... They would inevitably spend hours talking, listening, explaining, waiting ...and wasting time.

And he knew what he would rather be doing... resting by a cool mountain pool, Hazel on his arm.

He managed a smile as she rose and came over, limping but not showing much pain. They stood by the horse and he checked out their gear and the saddle again. The horse wanted to go too, and he patted that huge neck and scratched under a hairy jaw, promising food and less commotion - neither of which did he have a clue about or any certainty of finding soon.

And other visions of unlikely satisfactions popped back in his head as she stepped her boot into his locked fingers and with some difficulty got her sore leg over the horse's back.

She turned then with a smiley surprised look and said to her friend in love:

"Jarred, how do you think about that at a time like this?"

He replied:

"Hazel-nut, instrument of the Goddess, I don't mind you in my thoughts, not at all. And I don't want to keep anything from you. I know we find real strength in our intimacy... in the play of our selves in search of those unique quirks and minor flaws that make us who we are ...and who we are becoming - between us. I know we have gone deeper than most ever get, and we share fears and pain with each other. Pain and scars... that it is really hard to imagine letting anyone else in on.

So, as to what I think you are sitting there mock-shocking me with... at:

...Well dear, my day-dream fantasies about us - you and me lying in the tall grasses on a warm summer day - that is really my only defense against the magic you draw to us, my charm against losing my mind at all these dangers I encourage us in.

Who knows? Maybe I do have some magic now - for this short time.

283

I'm dreaming and wishing that we find that farm you all keep talking about... And that we find the time - released from our duties - to just love each other, at ease."

He didn't have to go on as she held his arm tighter saying:

"OK, we can't keep doing this forever... I mean it this time.

I surrender... to the... The power of your wish ...your sincerity."

And she shone down at him: "So be it ...Silly!"

He wanted to grab her and wrestle in their way as he watched her deep breaths and eyes squinting up a message modeled just especially for him... Her lips moved:

"I'll try and keep you in mind... Anyway..."

Her good leg readied for his probe, as he stood up higher on the boulder, looking like he wanted a kiss. But she knew him too well... already.

"...It is a long list, Jarred" And leaning into him with no little strength, as his arm moved over her shoulder...

And she said with grave concern,

"Can you keep up..."

He pulled her head down, willingly, and scuffed his knuckles playing against her scalp. She wiggled momentarily, and leaned hard into it... not wanting ever to stop ...Never looking up from his embrace... Just a moment here.

They were a drama unto themselves, their lives happening with a grand pattern. But that little space ... they held together - in total defiance of all comers - an attachment surely, but a very healthy and supportive one. In a clear space, that's hard to find or even realize it when you are there... the private space they shared. It kept them moving

and wishes came too. Of haste and more hazard...

Jarred led the horse a foot, while Hazel road. They pushed on across full-banked streams and passive brambles. Unseen friends streaking their way against all reason.

Lightning struck out across the distance. A spaced-out reality, an utterly surreal and common conundrum, complete uncertainty vibrated off of many minds and no few hearts - everyone nervously excited and also terrified, of not leaving the terror behind.

284

Darkness divided and settled down about them. Dark clouds gathered and strange winds howled their powers... The mushroom cloud hung moving but unchanging above the bridge and the faint glow of a deep energy pulsed to the southwest. Not just the weather affected, but other patterns as well. A tension wound taut against wishes of safety and peace... Like a giant choir as it built up the crescendo of a single note ...many octaves pulling at the magic and at their troubled hearts.

Chilly fingers touched, draining off life and promises from all things. Needs came due. A further toll for the weary wounded, but not unexpected. They kept on despite pain and wounds stretching open.

She kept putting off their mutual fatigue. Anger rose at the interference she felt.

Forcefully, she drew up her wishes at a target, wishing the horse to be propelled forward as she reached out to drain life back from around her ...and even the forest.

But Jarred halted there... At that!

He dropped the reins and walked out onto the sheer rock ledge. And he relished his face in the sharp wind, rain splats exclaiming. Eyes pleading with her drawn aspect.

She heard him just wanting rest ...'Rest tonight', he said, to the power of the storm it seemed.

"Maybe I really haven't slept enough lately, or maybe its your words, feelings ...spells, catching up with me, Hazel and Sasha... and the world we all must leave behind.

...It feels good, I'm starting to know what you mean... about our attitudes toward things and the hidden assumptions that we have to leave behind: The way to live in the world, this newly forming world, to live fresh, sowing magic in love, appreciation, consideration ...Relating to all things in a natural, easy way; confronting - with replacements - the old ways and the bad habits ...Until illussional barriers - and all constraint on awareness - simply vanish in new-found meaning...

With a bit of dancing, merriment and heart-felt ritual thrown in for good measure and a hedge against wayward wishes."

He just stood there, drawn to the wind's rage as he had innumerable times ...Soaking it up... eons of challenge. Cherished strength rippling with the winds' buffeting, and he felt Hazel wishing him peace and rest.

285

And even his scars seemed to wish for peace and rest in good measure too.

Then Jarred felt something from out of the forest, a feeling that the forest accepted them too... and also the sacrifices of things around them that had been made in service to their noble cause.

She thought... 'Maybe he was losing it, maybe I expect too much... We'll stop for rest,' and she knew then that they must. Events drawing up their own design - nothing to move 'organic evolution' from its assigned path.

She got off the horse without his help. A last look and a slow breath brought him away from that sheer-dropping edge to the side of his chosen partner and his most precious ally in eco-sanctuary defense.

He listened as she said:

"Can we find a place... not too far, closer to the other trail where Sage should be coming in from? Make a fire to wait together."

Then colder gusts arrived and a thick branch cracked loudly as it broke and blew clear and away from upon high in the tallest tree... Where it hung up crazily half way down on a large branch... Hanging on and waving in the breeze.

He nodded weakly, leaning into the wind and turned up the steep trail, forgetting the horse's reins as he peered through a thin sheet of drizzle. Glances trailed back at Hazel as she gathered up the reins and started to walk with the horse, both limbs easing off slowly. But their inner strength and energy faded away in a steady stream, now that the trek's end drew nearer, fast.

They passed into thicker forest looking upward at the divisions half-formed above them. The sky so weirdly prescient, rain diminishing as they got closer to the edge of one division... The air was charged.

'The ley lines are near...' she thought at him, and

'...Its started,' they both answered.

She slowed as he searched ahead.

286

'We won't reach Sasha ...before he gets to Anaya... by the morning.'

She saw how his path - the Savior's Journey - pulled energy along to his keeping, as he followed the ley lines ...Or they drew on his powers too, or some kind of vise versa in there... like the twists that **Shadow** liked to play out. But this wasn't **shadow's** game she felt certain.

"I can't tell what is happening... What is Sasha's Wish? How will **Shadow** seek its undoing?"

**Dammit ...Anaya. Help us!"**

She yelled out through Eald and on to Holy Enclosures... to other Keepers.

And unwanted attention was suddenly made aware of her dire effort.

Jarred wanted to be back there, holding her, but he lacked the strength, saving up the priorities for survival.

He said, not knowing if she could hear him or wanted more words thrown in the stew, "Don't worry... about Sasha at this point... Please."

And he saw her face in a scary vision like he hadn't seen since the shoot-out up the river, the gun failing to fire... Mis-belief and a million strong contrary wishes threatening.

She thought back to him as she picked up the pace,

'I do fear for Sasha... for all the innocent too, those who count on these final wishes... Where hope runs out.'

A different voice in her head cooed:

*'He needs more than he has... **The Prince of Terror stalks. IMA is...***

But Hazel had to find her own will... and the Word.

Jarred could feel forces striving viciously to keep them apart... to separate truth from perception. He knew too, that she worked frantically in preparing answers ...designing patterns of control - limits she had never dared.

He reached out his unwizardly 'spirit-heart' to his love's desperate gambles, but her thoughts trailed off suddenly, something about: 'deceptive traps... Unable to wish at all.'

287

She fancied he would be pulling at her arm if he were near, but then she felt him farther up the trail, concerned and moving away... hoping to find the spot. Now.

The horse moved away from her too, her hand sliding off its butt... And she started forward, thinking, 'The animal has enough sense to keep going while its possible... He would know if danger... The vision struck into her juggled complex of possibilities:

**'Ships coming... nearer. Ships full of angry men... mixed angers. A few Eald Lights twinkling in strong doubt and guns... Very many guns.'**

She stumbled after the horse, cold numbness returned to her wounded leg as she caught

up the reins and assured the horse as they moved on:  
"Everything will be all right for you my friend... We can do it...  
We cool.

Owh! This leg is killing me - resisting all healing.

She stopped finally, at the entrance to a green-clad basin. Several small streams joined together there in a pleasant cirque, moss and fern hiding ancient carven rock. Up one bank she could see a flatter space, where Jarred broke branches by a lightning-struck Douglas fir trunk. A quiet, safe place she felt... and a muffled sound of a hoot-owl, or maybe doves confirmed her feelings.

She could hear his thoughts spinning:

'Thirty years of looking for two simple enough things: how to fit a plan together where I could work for the certain protection of a place I loved, for its creatures and the people. Gods blast! Everywhere we go we find lives and land devastated... not much left to fight for. But I am here. I want to stay here.

And Hazel, all her friends... loving, non-hierarchical without having to make much effort. Because they know each other, and how to work together. And our love, so true, but free to be ourselves in a group ...in a cause with a chance to work. Well...'

She wanted to tell him the same - How 'The Revolution' is being secure enough to care about fixing its leaks while remembering how it was built.

Revolution works the way good relationships do: surrender a bit of your ego and your space - happily make that little compromise - and then everything frees up and you  
288

accept whatever happens – all their flaws and faults. Supporting their best ways...  
calling them on their shit ...in a mildly firm but sincerely considerate vibe.

The same, just words for the same feeling. People motivated to really love a place, have Power - they give magic to the wards they build. The pattern of their plan of living and relating to each other, sinks roots down as it also reaches beauty up to the sky. Follow those wishes and we could meld our immature, but hopeful egos to a far older power of Earth's Nature to be.

They both felt each other's feeling of Peace - the centered strength of their natural union. Jarred and Hazel, a part of a world in motion... And yet... always a quiet space they shared as well: A place where acceptance guaranteed understanding - well almost.

Their own hidden spaces, safe from all **shadows** where they might play as children, true natures shinning out from their creation.

They pulled out of that daunting flow, of 'could be's', and clearing cobwebs from his soul, he uttered - amid visions lingering: of small cabins with warm, cozy friends, all safe inside:

"I will fight for that hope Hazel... for what we all deserve."

His truths shone out to her as she approached their camp. It felt so good to not have to walk any further. Problems and solutions followed her, taking shape as she lay down against the broken tree, exhausted and almost sick with fatigue and the lack of food. She held off on the most pressing demands...

What she really wanted was just to become a part of this place for a little while, no worries... and no bothers.

She thought of friends, skipping along down stony trails, going up to sweat lodges, or exploring the wild stream's treasures: Watching Hummingbirds play their mating dances.

She wished for answers... A way to be specific without undue harms.

And she also wished for Sage and some food.

She dare not drain more life from the things about her anymore.

Smoke rose from Jarred's efforts with the fire.

'Some fresh pitch pine in there from somewhere' thought Hazel as smoke wafted over her way. She rested peacefully there under the trees. A mixed-aged forest of Grand firs and hemlocks surrounded her in protection... Tall trees looking down at them, kindly the gaze, but not wholly convinced. The Earth elemental - Taynaka's wish - worked there too. And the usually off-ish Tree Spirits sheltered that circle from the many cries of war headed their way ...and other unseen aspects of the weather's influence. A storm gathered rolling in from the North and another storm from the South.

She recognized the subtle strength of the Trees' wards - the lines they held - a caution against rash actions and a filter to sort out **Shadow's** manipulations. She trusted these 'friends' as always, and sank into a sweet sleep. Her own guards down, she floated and thought about the spirits of the animals - in particular the ones that humans had lived close to for millions of years: wolf, dog, bear and those with hooves. Stronger magic could wait...

Cradled in primeval slumbers... The Goddesses Lorien and Venus came to Hazel. They filled in the hole in Hazel's heart creating a new trinity of Wild Beauty - Balance - Love. A powerful spell unfolded... a force inversely twisted and balancing Love and Our Wildness. All fear of attachment unwrapped from the normal insecurities of the Hazel-Venus-Lorien personality.

Eternal personifications - the Essence of their separate persona-souls - crossed, mingled... and flooded. They let go of everything... And holding back not a whim stepped forward then to be whatever they would - gliding beyond the moment, the day... the life. Their destiny was now linked to the humans and to Sasha.

Just one difficult shiver worked its way past as sensations of their former expectations, shifted and fled. Edges shifted... Every edge they had known: the edge of birth, edge of puberty, the edge of motherhood.

Wishes manifested for all people to see their own excess of arrogance: the human dilemma; and to break attachments to things holding them back. To let go of their human narrowness - even their preoccupation with purpose - to just be - to fit in. Watch the animals...

Hazel wished they would all be confident in this dark hour... confident in the Commandments. Learn to be open to love, vulnerable, ready ...even in the Face of Death - of true threat and utter intimidation ...annihilation. - Or like losing your boy friend!"

The last statement coming apparently from a small sprite attached to Venus - mischievous ... almost Elvish.

A new Commandment arose from the nature of things at the consummation of this trinity of Life, Love and Balance:

*"Cling not to behaviors or things which might cause harm to your expression of Love. Seek peace and respect in partnership - and all relationships.*

*There is no true love until there is peace between a specie and its maker -The Earth; Peace between the gods of light and dark within each of us; and... love will falter until the Chosen find a peaceful acceptance of Ultimate Beauty, despite the certain sorrow of precious Joy lost amid the violent corrections of hard truths."*

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A thoroughly beaten Sasha dropped the horse's reins and leaned unsteadily against Trotska. He felt the darkness coming on. Eyes forced open, he looked at the ridgeline and then at the young trees...

Trotska moved forward a few steps so Sasha could manage to stagger over and slump down against an Aspen. The horse turned to more pressing concerns.

The water bottle had fallen from his belt and he just managed to slide it over with a

stick. It made its way shakily, up to parched thirst and Sasha savored the refreshing nature of water. He closed his eyes, feeling much older than sixteen years and definitely wearing thin... like he was killing himself. The claims of Powers used and the strain of controlling those still building up.

He tried to get a few sticks for the fire circle that looked across hopeful at him from only a few feet away.

Trotska neighed at him and with a little stomp of her large foot, resisting Sasha's path.

Sasha decided against wasting wishes on a stubborn horse, as the beast turned away with a swish-swash of her long tail - a clear decline of his invitation to: 'Please bring him the herb in the pack!'

The horse ignored everything except the tasty, sweet grass growing well, in the shade.

291

Raindrops blew down harder across the barrier above the ley lines. By chance? He wondered even at that. A few cold drops found their way to tired bodies already soggy and sweat soaked. And he did marvel at that storm and the barrier. Storms unlike any other - grown darker and meaner since he had last looked carefully. Yet here on the edge of Eald - the winds hardly blew. A slice of calm against a restless chaos... or a refuge for fools. Well that remained to be seen - unproven.

Another sip of water and he pulled himself up for more wood. Sticks piled, he wished up a bit of flame and went for the horse and the herb. Trotska held still, at least, as he removed the pack and loosened up the saddle a notch.

He had barely started back to the fire and... The flames flickered memories of the blast, back to him - pain loosened vividly and he cried out remembering Aire... And how Sasha had viciously knocked him down, and out of his path.

'He only sought to help... To help me.

Hazel tried to stop me.'

And he realized with some surprise, that she must have already known how out of control he would become that day, how dangerous.

'How could a human or even an Elf, know that?'

A branch roared up in flame and he quietly tossed the herb on to the fire burning nearest to him. He pulled the smoke slowly toward him and lay back against the Aspen. The land spoke to him as he listened intently and fitted into the waterfall sounds of the leaves above him: Golden leaves and a root mass 6000 years old.

Life came to Sasha as he drew it from the fire. Billowing tightly through patterns, the smoke reached deeper for him as wishes came loose.

Visions came too: The angry words:

"Are you all criminals unto creation ...or just stupid, scared, inconsiderate rejects of life?

You leaders, shepherds guiding away from the path of survival in Nature.

How could so many of you remain silent as the walls went up... building a wrong-turn road to industrial Armageddon - **the Rapture of the Shadows.**

292

And then... memories of his many dangerous escapades passed by with details he never even knew. The time he fell off his first horse... A branch breaking as he just caught himself, shoulder separating ...High up in an old Maple tree. And Brione ...Bri!

He didn't feel bad that she took advantage of his blindly naive passions, at the bridge.

She matched his daring... with her own and she pulled it off!

Lives saved and wishes kept to their intent, not confused and wasted.

She was gone... Brione was no more. Yet the air would surely be sweeter now, and rocks more friendly. He felt certain her wishes and Madrone's too, would be with him when he needed it most.

And he realized it was Brione who had pulled off the action, which had most impressed

so many of the young militia. The action where a number of old school eco-commandos came back from retirement to hang a custom protest platform across that canyon and shorting out six high tension power-lines in the process. Of course they - or officially some Elves - had turned off the electric power first and then it couldn't be energized without killing her. Thousands came to bear witness and offer their tribute - the very real possibility of arrest - to such a brave act. The crowd stayed for days, getting the media out.

Bri escaped too! The crowd closing about her and the cops looked absolutely dumb and incapable of not missing their point. Dumb and dumber...

Other visions came, seeking fulfillment: Visions of garden plots in the cities; well liberated stream crossings where roadways once violated beauty. A city with bicycles common and few cars or trucks. A mini-tramway suspended from old powerlines ...Solar cells - no answer - but still working.

Fire engulfed the scene he foresaw in the great city to the south. People filling the streets... determined to be heard ...to stop the Controllers. A woman... Gabrielle singing from a plywood platform. A platform shaped like a giant Salmon and hung suspended hundreds of feet high between two skyscrapers downtown. Gabrielle singing so sweet and child like - as if Brione's voice had become her own - and strong and steady, so long as she didn't look down at the streets so very far below. A song carrying through the air, through radios and loud speakers. A song that many would soon sing of the sacrifices and the changing of hearts up in the North Coast and other places.

Sasha gulped knowing that this would happen on the morrow...

He came aware in his dream ...And he wanted to thank them all, and he hoped the first vision came to pass.

293

Lorena, Mother, came closer to his awareness. Her presence, stronger than a dream and she said straight to the matter which he had called for:

"The flower must die for the root to live. If you believe in what you mean, then you accept its outcome."

"They must all die, Sasha..."

He thought she was gone as he remembered Mad Jarrel, laughing at his untested certainties. She had doubted his quick assumption that the Chosen fully understood the required sacrifice.

*They must all die! The severed hand and the fallen Prince...*

His mother's last words trailed back to his rousing consciousness:

"Connect the Patterns in your heart's window. Go back over the spells that have brought you this far - those now woven into you and your destiny.

The Forest Defenders became Lorien's Chosen. They accepted the gifts and I think that they know the obligation. They, not you my son, held off the **Shadows** across the lands... through faith in a restored Earth and through the strong bonds of their love and trust of each other. They passed you on through the first stage... Their brave sacrifices in the face of such likely failure, kept the Elf and you alive. All of us except Hazel were fatally fooled by **Shadow** when you hastily cast out Mad Jarrel.

**The Hounds of Hell**, the Four Horsemen, the Lie of Democracy ... they are all banished - for now. Brione and Madrone joined with their Sister Martyrs so the Elements will heal and come together.

But you...You were always stubborn Sasha. Quick and curious, but sometimes too independent and self absorbed. Listen. Listen very carefully, I want you to succeed - it has to happen - so don't let who you are, or... how you grew up, hold you back. Don't even let it bother you. You've known all this, from before I was even born. None of the rules apply to you ...You can do anything you want to.

Think it through, my son. Gamble everything ...yes! But pull all your skills together with every lesson you should of learned. Do what is best for all things. Load the chances carefully in our favor at the heart that is the Portal  
Make your last wish and then trust not to your Powers.

294

When the Light of Awakening flashes out across everywhere, you must rise. Make your way to the Elf. Trust her powers and wait for the Signal Fires to draw power to the places of ancient holiness and imprint. The places of endangered beauty shall loose a fury of aroused self defense. Then we will attain invincibility.

The Goddess – who is all Goddesses - aids us now. Her chosen multiply as the threat grows. The flash that heralds your final journey will coincide with the next punctuated leap as stage two is reached and they become two million, eight hundred and eighty thousand reaching much higher by the time that you seal the Portal.

I must go back to my post ...A shadow waits for me. But don't let on a thing. Don't worry about what I will feel if you fail... I will always love you. Think about those tortured souls whose 'one hope' you carry ...Imagine their burden: whole specie souls lost extinctly so we might have a chance to atone - to prevent greater suffering.

Remember what you want and for whom we fight. Хороший - до свидания...

Goodbye... My son, my only child.

His mind shut off - as his mother's last wish took her young son.

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Jarred rose to fetch some more water from the little spring, gushing with a 'lump, lung' sound from the rocks across the small glade. Sore but no longer a wreck, he thought he might gather a few greens to chew on until... And he saw Sage before he heard her, somehow. She approached from upstream coming out of the darkness one arm held out as if she were blind or shielding her eyes from a light. The other hand held the horse reins. The Appaloosa followed a slight terror easing away as the horse saw some friends. Jarred changed directions toward his travel-spent friend hailing her with a "Howdy," and that answered by her usual: "Kuuwuk - Kuoo."

He tied the horse up to the tether they had strung earlier and then helped Sage open up the grain bag to feed the hungry animals.

295

Jarred followed her gaze over toward the fire and said:

"She's resting soundly. It's a comfortable little fire ...You want some water? "

She looked at Jarred and back at the fire.

"What's wrong Sage?" he asked hoping there wasn't any more bad news.

She shrugged and said a bit withdrawn: "Oh nothing really I guess ...I just worry about her... Anyway, Sarah felt right about all of this... So I guess I should stop worrying.

He tied up the grain sack and looked back up at her:

"Go ahead Sage, I want to hear what you have to say."

She looked down at the ground and kind of shaking her head a little said:

"I know we're going to do this... You know me, I'm not afraid to die... But it just doesn't seem fair. We've already done so much... lost so many friends. I wish..."

Gods, he wanted to hold her... But he didn't know if she wanted that. He wanted her to finish.

"...I wish I could die, but you and Hazel would..."

He started to interrupt, expression taken aback as she said:

"I wish you and Hazel would live and stay together, you seem so happy..."

And he did hold her then as she almost cried and held him back for a second or two before she pulled away again and wiped her tired eyes. She took the water bottle from his hand and went to the fire, just one look to Jarred. And he thought he saw innocent

thanks... to a friend, but also pain looking for revenge or release ...A cold hard seriousness that he knew she could control to deadly effect.

The shelter such as it was, afforded some relief and the light of the fire felt especially cheery - there by an ancient broken tree surrounded by the steep rising ridge above them. Quite a sight to see they were. Ten days of muddy hikes and blood and cuts, bruises and the haunting faces of the dead that followed them, or crept edgewise into their impressions.

Jarred wore a beard of dark stubble that stood out in the shadows of the firelight. His stocking cap was stained and full of stickers and burrs... with a stray bit of grass stem poking out of his jacket collar, which served simply as a fine accent mark. Patches 296

on top of older patches holding together his once neat woollens. The jacket too, torn and needing mending soon. But he looked at ease - like he really knew the odds - and had seen worse; a lightly placed, if grim confidence.

Sage, her dreadlocks tucked back under her newly waxed hat – a gift from Sarah - sat down by Hazel's side. She was obviously tired and a little out of sorts as she sighed and knocked the mud off her boots without much enthusiasm. The mud on her homemade gore-tex chaps she ignored. Worn out and worry building up, but she complained little. Jarred wondered if all the killing had left tough scars and he remembered how young they still were – Sage barely 22 ...And he marveled at how much he felt them to be the equals to any soldier he had known, and worthy of admiration and trust.

Sage passed him some fresh bread from Sarah's ovens and tucked the maps under the blanket by her sleeping friend. The rattle from the fire showed the little soup can bubbling with hot water. Sage swung over and pulled the can off the fire with two sticks.

Jarred came strolling back from the horses with more water and some tea bags. Sage didn't see him coming and called out thinking he was still at the horses: "There's honey in the right saddle bag, if you could get it Jarred."

And he handed the tea bags over her shoulder as he spun back around and headed back for the sweetener.

They added to the fire and shared more bread and a little cheese. Most of the cheese she saved for Hazel who loved Sarah's goat cheese and needed her protein. Magic uses up lots of energy.

So they tried to settle down as comfortably as they could get, by the fire and Jarred opened his mouth to speak, just as Hazel awoke - only slightly less grumpy than usual - asking with her bossy voice, a spot hoarse:

"Can I have some Wormwood tea? ...Oh, and the 'medicinal' Absinthe?"

Sage tossed her an apple as Hazel's sleepy expression told her that her friend had only just then realized that Sage had found them... already and safely.

Sage nodded and smiled saying:

"Sarah is fine - immensely reassuring as always. She sent some food, and good wishes... and the maps."

297

Hazel's eyebrows rose up sharply, sleepiness vanished as she finished the first two bites of the apple and moved over by Sage. Jarred came back from wearing out a trail to the horses to find Hazel on her knees clearing off a smooth space in the dirt with her hands. Sage spread out the maps as Jarred made more tea for all of them.

Hazel consumed Sara's notes about the local holy places and then with a small stick began to draw the layout of the land and then the ley lines. She and Sage looked at the maps again as Jarred handed her the tea. They sipped the warm tea and watched as the drawing's details emerged clearly from the dirt. The magical enhancement startled

Jarred.

Hazel turned and said with an angry scowl:

"Jarred this tea is..." and then they both laughed as she touched his arm:

"It's a little too sweet, dear."

He liked her moods and didn't let much come between them or stay there long. He poured some of her tea in his cup and then filled hers back up from the can. She liked that one better and drank it down before returning to the dirt and the drawing. Now concentration grew as she mumbled words to herself and the stick. Five large symbols took shape and began to vibrate between each other sending little quivers through their callers.

She finished a last touch and sat back down, leaning against the tree. She said:

"Yeah, I agree with Sarah's thinking on this. There's two fault lines right near to the lines I drew by the ridge there. And caves... The leys or at least the green lines go pretty near..."

"Where?"

Said Sage who scooted over with the map closer to Hazel.

"Right here and here, behind the north side ...Big rocks, and cliffs I think."

Said Sage: "Sarah told me of forest creatures warning her of 'sorcery in the stones' and **shadow** voices."

The winds blew harder and wild just a few hundred feet to one side of them. But at the camp, it was only light gusts and a few rains at times. They could almost feel the hate raging not far away in the heart of the storms, but those were only very fleeting, barely a ripple of disturbance as the warm fire added its feelings and a sense of well-being to the Tree-Spirits' blessings - kindness and ancient surety - a grudging respect that few trees had ever bestowed upon any humans ...and not even all Elves.

298

Sage looked across at Jarred - they both felt it, despite the peaceful magic. A moment arrived in suspense and hope compressed more narrowly, pulling at their belief. Hazel gave the two a look of 'come on - I need you clear, without any doubt.'

She motioned for Sage to squat over one symbol and Jarred sat before another at the opposed point of the array. He wondered if they really understood all that they were caught up in...Wondered at the sense of dread coming on with the storm. And he did still wonder about the ranch house, why Sage had hesitated with that first shot ...and missed with the last... Or was that Will's shot that damaged Hazel's leg. And if it was, why did he suspect Sage?

But doubt, about Hazel's ability to find a way to sort out their enemy's weaknesses and their own. No, those doubts were few and inconsequential... barely tiny **shadow** scars, though they did desperately cling to purpose.

The fire crackled with fresh wood thrown on. They sat holding hands in silence while Hazel said a few prayers quietly to herself. Then almost perfectly together they began to Omm, until they reached a certain harmony. Multiple octaves reverberated and they began circular breath modulations guided by the symbols. Between them - senses tingled and it felt strange inside their human shells - like waves passed through them - re-ordering and opening up key concepts.

The Prophecy came to her and she saw clearly now, as if in a new light, the parts that remained unfulfilled:

Trinity revolving thrice ...And a voice said: 'The Two shall rise and the Prince falls off. Then shall friends come at last to aid in the dying of an age and the fateful Sending.

The first trinity: Elves and Forest Defenders joined in good faith to Honest Militia. And it did revolve once in three places; Brione a human, became the Elf-Spirit and then into love with Militia ...No a militia-man ...Sasha!

The Summoning faltered as Hazel thought of Sasha and how closely they had all been woven together.

A third voice said: "The second trinity came on the winds of the first. Madrone crafted the Rage of Youth Betrayed, to the Bedrocks and to Earth's Antiquity. And did she not revolve thrice: from Flesh to Spirit-Fire, to Stone of Earth?"

The third trinity beckons thrice, but I can only tell you riddles of its Nature. The Oracles find speculation dangerous and unpropitious at this hour..."

299

The Omm modulations carried themselves in holographic rhythms as Hazel let go of her friends' hands.

She broke a piece of hot coal off from the end of a small burning stick and placed it on a flat stone. Quickly she brought pinches of herb to the glowing ember. She called out powerful words - the names of Gods soon to be - as the smoke rose. The words and the smoke consumed each other as the sound of their chanting increased. She wished the Trees would aid them, but she knew they would not likely come nigh unto the Edge of Sorcery.

She wished up her own symbols... Some she knew from Sasha and some ...she had no idea whence they came. And that did unsettle her some small fraction. Wishes came on earnestly, and she promised never to lie. Faint misgivings cleared away... the smoke drifted innately as it turned into strange symbols of power and direction.

Smoke entered her head through her ears and she had no doubt what she wanted.

Lights played beneath her skin and a glowing of pattern shown on either side of her head - pulses round her temples.

**She demanded answers!**

Voices argued inside her head. And even they drew back a bit as the air became sinister ... threatening to abandon her. Old Powers caught unaware, struggled at the fury and righteous determination that powered her wish.

Wizardry crossing lines without due regards.

Hazel looked weaker suddenly - an unhealthy pallor spreading, as her right hand moved to her forehead, Goddess willed. The hand, palm outward, moved down to her abdomen. Slivers and angles pulled together in rushed order. Her hand returned along the reverse cycle and hesitated as the back of her hand rested at the special place on her forehead. The pattern of her spell came together with the rhythmic hum of their omm'ing ...vibrations from the five symbols.

A gray vastness spread out from their perspective and a tree that must have been gargantuan spread crowning upward as it spread out for miles. They all heard the Words: Elvish Lore, Love, Earth ...Volkentrough, Truth." and for a brief second, the Storm felt very near...

Dark, menacing clouds began to close in on them.

300

The fire grew and switched to Eald colors joining to Hazel's aura until brightness streaked out followed by even more intense colors. Hazel pushed outward too. The pain of contrasts and contradictions reached its breaking point. Words... something, tried to come out of her mouth. Fighting to expel the image on her next breath she wheezed hoarsely: "Heavenly Sky... For..."

There were limits ...She had pushed too far ...no breath to draw on. She fell forward hanging on those costly words: 'A set of some trinity remained ...renamed ...The Two's ...Letters rearranging ...words sounding back... Remembering other combinations... sorting.

Ghosts moved swift to their summoning, distracted in their haunts.

Strong magic passing through them all... until even Chaos took notice.

He caught her as she fell gently wrapped in deep sleep and safe, he hoped, safe in strong arms. Spirit sisters tended her inner space while he sat holding her head, and holding on to the smell of her person. That was important too.

He rested and kept his guard invincible - a slender thread traveling...

A picture of them together ...other seasons of new opportunity to know a peaceful magic.

Magical hope, borne in directed struggle suffused the airs... a rushing toward the Balance and it built potential.

Many souls felt the desperation of all Powers...

They saw the future holding its breath. The winds quieted, though boiling clouds of Hate piled higher. A pregnant pause settled uneasily across the wide lands. Ancient stonewalls awakened and were borne up out of slumbers past ...totems to Ancient Imprints. Animals never seen by man made appearances. The ghosts of a million species spun their own genetic knowledge into a simple Last Wish. Alignments slipped and shifted to untested combinatorials. Symbols fit to Patterns of Protection, burning pure against the Void's clutches. Children recited prayers ...prayers delivered to Gods yet yearning to be.

### **Rain Drops and Showers**

301

I sit with my head wrapped in my arms leaning it against the wall as it pours gently down in echoes... streaming away the hyperness ... and I'm just a quiet little bit of creation ... feeling the water drip, drop, drip, after drop.

I used to go crazy... Why is it so hard to grasp the Sight of Right Direction? They would not even consider the question of what path they were on, or where their strategy leads. Obviously we must transcend our inability to describe who we are and what we wish for.

It's not about planning out the details of a narrow dogma... Just think your ideas through to where they might end up, with and without - **Shadow** effects. Talk about these interesting studies you are doing and earnestly seek to draw others into the search for a pattern of Action. Ideas that will grab enough of people's imagination to fire their spirit.

Once you decide the goals that fit into The Nature of Things, right intent clicks together and magic is freed up. Then problems reduce, honesty expands wellbeing and the sight of Right Direction is possible. It was almost too late when they agreed to find the Sacred places where Chosen could become like the trees, and with the trees begin to stretch their roots deeper into the land itself, To know that magic lay close at hand and wanting their nourishing touch ... to sustain each to the other and to preserve the Long View.

People need the Vision. And foolishly we kept them from even looking for direction. Now, Straw Men stand, blazing signal fires - a clarion calling forth the Many Chosen, those who know their roles. Earth people gathering, unified in large enough numbers to occupy the places most in need ... places that begin The Healing: Sacrifice done in love along the Ley Lines, connecting from one Sanctuary to the next. Until there arises a new web of understanding, of mutual aid, Gaia Self-Defense, love for our sister creatures, and simple joy in learning new ways of Green Survival.

Now, we shall never forget that Magic must be used for good: The restoration of the Earth and of all Creation.

For if the Magic is not used or not wisely employed then surely shall it be put to Evil. That is the responsibility of our Gift... the price we pay for being human of Elvish origins.

Jarred slept with an empty feeling annoying his desire for rest and escape.

He knew the answer to that pestering query: **'What is the price, fool.'**

To give up something so perfect... To set free something you would give anything to keep... the same forever... Not just one to lose either, but several.

Not unhappy with such narrow choices, Gods! The nagging, biting reminders that pulled - gnawing incessantly - a nightmare interference that he wanted to shriek back at.

302

Brione's voice barely echoed through to his frenzied dreams. But she was there: calming and seeking to help ...anticipating. Love gripped him as she whispered:

"I am so proud to have known you, Jarred. We are so lucky to have had this opportunity - for us all to be the very fulcrum of the world's destiny.

We are channeling the vortex of all these wishes. The Chosen are choosing...

Thank you so much for being a friend to my friends when I can't be there. Fare thee well General Smith... or is that Mayor Kalishnikov?

All my blessings on your Love for my dear comrade, Hazel.

'...*We await his ...coming,*' sniped off as Jarred turned over in his sleep.

'Hazel ...Bri'...He thought... 'I didn't want to be separated from her...

I don't want to...'

The Trees' great wishes held and he drifted off, cuddled in her warm basking charms.

...Hoping the militia troops were all right... And Harrison a friend he could trust.

**Around the world... the last traces of Fear began to lose their hold.**

Those 'big fears' served no useful purpose any longer and without them Terror might fade as well. People were as ready as they would ever be and besides that they had...

The sweet smell of Nature's offerings. And they replaced their wounds with that as the calling of ancient magic entered many a breath. Taynaka stirred - a will like anger - and the Earth's wish rose up from deep within Her planet's consciousness.

And then did Elves move through the Night of Limbo ...structures raised up in necessary places. The landscape became a Testament to Human-ELF origins ...like trees worshipping the skies and stars.

Women everywhere heard the Songs of the Martyrs. Hermaytha sang of her life as an Elf Princess - identified with the song birds of ancient times. Her seducer, Barren-lok the

303

once great Power of the Tundra, he loosed his madness when she refused to tie her Spirit to his glory ...murdered on the eve of Lorien's bargain with Chaos.

Persephone: Daughter of the Thunderbolt and the Staff of Ripe Grains, taken and held captive against her will, forced into unjust bargains.

Lot's Daughters (Genesis 19:8), The First of the Twos, raped and murdered by an angry crowd to save the dark **shadows** of two fallen angels: the Nehbiyan.

The Wife of Levites (Judges 19), her sorrow and disrespect.

Cloelia and the Mother of the Macabees, slaughtered through treachery in battle. Scotia's glory for her homelands. Cleopatra's cleverness, the many at Massada. ...The Burning Times ...and Joan of Arc. She forced to fight on, by men who sought only to further use her spirit... and burned at the stake by Priests of her own land.

The many martyrs of Stalingrad and Hiroshima, and Anne Frank, La Passionaria, marchers in Selma, Black Panthers, Weather-Women, Independentistas... Karen Silkwood, Petra Kelly ...and Lady Dianna. All killed by the Watchers we ourselves unwarded. The gay-sorrow of women killed in Ireland in 1999 (killed for Peace's claims) and the hungry imprints of the ancient land. Fresh songs of this the Year of Trinities: Kimba Owlsight, Katia, Aung San Sun Kyl still embracing her 1991 Nobel Prize, the many suicide bombers fighting remnants of the Empire in the Middle East ...Madrone and Bri.

Wishes filled chances and they knew: Martyrs feel no pain. Their trauma, however, seeks out our conscience lighting the fuse ...creating passion for the brave.

Paralysis unlocked ...many rose from their beds to pack food and drink... tokens and faith. It was a good day to pie... Or I mean to die.

Other women sought understanding in shares, waking their partners or their children... hastily, with revelations and plans... for the morning.

\*\*\*\*\*

304

Ripples sliding slick through dark worlds consumed themselves and maneuvered... the silent flap of leathery wings. The shadowy beast announced its perch above the stone slab. It found pleasure at the desperate woman feeling her own terrors and the pain radiating from where no hand of human could long endure. The Elf revulsed at the

Beast's perversion and Anaya's spirit extended protective healing around them as cold pools of mad hate glared down.

...Pleasant shock waves bathed Miya as a lightness of being sparkled. Words cascaded: "Oh Wight of the Nebyakin - did you come to help undo this mess of yours... If not... then come let us enjoy these last hours of your false glory.

**The Shadow said:** "I grant you your victories, but it only adds to the power I alone shall soon command...

Oh I shall enjoy consuming them... and your discomfort.

The Goddess laughed: "Oh poor, poor **Nebya** ... or is it Barren-lok or Mosses ... maybe Hitler ... Nixon, Bush ... or Daniel? Is it ... I see, you've come no doubt, to spy or joust.

For you are scared now **Shadow**, aren't you?

Illusion falters - I say. Today your Gray Lines - your treasured Web was sundered utterly. Every bridge in the world was destroyed. Nothing of your power to spread greed will ever be the same.

The **Shadow** howled caught in the truth as the Elf-Symbols of Lorien seared him like the cold voids of Darnovoi would pain a human. He called on his dark homeland then, and felt the odd lacking there.

"Now, My Lines of Ley - the healing connections - return to duty, lighting up... following Imprints. They draw hopeful wishes of action and local defense together toward your banishment - and the tasks of renewal."

**Shadow** feinting derision, scoffed:

**"Trifles... Mere toys to dazzle..."**

305

**Where's the power?"**

"I think not oh evil one. The powers of these lines spread deep, past fault lines into Earth's Heart and Judgments. They extend through the minds and hearts and the conscious actions of all creatures.

Stay and risk more torment... will you? "

The Ravens quit their scratching and cawed once as they jumped flapping into the low hanging tree branch.

Ghosts appeared of women dead this day defending their dreams which were now Tanyaka's too ...and these entered into Miya.

Tortured: A whole week now nailed to this cold stone slab. Miya felt barely alive ...barely human or anything. All hope and life drawn out painfully, despite her resolve. She couldn't remember who she was. But she felt the force of the ghosts' offerings and this almost ghost of a Forest Defender opened to these who came now from across the edge.

Sunken eye sockets in an emaciated but still young face, brightened just a bit. New strength flowed through the veil of her weakened spirit... Young destinies planted firmly in whatever would happen.

She wanted to give some to the Elf and she focused intently on that intersection where her hand, the Elf Root, the stone slab and the blackened Crystal Spire, all met. The place of power and unavoidable tragedies where all spells and wishes hinged.

For days Miya had stared at that slender shaft of glassy crystal: Sometimes smoky, sometimes dark and dead. Cold fire radiated within it and reflected nothing at all. It had yielded her no secrets, but now, for some reason, she thought and said aloud:

**"I understand it all now! Anaya... Lorien."**

And as the Power flared inside Miya to Anaya, the Rocks and the Airs fortified.

The **Shadow** moved in closer and said: Stop this!

'Cneth - Stanen - Zel.' Tell me woman what you know."

306

Anaya remained calm, taking from Miya and reinforcing the aura of protection about her. Her image flickered from that of the shriveled root pulsating green and golden, to the Elf sitting serenely in her lotus pose... defiant.

The **Nebyakin** noticed this display with surprise as just then the Ravens launched themselves downward, streaking to where the **Shadow** touched the Earth. So certain was their wish that perished along with the ghosts, that the beast drew back at their wrath and that of all species. Pure ocean wind struck him against the aura of Anaya. Off balance and stung by the Elfish Forest Keeper's protective charm, Nebya moved to leave and shifted to a new position. He touched the pattern, which Anaya had instructed the birds to shape, so carefully and unnoticed in the dirt.

Golden flames licked out instantly from the ley lines, crossing that spot. Symbols of rest and resignation trapped the **Shadow** as it howled again... A lonely Wolf-Wraith's banshee wailing with no one to listen.

Lorien stood on a nearby rise and chided **Nebya**:

"You shall remain here now ancient one, and not trouble my friends and allies. The Earth allows no one to trespass the Future - and new wisdom will soon guard what is truly precious to life - for as long as we believe in it."

The **Shadow** laughed unconvincingly and with little punch left:

**"I can wait for the Prince of Terror to satisfy me ...but you do tempt me Sweet Goddess. I feel you weakening, spreading yourself too thin and hoping I would not notice."**

Then it sneered through revenge as it drew on its many dark powers and... Far away a suspended wish let loose.

Helium compressed amid Star Radiation as the thermo-nuclear chain reaction sped up... atomic energy torn free. A great S-shaped explosion of hot gasses and a great burst of radiation waves left the Sun's surface, minutes ticking down. Erol stirred in startlement, but he could only alert Lorien to the dangers... and the solution: A way out, at a price.

A team of computer experts...mostly twenty year old hackers, sent the last batch of sequenced, code-breaking commands. They penetrated deeply into military and

307

government computers worldwide. Viruses moved, freezing the system, keeping it open and unresponsive... on-line and vulnerable.

**Nebya** smiled to himself and watched Lorien standing, now as Hazel atop a rapidly rising rock pinnacle.

The searing heat and the atomic energy of the giant sunspot rocketed toward Earth as she raised her lithe arms up to the sky. She released her own Wildryns as spells of change spreading out from her fingertips. ...And then directed the unwarding of Wintry Wishes.

Somewhere, out on another rocky peak... a carven staff hums softly.

Death flying faster than light approached the thin covering of Lorien's Shield. But the Sun's out-pouring diminished as the Ice Queen shimmered across Polar Skies... dealing bargains and some moderation.

Taoune de Fleur and her sister Taoune 'Laki (the Ice and Snow Goddesses) reluctantly sent their fog and snow storms into the upper atmosphere and into the path of destruction. They along with the Sun God Erol had been uncertain allies of the **Shadow**. Erol had feared the Elves' plan to sacrifice all of the Gods until they explained that it included only the Gods on Earth.

The Taounes had little to fear because they were only minor Powers and several of these were spared for purposes in a future time.

The **Nebyakin's** fiery death storm altered, transformed into a colorful light display and a powerful electromagnetic pulse. A surge into Earth's atmosphere destroying satellites,

disabling airplanes and havoc wrecked almost every electrical device on the planet's surface... and some deep below.

Computers self-destructed, and most cars, busses, water pumps, phones and ships never functioned well again. Delicate circuitry, fried microchips, programs... all gone...

Peacefully too, for the most part, as few creatures died in the immediate aftermath.

The Eyes of Lorien spoke forth from Hazel's visage, strong icy breezes held her hair back as ice built up on the sides of her pinnacle.

308

"Humanity discards its sadness now! Life slows down to its more natural and moderate pace. The gray lines of the beast are totally thrown down, as great bonfires of semitrucks still burn and glow red-hot on the few bridges not yet wholly destroyed. Satellites and rail lines have disappeared. Tunnels no longer violate the mountains. The dark scars of the great mines are closing, never to suck life from the sacred depths again.

Soon the rivers will all run free, wild ...People begin to live in awe of something greater than their own foolish glory... A new mission to care for Nature ensues. Meat and metal fall out of fashion.

Thunder rose booming and rhythms beat to her last words:

The gods are going now and a new time dawns with new challenges. There is no truth that lives long above the sanctity of all Life - of all living things. Find in your hearts the Truth that lives for All.

### **MARK MY WORDS:**

These Commandments that I present to you can hold the fabric of a 'fresh born world' united.

Inform you of their meaning:

I. Wish no harm to any living thing.

II. Intend the Common Good in all pursuits.

III. Sow love between as many neighbors as possible.

IV. Love the Land above all else, take from it wisely, and heal the scars.

V. Foul not your Waters, except with the Blood of Defense.

VI. Show children the best in all things and how to know the Forest - your Ancestral Womb.

VII. Build lives, which honor the Gods and Goddesses and leave not the Martyrs to die in vain.

309

The Triple Goddess shook off the swarming cold and returned to her sleeping body in the arms of a true friend - a man.

And so another **Shadow** grid fell from the Heavens. Gone were the satellites and the communications of commerce and industry. Gone were vain barriers keeping people apart, a noisy dangerous interference silenced.

A new Nature of Things began. People slept better and many could now hear and feel the Elves' messages and the Commandments of Earth. They would travel less and slower, and they would speak face to face more often... practice their hand-writing and forget about TV.

The force of that EMP wave spread out far and wide. Sasha saw it flashing through Eald as it struck the four ships out at sea. Forty miles out from Uresa Bay, two Naval vessels and a couple Coast Guard ships were dead in the water. Navigation ceased, radios only buzzed, it took hours simply to reconfigure the smaller craft to run manually so they could tow the larger ships.

Those wild-winds blew from all directions - beyond Brione's or anythings' control.

Crew-men stayed much too busy to worry about their strange feelings, but the soldiers

on board witnessed the colors in the sky, patterns just before the ships went dead. Rumors escalated in their way, stories of witches and pagan ceremonies... human sacrifice. The latter, in particular, brought on as many smiles as it did shivers. Despite the rumors and the situation many felt a change in themselves or something... Truth easier to trust, as lies increased their yield of discomfort. The task force held their course, staying in position as best they could. Wishes for calm, for better weather... thanks too for their lives. At least that was the way many saw it... Thanks that the amphibious assault and bombardment were delayed. Scattered around from sheds, to workshops, tents and trailers, tinker-whizzes, and 'oldtimers' ... even a few newly converted tech-heads, began repairs on... certain devices, mostly radios and trucks. Innovating gadgets and finding simple solutions of low-tech mastery. Some human vices and trickery would take a long time to assuage. Down from hillsides, and out of canyon mouths people moved.

310

The prayers of good neighbors made themselves felt, commandments sunk in easy to express. Friends wishing luck - buckets of luck - and they knew that now they might win through to various stages of awareness, security and trust.

People cared again.

They came down toward the shore or stopped at the watchfires. They came with baskets and bundles, dogs and children ... even a few goats that still needed milking. It's true, some knew uncertainty and lacked a warrior's confidence - when they even bothered to think about it, but today they shared a commonality: their wishes were all for defense of the land - not their land - though it was their home - but defense of the rights of this ravaged land to heal and receive wise-stewardship for a change.

Wills shone brightly as they came up to the folks who had stood guard through the night. Wood and food found needs as did tired workers find relief. Eyes watched the skies wondering who or what would come next...

People set up positions and drew out their own lines, linking brother to sister to friends and parents. Lines of Defense established: lines that none might pass in harm's way. Fires burned fiercely, whipped by wind howls... strange... and colder than usual. A fresh sweetness belonged to the air that all began to cherish.

So close to awareness for so long... Or had the masses been waiting until just this moment of dire needs. Close enough now and minds opened - controlling crazy patterns in the lightning and the full awareness of the Second Stage of the Wish awoke. The Chosen became two million, eight-hundred and eighty thousand strong... and caring. Magic leaped from one to the next as all the days events sunk home to the many: The wish of more aid, complete.

Words throbbed in a continuous chorus:

"We accept mistakes; We accept Death's Cause; We offer Life; Dissolve together the false symbols of Domination and Confused Technology; Worship with Beauty in changing Diversity.

Pain struck back from the last wish as it collided with all the terrors, humans had inflicted on so many animals and sacred places. No few of the Chosen and some innocent along with many **shadows**, could not endure the painful guilt of this truth... And they perished. Some people let go, and became the cry of the trapped; the yelp of babies, pups, and chicks torn from their mothers; and the Dolphins stuck in a net... pulling tighter. They listened to these sounds and they found a pattern, like music, that inspired and warned.

311

Visions came lastly of all those who had suffered in defense of the wild and her creatures. People rotting in prison, desperadoes on the run, mink farms liberated, and

fires on Vail Mountain.

And the slow gnawing torture of those few, sensitive humans who knew something of what these animals endured and who had no outlet for their difficult Rage.

Offerings... Small, colored, cloth strips tied, hanging from the trees.

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Sasha left camp without packing up. The horse followed along behind her friend, not sure just what to do... or why he didn't find her some grain. Trotska had been listening to Sasha - in between chomps - and ever since they had made the first connection.

'It all sounded like Rhymes: Fear into Love into Truth; yielding: gentleness, courage and insight. Luck follows Chance into Magic...'

'Wizerdds,' thought the horse as it sneezed hard sending moisture flying toward Sasha.

"And no sense a'tall."

She caught up to her friend and nudged him pretty hard with her large head. A strong leg made hoof marks on the ground.

Sasha turned knowing the source and thought about wishing the horse permanently out of his thoughts

"Literally, that would be dangerous or draining at the very least." He said, though the horse stood simply chewing and pondering whether Sasha could do anything right ...

'Oh yea, doubts lead to... and to.'

Trotska threw back her head a little and Sasha reached out his hand. He touched the horse, patting its neck and then rubbing over above her nose, where she was used to him... and liked it too.

312

He whispered calmly with no intent:

"I guess... a little ride couldn't hurt. We're almost there..."

The horse thought: 'There's something about you today, boy. I don't know if I like, but it reminds me of my origins... Generations back:

*Flocks of geese clouding the afternoon sun, hovering and careening out over vast steppes...*

*The thundering charge of a thousand hooves. The smell of victory, blood, and sweat...* I smell that

about you, young Wizard. I'll never regret one single moment of...' And then... 'Oh.

Excuse me sonny, there is green grass and clover in the shade. There... right yonder.'

Sasha smiled as he came over to mount up... Footprints almost scorching the damp herb, hissing at the dew... Colored phantoms rising and tiny rainbows sanctifying.

The Ley Lines continued to guide them as they walked along and up the ridge. A last meadow greeted their pleasurable company as they passed through and over a small stream near the towering rocks.

Rock terraces and fractured columns loomed over them in arching shadows. They weren't sure, but they seemed to find themselves entering a tunnel... A tunnel of chilled air that inexorably tightened around them.

Longings? No. Distraction mattered not a wit. Nothing stood in his way, not on this day. He had the power and it was the time. But he could feel the **Shadow**, so willing to test his final moment and hidden wishes: Never a chance of mercy.

The horse and the young man ignored all this. Except, Sasha could feel again the plight of all of those he would never reach.

The lone bell sounded: **Donngg!** The horse stopped.

313

His feet touched the ground and sent him onward to the opening that beckoned to him.

He did feel Trotska wanting him back... to ride some more, another day. But Sasha gave only a quick glance and the nod of his head.

A threshold passed beneath his boots as he stepped into **The Time of Dooms**.

... Rapture unfolded.

Darker grew the mad clouds feeding the powers of the obsessed. Dawn struggled to break through as mindful winds swiped at the flames of Straw Men. Embers of burning wood skeletons that Wisps thought to steal away for spreading greater fire and calamity. But... just as the brave people stayed put - their doubts unfelt - the Flames resisted those currents. Vigilant keepers kept close watch on the madness and warded... even stray sparks... and lost souls.

More came... People gathered to defend land and homes. And for many, just to see more. Lots more of this new world that they had only dreamed of... though actually it did look kind of like what they had just voted for... Well... they all understood how they would have to wait, work hard, ... and most of all be patient and stick together. For this morning and the day that greeted them were strange and hopefully worse than they had to look forward to.

Too many feelings twisted together. Two worlds, two futures, overlapped in chaos and mad uncertainties. Skeletons danced out of their graves: hunger flashing sharp blades as gruesome ugliness swept into open minds... expecting that, Not! ...But the other world: flowers growing trust between neighbors, a broad willingness to endure for the future and for those who might still like to be born... and not born into a violent wasteland either.

When they held the one vision people felt at ease and only wanted something very simple, like to dance with the trees... and let the skeletons be.

A rooster crowed and birds sang in mixed joys and mournings. It was another day and if not quite like most... It would unfold and it would end. So, they waited...

Aire wondered if Taryn would ever get back with the message and the confirmations, maybe even a radio or some fruit. He felt just like all the others around him: another day and it would pass. It would pass...

314

The moon would rise... if it could.

A newcomer with a gruff attitude walked right up to him and said in his face:

"So's, what kind of government you trying to make, Sonny? Are you a damn Socialista?"

Aire looked over at the nearest security, but answered proudly:

"What kind of government? Government is like lawyers: the more of them, the more sign of twisted problems and lack of consensus.

Have you ever been to Nicaragua since the second revolution, or Venezuela?

Or anywhere poor and rural... there isn't any government that you can see. Usually, people get together and volunteer to fix what really needs fixing.

We may vote on a few priorities, but there isn't really any point or a purpose for having a government. We'll redistribute a lot of land and housing, set things up equitably, and then people will take care of most issues locally. Mutual aid and a focus on basic needs does away with the need for bureaucracy and a legal system."

"What? No law and order..." Yelled the geezer, though with a bit less vigor.

Aire was ready and drew himself up:

"We will uphold and enforce the law very severely; however there won't be any drug laws, or many cars, no licenses, few regulations except on pollution and logging... And probably no taxes, so we don't expect to have regular courts or any jails. Problem folks can either serve in the defense forces or go out to the far away, land restoration camps."

"Shit, I never..." and the man walked away still muttering:

"...The likes of these kids..."

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Across a high ridge, soldiers fought and struggled with thick steel cables. Fingers grew cold, numbing as the temperature dropped. A roaring noise took their attentions away

315

momentarily from their work as a helicopter landed near the roadway where the bridge entrance used to be.

Recently battlefield-commissioned, Captain Rod Tillman looked up through windblown rain, easily threatening with snow. He wondered how a chopper could be up and running. And what kind of a fool would have the nerve or the authority to be flying around what with the visibility near zero and the gusty winds in the canyon.

Shook his head, he did, and looked back at his muddy crew.

He said: "That will have to do. Put another safety clamp on the fat part."

A pause for a question on his engineer Dave's face, as he pointed and said:

"Yeah, right there will do. Make it extra tight and check the others too. Say a prayer or make a symbol, whatever, just hurry up." He wiped his face with a rag and looked over at the figure approaching him through the thickening sleet.

Harrison stopped near the landing where the men had worked tirelessly through out the night. He thought about commitments, and how much he could keep asking of the militia. He hoped and believed that the dedicated spirit of élan and cooperation would last for days, years, or at least through the winter.

Everything felt right in Haymarket, but he wasn't sure how other areas were coping. He hoped the stranded refugees had something.

He kept trying to just think about all the jobs he had to do... and nothing else. Smile as much as possible...try and be helpful.

He did feel relieved that they has secured all of the dams upriver in case they needed to blow them up, but with these early rains and snow on the mountains it looked like they were safe for many months at least from more ground attacks or refugees floods. And they had plenty of anti-aircraft missiles to go around, if they still worked that is.

He looked to the East, but as yet still no sign of the Sun, and no let up in the weather. A firm gust whipped up a piece of plywood and almost sailed it his way. He wished all that he had, to his friends on the coast, and that he was coming... Gods just be safe and brave.

He grabbed a young soldier running by him and sent him off for the heavy canvas tarps and a few loads of gravel. The landing area needed some work, the sleet making everything treacherous.

316

Crossing through the mud to where Rodman worked he thought about his trusted friend with a mystery past.

'From the look of him: mud and greasy, I must have picked the right guy for this wack-o job. Yeah, he's a leader, like himself who liked to get dirty: Crank-out the job all by yourself - if that's what it took.'

Rod wiped his face again, hoping he didn't blow frozen boogers all over his commander.

"Hi there Harrison, Sir..." and he reached out his hand, but Harrison stepped forward and grabbed him in a big bear hug. They both patted backs with big arms and Rod held back his sneeze.

He stood back looking at the mud all over Harrison now and said:

"Well I should of known... It had to be you..." the rain let up to just a few snowflakes and the wind quieted, momentarily.

"Flying in this storm!"

"It's damned important, is what it is. I knew I could trust you but I just wanted to come and to help if I could. I'll take one of the smaller canons over by chopper to the new firing position on Ridge # 7.

Hey, how goes it there?"

Rodman looked back at the men working. One soldier waved back and Rod blew a loud whistle hard one time. He strained to see across the rising flood of the river to the other

bank, but it was impossible to tell. A faint whistle returned across to them and they thought they could see a red light, flashed twice, from the other side where the cable led.

"We're ready to find out if this will work. Want to help pull a cannon?"

Harrison said: "Sure," and he squeezed his arm as they headed over to the rope.

"Excuse me Sir," said Rod,

"If you don't mind me asking: how will we move them once we get them over here... If, we get them over. I've got one truck running... maybe. Everything needs parts and checking out... after that energy burst thing last night."

317

"Whoa pard'ner, " Harrison interjected before Rod used all of his energy up trying to talk in this storm: "The other choppers are all down, one crashed. I'm experimental still, but we'll have..." And snapping tarps and a torn piece of sheet metal creaking in the wind, drowned out his words.

He leaned closer and said:

"Trucks... coming! And horse wagons too."

"Like more than one?"

Harrison nodded and took the rope he was offered as he wished he had better gloves.

The first four men did most of the pulling through the pulleys, he just took up the slack for them and made ready to tie it off if they ran out of steam. They felt encouraged when the first gun made it firmly on their side. A great deal of effort, but only five more to go.

Rod said as they watched the heavy rope returning down the cable:

"We're working up a winch, but hell, we've already got strong arms, so we can do with what we got, from now on."

Gravel and canvas arrived while they struggled to get the first gun moved out of the way.

The sole truck wouldn't start.

The second cannon was halfway across when a fierce gust that seemed like it might never stop, tested their mettle and the gear. Harrison started to wrap the rope around the post as more hands came sliding through the slush to help. And just as they all brought their wills to bear on a big pull, the wind let off... And it stayed quieted for a long time.

A hint of a late dawn grew feebly in the East...Another small victory for faith against stacked odds. Just as the fourth gun landed on this side they heard a far rumbling noise, getting closer... And soon four large old trucks, commandeered from a mine, rolled around the bend. These had been commandeered from a mine pit that lay situated deep between two canyon walls where the rocks must have shielded their electronics from the solar storm. Fortunately many of their most sophisticated weapons had also been stored

318

in old mines and caves – not that they had anticipated the solar storm, but to keep them safe from thieves and un-allied militias or the feds.

With perseverance luck always comes around to those who struggle sincerely for a just cause... if you can hold out long enough.

Remember also: The Goddess helps those who help themselves – the magic feeds on the efforts and sacrifices of real flesh and blood – bone and sinew.

### **Fill in the Gaps in your Dreams.**

Write them down and pass them all around. Share your secrets with somebody until we weave the Future - Tale of our tribes, The Art of the people to dream together, shaping an expression of a Commons for all Things. Let's wish we were the way we were meant to be: like simple, wise, careful and kind without even thinking about it. Practice and Preach. You know you are getting close - or so the Elves would say - when every aspect of Nature's Elements meld their edges into a place you feel at home in... and you can be carefree, sometimes at least, and move in the world as a child without conclusions always begging ahead.

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He tried to get more comfortable on the ground where he slept next to Hazel. Two voices and his conscience... warned at him. One sounded awfully similar to a pesky mosquito: 'Think only good thoughts... bzzzzzwyuuuu...' and softly... 'Be their Rock of Solace and dependability - the one normal thing in their inconstant lives.'

A long, lazy whoosh of wind bent the tree tops around them. 'Past fear... only illusions to fight... Some are friends.'

319

The wind died out. An eerie morning peace found them rested and loath to move quickly. He stretched his legs under the covers and pushed himself up on one elbow to check on Hazel who seemed to still be snoring just barely audibly...

Alarmed he heard the horses neighing frightened... a rustling, as branches snapped and a huge dark shape moved heavy in the brush.

Jarred saw Sage swinging the rifle around and sighting.

Massive shinny eyes glimmered down at him, only a few yards away.

*'Illusion ... friends... wishes of aid...'*

"WAIT!" Yelled Jarred as he threw out his arm, fingers spread wide, trying to block Sage's view.

**"Stop!"**

"Its only... Bear."

He let out a strangled breath as... seabirds and sparrows streamed overhead, a winged deluge, fleeing another darker flood. Driven... like the other animals to flight or fight.

Heralds and... Sage looked like she held her breath as they looked at each other.

The moment of decision passed.

Jarred looked at Bear, his eyes adjusting now to the dim light. He saw the image withdraw a few feet and settle down... But that feeling of Chosen Power, invincible and old as the 'struggle for survival,' hung clearly before his face where the eyes still glowered.

Drops: fat heavy raindrops, fell, blowing through high branches... rattling down on a tin plate... tick, tick... tap.

'Was it a challenge... To what, a warning message... A trick?'

Who was the Bear? And for some reason memories of Russian stories about the Leshy stuck in his mind.

320

Sage looked like they shared the same thoughts. One eye on the bear, she shouldered her rifle and with a nod from Jarred busied herself with a quick packing of their supplies and gear.

The Eald Barrier and the Tree Spirits' wards vanished. All forces rose up toward the hilltop. You could feel it: like waking up from a dream and you're not sure which was stranger: the dream state or that initial in-between place.

Hazel wouldn't wake up, so he started dragging her over closer to the tree and out of the rain that had begun to puddle around the camp. Sage looked over at him as he thought he heard:

**"I have come for her"**

It sounded kind of like Sasha's voice, only deeper, but something also reminded him of the Elf.

Sage cleared her throat and said to a sleepy-eyed Jarred, who looked trapped by decisions he wouldn't make:

"Shouldn't we scare it off or something... The horses?"

Jarred sat against the tree with Hazel across his lap. Morning light started to make a stronger appearance as an enormous Barn Owl, landed as if in slow motion on a branch above where Bear sat.

A round white face swiveled from Sage around to Jarred and back down, scowling maybe, at Bear who only grunted like he was anxious to be off.

"What did you say, Sage," he asked as he thought about the Powers they had called on last night, the symbols still faintly glowing under Hazel's temples.

Sage shoved the last few things into the smaller pack, as she looked at him like she didn't know which of them was more lost:

"The Bear..."

And she had to look again at that magnificent and almost haughty presence that seemed to be so... so, un-human, yet a vibrant self-assurance. This great creature of the wild was a power unto itself: solid unmovable ...kind of like Jarred, she thought.

321

"Shouldn't we scare it off... Or..."

"No. Leave it..." He said as he looked down at Hazel and saw the vision of Owl flying toward... Hazel or something like Hazel.

"Leave them be Sage. The horses are calm now, just come over here and stay dry..."

I don't know what to do Sage..."

She shrugged and lugged the rest of their gear over by him and Hazel. They rested with the tarp covering them. Sage cut some cheese and bread.

She watched the animals watching them, as Jarred stroked Hazel's hair and then bent down to kiss her forehead.

The food was welcome, nerves quieted in an empty stomach, and he drank down the cold leftover tea. He tried to think only good thoughts, trying to reach out to Hazel and to their new visitors. He felt an itch on his neck and cursed off-handedly, "Dammit! Another bite."

He rubbed the point where Mosquito had drawn blood.

'I'll always be there Hazel,' he swore to himself and anyone else listening... 'Illusion?'

It was too much, he really had to just go with the flow, relax and trust the wishes that were already loose. Soothing sounds of the rain in the forest - the pitter patter and Winter's touch, the feel of the bark where his head rested... Alone, they were, out on the sliver of an edge, one that would surely rise higher. He stopped the vision... Or was it Bear?

Feelings and even illusion no longer a threat... Guardians of the Path. Only contrasts reflected back at him from where they had come from and where they were being led. Contradictions so rife he reckoned it far easier - and safer, maybe - to simply accept it all. Let events unravel as they would or - would not.

Sage's hand rested on his arm as relief took him fully. Like the view from a mountain top; the edge of the ocean - that sense of well-being that even if it proved to be illusion,

322

was sustaining enough in the moment to get you over a hump... out of a rut. Good thoughts led to the good feelings that bubbled up inside of him and he didn't even want to analyze or digest them. Just to be - the foam bubbling in a fountain's surge - that tingly rush of a Lover's flush - touching her partner... exhilarating and aimed precisely as only one who knew your tight kernel of identity so well ... like she did.

Like Hazel knew him...

Sage must have felt it too... though it pulled at her differently - her emotions held closer to her chest and already beyond concern... She did wonder about him, but she felt the same effects and looked him straight in the eye...

Strong resolve, anxious but not impatient - like Bear, he thought. And his eyes looked through her, right into Owl and with no searching, no questions that really needed answers... Nothing left considering, no clouds... hard kernels of truth and love - all meant to be... And waiting on him...

The Owl rose and stretched her wings, Bear moved off a little ways to the East. ...Patterns fit into one. The horses came around the tree, un-tethered and without questions either.

He propped Hazel against the pack and said to Sage as he stood up:

"You know the way, the maps?"

She nodded and giving him a rare smile, pointed toward where Bear had gone:

"It's not far at all, if nothing hinders us."

She secured her pant cuff with the Velcro and tightened up the strap on the pack.

Together they managed to arrange Hazel atop the saddle, leaning her forward to rest on a pack with the tarp kind of wrapped around her.

With a last look around the camp, Sage mounted up. Jarred entered the brush, leading Hazel's horse in the direction they had decided made sense. The horse seemed to walk extra careful, aware of its burden. A sharp eye on their rear, Sage followed.

Old habits she trusted to.

323

Owl swept by silently, gliding just above the horse's head and out past Bear who stood up once to look back and then continued on his way.

Peace followed them too and no illusion. Gusts still blew at times mostly far from them and the rain followed, but never quite caught up again. It looked clear over by the coast, though a few dark clouds still threatened - their madness if not their moisture already dissipated.

It should have been a miserable hike, but they were used to worse.

324

## CHAPTER ELEVEN: Welcome Armageddon

### Intransigence

**Intransigence is a necessary response to an unavoidable threat** - to having a clear conscience. Yet even magic comes undone in the world we face ... a world where symbols lack meaning and all Powers fade. In a society with no memory, where is the value in meaning... where is the reference point or the lesson to anything?

The commoditization of our existence, eats up even the many martyrs. The 'no-magic' of 'no-symbols.' And behold, words fail us, full of minds, so very confused. Without meaningful words there is no democratic potential. Lacking that, there is only Revolutionary Action or... despair.

**Choose quickly while choice still has meaning.**

Sasha tried to move forward, wishing hard at his legs to work. But as soon as one of his feet left the ground, he would feel a rush of giddy disorientation and then a force, brutal in its insistence, yet not wholly opposed. His legs pulled him down on his knees. The ground felt like ice and something bumped his stomach and plastered, uncomfortably against the inside of his back.

As the wish started to form, a gnawing pain tore at him again, so he stopped and considered why he couldn't connect to anything... or reach anyone. He needed to move forward. And then he remembered his wishes: That nothing hold me back from the Earth and Anaya; That I trust my friends as the Earth; And that whatsoever restricts Eu must dissolve and The Bargain void.

325

He experienced parallel answers. From what source he couldn't say, though of a certainty, it was far away - devoid of all life... except atomic conscience. He saw himself going forward, small and humbly in trust: no blasting spells... no force at all he wished. The pain slipped away and Sasha mumbled, still working on the conundrum: Trust, Love, 'Earth Destiny,' Commitment...

Honor... and...For...

Another wish flowed up extra gentle and close to infinity until he surrendered and allowed the Earth to guide him forward. To be safe he placed his Heart inside of Jarred: the only man that he really trusted. Jarred whose non-magicalness was a special kind of protection he hoped.

He was thinking about how much better his stomach felt when thoughts of Trotska swirled weakly... and a last vision fluttered of Dave's cabin and the flowers in the meadow.

He heard the sound of snorting, as if from very far away... now a little closer but a grunting noise, low and growly muffled. Maybe...

His powers drained away to others, and absolutely even his control had left him - meek and stripped. He wasn't lucid enough to grasp the pattern of all these changes. He only knew that he was very vulnerable now, and hunted.

Possibilities narrowing extremely, 'My heart's in a good place,' he thought absently searching about for a topic, a point to pivot. And he wondered if Jarred felt the added weight.

And then he let go and clarity pulled him along, swiftly now... He knew the way. His legacy spread before him as the history of his people's long suffering endurance: Pagan wizards from the cold dark forests of Carpathia.

History and energy flowed from out of those distant, fertile hills and river deltas. A restless energy to match the broad expanses, it streamed back and forth, into the steppes of rolling hills, across vast plains and horse herds stampeding; through the forest and into the mountains and the goats and stony fields... Centuries of secret ritual... ambush and progorms; into the cities and battles in many lands; until ultimately driven across the oceans to a time of wise actions... the Last Stand against the **Ima - The Prince of Terror**: a boy without a heart or a soul.

Well, actually Sasha had billions of souls, but none to call his own. An elemental but more, he was many things and he loved them all. He had no choice in the matter any more. He didn't need one.

326

He wanted to thank Hazel. Her guidance and courage had opened him up to the needs of Nature - of Earth. Now, he could think like the animals and remember the pure wilds of ancient times. He thought of Brione, how she demonstrated the grace of our new way of being - the way most people would soon be - natural, easy going, tripping out on beauty and song.

Healing those afraid of the hard truths.

Somehow, he had learned the right lessons... and coming this far, he now gave up control of one power for a better control of his passion, emotions, and doubts. Rocks and Air encouraged and supported him. He saw a vision of the Seven Martyred Women glowing in the sky to a similar scene - halfway around the world.

Then all awareness shifted, like a giant tree falling and finally, fatally coming to its rest. His vision focused and through the strange lights emanating out from the rocks, he saw friends - anxious and trusting to his arrival. Joy and hope flashed for the briefest second, when an icy blast of bitterness and torment lashed out at him and sunk claws into his unprotected soul chamber.

The Wildryns stirred.

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Bear turned and shook his thick coat. Hard eyes stared at them, as if he might give a charge and test their resolve. Not a flinch, just sleepy chipmunk-like faces: awed innocence. Bear - the Hairy One - a quiet dawn's glow mirrored in black eyes: pools of fierce... compassion. That is what unfolded grudgingly - description escaping words,

which were no longer necessary. Jarred just held that feeling and soaked up Bear's presence.

327

A powerful presence charged with raw emotion and yet control grounded in the memories of his survival. Compassion... It was there, and Jarred felt it aimed at him. Magic pulling him in where he thought he could stay aloof.

Part of him wanted to yell: "No!" But he knew he would be like Bear. To run or to fight - Death and Compassion unfolded in a vision of torment, a Shinning Sword, and release. "Gods... It will be." He said as he dropped the horse's reins and turned to check on Hazel.

Sage's dappled horse snorted loud as she approached Jarred. He saw her eyes and like Bear they knew... 'Just like she said last night,' he thought as her eyes lowered avoiding his.

Pointing she said:

"The top of the ridge, the rocks are just ahead."

Jarred stood frozen, arm half-raised to Hazel...

He thought they should go on foot and wished her to be all right. The animal messengers called and he wanted to follow them, to trust their intent, but now he realized something else would happen.

Sage made a sign, as her horse reared up crazily, but magic no longer seemed to work: Or not Sage's.

The terrified animal whipped its head sideways and pulled the reins out of her hand. The smell of them or a warning of change gripped the horse. Its nostrils flared wide, and fore legs raked the air as it reared once more, stepped backwards and was gone, off through the brush. Sage was surprised and left sitting on the hard ground with only a slightly bruised butt. She feared that she would miss her machinegun that remained strapped to the frantic horse, heading who knew where.

Behind them they could see Eald fading away, and ahead only a murky landscape that could only be a reflection of Darnovoi... Or so they hope so, as no one had ever entered Darnovoi – the Land of the **Shadow** – and escaped.

328

Hazel's horse grew restless too. Jarred's hand touched Hazel's back and his Love opened her eyes and said:

**"I wish the Elves to die."**

Another voice came out of her and said:

"Magic shall pull from Sorcery one time, and the Nine become the New Pattern."

Shock and concern threatened to overwhelm him as Hazel slipped down off the horse's back reaching for him. Her arm slid up his back steadying herself and re-assuring him though just barely, considering.

She barely had the strength to stand, though pure stamina awaited her nearby. Sasha's anguish reached her. Time and their ability to maintain such a struggle were dwindling fast.

She knew his wishes, though not wholly their intent.

...Cries of anguish and no small anger came at her and kept her from acting:

'Why? ... Why?

How could they do this, push away from Nature, so far. Far from infinite beauty in order to erect monuments to a symbol of sickness. So many edges that it defies the universal life force and brings us to this ultimate moment: Redemption or a living hell. Extreme denial, creating dualities to multiply the edges and keep awareness out.'

Sasha's thoughts faded from her and so did some of the anger there, she thought.

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, part of her wanting badly to be close to

Jarred, to explain everything or get comfort, or to run away... Forever. She held his hands as firmly as she might and looked straight into his eyes from her heart. She saw the recognition that he trusted her still, despite her words and... what would happen. Her piercing stare held him. She said:

329

"I don't know if I wanted it this way Jarred, but listen to my words. Maybe you will find something I have missed. I trust your non-magical judgments at a time like this, but I have to do what I am here for.

All wishes have to come together now. Wishes, Trinities, Prophecies, Elements all one: one struggle, one vision, one people, one land, one pattern of Love and protection.

Love - the love of the Healers and all of us who care about the animals, the children, the future; that Love flowed into our struggle: the Rage of Youth Betrayed.

Love-Rage fit into Taynaka's wish for Simplicity and Gaia Defense.

Martyrs have re-sanctified three of the Elements and they seek now their final union.

The first Trinities merged and wishes began to work together. Our rag-tag band drew hope unto the Ley Lines. Power flowed through our conduits down from Rei-Ki Eminence. It flowed back to us from the Elves and the Earth's wish.

**Blessed are the Elves, the Forest Defenders, and the honest militia.**

We arrive, now, at the intersection of all loves, wishes, and Holy Places. And I imagine, an intersection of pain and separation - If we make it so. The Ley Lines spread out from Anaya, connecting communities, friends, imprints and hope. Sasha wished that he would trust his friends - and that gives us an edge-chance. But only if we wish true and follow it up with our actions... our bodies.

The Eight Petaled Flower claims its sacrifice as it opens to a New Pattern - my wish.

The "Eight" and the whole flower together make 'The Nine'.

Madrone holds the Earth steady in Time's folds.

Bri clears the Airs and the song of her vibration prepares all wishes for their union.

Elvish Lore, Love and Earth combine to birth the Volkentrough and, as we speak, people shine and send wards of Truth outward and to the Heavens. Truth manifests in all

330

things, no longer simply a noble cause for debate - a noble cause subject to manipulation and forgery.

It gets harder from this point on Jarred, just don't cling to me or to life. At great peril, I bring - The Two - magic and sorcery together. It will take more magic than I have to cast this spell properly, so I have no choice but to borrow from the Dark and take my chances."

She faltered for a second, but he didn't let anything distract him. He held her hands tight and just believed.

He knew without her saying it that something was missing still. That hazel had failed in her summoning of the previous night and her efforts to put it all together: That she was worried despite her rapidly growing strength.

Caution moved her legs away from her horse, until she stumbled as the cold sought at her strength. Jarred's grip on her hands kept her from falling all the way.

Her drawn, fierce face echoed the feeling he had of Hazel's right anger, building even as her presence began to pull back in preparation.

The face of his friend, the Wild Woman and the Triple Goddess, turned north and said: "Withdraw oh, Cold of Bitterness and Waste. Tempt not my anger at this time Queen Taoune 'Laki. You shall soon find new humans who know well their claws and teeth... and yours too, I'm sure.

But not yet oh Winter's Breath."

'Only hold on Hazel', he thought as he steadied her and wished her all the strength she

needed.

Hands moved with the stream of words that uttered like timeless passion from her whole body. A last wish spun clear - and out into the world before them just as the spell engaged the Brightness and the Forbidden.

331

A wish flashed from the truest piece of her combined hearts. Guided by necessity and sped with prayers to Lorien: an innocent, simple wish for the Anima Loci to return and to hold the lines steady through the tempest that began swirling overhead at that very instant. An eventuality of her own crafting... A conflagration unleashed against an illprepared world.

She looked at him as the storm without a wind flashed and began to undo all things. He saw the powerful, frightened woman covered in General Swanson's blood at the Battle of Redwing compound. The body flying through the air, willing to die to save Jarred's life, at the Ranch House. She stabbing a demon until it melted to a gory puddle. Jarred heard the Wild Woman calling and knew he must stay perfectly still in body and mind.

The 'terrible joy' spread across his face. The smile started and held, as her eyes split apart...

Souls moved with the widening eyes.

Another pair of horse hooves faded away... Owl's wings corrected their reach and Hazel's shimmering outline released the prize of all her powers.

Owl flew on above the barriers.

The feel of her fingers pulled away and he closed his eyes. Feelings of loss and resurrection in the Spring, probed him. The vision of Bear and the Huntress, shapeshifting, came on.

He knew she was gone.

332

The cold shiver opened his eyes to see, a pile of bones and cloth that lay at his feet. He turned at the sound. A sad howling and a snarl, then the shadow chill left and the four-footed one padded away, at a hard run. He admired them both: their ability to avoid unnecessary confrontation combined with the will to unleash the ancient anger of the 'old woman of the wilds'.

He paused a moment at the embedded wisdom of these friends, and maybe all women: wisdom to know the time, wisdom to spot the corner approaching... in time to face the attack. Caution...'

She wanted to wish him caution... to keep him safe, but the sacrifice was part of the spell. Besides, her powers flew far ahead on the wings of Eleleth - the Raptors' Angel of Light and Sagacity. Hazel was no more.

All thoughts of her life left and there was only the crashing gallop through the fern and brambles... Sage panting nearby.

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Sasha stumbled to his knees. The Snake's venomous fangs crushing his leg. Nearby his mother's soul writhed in agony, violated by **Shadow**. He staggered forward, dragging his leg.

The stone slab tilted mightily up from the ground. The whole rock with a large lintel on top of it towered like an obelisk - the shape of a giant 'T' with the withered root of Anaya, the Elf, holding the crumbling mass together.

333

Miya hung screaming from near the top of the 'T'. The crystal shaft impaling her hand where it touched the root and rock. Green blood dripped out from her wrist, as the force

of her weight and the sudden uplifting tore at that unholy union.  
He wanted to wish... To change the wish, but knew it was far too late to adjust now.  
He hoped Miya could hold out a moment or two longer, as he knew he must... Things  
still counting on him - team work - The All Species all-star Team.  
He knew he had made mistakes again. Everything tottered as his un-doing unfolded -  
the cost of another failure and so many lives in vain.

*'Truth can win out over illusion,'* a voice echoed from somewhere. And he wondered what  
truth he had missed. Honesty, pure intent, and compassion, consideration for others; he  
fought to hold on to these... But **Shadow** tricks filled the air too. Well-aimed thoughts of  
his birthday, today! Longing returned to haunt, of being lost in love again, one more  
time... And it being his fault the way they had stumbled on Destiny's edge... mistakes  
...Failures.

His vision flared wide, though Eald did not come to him: the terror of so much evil - the  
imminent tidal wave of gray. Lessons he couldn't shy away from - truths happening in  
the wider world around him.

Truths with their own stories to tell. Earthquakes and brutal battles; toxic poisons  
spilling, but at least few of them still being produced; disease spreading where isolation  
failed; new myths untested; and convoys of the Rich being evacuated to high security  
resorts with Saguaros and giant glass bubbles in the desert.

Powerless, but he could feel wishes and hate clashing around him. He knew with  
certainty that his wishes would fail unaided. Too much was un-warded, which their un-  
Chosen enemy, dear **Shadow** had to use back at him. He stood there, convinced that the  
whole world felt his terrors and knew him for what he was: **The Prince of Terror**. A  
terror unleashed upon a world.

334

A change too great and he the world's last hope now the Hated and **Feared One**.  
The rock slab looked down on him, reflecting his thoughts, and he felt the whole world's  
desperation and their moment of hesitation. Once conquered fears rising up from the  
exhilaration of the moment to return in little self-doubts as the new reality sunk home.  
Sasha stood his ground, beaten and tormented with failure. The snake glaring hunger  
and hateful satisfactions as it released the killing poison.

The voice came weakly, from a broken heart: Jarrel's.

*"Weave not booby-traps in your character Sasha, Erol, Niorg*

*. If you deny the evil in you, and in all actions, then you file headlong toward a light where you  
will find you lack much of your vital energy. The potential of our own natures to seek  
destructiveness, is a valuable bit of information. Leave it not behind for others to abuse in the  
darkness.*

***Forgive the Elves, Sasha."***

"Forgive me."

**IT'S NOT THE END OF THE WORLD:**

em c g d em

It's not the end of the world, but there will be some sorrow ohhh... whoa aa

335

I know you don't want to hear it, cold hard truths burning deep to your soul

em c d (fast ) c em (repeat )

Just keep saying its for love, its for love, love its for love

c d (repeat and back to melody)

Love it's for love, love love...

em c g d em

Coming down on us now, but its gonna release and set us free

It's getting brighter now, in the morning of tomorrow.

**My Petal of Your Flower**

Laugh as we sprawl on the sweet grasses, oh Faery Elf.

For who could predict our so easy entanglement.  
 The you's and I's... silent, cloud - gulls... a-floating...  
 Stillness in meditation's place. Two hearts on a wavelength,  
 Love and stones unfolding - flowers of 'no-wind.'  
 We are, indeed, a simple - happy expression,  
 twining round a common stem, dancing in the dawn  
 Dreams transfixed in satin gestures; you and I in time.  
 Seated warm before your campfire, Badlands of the dusk.  
 Sage burns to clarity; radiant beauty illuminates my fires.  
 I touch you and you tell me stories: butterflies, hummingbirds, bumble-bees.  
 Are we lucky or meant to be, finding notes to a song that always seethes.  
 To sing me a true wish that hearts agree, honest, happy ... often free.  
 We aren't fighting for social change. We're trying to sort out where we stand, amid this social disintegration.  
 A moment poised in advantage of a situation: a rotten system collapsing on itself...  
 And only each of us to protect, all that we must love.  
 \*\*\*\*\*

336

Aire pulled on Taryn's jacket sleeve, as they saw the first two ships coming out of the fog...

She looked up at him, his weary face hanging there and determined to see the day through to safety.

She said:

"People are chanting for calm and unity. Everywhere people stand up for an end to the old ways and a fresh beginning. Even up at the prison in Pelica Point, people spontaneously disarmed the prison guards and freed the inmates. Some were assigned to guard the blown-up bridges, while the more organized groups joined the march on the coast guard station where the Military Command is based. We've no recent reports on the outcome, though the initial message claimed heavy losses on both sides and heavy smoke."

Aire shrugged as if it didn't concern him, but his furrowed brow suggested otherwise. She didn't know that his son had been incarcerated there for a year for a sabotage strike that went wrong.

He asked: "Any word on the Frog Squad?"

Taryn shook her head, no. Then she returned to her efforts to reach someone, anyone on their only functioning radio. But no one answered, just the same buzzing static. She reached into her jacket pocket, looking for the frequency list, and found the apple she had brought for Aire. She began to hand it to him when a feeling of hungry bears passed by. Bears preparing for the winter, territorial instincts, and compassion shifting from here and now to cold, snowy thoughts: Safety, in the cave, and conservation, frugality. Aire took the offered fruit, and they both glimpsed the vision's shiny veneer... and almost something behind it struggling, but unafraid:

**Three White Horses... Riders in the waves and rainbow flames rising... An eye of stone, teardrops... Lips inside the eye spreading.**

Taryn asked:

"Are all **lies** illusion, is **illusion** always bad?"

The radio crackled: "zzzwwiit... krrriik a... F..ogs, clear... charlie Z... out Tomahawk 66'er... bzzzwut... ttt... Frogs clear."

337

"Shit it quit working again."

**Somewhere People Will be Free**

I had to go somewhere powerful, wherever the need was greatest. So that, however little I did, it would mean that much more and ripples would spread wide and swift. One people, one spirit, one land... one love. When some ignorant twit calls us terrorists, and the media deals that slop out as newsworthy, I just laugh. I laugh at the absurd comedy of a species that calls itself the pinnacle of God's creation - his image. I laugh at

the meaningless, shallow ‘education,’ of the loving (?) moderates, the stary-eyed liberals ... the professors and their mad assumptions. I laugh at myself!

How they could get away with such a load of backwards thinking. And how could so many swallow such jagged stupidity? A self-programming mantra of bread, circuses, and crippled awareness. Radical change or what?

Radical change is the only peaceful way, ought (!) to be bloody obvious.

Its real change or real violence we all got to wake up to... sooner or never.

So, call us Terra – ists, if you must, but at least identify boldly, those ‘other’ Greed Terror – istas, who hold the real power and this planet hostage. -- **Crystal Yarrow, Counter Media, inc.**

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Snake melted away, through its fangs, and into Sasha’s stricken shell. He didn’t care anymore... No care for failure. He only wanted to share the burdens and...

He felt friends there as he struggled again to pull the heavens down closer around them.

He pictured what had to be. Earth reached upward too. The Edge trembled, both resisting and seeking to fulfill the wish of command. Eald said its final prayers: a commitment to the Sending, irregardless of the outcome.

338

Memories swirled through his chaotic thoughts, wishes for the Air people, and the free spirits of mystery. That they find community and partnership with the good people of the Earth and all the hard working simple folk who wished for direction ... a way opening, toward a lasting peace.

A mass of **Shadows** surrounded **Nebya** as his kin sought protection. Spells split and unraveled, as Anaya’s trap dissolved. The **Nebyakin** broke free.

Wishes moved again.

**Nebya’s** furious words shook the world:

**“Goddess you can not stand in the way of Prophecy; you are undone!”**

Lorien laughed confidently, as short wings glided sure and swift toward the **Shadow**.

Her voice carried the trill-song of meadowlarks and Mockingbird’s enthusiasm. A song striving to outdo itself and the **Shadow’s** tremorred, and diminished.

Sasha’s lips moved slowly:

“I am the Prophecy and I make the rules... Nothing can stand before the Savior who ‘Rules the rules’ with Fate on his side; For he shall choose the instrument of the magic.”

He finally grasped the last act he must perform. **Shadow’s** arrogance and the blindness of narrowness enlightened him. A warm feeling of comfort and release, soothed him and Anaya took what she needed. Gentle Elven tendrils wrapped round his nervous system and Ki strands lifted out the secret of his control.

339

Hazel’s steady voice arrived, crashing through the **shadow** fragments that littered the clearing before the Altar of Earth.

The great Bear rose up on its hind legs. Arms reached high over Sasha’s prone body.

Protection and linked sacrifice strove outward, as intense pressure countered and weighed down, severely.

Chaos questioned their right to exist. Cracks splintered with the forces: Rock, crushing with heat and friction. Gravity altered, as Fate compressed all of **Darnovoi** into a single grain.

Triplicates of Hazel’s conjured Eu symbols, streamed out of Bear’s roaring blast.

Her words carried on that sound: **“Fiero, Erol, Azul... Eider Yanesh!”**

**Shadow** crossed the gap, as Bear tried to break free of the awful pressure. One hairy paw almost touched the Altar when **Shadow’s** challenge struck:

**“I claim the Savior and the Portal for the Bargain.”**

Sorcery combined with Magic, while **Shadow** coiled snake-like around the two.

Pressure subsided suddenly, and in a blink, the light around them changed – kind of

like your ears popping. Charged patterns struck the ground. The Innocent Meek, and the Forbidden became one with Elven Lore.

340

**Shadow** cringed as impossibility hammered down at them. A flat dimensioned sky split apart, and the clouds rushed together with forced realignment. Anticipation ripened as the ground shook ominously. Violent urges flashed out of that crack, making hairs and nerves stand on end. Three great lightning bolts cracked down on them.

Owl's wings spread wide. Cinders tumbled into the blasted, gaping hole where Snake, Bear, and Sasha had once stood...

Trinities revolved as the third critical mass of the Volkentrough spread through the people and changed the world. The edge of light and dark vanished.

The lock clicked... a single doorway opened.

The great stone slab, groaned and grated as it tumbled into the pit and became the Earth its destiny still trapped in Darnovoi.

They stood suspended in that shrinking space. A new pressure came at them: Time. It held, but it threatened. Existence faced abandon, as that intersection began to disintegrate.

The Edge of Sky and Earth – of Eald and 'Make-Believe' – the Edge of Obsession and the Gray Space - the Edge of Youth's Burning Rage to do something and be free of the Edge of their Elder's Insanity... Revenge sought a way out.

Hazel's Owl eyes held the distance between her and the bale-full glare of Sage's Wolf eyes. Peering down into that hole across the void, they were across from each other and yet they were down below too. The void sucked with a howling warning. Time tore at its meaning, but could not separate.

341

Below they saw themselves at two points of the compass and the Elementals: Madrone and Brione, manifested the North and the South. Violet, Blue and White flames licked up from the deep and they were walking through un-wet waters. Four pairs of intent eyes in a two dimensional world: Vision faltering at the new intersection of all edges and dimensions that opened around them.

... The dry ocean spread forever as they rushed at the spiritual dark obelisk.

Stark and un-holy it stood, alone. The 'T' cross completed with a massive Bear arm to one side and Snake's body - rigid, except for the scorched head, pointed north - to Death...

Anaya and Miya writhed in agony as Wildryns poured out of Earth's heart.

Sensations, rocked by the fierce new winds of change, scraped turmoil from their souls against distant **shadow** edges.

They heard the faint notes of a whistle as another great stream of Wildryns soared out of the void. A sound of horse hooves clapping, and abruptly their eyes were gone ...all they had was their vision.

Touch, smell and sound compressed out of all sense.

Light motes concentrated around the Altar and a shaping stood forth. Skin tones stared out pallid, against the flat light. A glowing staff quavered in the shaky hands of a man. Ghostly blue eyes held a ready intent as Miya's tortured voice scratched into their thoughts:

"Kith! Kith... go! Get away..." Terrible screams filled their heads. Green blood flowed down the Cross, standing out against the black base.

342

Kith's will hardened and he responded: "I am here Anaya, and I know the sacrifice."

Owl and Earth linked with Wolf and Sky, circling around the grim scene. Flames

reflected the faces in the stone, as **Nebya's** black lips cracked.

Dark words still holding anger:

**"I will the Portal free, Goddess of Shiny Lies.**

**You broke the Nature of Things... And now they all must die, die, die... fool."**

Time ran out with Lorien's words:

"Sorry to disappoint you, trapped demon. Almost sorry to see an old foe so smitten.

Don't you see the forces of hope, re-aligning. There's not enough fear, of **Shadows** anymore. Nothing for you to feed from pitiful beast.

You waited too long, or maybe you knew how quickly evil crassness would crumble once exposed... You knew you would fail... And so you waited hoping we would stumble into our own doom, our own pit. But they're not afraid of themselves or their **Prince** anymore.

Terrors shred away easily now that they have a vision worth fighting for. I'm quite impressed with the humans."

The last of the Wildryns flowed through the staff in Kith's hands.

343

Stretching on his tippy toes he reached the staff up to the dark crystal shaft, where Miya hung impaled. The shriveled root impressed out from the rock surface still alive.

The Anima Loci sang out for union and the ley lines spread and widened, crossing and locking into a web of safety.

Anaya's face beamed out from the stone at the center of the cross. In their minds they saw the Elf, just the way she had come to them. Sensations flooded back from that night of weeks past: the small campfire in the open meadow: the Vision of Lorien and then Anaya's appearance.

They experienced the Elf's excitement and her simple, innocent joy when she first came to their fire circle. Joy at sharing intimacy with new friends - humans. The sparkle in her green eyes, as the forest defenders grasped their role as the Chosen. Sensate memories of those bright emotions that washed over Brione's when she first accepted Anaya's presence.

They saw Elves chained to a dying Earth by iron chains become human greed.

**Shadow** threw every trick and ill wish left in the world at the Owl of Lorien.

Only words bounced back at it:

"You vastly underestimate the subtle complexities of one who patterns all of biodiversity. Missing that, you could never conceive of all my safeguards. In humble appreciation, the humans are all gods now. They carry a piece of us within their unified hearts and honor it with simplicity. The many saviors, willingly accept even death - all bargains are void."

**Shadow** sneered, but resignation took his fury and his face melted into the stone altar, mixing reluctantly with the balance.

344

All existence turned toward Kith.

Strong hands slid surely, down the Wildryn's staff and embraced the cold mystery of the this other staff: the Crystal One.

In one, smooth motion he pulled it free from the stone.

Miya's eyes went wide, dazzled in terror and fateful certainty. Tears rained, happy and sad, seeking to touch each other.

Sasha's wish squeezed under the disappearing edges and joined with Hazel's wishes.

Flames of strength in love, bound truth to sacrifice and another will sought their audience.

Time sped up again in need of resolution.

All things gathered swiftly toward the True Nature of Things: back to a time before

Chaos snuck evil into Lorien's wish that Elves might live forever. They were no more. The gap between Heaven and Earth slammed shut as Kith's arm brought the Sword of Swords - the sharp edge of Nothingness - down through the Myth of Leaders and struck warm flesh.

One word burned gaily from Miya's eyes to his.  
Her maimed body fell slowly toward him as he bent down.

345

The Final Imprint spread forcefully, tearing a part of the Ancient away from the Gods' mistakes.

Elves withered and turned to dust.

Dust motes of Earth swirled up from the Altar, now become the Tree of Life.

All things changed as that word from above them insisted so sincerely and truly at them.

Excess energy drained off from the Winds of War and sent fragments of the Elven essence, screaming warnings and good-byes.

The Portal closed as glowing dust stood the Guard Eternal.

Debts and obligations cancelled out as mutual forgiveness fashioned strong bonds.

Jarred clawed his way through the sharp edged fragments of lies and deceit. The last ball of lightning struck Bear's dim outline and a final vision of Eald knocked him senseless.

Awareness returned, in splatters, to him and he heard himself yelling:

**"Forgiveness... forgiveness..."** As he clutched the edge of a chasm that he could never comprehend.

The Missing Trinity rang for all to acknowledge...

346

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Gunshots and a booming explosion yanked him into clarity as a man walked forward carrying a bleeding woman in one arm. A battle rage...

Kith's fingers jerked, barely responding and a smoking sword that clattered to the ground.

Hollow vibrations ricocheted off the polished marble stone.

Symbols hovered above them and the Will, the Word, and the Moment etched throughout reality.

Forgiveness blossomed with the image of the Eight Petaled Flower and Jarred followed the voice calling to him in the distance.

347

## \*\*\*\*\* **BOOK IV:**

## \*\*\*\*\* **FOR LOVE OF A PLACE**

### \*\*\*\*\* **CHAPTER TWELVE:**

### \*\*\*\*\* **Beyond the Rapture**

#### **Views on Earth's Condition**

I sit here basking in a glorious sunny day. The only clouds are the turmoil in my mind. My will and desire offset the chaos of my anger and frustration. Images of our path push up from deep within me. But failing words, I find only tears. I try to

348

accept that it's normal to feel ineptness in the face of the Monster humans have created. A monster so huge it overwhelms my heart, soul, spirit, and mind. It is 'pure' destructiveness. Shame consumes sadness and I know we will never be able to vote for the Earth, we have to act!

I have a burning desire to become a catalyst towards a new revolution. A revolution that refuses to follow the rules and

regulations; morals and mores; of a society long corrupted by greed and power madness. We have to do whatever is necessary to make a revolution that is in tune with the ultimate power - the Universe. That Universe is our mother/father, brother/sister, our elders all converged as one. Follow the Law that is higher than any court or society: the law of unconditional love and the responsibility to act, beyond denial and selfishness.

I want to hold the destruction of our universe as a mirror reflecting the disgrace of the human soul. I want to hold each and every one of us accountable for that self-same destruction. I ask you to join me with your spirit and your body as we stand in the path of the Monster – the face of the ‘wrong-doers,’ - and scream our answers. I want to become a force so strong, so loud, as to make it impossible to long be ignored. I want to be that voice which speaks out for all the beauty and importance that can not ‘speak’ in our language. All life, all creation has feelings ! May my tears speak for the Waters; my rage for all that grows; my actions for all things big and small. Defend against this deadly corruption of mankind. Make a difference - a huge one.

\*\*\*\*\*

Powerful cannon shells exploded behind the crowd that gathered at the shoreline.

Explosions of danger and fear spread, but found few takers.

Harrison nodded, as he looked at his men. The heavy artillery of Haymarket Militia answered with a blast of six shells. Smoke plumes dissipated with the sound waves and great fountains of water burst up out of the water, behind the largest ship. The closest boat ran up a white flag and struck a mine. A great explosion rocked the boat, but no fires erupted.

The closest U.S. federal sailors saw a people united and they were awed with terror and yet admiration. Some soldiers saw a million angry bears. Some saw rows of Angels, filling the sky and wrapping them so tightly in love and forgiveness that they either died or thought only of surrender and union.

Some of the sailors and Marines wondered if their water or food had been spiked with LSD.

349

A cheer went up from the crowd as a second small boat raised its white flag. The Coast Guard had deserted too.

People rushed to the water and many small boats and rafts set out to rescue the men who jumped overboard toward safety or madness. A large underwater explosion lifted the stern of one of the large naval ships up and out of the water just as it fired another salvo of cannon towards the shoreline. The underwater blast tilted the ship sending the warheads wildly off target and into the sand dunes.

The damaged ship began to list dangerously and its guns silenced.

Harrison looked at Rod who gave the thumbs up again and said:

“I’ve got the range zeroed pretty close, sir.”

Harrison nodded solemnly and another six shots pounded away from the Haymarket artillery battery. A missile launched from the remaining ship, but exploded harmlessly just above the deck. Geysers spewed near the ship and three 105mm shells slammed into its bow. Fire erupted there and then another large underwater explosion ripped through the stern.

Rudders and a giant propeller wrenched totally off the ship and sank quickly to the silty mud at the bottom of the bay.

Seven wetsuit clad Frog-Men jumped at ‘high-fives,’ as a vision appeared over the waters: Kith and Miya stood with swords raised, their hair streaming behind them, as they faced the wall of **shadows** and hate.

*Jarred, Hazel, Sage, Sasha, Brione and Madrone, rode on perfect, White Stallions.*

*Hooves threw up water as the flames rose.*

*Then a blinding flash of gunfire and the sound of mighty explosions roared into the stillness of a deeper understanding.*

350

Defenders and ‘would-of-been’ invaders’ alike shined faces upward at the fading image of a severed hand and the broken sword.

They knew how close they had come to terrible mistakes, to the hesitation of the guilty.

And they vowed to hold their clear awareness, to strive diligently for peace in shared simplicity.

Silent vows stirred in many a heart: vows to all the brave martyrs, to all their Sheroes and Heroes. Some pondered heavy thoughts of how these young folk might have made great leaders, if only enough people had listened sooner.

But few wanted to dwell on the past with so much work facing them. So, they looked around at each other, at neighbors and strangers hollering exultation and sharing open hugs. They looked with confidence and they saw how many new leaders there really were...

The guns stayed silent and most of the fires burned out. The sun drifted lower in the hazy afternoon of autumn's end. Only a few smoky plumes marred the clear skies to the west as the last of the sailors found rescue. Meals found ravished bodies, and committees assumed their roles in the clean-up. The lightness of elven joy remained, though the elves no longer stood on Earth's hallowed body. An easiness touched most people and events: Joy became easily expressed in each flower's useful beauty... in all the little things in life, in simple, evident truths, in the precious chances they had nearly thrown away... Lost forever.

Truth will not be a casualty in this war. We see Nature's Way - the Tuath De Dannan rise from the Earth and hold the truth to our being. Our skills yearn to apply themselves to peace, planting seeds, and liberating our long dormant quest for union with all things. Blunt compassion gives meaning to forgiveness.

Never can we forget the martyrdom of the many species and the Elves.

Our sacrifice for life is no sacrifice at all. All things are beautiful, when the sadness releases you. Death is saddest only when you participate, blithely as a species, which puts everything to death.

351

Nothingness is death, waste is suicide, my death will become life.

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Taryn and Aire reached the high ground where Harrison and the militia still stood ready, their guns only resting. Binoculars scanned and tea was served.

Aire and Harrison stood facing each other - two haggard faces, almost blank - like strangers come across each other, lost in the woods. Their questions held back, despite strong curiosity. They could wait to share glimpses of themselves and the meaning of the vision.

Taryn jumped up into Rod's open arms and he swung her around in a tight embrace. He beamed, overjoyed at seeing her OK and looking so...well in control and still her undamaged usual self.

A stooped figure approached them in the tow of a small boy and they peered into the sun trying to tell who it might be.

Taryn swung down out of Rod's arms and looked at Harrison as she called out, "Will... You old fart, what happened to you?"

The boy let go of his arm as they reached the others and their injured friend from the search and rescue party - Strong ole Will - leaned on his single crutch, obviously a bit exhausted from the steep climb.

352

He said to Taryn and Harrison:

"Hey, you two, I just wanna know if you all seen tail of Jarred or Hazel.

They left me for dead back at this ranch... Probably chasing after that reckless Sasha!"

Aire looked at Rod and then back to Taryn, trying to piece his limited data together, in hopes of sorting out some of the who's and what's amid the relative strangers that surrounded him.

“...And how in holy hell did you get all this ordinance up here?  
Looks like Redwing gear.”

Taryn squeezed her commander’s hand and shrugged off her whimsical expression, saying:

“Oh, Will... Will, Will, Will... They’re all gone... Far, far away.

And Sasha... Well Will, we think he died saving them... Or stopping the **Shadow’s** designs.”

Several eyebrows raised on surprised faces, and she added:

“Rumors do vary considerably!”

Will shook Harrison’s hand again, as Aire said:

“She must be one of yours. From the search team...”

Harrison nodded yes and sneaked a wink at Taryn.

Pain and sorrow took Will’s hazel colored eyes. Then they brightened just a little, as he decided he needed to think this all through some more.

He said:

353

“Can’t we all go find a home-brew or some water from the new springs I’s heard of? I ain’t drinkin that damned herb tea for a spell, if I can help it.”

Eyes went around and Taryn thought it best they seek out a couple Healers first. And then, maybe... if there’s no more reports of hostilities, then, well, a round of fresh Herb-Brewskis might not be a bad remedy for sore bones... sound sleep.

Everyone in their own way, cherished memories from that battle - the Battle in Defense of Local-Democratic-Autonomy - the LDA Fight). The day most people united in Love and well-directed vision – a day of willing sacrifice.

It worked.

A happy-ferocity controlled in common modesty and knowing well the course their intent would travel.

Heaven became the future they might yet secure. Hell, the past they barely escaped.

They had tested Advantage’s Spin on Luck’s cruel edge; avoiding dead-ends and traps. Somehow fate steered through to safety... well maybe.

...Crazy auroras in the North Skies behind patterns in the lightning storms.

Many storms, and soon... Snow: deeper than usual. Snow flurries to match their frenzied activity: canning and putting up. Constant reminders of their predicament and the flux they would work within...

Some few wanted to believe the price had been paid.

354

Others knew: All Things require renewal and the Power of Action to make them real and preserving.

Vows of sanctity, throbbed to beating drums and strong hearts.

Fear, no challenge now... and maybe never like this again.

Tribal security with simple ceremonies celebrating changing seasons and cycles of life and death.

**All the people, sang the chant, as the fields of war wished abandonment:**

*Just for this season we wish for no worries*

*Just for this season we wish for no anger*

*Just for this season we wish for gratitude*

*Just for this season we wish for trust, honest work, and respect*

*In the essentials we find Unity.*

*In non-essentials we honor Liberty.*

*In all things we give-receive Charity.*

Earth’s heart seeks the humans’ in the plan of Love and Light.

Samahain has passed us through the flames of the fire festival.  
Death leads us to the New Year and we need not chase the mystery, in fear and clinging.  
Pray to Neliumbium Luten, to the Promise of Spring - the Renewal beyond the White  
Cloak.

May the Wicker Man's ashes bear the Green Man's resurrection.  
Sing the stories till Kind Brigid wakes the hidden seeds of our Lady of the Flowers:  
Blodeuwedd.

355

...Fare thee well, all creatures and kind wishes.

356

## \*\*\*\*\* CHAPTER THIRTEEN:

### \*\*\*\*\* In Honor of the Cycles

Twisted ruins of steel and concrete reached around Taryn and Gabrielle, as they sat in the shelter of the remnants of the Russo River Bridge. Down river they saw friends at their cook fires. Tarps and patchwork roofs lent some protection from the relentless rain, mixed with sleet. Taryn felt her young friend's concern for their chances of surviving the harsh winter. Hands linked instinctively, and warmth flowed to them, from the presence of emanence deep below the Earth. Strength to endure the many winters, found them and they wished:

"Earth greening where it had been disturbed; lost species re-inhabiting niches; waves of healing to wash over the 'Reefs of our Obsolete Baggage.'"

Wish waves rolled out, loudly and charmed the vibes of a desperate people.

Some looked up, startled, magically attuned to a sense of corn growing audibly on a warm summer day.

Back at the bridge ruins...

Waves of swirling colors wafted in a slight hesitation. Patterns urged back at the magical glass ring – a Gift of the Parting, they imagined - as a slender, tanned finger drew it to pursed lips. Taryn couldn't hold back her giggle, as she glanced sidelong at Gabrielle. Her friend, spaced right through the Tourmaline and Diamond embedded ring of glass. And she knew where those thoughts landed.

357

Focus went back to the patterns, as soon as, Gabrielle's thoughts left her heart.

But, Taryn saw the same feelings lingering in those brown eyes: feelings of longing, and eyes that ached for adventure. Not unlike her own, she thought. Excited miracles flashed between them, as did an almost excess of mischievous intent: that pull toward, stirring things up again to see if **shadows** still sought separation.

They both shrugged and said together:

"Should we tell them?"

Taryn squeezed her hand as she released it to search through the backpack.

Bringing out paper and pencil, she said:

"I'd like to send them a curious invitation, a dash of mystery and a hint at... your feelings."

"My feelings?" spoke an only slightly surprised Gabrielle.

"What about those private thoughts I catch you tossing toward Rod-Man's other son...?"

Taryn touched on that place, still alive in her dream visit and the one time she hiked to the old grove, alone with Trinity.

Deft hands drew pictures and some of Hazel's power symbols at the end of the invitation card.

Gabrielle sang her spirit into the words and all of the symbols as Taryn traced her finger

over them again and again.  
Words mixed into tiny imprints:  
358

## Treasured Friends of the Final Truth & The Daur

### Selva

*“Fill in the gaps in your dreams, passing pictures round. Enter the tales of your clan’s weaving... Live a common vision to cleave a path to new ways. Time in Time. Time for time.*

*I wish to seek what I can be: to know the art of lovers’ dreaming – autonomy in a tribal pattern. To be simple, and wisely careful in kind love to those we let drawn close to us. And - ‘The Land!’ Always the land first. Relating deeper with the nature of our habitat, until its wildness and needs are the same as each of ours.*

*You will know proximity to the ‘easy path’ when sharing your magic – and the calling – happen naturally and truth pulls you on.*

*Remember how no one believed people could understand why we had to do crazy actions. Eyes belied questions. Even when Brione did the platform-sit on the powerlines over the canyon – and people loved it - doubts still flooded the ley lines.*

*We got lucky with the elections... and the bridges. We never planned but a few of those. Problems solved dilemmas. We smashed the trinkets of sacrilege and addictions smashed themselves. Our dreams’ promise blossoms, to greater honor our dead friends who sustained this chance we vigilantly guard.*

### ***Come and share your first dreams of Eald.***

*If you are true and offer the same gifts to the memory of the passing of the Last Flower Woman - then Dear Souls of Our Desire: Enchantment may find you whole in your readiness, for all the secrets that your own true friends and your own desires wish to express.*

359

### **Follow the ley lines past Anaya’s Spring... We miss you.**

*Taryn and Gabrielle.*

*...Skip... lightly the wooded path. Lorien lives in each of our hearts...*

Rod-man raised his eyebrows and looked at his sixteen-year old son Trinity. The letter looked back at him and he could see Harrison’s excitement without looking. The suspicious look about his graying eyes said more about the fish he smelled than words tried:

“Well, Mr. Mayor - or Governor? - You’ve been wanting to send someone out to check on those reports.

Maybe Aire’s son could do a preliminary recon... He’s recovered from his wounds in the prison overthrow...”

Harrison glanced absently at Trinity and spoke in his well-used officialty:

“Yer son’s the one who reported hikers in the area and pilgrims at the springs who see the ghost of a giant Bear and an Owl that sees right through you until a heart threatens to pull out.”

The young man sat up straighter and quit chewing his lip as his hand’s habit brushed back along the white streak in his thick hair. Levelly he said:

“I have scouted out that area. It was just after the heavy snows in January. I didn’t see anything strange, but the neighbors seemed to be holding back... The woods stood aloof.

360

I thought they were silent, but I did hear pieces of a children’s chant.

Or, I think I did... Maybe they were only ghosts.”

Harrison pondered this and also this new world around him – a world with rules that weren't rules – and then he nodded forward and started to speak. His mouth opened, as Trinity interrupted, his whole face expressing a decidedly dangerous hopefulness...

“Is that letter really from Taryn and Gabrielle?”

He accepted the letter offered to him by Harrison by way of his Dad, Rodman.

The father and his closest living friend, rolled eyes in familiarity and laughed that deep belly laugh that either shook you or spit sweet tears. Faces reddened and Harrison looked through the windowpane. Snowflakes falling on the rock cliffs, highlighted thoughts of the times he and Madrone might of had. If only they had met sooner... or gone away... somewhere.

He shook his head, as eyes blinked away moistures. That was already, long ago and he had to move on, like the stones kept hinting to him.

Trinity looked at the Invitation that started:

***‘Chosen Friends’ and family, come Celebrate Imbolic with us and the Faery Queen: Kind Brigid. Share the feast... And bring your stories. Honor and bless our universal memories and the collective wisdom. Help us clean house and prepare for Blodeuwdd’s Spring arrival.***

***Ask that all good people make homage, offerings and well wishes at this turning of the Wheel: February 1, 07.***

Rod nudged Harrison’s arm right off his knee, and said:

361

“Come on you, ‘old vet,’ cheer up. You know, I just bet ther’s a few people – besides her - that would love to see us there.”

Trinity was all in agreement as he looked up from reading the rest of the letter.

Harrison cracked a wistful smile at the two of them and nodded, his own excitement showing through. And that tune came into his head again, setting a hum in his throat...

A melody and an opening he found easing comfortably into his mind lately: Gabriel.

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The weather turned warmer with the week. Snowmelt joined the light rain, so the streams ran high. A little taste of Spring visited some places. The North winds would soon blow cold wet snows, so few critters stirred from burrows.

Three rangy men in their favorite worn gear, moved in this landscape of green crossed by muddy ricks and rills - mud still a warning of worse yet to come.

Long strides carried them up the ridge and well placed steps sought to lessen the impact on the hidden lives they trampled upon, as they descended the other side.

They passed the springs where Anaya once lived. An earthy smell greeted them, as they sloshed through the corn snow and over the next low ridgeline. Ley lines glowed faintly to lead them down the southeasterly canyon to a small wooden bridge. The bridge’s arch just cleared the flooding stream’s waters.

A few strides beyond the far side, a slender, lone figure stood still-as-night beside a Palomino horse. They might easily have missed her, so still and soft at the edge of the great trees, but a forest path and her hand waving at them to come on over, beckoned clearly with promises of...

362

warm hellos.

Taryn left the horse and ran up to her friends.

She spread her arms as wide as her smile and gaily welcomed them all:

“Glad to see you all and may your innocence shine today, here in Oakeh Duor – the Door of the Beacon.”

Even Trinity got a quick hug before she turned back to her horse without another word. And then she walked right past the animal - with but a glance their way.

Trinity froze trying to figure out words beyond the obvious as he wondered at the eagerness he had seen building in her one wild look at him: the deep-set eyes and dark brows.

Already she had disappeared, skipping down the trail, a corn doll swinging in her left hand.

The horse passed by with an eye on the group and followed along after the young woman.

Three men and three questioning faces followed too.

Across a smaller footbridge, they came to some ancient trees and were surprised as Aire and Dragonfly hopped off a massive rotting log to greet them.

Excitement built up with the kind smiles they received, and four pairs of legs moved up the path together. Trinity went on, slipping ahead quickly, until a look from Taryn slowed his pace down, somewhat.

The party came around the bend, words and questions abated, unnecessary for now, amid the sweet quietness of the native forest they loved and treasured so. Not since the Battle at the Bay had they felt such a gathering of souls all linked with pure trust and a casual closeness. Each recognized the special nature of this close feeling that they shared

363

and knew also that it was usually only found among tight groups who shared memories - memories of combat - the willingness to risk your life without hesitation.

The dazed, blankness of the innocent, made Dragonfly look five years younger, Aire thought, as Rod gave his incredulous friend a brotherly squeeze of the shoulder.

D-fly just couldn't believe it was Rod - the Mountain Man - a true friend from his original affinity group. A dear friend he had given up for dead all these years.

But he couldn't deny it either.

At the next twisting bend, two, towering, weathered Hemlocks crossed high above their path. They passed beneath these ancients looking up the sides of the great trees at the heavy patches of Usnia, which bearded the northern sides.

A view opened up onto a broad meadow and the five men jostled for a better look at the scene ahead.

Tall lines of dark forest sentinels served as a backdrop to the small lake that spread across the lower part of the green meadow. Eyes blinked from the brightness and the sparkly haze that seemed to emanate from a grove of young trees. Delicate and eerily out of place, did these trees appear to Harrison, who squinted like the rest of them, trying to penetrate the haze and the view beyond.

The grove approximated a semi-circle of freshened beauty, arrayed as if by design around the south side of the lake's narrowest end. Seven great trees, posed against the wintry sky. Sacred beings basked and grew there, peacefully, as if oblivious to the seasons - even the snow and the cold - like they intended to always be there, unchanging and reminding.

Shadows in the deep, the darkening boughs of the Fir backdrop, accentuated the brighter young green of the six broadleaf trees in the special grove.

Three of these: the Aspen, Willow, and Oak, Harrison recognized outright. He thought one might be a strange colored Madrone, and another a tree-like Hazelnut. The shortneedled evergreen was probably a Yew But the tallest tree, the one with bright olive

364

green leaves that spectacularly, set off the wintertime orange flowers and drooping yellow pistils, that creation he had never seen before, nor heard of anything like it.

A friendly sizing up, as the five men looked each other over: A pause that failed to find

any answers in the faces that looked back. None of them had apparently been here before and if anyone knew what the evening might entail, they loosed not a hint of their secrets.

Dragonfly, the duly elected Mayor of Yrkata proper, and a member of the So-Hum/Lorien advisory council, smiled at young Trinity's beautified face of awe - an awe mixed with emotion and the ancient innocence that fairly poured from the scene before them. The Mayor caught Harrison's eye and the mired look of expectation and concern, told him a bit about his neighboring mayor's state of mind.

They both observed Trinity's expression and couldn't help but remember a few of their own initial exploits in Nature's way... And other exploits - the ups and downs - of courtship and romance.

Aire broke the stillness of the moment with a nudge of his nose. Casually, his arm pointed toward the burning colors across the water. At the forest's edge, clear pale-blue flames glowed softly at a smallish campfire ... or maybe it was an altar.

Harrison pondered what it meant, as he judged the distance at something less than a mile further on, depending on the path. They saw light reflected enough to suggest a small, shingled roof amid the forest cover.

Trinity imagined he could make out a few small figures dancing... or moving near the fire.

Rod led the way down, across the meadow to the leaf-strewn edge of the lake. After a few minutes, the path led away from the water and under the arching branches of a medium sized Rowan Oak tree. On the other side of the path, lay a lump of heat-glazed stone, that appeared to have been blasted by lightning or some other great force.

A few skips farther, a purple-red Madrone tree grew in twisty, branching patterns - as was their nature in these parts.

Harrison was the first to notice the pattern that composed itself on the rock. A pattern of twigs tied in colorful cloth ribbons - a representation of the elements and the universal  
365

life force. He turned to say how the pattern reminded him of offerings he had seen tied to the great trees near Anaya's spring, but he held off and just looked at the amazed expressions of his friends.

Like a spell capturing their true hearts, they stood still and quietly admired that careful arrangement. A long pause and then following some unseen cue, they passed their right hand in the semi-circle, the fore and counter cycles, finally, resting the back of their hands at the location of their third eye. Silently they said their own prayers to the Earth and to the 'pure-chosen' rage of Madrone's fiery sacrifice.

Harrison starred again at the too green leaves of fresh growth - at buds in winter. Madrone leaves rustled together across their path and blew on to mingle with the Oak's, as a slight breeze swept another season's dead growth onto the water's surface. A sense of cycles ending and beginning anew, touched him as the breeze moved and branches moaned in the Rowan-Oak.

Rod now stood ahead of them, beneath the lowest branches of the tree. His arms reached up to touch the Oak branch and he bowed his head. You could almost taste the vigor there, and a powerful feeling of belonging suffused each of the group.

It reached out in calling:

*"Enter 'Friends of the Final Truth.' Through this 'Daur Selva,' - the Forest Portal of Lorien, Venus, and Anaya. The Sweet Oak and all her kindred offer sanctuary to those of clear and peaceful intent. Strength bound to future need opens to your will.*

*Part with the signs of war and partake of our feast: the Festival of Brigid..."*

The soft, tinkling voices ceased, as the breeze picked up again, but kinder and more gently now.

Some of the group remembered hearing the voice of one Goddess, while others heard a different manifestation. But each felt, absolutely, the power and the friendship of the forest and the intimacy of this grove of eternally fresh, young trees.

Rod leaned his rifle and two pistols against a gnarled root of the tree. A root that looked much older than the tree, which it supported. The rest of them followed suit, though Dragonfly had only a small knife to add to the pile.

366

Trinity wanted to ask a dozen questions at least - and all at once - but his father's hand reached out and rubbed his son's shoulder.

Rod said: "This is a special time. We have a lot to be grateful for."

He looked over at the other men, "Continue on down the path, I'll keep watch awhile."

He got a few shrugs as they passed looks around.

Rod turned back to Trinity:

"Just do me one more favor, remember the stories about the Green Canopy and the Sacrifice. It's gonna be up to you and the other young forest defenders."

Trinity's eyes held his steady.

"I know you are in the Network, and I think you'll do a good job.

You could help bring the old and the new together. There's still a lot of hard work left, defending the healing patterns and finding sustainable ways through the hard times ahead.

Go on. Have your fun. Find those bits of truth."

He knew Trinity wanted to catch up to the others, so he pushed the lump in his throat back down and said:

"Keep your love for the 'free-life of a wild Elf.' My happiest times were roaming the wildwood with your mother - we learned a lot there about edge-intuition... and dealing with people.

I hope you find someone, like her, to spend time with - just doing whatever the moment calls for - someone comfortable with herself.

Life won't always be Spring-time."

367

His son looked serious for a moment, and it seemed to both of them like they could forget - for now - how quickly the seasons brought distance between them.

Trinity stood tall, in a solid voice his son said,

"OK Dad. You can count on me... the Net... my friends...

I hope Taryn too."

Past time to let go, Rod pushed him off and Trinity punched Rod's arm slightly, in goodbye.

...He watched him go and he wished he had mentioned... being gone soon, with the Wolf...

The trees seemed to get older and darker, suddenly as Trinity moved quickly down the trail. Winter skies went gray or the misty haze thickened.

He sent a simple wish out that he be a useful defender of his region.

His heart felt full on this day... And all the crazy world to look forward to.

He felt it coming. The rush of wind came right as he heard the heavy wings sweep down hard...

It was Owl again. Brigid's sister Bleodwedd with wisdom on the waxing moon.

Vision came... *of Rivers and People in trouble... Many hands to help... A fish jumping with him ... and Dingo?*

He almost bumped into Harrison, and then the blue flames gleamed in their faces.

368

The towering firs huddled closer... a **shadow** slipped back around the corner. They looked at each other and the figures seated at the blue bonfire. Crackling logs sang with the voices coming down the trail. The little cottage hummed with its meaning. And this joined together with the pulse of the sky shifting, as a velvet purple caught them up in its beauty.

A change happened in their feelings... In the sense they had, of what was going on at that circle of firelight... in the worlds around them.

A fairly husky person, wearing a huge Bear mask pounded a large drum.

A strong hand in a steady beat.... Bear claws jangled and the Eyes warned of harsh or bittersweet truth.

A sense of Artemis – the Huntress... Blessing the Guardians.

The Eald lights dim, but at least echoes were there... And around the other figure.

A tall thing with a partial Elf mask and the Sign of the Hand and The Broken Sword hung from its neck.

*The Carven Stick pounding a hollow log to the measure.*

A procession of white candles broke through the vibrations and the purple glow.

The Wolf Head mask came and led them to places at the circle. A familiar feeling came on them as the robed figures approached and placed the candles just inside the circle of their seated bodies.

Hands reached from the robe to place a brazier of burning Benzoin in the North, where the Great Mountains now smoked and burned. Three more candles were lit and placed at the other directions. They marked the new stars of the East and West and the hope they wished for the South.

369

A ceremonial broom swept above the altar and along a path to the cottage.

The circle was blessed and the home cleansed for the Mothers.

...Long fingers clasped above the flames and Taryn and Gabrielle shook back their hoods and chanted:

“We call on the North: the Light and the Earth to strengthen our circle; May Lorien and Venus guide our stories; We call on the East: the light of Air to illuminate and enliven our circle; May Brione and Willow cast an easy courage on our actions; We call on the South: the Light and the Fire to brighten and warm our circle; May Sasha and Lorena’s perseverance inspire us, as it consumed Madrone.

We call on the West: the Light and the Water, to cleanse our circle; May Branwy-Norga remind us of our limits and protect those of the Sea.

**May only Love enter this circle!**

They lit Rosemary and howled at the moon. Smoke and song purified their needs. They wished Winter, fast... on its way.

Brigid passed the White Wine of Memory and Knowledge.

The Maiden Aspect, Dear Bleodwedd, reached out to them from Spring.

And they said prayers of Imbolic and wished for the Wheel to Turn.

The Flower Face bloomed across a path of White Clover.

The Innocent Waters clothed and humbled them.

Gabrielle’s robe fell to the ground and Taryn placed a crown of Woven Lupines on her brow.

370

The Crocus and Delphiniums covered her body.

A voice rang sweet as she said:

“The Gods are gone and all we had left are the trees. History has died and you can tell because the future depends on solving everything at once.

We had to pull the future to us with memories of ancient life-ways. We had to let go of

the past and all the mistakes. Chaos and the Ice Queen threaten the dawn of each Season.

This new world is like the Bear cub whose mother must lick his shape into being, since he – like this new world – is born without shape.”

The Wolf Mask came off of Rod’s head and he spoke:

“Grandmother Tree hold Father Sky close to the Earth Mother.

Grant that few go hungry during this the lean time of your cycle.”

Hands pushed back hoods and the Bear Mask came off too.

Said Rod, “Thank you Anaya and the Elves for your final trick in harboring our friends.”

Trinity realized that Jarred held out the Bear’s Head to Hazel, and Rod the Wolf Head to Sage.

His gasp joined the stares of the others as smiles widened deliciously.

Miya held Kith’s hand high in her whole one, and the Elf’s Mask spun on her left arm’s stump...

With a flick she flung the Elf into the fire and they all paused before they rushed to hug and greet each other - anxious to press flesh and feel their friends bodies - for real.

371

Music began with Aire’s guitar and Gabrielle’s flute. Rod brought out the fiddle and Taryn took Trinity’s hand as he bent to kiss her lips. They took turns dancing and holding each other... all of them. Long through the night... the magic came, and handfasts were planned.

Some of them remembered seeing Brione and Madrone dancing together...

...And a piece of the blue flame singing a Slavic chant as they let go into...

**tomorrows.**

372

## **APPENDIX (13,465 words)**

### **A Manhattan Explosion 1970**

Brownstones stand like soldiers in a row on tree-lined West Eleventh Street in lower Manhattan. Many were built at the turn of the century when pride in workmanship still prevailed in the building trades. Eleventh Street is three blocks north of Washington Square Park, once a public execution ground in the 19th century, and extends west through Greenwich Village, past historic Hudson and Bleecker Streets, ending finally at West Street on the shore of the Hudson River. A long line of artists, writers, actors, musicians and celebrities of every fashion has called this area home. Herman Melville and Walt Whitman once lived here. Edgar Allen Poe wrote The Raven when he lived in a boarding house on Greenwich Street in 1844. The great "Satchmo" played the blues here from time to time and Sara Vaughn often performed in Village jazz clubs, along with Tony Bennett, Ella Fitzgerald, "Cannonball" Adderly, Monk and Miles Davis.

On March 6, 1970 at 11:55 a.m., Susan Wager, former wife of actor Henry Fonda, was in her basement at 50 West Eleventh Street with her housekeeper sorting her laundry. A few minutes before noon, she heard a tremendous explosion outside her building. "We both looked at each other, you could feel it, a real quaver ran through the ground," she told reporters. She heard two more rapid-fire explosions and headed out into the street. She saw that the explosions came from building number eighteen. As she ran down the block, Mrs. Wager saw the flames blowing out the front windows of the townhouse. There was concrete debris lying on the sidewalk and large pieces of the townhouse on the tops of parked cars. In the doorway, she saw a "red, incandescent glow, more scary than flames" emanate from inside the 1st floor hallway.

It was then she took notice of two girls that staggered out of the burning townhouse and

into the street. One girl was wearing blue jeans. The other was completely naked. The explosion had burned the clothes off her body. Mrs. Wager thought they were both around twenty years old. The girls were dazed and covered with soot and ash but they  
373

did not appear to be seriously injured. A large chunk of the building façade then crashed to the street just feet from where the girls were standing. Both victims were trembling and appeared to be in shock. Mrs. Wager took them over to her house, just yards away and brought them into her living room. She took them upstairs to a bathroom and gave them some clothes to wear.

Mrs. Wager then went downstairs, told the housekeeper to make some coffee and went back outside to look for more victims. When she reached the building at 18 West Eleventh, it was fully engulfed with flames. Residents were outside on the street and sirens could be heard in the distance. Within minutes, the fire apparatus was pulling into Eleventh Street from Fifth Avenue. The fire was roaring and neighbors were evacuating the block. Mrs. Wager then went back to her home to check on the two girls. When she entered her living room, her housekeeper said the girls were gone. "Well the girls have left, they were going to the drugstore to get some medicine," she said. Mrs. Wager thought that was odd.

Meanwhile, the fire consumed the townhouse as gas lines exploded and windows shattered into the street. But firefighters were able to get hoses on the inferno quickly and soon, it was brought under control. In the early evening, a man's body was found in the basement and a short time later, a woman's torso was discovered on the first floor. Police also found several handbags with personal identifications that were stolen from college students over the previous few months. Late that same night, cops located at least 60 sticks of dynamite, a live military antitank shell, blasting caps and several large metal pipes packed solid with explosives. Neighbors, including actor Dustin Hoffman, who lived next door, began leaving in droves.

The dead man was identified as 23-year-old Theodore Gold, a leader of a student strike at Columbia University in 1968. He was a member of the Weathermen, a radical group of college students who believed that the only way to change America was through confrontation and violence. The dead girl, whose body was mangled by the blast, was Diana Oughton, another former college student. Seven days later, police managed to locate another body of a male. His identity remained a mystery until the Weathermen claimed it was Terry Robbins, one of their members.

James P. Wilkerson, a radio station owner from the Midwest, owned the townhouse. His daughter, Catherine Wilkerson, 25, was also a known member of the Weathermen. She was currently out on \$40,000 bail on assault charges in Chicago where she struck a police officer with a club during a political demonstration. A close friend of Catherine's, a girl named Kathy Boudin, was staying with her at the time of the blast. Boudin, too, was out on \$20,000 bail on similar charges in Chicago. Neither of the girls could be  
374

located. Police speculated that the town home was used as a bomb factory and the occupants were assembling bombs when something went wrong. Only those inside the house could say for sure. Three were already dead and the two girls who had fled from the house after the explosion could not be found. One of the girls was identified through photographs as Cathy Wilkerson. Police were almost certain that the other girl was Kathy Boudin.

## **The Robbery: A Brinks Armored Car**

The armored truck's final stop was the Nanuet National Bank on the second level of the mall. The crew was due to pick up almost \$1.6 million dollars in cash from the bank.

Inside the truck was an additional several hundred dollars in cash from earlier collections. Pete Paige was assigned to guard his partner as he handled the cash. His partner was assigned to enter the bank, retrieve the moneybags with Paige and place them into the back of the armored vehicle.

Also in the same parking lot that afternoon was a red Chevy van that cruised the area while the guards went inside the mall. The rear and side windows had been covered with plastic so no one could see inside. Inside the van was a man named Mutulu Shakur, 31, already a veteran of several armored car and bank robberies committed in the Bronx, Mt. Vernon, NY and Paramus, NJ. Shakur was an adopted name. His real name, or slave name as he described it, was Jeral Wayne Williams. He was a black nationalist who ran an acupuncture clinic in Lincoln Hospital in New York City. Williams was an articulate and persuasive individual who recruited many disciples to follow him. Under the banner of black self-determination, he convinced recruits that it was up to them to seize funds and "redistribute" the money to various black causes. With each robbery committed, the gang improved on its methods and became more sophisticated. They studied the reaction of guards and the police. They took the time to learn how police handled and investigated such crimes. Then, they made the appropriate adjustments on the next job.

In the back of the red van were Cecilio "Chui" Ferguson, 35, Samuel Brown AKA Solomon Bouines, 41, Samuel Smith AKA Mtayari Sundiata, 37, and Donald Weems AKA Kuwasi Balagoon, 35. There were others present, but it has never been proven who, or how many. All the men in back of the van were members of a group they called "The Family." Most of them had ties to the Black Panthers or the Black Liberation Army, radical political groups that had many violent confrontations with police during the 1970s.

375

As the red van drove aimlessly through the lot, the men sat quietly in the rear section. They were armed with an assortment of weapons including shotguns, automatic rifles and 9mm handguns. Each had a specific, pre-arranged role in the robbery that was about to happen. The van pulled up behind the armored car while Weems got out and sat on a bench outside the entrance to the mall. He would act as a back up and provide assistance when needed.

About a half-mile from the Nanuet Mall, a medium-size U Haul truck waited in the parking lot of a Korvette's shopping mall on Route 59. A white man named **David J. Gilbert**, 37, rented the vehicle that same day in the Bronx. Gilbert was a long time member of the Weather Underground and a fugitive from the state of Colorado where he faced charges of assault and possession of explosives. The passenger in the front seat of the U Haul was Kathy Boudin, on the run from the law since the townhouse explosion in 1970. The couple had dropped off their one-year old child with a babysitter in the morning and was waiting for the return of the red van. There were others also present, but police investigators were never able to prove who they were. The plan was to make a vehicle switch, dump the bags of money into the truck and have all the black participants in the robbery hide in the back of the vehicles as they made their getaway. They knew that in the confusion following the robbery, the police would be looking for black men in a red van. They would not be too concerned about a U Haul being driven by a white couple. Also parked in the same lot were two other getaway vehicles: a yellow Honda and a white Buick. But it was never determined exactly who was driving these escape cars.

At approximately 3:55 p.m., Paige, a 24-year Brink's veteran and his partner, Joe Trombino, 48, exited the doors to the Mall rolling out the moneybags on a hand truck. They walked over to the Brink's truck and began to load up the bags onto the rear deck.

Simultaneously, the red van pulled up and the rear doors swung open. One of the suspects, armed with a shotgun, ran to the front of the truck and immediately fired two blasts directly at the bulletproof windshield. The guard in the front seat ducked just in time and was unhurt.

Another suspect, wearing a ski mask, opened up with his M-16 automatic rifle before his feet even hit the pavement, striking Paige in the neck, arm and chest. He was killed instantly. Joe Trombino fired just one shot before he was hit several times in his upper arm and shoulder. The bullets all but severed his arm off his shoulder. **Trombino would survive that day, only to perish years later in another terrorist attack at the World Trade Center on September 11, 2001.**

The robbers grabbed several moneybags and threw them into the rear of the van. Then, they jumped into the van and sped away, narrowly missing several moving cars and pedestrians who were running in terror from the shooting. The entire operation, from start to finish, was over in less than two minutes.

376

## The Links are Uncovered

The F.B.I. entered the case immediately since deposits in the Nanuet National Bank are insured by F.D.I.C. Any theft that involves such funds constitutes a federal crime.

Through their intelligence files, agents were able to ascertain that Boudin, Gilbert and Clark had previous connections with the Weathermen organization. Boudin, of course, had been on the run since 1970 from the Manhattan townhouse explosion and Gilbert was being sought for assault and possession of explosives in Colorado. Clark had served a prison sentence for her role in the "Days of Rage" demonstration. After police conducted their initial investigation, they quickly arrived at several conclusions.

Somehow, over the previous ten years, the Black Liberation Army and the Weather Underground, a militant faction of the Students for a Democratic Society, had teamed forces. This unlikely coalition was apparently committing robberies to obtain funds for the advancement of their respective "causes."

In Rockland County, one of the lead investigators on the case was Detective Jim Stewart, who had helped capture the three suspects at the Honda crash. "The case was massive, just massive. To give you an idea, we logged in over 10,000 pieces of evidence those first few days. The crime scenes included the Nanuet Mall, the rear of the Korvette's, the Mountainview shootout scene, which in itself was huge, the Honda crash site and various safe houses," he said recently.

Police traced the license plate on the white Buick to an apartment in East Orange, New Jersey that was rented by a Carol Durant. A Joint Terrorist Task Force entered the apartment on the afternoon of October 21. They found a supply of automatic weapons, shotguns, ammunition, bomb-making material and something else that made their blood run cold: detailed blueprints of six Manhattan police precincts. Investigators also were able to identify the "Carol Durant" as an alias used by a girl named Marilyn Jean Buck.

Buck grew up in Austin, Texas, the daughter of a minister. She attended the University of California at Berkeley and, later, the University of Texas. Always socially conscious, Buck became interested in the S.D.S. and was soon working for the organization. She then gravitated toward California where she was arrested in 1973 for buying a large quantity of ammunition and two guns for B.L.A. members. Buck was convicted and sentenced to 10 years in federal prison. When she was granted a furlough in 1977, she never returned and her long run from the police began. It was Marilyn Buck who rented the apartment in East Orange and she was also the owner of the white Buick used in the Brink's robbery.

While at the apartment, cops also found papers that listed an address on E. Third Street in Mt. Vernon, N.Y., a small city in Westchester County about 20 miles from Nanuet. When cops raided that apartment on Third Street, they found bloody clothing, ammunition, more guns and ski masks. Investigation later revealed that the bloody clothing belonged to Marilyn Buck who had accidentally shot herself in the leg when she tried to draw her weapon during the shootout at Mountainview.

## **White Buick**

The next day, late in the afternoon, police located the Buick that was seen fleeing with the yellow Honda after the Brink's robbery. It was parked on a lonely side street in Pelham, N.Y., a small village about 20 miles from Nanuet. There were parking tickets on the windshield and the doors were unlocked. It was found less than a half-mile from the Mt. Vernon address. All the plates on the vehicles seen near the Mt. Vernon address were entered into the nationwide N.C.I.C. system. Cops didn't have to wait long for a "hit."

## **Other Weather Underground Activities**

19 September 1973 – WUO member Howard Norton Machtinger is arrested by the FBI in New York. Released on bond, Machtinger again submerges into the underground.

7 October 1969 – The Haymarket Police Statue was bombed in Chicago, Illinois apparently as a “kickoff” for the WUO “Days of rage” riots which took place in the city during October 8-11, 1969. No suspects have been developed in this matter. The WUO claimed credit for the bombing in their book, “Prairie Fire”.

8 October-11, 1969 – The “Days of Rage” riots occur in Chicago in which 287 WUO members from throughout the country were arrested and a large amount of property damage was done. Some of the current underground WUO members became fugitives when they failed to appear for trial in connection with their arrests during these four days.

November-December, 1969 – The First contingent of the Venceremos Brigade departs for Cuba to harvest sugar cane. A small number of WUO members participate in this trip.

6 December 1969 – Several Chicago Police cars parked in a Precinct parking lot at 3600 North Halsted Street, Chicago, were bombed. The WUO stated in their book "Prairie 378

Fire" that they had perpetrated the explosion to protest the shooting deaths of the Illinois Black Panther Party leaders Fred Hampton and Mark Clark on 4 December 1969, by police officers.

27 December-31, 1969 – The WUO holds a “War Council” meeting in Flint, Michigan, where they finalize their plans to submerge into an underground status from which they plan to commit strategic acts of sabotage against the government.

February, 1970 – The WUO closed the SDS National Office in Chicago, concluding the major campus based organization of the 1960s. The first contingent of the VB returns from Cuba and the second contingent departs. By mid-February the bulk of the leading WUO members submerge into an underground status.

13 February 1970 - Several Police vehicles of the Berkeley, California, Police Department were bombed in the police parking lot.

16 February 1970 – A bomb is detonated at the Golden Gate Park branch of the San Francisco Police Department, killing one officer and injuring a number of other policemen. No organization claimed credit for either of these police bombings.

March, 1970 – Several underground WUO members become Federal fugitives, when they unlawfully flee to avoid prosecution, warrants are issued in connection with their

failure to appear for trial in Chicago.

6 March 1970 – Thirty-four sticks of dynamite are discovered in the 13th Police District of the Detroit, Michigan Police bombing. During February and early March, 1970, members of the WUO led by Bill Ayers are reported to be in Detroit during that period for the purpose of bombing a police facility.

**6 March 1970 – A group blows themselves up when their “bomb factory” located in New York’s Greenwich Village accidentally explodes killing WUO members Theodore Gold and Terry Robbins.**

([http://www.crimelibrary.com/terrorists\\_spies/terrorists/brinks/1.html](http://www.crimelibrary.com/terrorists_spies/terrorists/brinks/1.html)), **Diana Oughton 9**

[http://www.equalized.org/scribbles/reviews/diana\\_making\\_of\\_a\\_terrorist.php](http://www.equalized.org/scribbles/reviews/diana_making_of_a_terrorist.php)), **Thomas Powers, Diana: The Making of a Terrorist, (Houghton Mifflin Company, 1971).**

379

30 March 1970 – Chicago Police discover a WUO “bomb factory” on Chicago’s north side. A subsequent discovery of a WUO “weapons cache” in a south side Chicago apartment several days later ends WUO activity in the city.

April, 1970 – WUO members Linda Sue Evans and Dianne Donghi are arrested in New York by the FBI.

2 April 1970 – A Federal Grand Jury in Chicago returns a number of incidents charging WUO members with violation of Federal Anti-riot Laws. Also, a number of additional federal warrants charging unlawful flight to avoid prosecution are returned in Chicago based on the failure of WUO members to appear for trial in local cases. (The Antiriot Law charges were later dropped in January, 1974.)

10 May 1970 – The National Guard Association building in Washington, D.C. was bombed to protest the alleged National Guard killings of students at Kent State and Jackson State Universities.

21 May 1970 – The WUO under Bernardine Dohrn’s name releases its “Declaration of a State of War” communique.

6 June 1970 – The WUO sent a letter claiming credit for bombing of the San Francisco Hall of Justice, however, no explosion took place. Months later, however, workmen in this building located an unexploded device which had apparently been dormant for some time.

9 June 1970 - The New York City Police Headquarters is bombed in response to what the Weathermen call "police repression."

16 July 1970 - The Presidio Army Base in San Francisco is bombed to mark the 11th anniversary of the Cuban Revolution.

July 23, 1970 – A Federal Grand Jury in Detroit, Michigan, returns indictments against a number of under-ground WUO members and former WUO members charging violations of various explosives and firearms laws. (These indictments were later dropped in October, 1973.)

August, 1970 - Bombing of Marin County Courthouse in retaliation for the murder of Jonathan Jackson, William Christmas, and James McClain.

22 September 1970 – The WUO helps Dr. Timothy Leary, LSD user break out and escape from the California Men’s Colony Prison.

8 October 1970 - The Queens Courthouse is bombed in solidarity with the New York prison revolts.

380

8 October 1970 - The Harvard Center for International Affairs is bombed to protest the war in Vietnam.

December, 1970 – Fugitive WUO member Caroline Tanker, who fled the country for

Cuba, is arrested by the FBI in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Fugitive WUO member Judith Alice Clark is arrested by the FBI in New York.

28 February 1971 - The US Capitol is bombed to protest the invasion of Laos.

April, 1971 – FBI agents discover an abandoned WUO “bomb factory” in San Francisco, California.

August, 1971 - Bombing of the Office of California Prisons allegedly in retaliation for the killing of George Jackson.

17 September 1971 - The New York Department of Corrections is bombed to protest the killing of 29 inmates at Attica State Penitentiary.

October, 1971 - The bombing of William Bundy’s office in the MIT research center.

May, 1972 - Bombing of the Pentagon in retaliation for the new U.S. bombing raid in Hanoi.

18 May 1973 - The bombing of the 103rd Police Precinct in New York in response to the killing of 10-year-old black youth Clifford Clover by police.

19 September 1973 – WUO member Howard Norton Machtinger is arrested by the FBI in New York. Released on bond, Machtinger again submerges into the underground.

28 September 1973 - The ITT headquarters in New York is bombed in response to US-backed coup in Chile.

6 March 1974 - Bombing of the Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare offices in San Francisco to protest alleged sterilization of poor women. In the accompanying communiqué, the Women’s Brigade argues for “the need for women to take control of daycare, healthcare, birth control and other aspects of women’s daily lives.”

31 May 1974 - The Office of the California Attorney General is bombed in response to the killing of 6 members of the Symbionese Liberation Army.

17 June 1974 - Gulf Oil's Pittsburgh headquarters is bombed to protest its actions in Angola, Vietnam, and elsewhere.

July, 1974 – The WUO releases its book “Prairie Fire” in which they indicate the need for a unified Communist Party. They encourage the creation of study groups to discuss their 381

ideology, but continue to stress the need for violent acts. The book also admits WUO responsibility of several actions from previous years. The Prairie Fire Organizing Committee (PFOC) arises from the teachings in this book and is organized by many former WUO members.

11 September 1974 – Bombing of Anaconda Corporation (part of the Rockefeller Corporation) in retribution for Anaconda’s alleged involvement in the Chilean coup the previous year.

28 January 1975 - Bombing of The State Department in response to escalation in Vietnam..

March, 1975 – The WUO releases its first edition of a new magazine entitled “Osawatamie.”

16 June 1975 - they rob a Banco de Ponce (a Puerto Rican bank) in New York in solidarity with striking Puerto Rican cement workers.

11 July-13, 1975 – The PFOC holds its first national convention during which time they go through the formality of creating a new organization.

September, 1975 – Bombing of the Kennecott Corporation for its alleged connections to Pinochet - brought to power in US-backed coup against the socialist government of Salvador Allende.

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## Further Reading

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Retrieved from "<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Weathermen>"

Categories: Terrorists | Left-wing militant groups

*Compassion fights the Fruit of Fear, Anger, Sadness and Joy – You give what they need – Not what they want – No pity or sorrow – A smile in one eye and a tear in the other – Compassionate Buddha – Objective without attachments or emotions...*

383

## A Legend of the Goddess

In ancient times our Lord, the Horned One, was, as he still is, the Consoler, the Comforter; but men knew him as the Dread Lord of Shadows- lonely, stern and hard. Now our Lady the Goddess had never loved, but she would solve all mysteries, even the mystery of Death - and so she journeyed to the Nether Lands.

The Guardian of the Portals challenged her, "Strip off thy garments, lay aside thy jewels for naught may ye bring with thee into this our land."

So she laid down her garments and her jewels and was bound, as are all who enter the realms of Death the Mighty One.

Such was her beauty that Death himself knelt and laid his sword and crown at her feet and kissed them saying; "Blessed be thy feet that have brought thee in these ways.

Abide with me, but let me place my cold hand on thy heart." and she replied,

**"I love thee not. Why dost thou cause all things that I love and take delight in to fade and die ?"**

"Lady" replied Death, "tis Age and Fate, against which I am helpless. Age causes all things to wither; but when men die at the end of time, I give them rest and peace and strength, so that they may return. But you - you are lovely; return not - abide with me."

**But she replied, "I love thee not."**

Then said Death, " 'An you receive not my hand on your heart, you must receive

Death's scourge."—

**"It is fate, better so," she said, and she knelt.**

And Death scourged her tenderly, and she cried, **" I feel the pangs of love."**

And Death raised her, and said, "Blessed be." and gave her the Fivefold Kiss, saying the Mysteries and gave her the necklace, which is the Circle of Rebirth.

And they loved and were one; and he taught her all the Magicks.

For there are three great events in the life of mortals—love, death and resurrection — and Magick controls them all. To fulfill love you must return at the same time and place as the loved one, and you must remember and love them again. But to be reborn you must die; to die you must be born; without love you may not be born—and these be all the Magicks.

384

***Wishing Away at the Edge – Chaos and Elves; Forest Defenders and The Magic to Wish is about martyrdom, about the ultimate sacrifices that are required for change and hope.***

***...If you don't have something (a religion, land or family) that you believe in enough to die for then you have nothing – you are no one! Find something and somewhere to love and find ritual and ceremony to honor these things.***

## **Pagan Holidays:**

The Celtic people of Britain, Scotland, Wales and Ireland engendered many other tribes. Evidence suggests their influence in traditions and myths of many peoples of Europe, the Mediterranean and Asia. There are four most ancient (10,000 plus years) and important holidays celebrated by what are called pagan societies and four minor ones. The holiday of Ostera celebrates the Goddess of fertility and rebirth and was/is celebrated as far as the Teutonic tribes of Germany. Ostera (Eostre, Easter) stands amid the flowers and vines of late Spring. Holding an egg in her hand as birds fly overhead and a rabbit hops playfully at her feet.

**Spring Equinox – March 22** – "May Bleodwdd arrive in good haste and quicken renewal as the Flower face blooms." (Blodwedd (welsh blawd=flowers, wedd=face: flowerface) from Blodeuwedd, character from the Mabinogi who turned into an owl – the name alludes to the circular marks around the bird's eyes). Her mother-in-law, Arianrhod, gave birth when her virginity was tested by stepping over a sword, giving birth to Dylan and Llew. Dylan went on to marry the flower maiden Blodwedd.  
***... Follow the clover path and life flows strongly in all things. The innocent waters shall clothe her. May we honor the passion of Spring in search of our humble place in Enchantment – of the great cycles' first Dawn....***

It's important to understand that gods and goddesses in the Irish Celtic tradition aren't exactly deity. They may be larger-than-life in the stories, but they're still very human  
385

and make mistakes. These "gods" and "goddesses" are not worshipped, but they are respected and sometimes held in awe.

**IMBOLC - February 1** – Goddess Re-birth – Purification and Dedication. CORN DOLLS are used in the ceremony and then buried like the harvest celebration crops are buried after those festivals. Burn Yule greens to send winter on its way... the turning of the wheel.

**Other symbols and ceremonies are: white flowers, rosemary, sweeping the altar, drink white wine, bathe and robe, ring the bell 3 times, and 3 candles in the middle of the circle and also eight around the circle, one for each season – like a Lotus Flower.**

Imbolc refers to the lactation of the ewes. Although we celebrate the day on February 1st, in the past the date varied from community to community, based on when they saw the milk coming in with their own sheep. Generally, this was within about two weeks of the start of February. The milk signals the approach of spring and the birth of new life. However, winter is not fully over, so household fires are kept lit day and night, in the tradition of Brighid, who was both a goddess and a saint.

There is a youngness and Springtime glory about the festival of Imbolc, which at first appears to be out of step with February's stark and bitter Winter face. In the silence of February mornings, we still wake to rime-edged windowpanes and air so pure and thin it cuts like crystal through the wind. We are reminded that the icy frost lies just beyond the door, and so we make ourselves content with home, hearth and familiar things. We await.

**Brid – Brigid – Brigit, BRIDE:** The Goddess continues to thrive in her crone phase, but at Imbolc, witches honor the Celtic Triple Goddess Brid (pronounced Breed) in her maiden aspect.

As protector and preserver of all memory and Knowledge Brid shares many characteristic with Dana, the Mother of all Gods. Brid is daughter of Dagda, whom we meet at Samhain. Dagda is the good God who performs perfectly at all he tries to do. Brid is foster-mother to many vital traditions. She speaks of the Lady of the Lake, whose roles are those of teacher and magical instructor. She empowers her students to nurture the land keeping it safe and productive for the good of all.

**At every point on the wheel of the year, Earth's virginity renews itself. At each festival we celebrate this tradition of respect and honor.**

386

Brighid and her two sisters, also named Brighid, represent goddesses of poetry, healing, and smithcraft. The goddess for which the day is named is the one who married Breas (temporary leader of the Tuatha de Danann). This Brighid was the mother of Ruadhan, who was killed in battle.

There is a strong tradition in Celtic history, where three sisters or three brothers might all have the same name. When you find things in threes (or multiples of threes) in Celtic history, it usually suggests something spiritual or magical.

Her name comes from Breo-saighit, which means "fiery arrow." She's the goddess of fire, and she's the daughter of the Dagda and Boann (for whom the river Boyne was named). Or she may be the Dagda's sister, and daughter of Danu and Bel. Then, in some lore, she is the Dagda's wife (or perhaps she is all of these).

Brigid is a triple goddess, though history usually says that the Dagda and Boann had three daughters, all named Brigid. Brigid (all three sisters, combined in one Triple Goddess) is also the goddess of the hearth, poetry, divination, prophecy, healing, the smith's craft, and traditional learning. (Yep, all in a day's work for most moms!)

As a triple goddess, she's sometimes linked with Danu, the mother goddess in many pantheons, and the most likely goddess of the Tuatha de Danann. Brigid in this context is the White Maiden aspect. Her festival is Imbolc. In Pagan beliefs, she is the one who gives hope and new beginnings. Her closest counterpart in Greek mythology is Athena. Sheep, ewes, lambs, goats, burrowing animals, dragon and deer are associated with Imbolc.

## **BELTANE – MAY 1 – Gods (And Goddesses) unite – (Sex?) Fertility, Flowers and Healing**

**Beltane** is the last of the three spring fertility festivals, the others being Imbolc and Ostara. Beltane is the second principal Celtic festival (the other being Samhain).

Celebrated approximately halfway between Vernal (spring) equinox and the

midsummer (Summer Solstice). Beltane traditionally marked the arrival of summer in ancient times. As Samhain is about honoring Death, Beltane, its counter part, is about honoring Life. It is the time when the sun is fully-released from his bondage of winter and able to rule over summer and life once again.

387

At Beltane the Pleiades star cluster rises just before sunrise on the morning horizon, whereas winter (Samhain) begins when the Pleiades rises at sunset. The Pleiades is a cluster of seven closely placed stars, the seven sisters, in the constellation of Taurus, near his shoulder. Beltane, like Samhain, is a time of "no time" when the veils between the two worlds are at their thinnest. No time is when the two worlds intermingle and unite and the magic abounds! It is the time when the Faeries return from their winter respite,, carefree and full of faery mischief and faery delight.

On the night before Beltane, in times past, folks would place rowan branches at their windows and doors for protection, many otherworldly occurrences could transpire during this time of "no time". Traditionally on the Isle of Man, the youngest member of the family gathers primroses on the eve before Beltane and throws the flowers at the door of the home for protection. In Ireland it is believed that food left over from May Eve must not be eaten, but rather buried or left as an offering to the faery instead. Much like the tradition of leaving of whatever is not harvested from the fields on Samhain, food on the time of no time is treated with great care.

When the veils are so thin it is an extremely magical time, it is said that the Queen of the Faeries rides out on her white horse. Roving about on Beltane eve She will try to entice people away to the Faeryland. Legend has it that if you sit beneath a tree on Beltane night, you may see the Faery Queen or hear the sound of Her horse's bells as She rides through the night. Legend says if you hide your face, She will pass you by but if you look at Her, She may choose you. There is a Scottish ballad of this called Thomas the Rhymer, in which Thomas chooses to go the Faeryland with the Queen and has not been seen since.

Beltane has been an auspicious time in Celtic lore. The Tuatha de Danaan landed in north-west Connacht on Beltane. They came from the North through the air in a mist to Ireland After the invasion by the Milesians, the Tuatha faded into the Otherworld, the Sidhe, Tir na nOg.

The beginning of summer heralds an important time, for the winter is a difficult journey and weariness and disheartenment set in, personally one is tired down to the soul. In times past the food stocks were low; variety was a distant memory. The drab non-color of winter's end perfectly represents the dullness and fatigue that permeates on so many levels to this day. We need Beltane, as the earth needs the sun, for our very Spirit cries out for the renewal of summer jubilation.

Beltane is a festival of rapturous gaiety as it joyfully heralds the arrival of summer in her full garb. Beltane, however, is still a precarious time, the crops are still very young and tender, susceptible to frost and blight. As was the way of ancient thought, the Wheel would not turn without human intervention. People did everything in their power to encourage the growth of the Sun and His light, for the Earth will not produce without the warm love of the strong Sun. Fires, celebration and rituals were an important part of

388  
the Beltane festivities, as to insure that the warmth of the Sun's light would promote the fecundity of the earth.

Beltane is a time when the pleasures of the earth and self are fully awakened. It signals a time when the bounty of the earth will once again be had. May is a time when flowers bloom, trees are green and life has again returned from the barren landscape of winter, to the hope of bountiful harvests, not too far away, and the lighthearted bliss that only

summer can bring.

Beltane translated means "fire of Bel" or "bright fire" - the "bale-fire". (English - bale; Anglo-Saxon bael; Lithuanian baltas (white)) Bel (Bel, Bile, Beli, Belinus, Belenos) is the known as the bright and shining one, a Celtic Sun God. Beli is the father, protector, and the husband of the Mother Goddess.

Beltane is the time of the yearly battle between Gwyn ap Nudd and Gwythur ap Greidawl for Creudylad in Welsh mythology. Gwyn ap Nudd the Wild Huntsman of Wales, he is a God of death and the Annwn. Creudylad is the daughter of Lludd (Nudd) of the Silver Hand (son of Beli). She is the most beautiful maiden of the Island of Mighty. A myth of the battle of winter and summer for the magnificent blossoming earth.

In the myth of Rhiannon and Pwyll, it is the evening of Beltane, that Rhiannon gives birth to their son. The midwives all fell asleep at the same time, as they were watching over Rhiannon and her new baby, during which he was taken. In order to protect themselves, they smeared blood (from a pup) all over Rhiannon, to which they claim she had eaten her son. The midwives were believed, and Rhiannon was forced to pay penance for seven years. She had to carry people on her back from the outside of the gate to the palace, although rarely would any allow her to do so.

The baby's whereabouts were a mystery. Oddly, every Beltane night, one of Pwyll's vassals, Teirnyon Twryv Vliant, had awaited in the barn for the mare to foal. One night he heard a tremendous noise and a clawed arm came through the window and grabbed the colt. Teirnyon cut off the arm with his sword, and then heard a wailing. He opened the door and found a baby, he brought it to his wife and they adopted Gwri Wallt Euryn (Gwri of the Golden Hair). As he grew he looked like Pwyll and they remembered they found him on the night Rhiannon's baby became lost. Teirnyon brought Gwri of the Golden Hair to the castle, told the story, and he was adopted back to his parents, Rhiannon and Pwyll. The child was named Pryderi (trouble) by the head druid, from the first word his mother had said when he was restored to her. "Trouble is, indeed, at an end for me, if this be true".

This myth illustrates the precariousness of the Beltane season, at the threshold of Summer, the earth awakening, winter can still reach its long arm in and snatch the Sun away (Gwri of the Golden hair). "Ne'er cast a clout 'til May be out" (clout: Old English for cloth/clothing). If indeed the return of summer is true then the trouble (winter) is certainly over, however one must be vigilant.

389

On Beltane eve the Celts would build two large fires, Bel Fires, lit from the nine sacred woods. The Bel Fire is an invocation to Bel (Sun God) to bring His blessings and protection to the tribe. The herds were ritually driven between two needfires (fein cigin), built on a knoll. The herds were driven through to purify, bring luck and protect them as well as to insure their fertility before they were taken to summer grazing lands. An old Gaelic adage: "Eadar da theine Bhealltuinn" - "Between two Beltane fires". The Bel fire is a sacred fire with healing and purifying powers. The fires further celebrate the return of life, fruitfulness to the earth and the burning away of winter. The ashes of the Beltane fires were smudged on faces and scattered in the fields. Household fires would be extinguished and re-lit with fresh fire from the Bel Fires.

Celebration includes frolicking throughout the countryside, maypole dancing, leaping over fires to ensure fertility, circling the fire three times (sun-wise) for good luck in the coming year, athletic tournaments feasting, music, drinking, children collecting the May: gathering flowers. children gathering flowers, hobby horses, May birching and folks go a maying". Flowers, flower wreaths and garlands are typical decorations for this holiday, as well as ribbons and streamers. Flowers are a crucial symbol of Beltane, they signal the victory of Summer over Winter and the blossoming of sensuality in all of

nature and the bounty it will bring.

May birching or May boughing, began on Beltane Eve, it is said that young men fastened garland and boughs on the windows and doors of the young maidens upon which their sweet interest laid. Mountain ash leaves and Hawthorne branches meant indicated love whereas thorn meant disdain. This perhaps, is the forerunner of old May Day custom of hanging bouquets hooked on one's doorknob? Young men and women wandered into the woods before daybreak of May Day morning with garlands of flowers and/or branches of trees. They would arrive; most rumpled from joyous encounters, in many areas with the maypole for the Beltane celebrations. Pre-Christian society's thoughts on human sexuality and fertility were not bound up in guilt and sin, but rather joyous in the less restraint expression of human passions. Life was not an exercise but rather a joyful dance, rich in all beauty it can afford.

In ancient Ireland there was a Sacred Tree named Bile, which was the center of the clan, or Tuatha. As the Irish Tree of Life, the Bile Pole, represents the connection, between the people and the three worlds of Bith: The Skyworld (heavens), The Middleworld (our world), and The Otherworld. Although no longer the center life, the Bile pole has survived as the Beltane Maypole.

The Maypole is an important element to Beltane festivities, it is a tall pole decorated with long brightly colored ribbons, leaves, flowers and wreaths. Young maidens and lads each hold the end of a ribbon, and dance revolving around the base of the pole, interweaving the ribbons. The circle of dancers should begin. as far out from the pole as the length of ribbon allows, so the ribbons are taut. There should be an even number of boys & girls. Boys should be facing clockwise and girls counterclockwise. They each

390  
move in the direction that they are facing, weaving with the next, around to braid the ribbons over-and-under around the pole. Those passing on the inside will have to duck, those passing on the outside raise their ribbons to slide over. As the dances revolve around the pole the ribbons will weave creating a pattern, it is said that the pattern will indicate the abundance of harvest year.

In some areas there are permanent Maypoles, perhaps a recollection of ancient clan Bile Pole memory. In other areas a new Maypole is brought down on Beltane Eve out from the woods. Frequently birch as the preferred wood.

The Maypole dance as an important aspect of encouraging the return of fertility to the earth. The pole itself is not only phallic in symbolism but also is the connector of the three worlds., Dancing the Maypole during Beltane is magical experience as it is a conduit of energy, connecting all three worlds at a time when these gateways are more easily penetrable. As people gaily dance around and around the pole holding the brightly colored) ribbons, the energy it raises is sent down into the earth's womb, bringing about Her full awakening and fruitfulness.

Lorien and Artemis are also honored along with Beli at this time. Rabbits, goats and honey bees are associated with Beltane.

### **(Midsummer combines with Beltane IN OUR PLAN FOR NEW HOLIDAYS FOR A New World!)**

### **Lughnasadh: August 1: Transformation – Impregnates Goddess – Feast**

By Lughnasadh, the Sun God has begun his downward journey, facing now toward dark frosts and Winter. The Goddess however, never wanes, she simply changes appearance. At Lughnasadh She wears a face of exquisite abundance. During the season of high Summer we reap the benefits of ripe, fresh fruits, vegetables and herbs. This is a time when most of us experience good health and robust living.

The Triple Goddess Macha in her warrior aspect often presides' over the Lughnasadh festival. Macha the 'crow', the third of the triad of war goddesses of the Morrighan, 391

Macha fed on the heads of slain enemies. Macha often dominated her male lovers through cunning or simple brute strength.

In legend she is forced to race against the King of Ulster's horses while she is pregnant. She gives birth to twins. As she delivers, she curses that the men of Ulster shall experience the pain of child labor for five days and four nights. Through victory in battle, Macha becomes Queen of Ulster for seven years. Her right to the throne is challenged, but she retains her sovereignty by persuading her challengers with her charms. The men build her a fortress, called Emain Macha, which she marks out with a magical brooch of Celtic knotwork. Macha not only presides over battle in war, but also in love. She is concerned with any kind of conflict and its resolution. Macha shapeshifts into a crow-a common appearance on both a battlefield and in the cornfields of Summer. Lughnasadh marks the last heyday of the Sun God. Beli.

The Lughnasadh festival honors the Irish God, Lugh, God of All Skills, including war. He is known as the "Bright or Shining One", and is associated with both the Sun and agricultural fertility. Lleu, Lugh's equivalent in Britain and Wales, is the son of Arianrhod, Goddess of the Stars and Re-birth. Kai, the God of fire and smithing is also honored at this time, as is Cerridwen. This holiday is associated with ravens and a white stag.

**(Mabon combined with Lughnash and Samhain in our new idea for holidays for a New World))**

**Samhain – October 31 – Death, Mystery New Year.**

Key holiday as is Beltane – 6 months apart – at quarter equinox.

392

## **Miscellaneous Notes:**

**In the book, Wishing at the Edge, Hazel is Lorien and Cerridwen, a triple Goddess combining three other triple Goddesses!!**

### **ARTEMIS, VENUS AND ATHENA**

**Venus (Aphrodite)** – Goddess of Love. She loved laughter and bewitched everyone including the Gods. She is also the goddess of fair weather. The winds flee before her and the waves laugh. Myrtle is her tree and the dove or the black swan her bird. As the swan she is also the Goddess of Remorse and Heartache – the dark side of love.

**Athena (Minerva)** A War Goddess and Protector of cities, handicrafts and agriculture. She invented the bridle and trained the first horse for riding.

**Artemis (Diana or Cynthia)** Her birthplace is Mt. Cynthus in Delos. She cannot bend or ensnare 3 hearts: The pure maiden, Gray-eyed Athena who cares but for war, and The arts of the craftsmen.

Artemis: Lover-of-Woods and the wild chase over the mountains; The Lady of Wild Things; Huntsman in Chief; and the Protector of the Young. Sometimes fierce and vengeful, She is the Moon (the Goddess Selene) in the sky; Hecate in the underworld or above when it is dark (Also Goddess of crossways/crossroads); and Artemis when on Earth.

The Cypress is her tree and the Deer her symbol.

**The Triple Goddess Cerridwen:** Death, Grain, Regeneration and Poetic Inspiration. Also involves herself in conflict and resolutions – THE Raven - !!! Cerridwen is the Welsh Goddess of Nature, associated with the Sacred Cauldron of Wisdom that Taliesin drank from to become enlightened. We view Her as the Moon and harvest goddess; associated with the Dark Mother aspect of the Crone. Cerridwen, then is Goddess of Death and Regeneration, Grain and Poetic Inspiration.

In early times there lived in Penllyn a man named Tegid Voeland his wife Cerridwen. There was born to him of his wife a son named Morvran ab Tegid, a daughter named Creirwy, and they had a brother, the most ill-favored man in the world, Avagddu. Cerridwen, his mother, thought that he was not likely to be admitted among men of noble birth by reason of his ugliness, unless he had some exalted merits or knowledge. So she resolved according to the arts of the books of the Fferyllt, to boil a cauldron of Inspiration and Science for her son, that his reception might be honorable because of his knowledge of the mysteries of the future state of the world. Then she began to boil the cauldron, which might not cease to boil for a year and a day, until three blessed drops were obtained of the grace of Inspiration. And she put Gwion Bach the son of Gwreang of Llanfair in Caereinion, to stir the cauldron, and a blind man named Morda to kindle the fire beneath it. She charged them that they should not suffer it to cease boiling for the space of a year and a day.

She, herself, according to the ancient books, gathered every day at the anointed time many charm-bearing herbs. Towards the end of the year, as Cerridwen was culling plants and making incantations, it chanced that three drops of the charmed liquor flew out of the cauldron and fell upon the finger of Gwion Bach. By reason of their great heat he put his finger to his mouth, and the instant he put those drops into his mouth, he foresaw everything that was to come, and perceived that his chief care must be to guard against the wiles of Cerridwen, for vast was her skill. In great fear he fled towards his own land. The cauldron burst in two, because all the liquor within it except the three charm-bearing drops was poisonous. The horses of Gwyddon Garanhir were poisoned by the water of the stream into which the liquor of the cauldron ran, and the confluence of that stream was called the Poison of the Horses of Gwyddon from that time forth. Thereupon came in Cerridwen and saw all the toil of the whole year lost. She seized a billet of wood and struck the blind Morda on the head until one of his eyes fell out upon his cheek. He said, "Wrongfully hast thou disfigured me, for I am innocent. Thy loss was not because of me." "Thou speakest truth," said Cerridwen, "it was Gwion Bach who robbed me." She went forth after him, running. He saw her and changed himself into a hare and fled. So she changed herself into a greyhound and turned him. He ran towards

394  
a river, and became a fish. She, in the form of an otter, chased him under the water, until he was fain to turn himself into a bird of the air.

She, as a hawk, followed him and gave him no rest in the sky. Just as she was about to swoop upon him, and he was in fear of death, he spied a heap of winnowed wheat on the floor of a barn. He dropped among the wheat, and turned himself into one of the grains. Then she transformed herself into a high-crested black hen, and went to the wheat and scratched it with her feet, and found him out and swallowed him. As the story says, she bore him nine months, and when she was delivered of him, she could not find it in her heart to kill him, by reason of his beauty. So she wrapped him in a leather bag, and cast him into the sea to the mercy of God, on the twenty-ninth day of April. So, the great seer-poet, Taliesin made an entrance into this world.

**Lorien is the Goddess of the Elves** and their wildwoods and fey places.

## ***Gods and Goddesses for a New Ritual of Life and Respect for Nature:***

### **1. Brigid**

**2. Macha:** The Triple Goddess Macha in her warrior aspect often presides' over the Lughnasadh festival. Macha the 'crow', the third of the triad of war goddesses of the Morrighan  
395

### **3. Cerridwen:**

### **4. Sun God: Beli**

### **5. Lorien, the Faery Queen**

### **6. Blodeuwedd**

### **7. Branw-Nyorg: God of the open seas.**

[Ed. : – more MEN !!! (Norse?) – ]

### **8. Valkyeries**

See branwyn - <http://www.geocities.com/ariannon/brmyth.html>

<http://www.geocities.com/ariannon/blmyth.html>

## **BOOKS, ZEENS ... RESOURCES**

1. Fifth Sacred Thing: by Starhawk
2. Into the Forest: by J. Hegland
3. Ecotopia: E. Callenbach
4. Quest for Faradawn: ? (unknown, U.K. ?)  
396
5. LWOD - Live Wild or Die! :
6. New World Rising:
7. Lorien Elves (Tales 1):
8. Isle of Woman: By Piers Anthony
9. Fortress in the Eye of Time, Fortress of Eagles; Fortress of Owls; Fortress of Ice; Rusalka; Chernovog: Yvgenie; Tree of Jewels; by C.J. Cherryh
10. Intro to Permaculture: Bill Mollison
11. Earth First! Journal
12. Wizard's First Rule; Pillars of Creation; Faith of the Fallen; By Terry Goodkind.
13. Killing Pablo; By Mark Bowden
14. The Giver; (And the sequel) By Louis Lowery.
15. Anvil of Ice, Forge in the Forest; By

16. The Telling; The Other Wind; By Ursulla le Guin

## Webs

Anncol.org; Narconews.com; Vheadline.com; Rebellion.org;

## Movies

397

Kingdom of Heaven; Braveheart; Existenz; City of God; Collateral Damage; Lord of the Rings; Joan of Arc; Enemy at the Gates; Hedwig Angry Inch; Collateral Damage; Bourne Identity; Maria Full of Grace; The Notebook; Ring and Ring II; Gunner Palace (Toronto Film); Girl Fight; Mean Creek; River's Edge; Heart of Darkness; Elephant...

### Freerunning [putfile]

<http://www.putfile.com/media.php?n=B13-Parkour-bizarsite>

## Music:

1. Barely Breathing
2. Much of Hearts of Space.
3. World Beat that is Middle Eastern oriented.
4. Juanes – El Colombiano
5. (Please submit links or names of bands and songs.)

## A Plea and a Proposal:

*Friends of mine or the Earth Struggle* – Please review this draft query letter and the rough synopsis – OR BETTER YET Read the Book! What I am looking for is comments on the query, ideas for synopsis – and if you read – or browse – the book tell me what you liked the most and the worst... key quotes and fundamental issues. – IGNORE all minor edits as they are now fixed or it is too late.

398

Thanks – Rath AVENS

(ps. – Also looking for someone who knows how to post a PDF to a web or a blog and someone who wants to help create a flash video of key action scenes in the book, etc. a film crew...?) (pps. – Looking for smart, hip younger women to help with dialog on a screenplay about hunting Evil Spirits (i.e. Killing famous rich people/demons) \*\*\* \$10 to \$10,000 would help feed us at least...

Rath Avens

Zorpia.com/greensurvival;

Greenbooks11@hotmail.com

September 12, 2005

### Dear Publisher and Agents:

I am seeking representation for my fantasy adventure novel, *Wishing at the Edge: Chaos and Elves; Forest Defenders and Magic*. I am enclosing a synopsis and the entire book with an art gallery can be viewed at: [Zorpia.com/greensurvival](http://Zorpia.com/greensurvival). The book is complete at 125,000 words with a 30,000 word appendix covering Pagan Holidays, a brief history of Resistance, ELF prisoners and terminology. The sequel, “Shadow(S)Talk”, is nearing

399 completion and my personal story of intense decades of revolutionary struggle is in outline form.

*Wishing at the Edge* mixes real life characters with an Elf, magic and the only viable means of changing the USA and saving the world. Boldly eclectic, it combines Pagan, Rei-Ki and sabotage with bonding relationships and action. The variety of characters rivals Tolkien and the Eco-Social Defense plan makes the books, *Ecotopia* and *The Fifth Sacred Thing*, look hollow.

I have made a career out of sneaking around in the woods. My characters reflect this and the scenes have a natural feel to them because many are based on real life experiences. Sasha is the head of a youth network of spies and is drawn from my son's adventures. Jarred, Sasha's adopted father, is the mayor of the militia's most important town and many of his dilemmas reflect my own.

Sasha stuck his young face around the door and said quietly, "I hope I'm not a bother, are you ready to head down to camp?"

"Jarred looked up at his fifteen-year old roommate: A tall boy, with soft features and those almost ghostly, deep-set eyes. He loved the boy's always-upbeat attitude. It was hard to think of Sasha as any sort of bother.

Sasha Shevchenko, the son of his dead Mother's closest friend. The two women - a peasant and a 'disappeared' General's wife - had fled the chaos of the 1990s in Eastern Europe. Together towing along a baby and a sixteen-year-old Jarred, the Gods only knew what wishes had managed the four of them this far and gained them some measure of security...

..."Sasha what should I do?" Jarred asked. Hiding not a thing and knowing the response would be straight forward if blunt, nearly bordering on naiveté. Jarred rarely ignored his young friends advice, though figuring out what to do with it, that was the trick.

Sasha responded eagerly, gray-green eyes bright and clear as if he never once doubted anything in his young life. "About the younger men who want peace? Well I know you're tired of dogmas...and a compromise with Forest People is OK. So... You are going to speak your mind tonight at the military security briefing. Right?"

Sasha looked at him closely for the first time. This man was the only shot – the only chance in Hell – that anyone in the Network or the North Coast had to survive the coming collapse of the government with honor. Jarred was also about the only chance that Sasha had of family or someone he could trust who was over 17 years of age. Jarred looked like he didn't sleep so well last night. Like life, the General and all the petty problems in Haymarket were taking a toll. Sasha wanted so badly, to tell him

400  
more: To get all of it off his chest, and his conscience. Complications lead to doubts if you let them, his Mom used to say.

Jarred stood up to leave. He reached out to Sasha and held him by the shoulder saying:

"Listen to me Sasha. Either way we will be putting everyone at risk. After the meeting tonight, we have to be careful. Anything could happen. You hear me? Keep alert and if we get split up, you go back to the farm and find Dave and Will.

No arguments. Please, Sasha, I can't stand thinking something will happen to you."

Sasha looked into Jarred's eyes seeing the fatherly love he had known only from this stranger's heart and remembering all the things that Jarred had done for him since Sasha's mother died. He never knew his real father. His Mom said he had loved them dearly, but his father got himself in the way of trouble once too often... long ago, before Sasha was even born. The only man that Sasha had ever respected was Jarred, though he knew the 'deference and phony respect' game well enough to get along and even get even with some of the worst scoundrels. The boy learned fast and made connections few adults are very accomplished at.

"Don't worry about me," said Sasha, "Just be sure what you want, and don't lose your resolve. You always tell me 'stick to your guns boy' and 'don't back down from a bully'. Come on we'll be late," and Sasha was pulling him out the door and down the trail to the meeting place. (Page 90)

Credentials:

Twenty years experience in forest defense and social struggles across the globe, plus years as one of the most radical and insightful writers for the Earth First! Journal and other publications, gives me the depth and intimacy needed to write such a story. Much of the book was written while living 180 feet high in a 1000 year old redwood tree during the month that I taught Julia “Butterfly” Hill everything that she needed to know in order to live in the tree for two years and do international media.

Thank you for your consideration of this proposal.

**For the One that we all depend on: the Earth,**

Rath Avens (aka Almond)

401

## **Synopsis: Wishing at the Edge**

A genre crossing fantasy novel written by a veteran forest defender: *Wishing at the Edge: Elves and Chaos; Forest Defenders and Magic*.

The novel blazes a safe passage beyond the books: *Ecotopia* and *The Fifth Sacred Thing*, in the search for survival amid ecological and social collapse. This book is most relevant now because it is based on a local nationalism – the only force in the world other than religion and greed that seem to motivate people – And the book has its own naturebased, ancient religion too.

*Wishing at the Edge* is about martyrdom, about the ultimate sacrifices that are required for change and hope. If you don't have something (a religion, land or family) that you believe in enough to die for then you have nothing – you are no one! Find something and somewhere to love and find ritual and ceremony to honor these things... Before it is too late.

This is a story about Honor – If you love something then you honor it by learning about it and how you can best protect it. You learn in order to love, to understand and to honor it better. To honor something is to protect it, nourish it and keep it happy, safe, free and healthy.

"Elves move now in the night. They take up positions, they watch and they prepare to sacrifice for Nature's Survival - which is all of our lives into the future. If, you believe in keeping violence to a minimum, then you had better get to work fast. Prepare to put your life on the line that your mouth talks so much about: the line of Truth - of knowing when a situation has gone too far and something has to be done. Gaia manifests her own defense." (*Page 1, Introduction*)

While *Ecotopia* was based on stealing nuclear weapons and the high tech path; and the *Fifth Sacred Thing* was based on violent rebellion by federal troops and magical powers – *Wishing at the Edge* is based on democracy and local defense – with the Ranger Elf counter-sabotage deterrent thrown in as a workable solution to the lack of nuclear weapons...

402

*Wishing at the Edge* has a plan with a goal: Local power and strong environmental protection voted in by a majority – or a super-majority in this case. Admittedly the voters are largely people who have moved to the region in order to vote in what they believe in. This has been going on in many regions since 1960. Timing is important in any grand strategy and this book shows the crucial tensions that build up as the climax – the turning point - approaches.

The new regions: Lorien, Ecotopia, Haymarket and Siskiyou are protected by democracy, consensus, nationalism and Eco-Social Defense (Ranger Elf: Phases I, II and III...) This defense keeps violence to a minimum.

**MAGIC**

**The magic used in the book is subtle and organic** – flowing from the dynamics and the

faith of the people. You can actually take out most of the magic without affecting the story. Bravery and risk can replace the magic and the idea of “Wishing” is analogous to “Thinking Through.” The marginal power of magic contributes to the mystery and helps to draw the reader in with its limited and sometimes quirky or unreliable nature.

Two "good" magics seek unification toward a purpose: to guide the Volkentrough - the collective last wish of all species. Complex forces arise to seek their own wishes.

Wildryns – spirits of extinct species and all the children lost to toxics, abortion, and hate - are trapped on the Earth. These Wildryns wait for the time of their optimal release. But dark **shadows** of evil strive to undo the plans of others and to control the power of these tortured souls, for their own designs.

#### **CONTEXT:**

The book crosses genres of fantasy, sci-fi and utopian thought. Problems common to all struggles and movements are touched on: factional in-fighting; federal or bully interventions; and refugees. ... “Are we all refugees now?”

The context of the story is a few years from now amid a social and political struggle in Northern California during the collapse of the national economy. Urban areas are exploding in violence and despair as the USA crumbles into chaos. Refugees clog the roads and threaten to overwhelm endangered habitats. Thousands of people have come to defend the wild and biodiversity - they come for survival. People are coming together to protect their localities and keep them sustainable. The Greens are about to win every election at the local-regional level, running on a platform of succession. Spies, assassins and a Christian Fundamentalist militia threaten the plans.

Healers, youth, Eco-commandos, and the young officers of the militia move cautiously toward mutual acceptance and tenuous alliance. Every event and encounter is fraught  
403

with danger, espionage and assassination. Into this mix, step Hazel, Sasha and Jarred. Each of them has a powerful network of supporters who work openly or behind the scenes to exert influence and gather information.

A 15-year-old, Shasha, and his adopted father, Jarred, try to get the independent-minded militia to ally with the Greens.

#### **SASHA’S GROUP**

The Network plays all sides in this dangerous game. They are mostly young people who live in militia zones, but they tend to favor the Healers and the Forest Defenders. This book is about honor – young Sasha – the adopted son of a militia leader - is determined to do the right thing, to do whatever is necessary to defend his homeland: Inland areas of Northern California.

But he knows that real peace does not come just by defeating your enemies – or the absence of war. It comes from building a broad alliance based on inclusion of many viewpoints. He struggles to bring all the powers of good together (on the physical and spiritual planes) and to lead and inspire them with his honor and sacrifice – his example.

#### **HAZEL’S GROUP**

The Eco-Commandos have stopped commercial logging and attracted many young Forest Defenders. Hazel, a 24-year-old forest campaign veteran is thrown into a leadership role and forced to confront her qualms about violence. Hazel is respected by the militant wing of the Forest Defenders despite her struggles with the use of force, with the ambiguities of violence – attack versus defense. Eventually, following a rescue and a helicopter crash, she falls in love with Jarred as they wander lost in the forest, hunted by **Shadow** and other magical dangers. On the verge of winning elections Hazel's group looks forward to restoring the ecology. But spies and traitors conspire to undue the elections and kill Forest Defender leaders. Elves come to the rescue.

Coming together – unification out of necessity or survival – is a key theme. A magical

forest Elf, Anaya, brings gifts and aid to a meeting of the Greens military network – the Chosen.

### **MILITIA GROUP**

West of coastal Northern California the militia has consolidated its power. Two powerful factions vie for control. The "Young Officers" group wants peaceful coexistence, but an older "Fanatic Christian" faction is determined to establish itself over the whole region. Weapons are being stockpiled in preparation for a showdown. Some militia groups are torn between fighting for their clan – their regional group of dedicated people or taking a risk and supporting the Elves and the Forest Defenders in a

404  
grand coalition. Everywhere everyone is at least becoming aware of the patterns of life, the life grid and the nature of things...

The Eco-Commandos split up into various missions in Colorado and San Francisco. Hazel and friends travel cross-country to a council meeting with powerful militia leaders. All three groups run into difficulties, but manage to accomplish at least part of their missions. Jarred and Sasha narrowly escape death by arranged ambush. Fighting through deception they pass through tragedy. But now blood has been shed and **Shadow's** allies have made their play. Jarred and Sasha rally elements of the Hayfork combined militias to put an end to these threats...

Escaping death once more, Hazel, Sasha, and Jarred end up lost and hunted in the forest. **Shadows** close in on them. Rescuers find them and they head toward the election day music festivals. Traps block their path and more high drama unfolds before the day is done. Sacrifices are chosen and mistakes barely avoided. Sasha leaves his friends and strikes out on his own, in hopes of sparing them grief and hazard. Brione is kidnapped (again!) and she has to choose between safety, friends and honor.

The Elf and Miya (one of the Chosen) are trapped at the heart of a great vortex – impaled by a smoky crystal to a stone slab on a hilltop. A desperate challenge of will against darkest malice rages on minute by minute. Torturous desperation threatens to undo Miya, while the Elf tries to hang on and protect them both...

Unless most of us wish for the same things: Simplicity, Frugality, Sharing, then the Elves will die for nothing and many billions of humans too! Then chaos will rule and greater suffering will spread and deepen for centuries.

The **Great Shadow** moves across the land. The Goddess Lorien's plans progress too: Phase I of Ranger Elf is underway; Phase Two approaches quickly; and even the secret plan, ELF III, is about to happen spontaneously as its value is grasped in many localities. Strategic defense commences by plan and by nature in some areas. But Anaya's understanding of the Wildryns' powers crumbles against Shadow's tricks and Sasha's destiny at a rocky ridge in Colorado.

**Forces of fate and magic converge at a stony hilltop.** Ships transport troops as the Federal government moves to nullify the election results through force and occupation. Storm clouds brew and emotions fill the sky. A moment of destiny builds to its multiple climax. Awareness of the situation grows until a spontaneous awakening is triggered. Most people come to realize that they have to defend the places they live, since there is nowhere left to go. The refugee flood is slowed down.

405

Straw-Men burn in the night sky as beacons shine from one community to the next, proclaiming solidarity and friendship with the new ways. All things come together, friends trust each other, and miracles of courage and hard work save the day. Across the planet, highways of commerce and greed are thrown down. Soon, most people recognize that technology or complex machines that do not serve basic needs of food and shelter are inherently wasteful and evil. Masses of people suddenly discover that

they have something to fight for.

**This book is about the contest between existence** and a void (non-existence); between the powers of evil and of enlightened creativity – those who know the Love of sacrifice: A sacrifice chosen to make magic – something that affects all things with its imprint on our specie's fate. The Elves lead us toward existence, while the **Shadows** and other powers lead us to the void, the final abyss.

**Much of the book is a drama around what Sasha is lacking** – what he is ignoring or unable to fathom. He learns that it has something to do with the Earth, the Elves and their Goddess Lorien. And almost too late he learns that the influence of his mentor is part of the problem. Other people and groups too seem to be searching for something and they do not even know what it is...

So Sasha has to embrace all of the magics and all of the help from his true friends – the Chosen. He has to accept the past and forgive those who he wishes would forgive him should he fail.

**Brione and Hazel help him to see that he has to accept the limitations** of youth without giving up his innocence.

Joyful chosen violence – Sacrifice: Death is the key weapon and the catalyst for change.

**...To love means "To Die For."**

**Wishing at the Edge is an absolutely unique work.** Unlike the other two books in the genre: *Ecotopia* and *The Fifth Sacred Thing*; this book has teeth and claws... and charm. It is not a middle class pacifier or dreamy apologist for inaction (as is the book, *The Sheep Look Up*). Sweet, but down and dirty, it faces the reality of social collapse: refugees and double-crossing alliance intrigues. It shows us a non-violent way to defend and motivate the people of a region and protect its ecology. Many of the young forest defenders and

eco-commandos die, but overall violence is kept to a minimum. Joy and confidence spread and a helping hand is extended to refugees.

**People are ready for something to believe in.** Many know the kind of life they want but not how to get there – and this grows more extreme each day... A key thing people lack is a story that they can relate to and emulate. *Wishing at the Edge* is *that* story.

A lesson implied throughout the book is that when you have to make a decision about money, friendship or what to do with your life, ask yourself if the decision will lead toward the world you want and the kind of person that you want to be. Would you make a different decision if you were living your ideal life?

It's all in our heads – this apathy and inaction paralysis. Do you want to let out your rage and stop this insanity they call the modern world? Even if you do not plan to go out and sabotage, just the fact that people have this awesome power can help you to go on... Imagine thousands of people going out and destroying electric power substations – it's a possibility and as long as possibilities exist (potential) there is real power and hope...building.

This story is timely (Post-2004 election frustrations, the Red-Blue State divisions and talk of successions), provocative (uses violence and Pagan thought), and evocative – pulling the reader into a world and a strategy that they can actually believe in, one whose final impact gives value to sacrifice and leadership. Light reading in some ways, but heavy on subtle allegory. This is a book that you could read 10 times and still find new meaning and new questions.

A sure winner with broad cross-over appeal from environmental, action, fantasy, New Age, Sci-fi and Earth worshippers.

– Try it on for size all you have to loose are ...chains of apathy... The bland world.

**Lorien's voice came out of Miya "Do what must be done.**

The ending of the book is happy, considering how bad it could have been... (will be?).

Friends miss those who die, but they cherish their victory and the relatively few casualties... A surprise in the epilogue helps to tie issues together and suggest the life ahead that they will all have to pursue.

407

-- NOTE --

**Our powerful gift is to wish ahead! To wish or think ahead is the only uniquely human attribute – our loss of this gift results in our loss of our humanity... How can the one trait that was so key to humans' evolution – something that we have done for one million years – now fail us completely?**

The Wildryns' wish was the same as everyone's at the final moment – to protect the future of Nature's diversity and to escape their torture. This was a natural wish of letting their powers re-balance things – and aid the good people – even those who created them out of pain and dislocation.

.....*What is your wish?*

## \*\*\*\*\* TABLE OF CONTENTS

**INTRODUCTION:** PAGES 5 – 8

### **BOOK I: \*\*\*\*\* WHEN WORLDS MEET**

**CHAPTER I:** ELVES, HEALERS AND ECO-COMMANDOS: PAGES 9 - 12

**CHAPTER II:** NETWORKS OF LIGHT: PAGES 13 - 68

**CHAPTER III:** TO BE CHOSEN: PAGES 69 - 84

408

**CHAPTER IV:** A CHALLENGE OF SHADOWS: PAGES 85 - 103

**CHAPTER V:** A TEST OF WILLS: PAGES 104 - 113

### **BOOK TWO:\*\*\*\* ALLIANCES OF LOVE & NEED**

**CHAPTER VI:** LOVE AND BETRAYAL: PAGES 114 - 133

**CHAPTER VII:** DEATH'S OWN SHADOW: PAGES 135 - 198

**CHAPTER VII:**

Of FESTIVALS IN THE SUN, VOTES AND BATTLES FOUGHT: PAGES 198 – 223

### **BOOK THREE: WHEN GODS WALK ON EARTH**

**CHAPTER IX:** CLIMAX OF LIFE; THE HOUR OF THE TWO: PAGES 224 – 258

**CHAPTER X:** THE TEST OF THE LAST WISH:

THE MANY CHOSEN: PAGES 259 - 304

**CHAPTER XI:** WELCOME ARMAGEDDON: PAGES 305 – 323

### **BOOK IV: \*\*\*\* FOR LOVE OF A PLACE**

**CHAPTER XII:** BEYOND THE RAPTURE: PAGES 324 - 329

**CHAPTER XIII:** IN HONOR OF THE CYCLES: PAGES 330 - 343

409

**APPENDIX (30,000 words): PAGES 344 - 400**

*French anyone – Translate this comment on the book from a French blog ---*

**France' ? – Anyone want to translate this comment on a French web about the book ??**

"Je viens de lire le site de no hope,de magnifiques textes tissés de colère, de haine, de peur, de dégoût, de regrets... pas une seule petite étincelle de bonheur... que de la reflexion, de la torture..." – Yanael

"Ce qui m'a plus, sur ce site, c'est l'ambiance que tu a su y mettre. intrigant, un peu angoissant, définitivement attirant.

En meme temps, on se demande ce que tu as du souffrir. ça aiguise la curiosité, ça impose la compassion, et puis ça fait peur. peur de rencontrer la réalité face à face, en plein milieu de ce monde anonyme d'ordinateurs sans âme." - Amélie

## MISCELLANEOUS RESEARCH

### *Structure of Book*

410

#### **I. Conflict:**

**1. Can Sahsa be independent? Can he trust others outside his clan??**

**2. Eco-commandos and the good militia** – all of the good people versus traitors and corrupt leaders fundamentalists and the control freaks of the federal fascists.

Greed moves from \$ to power to dollars...

**3. Elves versus Healers** – deep versus fads - Sacrifice vs. patience.

**II. RESOLUTIONS:** Victory, renewal, and some are alive. Yes, Sasha trusts everyone and leaves his powers, he matures.

**III. Premise:** Gaps between understanding lead to evil. If you don't use magic for good then evil will use it. To re-balance and reconcile all things – all of the single issues and concerns – all good people need to come together in a positive imprint or else evil will win – it will grow and triumph.

If we fail to stop the evil and grow the magic then violence will grow and cover all things -

### **The 8 fold path that holds all wisdom:**

The flower, the Earth, Water, Spirit, Fire, Rage, Edge Intuition, Wizardry – Love – Union – Air...

**What is the life grid;** the protections of the 8 fold path; spirit power wedded to the triple fires?

Love – Rage – truth – The Final Wish?

**Earth's Gaia Defense:** To love simple – to renew and to heal – to give magic back.

Honesty, Truth, Reason Decisions.

Magic is the Purity of youth – Right Intentions – Love – Simple without Shadow influence – Purpose is truth.

411

**Strong Strength of Belief** – Compassionate passion – to counter selfish lust –

Don't put your feelings or expectations into healing or war –

**(Below are parts of the Lotus Flower Petal )**

**FIRE** – The cycle of purification – HAPPY Relations – sincere love – THE END THE EALD – Twilight and new perspectives - - The Universal Life Force which seeks those working toward peace and unification of alliances and understanding - The Peoples of the Life Force – or Life grid – Kindness and fairness – in all dealings with all people – The EARTH – sand he people are one pattern ... what is it – the FLOWRER ?? SKY and EDGE – Spirit's energy and its high ground center. WATER – flowing everywhere up and down hill –

**Are the powers re-ordering your paths and the trinities in order to show you tricks and what is missing ?? To learn from the leaders without losing your own perspective.**

**Sasha cannot go near the first trinity – Why – How – Jarrel - ??**

1. Nature – Ancient Life grid – Elven Lore (lacks trust of Elves) – not enough experience – THOUGH he and his friends use Elven lore sparingly – and unconnected.

2. Simplicity – One wish – he must sacrifice – The network is of the straight edge – use nothing that you do not need –

**Obsessions** – What themes keep coming up in my books? Shadows, Trust, Honor, the morality of violence and patience.

## **CASTING: (DRAFT IDEAS)**

### **BAD GUYS -**

GARTH (Chuck Norris – Clint Eastwood)

Gen. Swanson

Namoia

Daniel

Bad Sheriff Ford

Lt. FOX

### **MINOR Characters -**

Rod (Mountain)

Trevor

Will (Woody Harrelson)

Dave

Aire (Aire)

Dragon Fly (Robert Plant 20 years ago)

Harrison

Kimba (p, 86)

Katia

Tim

Gabriella

Taryn

413

Marla

Dr Dee (Tupac Shakur)

### **Backup Links:**

[ELFWISH.blog.friendster.com/](http://ELFWISH.blog.friendster.com/)

[Ialmond.com/elfwish](http://Ialmond.com/elfwish)

### **See Chapter Links and Elf Photo Gallery:**

[Zorpia.com/Greensurvival](http://Zorpia.com/Greensurvival)

#### **Sacred Fire:**

<http://zorpia.com/cgi/photo.cgi?5134547.05d468>

#### **Sacred Water:**

<http://zorpia.com/cgi/photo.cgi?5134530.5c850b>

#### **Shadows:**

<http://zorpia.com/cgi/photo.cgi?5134527.951ae9>

414

### **Link to Norse and Other Legends**

<http://www.sacred-texts.com/neu/index.htm>

## **ii. - ZORPIA.COM/GREENSURVIVAL**

## **Final Chapter (August 22 or ?)**

<http://zorpia.com/cgi/journal.cgi?1330613>

415

## **I. - ELFWISH.BLOGS.FRIENDSTER.COM**

### **CHAPTERS: 1 -3 NEWER (AUG 20 ?)**

[http://elfwish.blogs.friendster.com/my\\_blog/2005/08/chapters\\_one\\_to.html](http://elfwish.blogs.friendster.com/my_blog/2005/08/chapters_one_to.html)

### **CHAPTERS 4 - 6 Aug. 28 Version**

[http://elfwish.blogs.friendster.com/my\\_blog/2005/08/august\\_28\\_chapt.html](http://elfwish.blogs.friendster.com/my_blog/2005/08/august_28_chapt.html)

## **Wishes of Power**

Nothing is more powerful than a wise wish, but this skill has long disappeared except by chance or in a few secret enclaves in Western Russia, Chechnya and in the Alps near the border of Austria and Switzerland.

There are two primary ways to craft a wise or powerful wish: youthful innocence wishing with rare sincerity or a very clear, simple and focused wish that avoids other wishes and complications. Most people do not believe in wishes and so it is rare for them to have any wish power. Their doubts and confusion set them to wishing vaguely for less or for more than they want – or have the power to manifest.

Wishes start off strong and true among the gifted children, but of course no one notices because they mostly wish for love, for family peace or for food or treats – simple and normal things they are, but they are also the wishes that keep love and traditions alive.

As the Death Culture of this world gains power over children's thoughts and wishes, most people wish away their childish beliefs – their attuneness with nature and their innocent love. Next they are subconsciously accepting the wishes of others.

The trick is to hold on to your innocence and your belief until you can know what you really want and what your powers are. Then you can wish little things (health for someone you love, doubt among those who are bullies) the more specific the better.

With confidence from small successes and your path of power cleared up a bit, you can begin to craft your wishes in a pattern that will bring you to the big wish.

416

Once or twice in your life you can wish up something that has real and far-reaching power – even something that may go against the nature of things and change fate. There is some danger in this for it is usually irreversible. These wishes are best saved for desperate times – like we are in now, because at these times the veil between the worlds is thinner and many wishes are voided by circumstance. Big wishes can attract attention from other wizards, sorcerers and other things of the dark that you would rather not know about, and which you could never face.

**With good intentions and coming from a pure heart you need not fear too greatly and you can concentrate on directing the wish with true aim and compassion.**

# \*\*\*\*\* GLOSSARY:

ANIMA LOCI: Witch Witchcraft Dictionary on ANIMA LOCI - The soul of a place, specifically in Nature. Several cultures believe that natural forms such as wells and lakes as well as mountains, ...

[www.experiencefestival.com/a/ANIMA\\_LOCI/id/187584](http://www.experiencefestival.com/a/ANIMA_LOCI/id/187584)

Anima Loci - geomantie, lithopunktur, erdheilung, heilung der erde, marko pogacnik, landschaftsheilung, heilung der landschaft, anima loci, steinsetzung, symbol, ...

[www.animaloci.de/](http://www.animaloci.de/)

ALFREKA: A term that describes land that has been physically and spiritually desecrated and been ridden of the Anima Loci whether from maleficent acts of a mundane, human nature or from deliberate magical on-lays.

ANIMA LOCI: The soul of a place, specifically in Nature. Several cultures believe that natural forms such as wells and lakes as well as mountains, stone menhirs, and monoliths are sacred and venerable spots where the Numinous Divine resides and that it is possible for humans to make contact with this Anima Loci.

417

ATHWART: Also overwart, the act of ploughing east-west and then tilling the ringes or rows (usually barley, corn or wheat) north-south to assure the rows would be warmed on both sides by the Sun.

ARTHAME: A ritual knife usually used symbolically - also known as athame.

AUGOEIDES: While this term isn't truly considered Old Craft I add it here on the off chance that related studies by the student of the Old Craft mayhap run across it and be in need of this definition. The holy guardian angel (HGA) or higher genius. Also the mediator between one's self and the Gods. Derived from the Greek word for \*morning light\* augos.

ALRAUN: Talismanic image made from the root of the Mandrake, also has several other more esoteric meanings.

AVERSE: Harmful or baneful.

BAN: Another word for a curse.

BALEFIRE: The fire usually lit at the center of a compass for hallowing and saining purposes, providing illumination as well as heat and overlapping both mundane and magical functions.

BAWMING THE THORN: The act of dressing or adorning a living tree with flowers and ribbons and making merry with great celebration afterwards including public games and various amusements. This event usually took place on or near Old Midsummer but the term bawming may include Yule trees as well as the traditional May Pole.

BEATING THE BOUNDS: This act is performed by a group of local folk perambulating their farms, manors, kirkyards or specific geographical boundaries stopping at particular markers such as trees, walls, hedges, wells and standing stones that mark the extent of the boundary in order to ritually \*beat\* specific landmarks with sticks (of Ash and Birch) to chase off such things as the spirit of the old year and negative energies for protective measures.

BELWEATHERS: Beneficent and helpful spirits.

BENIZONS: Also benizon, alternate term for blessings.

BESOM: A handcrafted broom usually made of Ash, Willow and Birch concealing a phallic shape betwixt the brushes and used in ritual purposes for mundane sweeping of the bought or compass as well as being anointed with traditional \*flying ointments\*

created using dark herbs and \*ridden\* to achieve transvective states of lifting or being \*oot and about\*.

418

BIDDING: A specific prayer or an incantation.

BINDING: A specific working intended to encourage the ceasing or stopping of yourself or another's actions.

BLOUT: A ceremony or a ritual.

BOUGHT: Another term for compass or ritual circle.

BUD-WILL: A \*magical child\* or spirit created by a Witch and her covenmates (can be made on a solo basis as well), long term bud-wills are usually created from a concentrated group effort and charged with love and devotion from all the members of a group or coven. The bud-will is sometimes used for the purpose of sacrifice in a ritual or rite, the bud-will may take the form of a cake, a doll or poppet, a witch bottle or even a written glyph and feeds off the life-force of the Witch.

BULL'S NOON: An alternate term for Midnight.

ASSAP: Someone who is considered very wise and knowledgeable.

CHARIVARI: A mocking serenade of dissonant noise created with kettles, pots and tin horns and done in an attempt to annoy. These events usually took place when an older person married a very young person. Such boisterous festivities are also related to Rough Musicking in nature. (back to top)

CHIMERI: The realm above us known alternately as Heaven or Elphame in another aspect.

COMPASS: The magical working area known also as a bought, circlestead, mill -- traditionally nine foot in diameter and created and made by using the red or white cord and a dod at the nowl.

COVENSTEAD: A specific location where a group of witches meets regularly - normally thought to be at least three miles apart and away from another's covenstead..

CROOKS AND STRAITS: Also Crooked Path. In any direction but a straight line, a path fraught with difficulties and beset with both joys and sorrows - synonymous with the life of a Witch, known as walking or trodding the crooked path. This term often used in initiations into the Toadsmen and Horsemen societies with regard to the path to the altar, absolute trust of the initiators being ideally anticipated and all instructions from the initiators being followed to the letter by the initiate in order to avoid pitfalls and errors that may cause one to become hurt physically or in the least made quite uncomfortable.

419

CROOMSTICK: Magical stave with a hooked end -- similar to a shepherd's crook.

CUNNING FIRE: Known also as the serpent fire, fire of Cain (or Qayin) and cognate to the numinous \*light\* that the Cunning Father gave to us humans; that light representing a total awareness and awakened illumination of an interior nature. Also known as the \*Fire in the Head\* referred to by W. B. Yeats in his poetry. Those who bear the \*Mark of Cain\* are said to have access to this daimonic essence.

DAGYDE: Traditional Witches' dollie image or figure that is used with needles or pins.

DAIMON: Greek word for spirit. All types of nature spirits and divine entities are included in this definition. The word demon was created from the original word and indicated specifically evil spirits.

DISTAFF LINE: The bloodline of a person as followed only in the matriarchal sense. The \*Mother's Line\* whereas Mother refers to Dame Fate and her distaff by which she spins the \*threads of Fate\*, the alternate Male line is known as the Spear.

DOD: A stake or peg of wood, generally used for ritual purposes (used in the formal creation of the bought or compass when attached to the cord and used as a measuring

device across the ground's surface).

DOSSEL: Known also as the \*morcan\* it is an image of a person or of something used in a ceremonial fashion.

DREWARY: A sexual technique and praxis conducted between consenting magical partners that is a way and means to a sacred and venerable spiritual expression of the Nameless Arte, as well as an emulation of the Dame herself in the ecstatic and erotic act of sensual enjoyment using prolonged intercourse near the edge of orgasm.

EGREGOR: Primal, titanic, celestial and natural forces that have sometimes taken a shape and have appeared as group thought forms (a specific racial and archetypal form) in the guise of giants through intense will and visualization. Also refers to \*watchers\*

ELDRITCH: Strange or unearthly; eerie.

ELPHAME: Also known as Elphin, Elphen, Elphome, Elphome, Elfame, Elphane, Elfane being the Underworld. The Realm below the Earth in which all things return and commence from.

ENHAZELLED: A plot of earth sained by Hazel staves and red strings.(back to top)

FAMILIAR: A more readily known and recognized term for the \*Fetch\*.

FEEORIN: Another term for the Fae folk or Faery folk.

420

FETCH: The spiritual entity that usually takes on some sort of animalistic element and role and that is recognized in the Three Fold Alliance (human, faery and animal). A specific ally and helper that is born from a place outside our own consciousness and awareness but still comes from within our own mind though it appears to take on physical attributes.

FITH FATH: (Pronounced Fee Faw) A Scots Gaelic term meaning \*deer aspect\* or one who takes on the appearance of a deer and the term relates to a corpus of initiatory shape shifting lore. The term fath is connected to specific poems and incantations that enable these transitions via the magical words spoken or sung.

GAST: A physical place that is considered infertile and desolate. A place in which benevolent spirits have been driven away. Such places are recognized immediately by the feeling of wanting to flee or being driven away. Continued exposure to such locations when it has been made apparent that such contact is unwelcome can be dangerous.

GENIUS LOCI: The distinctive atmosphere or pervading spirit of a place. The guardian deity of a place.

GHOST ROADS: Known also as the Dragon Paths, Serpent Tracks, Coffin Paths etc. these roads overlap with the idea of Ley Lines first promulgated by Alfred Watkins. These roads are used by the newly deceased as they travel and make their way to the Underworld. On more ancient of these lines can be found markers such as tumuli, barrows, churches and cemeteries.

GODSTONE: Refers to the phallic standing stones (found at Crossroads and along certain Ghost Roads - also known as God Stanes) and representative of the World Tree, the Irminsul, as well as the Human Spine. The Stone encompasses the Heavens or Chimeri, the UnderWorld or Elphame as well as the mundane earthly realms we currently inhabit.

GO UPON THE LAND: A method used by those who worked the land to determine whether or not the ground was fertile and ready for planting by removing the trousers and sitting upon the land to directly gauge the temperature of the earth.

GRAMARYE: A book containing magical information or lore (from the scholastic term grammar) -- The Secret Granary or the Red Book of Appin are two historical references for Gramaryes.

GREAT NOWL: The Pole Star, or the Northern Star.

GREEN GOWN: A tongue in cheek way to refer to a tousel in the new-mown hay. To \*give one a green gown\* or a \*green coat\* (for men) usually occurred when one went a'

421

Maying down in the Greenwood during Roodmas Tide. Green Gown figures are synonymous with female tutelary spirits whose origins are ever present in the land - a representative of Dame Nature herself. Additionally green coats were often noted to be the apparel of the Devil in traditional lore and phaery tales.

GREY MAGIC: The noble art of obfuscation -- not revealing certain things about one's self or one's magical praxis in order to always keep those who may have thought they had a good indication who you were and what you were about unsteady and uncertain. Robert Cochrane claimed this gave him an advantage over those folks who assumed they had a definite bead on his character. (back to top)

GRIMALKIN: Also Graymalkin (a Witch familiar). An old female cat or a bad-tempered old Witch woman which sometimes can be both at once.

GUDEMAN'S FAULD: Also called Jack's Land or No-Man's Land. A fold or enclosure of land that is left wild and never tilled in homage to the Gudeman or Devil. This plot is left as a dead ground and considered a permanent habitation for the spirits of the dead.

Variants include the Dame's Acre in homage to the Dame or Queen of Elphame.

GUISING: Dressing in masqued/masked costumes for ritual use (traditionally incorporating sacred animals and other historical figures such as the Fool and Mari Lwyd) -- a derivative of \*disguising\* - normally seen at Misrule and Roodmas tides, those who dress in such a manner are known as Guisers or Guizards.

GYRE-CARLING: Alternate title for the Queen of Elphame.

HAGSTONE: A holed stone that symbolizes the Goddess and her Divine Femininity. Often used by prudent Farriers after having a piece of string run through the holed stone and being attached to the door of the stable with the express purpose being to keep the horses within from being hag-ridden.

\*Hang up hooks and shears to scare

Hence the hag that rides the mare,

Till they be all over wet

With the mire and the sweat.

This observed the manes shall be

Of your horses all knot free.\* Robert Herrick

HALLOWED: To make holy or sained - additionally something that has been empowered with Spirament.

HAEGTESSA: A \*Hedge Rider\*. A Saxon term for a Witch.

HIDDEN COMPANY: Discarnate Witches who act as Spirit Guides.

422

HORSEMAN'S WORD: A secret word taught at initiation into the Horsemen's Society that was usually whispered to the horse by said \*Horse Whisperers\*. This word enabled that person to \*jade\* (stop) or \*draw\*\* (cause to go) the beast. This feat was actually accomplished by the use of oils and mixtures (sometimes added to a horse's favorite food or snack) that were created by the Horseman that were either repellent or aromatic in nature and that caused the specific horse behaviour noted above. An example of a Horseman's Word from the early 20th Century Gypsy folk is Deagblasda (sweet-tasting).

\*Hele, Conceal, Never Reveal,

Neither Write, Nor Dite, Or Recite,

Nor Cut, Nor Carve, Nor Write in Sand\*.

HOUNCES: Colorful worsted braids usually worn by farm-horses to keep them from being fascinated by the evil eye or pixie-led.

HOUZLE: Variant also Housle, Housel. A specific instance of sharing sained food and

drink (usually wine and bread) between Witch folk and their brethren both seen and unseen.

HULDU: Norse/Icelandic term for Elves and Faerie Folk. Also Hulda-Folk, Alfa-Folk - the Hidden or Vanishing People.

HYTERSPRITE: Benevolent earth spirit.

IYNX: Plural Iyinges. Also associated with the Latin verb Iungere: to join. In it's most cosmic aspect as a numinous magical vortex it is said to have the root meaning \*primal transmission\*. The term is derived from the name of the Wryneck bird (Iynx from Iugmos - a shrieking sound) which was spread eagled across a wheel, itself known as the Iynx or Rhombus which was then spun on two strings to attract the beloved.

KUTHUN: An object that a dying witch gives to another witch in order to pass the power.

KARINDER!: An East Anglian term with deliberate incantory uses that draws attention and is used at the beginnings of most workings.

KEPPEN ROD: A stick or pole of sorts used for measuring.

LILITH'S LANTERN: The Moon.

LIFTING: Additionally known as Faring Forth the Fetch, Traveling and being Oot and Aboot (transvection) and refers to the spiritual soul travel when the practitioner leaves their body and travels into other relative dimensions and worlds -- this form of reality is most often experienced by the Fetch.

423

MARK OF CAIN: The invisible, numinous mark usually bestowed upon initiation that marks and denotes that one is of the Old Craft Persuasion.

MASTER: Ambiguous title given to the Lord that bears the Light between his Horns recognized often in his primal forms of a Blacksmith as well as an Archer.

MAGISTELLUS: A Familiar or a Lesser God or Little Master that helps and aids the Witch in her endeavors -- examples would be Robin Artisson who came to Dame Alice Kyteler in the form of a Black Dog.

MOLE COUNTRY: The Underworld, or the Land of the Dead.

MOLLHERN LAND: The Underworld, or the Land of the Dead.

MYRKRIDER: Alternate term for Hedge Wytches, Hedge Riders.

NAMELESS ARTE: Or the Magical Arte, Arte Magical (also Art) - a euphemism for the praxis of the Old Craft, Elder Craft or Witchcraft.

NAYWORD: A secret password or watchword, or a specific term or phrase that allowed one to gain access to a Ritual or celebratory Sabbat with others and must be given correctly in order to advance into the working group.

NICNEVIN: Also Gyre-Carling, Scottish Lowlands term for the Queen of Elphame or Daughter of the Bones, this term has certain diabolic associations.

NICNEVIN'S CHARNAL HOUSE: The Underworld, or Land of the Dead.

NOUS: Also noetic. The principle of the cosmic or divine mind or soul responsible for the rational order of the cosmos. In Neo-Platonism, the image of the absolute good, containing the cosmos of intelligible beings. (back to top)

NOWL: The center, navel or omphalos as in the Pole star or the center of a compass or some other area used for magical workings.

NUMEN: A presiding divinity or spirit of a place. A spirit believed by Witches to inhabit certain natural phenomena or objects. Creative energy; genius.

ODLING: Something without equal.

OLD FATE: Known also as Dame Fate. The Spinner of the Threads of Fate. Seen sometimes as a Loathsome Lady and sometimes Lethal Goddess, She, whose secret and unknown name is said with fear and dread sometimes appeared as Three Separate Women in different cultural contexts as the Morai, the Parcae, the Norns.

424

ONEIRIC: Of or relating to or suggestive of dreams and the dream state, also the twilight stage between sleep and wakefulness.

ON-LAY: The act of \*laying on\* or creating new magical virtues by the use of operative magical acts at a specific geographical space, be it indoors or out, though those out of doors are preferred -- the art of placing an \*overlay\* of relevant energies and mythical and magical patterns on a particular object for specific intentions and purposes. Under an on-lay, the attributes brought on from the Anima Loci are minimally kept and can even be overridden.

OOT AND ABOOT: The art and act of transvection, also called lifting, faring forth the fetch. Synonymous with Astral or Soul travel.

OWD HINERY: Also Auld Chiel. Alternate title or name for the Devil.

OWL BLINK: A Curse.

OWL LIGHT: The Twilight.

PERRY DANCERS: The Northern Lights, the Aurora Borealis.

POPPET: Also called a Mommet -- a small figure made from wax and cloth and created to mirror/image a person or thing in order to work a form of sympathetic magic - they were stuffed with herbs, hair, fingernails and sometimes bodily fluids.

POUK'S PINFOLD: An alternate term for the Underworld or Hell with Pouk being the Devil and a Pinfold being a type of enclosure or pen for stray animals.

PRAXIS: Practical application or exercise of a branch of learning as related to Witchcraft.

PUCKEREL: Another term for the Fetch, also known as the Puckril, or Bid..

RED THREAD: A subtle reference relating to the idea and concept of the Witch Blood that is passed from generation to generation in a physical sense or in reference to those who have had it awakened spiritually through some form of initiation.

RIG: A cord or line that runs across a compass or bought that was created while attached to two dods -- it usually runs from the center to the very northernmost edge.

ROUGH MUSICKING: Also Riding the Stang, Skimmington, Skimmity.

This custom apparently began as a New Year's tradition unique to the regions of Cumberland, Westmorland and the Yorkshire areas. The act of Riding the Stang belongs to a range of customs that were particular to the working classes in which they claim the right to manhandle their superiors. Can be compared to similar traditions enacted at the Corby Pole Fair as well.

425

This custom involved a gathering of folks going about the village to a particular place or home with metal plates, tins, poles and such being struck loudly so as to make obnoxious noises (usually done at night). Also used as a way to \*drum a man (or woman) out of the village\* for such offenses as adultery, incest, spousal abuse. Another symbol of social disapproval is the leaving of or scattering of chaff at the threshold of the home of the offender.

SABBATSELE: A specific Hallows experience or celebration.

SAIN: To make a particular place, person, or thing holy or hallowed or consecrated by the use of magical chants and songs -- the act of saining in order to sanctify.

SCORE ABOVE THE BREATH: The belief carried over from medieval times that causing a Wytch to bleed above the mouth and nose (by intentionally scratching, slashing or poking) would cause any workings that had been done or magical acts performed to become null and void.

SECRET GRANARY: The legendary and elusive \*Gramarye\* or grammar book containing the Craft Secrets of East Anglia.

SHOTSELE: Evening time.

SIT YE MERRY: East Anglian phrase meaning \*Behold, the End\* and used at the end of

an invocation or working.

SKRY: Derived from Old English word \*descry\* meaning to see or observe utilizing a form of clairvoyance that incorporated the use of bowls of water, mirrors, crystals.

SOUTHWAYS: Moving in a clockwise fashion or deosil, with the Sun's movement.

SMOOR: To smother the flames of a balefire or bonfire.

SPIRAMENT: Subtle energy or cosmic breath also known as Ond, Vril or Odyle.

SPRITE TRAPS: A form of a protective device whose name is a corruption of Spirit Trap. Sprite Traps were made by several means from a small magically charged stone nestled between the forks of a smallish stang to more elaborate creations involving weaving a particular pattern with red thread atop a forked ash or rowan wand -- such woven traps incorporated design elements as runes of protection and were planted firmly at the front and back doors of homes and businesses.

STALE: The besom or ritual broom's handle.

426

STANG: A forked ritual staff usually of Ash wood that serves as an altar -- additionally it is a physical representation of the World Tree or Irminsul showing the illusion of duality, as well as being a staff of office for the coven Magister or Magistra. Also functions as a simple walking stick and early versions were used to mark ley lines and used as tools to survey the surrounding countryside.

TANGING THE BEES: Also tinging the bees. An act performed to cause bees that were swarming to settle. Examples from East Anglia include beating on a metal dustpan with the house key while in the immediate presence of swarming bees.

TOAD'S BOON: Distinctive powers of Witchcraft given to the Toad Men through a complicated ritual using the specific crotch shaped bones of a certain type of toad (the natterjack or bufo calamita) and known in a similar vein to the Horsemen and the Horseman's Word in their abilities and praxis.

TROSHEL: A threshold in a home or boundary.

TWILIGHT SLEEP: Also Twylyt Sleep. A trance state.

TO LIE BY THE WALL: To be dead.

UNDER THE ROSE: Or Sub Rosa, referring to the specific symbol of the rose representing confidentiality and secrecy in matters shared.

UNGUENTI SABBATI: Flying ointment usually prepared with the darker herbs/worts of a specific narcotic nature (Hellebore, Hemp, Henbane) -- can be dangerous and deadly if used unsupervised.

VERDELET: Also the Man in Green, Robinet, Robin Hood. French term for the aspects of the dual natured Horn God who represents both the primal nature of fertility that is seen as green and growing bright half of the year as well as the obverse nature of the Man in Black or Harlequin who is a harbinger of the shadowy nature of decrease and death during the icy and freezing dark half of the year.

THE WAIN: The constellation of Ursa Major - The Great Bear, also known as Arthur's Wain.

WARD: The spiritual guardian of an area or a place or the act of using magic via the form of workings etc. to protect a place - to ward and wane.

WASSAIL: Anglo Saxon term word that refers to \*being whole\* often used a greeting and is known in the yearly blessing of the Apple trees after Winter's frost and freeze.

WHINNEY MOOR: From the Old Norse \*hvin\* and the Old English \*mor\* which refers to a moorland where gorse grows. A wasteland covered in thorns that the souls of the

427

dead had to fly over or cross on their journey to the Otherworld. Of a more mundane explanation, it is a geographical area on the outskirts of Leeds (called Whinmoor) where many folktales abound about the ghostly battles that take place there.

WHIST: Uncanny, silent, quiet, still, hushed, making no sound, or free from noise or disturbance. Also melancholy, sorrowful, cognate with wist as in wistful. Filled with a particular yearning or eldritch desire.

WIGHT: Germanic term meaning \*being\* or \*creature\* applied to both spirits of an anabolic and catabolic nature being able to influence both the increase and decrease of a specific place.

WITCH BOTTLES: Also known as Bellarmine or Greybeards. Squat, narrow necked stoneware bottles depicting a Green-Man type figure (in parody after Cardinal Roberto Bellarmine) placed as a subtle decorative motif and designed to act as a repellent against Witches. They are usually filled with such things as bent nails, urine, broken glass and needles and set in a pot of boiling water till they burst with the idea being that a form of linkage would occur that would cause great suffering to the bewitcher. They can additionally be buried to work over a longer period of time.

**Bear – МЕДВЕДЬ**

#### **MISC. Prisoners – Info and Research Stuff**

Ana Lucia Gelabert (Cuban-American); Irmgard Möller (Heidelberg, Germany); Marilyn Buck (Native American); Ted Kazinsky (Montana); Helen Woodson (Texas); Ibai Ederra (Spain); Robert Thaxton - Rob Los Ricos (Eugene, Oregon); Sara Olson (SLA- California); The following individuals are serving huge sentences for their alleged role in actions carried out by the United Freedom Front in the 1980's.

*The UFF carried out solidarity bombings against the US government on a variety of issues, including Apartheid in South Africa and US imperialism in Central America.*

*Jaen Karl Laaman W41514, Box 100, South Walpole, MA 0207.*

*Thomas Manning #10372-016, Box 4000, Springfield, MO 65801.*

Richard Williams #10377-016, 3901 Klein Blvd., Lompoc, CA 93436. Jeffrey Free Luers and Craig Critter Marshall (Fall Creek, Oregon); Tre Arrow (Oregon/British Columbia) and all those who risk life, limb or liberty to stop the senseless destruction of Earth that we all depend on....

428

See complete list at: <http://www.u-blog.net/wishedge/article/prisoners>

Or visit: Earth Liberation Prisoners at: <http://www.spiritoffreedom.org.uk/>

**... We Are Busy Producing:**

**The Movie that will challenge the only other significant film in the last 40 years:**

“2001” boldly begins with a 20-minute sequence titled The Dawn of Man. These 20 minutes are void of dialogue and focus exclusively on a group of man-apes and their discovery of tools and the darkest and oldest of human traits: murder. After a black, domino-like monolith appears amidst the man-apes primal environment, one man-ape discovers—in one of the most masterfully executed scenes in cinematic history—that large animal bones can be used to crush smaller bones into submission. Following the murder of a member of a rival band of man-apes, the bone-wielding man-ape roars and hurls his bone—his tool—into the air. The bone rushes into the sky, turning as it rockets upward, and when it begins to fall it morphs into a spaceship. This, my friends, is the most brilliant flash forward in cinema, ever. It's as if Kubrick has declared that everything from then until now is meaningless.

After an extended, ballet-like scene of a spaceship docking and startling, realistic moonwalking shots, mankind encounters a second monolith, which sends a beacon to Jupiter, spawning the next act of the film.

**TO HELP WITH ANY OF THESE EFFORTS PLEASE WITHDRAW ALL OF YOUR**

**MONEY AND DEDICATE ALL OF YOUR TIME:**

429