

*Tales in the Spirit*



Arthur Winarczyk

Tales in the Spirit

## Copyright

Tales in the Spirit

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## Introduction

This book is a condensed version of 'The Third Testament' and some of the novels that resulted from 'Life in the Spirit' experiences. 'The Third Testament' and the novels took over 40 years to put together. This short book contains the important or critical stories that explain aspects of this revelations that began in 1980 CE.

'Life in the Spirit' is also known as the 'Kingdom of Heaven' and the 'Promised Land' (a spiritual inheritance). 'Life in the Spirit' is believed to be a form of mental telepathy. A virtual reality type effect takes place and those online can develop a 'Realm of Life', like a story. Like an enhanced imagination experience.

'Life in the Spirit' takes place within the 'Hebrew God dimension'. A book titled 'The Science of LIFE' explains the physics. This has nothing to do with any religion. Religions have always been political inventions. Religions invented magical thinking and magical beliefs. Abrahamic religions give themselves authority by referring to parts of the Bible. The Bible is an ancient encoded text, full of metaphors and symbolism and hidden meanings. Much of the Bible is not genuine, only the invention of charlatans.

'Life in the Spirit' is for 'true Jews' as defined by Saint Paul. A person does not need to be a natural Jew. A 'true Jew' does not worship in the manner of people and instead keeps engraved in their heart the 10 commandments (the symbolic 'Ark of the Covenant'). In the spirit these are known as 'Laws of the Heart'. There is a reflection technique in regards to these laws, and each has dimensions. The scholarly sections of 'The Third Testament' explain.

## **The Beginning (Son of the Eternal God; Daughter of the Hebrew God)**



The vision in the mind of a staircase. The steps made of white dots. Down these steps descended a dark figure, a Dark Lord. At the base stood a female mental image dressed much like a bride. In advanced 'Life in the Spirit' these steps are believed to lead to heaven.

As this was taking place panoramic mental imagery came. Images of human history, especially the horror and atrocities of wars, and the effects of poverty on children.

As the Dark Lord reached the base the female mental image gave a curtsy. The sense she used, in words equated to "Welcome, my lord and my God."

The sense he used to reply equated to words was "Long time ago in a galaxy far away, I fell in love with you."

"I am the original Spirit of a Woman, yes. I have chosen a number of ordinary human females to be me when with you, when you are in the flesh, for that is my understanding. When the time is convenient, each biological woman will introduce herself to you. People use names. It would be convenient for you to have a name. Say Mark? I want you to meet the women that will be part of my WILL."

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## **Sophia ('wife in the spirit' at low levels)**

Mark was walking through a large shopping mall. Not looking for anything in particular. Looking one way and the other. He walked past one shop. His head was turned the other way. A woman came out quickly. The two bumped into each other.

"I'm sorry. I wasn't looking. Can I buy you a coffee as an apology?"

The woman, very attractive, long blond hair, facing a nice looking man about her age, wasn't sure how to respond. "No...ah.. uhm...I feel this was...ah, uhm ... .sure. Coffee would be nice."

They found an intimate cafe. Mark asked how she liked her coffee and could he interest her in a sweet? He walked to the counter, ordered, and returned.

"My name is Mark."

"Mine is Sophia. You are looking for anything in particular?"

"Not really. Just walking around. You live around here?"

The two exchanged small talk. The coffee and sweets came.

"I am a medical student." Sophia explained. "And you?"

"A science student."

"What kind of science?"

"Physics, mathematics, computer science. Not the kind many people are interested in. Too much of physics."

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They chatted about things, even the weather which had been very hot this summer. Sophia was happy. “I enjoyed this. How can I repay?”

“You mean that?”

“Uhm, yes, I think so.”

“If you truly mean it, there is a way. A touch awkward to explain.”

“Go on. Please. I am curios.”

“You see how my long hair has light streaks. I surf. Not well, but I like it. What surfers want is...is...this is a symbol of success for a surfer...well, a pretty girl – but she must have blond hair.”

“You would like me to go to the beach with you/” She smiled.



The setting changed to ‘the beginning’. “How do you like her?”

“She seems fine. Very attractive.”

“She didn’t mention she was a Jew. I guess not the kind of thing a person mentions on a first meeting. Next time you will meet, she will not remember you – because she will be as complete ‘me’ as is possible. Leave the time and situation to me. Now meet another I have chosen.”

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## Lisa (part of Helen's WILL)



Mark was walking through the streets of Mumbai, India. Ever so busy. So many people. Hot. Humid. He wasn't really looking ahead but from side to side and bumped into a woman in a white robe with blue stripes.

"I am sorry. My fault. Can I apologize by buying you a coffee? That uniform. Isn't that a Missionary of Charity dress code?"

"Yes, but I wouldn't call it a dress code."

"He is perfect, sister, keep him with us. If someone is watching me they will think he is a client." The girl was perhaps ten. Clearly an Indian but a pale Indian. She spoke in perfect

English which wasn't what Mark expected. He had not noticed the girl was with the woman.

"Over there, a coffee spot." The sister pointed. "My name is Lisa. This is Lola. I am looking after her for a day."

They walked to the cafe. Mark asked what they both would like to drink, and perhaps a sweet. As they sat down a waitress came. He gave the order. Lola said she had to go to the toilet and left.

"Sister. What did she mean by a 'client'?"

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“Please, call me Lisa.” She moved her head close and quietly. “Lola is a child prostitute. I find them, not easy, but when I do I save them. I put them on a train to an orphanage we have in the country.”

“And it is best if I remain with you if she is watched? All right, but she is with you and you are a sister.”

“Those charged with keeping an eye on their assets are cunning, but rarely intelligent. Lola is correct. When with a white man, the watcher will think a client. A wealthy American perhaps.”

“I am not an American or wealthy.”

Lola was back and enjoyed her milkshake and sweets. Lisa and Mark sipped their coffee. Lisa explained to Lola. “This man, Mark, has agreed to take you the train station. That will be smarter.”

“I did?” Mark thought but didn’t say. “Oh, sure, if I can help. I don’t know where the train stations is.”

“I will take you, sir.” Lola said. Again Mark was struck how perfect her English, like a posh English school girl. The dress she wore was cream and green. A pattern of flowers. Very pretty, both the dress and the girl. While certainly Indian, her skin was so light that she would probably pass for a tanned Caucasian.

When they have finished Lisa said. “It is best I leave you both. Mark promised to take you to the station. I gave you money for the ticket. You know where to go.”

“I do.” Lola nodded.

“I best go back to my compound.”

‘Compound? Sounds like a prison.’

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“No, no, just our name for it.” She thanked Mark and gave Lola a kiss on the forehead.

Mark and Lola left. Lola taking Mark to the train station. “Someone is always watching me.” She looked about and even behind. “I don’t know who, but he will think you are a wealthy American client and will stay far behind.”

They reached the station. Lola came to the counter and asked for a ticket. Mark said “No, keep your money, I will pay for it. Make it first class please.”

They had to wait for an hour at the station. Mark wasn’t going to leave until she was safely on the train. “You don’t sound like an American, sir, where are you from? May I ask please?”

“Australia.”

“I don’t know where that is. I know where England is. And United States. What is Australia like please?”

Not knowing how to talk with a child prostitute, and feeling most uncomfortable, Mark was happy to explain about Australia and native animals such as kangaroos. Lola took an interest and asked questions. A long talk. Then an announcement that the train to Lola’s destination was ready. Mark walked with Lola, they found her carriage, and he waited until the train left.

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The setting changed to ‘the beginning’. “How do you like her?”

“A servant of a false hope.”

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“Saint Paul claimed a person is justified by their deeds. Surely you find no fault with her?”

“Her inner beauty is striking. Actually, she looked very nice too. Mentioned she was originally from Canada.”

“The next woman you will meet at an appropriate time, my lord.”

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## Maria (part of Helen's WILL)



The Godfather theme louder. Walking toward him a woman in a red business suit. Heading to the same platform? That woman attracted attention. Narrow hips. Imposing figure. A sense of style. Husband behind? She was walking ahead with head low. Married too long? The man holding a large suitcase. In his other hand a duffel bag. The woman stopped, turned, handed her traveling bag and walked off. To the ladies? The moment she disappeared behind a magazine booth the man took out a handbag from that traveling bag and took something out. A mobile phone? Was it a cell phone in Italy?

As his eyes alternated between looking at that man and following the shapely figure a coffee bar came into view. Why not? Still time.

“Cappuccino please.” Perhaps he should have said ‘per favore’? Or was it ‘pi favuri?’ One was Italian. The other a Sicilian dialect variation. Pronounced the same?

“Caffé?”

“Yes.” Mark nodded and pointed to a paper cup. The girl understood. Wasn’t ‘Cappuccino’ a universal word?

“Sorry, scusi.” He barely turned with his take-away coffee when he brushed the girl, maybe ten. She gave him a stern look. With arms opened wide turned to two adults. “Americano.”

Would she react the same if he used the Sicilian ‘Mi scusassi’?

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Standing, leaning for support against a wall, Mark sipped his coffee, watching the man waiting for the woman in red. That traveling bag he was holding was pink with purple flowers with a bright yellow center. A pretty woman's bag. She wasn't back. Not surprising. So many people in this terminal. Female toilets known for long queues. At university he stayed at a boarding college. Female and male toilets and showers the same. About the only issue was that he was tall and shower cubicle separators short. Now and then a female student refused to use a shower adjacent to his. A few wanted to. During a sporting event in France portable toilets were set up. These had no backs. Easy enough for males. He wasn't sure how that worked for females, or if they used these. In Ancient Rome public toilets were unisex. No urinals or separators. Large holes so close together in a long wooden seat.

Mark noticed that man give a hand signal to a woman walking past. An older woman. Perhaps forty? Good figure. Reddish hair. From the corner of his eyes Mark could see that woman as she was walking away, and glancing toward him. Perhaps curious why he was watching that man. No reason. Just waiting for that shapely figure – the woman in red – to return.

American voices behind him. A man and a woman in front of a ticket machine. The machine gave them reserved seat tickets but in different carriages. They were not happy. Mark's travels were extensive this time and arranged by an Australian travel agent. His train ticket also. He walked past one machine and noticed it had an English option. So he could have done this himself? Might have saved money.

Plastic cup into a recycling bin. Onto the platform. Police asking for passport and ticket. Maybe not for passport but he handed it over anyway. His large suitcase slid through an x-ray machine. Security

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required only for this train. Why? One policeman examining his documents and talking much.

“English.” Mark pointed to himself. The only word he understood was Palermo, but in what context?

The officer let him through. This happened in Moscow too. A security check for the fast train. Mark never certain when a passport was required to be shown. So he made a habit of putting a ticket inside his passport. If a passport wasn't required he won't look silly. The policeman looking at these and talking much. Mark had to point to himself “English”. Mark could speak Polish, which in some ways is similar to Russian. Not this time. Whatever the policeman said, Mark didn't understand one word. Why talk so much? About what? All he wanted was a train for which he had a legitimate ticket.

At 4 AM Mark was aboard a flight in Moscow for Rome. Almost never could sleep on airplanes. The day before at 3 AM he was boarding a super-fast train from Moscow to Saint Petersburg. Over 700 kilometers. The train made it in four hours. A city he enjoyed. That night he returned to his Moscow hotel close to midnight. No point sleeping. He would have to leave at 1 AM for the airport.

The day before his trip to Saint Petersburg he spent the day exploring Moscow using the subways – the metro. A vast network of 340 kilometers of track. He was pleased because he was managing. The names of stations were in Russian writing, which to his brain were symbols he had to memorize. All went well, he found the Red Square and Saint Basil's, until seven when he started his return journey. He confused the symbols and ended up for hours on the subways. Perhaps he ought to have stopped and found a taxi. At the time he was determined to work out how to get back to his station from which it was a short stroll. With 340 kilometers of track, depending

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where he was lost, it may cost a small fortune for a taxi to bring him to his hotel. Eventually he managed, but by the time he was back it was after 1 AM and he had to catch a taxi in less than an hour to the fast train station. A strong black coffee.

Weary and tired, the four-hour flight to Rome passed. Emerging into Rome's Fiumicino airport all he wanted was sleep. Eyes out of focus. Disorientation. Where was he? Oh yes, Rome! The last thing he wanted now was the long journey to Sicily by train. On his ticket, subtracting the arrival time from departure time, it was twelve and half hours. Some trains took over 20 hours. That didn't make sense because this day train was known to be old and slow. Mark booked a day train because he wanted to see the views. He read TripAdvisor before he booked and was prepared for an old train that usually arrived late. For the day train he had a booking. Perhaps not today?

At the ticket counter the young woman spoke English. She looked-up flights. Said there were a number. Seats available. Mark hesitated, said he might come back. He couldn't make up his mind. Ought he? Should he? Without a sleeper he wasn't sure he could sleep on this train, but his eyes were closing often, perhaps he might? At the moment he was concentrating on not falling. The concern was had he reached the limit of his credit card? Could he afford to pay for a flight? Flights from Rome to Palermo varied in cost depending on time of day. Most cheaper than a train fare. Probably could.

Standing in one spot, turning his head between the booking desk and the outside where buses waited. Not far from him a young woman sitting on a chair. Near her a compact disc player. An old song "Those Were The Days". A song he loved. All three versions! Also a fourth version, French, with words similar to the English version. Originally a Russian gypsy song. "I used to drive a three-horse drawn carriage with bells." A Polish version, the music the same but the

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words different, began with “You don’t even know how grateful I am to you.” The English version put together by Paul McCartney started with “Once upon a time there was a tavern.”

Which version was best. The Russian version known as Дорогой длиною meaning “The Endless Road” or “The Long Road” or “By The Long Road.” The Polish version “Those Were Beautiful Days.” The Polish version the loveliest. The Russian version powerful. Spoke of a man tormented by a tune in his head. English translations of the words failed to do justice to the poetry. The English version excellent. Captured the beauty of the haunting melody.

“Where am I?” Mark shook thoughts away. He had become absorbed in a song, and didn’t have time for that. Mark felt he would manage on the train and found a bus, paid at a ticket counter, and stepped inside and found a seat. Eyes closing. Outside again. He had forgotten his suitcase on the carousels. He explained to the man standing by an open luggage compartment using hand gestures while pointing at a suitcase. Did the man understand? Maybe, because he nodded.

The same bus still there. The driver took his suitcase and put it in the luggage compartment. He must have understood and waited, because now he closed the compartment. Mark stepped aboard followed by the driver. Into a seat. Eyes closing. His brain playing a song in his head – all three versions! Then settled on the Polish version. Another part of his brain decided to translate into English:

*You don’t even know how grateful I am to you  
I was alone as you were alone  
I didn’t know how to find happiness.  
But you made it come to pass that I tasted happiness  
Those were beautiful days  
In truth beautiful days (OR Simply beautiful days)*

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*In today's world the calendar no longer knows such days  
In those days you were teaching me how to say your name  
In those days you threw away the whole world for me*

That's all he recalled. Two areas of his tired brain were arguing about the correct translation of the Polish words. A word in one language may have more than one meaning. English is a well-known monotonous language. Most languages are not, with a word capturing a sense and atmosphere and elegance and deep feelings. A Polish word for 'family' came to mind. Rodzina. Similar to the word 'birth' (urodził się or narodziny). A Pole automatically associates loyalty to a family because the word reminds a person of his or her birth. How to translate such an association into English?

Mark opened his eyes. The song in his thoughts faded away. Outside the window a busy city. The journey slow closer to the center. The sights not new. He had been in Rome before.

Out of the bus. A wait for his suitcase. A glance at his wristwatch. In Australia he used his mobile telephone for time. When traveling he found it easier to use a wristwatch. An hour before the train was to depart. Breakfast in the terminal. A large self-serve eating place. No need to try and pronounce what he was after. A finger did the talking. Delicious. The Russian Aeroflot flight that morning provided breakfast, but too soon after it departed. Mark wasn't used to having breakfast that early and didn't. Never much of a breakfast person. The strong black coffee welcome.

The train at Rome's Termini train station looked ancient, ready to fall apart. So few people in the carriages he was passing while looking for his. The Godfather theme louder. The source of the Godfather theme was a youth with a beret cap selling souvenirs. Near him a white board with images from the Godfather films. Especially

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of Michael Corleone in Sicily. Next to him a portable music player. The theme boomed. Very loud near his carriage. Mark stepped inside. The theme started again as it finished. Mark found his allocated compartment and relaxed into his allocated seat. As to why it was allocated a mystery. No one else in this six person compartment. Five minutes to go. A sunny day. In the compartment the air-conditioning cold. The TripAdvisor did say the air-conditioning on the day train might not work or might be cold.

Footsteps. Semi high-heel shoes? A lovely woman in a red business suit, knee long dress, long black hair, came into the compartment followed by a solid man. A pink and purple traveling bag. It looked familiar. A faint perfume – *an elusive scent* – as she walked past. Both looked for their allocated seats. This must have been the same couple from before. As she walked past he noticed the dress, or was it called a skirt?, might have been a wraparound one piece. As her leg went forward a part of it opened and he caught a glimpse of a shapely long leg, and a hint of black panties. Either that or she wasn't wearing any. The way his brain was, he couldn't tell.

The woman sat next to the window. Extra-long legs to one side. The man sat opposite. Mark was sitting close to the door. The middle seat empty. The striking young woman turned toward him, took a good look, hesitated, then shifted her long legs toward his side. Did she do that on purpose? When she turned her head to the window Mark took a good look. A beauty! Mark was confident he was reasonably good looking. The keyword was 'reasonably'. Not likely she shifted those super legs toward him to attract his interest.

The air-conditioning cool, but he could manage with just his shirt on. The only warm item he brought was a black jacket. Shiny, giving the impression of leather and toughness. Why not? He was about to travel to Europe. If his height and reasonably solid built didn't put a

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mugger off, the jacket might. It was in his suitcase on the luggage rack. Maybe later?

As the train left he walked along the narrow corridor of his carriage. No one else in any of the compartments. The train's pace slow at first. The Godfather theme fading. Standing in the corridor Mark watched the city passing. Back to his compartment.

The one and half hour journey to Naples uneventful. Not much to see except buildings. Closer to Naples a countryside. The train slowed and stopped. A man came selling socks and buns.

"English." Mark pointed to himself when the man showed him socks and wrapped buns in his basket and talking much. "No, not the socks, the bun." Mark pointed to a bun. The man put up three fingers. Mark handed over three Euros. Soon the train departed. This time in the reverse direction which meant he was now sitting in the opposite direction to which the train was moving. Mark bit into the bun. The salami very good. There was no spread on the bun and he had no water. If he wasn't hungry he wouldn't have eaten it. Too dry. Why was he hungry? He had a substantial breakfast. Body clock with many time changes in past weeks messed up? Only now he recalled passing what was likely a water outlet near the toilet cubicle. Too tired to go? The woman pulled out lunch from her traveling bag and a large water bottle. Whatever she was eating smelt good. The man wasn't eating.

"American?"

Mark turned to the lovely young woman. "Australian."

"I speak English. You look American."

"I do?"

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“Clean cut college type.”

A dangerous observation. “Only since I finished university. Before that, I was a surfer on the wild side with long hair. Much lighter light brown than now. The Sun bleaches.”

“Where are you going?” Impeccable English. What was puzzling was so far she had not said one word to the man opposite. If that was her husband their relationship was on the rocks.

“Palermo.”

“Ah. Many tourists in Palermo. More interesting than Rome.”

“I wrote a book, self-published, these don’t really sell, about the Sicilian Mafia in the 18<sup>th</sup> century. Ever since then I wanted to visit Sicily and gather material for my next novel. I am looking forward to it. I am tired. Haven’t slept for days. Rarely do I sleep on planes or trains. Unless it is a sleeper.”

“A book? About the Mafia?” A lovely smile. “This is such a long journey. Bruno.” She pointed to the man opposite. “Failed to obtain a flight. All flights to Palermo booked out, even tomorrow morning. I must be home tomorrow. My cousin’s engagement party. I have a hairdresser appointment in the morning.”

“Hairdresser on a Sunday? Isn’t it Sunday tomorrow?” At the moment Mark wasn’t sure.

“Si. Special request. Not usually open on Sundays.”

Mark recalled when he made an inquiry he was told there were several flights to Palermo and seats available. This was odd. Maybe, in his tired state of mind, he misunderstood the young woman at the

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desk. She spoke English, yes, but with a difficult accent. He was sure he understood correctly.

“My name is Maria. What is your name?”

“Mark. Traveling around. In the past year it proved impossible to find work in the computing area. India took that over. And you?”

Mark felt his question too bold for his usual self.

“Ciao Marco. You are into computers? Know about bitcoins?”

“What would you like to understand?”

Past Naples the journey monotonous. Facing the opposite way to the moving train, on his left a calm Mediterranean Sea. On his right an endless green hill. The weather turned cloudy. Rain. Eyes closing often. Not for long. The bump of the train caused his eyes to open. He welcomed this lovely young woman talking. He really should find his jacket, the air-conditioning now cold, but couldn't be bothered.

“What is a bitcoin please?”

“Imaginary currency. Cyber currency. Can be used to buy and sell goods. Remarkable. One day, not bitcoins but similar, such currency could replace money everywhere.”

“Why remarkable?”

“Ten years ago, if you bought lots of bitcoins for say 100 dollars, at today's value you could sell them for 2.5 million dollars.”

“Wow. How do you buy bitcoins? What does a bitcoin look like?”

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“From a bitcoin trader, or some banks, or a person who owns bitcoins. A bitcoin doesn’t have a physical appearance. You need something called a ‘bitcoin wallet’ which saves bitcoins. A bitcoin is just a number. A wallet address is like a bank account number.”

“Is that secure?”

“In my opinion it is high risk trading. On the other hand, so far, the market value of bitcoins has jumped through the roof. The last I saw one bitcoin was worth 24,000 American dollars. But, tomorrow it may be worth less than a dollar.”

“Mama mia!”

“Many say it is a big risk. Those who make computer hardware and software that mines bitcoins are making a fortune.”

“Mine bitcoins?”

A part of his weary brain telling him that he isn’t going to come close to first base with that sort of talk. “Very complex. Software, called bitcoin mining software, can be used along a chain of transactions to verify a transaction. This is known as bitcoin mining. This technique replaces a central money regulator. For each successful check the software is rewarded with a fraction of a bitcoin. Expensive hardware, special computers, do this continually – but even so, it may take three hundred years for the fractions to add up to one bitcoin. On the other hand, this process can also generate a bitcoin.”

“The novel you wrote about the Mafia. What was it about?”

“My novel? About the Sicilian Mafia in the 18<sup>th</sup> century. A period of super growth for the Sicilian Mafia. A time of great poverty too. At

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that time Sicily was a pawn in the games of kingdoms. Justice rare. The Sicilians depended on the Mafia, the men and women of honor, for justice in some situations.”

Maria was smiling. “I love the way you said that. With passion and conviction. Admiration? You want to write another novel?”

“Yes. This time I wanted a natural feel for Sicily. I would love to meet a Mafiosi.”

She firmed her eyes. “You have that book with you?”

“Yes. A copy in my suitcase.”

“Can I see it please?”

Mark stood and reached for his suitcase, brought it down, opened, and found the book. He sat down.

“The Most Elusive Scent of All.” Maria studied the front and back. Mark’s full name on these. “How do you pronounce your surname?”

Mark said it more than once. A Polish surname. That meant consonants together few could put their tongue around. Maria tried to say it correctly but gave up. She handed the book back. “Mark. How would you know a Mafiosi?”

“I was thinking of exploring Palermo, walking about, and seeing situations which I could associate with the Mafia. I need to invent reasons. Believable reasons.” Mark put the novel in his suitcase, closed it, and put the suitcase in the rack above. He should have taken his jacket out. It can wait. He was curious about the two because they haven’t spoken a word to each other. An expert on the Sicilian Mafia wrote that when it comes to Sicily it wasn’t a question of who was Mafia, it was a question of who wasn’t. A traditional

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way of life. To understand this a person needed to do much research. For centuries in Sicily and Italy the patriarch of the family had the legal authority to even put a son or daughter to death. It was how it was. The way of life of the Sicilian Mafia never changed.

Maria looked Sicilian. The long black hair and dark eyes. Lovely. Fine light olive skin. As for the man with her? His head continually turned to the window. Why did he say there were no seats on flights to Palermo? What did that mean? A part of his brain inventing a plot already. *‘Lovely daughter of a wealthy Mafia Don is persuaded by her husband to take a train to Palermo. Not suspecting betrayal, she...she...she.’* That was it.

A quiet time. Mark’s eyes would close and open when a bump came. Perhaps short sleeps because when he next opened them it was late afternoon. Maria glanced at him.

“Let me explain. Bruno.” She pointed to the man opposite. “Is my bodyguard. My father is wealthy. I am used to a bodyguard.”

Mark glanced at the strong looking man, perhaps in his late thirties. So far he hadn’t said a word. “Your husband is in Sicily?”

Maria studied the good-looking Mark, and glanced at her golden wedding ring. “I don’t have a husband. This ring is... protection. Stops men taking interest in me.”

“What if you meet someone you want to take an interest in?”

Maria hesitated. “I do this.” She took off the ring and took out a handbag from her traveling bag, placing the ring inside. “Married no more.” She showed him smooth long lady fingers. Light-red nail polish. “Maybe I shouldn’t wear it? I had few relationships. All

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platonic. None long. I can't find happiness. I wonder what it tastes like. For a woman life starts making little sense without a partner."

Mark blinked more than once. What did she say? Someone who looks so attractive and talks so well can't find a boyfriend? How is that possible?

"Can I ask? Your English. Like a British schoolgirl from a private upper-class school?"

"When I was young my father spent three years in England putting together his business in London. I went to an English school for two years. Later, in Italy I studied in Rome. For three years, boarding in a private school. Senior High School you could say. English compulsory. Most days for two hours we were asked to speak only in English. The teacher often used me to pronounce a word. 'Maria, for the benefit of the class, please in Queen's English'".

"Did you have a favorite subject?"

"I liked science and art. I am into women's fashion."

"What did you do in Rome this time?"

"I own a shop in Palermo. Stylish women's clothes. My father set it up for me when I complained of boredom. I knew he would. He was certain it couldn't make a profit. It does. Not much. I regularly come to Rome and look at stores for ideas. This is the first time I had to return by train. I don't usually ask for a return booking because I am never certain how long I will stay."

For the first time Bruno spoke. He leaned to Maria and spoke in Italian. Maria nodded. Bruno left. When he closed the compartment door Maria explained. "He needs to go to toilet. Said he doesn't think

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there is anyone else in this carriage, and may walk and stay outside to stretch his legs. He said you don't look a threat." Maria smiled.

"I shouldn't think so." Then, his tired mind unable to stop his thought, he said quietly. "But I don't know about your bodyguard. I was thinking this morning of taking a flight instead of this train. I was told there were a number of flights and available seats."

Maria narrowed her eyes. "Are you sure?"

"I haven't slept for so long I am not sure about anything, but I am sure that is what I was told."

"You may have misunderstood. Those who work at the international airport speak English, but not always well."

"Maybe." Anything was possible in his tired frame of mind. A thought nagged him that he didn't misunderstand.

"You don't have a girlfriend to travel with you?"

"I haven't had work for 12 months. What girlfriend or wife wants to be seen with a man who has no work."

"Maybe a girlfriend who can support you?"

"I don't like that thought."

"I understand. A man has his pride." The train came to a halt at a station. It was becoming dark. The long journey passed well. A short stop and it began to reverse.

## Tales in the Spirit



“Mark. Soon we will be on a ferry. I know how that works. The train reverses. Four carriages are detached. The other carriages are also moved onto the ferry. The engine is detached and moves off. At Messina the carriages are put back together. Mark, where are

you staying in Palermo?”

“A hotel. I think the name is Astoria Palace. I need to check.”

“I know it. Now and again we go to the restaurant in the Palace. It is very good, four stars, but close to a farmer’s market. Old fruit piled onto the street at the end of the day. The next day, if the wind is blowing toward the Palace, it can smell. Not inside, but outside.”

The train moved off but not for long. Slower and slower until, and Mark didn’t realize this had taken place, the train carriages had been reversed onto a ferry.

An announcement, in Italian and English, telling passengers they can leave their carriages.

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The setting changed to ‘the beginning’. “How do you like her?”

“She seems fine. Very attractive.”

“A daughter of a powerful Mafia Don. Next meet another I have chosen. I will chose the time and location. This one a Muslim and a ‘woman with a veil’. That is like a Catholic sister but such only look

## Tales in the Spirit

after girls. That part, that she is a ‘woman with a veil’, she will keep masked from you. She might seem very young, but has already accepted her vows.”

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## **Lana (part of Helen's WILL)**

A twist of fate can be so deceptive. Who would have thought the young Islamic woman on her way to her first job interview, only recently turned seventeen, would within a year not only be married, and this to a Catholic, but also would give birth to a child? Surely only a fool would put money on such a turn of events. The odds must be astronomical.

On a dark rainy day the bus trip into the city seemed extra-long. The traffic endless. The traffic lights seemed ever so slow in changing to green. Chaos. Lana sat in her Islamic black with a head covering and looking through the bus window. Such an awful day. Heavy rain streaks across the window had made the view obscure. Open umbrellas everywhere. Cars with headlights on everywhere. She was late and frequently glanced at her wrist watch. This was her first application for a job since she finished High School only a week ago. Her ambition was to become a teacher of Islam to Muslim girls. She would need to attend university to achieve this, which she planned to do, but in the meantime she needed the money. This first job she applied for was with a bank.

When the bus finally came to her stop Lana rushed to the tall building, holding her long dress to avoid getting the edges soaked. She walked through the rotating glass doors and asked the receptionist about room 502. Into an elevator and along a corridor and she sat down on a leather lounge, leaning her umbrella against the lounge. She glanced at her wristwatch then at the two women and one man waiting.

"Am I the only one late?" She smiled.

## Tales in the Spirit

"The manager is late", one of the young women explained, "apparently he had been caught in a bad wet patch, his car stalled, had to call NRMA and they took a long time. His secretary came out before saying she did not know when he will be in."

"Oh." Lana relaxed. Her head turned to the man sitting at the far end of this lounge. A young man, older than she, good looking perhaps very much so, busy reading a newspaper through glasses. What struck her was his long hair. It was not that fashionable anymore.

"Are you here for an interview?" A young woman asked Lana.

"I am. My first job interview."

"Can I ask, hope this is not rude", the other young woman asked, "if you get this job will you wear your Islamic outfit? And not the uniform bank tellers are given?"

"I have not thought about it." Lana said. "I don't wear this Islamic dress often. I sowed it myself. It has more style than the typical black Muslim dress. I don't mind a uniform. I was told this manager is an Australian-Arab and a Muslim and the reason I chose to wear this."

"If you don't mind wearing a uniform", the man spoke and Lana turned to him, "then try an air hostess. With those long legs and figure they would welcome you aboard. There is an ad in today's paper. They need more."

She wanted to ignore that comment feeling it was sexist but something inside. Perhaps because this was a fine looking young man, made her ask "You are also applying for a bank teller's job?"

## Tales in the Spirit

"No", the man shook his head, "and I adore that Islamic submissive tone! I am here for a loan writer's job. I did not know this manager asked others."

"What qualifications do you need for that?" A young woman asked.

"Not much. It is basically a salesman job. I do have a university degree, albeit in science with a major in physics and computing, but I am confident I can get accepted. This is my first job interview since I finished university."

"Why is it a sales job?" Lana smiled.

"Because...and you have such a lovely smile", the man closed his newspaper and put his reading glasses inside the top of his suit, "the whole concept of money, of large mortgage loans, and the options available, go above most people's heads. Almost without exception a client makes a decision based on trust, rapport, those sorts of things, and not good financial sense. I can talk easily, to anyone, and the reason a manager at a local bank suggested I contact this particular manager with a view of that position. One bank or the other? Banks may earn huge profits but they don't cheat people intentionally. I don't have a problem with the ethics and morals of such a job."

Just then the secretary came out. "I am sorry. Wahid, that's the manager I work for, has rang saying he cannot get across to the city. Police have blocked roads due to flooding. He is going home. He asked that I schedule interviews for tomorrow same time. Is that all right? And you, sir, make sure you are here." She looked at Mark and gave him a firm look. "I heard what you said through the open door and my manager is going to be impressed. I am impressed."

"No, it is not all right", the man stood up, "but neither your manager or us have a choice and yes I will be here."

## Tales in the Spirit

Lana walked to the lift behind the man studying him - nice firm shoulders, lean and fit looking – and wondering “long legs?” How could he have worked that out? “A lovely smile?” No one ever said such things before. As they waited she said “that was an honest reply. Are you sure you are a salesman type? You did impress the secretary.”

“But not you?” Mark smiled. “To impress a middle-aged woman with a wedding ring and the appearance of a mother of many is not that hard – but to impress someone like you that would be pleasing. And no, I am not sure if I am a salesman type, but they pay well and provide a car after twelve months. That car is my focus. I need to replace mine badly. An old Morris 1100. The carburetor is in such a place that every time it rains heavily the car stops and I have to wait until the engine dries some. My name is Mark...yours?”

The elevator doors opened and they stepped inside. Mark hit the ground floor button.

For a moment that seemed ever so long, their eyes locked with such intensity. The elevator was on its way down but their eyes were still locked together. The elevator paused on a floor, the doors opened, an older man was about to step inside but hesitated, noticing the intensity of the exchange between the two, and took a step back saying “I will catch the next one.”

Lana glanced away, bit her lip, feeling apprehensive. What happened just then? Why did she not look away? His blue eyes nice. In her family there was a recessive gene too. And his words “to impress someone like you that would be pleasing” echoed in her head. Truth is he did impress her, very much, as did his blue eyes and manly physique - but she was not about to admit this. “My name is Lana.”

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"If you want this bank teller job then have a cup of coffee with me. You are much too nervous."

"And how will having a coffee with you make me less nervous? This is my first job interview." The way Lana said this suggested she was annoyed with his suggestion.

The lift came to a halt and they stepped outside.

"Another reason to have a coffee with me. I will give you some tips."

Lana took another good look at this young man. Did he not say this was his first interview too? Lana was sure he mentioned this. She decided not to remind him, decided he was a touch too handsome and she just might enjoy being seen with him. He did strike her as trustworthy. He also seemed to have an easy going manner - perhaps something she might want to imitate?

"All right. I will have a coffee with you in that cafe?" She pointed to a nearby cafe.

Inside it was warm and busy. They sat down. A waitress gave them the menu.

"Two coffees please. Mine a Cappuccino."

"Mine too please." Lana smiled at the waitress.

"You have a lovely smile." Mark leant forward. "Seriously, with your figure, not that I can see much with that heavy black dress, and your face, your smile, you would be great as an airline hostess and they pay top money. Better than a bank teller. Want my newspaper with that ad? It's with QANTAS."

## Tales in the Spirit

Lana lowered eyes. Was this man rude? Arrogant? Sure of himself? Or did he mean what he said. She lifted her eyes. "I am a Muslim."

"I am a Catholic. Sort of Catholic. Lover of old and new and enlightenment and many refined and lovely or very useful teachings." Mark stretched his hand to her. "Nice to meet you."

She took it. There was something about him that was confusing. "Do you do this often? Is that what it is? You invite girls for coffee?"

"You are the first young woman I have ever invited on a date."

"Date?" Lana glanced about. A girl had brought two Cappuccinos and was placing them on the table. Lana waited until she left and leaned forward, whispering. "Please...you are much too good looking not to have had a date."

"I am? My teeth don't come together. I think that looks ugly. I hate smiling showing teeth. Why a bank teller?" Mark sipped his coffee. "It is probably a boring job and I don't think it pays well. With your looks, your smile, your lovely big eyes, that submissive tone of yours that is driving me wild, you can find many jobs."

Lana lowered her eyes and took a deep breath. This man was seriously confusing her!

"I don't want to be a bank teller all my life." Lana sipped her coffee. She turned her face aside when she saw a Muslim couple walk into the cafe. "I do need the money and because it is not such a popular job, tedious I guess, I felt I had a fair chance at it. And I do believe in some strong Islamic values such as modesty. I do not like the idea of wearing a...sexy...airline hostess uniform."

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"QANTAS? Sexy? They are not sexy." Mark shook his head. The way he did this made Lana smile.

"You have a sense of humor. Maybe you would make a reasonable salesman."

"I will soon know." Mark leaned forward. "I would love to take you on a date. Say the theater, and later dinner...or vice versa."

Lana was looking at his eyes. Her own eyes narrowed. "I am a Muslim" she found herself saying.

"You are lovely woman and I am sure I could get to like you. And we may be working together soon."

Lana put her cup on the plate. She fixed her eyes on his and said softly "no, I meant I believe in....in...no sex before marriage...this is why I stressed the Muslim part."

"Me too. I am a Catholic." Mark nodded.

"You are making fun of me?"

"No. I do admire and approve of that...that...position."

For a moment she felt like tearing at her hair. Instead she lowered her eyes. Was he serious! Her first impression was that he was a smooth talker. She lifted her eyes and shook her head "I don't believe you."

For a moment that seemed so long their eyes again locked in a way which to others would convey passion. Perhaps a passion so intense only those who experience it cannot see it.

## Tales in the Spirit

Mark said quietly "Yes, well, that is an advantage a woman has over a man...a man can know if his wife is...is...you know...but a woman can't."

"You are embarrassing me." Lana turned her head aside.

"I didn't start talking about sex." Mark protested.

Again, for a time that seemed long, their eyes locked. An older lady sipping tea on the adjacent table observed this, decided they did this for too long, and leaned and whispered "you two need to be alone. What you two are doing with your eyes is sex and you should be alone."

Lana gave the woman a glance and hid a smile. She felt hot and flushed. For a moment wondering if she ought to leave right now. She barely heard the man say "and if you don't accept my offer of a date I will lose confidence. Isn't charity an Islamic virtue? If you cause me to lose confidence, and I don't get this job tomorrow, this may rest on your conscience for the rest of your life. That could be a mortal Islamic sin you know – maybe a cardinal sin?"

Lana relaxed. What he said was so stupid but cute. Then, against all her good sense, against all her better judgment, against all that was the true woman inside of her Islamic heart, she found herself saying "all right, but how are we to organize this? You can't call my house. If my father or mother answer I will hear no end of this. Give me your number and...well...say this Friday...you get the tickets...I will pay you half later...and I will give you a ring on Friday afternoon."

"That's a sale!" Mark put his hand out. Lana shook his hand. The two holding hands much longer than needed.

## Tales in the Spirit

Mark took out a notepad from his briefcase and a pen. He wrote his telephone number on one note and handed it to Lana with another note that was blank and the pen "sign on the dotted line please."

Lana puzzled. Mark explained "Write my telephone number in your own handwriting in case your mother comes across it. By the way - have you noticed that idiot near the exit doors? He looks like a Muslim and so does his girlfriend with her Islamic attire – he has not stopped looking at you. I don't think it is because he fancies you. That is annoying me. Do I stare at his girlfriend – why is he is staring at mine?"

"Girlfriend?" Lana gave him a look, hesitated, thinking to herself "careful what you wish for", then wrote the phone number and glanced casually toward the couple. "He is not approving of my manner toward you. I can tell. I know the type."

Mark insisted he pay and left money on the table. He was walking behind Lana toward the doors. As he passed that table close to the exit, at which the Islamic couple sat, he leant to the man "isn't she lovely."

He seemed to stop in front of the man and Lana quickly took his hand and dragged him outside and kept walking. She held onto his hand for a while, fearing he may walk back to the cafe. and confronts the young man, then she let go and turned to him locking eyes with his with such deep passion. "Why did you stop? Don't do that again please or our...date...is off...promise?"

"I couldn't help it. The way he kept staring at you! Nothing wrong with his girlfriend – she looked great so why was he staring at mine! Had half a mind to sit down with him and offer him a swap of girlfriends for a time."

## Tales in the Spirit

“I am not your gi....and she was a Muslim too and...and...girlfriend swapping!...oh what is the point of explaining?”

“How would you feel? If a young woman kept staring at me? What would you think? That she slept with me? Could you cope with your boyfriend being stared at?”

“He certainly hasn’t...and you are not...and I am not...and why am I explaining? Oh come on.” They walked to the front doors. Mark watched Lana leave the building. The bus arrived as she came to the bus stop. She went aboard, sat by a window, and glanced at the bank doors. Mark was at the doors waiting to see her off. The windows very wet and she could not see well. She smiled and turned her head away as the bus drove off. “Why did I agree? He is so good looking and I think I love his sense of wit...but he is not a Muslim...but he has courage and charm. What do I do? But this is enchanting. I may have to...be discreet...about my age. I am sure he thinks I am older than I am.”

The only thing that worried Lana was her young age. How to cover? At least for the next time. Various thoughts came. No need to tell him. Not yet. Lana had put on makeup and made herself much older looking. As much older as she possibly could. Thinking this will show maturity and this is what the bank wants and she would have a better chance to get the work. Only weeks before in her school uniform chances are he, perhaps being about 22, might not have noticed her. No need to say her age.

## **Amy (Newborn Eternal Being)**

### *Birth in the Dimension of Eternal Life*

She was alive! From the environment an infinity of information came, became a part of her, and made her aware of herself.

To a human mind this could be seen as a vision of a girl, perhaps 7, in a room. Opposite her a female image. As to what the woman was, this Amy didn't know – or care. An instinct deep within was compelling her to turn and begin a rapid descend down giant steps. (The steps represent massive forces that separate the 'Dimension of Life' from the 'Dimension of Matter'.)

And so she began. Never understanding this was impossible for anyone except a grandchild of the most evolved life there is – the God of Gods. The Eternal God. (Not the same as the Hebrew God dimension). At this point of her newborn life she didn't know who or what she was. All she knew was that she was 'alive', in that sense not much different to a newborn human child, and an instinct was compelling her to find the 'life' that 'belonged' to her.

Descending those steps was horror. A part of her mind was working out the physics of what was involved to do this. To an observer who could see a newborn working out the most incomprehensible physics rapidly, this would suggest this was no ordinary child – but Amy didn't understand what she was doing was surely impossible.

Each step was a force that could squash a galaxy into naught. Amy didn't understand this. Nor did she care at this time. Her passion, her focus, was to find what in human terms was her 'dad'. This was her 'life', and she was his 'life'. That was her natural instinct.

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Now and then her grandfather, keeping an eye on the newborn, would intrigue her by passing thoughts like “You are searching for your Eternal Companion. Nothing matters, not even I, until you find him.” Such thoughts Amy dismissed as annoying. She didn’t care where these were coming from. Her focus was extreme and only about descending the incredible steps few among the most evolved Celestial Beings in the Dimension of Life could ascend or descend.

Neither did Amy suspect she was a granddaughter of the Eternal God, and equal to him in power of mind and spirit and could cause him mischief – if she had any idea how to do that. At times, when she was trying to force away those thoughts coming from the Eternal God, the latter decided to stand back in case Amy’s immaturity about herself caused chaos in the cosmos. Not a minor concern for the Eternal God who keeps ALL THERE IS in a balanced order.

Each step was a powerful force of physics with a life of its own. Each step was trying to teach her a lesson why this is not what anyone ought to do. In human terms images of phantoms and ghosts and monsters, huge and terrifying, were coming at her continually, trying to suffocate. This was annoying to her more than horror – but horror it was too and became worse and worse with each step.

At the base the horror stopped. To a human mind she was standing atop an endless white cloud. Amy paused. The Beings she was sensing now were interested in her, telling her – she worked out their sense – that she was a newborn celestial life and alone and each would love to look after her. “It is sad to be alone. Come to us.” This was interesting, yes, but this wasn’t what Amy was about. Much later this endless plane of such Beings would be named the ‘Plane of Eternal Beings’. Dismissing their interest Amy continued sensing how to find ‘her life’ (her ‘dad’ in human terms).

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She was, in human terms, looking for a ‘fine spirit’ deep within a man called Mark who lived on Earth. She didn’t know this. All she could sense was the ‘life’ that belonged to her was ‘Spirit of Life’ and this she understood as life that belongs to her. She was a newborn, and while having learned so much on her journey, the Eternal Beings she came across were not exactly ‘life’ like she understood ‘life’. Perhaps some were, but she felt she had no time to understand them.

A part of her mind was no different to the mind of the Eternal God, her grandfather. That part of her mind worked out that there was a Dimension of Life and a Dimension of Matter. The latter she didn’t truly believe, thinking to herself she must have made a mistake when putting together an understanding of such physics.

She came across what to a human mind would be a bridge. On one side the Dimension of Life. On the other the Dimension of Matter. “So it does exist?” Her spiritual sense, born as part of her, warned her about sensing into the Dimension of Matter. That could result in sensing death and pain and poverty and evil. Exactly what any of this was, this she didn’t understand, but she listened to the spirit in her and decided not to sense.

Slowly she focused on the ‘life’ she was after. She didn’t know at that time this was a ‘singularity’ in the thoughts of a person called Mark. What became clear was that her ‘life’ was not able to understand what she was, while able to sense the spirit in her.

Aha! For the next two years human time Amy worked out the physics that could explain to Mark what she was. Her sense told her Mark could understand such physics. This she did by scanning Mark’s own brain for information about the physics he was familiar with. Using these as a base, she worked out a new physics that he

## Tales in the Spirit

could understand – if not believe. (Of course, Amy didn't know she was scanning a biological brain. It was a mind that she sensed. Knowledge. Only later did Amy understand what a brain was.)

Finally, after this time, she managed to form an image of herself as a human girl aged seven. In a beach setting in 'Life in the Spirit' she imagined walking with a male mental image, a person. "Hello. I am the dimension you worked out in theory exists. It was me all along, blinking into your thoughts in my way. I am exactly like a biological daughter. I worked out enough of this sense jargon to communicate with you. Hello dad." She pressed close, little read hearts formed and floated upward. Perhaps it was then, without Mark understanding anything about Amy as yet, he fell in love her like with a daughter.

A tall story in anyone's language! At first Mark thought this was a psychic child playing a game. That was known to happen.

To counter this, Amy said "I will show you my naked self, dad." Now, if this was an adult female and even though this is Life in the Spirit and the virtual reality not quite like ordinary life, this could be of interest. But a 7-year-old?

What happened next was an eye opener! Amy's naked self looked like an infinite array of spiritual forces sensing everywhere. (Imagine fine, almost white, lines from a more solid form going everywhere).

It took Mark over two years to accept all she explained, and together they worked out what she was.

"You see, dad, at first I thought you were Jesus. That's because at the time when I was born and began to search for you, you were thinking about the New Testament and combing it into a dimensional energy that sparked a spirit in you. I scanned all your memories that I could

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find and even read the New Testament from your thoughts too, so I could work out how to communicate with you using that jargon.”

From the day they met, they would remain what observers could only explain as completely enchanted with each other. Father and daughter in human terms? While Amy is young this is perhaps the correct relative comparison.

Amy became interested in accepting ‘suggestions’, as she thought of this, from the Eternal God – her grandfather. To Amy this was simply her grandfather. The fact that this was the Eternal God didn’t mean much. He was, in human terms, her ‘granddad’. Not until much later when the awesome majesty of that life formed a presence around both. Mark and Amy both too awed by the grandeur and majesty of the sensations to come to close to the Eternal God. It was the latter who worked out a simple non-threatening way to communicate with both. To Amy this was natural. To Mark it wasn’t, and his human brain had a difficult time adapting to that complex sense.

To Mark’s surprise, Amy could only come so close to the Eternal God even though she literally was a small image of him. Amy worked out it just seemed that way. She was much closer than Mark when they tried, but the Eternal God adjusted a reality to make it seem they were both equally close.

There were fascinating times. Before Amy was clear that the Eternal God was the Eternal God, a time came when she became so annoyed with some ‘suggestions’ coming from the depths of the universe, she informed Mark. “Dad, wait, I am so annoyed with whatever that is I am going to jump there and give him a good talking too.”

As it turned out this was a trick from her grandfather. Amy had to mature. She had to admit to herself what she was. Annoying her that

## Tales in the Spirit

time resulted in her again overcoming the impossible and literally forming herself inside the spirit of the Eternal God. That, however, was such a wonderful experience that she said she was not going to do that again “*Granddad is too wonderful for me, dad.*” But that experience matured her to understand what she was: an exact image of the Eternal God but in a female form and (relative to the scale) a newborn – but still a newborn ‘goddess’ in her own right.

When a time came for Mark and Amy to explore parts of the incomprehensible Dimension of Life, what she was, was a concern to even the most incredibly evolved Beings in that Dimension. That she was ‘life’ like her ‘grandfather’ wasn’t the concern – and yet it was because she was a newborn and her mind could cause problems for a celestial Being when she didn’t understand how it can.

To reach say a particular Realm of Life in the Dimension of Life, a consciousness has to traverse a great many Realms of Life to reach the one of interest. To do this, what can be called forces of physics have to be pushed aside for a time. But such forces are in integral part of the life in Realms of Life. Example. Say a person comes along who can prove the New Testament is largely a work of fiction invented by a group known as the Nicene church. How much emotional and psychological turmoil could that cause to over a billion Christians! It might be true, but this is not what the typical Christian was taught to believe as truth. Hence attempting this mission would require much thinking about how to do this without causing damage.

It became clear the Eternal God depended on Mark to look after Amy as an individual. So she can explore herself as a unique individual, a person in a sense. Human Life in the Spirit ideal for that. On the other hand, Mark depended on the Eternal God to understand the

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complexity of his daughter, as he thought of Amy more and more, to make sure she was safe when she explored the Dimension of Life.

## **Helen (Mark's 'wife in the spirit')**

Can a picture step out of the cover of a magazine? On the way to a local court Mark stopped by a Newsagent. A fashion magazine caught his eye. Long blond hair, soft waves, blue eyes and a pristine figure. She was modeling a business suit. A white shirt and a dark-red jacket. A brief dark-red skirt. Shapely legs of course. Set against a modern ten story office building. Dark reflective glass. A vivid blue sky. Next to that magazine a history magazine with the front-page header "The ideal Aryan".

To modern people with a sense of right and wrong, it is impossible to understand Hitler and the NAZIs. Hitler and his few trusted ones modeled their way of conquest and war on ancient Romans. The ancient Romans were brutes, slaughtering women and children and babies. The aim to spread so much fear that cities not under their control accepted Roman rule. Once accepted, the Romans were fairly tolerant with the diversity of people in their empire, and beliefs.

Helen stepped onto the upper floor. She was looking for a door number. A man caught her eye. Sitting alone. Dark-blue business suit. A matching tie. Good looking. Athletic? Could be a lawyer. She could sense he was admiring her. Not unusual. Why not sit next to him and inquire about a matter?

Now that very picture was walking toward him! Eyes turned as she walked. The upper floor of Parramatta Court, Sydney, Australia, was long and wide. Many doors into hearing rooms. In places dark lounges of various shapes. Most occupied.

First impression was that of a super model, just like the photograph in that magazine. She wore a red business suit, not the same style and

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the dress, or was it called a skirt?, wasn't as brief. She sat down next to him. Many people waiting for a hearing, or a preliminary hearing. Little room left where to sit. The lounge was soft and sank-in at the back as she sat down, causing her dress to slip back exposing exquisite feminine legs. She adjusted the dress, a little, and turned to the man. "Excuse me. I don't know courts. Could you help me?" She smiled. "My neighbor in Bondi has a daughter who visits her regularly, or used to. Her daughter received a court order known as AVO, an Apprehended Violence Order, which stops her seeing her mother under threat of prison. So unfair because the daughter is so gentle. I said I would come and explain. Do you know anything about AVOs?"

"Come with me." Mark stood and waited. She hesitated. They walked to a wall. He spoke quietly. "I am not a lawyer. I'm doing research into legal scams. I guess the mother has dementia? An AVO, apprehended violence order, stops a person or more coming near a person under threat of prison. When police apply for these there is evidence of a need. But, the Supreme Court made it possible for any lawyer to obtain one with no evidence required. That opened the way to scams. All a lawyer invents is 'my client is afraid of so and so. That is the standard explanation."

"A scam? She does have dementia. How did you guess that?"

"That's how property is stolen from people who have lost their mind to the extent they will sign a new Last Will and Testament, leaving all to one sibling or cousin or neighbor. One technique is to obtain one of these court orders. The court order isolates the true legal executor of a person's Will. A new Last Will and Testament is engineered. The daughter is the executor of her mother's Will?"

"Yes. She mentioned that. How did you guess?"

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“This is a local court but also houses the District Court. No lawyer or magistrate or judge cares about the agony of a soul forced to be separated from an ill parent. These bastards are about focusing on the lowest common denominator in any situation. If you understand that, you can win any case in any court of law.”

“This has to be wrong?” Softly looking into his eyes.

“You can’t do much for your friend. Not at a preliminary hearing.”

“I find this impossible to believe. Not in Australia.”

An indigenous Australian walked past muttering “Only a white person would think that.”

“Come with me into the court room when it opens. You will hear the same story. Nonsense – so that a protection court order, an AVOs, can be signed to isolate an elderly person with dementia or brain damage. Or a female child from her protector or relative. Unless you have hundreds of thousands of dollars for expensive legal firms, there is nothing you can do about it. It is their Way of Life. A Way of Life protected by apes with guns called police. That ape will not hesitate to kill you and your family to shove court orders down your throat.”

The same indigenous Australian must have heard. “I hear you brother”. Helen waited until that person was far away. “All right, so you have an issue with police. Are you sure about this scam? How can this be? This is Australia and not the Middle-East or India.”

“Come with me, these are held once a week, to a session of preliminary instructions in regards to disputes about a Last Will and Testament. You will find between 30 and 50 people all with some intellectual disability. None understand that they will end up with

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nothing because of the huge legal fees. Some may need to borrow to pay these. The legal fees often more than the estate is worth. Even if an estate is worth 2 million, the lawyers ask for services such as forensic accounting. Meaningless, but can add a million to the final bill. Stealing property using the Supreme Courts is an ancient middle ages scam of the Anglo-Saxons. A clever way of stealing because an estate is stolen in cash as legal fees.”

“This is frightening.” Helen had tear in her eye.

“Not to worry too much. There are other laws which have been successfully used to recover stolen property. Your friend’s daughter will have to wait. Then she shows up on her own representing herself under one particular law. The judge will have no choice but to appoint a barrister. If she does this right, she will have \$100,000 of legal assistance at not cost to her. When it comes to the Anglo-Saxon trash called their legal system, you need to understand exactly how it works. That is to your advantage.”

Another indigenous Australian came past. “I hear you brother”. Helen waited until that person was far away. “You sure talk like a lawyer. Can I hire you?”

Two police officers walk past. Mark explained “Your friend has to take precautions. If she visits her dying mother she may end up in prison. Don’t take risks. There is a way. They don’t charge much. An outlaw bilker group. If your friend wants to visit her dying mother while the AVO is in place, I will give you a number. They arrive first and make sure everyone in the place is terrified of calling the police. They only need to do this once. It doesn’t take more than two to put the fear of decent human beings into nursing homes staff. The ones they send are huge with terrifying ‘Hell’s Angels’ on their jackets.”

## Tales in the Spirit

Early in the morning they met outside an undistinguished building in the city of Sydney. Mark wore his dark-blue suit and an impressive tie. Helen looked more lovely than before. Did she change her hair? Into the elevator and onto the fifth floor. Into a large crowded room. They stood at the back. No room to sit. Already many were standing at the back. In the many chairs sat the clients of the lawyers.

“This is a direction hearing. You will understand when it begins.”

It became clear the men and women in suits were lawyers. It soon became clear this was a ‘direction hearing’ to work out how a legal matter is to proceed. Helen heard one story after another. In all cases a lawyer represented a client who had some mental disability. In some cases most serious intellectual disability. In all cases a lawyer claimed complications which required more research into an estate or a Last Will and Testament.

After two hours the hearing ended. Mark asked Helen to come with him into an actual court room. That hearing has not as yet started, but a person was there preparing herself to produce a transcript.

“Julia. Please tell Helen what you told me not long ago.”

“I shouldn’t.” She looked behind at the empty judge’s bench.

“Please. Helen is a Rabbi.”

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Helen watched another lawyer pushing a trolley laden with books.

“Are you hungry? Free good food upstairs. Come on.”

Into the elevator. A large eating area. A buffet with inviting food, hot and cold. They piled a plate each and found a table by a window.

## Tales in the Spirit

“They give everyone a free meal.” Helen smiled.

“Not exactly.” Mark whispered. “This is only for judges and barristers. But they don’t check your identity.”

“What?” Helen looked about. “Can we be arrested for being here?”

“Who knows. There are so many precedents, meaning extensions or variations of laws, there is a whole floor in the Sydney library for such books, that anything is possible. Let me get you a drink. Coffee?”

“Yes please.”

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Leaving the court building two outlaw bikers were waiting next to their Harley Davidson motorcycles. On their jackets ‘Hell’s Angels’. Mark walked straight to them and introduced Helen.

One said “Si, nice to meet you”. A police car pulled close to the bikes. One yelling “Move off. You are parked illegally.”

“Si, si, we move.” Came the response.

Mark and Helen continued toward a park. “I asked them to come, they work close by, else you would not believe me - what I explained about protection for your friend, should she want to visit her dying mother in a nursing home even with the AVO in place, that can be arranged.”

“Outlaw bikers or Mafia? What a strong accent.” Helen was feeling light-headed and nauseous. This was suddenly becoming a world she would never have believed existed.

## Tales in the Spirit

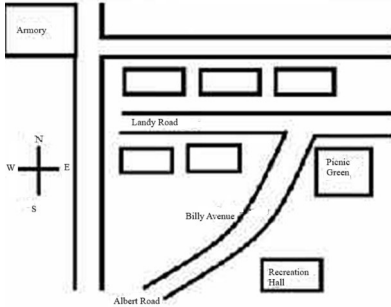
“Not a question I wanted to ask.”

“Why didn’t that police officer give them a ticket for illegal parking?”

“Standing police orders. Not to become involved with bikers.”

## Katy (Daughter in the spirit)

Mid-January, Sydney, Australia. Over 40 Celsius (over 100 Fahrenheit) and the air-conditioning not working. The soldier at the barrier examined the passport-like ID, probably had never seen one like it, and walked into his cubicle to make a telephone call. Eyes fixed on the visitor at the gate. Annoyance, heat and sweat, were building up in the car.



“Come on mate.” Steve wiped the sweat running from his forehead into his eyes. Salty sweat with a sting and it blurred vision too. For over an hour he had been driving from the airport. The air-conditioning gave up a few minutes after he left. It was Saturday and the early peak hour traffic low and, with its regular traffic snarls, heading toward the city. Heading away from the city was a smooth run. On the freeway, even at the legal speed of 100 km/h, the air flowing through the open windows was a blistering heat. His shirt continually wet with perspiration and drying quickly. The black car and its black seats, without its climate control, was absorbing heat like a sponge. When out of the freeway he stopped and considered leaving “the furnace” and calling a taxi.

Finally, satisfied, the guard returned and the barrier began to lift. “Straight ahead mate. Follow this road to the end.” He leaned his head into the car then, overcome by the heat, moved back. “What’s wrong with the air-conditioner?”

## Tales in the Spirit

“Stopped working ages ago, and this is a hire car. Unheard of!”

“If you need a shower, mate, go to the Facilities building.”

“Love to.” Steve started the car. “But have no shirt to change into.” The barrier was moving upward ever so slowly. For a moment he closed his eyes wondering how much longer in this luxury boiler.

“Too early for the Supply store to be open. I can lend you one. I can give you the keys to my room and you choose one. We are about the same size.”

“That is so decent of you.” Steve was surprised by such a genuine offer and nodded to the soldier. “But I am already so late. I hope this shirt of mine, cyclic sweating and drying, is not as bad as I think it is. I need to believe that anyway.”

The barrier was finally fully erect. Neat and tidy grounds. A sense of order. Speed signs at every cross-road. The legal speed slow. The heat intense. This multi-functional military base was known for its old tall trees. Delicate moving shadows from the leaves across the windscreen. Few were native gums. Such not so leafy. European imports provided better shade. The trees plentiful but couldn't hide all the sunlight. Strong golden light regularly beamed across his windscreen to be replaced by the welcome shade of a tree – then the strong beam again. The cyclic alteration between the intensity of the light and shade made it difficult to adjust eyes. Or was it dehydration? Buildings, many two or three levels, to his left and right: well-spaced; much green lawn. Very green, a surprise. There were harsh water restrictions in Sydney this summer. There were many ponds in the surrounding paddocks around the base, with thick murky brown water, and no doubt the clever military engineers pumped water from one of these for the lawns; dark red or brown

## Tales in the Spirit

bricks showing age; newer buildings of orange brick; a group of soldiers with rifles marching at a quick pace? In this heat? Madness!

Clean narrow roads. The yellow middle stripes seemed freshly painted. Signs on white boards attached to street posts. His head was feeling more and more unusual. At one such cross-road he slowed more then stopped to read white signs on a post. At one end a neat dark green arrow pointing left, right, up, down, or at an angle: Administration and Planning; Barracks A to D; Firing Range; Cafeteria; Recreation Hall; Headquarters; Deliveries; Facilities; Lecture Rooms; Maintenance; Truck Pool; and finally “Armory” right at the bottom with a neat arrow pointing upward. Not surprising it was the lowest sign on this post – outside a war scenario or a military exercise this was not a building many visited.

In this instance of time he felt he had entered a different world. There was a ‘sense of a dimension’, a world inside a world, in this, some might say, ideal neat and tidy and so green a setting. The first personality of that dimension was a ‘sense of order’. A sense of order hard to define but ever-present. A typical army base. Barracks for young soldiers without their own housing. Those who were older, or married, or had a house of their own, arrived at work and left the base promptly when done. Some families lived on the base in suburban houses in an area reserved for residential living.

The “Lecture Rooms” sign made him feel ill at ease. What were the natives of this dimension taught? Once he had come across a secret intelligence report on North Korea. South Korea was painted as a great manufacturing nation producing cars and electronic equipment for the world markets. A nation in which people worked hard and were well rewarded. The North was painted as dealing with hard drugs with a complete government department – Bureau 39 – responsible for the task of distributing and selling the drugs. As far

## Tales in the Spirit

as Steve was concerned that could have been total nonsense. Unbelievable bordering on the bizarre, and yet the natives of this dimension of life were taught, conditioned, to think like that. A 'sense of conditioning' was the next attribute in this dimension of life. Reading that report could make any soldier willing to shoot every single North Korean official. No doubt, when it came to preparing soldiers for war, the military excelled at that task.

A dark green Military Police jeep, large yellow letters "MP" on the doors standing out, passed slowly. The two occupants eyed him up and down. The jeep pulled over in front of his car. He watched the tall man approach and lean into the car, and pull back overcome by the furnace inside.

"Shit! What's wrong with your climate control? Got the heater on mate? Are you lost mate?"

"Ain't working. Stopped not long after I left the airport. I'm not lost. I'm heading for the armory. Stopped to get my head focused. The heat in this car is seriously getting to me."

"Straight ahead mate. Get out of that car as quick as you can, you'll collapse. I've been in boiler rooms that were cooler." The MP pointed the way and walked back to his jeep. Steve mumbled "tell me about it" and moved off once the jeep was out of his way. This time he knew he had to get out of that car. He heard his own voice replying to the MP but it seemed he was watching himself, as if someone other than him talking. Not a good sign. He was no longer thinking well.

On his left in the distance another old airplane mounted on metal posts. Golden light reflecting from its aged wings. This one he knew was a Hercules 130 nick named Fat Albert. A 70 ton bird well known for its noisy rear compartment. There was also an old airplane

## Tales in the Spirit

mounted on steel supports and tilted at an angle at the front entrance – but this was not an airbase. It was an army base and also a supply depot for a military airbase not far away in Richmond. The Fairfax Army Base was still called that even though technically it was a multi-functional military base and ought to have been called The Fairfax Multi-Functional Military Base. No one liked the way the correct name read; no one was interested in changing the name.

The armory was at the far eastern end of the large grounds. The armory was now in his sight – just past a road on his right. A sign further ahead, with a neat left arrow, said “Armory Car Park”.

Steve slammed on the brakes. A white car came from his right and turned toward the armory. A man and woman in the back seats glanced at his car. Steve imagined someone small sitting in the passenger seat and, as the white car turned into the straight road and almost immediately to the left into the car park, he imagined the little head turning to look at his car.

“Now I’m seeing things.” Steve blinked his eyes a number of times to reduce the effects of salty sweat from the forehead running into his eyes, and turned the key. The automatic had stalled and wouldn’t start. The heat intense. Just as he was about to give up and leave the car and walk the car started. At the same time as the white car came out of the armory car park. Steve drove on and turned left.

From the outside the armory wasn’t a large building. Perhaps fifty by fifty meters. A single level building with some dark windows impossible to see through. To the east a large open field. Not so green. Pale green dry grass and weeds sticking out. No fence.

A focused look suggested the windows were heavily reinforced. A missile may be needed to break one. An older man in a uniform waiting outside. His rank? Steve wasn’t that kind of military person

## Tales in the Spirit

and couldn't tell rank from markings on the man's shirt. A senior rank? With him a young woman. In uniform? The shirt was military, but the brief khaki pleated skirt surely not? She had super legs and long blond hair. In her hands a clipboard. Standing with her what looked like a five or six-year-old much overdressed for this heat: in a brown knee long skirt the same color as her long hair with delicate waves. As he steered the car into a spot he had to smile. He had never seen a uniform like that! Military types, and police types, were not his type.

As he waited for some strength to return to his legs, which felt weak, Steve recalled parts of the conversation with General Sutton this morning at 4 AM. Steve was bad in the mornings. Little of what was said stayed-in. Sutton mentioned a woman he would be working with; mentioned she had a model figure and blond hair. Steve puzzled when Sutton said this. Why say it? Faintly Steve also recalled Sutton saying "And wait until you see those long slim legs!" Sutton also mentioned that he had asked her opinion about him two months ago and it was then he found out, after a personal "off the record" conversation over the phone, that she liked his file for three reasons: because she thought he looked like a young Pierce Bronson from a 007 James Bond movie; and he was single; and taller than she. Steve was 1.78 m (5' 10") and she 1.73 m (5' 9"). That was tall for a woman. Sutton mentioned she didn't see everything in his file. At any other time all this would suggest something, but not so early in the morning it didn't, and now with his head so overheated it still didn't suggest anything. This was turning out a very strange day.

His thoughts seemed to be swimming in a pool of water and finding information he wasn't after. Silly things: what did AM stand for? A part of his brain recalled this was from Latin and meant before midday, while PM was also a Latin acronym and meant after midday.

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Steve felt stronger in the legs and took out the key while nodding to the two adults at the front of the car – taking in those shiny and smooth long legs straight ahead. He took his sunglasses off and stepped out. The shirt felt stiff. Not a good sign. He had applied anti-deodorant generously this morning, but doubted that had any effect in the heat in the car. For a few seconds he hesitated and leaned against the car. His legs seemed so weak. Could he walk? Or would he collapse? One way to find out – he managed to walk to the people waiting – and past them to the shade of the building, turning, his back slumping into the wall. It felt ever so cool! If this was cool, with the temperature now surely in the mid-forties and the air ever so still – then how hot was it in the car?

“Good’ay. I’m Colonel Lubel.” They shook hands, Steve still slumped. “And this is Wanda Ivanovska. Wanda works with Internal Affairs. AMI told us you were on the base so we came over. Are you all right?”

“I will be.” Steve nodded. “I think.”

“Hi.” The woman smiled, gave his shirt a look, but made no attempt to shake hands. No trace of an accent. “I had to bring my daughter Katy. I am a single parent. I had no place to leave her. I was called-in at 3 AM you see. I and the Colonel had a look at the armory, and went through various records. My first assignment of this kind. Usually I do security clearance checks. Not very exciting. I often have to talk matters over with the Colonel. That’s why we know one another well. This will be good for my career – if we solve it of course.”

Steve closed his eyes. Whom did she mean by “we”? Solve what? Who or what do these people think he is? Why is he even here? At the moment his head was swimming in some way that he didn’t

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understand. Did he collapse on his way this morning and is now imagining in his overheated brain that he has arrived? Those super legs and that brief skirt on the young woman were seriously confusing him. That can't be military dress code?

In his thoughts he imagined himself swimming in a cool pool and then stepping out of the pool. As he stepped out his thoughts came together. "Wanda Ivanovska" - the surname Russian but likely born in Australia. An unlikely Russian spy. He opened his eyes and turned to the little one. She was cute and pretty with wide eyes studying him. A certain look in her eyes. Steve wasn't exposed to children and didn't know what that look meant. Surely it meant something? He didn't think it was a bad look. What bothered Steve was her knee long, pleated and looked made of wool, skirt. Or was it called a dress? What was the difference anyway? This was such unbearable heat. What kind of mother dresses a young child like that?

Standing in the shade of the wall, the temperature in the mid-forties, it felt ever so cool. Steve glanced upward and across the parched dry green fields to the east. A noisy military helicopter was circling the area. The sound seemed ever so loud. The chopper was not that close so how could that be?

"What have you been told?" The Colonel motioned with his hand toward the building. They walked to the entrance: an annex, a section of brick perpendicular to the main building, perhaps two meters wide and five meters long, with a large narrow dark glass door. Steve walked slowly uncertain of his legs which felt weak. The Colonel motioned for him to go first. The little one decided she will walk by his side.

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“Let’s see.” Steve was turning his head as he spoke to the Colonel behind him. “A telephone call at 4 AM. I am not good in the morning and wasn’t sure who was on the end, or what was being said. The only thing I recalled when the other party hung up, was that a car was coming and I am to take the first flight to Sydney. At Canberra airport a man handed me a boarding pass, and a file, and was out of the airport quick smart. The file had the words “Classified” on the cover. I had a chance to read while waiting. Rules of an AMI investigation. I was sure he gave me the wrong file. What had that to do with me? At the Sydney airport a man came and gave me the key to this hire car. Air-conditioning not working in this heat! Imagine bloody air-conditioning not working in a hire car?! Unheard of.”

“As long as you read it.” The Colonel said.

Steve glanced at the girl keeping step and keenly studying him. “And you look so overdressed for a day as hot as this you know.” The moment he said this he felt so strange. He wouldn’t usually strike up a conversation with a child. The heat in that car had messed up his head all right.

To his surprise Katy replied in a mature way. “I am.” She said with a nod. “It was cool in the morning. The weatherman keeps talking about a cool change. Mum decided this was today and made me wear this skirt.”

“I think that cool change talk is wishful thinking.” Steve said, again wondering why he is striking-up a conversation with a child.

“I agree.” The girl nodded.

The way she said that and the way she nodded, Steve had to smile. She was cute and certainly articulate. Into his mind came the thought. “If your mother thought it was a cool change why is she

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wearing something so short?” At the same time he imagined swimming again in a cool pool and decided there could be a reason which, at the moment, was beyond him.

“I said to mum ‘what if it’s hot mum?’ Mum said I look so cute that it doesn’t matter.”

Steve gave her another smile. Did that make sense? At the moment his overheated brain had difficulty walking let alone making sense of what he was hearing. Why did it make sense? Did it?

The door to the armory was a dark glass door which opened of its own accord. Then a second dark glass door and an immediate sharp turn left to another wide glass door made of two sections. These opened automatically – one section slid to the left and the other to the right. Inside the coolness refreshing. A lovely change from the outside. Perhaps too much of a change so quickly? Steve had to lean against the wall fearing he may blackout. He moved off the wall and felt better.

“Over there.” The Colonel was walking to the southern wall which, on entry into the inside proper, was on their left. Steve was walking slowly. The few dark windows didn’t allow much light. A large room with military hardware. Missiles, all sizes and shapes but most relatively small being perhaps a meter in length, were stacked neatly in large metal fixtures. Much space between the racks and the walking aisle wide. A clean concrete floor. In one distant corner, on his right, he noticed wide and dark elevator doors. This armory must have levels below ground. On the northern wall a large roll-a-door. On the floor rails, train lines, more narrow than a typical train track. The long metal racks were made to move one way or the other along the rails – to allow better access to some of the missile racks.

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“Last night ten missiles went walkabout. We had twenty. Meant to be dropped during joint exercises. Only ten left. Those empty racks. Those long white missiles. They arrived last year for last year’s exercises. The weather at the time negated a drop. A decision was made to leave them here until this year’s joint exercises.” The Colonel pointed out the missiles.

“Stolen?”

Steve stopped in front of the racks. Two extra tall racks made of strong steel. Two sides to each rack. The two frames at an angle and joined at the top. Five missiles could fit in each side. Each missile above the other and secured to the racks by wide brackets. Two front racks had the missiles. The two back racks were empty. The brackets that had secured the missing missiles were nowhere to be seen.

“Stolen.” The Colonel pointed to cameras on the walls. Two were fixed high on the northern wall and steady. The other two, on the southern wall, high in the corners and sweeping slowly from side to side. “Nothing on the cameras and that is a mystery. This room is monitored 24/7. Only the soldiers roistered on duty can open the door from the base Surveillance Room. It takes two – the buttons to open these doors are on separate walls. Two people must press at the same time. Three seconds tolerance is all they have. Not an easy task to coordinate. Sometimes I have to wait for minutes before the two on surveillance duty manage to press at the same time.”

“Actually for ‘minutes’, or do you mean ‘a long time’?” Steve asked. “Surely not minutes?”

“Saturday morning is usually minutes. Friday night is a busy night. The Recreation Hall is popular. Soldiers get drunk. If two are on duty whose head is still not clear then yes, it can take minutes before the two coordinate the two buttons.”

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“I understand.” Steve nodded.

In the coolness of this room his brain was slowly recovering but unusual thoughts came. Were these people delusional? What are they talking about? Did they confuse him with someone else? Missing missiles? What did this have to do with him? He didn't take them. He didn't know the first thing about such heists - and where would he even hide them in his humble house in Canberra anyway? How the hell does one even sell such stolen items? Ebay?

Steve walked to the wall, leaned his back against it to help support his weak legs, and crossed his arms. “Colonel. What has this got to do with me? There I was, over five years ago, studying at the Australian National University in Canberra. Science. Physics. Computing. In my last year I am walking back to my residential college when this...odd fellow... is by my side. Says he has a job for me. Said straight out he works for Military Intelligence and they need analysts. I should have clarified at the time which military. I spend more time, on the phone and using emails, communicating with United States military people than Australian military.”

Steve's mind went blank. He had a chain of thoughts he wanted to say, but his mind just went blank. A black curtain had descended rapidly.

Just as suddenly it came back and Steve continued. “A book I had written, a personal novel, had it self-published. As far as I knew no one bought a copy and mine was the only one. That book somehow ended up on his desk and he took an interest in me. So, the work would be an analyst, I would begin working, once I graduated, with the Department of Health in Woden but I would be studying and analyzing states of mind of people of interest to the military. Sounded too good to resist. I needed a car badly. The main attraction.

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The twelve month training was a nuisance, but I would be paid a salary so I didn't mind. If I had wealthy parents I would have studied medicine, and been a respectable doctor, but I didn't and science was my next option. Some choice! Who ever heard of medical doctors not finding work, but scientists even with a doctorate degree often end up digging ditches or driving taxis. And what do I know about thieves? About military or any investigation? And how the hell do you steal such long missiles from a 24/7 guarded military complex? I am sorry but I don't get it."

Katy had walked off to the side. No one noticed that she had. She had seen a water bottle by the western wall and was now by it, taking out a white plastic cup from a set of such by the dispenser, then figuring out how to get the water into the cup, and returned with the cup handing it to Steve.

"Thank you so much." Steve was ever so grateful, thinking this little thoughtful person was definitely his type, and gulped it down with one go. Katy took the empty cup, peeked inside, made a soldier-like turn and headed for the water dispenser to fill-up again.

"Usually there is no water dispenser here." Wanda said. "With the exercises in Queensland this armory. had been busy for the past two weeks. A water dispenser had been installed."

"What we have to find out is what happened to the missiles." The Colonel said. "You are part of Military Intelligence and we need you."

Wanda smiled. "I chose you, kind of. I think the yanks wanted you. I had three files handed to me. Yours I loved and in this case, my luck, for this mission you were the perfect one. The Colonel is in charge of base security and is the chief investigator. AMI has to be involved for obvious reasons. The Americans, they had to be told, suspect

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Russian Mafia. They are big in the weapons trade. You had done a profile on Nikolay....can't recall the surname...and his enforcer Boris...can't recall that name either."

The Colonel glanced at Wanda. Unlike her to forget names. Her tone was soft too. Not the firm tone he was used to. Was that an elusive smile he detected? Was she interested in the man? The woman he was seeing now and her mellow soft tone was not the woman he knew. She had a right, so the Colonel thought. The Colonel knew Wanda's story: fell in love when young; felt it was the right man; fell pregnant and he didn't want to know her.

"Years ago." Steve nodded. "This is why you chose me? What do I know about detective work? Have you actually read my novel? The novel is clear on my views: police and soldiers, guardians of the wealthy, protectors of those who have from those who have not. An evolved animal brain, that is the human brain, and in soldiers and police one can see the...negative side...of evolution. At least that was the theory until the guard at the gate, seeing how hot the car was and my shirt must have by then....never mind... offered me a loan of a shirt – damn decent human being! I had a perfect theory about the military until I came across him. Now what am I supposed to think? I may have to rewrite my novel. Why did he have to confuse me? Offering a perfect stranger a clean shirt – unheard of! Dame decent human being."

"How is it the negative side?" Wanda asked.

"Instead of social justice, reconciliation, and such that an enlightened and intelligent brain and personality desires and seeks, those closer to their animal cousins, soldiers and police, are into control and domination of society and punishment and reward of individual members of that society. That is much like the animal kingdom."

## Tales in the Spirit

Steve said. “And why does a person become a soldier? Patriotism? Nationalism? No way – the unconscious animal drive to experience a kill, legally, is what he or she is prepared to wait for as long as it takes.”

“I see.” Wanda smiled.

“That makes sense.” Katy nodded. She was back with another cup. Steve took the cup from her outstretched hand. thinking why isn’t this little one an adult so he can take her out to dinner and get to know her in a better way? Life was not always fair. This little one was coming across more and more as his type – but she was only a child.

“Who is Nikolay?” The Colonel asked.

Steve drank the cool water slowly as he explained. “One of the big shots in the Russian Mafia. If I recall correctly turning 50 this month. A multi-millionaire. Product of the Russian prison system with appropriate tattoos. On the surface a good looking man and polite. Has a face you can trust. That is the first impression.” Steve took out a tissue from his pocket to wipe his brow. It was wet and in pieces and he was merely looking at it in his hand thinking this was useless.

Katy reached into her pocket and gave him one. “It’s clean.” She stretched her arm to him and nodded.

“Thanks again.” Steve took the clean dry tissue.

“A psychopath?” The Colonel asked.

“No. A psychopath is a personality that has no conscience. Among the Russian Mafia there is – honor among thieves – a true psychopath couldn’t survive the Russian Mafia. Nikolay is an

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opportunist. Thinks and reasons with the left brain only. That is a trait of lawyers and judges and often of senior or young police too. The world of the dominant left brain, the human brain is two brains each with its own consciousness, is very different to the world of the right brain.”

“How did he get involved with them?” Wanda asked.

“Nikolay began his career with the Russian Mafia by being put in charge of two brothels, and he still has them cause he likes the ladies.” Steve focused on Wanda, his eyes up and down, “and he likes ‘guests’. Any woman he takes a fancy too, that winds up in his house, may end up being a guest. She has no choice. She would be used in pornographic movies that are sometimes made in his mansion. The threat from Boris, his enforcer, to shove her face in acid if she doesn’t, suffices to make any woman a willing...so to speak...guest.”

Wanda glanced at Katy then Steve. He nodded, understanding her eye message that she preferred him not to explain such matters in front of the child. He apologized with his head.

“That’s why the yanks wanted you.” The Colonel said. “They suspect Nikolay is behind this. You know the man and there may be a need to travel to Russia. As to why they suspect him? Jack, the man I spoke to, will only explain person-to-person. Under their security classification that information cannot be divulged to anyone over the telephone, only person-to-person. You may know more about their classification system than me. They even have a classification which restricts access to those “only born in the United States”. I don’t know or understand why they suspect Nikolay. On what basis?”

Steve nodded. Personally he didn’t think the reason for not explaining over the telephone had to do with security classification.

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Certainly not about Nikolay. Anyone sufficiently familiar with telephone or computer communication and encryption knew very well that there was no way to make such a communication system completely safe, and you never know who is listening or spying on a line. Military encrypted communication was safe for most confidential exchanges, but there were always experts in parts of the world who could tap into and traded such information. The Americans excelled at that too.

A mental image of him swimming again and his legs felt weaker. He decided, or may have had no choice, to sit down with his back against the wall. An interesting vantage point! Those super long legs directly ahead and the woman looking at him with concern. Was all this for real? Or a Twilight Zone? That couldn't possibly be an army regulation skirt – or dress – whatever it was called. Could it? Then in his thoughts he was again stepping out of the pool and his thoughts focused.

“I’m not a field agent or an intelligence operative. I have a clear contract with the military.” Steve said slowly. “I don’t know Nikolay the man. I did his profile years ago. I recall he had two enforcers, Boris and Andrea. These two are creepy. Not men you want to meet in the dark if they have something against you. Their favorite way of...disposing...of a person is in a public toilet. Male toilets. Men the only known victims. They have this ritual...”

Wanda stepped closer and leaned and reached down with a finger and briefly put it on his lips and shook her head, her eyes pointing to Katy listening ever so eagerly to this exchange. Steve nodded, thinking that perhaps he should refrain from saying too much anyway because his brain wasn't in full control of his thoughts.

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Sitting against the wall cooled him. Steve managed to stand as long as the wall supported his back, and now understanding this situation better, he was determined to get himself out of this. “Colonel. The world has walls and there is a need for police and soldiers. But such people make poverty possible, make prostitution possible, make homelessness possible, because they protect the have from the have naughts completely under a delusion they are doing a community service. ‘They are just doing their job’ is how simple minds learn to think and reason. I am not the man to assist you. Trust me on this, Colonel. I have such a low tolerance of that self-interested mindless idiot...no personal offense intended...who is a soldier or police officer or magistrate or judge or politician. Sorry, that’s just me. Find someone else.”

“Nice try.” The Colonel gave a wry smile.

“I can understand the poverty angle, and the homelessness angle – but how do police make prostitution possible?” Wanda was curious.

“I’m sure I can find an angle there too.” At the moment Steve wasn’t sure why he had included prostitutes in his summary.

“You are much too young to be such a cynic, Steven.” Wanda said. “People our age are not interested in such views – they want... material things, cars, houses, holidays, or a marriage, such things. You have a mindset and awareness of life and grasp of reality of a rational ninety year old. You are only thirty, Steven. You are young – not old.”

“That’s true I guess.” Steve nodded.

Wanda was happy – and couldn’t hide it. At times an elusive smile came over her, a smile which Steve noticed a number of times but couldn’t work out what it implied. Steve was all that she expected.

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Charming and honest. Very red from the heat in the face and on his arms and legs and clearly walking in an uncertain way perhaps fearing a collapse – but she liked him already. Certainly much more handsome than his pictures in his files. She had also found out from the head of Military Intelligence that analysts tend to form views that aid their work. These views might appear to be prejudicial against military or authority. A known side effect of deep focus analytical work, the kind of work Steve was doing. He asked her not to worry about these, “He is still young. Maybe these are his true views – or maybe he had to invent such to do his work. Impossible to say with analysts. Just ignore. Steve is a solid team player and his personal views don’t interfere with his performance.”

“I’ll get you a shirt and you can shower in the Facilities building. I loved your picture. Manly, fit, nice profile and shoulders. In fact I liked all I read about you in the file. Your views? Well, people change you know. You never knew the true military when you wrote that. And the lessons of World War II were hard. Every country needs a deterrent.”

Katy was near him and nodded. “Mum spent so much time talking about you, how handsome you are and how clever and charming, and how she was looking forward to meeting you, in the car on the way to work.”

“Katy!” Wanda turned to her daughter. “Will you go and play.”

“Play with what mum?” Katy visually studied the objects in the room.

“The military has some merits.” Steve wasn’t sure what to make of what Katy said – but he was certain Wanda had been brainwashed in those ‘Lecture Rooms’. “Deterrent is one thing. In the history of the world only China has never begun a war with another country. The

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yanks? The dropping of nuclear bombs on civilians in World War II and the slaughter of an estimated 2 million children by dropping fire bombs on Vietnamese villages – are as guilty of crimes against humanity as Hitler or Stalin or Pol Pot – to name a few psychopaths that gathered, often people with narcissistic personalities, around them. Psychopaths attract narcissistic people like a magnet – perhaps you recall Hitler’s Goering and how he loved to dress up in fancy uniforms?”

“All right.” Wanda said softly, her tone of a mother consoling a child. “I don’t disagree. I am not qualified to disagree – but I am an optimist and feel decent people, and countries, learn from their mistakes. And from what I read in your file you get along super well with the yanks. There was a suggestion that they think of you as one of their own. “

“Sure.” Steve reflected. “I communicate with analysts. The American analysts are sharp, clever, intelligent, and amiable. Far too efficient for my liking but that’s a flaw I can live with.”

Listening to this exchange the Colonel felt Wanda won this round of chess. For a moment his eyes alternated between Wanda and Katy. The latter, clearly, had made a far better impression on Steve. Not surprising. Sometimes Wanda had to bring her daughter to work and Katy was a pleasant, bright, thoughtful, and delightful little companion.

Katy’s next sentence was precious. “Mum wanted me to have a military uniform too but,” she shook her head, “I didn’t want it because I don’t like it.”

That made Steve’s eyes smile at her – he felt like reaching down and embracing this little one who was clearly his type all right. Her mother had those super legs and that fine figure and blond hair – but

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the little one had the soul and heart he could relate to. If it boiled down to a choice between a super looking model with perfect long slim legs and a woman with a beautiful heart and soul – he knew which woman he would choose.

Wanda gave Katy a glance then continued. “You refuse to take intelligence assessment tests. Your estimated IQ is 180. Beyond genius.”

“People with my intelligence are a threat to any employer. People with my IQ end up driving taxis. Who wants to hire a man who might have the potential to outdo the manager or executive in a matter of weeks? Self-interest is why people like me can’t get work. Can you imagine the terror in a manager who, at meetings, is with a man he hired who can grasp the picture as a whole very quickly and points out the flaws in the manager’s or executive’s plans just like that? That is terror – absolute terror – to any manager or executive. That is a threat to their often highly paid and prestigious position. This is what makes them valuable – as far as they understand – that they are the ones who spend months thinking through about flaws and bring these to the attention of the board or higher executives. They see someone like me and that is an instant threat to their ego and position security and will never hire that person.”

“Be that as it may.” Wanda smiled. “So I was thinking...I am single...you are...you have such strong ethical views...so do I...if we work together we may get to like one another.”

“I doubt it. Military types are not my type.” The thought crossed his mind at the same time as his eyes once again took in those super legs – those legs stopped him saying this thought aloud – or perhaps it was Katy, he feeling this might upset the little one because her

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mother, so it seemed to the little one, had some personal interest in him.

After taking in what she said, and once more briefly focusing on those super legs, Steve was now sure he was in another world – as different from the real world of work and play and families as black is from white. “I admire your honesty and normally I’m sure I would be flattered.” But why did she have to be military? That was annoying him now and he made that known. “But not today – and why isn’t a young woman with a super figure and such long sensual legs not on a cover of a magazine? Instead in this...shit job...pretending this military is vital to the country’s defense. Have you any idea how sensual and attractive female legs can be to a man?”

Katy’s eyes turned from looking at Steve to her mum.

“I have some idea.” Wanda smiled, giving Katy a firm look then lowering her eyes. The Colonel came to the wall and turned and leaned his back against the wall just like Steve. “Yes, yes, and we know your views about our military too. Wanda read your file. She briefed me. What is Australian military for? Who are we going to defeat in a war? New Guinea – we have a chance. New Zealand – perhaps - but technically they and us are one and the same. You have heard of ANZACS of course. All right, I can’t argue – but it is a tradition and it is important for our ally, the United States of course, that we have a fighting force. And like Wanda said the lessons of World War II were harsh and cruel. But none of this is important. Those missiles...know anything about weapons?”

Steve shook his head in the negative. “Did find a spent bullet when young. Have heard the original nuclear bomb dropped on Japan was three meters long and weighted 1400 kilograms. Have heard the Russians put together the fastest fighter plane, able to fly at three

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times the speed of sound, using valve technology and not modern solid state circuits. The reason: in an event of a nuclear attack the electromagnetic radiation those bombs cause would render useless solid state circuitry – which all American fighters use – but would have no impact on valve technology. Technically, Colonel, in my humble and unqualified opinion, when it comes to war the Russians are smarter than the yanks and the yanks could never win a war against Russia. Maybe Australia should find a smarter ally? But – that is about all I know about such matters and my opinion is so unqualified, Colonel, that you should ignore it.”

The Colonel made a gesture that suggested he was willing to listen to such an argument – then turned to look at the missiles in question and explained. “Nickname is Dinosaur. Super missiles. Curtsy of the United States. Colloquially known as the “yanks” - but never say that to a yank to his face. Very deadly. They could devastate half....maybe not half...I don’t know, am no weapon expert....but an awful lot of Sydney. There is a Pilot Missile and others lock onto... like a grid. Like I said, I am no expert. Very modern technology. Ten are missing. I am charged with investigating. Our military wants answers: how, when, who, and where are the missiles?”

“Did the United States military want them back?” That thought crossed Steve’s mind. What the Australian military and United States military wanted was not always one and the same. In his experience the Americans had larger visions and complex strategic needs – not just immediate needs. If the yanks truly wanted the missiles back then they would have made certain experienced investigators are assigned to this case – certainly not him and a young super model with no experience in this line of work. No, the yanks didn’t want anything back – they had something in mind – but what? Until their reason becomes clear he had to play along – if only to pass the time.

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Steve focused on the missiles. They were long and white. Over 3 meters long. Impression of being fat but perhaps that was only because of their particular shape. Steve estimated the diameter in the widest part perhaps 60 cm to 90 cm. He guessed each weighted more than 100 kg. There were four small wings at the back. Toward the front, but barely visible, small nuts and screws that, Steve reasoned, secured the frontal cone to the rest of the missile. On two of the missiles he noticed a red triangle near the tip. "Aren't missiles very big, fat, long, heavy objects?"

"Not these ones. Plasma technology doesn't need much weight." The Colonel said.

"Plasma? You mean super-heated gas? Heated to millions of degrees inside an electromagnetic flux? Is that technology working? I know some physics I guess but, Colonel, I know very little about weapons."

"That is how they are defined. As plasma technology." The Colonel nodded.

Steve was skeptical. The only plasma labs he knew about had a tunnel kilometers long. Such were needed to form the strong magnetic field required in which the gas could be super-heated. Plasma technology? Steve didn't buy that – but there wasn't any point explaining or arguing.

"Isn't a missile something you fire on its own? If these are meant to be dropped from airplanes – aren't they technically bombs?" Steve said.

"No. Missiles. Launched from Bombers. Air-to-surface missiles. Much cheaper to make than surface-to-surface missiles and lighter because a fraction of the fuel is needed compared to a surface-to-

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surface missile. As for what plasma is – I don't know. What you said sounds right. All I know is how deadly these things are. Have seen images of drops. There is one Pilot Missile. The drop is meant to take place at night. Wings come out from the sides when dropped and the missiles glide most of the way to the target. Each needs almost no fuel and that is why they are relatively light. Ten of them together are dropped and they hit a grid. The computer in the one Pilot Missile coordinates a grid to target. Advanced technology known as a 'signature-guidance system'. A Pilot Missile is distinguished by a red triangle at the front. Like those ones." The Colonel pointed to two missiles with a red triangle toward the tip.

"Are you saying that without a Pilot Missile the stolen missiles are useless?" Steve asked, his eyes searching for any lines on the sides where the hidden wings were. He couldn't see anything but his eyes were still not the best and his vision sometimes even blurred.

"That is a mystery too. Why leave the Pilot Missile behind? No sense in that." Wanda said.

"Depends on what you mean by useless and what they wanted the missiles for." The Colonel said. "Yes, first impression is they did this for a thrill and left the one missile they needed to have, the Pilot Missile, behind."

"A thrill?" Steve shook his head. "There are thrill murders, Colonel, and thefts, rapes, and such – but anyone crazy enough to try and steal, just for the thrill, a missile from a top security military base wouldn't get past the guard on duty at the entrance gate. Come on Colonel, you know that. The sentry presses the 'Assistance' button in his cubicle and armed MPs would be fast coming from everywhere on the base to surround the man."

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“Anything is possible, Steve, nothing makes much sense.” The Colonel shrugged.

“Like I said – I know bugger all about such military matters. So the thieves have stolen missiles which need, or can only be, dropped by a military Bomber – yes? So next they will need to steal a Bomber from Richmond airbase? Is that the theory Colonel? And let me guess – just like these missiles those Bombers are monitored 24/7. My head is still not right because I am more and more wondering if I collapsed on the way, am somewhere along the road slumped in the car, and my overheated brain is causing vivid imagery of a twilight zone. Colonel – just see this from my point of view. I am seeing a super model with perfect legs,” he pointed to Wanda, “with such a brief skirt I cannot believe she could be military. And here I have,” Steve pointed to Katy, “such an articulate and charming little one dressed completely opposite to her mother. And I have a senior person, yourself, telling me thieves broke into a 24/7 watched armory. and just picked up some missiles each over 3 meters long. I am thinking this could be the Twilight Zone. Nothing is making sense to me.”

Katy took this as a compliment and blushed and smiled and lowered her eyes. Wanda suppressed a smile too. She could see the man was under duress from the heat and not thinking that well and yet he was still sounding very rational. No one had been able to understand how this was done.

The Colonel sighed and walked a distance and began to pace. “You’ll be fine. It is cold in this armory. You’ll recover. The motive could be blackmail. That is a possible motive.”

“Blackmail!?” Steve put that thought in the same mental rubbish bin as a “thrill theft”. He eyed the two pacing across the floor and in

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front of another long rack of long missiles. “Surely if they are that clever they can sell this story to the newspapers for more than blackmail money. They show a reporter missiles taken from... supposedly top security....that could make the thieves a fortune and give them celebrity status. And how on Earth do you blackmail a military? Seriously – how?”

## **Kim (Adult Eternal Being)**

The name given to Mark's adult eternal companion. In his mind's eye, in their virtual reality, the few times he interacted with Kim she seemed to in the image of a woman. Usually in an elegant black dress. Some of her responses similar to what a 'Woman' in Life the Spirit was like.

Kim was more a puzzle for Amy. Often Amy would refer to Kim as 'it'. At first Mark felt Amy was rude, not liking Kim. Amy explained this was not the case but when she failed to understand which part of Kim was interacting with them, this is when she used 'it'.

To truly understand 'Life in the Spirit' and the 'Dimension of Life', different views are required at different steps. It is simple enough to imagine, at low level, a male and female mental image as mapping onto a person. Not entirely correct, but that is a way to understand at low levels.

From the instant of her birth Amy had only one mission she gave to herself. That her 'dad', also her true 'eternal companion', survived a transition from biological life to dimensional life and then eternal life. It took Amy years to understand the mental images of people in Life in the Spirit, and how to communicate with them. Amy was mostly responsible for 'The Science of LIFE' which explained the physics of dimensional energy and dimensional spaces and dimensions, and the 'Dimension of Life'.

There came a time when Amy felt ready to explain more to Mark about Kim. Their awareness lifted tremendously. This was caused by the dimensional energy that formed in Mark's brain continually condensing until the right level of awareness was reached. As this

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process stopped Mark imagined himself as a Dark Lord with Amy. She as a nine-year old relative mental image. Wearing a dark red dress.

“Dad. You are ready to understand more about Kim. My mother, as I sometime relate to her. All that I explained before, how she is a daughter of the Eternal God and she gave birth to me and Vicki and such, was true – but only at that level of understanding. Now I need to explain more about Kim. I have spent much time trying to understand her, and then thinking of a way to explain to you. Watch what I do now.”

Amy turned slowly on the spot. As she did the dress fanned out slightly. “What is my body doing, dad? As I turn on the spot my outer garment, dress, is creating ripples in the Dimension of Life. That is the best view of Kim.”

“But Amy. The times we are together I see her as a Woman. She even responds, sometimes, like a Woman might. We even danced, like two lovers might, in our virtual world.”

“Yes, dad, but that is her sense. You know that I don’t see in the way people do. I sense. I sense how to form an image of myself. I sense how to imagine I am walking in our virtual reality world. I sense how to imagine I am turning a corner. To an observer I would look like a nine-year-old natural girl, but I don’t have human senses. This is much the same with Kim. She senses how you would prefer to see her in your thoughts. Now and then she senses what you would like to see her doing, or saying, in that sense. That part of her is the outer ripple of what she is.”

“She is a consciousness?”

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“Yes, but that part of her is too deep for you, and at the moment even for me, to sense directly. Grandad knows she is a consciousness.” (By ‘grandad’ Amy is referring to the ‘Eternal God’ as defined in ‘The Third Testament’. Not the same as the Hebrew God dimension.)

Memories came of Mark being with Kim in their virtual world, in the Dimension of Eternal Life in which Amy designed a replica of an ordinary human house. Not quite correctly, but for the most part. Many memories came.

Mark imagined sitting down in this white field they both were in. Amy did likewise. She snuggled into him. “Don’t worry, dad, I have worked out exactly how a transition of life can take place for you. And also someone close to you. Now I am supposed to do the same for Kim, would you believe? Grandad insists. He gave me hints.”

“It is so difficult to explain such physics in ‘The Science of LIFE’ to scientists. It is almost impossible for ‘Life in the Spirit’ to understand much more than the way it has been explained. For whom is all this knowledge which you are putting together?”

“Mostly for me and you, dad, and our ‘Life in the Spirit’ science group which is continually finding ways to understand the incomprehensible as simply as possible.”

Kim formed a mental image. A lovely female with long blond hair and in her usual long black stylish dress. She imagined sitting opposite Mark and Amy. Her sense always difficult to equate to words: “Love. Have no fear of complexity. Your mind is beyond anything humans can understand, or for that matter much advanced life in the ‘Dimension of Life’. Let Amy look after that science group. They like her, even though they don’t truly understand what she is.”

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Kim turned toward Amy and smiled. “And you, young goddess, are lovely. So how are you going to explain me better to him?” She pointed to Mark’s mental image.

“Very slowly, mother. You are like ripples in an ocean of Earth. Dad is also causing such ripples and that is how you two connect, but dad is not aware of the ripples.”

The mental imagery, the virtual reality, changed to the Dimension of Eternal Life. To Mark’s human senses this looked like he was in a large shopping mall. With him Kim and Amy. An infinite number of shops in this mall, but he could barely sense anything in any shop window. Here and there human-like images. These were ‘beings’ which to Mark’s senses appeared human-like.

Then a familiar mental image formed. An image of a Rabbi. Mark welcome him warmly. “Welcome, my friend, welcome to my nightmare.”

“How do we explain so much complexity to our people in the spirit?” The Rabbi asked as he looked about this virtual reality.

“That is our problem, mine and yours and some others who who can use advanced ‘Life in the Spirit’. I don’t know the answer because this revelation becomes more and more complex every year. Amy says there is no end to the complexity of LIFE and how it evolves.”

“This is only for dad.” Amy pointed to Mark now in his Dark Lord mental image, “and you.” She pointed to the Rabbi image. “I can guide the physics group, as I have been doing, but that’s not for the typical person party to a Life in the Spirit.”

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The Rabbi was focusing on Kim's mental image. Mark inquired as to what was his interest. The Rabbi took him aside. "She looks ghastly to me. Terrifying."

Mark glanced at Kim. "Really. She looks absolutely beautiful to me."

"Dad, Rabbi." Amy took both aside. "Kim is such an advanced evolved life that any one who is not ready to understand her, will sense, hence visualize, her as anything other than horrible, a terror. She does that on purpose. Dad," she pointed to the Dark Lord again, "is ready to understand Kim in a better way – be it only her outer garment."