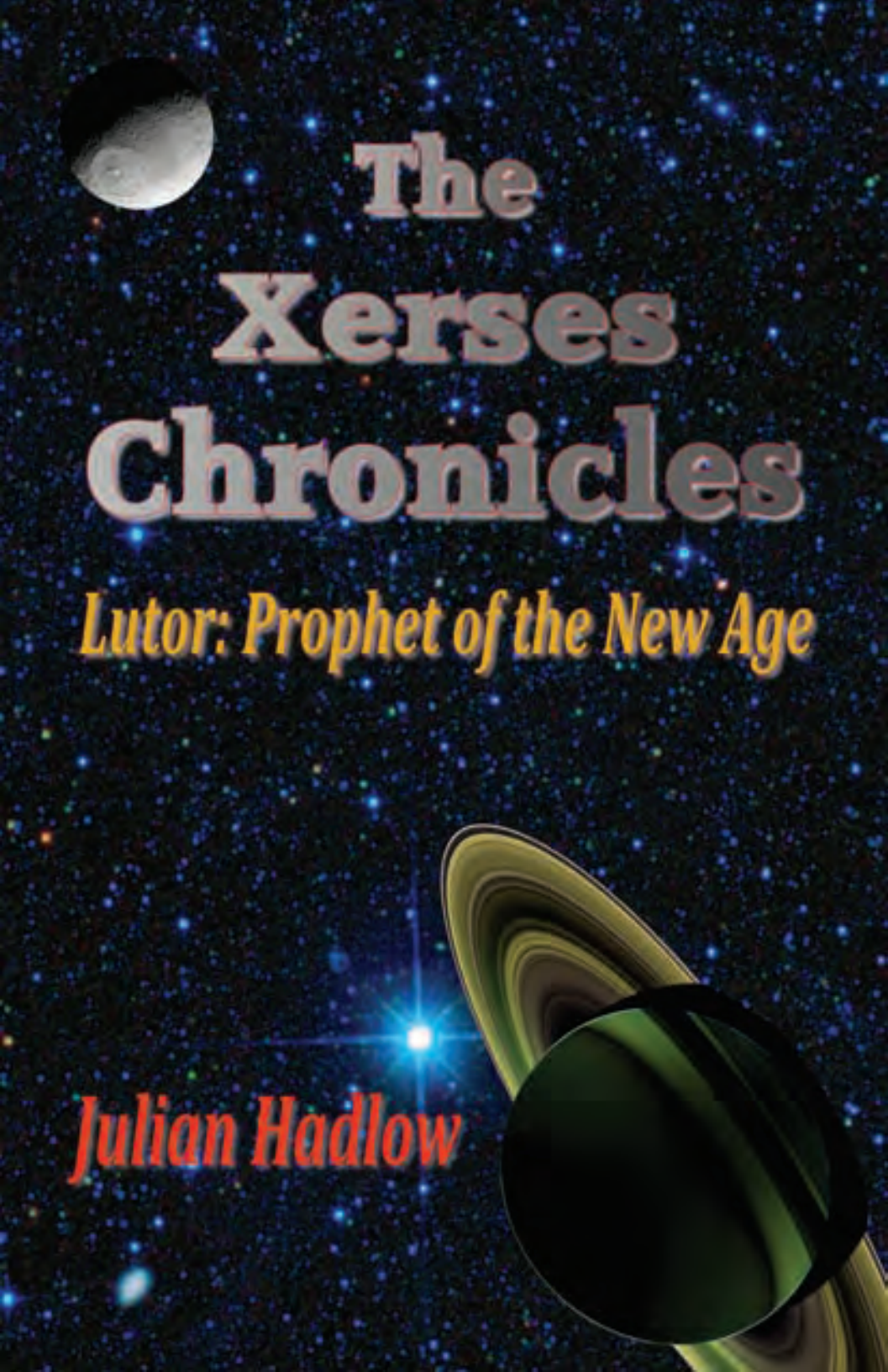


The Xerxes Chronicles

Trilogy

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Julian Hadlow



**The
Xerxes
Chronicles**

Lutor: Prophet of the New Age

Julian Hadlow

This is the life story of Lutor, the first Prophet sent to *Homo Sapiens Novus*.



Julian Hadlow

Set in the late 24th and early 25th Centuries, it portrays the friction and wars between a newer form of human being and the old.

To aid his resetting of the evolutionary clock, Lutor is guided to find a lost power source known in the distant past as The Ark of the Covenant.

The story covers his life from childhood up to his death, including his spiritual mission in later years.

It shows Lutor as full of humanity, a man, afraid and fearful of his task, yet from somewhere he finds the courage to fulfil his duty.

The Xerses Chronicles – Lutor: Prophet of the New Age is wide in range; combining the genres of science fiction and spirituality; telling the timeless story of a man's struggle between his higher and lower nature.

The plot is full of twists and turns; with snapshots of what our potential future may look like.

Lutor is a prophet for the new age and this age as well. He offers an eternal message: everything is part of the Highest Impulse; life is the great teacher; and spirit must unfold in the world of forms.

Follow his struggles and triumphs; he is a hero of flesh and blood, who transcends the world in which he lives.

Dr Stewart Bitkoff



Aseity Press

The Xerses Chronicles

Lutor: Prophet of the New Age

Vol. I

US Revised Edition 1a

Julian Hadlow

Aseity Press

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Summary: This mythopoeic/spiritual/visionary sci-fi tale is the life story of Lutor, the first Prophet sent to Homo Sapiens Novus. Set in the late 24th and early 25th centuries, it portrays the friction and wars between a newer form of human being and the old. To aid his resetting of the evolutionary clock, Lutor is guided to find a lost power source known in the distant past as the Ark of the Covenant. The story covers his life from childhood up to his death, including his mission in later years. It shows Lutor as full of humanity, a man, afraid and fearful of his task, yet from somewhere he finds the courage to fulfill his duty.--Publisher.

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As every author will know, a book is essentially a collaborative project and here, as is the case everywhere, many people have contributed something along the way. Sometimes an odd comment here or there can cause the birth of a whole new section, or maybe just the change of a sentence or two can make the meaning clearer.

There are those too, whose own words have an impact on the individual that may only surface many years later. Thus I also thank those sung and unsung heroes, whose words have illumined us in the past, as well as those in the present, who have made our world a better place.



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May the Light of The Highest Impulse shine on you throughout all
your life.

Lutor

Preface

This book came about as a result of wanting to combine various disciplines into a story that might intrigue and mystify you, the reader. It will appeal to those whose interest is aroused by where the story might lead, and are prepared to wait for the pieces to fit together.

The book might be viewed as a fusion of disciplines that contains science, fiction, a little savviness, wishful thinking, some inner dimensions, and a storyline that connects it all into one enveloping package. Some parts may not be easy to read, but I hope you will find it thought provoking. You might also want to be aware that the language is quite graphic in places, in order to be true to the different stages of the characters.

I chose science fiction because I have a love of the all time greats such as Arthur C. Clarke, Isaac Asimov, H.G. Wells and many more. They were all great writers and I learned much from them, so in a way, I am trying to bring back some of those bygone days when stories had something that the reader could get their teeth into.

As I started this project, it just seemed to flow into the vehicle it has become. I certainly didn't envisage it as it turned out! The story wrote itself, and I was just the man operating the keyboard who copied down what the muses wanted to say. Thus I have diverted little from the inspiration as it flowed, as I believe it was made to appear in the format in which it is presented to you, the dear reader – come what may.

I think it came together in this manner to encourage thought about our own circumstances, and the shortcomings in our particular Age, by seeing some of the white elephants that we commonly come across in our Western culture. Science fiction is the container, but there are many ideas and concepts floating around in the text (as with any good author's work) that I hope you will discover, and then observe your own reaction to them.

Introduction

The story is about a man destined to become a prophet in the late 24th and early 25th centuries. The plot thickens stage by stage from small beginnings over the course of a complete lifetime as befits a child growing into an adult, and more. His youngest childhood already shows events and indications that there is something unusual going on.

The hero of our story is named Lutor, and eventually he becomes a servant of The Highest Impulse, or what we today might call The Universe, The One, God, or any number of alternatives. However, his exploits leading up to his future role are definitely not what some might perceive as being in the saintly category. There is plenty of action and intrigue in his tale.

Interwoven into the story are excerpts from the writings of Queen Ariadne, Xerses II who wrote both parts of the account, though she doesn't commit to it fully until Section Two. There are also some excerpts from the Pan-Galactic Lexicon to add contrast. Both are there to give a little background to the story before we delve further. There is also a lot more information in the appendices that you may wish to turn to occasionally for more depth.

While it is written in the not too distant future, it is really about what it is to be human, complete with human strengths and failings – in short, aspects of the human condition as we live them today.

It is also about how we put people on pedestals, and make them into something they are not. Running through the book is the theme that prophets were ordinary people with new features added on. Therefore, they were human in the fullest sense, but had that indefinable “something extra” that put them on a higher level than the ordinary person.

Another theme explored in the book is that of evolution. Today in this century, the pressure of life is continually growing with no seeming end in sight. As has always happened in the past, when there

is too much pressure on lifeforms as they currently exist, they either die out or adapt. In this book I have assumed that humankind will survive because we adapt to the new conditions, so another central theme is that humankind will split into two or more separate races.

The old form termed *Homo sapiens sapiens* will become extinct as did the Neanderthals and Denisovans before them, to be replaced by something more appropriate to the new conditions under which humans find themselves. I have named the new race *Homo sapiens novus*, and in the story, *Homo sapiens sapiens* are referred to as “Hizzeys,” and the *Homo sapiens novus* are referred to as “Hoosens.”

The story represents the changing of the guard from human beings as we know them today, to a new form of human – a completely different species in fact. The old rules no longer apply, in just the same way humankind today does not follow the rules of apes.

I must make it clear to any religious people out there that this is a work of fiction, and while it does contain some concepts relevant to our human lot, in no way is it meant to rankle or offend, nor is it a reflection on anyone’s beliefs. While we all look at the world through our own filters, I sincerely hope that you, the reader, will enjoy the book as it stands.

As Ariadne, Xerses II, the Queen who is Lutor’s greatest ally said:

Ultimately, it is up to The Highest Impulse to decide what experiences are given, and it is up to the individual to construct a framework of understanding in order to explore how learning can come from them.

Ariadne, Xerses II

Julian Hadlow

Information

At this period of history in the years between 2,350 and 2,500 – now referred to as the beginning of the New Age – a prophet arose named Lutor. Lutor was the prime mover behind the routing of *Homo sapiens sapiens*.

Friction occurred between two different species of human being, *Homo sapiens sapiens*, known as Hizeys, and their successors *Homo sapiens novus*, colloquially known as Hoosens, who were replacing the outgoing species. This culminated in the Great Wars between 2,372 and 2,386.

Lutor is ordered in The Rout from 2,405 to 2,406 to eliminate the Hizeys so that the human race, now to be led by the Hoosens might collectively evolve more quickly. The Hizeys have reached the end of their productive life, and are relegated to history in the same manner as the Neanderthals before them.

To aid his resetting of the evolutionary clock, Lutor was guided to find a lost power source known in the distant past as The Ark of the Covenant that concentrated the Vril force to form the most powerful weapon humankind has ever known.

The Pan-Galactic Lexicon

Section One

The Airport Disaster

There was a mighty explosion as Lutor's autocar was blown into fragments. He'd been ejected as the car went skyward. As he crashed to the ground, he fell unconscious from the blast, but when he came to a few minutes later, he understood that the car had been bombed.

It had been an EMP Pulsar device that, as it exploded, created a sudden pulse of strong electromagnetic energy. For a fraction of a second, it caused all objects with magnetic properties to repulse each other. So autocar components such as doors, trunks, fenders, hoods and transmissions flew apart from one other, buildings would explode with one section flying away from another, and ships would rip themselves apart and jump out of the water. Any other object composed of magnetic materials suffered the same fate.

Lutor was in agony. He tried to move, but could not. As he lay there, he saw the traffic come to a stop, and realized people were gathering round to see what had happened. As they came near, many were repulsed. He saw it in their faces while many put their hands up to their open mouths.

As he painfully turned his head, he caught a glimpse of two people standing nearby who with clenched fists were jumping up and down with glee. As his mind started to fade, he realized that these were the two perpetrators. They jumped over a barrier, and panting hard, ran over to him.

One of them said, "You goddamn Hoosen. It was you that took our homes and livelihoods away. We even had to escape in those asteroids from our homes. Why did you do this to us? This solar system is our home too!

"Well, you won't live long now, so goodbye you turd. We hate you. If there is an afterlife, remember all of us down here who hate your guts."

The Xerses Chronicles - Lutor: Prophet of the New Age

For a minute, the man contemplated kicking Lutor, but seeing him lying there bleeding profusely, with both his legs and right arm dislocated, caused something to well up inside him, so instead he just spat on Lutor and walked away.

Lutor was losing consciousness now. He drifted in and out as he knew his end was near. He could hear an ambulance in the distance, but knew it was going to be too late. As he lay there, in infinite sadness he thought of all that he had not yet done. All that there was still to do, and now could not be done. All those he was teaching who were left high and dry, all those who loved him who would now grieve. He was moved to tears, but not for himself, but for those left behind in this warring merciless world.

The Hizzey terrorists were long gone, but he knew they would be caught eventually. Like all other terrorists, they were too brainwashed to care what happened to themselves. He was too weak to tell the onlookers that they must inform the police that Hizzey terrorist cells were still operating in the area. They were just going to have to find out for themselves.

He lifted his head as best he could to survey the scene and to view his own body. His cybernetic arm and both legs were gone, leaving stumps that sprouted fine multicolored wires like clumps of variegated hair, which were once connected to his nerve endings. He saw that most of those connections that had lasted him for so long were severed now, allowing his lifeblood to leak away.

He lay back and thanked The Highest Impulse for his life, and asked for his sins to be forgiven as he saw the Light and the entities beyond calling to him.

Not long to go now, he thought. He was holding onto this world with all that was left of his willpower. His body was already dead. As his mind faded more, his whole life flashed before him.

A couple of minutes later, he let go of his life with joy in his heart as he saw the entities beyond smiling and beckoning to him one last time...

This is the life story of Lutor; the first prophet sent to *Homo sapiens novus* at the beginning of the New Age, seen while it flashed before him, as he passed on.

Childhood Memories – Part Two

To progress on the Path, listen more and talk less.

Lutor

Information

Born in the Bronx, New York, on June 9, 2,351, Lutor had a tough upbringing, and at one stage was beaten up badly, nearly causing his death. His parents looked for a better life, so moved to Kalaalit Nunaat (the traditional name for Greenland), which during this period is a green and fertile land due to global warming, and a partial pole shift nearly a couple of centuries before.

The Pan-Galactic Lexicon

1. Bullied and Beaten

Even though Lutor went to a different school to the local Hizzey mobs, he still had to travel to and fro. There was only one route that got him home in a reasonable timescale. Unfortunately it took him through an alleyway. His parents had told him to avoid it and take a longer route, but kids being what they are, he took no notice. Most times he went with his friends, so because he was part of a group of kids there was usually no trouble.

One day after class, it so happened that most of his friends had gone home in other directions. Lutor only discovered this when it was too late. As he'd come this far, turning back now was going to make it a very long trip back home, so he decided to push on.

A bunch of Hizzseys were waiting for Lutor. There was a dark brooding in the air. Lutor and some of his friends had sensed it, but there was no escape down this alley. The others had said goodbye at the entrance.

“You Hoosen scum! All of you think you are God’s gift, but we’re gonna show you! We’re going to kick your goddamn teeth down your throat! Yeah, look around, there’s no escape this time. There’s no one to help mama’s boy now!”

In a cold sweat, Lutor knew that this time the Hizzseys were not playing games. Hizzseys were prone to over-emotional outbursts on occasions that clouded their judgment. However, this evolutionary trait was far less dominant in the Hoosens that would become their future replacement. Still, he had to deal with the situation as it stood, and no amount of intellectualizing would rectify it now.

He made up his mind that he was going to go down fighting. Unfortunately, what few Hoosen special talents or abilities the young Lutor had, they were not going to stop the pain of fists and boots crunching into his young body.

Lutor set down his backpack and composed himself as best he could. He knew that being scared or stressed out would impair his abilities, but combating his fears was so very easy to say, and so difficult to accomplish under the circumstances. He summoned all his inner strength and entered a state of calm that enabled him to concentrate and fend off most of the pain.

The leader of the dirty rabble rushed him, fists clenched, with a look of sheer fury on his face. Lutor was able to accurately judge where the gang leader was aiming his blows, so sidestepped him neatly. Two more of the gang rushed him, and Lutor was again able to duck and dive to outsmart them.

Unfortunately, Lutor wasn’t able to see the leader, who had turned around behind him and, while his attention was diverted, dealt Lutor a devastating kick with his boot to Lutor’s genitals from behind.

Childhood Memories - Part Two

Lutor fell like a stone. He thought he was mortally wounded. He'd never been in so much pain in all his life. He couldn't even think.

The Hizzseys crowded around him laughing, and then mercilessly kicked him senseless.

2. First Encounter with the Light

“Lutor, it isn’t your time yet. You must go back.”

“I can’t, it’s so beautiful here. I feel like I’m in a sea of Love. This is my home; it’s where I belong, here with you.”

“Lutor,” said the misty entity in white, “you have much more to do in your life. You cannot stay with us till your job is done. The plan set out for your life is not yet complete. Now, you must go back. Remember Us and we will always guide you when you really need it.”

“Please, I must stay here...”

“You cannot...” The entity came close to Lutor so that his essence intermingled with Lutor’s. Lutor was able to feel the other’s sorrow.

Lutor stretched out his hand, but felt himself drifting away from the entity, and then he was being sucked back down a long dark tube into something gross and horrible. He had no control over what was happening to him. He tumbled over and over as the White Light receded further and further, until it was gone.

He recognized with a bump he was back in his body. How dreadful this lump of clammy clay is, he thought. So coarse and ... dense. He couldn’t think of his physical body in any other terms.

Lutor woke to bright lights and a foggy mist over his eyes. As his mind cleared, he realized he was in the hospital. His mom and dad peered anxiously over him, waiting for him to respond.

He’d been heavily sedated of course, so he floated in and out of consciousness for a few days. Eventually he opened his eyes to see more clearly the hospital and those around him.

That, that... experience had unsettled him a lot, but it was more than just a dream – or was it? He carried that experience all his life like a jewel that he brought out in his mind every so often to remind

Childhood Memories - Part Two

himself of the indescribable beauty beyond, and the promise of help when he needed it.

“Mom, dad, what happened?”

Rex said, “You were out for nearly two weeks Lutor! The doctors here were convinced that you would be brain dead. I’m sorry, but we ... we never thought you would make it. Then somehow just a few hours ago, your body seemed to change. It was as if it had been filled with Light. We couldn’t believe it when we saw brain activity that appeared from nowhere on the screens.”

“You mean I was dead?”

“Yes son,” said his dad solemnly, “technically speaking you were dead. We prayed and prayed over you day after day, but we never thought we would see you, our beloved son again. Either that or you would be a vegetable. But somehow, we hoped against hope that The Highest Impulse would help us. And It did. This is a real miracle.”

His father put his loving arms around his broken son who sprouted tubes everywhere, and thanked The Highest Impulse for Its infinite Mercy.

Tears of pure joy rolled down his cheeks as he gently hugged his warm son lying there half dead still, in that blazing bright, cold clinical place...

3. Genetically Impaired

Lutor recovered fast after that. He was young, and bodies heal quickly at his age. He asked what had happened after he'd been so cruelly beaten.

“Well,” said dad, “apparently your friends, the other Hoosens, ran off, but knew what was going to happen. One of them called the police. If they and the ambulance hadn't arrived so soon, you would definitely be dead, there's no question about it. It was really touch and go for you.”

Lutor still couldn't absorb the fact that he'd nearly died, but how could he explain the White Light he'd seen otherwise? As time went by, the truth of the matter gradually dawned on him. He knew there was something in his life he must do, but he didn't know quite what.

Lutor's recovery was proceeding well. Even the doctors commented on how quickly he was healing. Lutor remembered the entity telling him that help was always at hand if he really needed it. His recovery had been one such occasion.

A senior nurse came around the ward one day while both his parents were there.

She spoke to Lutor's father. “Dr. Levinson?”

“Yes, that's me.”

“I'm Sister Clarke,” she announced.

“Hello, nice to meet you.”

They all shook hands.

“I'd like to have a word with you both. It's rather important, so if you don't mind, there is a lounge down at the end of the corridor. Can we meet there in say, five minutes?”

Childhood Memories - Part Two

Lutor's parents exchanged glances.

Rex nodded and said uneasily, "All right..."

Rex and Anna anxiously wondered what Sister Clarke might have to say. After all, their son had just survived some terrible injuries. Was he harmed in some manner that could not be repaired? Were some of his internal organs not now functioning? Were there further complications?

They strolled down to the lounge, seated themselves, then waited for the nurse.

Sister Clarke bustled in just a few minutes later. She saw their frowning faces, so she smiled pleasantly and began, "Hello again Dr. and Mrs. Levinson. Nothing to worry about, Lutor will be fine. I just have something to discuss with you, that's all."

Anna spoke first. She was visibly upset. "What's wrong? You know we have both just suffered a major trauma with our son, and we thought we had lost him. How much is there now? I really can't take any more."

Sister Clarke could hear the stress in Anna's voice, so spoke slowly and calmly to defuse the situation: "Mrs. Levinson, I can tell you there is no further injury or trauma to your son. As I say, he's fine in almost every respect. However when children come into hospital with severe injuries it is customary to take a battery of tests – you know, to check everything is okay?"

They both nodded. Rex, due to his profession, was well aware of these matters.

She continued, "What you may not know is that everyone who enters a hospital has their DNA analyzed, so that the government can add them to their database. It's all very routine these days."

Rex reared up indignantly. “You mean our government is spying on everyone, and entering everyone’s DNA profiles in a database without our permission? For what reason?”

In spite of the fact that Rex was himself a doctor, he was not aware of the full extent of these activities. While testing someone’s DNA was fairly routine, and much of it was common knowledge, it had been discovered in the previous couple of centuries that a lot of the so-called junk DNA actually contained a form of master plan outlining the future direction in life that an individual would later take.

To be able to read someone’s DNA meant that the authorities could “correct” any abnormalities or deviances from the norm early on in that person’s life. In other words, to turn them into a model run-of-the-mill citizen who had little individual thinking capacity, perhaps just enough to support the status quo.

Sister Clarke continued, “I wouldn’t put it quite like that...”

Rex interrupted her, “I damn well would! This is outrageous! How is it no one is aware of this? There has been nothing in the news that I can recall – ever. This is major. If this is really happening, then we should all have been informed of this – especially someone in my profession.”

Sister Clarke went on doggedly, “Please let me finish. It’s like this. We all know that the Hizzeyes and Hoosens are very closely genetically related, and interbreed very successfully, so in that respect there is never normally a problem. No one is told because there is nothing unusual going on. However, this time we have to give you more information, because something *has* changed.”

“Like what?” Rex retorted. He was getting exasperated.

“I shall be blunt with you Dr. and Mrs. Levinson; your son has different DNA than either *Homo sapiens sapiens*, or *Homo sapiens novus*. Now we have no idea what that means at this stage, because there was only one other reported case so far in the whole of the solar

Childhood Memories - Part Two

system, but that child died. However, it appears your son is healthy and well, and in fact making extraordinary recuperative progress that we are naturally very pleased to see.”

“How different is the DNA? What does that actually mean?” Anna asked nervously.

“We have no idea at this stage. It is far too early to tell. It may mean nothing at all, or just be something minor. For example, he might have a better immunity to disease, or conversely a susceptibility to something or other; but on the other hand, it could be more serious – he might not be able to have children, or be mentally deficient in some way.”

Rex interjected, “Are you saying our son is a mutant? Actually, he’s very bright. We have never noticed anything untoward in that department at all.”

“No, no, he’s not a mutant. He has no deformities that we can see, and is healthy enough, so there appears to be nothing unusual. But we’d like to keep an eye on him from time to time, so we know how he’s doing. Every so often, we would like to run a few tests just to see what is going on inside him.”

Rex was a renegade at heart, and knew from experience in his medical practice that this was not for Lutor’s benefit. He was going to be used as an experiment – a guinea pig. However, his parents both agreed to allow Lutor to go to the hospital periodically for further tests, but afterward, following heated discussion between themselves, had absolutely no intention of permitting it.

They left the hospital with Lutor a week later. Rex and Anna had reached a conclusion. They had decided that if Lutor really had something seriously amiss, they were going to make damn sure he was appropriately cared for. They wanted to ensure that if his life was to be a short one, at least it was going to be a good one.

From that point on, Lutor got the best of everything he needed to progress. Intellectually he couldn’t get enough material to feed his

hungry mind. Physically he was in getting in better shape day by day too.

Rex and Anna could foresee that Lutor's life would be a misery if he had to keep trudging back and forth to seemingly endless hospitals, which were supposedly keeping an eye on him. No doubt the authorities would chase them up, and perhaps there would be coercion. It was the final straw for Rex and Anna. They started house hunting – not in the Bronx, but in Kalaalit Nunaat.

Rex, Anna and Lutor moved to Kalaalit Nunaat not long afterwards, and Lutor settled down to learning the language Kalaallisut. Within a year, Lutor was fairly fluent so no longer got taunted at the local school. He was very grateful that the ribbing he got here was far less than he had received back home. For once, he was happy.

The education Lutor received in Kalaalit Nunaat was much better than it had been in the Bronx. It wasn't that the standards were so much different; it was that Lutor was now immersed in a more conducive atmosphere, which helped him progress in leaps and bounds.

By now, Rex and Anna had almost forgotten about Lutor's so-called genetic deficiency. He'd survived his childhood, which in itself had been a constant worry. The continual stress had aged his mom and dad considerably, but of course like most parents, they considered Lutor worth the sacrifice.

So it was that Lutor scraped through childhood, and arrived in his early twenties.

The Extermination – Part One

This period of Lutor's life was a major turning point. Initially he waited for the Hizzeyes to come to some sort of decision after the Extraordinary Committee Meeting.

I remember an illustrative story about a frog in a beaker of hot water. The frog didn't comprehend that the water was heating up until it was too late, and therefore died. The Hizzeyes were behaving in a similar manner.

It is known that as a mild-mannered man, Lutor found it very difficult to come to terms with the fact that as a representative of The Highest Impulse, he had to initiate acts that he might not have ordinarily considered within his remit to carry out.

Atiadne, Lorses J.J

1. More Atrocities

Lutor knew of course of the Extraordinary Meeting. Agents had passed on all the information they had come across to most Hoosen Generals, as well as himself. However, the meeting had not reached any conclusions. It had all been left up in the air. Lutor did not know what course of action to take at this point, but he at least trusted in The Highest Impulse to guide him in the right direction.

It had been over a month now, and still Bundenberger's solution was not forthcoming. Was Lutor to force a solution by using his device, or wait longer and risk more atrocities?

He decided to wait for the entities to show him a way forward. This was not long in coming, as a further Hizzey atrocity was committed on Titan. The colony there was extracting hydrocarbons, when one of the underground bore holes exploded under pressure. The ensuing

deaths resulted from a spark igniting the oxygen-rich air inside the camp, which then mixed with the explosive gases from the atmosphere.

Representative Willaard closed off the entire camp above ground, trapping over 750 people inside. All were killed by being burned alive in the resulting fires inside the dome. Willaard later explained on the TeleVisor that it was uneconomical to save these people, and his main responsibility was to the shareholders who were expecting substantial profits from this enterprise.

Then there was the recent report that a Hizzey base on Planet 4 of the Procyon system had created artificial life forms. These were pack animals resembling donkeys designed to carry heavy loads in the very difficult terrain there.

The Hizzeyes had chosen to make artificial life instead of using the conventional mechanical mules found elsewhere, because they could just leave them outside to fend for themselves until needed. As plant life in their diet was fairly rare on this planet, the life forms were very emaciated and in bad health. The Hizzey view was that because they were artificial, these life forms were not worthy of consideration, and thus the creatures often died while actually in service. It had in fact been proved in studies that because they could understand commands, they had a certain amount of consciousness, and hence could sense what was happening to them.

Lutor was frankly not surprised by these latest fiascos. The Hizzeyes were an odd mixture of emotion and cool-headedness. On the one hand, they got upset easily over small things, yet at other times, they could overrule their emotions if it suited their motives. In the case of the fire, it was just pure greed that guided Representative Willaard to his doom. He was removed from office a short time later, and charged with crimes against humanity. In the case of the Procyon misadventure, it was just sheer indifference to others' suffering.

2. The Mission is Laid Out

Lutor lay down on his bed, settled his mind and started to drift off into a trance. He felt the usual vibration as his spiritual body parted from his physical body. Upwards he went through the long tube toward the Light. He was getting quite good at this now. He was beginning to be able to control his flight by remaining conscious the entire time. Gone was the tumbling over and over uncontrollably.

Lutor arrived at that white misty place. The entities were waiting for him.

“Lutor, we have a message for you. It is time for you to begin your mission in earnest. We have our instructions from above and we must pass them on to you. We too have instructions we must follow.”

“Why couldn’t those above give them to me themselves?”

“You do not have the capacity to understand them. They are too far removed from your comprehension. That is why we act as intermediaries.”

“Why was I brought here?” Lutor asked.

“As we stated, your mission is about to begin. Sometimes we have to carry out tasks that we may view as erroneous, because our knowledge also does not extend as far as that of those who exist above us. This is the case for us now. Our instructions are that you must obliterate the Hizzey military for humankind to progress evolutionarily. They are now too low on the evolutionary ladder to be of any further use. They are hindering humankind’s evolution, so their role is being taken over by the Hoosens.”

“What and whom do I eradicate?”

“The Hizzeyes will capitulate if you destroy their military establishments and control centers. This must be done as humanely as possible, so as not to incur any more suffering than is necessary. They too are a part of The Highest Impulse’s plans, and though their

usefulness is now at an end, they are still creatures of Light and must be treated with respect.”

“I understand. Do you need to tell me where and when I should begin?”

“No, that is for you to decide. The decision-making and the means are up to you. The monatomic device gives out almost pure energy as you know, which is why you have been given the wherewithal to build it and use it. Use it only for its intended purpose – otherwise there will be dire consequences for you. The Vril force inherent within the device will guide you.”

There was no goodbye. Lutor felt himself pulled back down the long tunnel once more, back into his body. He came out of the trance with a start. Now he understood what he must do. He wasn't going to like carrying out this task one iota, but he had to trust The Highest Impulse implicitly.

He was but a mere servant carrying out orders.



**The
Xerxes
Chronicles**

Bodekka: Daughter of Lutor

Julian Hadlow

Set in the 25th century, *Bodekka: Daughter of Lutor* continues the story of *Lutor: Prophet of the New Age*. This is the second volume in the Xerses Chronicles Trilogy.



Julian Hadlow

Humankind is on an evolutionary journey. Lutor is the first Prophet sent to the new species *Homo Sapiens Novus*. Both he and his progeny belong to a yet more advanced experimental species – *Homo Sapiens Provectus*.

Bodekka soon acknowledges that she must leave her previous role as a small-town librarian – if she is to fulfill her destiny.

With humanity spiraling out of control, she acts on Queen Ariadne's advice, and undertakes full military officer training.

After exploring other avenues, Bodekka establishes that she can only bring humankind back on course when she begins to utilize her full feminine powers.

The storyline, which is full of twists and turns, brings Bodekka to life as a gritty yet also very warm and human individual.

The plot also introduces her fraternal twins Boas and Qila, who form the backbone of the third volume in this series.

Toward the end of the book, the story also offers excerpts from Bodekka's mystical teachings, drawn from her mission in later years.



Aseity Press

No matter what happens in your life, the love must remain.

Bodekka

The Xerses Chronicles

Bodekka: Daughter of Lutor

Vol. II

Julian Hadlow

Aseity Press

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Summary: Set in the 25th century, *Bodekka: Daughter of Lutor*, volume II in the Xerses Chronicles Trilogy continues the story of *Lutor: Prophet of the New Age*. With humanity spiraling out of control, Bodekka discovers that she can only bring humankind back on course when she begins to utilize her full feminine powers.

Also introduced in the plot are her fraternal twins Boas and Qila, who form the backbone of the third volume in this series. Toward the end of the book, the story also offers excerpts from Bodekka's mystical teachings, drawn from her mission in later years.--Publisher.

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Introduction

This mythopoeic story takes up the plot from my first book: *Lutor: Prophet of the New Age*. The tale continues with Bodekka, Lutor's daughter – who had just received the results of a DNA test in the last volume. She now finds that Lutor, the Prophet, is her father. She is forced to move off Earth in fear for her children's lives as well as her own, due to possible repercussions.

Her father Lutor was murdered towards the end of the last book. Following the tragedy, Bodekka was in receipt of a real paper letter – uncommon in the 25th century. Letters in that era carry a sense of foreboding, because they often bring trouble – usually of the legal kind.

However, the correspondence came from Lutor himself, and it informed Bodekka that he was totally convinced that she was his daughter. To confirm this, she was instructed to have her DNA tested. Her father even provided the means to do so, using the same firm that he himself employed.

Following a short delay, Bodekka received her DNA results that proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that she was indeed Lutor's daughter. As a result, Bodekka sought out Queen Ariadne, who was to be found attending Lutor's funeral. After hearing her tale, Ariadne was not at all convinced, and therefore ordered her own assessment to be conducted.

The chronicle in this book moves forward from this point. We begin where Bodekka, along with her fraternal twins Boas and Qila, leave Earth with Queen Ariadne for her base on Tethys – one of Saturn's many moons.

The story accompanies Bodekka throughout her life until she is in her dotage. The narration continues in Volume III, which is based around her twin children Boas and Qila, who spread the message to the stars.

It must also be noted that interstellar travel was relatively new and still primitive in Lutor's era, therefore he was one of the first to voyage on a starship. Additionally, the wars both before and during Lutor's age threw civilization back for some time. Consequently, the evolving story incorporates a mixture of the old and the new in a multiplicity of living styles, events and technologies.

The Pan-Galactic Lexicon, as before, continues to provide us with the memoirs of Queen Ariadne, Xerses II. However, later in the book this is no longer possible, at which point the Lexicon then fulfills the role of being our storyteller exclusively. The Pan-Galactic Lexicon is a type of universal study guide used by distant civilizations (not always human) that contains vast amounts of knowledge. The Lexicon was itself written in the far reaches of time, and looks back on this period from that viewpoint.

The format of the current account – first embodied in the previous volume, endeavors to reveal information relating to Bodekka's mystical life, and therefore towards the end of the book the narrative includes some of her own, as well as her father's teachings.

One overriding concept of the Trilogy is the notion that entities from higher planes are directing humankind on a course, which will in the distant future bring us back to a meeting point with The One. The One is referred to as The Highest Impulse in this series.

The tale also contains the interrelated theme of humankind's evolutionary progress. As a consequence, I suggest in these volumes that the older form of humans, currently referred to as *Homo Sapiens Sapiens*, will become extinct in the same manner as the Neanderthals and Denisovans. They are superseded by species more appropriate to the new environmental conditions under which they find themselves.

I have named the new races *Homo Sapiens Novus*, and *Homo Sapiens Provectus*. *Homo Sapiens Sapiens* are popularly referred to as "Hizzeys," *Homo Sapiens Novus* are "Hoosens," while *Homo Sapiens Provectus* are referred to as "Provos."

Julian Hadlow

Departure

The caterpillar will one day become the butterfly, so must leave its old world in order to fly on the breeze.

Bodekka

Following her father Lutor's death, Bodekka had been forced into a decision to leave Earth by events taking an unexpected turn. She had made it plain to me that her twin children Boas and Qila – along with herself – would be in grave danger if they remained on Earth. I concluded that her assessment was correct.

After meeting with myself during Lutor's funeral, I offered her the opportunity to travel on one of my ships to my base on Tethys – pending further investigations. However, I had to inform Bodekka that I was leaving Earth in just a few hours, thus time was of the essence.

Bodekka and the twins rushed home, and then furiously rummaged through their entire possessions, narrowing their whole lives down to just a few small suitcases that they brought with them.

Atiadne, Kesses J.J

1. Traveling Light

Bodekka called the trash disposal department, paid the collection fee, then just a few minutes later the autodumpster appeared. All three of them feverishly filled the machine as fast as they could. Many of their belongings would make good pickings for the Ropouts living on the lowest level. These poor scavengers, who in order to eke out a

living relied almost exclusively on reselling items picked up from the dumps, were regarded as scum by nearly everyone.

Bodekka's main concern was that her relationship with Lutor, her father, would become better known, thus putting her family in imminent danger. However, apart from a single newsflash, the knowledge never became truly widespread until Bodekka herself made the announcement years later when she was ready. Queen Ariadne had clamped down hard on the media following that initial report. She had also pulled more than a few strings to ensure that they cooperated. Henceforth, the media was forbidden to make the sensitive information public, until Bodekka felt able to take up the mantle as her father's successor.

After clearing out their apartment in record time, Bodekka and the twins took an autotaxi, followed in the rear by an autovan containing their few remaining possessions, and headed for Spaceport 41, situated near Nuuk in Kalaalit Nunaat – Greenland's traditional name.

Upon arrival they were met by one of Queen Ariadne's aides, who guided them to the correct Departure gate, where she and a small army of staff were waiting. Once the initial formalities were over, Queen Ariadne and the group dispersed through security at the spaceport almost unnoticed.

Queen Ariadne had arranged for Kaf Baker, a well-known popular-style Orb player to arrive unannounced from the Moon. A close aide had made sure the information had been "leaked" to the media that Kaf was about to arrive. Reporters and film crews then almost appeared to come out of the woodwork – they were everywhere.

All eyes were on Kaf in her glittering costume, which contained myriads of tiny lights that made her appear like a mobile rainbow. She was found busy handing out autographs to her fans on their Pacats. There were reporters pointing a forest of devices at her such as microphones, cameras, and recording devices of all types.

Departure

“Kaf! Kaf!” the reporters shouted, demanding attention, haranguing her as she glided along. She deliberately passed through the lounge at a crawl to encourage others to come and join her enthusiastic crowd.

“Will you be playing here for us?” one female reporter cried.

“I will be giving a tour here in just a few months. I came here for a much needed short break, but I’ll be back soon!” Kaf replied.

“What are your plans for Earth? We need you here too!” one higher-pitched male fan pleaded with open arms.

Kaf raised herself up on tiptoe so she could see above head height, lifted her voice, and then with outstretched arms, threw her voice to the far reaches of the hall as she announced: “Don’t worry my dear, dear fans, I’ve not forgotten you here on Earth! I’ll be back with you very soon! I’m going to reveal a major new tour in the near future!”

The fans began excitedly jumping up and down, chanting in unison: “Yay! Yay! Yay! We love Kaf! We love Kaf! We love Kaf!”

Kaf like many other performers lived for the praise. It was an ego boost for her underlying fragile personality. She was happy that the impromptu visit had not been wasted, and at the same time she had gotten a much-needed lift to her confidence.

Kaf had just returned from a three-year tour with a finale in the largest auditorium dome on the Moon. Naturally, every one of her performances were full house, thus she felt an obligation to perform to the highest standards, but as a result, her show, with its many exhausting physical acts, had almost been too much for her. Though she tried not to show it, she was totally exhausted.

She was also a close friend to Queen Ariadne, and Bodekka’s father Lutor, both of whom had encouraged her in her younger days, helping her on the road to success. It was thus easy for Ariadne to call in a favor from Kaf. Naturally she jumped at the chance to help out, and in gratitude, pay back some of her long-standing debt.

Kaf was known for playing the Orb in a very individual style that loosely resembled hip-hop from the late 20th century. Many of course thought that it was sacrilegious to play this most difficult of all musical instruments in this manner, but her huge audience and broad appeal convinced even the most negative of critics that she was onto something that was right for the times.

Ariadne and the others (but excluding the children) were all dressed down in fashionable clothing that somewhat resembled a stylized version of army fatigues. These had the period high collars, while the women also wore a wide matching belt that was brought in sharply at the waist to enhance their feminine curves. Boas and Qila, however, looked somewhat out of place, as they were dressed very formally compared to the casual style of their elders. Bodekka, due to the hasty exit from Earth, could summon up very few other clothes from their closet, and had to make do with what she could find.

The kids grumbled as they were towed along, “Aw Mom, we want to see Kaf too! You know we’d love to see her. She’s our bestest hero! She’s everyone’s hero! ... Where are we going now? Kaf is much more important than some silly old spaceship...”

As he went along, Boas sullenly kicked at things in retaliation at not being allowed to see Kaf. The twins had not been told that this was all a put-up job to get them off Earth without trouble. The twins might have inadvertently let the cat out of the bag if they had known the truth.

After a short hold-up in the proceedings, Bodekka found she had a spare minute, so was able to open a call to her now ex-employers on her Pacat.

“Hello? Is that the HR department? ... I’m trying to get hold of someone. ... I’ve had an urgent situation come up, so I can’t attend work anymore.

“Yes, it’s that important. I need to speak to someone that knows about Katuaq Library. Yes, it’s on Imaneq, just off Kuussuaq.”

Departure

She hung on the line impatiently, now walking at a considerably faster pace to keep up with the others as she clutched her Pacat.

She resumed: “Yes, hello? I’ve just been trying to get hold of someone that’s responsible for Katuaq Library... Well, the situation is this – I’m very sorry, but something really, really important has come up, and I can’t come into work. What? No, this is not temporary; I can’t come in ever again. Yes, I’m afraid it’s that serious...

“No, I shall have to forgo the benefits and pension for now. That’s right... Listen, I’m in a real hurry, so I will get back to you as soon as I can. Please give me a reference number so we can resume later. ... Okay, I got it. Thanks for that.”

The reference number came up on Bodekka’s Pacat screen, so she saved it for the future, then closed the connection. She was a conscientious person, so had told her employers that she would not be coming back to work anytime in the future. Naturally they were extremely upset at being given no notice at all. This would likely mean that no one would be able to cover for her.

However, Bodekka’s concerns were a billion miles away now. The library would just have to go along with it. There was no going back.

They were on their way.

5. Tem and Mo

It had been approximately four months in total since Bodekka and the kids had arrived back on Tethys, and roughly two weeks since she had talked to Ariadne regarding Tem and Mo.

Ariadne had to gently remind the family that the governess and governor would be arriving shortly. Soon everyone would have to get to know each other in the space of a few days before Bodekka set off to Honeymoonland. General Leem Markovich had already arrived, and was currently working through the complex arrangements for Bodekka's training.

Ariadne's own advisors had made it perfectly clear that a formal meeting was not in anyone's best interest, so Ariadne, against her own wishes, handled it differently. She had wanted to introduce Tem and Mo in the more usual stateroom, but on this occasion the three advisors overruled her. It was not often that this happened; consequently Ariadne felt put out at not getting her own way.

The result was that three days later, the entourage met in the same large lounge where Bodekka and the children had first talked to Ariadne, following their arrival on Tethys.

Kelly and two other menservants ushered Bodekka and the children in. A graying couple in very casual attire sat on the left side of a large plush sofa, while Ariadne sat at the far end. Bodekka and the youngsters chose to sit opposite them on a facing couch.

As it was already getting later in the day, the plan was that there would be an initial introductory session, followed by afternoon or high tea, which comprised an array of sandwiches, cakes, various types of beverages, along with many other delicacies and refreshments. The idea was to be as informal as possible, before the more complicated details were worked out the following day.

Afternoon tea in ages past was a social event restricted to mostly the upper classes; the local vicar's tea party on a Saturday afternoon being a good example. It was usually impossible for ordinary

working class people to take time off work for highfalutin' stuff such as this. However, Ariadne knew this was just the right kind of event that would bring everyone closer.

Ariadne started by introducing everyone to each other. Bodekka however was feeling a little miffed because she was still upset by the whole situation. She had resented the others making life-changing decisions on behalf of the kids and herself, so initially she felt that she didn't want to connect with the guests.

Bodekka mused in her dark mood that this must be how the wealthy and aristocracy spent their lives – engrossed in trivia, while at the same time totally dependent on others providing everything they needed. The flaw, as she saw it, was that if they became so reliant on those surrounding them for everything, then there was a very good chance they would have lost contact with reality.

Everything the royals perceived would be funneled through the filters that were their aides, helpers, or the myriads of self-proclaimed “experts” who in reality were trying to get themselves noticed, and thus move up in the hierarchy.

As a result, those in the higher echelons often lost direct contact with the real world. Aides were often found manipulating events to their own advantage by giving out information they wanted their superiors to have – not necessarily what was really happening.

“Bodekka? What do you think?”

Ariadne had addressed Bodekka, but she had been miles away, and consequently hadn't realized the queen was talking to her.

“I'm sorry, I missed that, I was deep in thought. Can you repeat that?”

Ariadne looked a little offended, but didn't comment on it; she just repeated: “I was saying that Tem and Mo had a difficult journey here. Apparently, the ship developed a fault, so they had to have a layover on Mars, until a replacement ship could be found.”

The Road Ahead

Tem saw Bodekka looking bewildered because she'd lost the thread of the conversation, so she spoke up to redirect the flow: "Yes indeed. We spent a few days in New Huston. Apparently, your father Lutor spent some time there."

Bodekka suddenly perked up. "You mean you went to the same places my father frequented?"

"Yes, that's right. We hadn't intended it that way of course, but naturally we'd brushed up on your father's exploits prior to starting out, and so we knew of – at least as far as things were made public – the places he'd visited."

Tem continued in a lower voice, "And of course, we just had to see the place where you were conceived."

"You mean Ma's?"

"Yes, though naturally we didn't go in. We just toured the area, which has become a little seedy now."

Bodekka's mind flashed onto Ma's. It was where her father had gone for some very special "entertainment" while he was in the Forces. He had met Shona, a working girl there, who later became her mother.

Shona was "protected" against pregnancy – or so she thought, but no one knew, least of all her, that she was a Provo just like Lutor, and the contraceptive device she had been using did not function for her newer genetic species. Consequently Shona had inadvertently become pregnant with Bodekka. After discovering the issue a short while later, Shona decided to quit the job and have the baby.

Bodekka gulped. She'd never been to "Sin City" in New Huston herself, so felt a little envious. However, her curiosity got the better of her: "What's it like, I mean, where in the city is it, what does the place look like?"

Tem continued, "Well, I can give you an outline, but this is not really the place to discuss things like this in front of the children. I also took

a few holoimages on my Pacat which I will forward over to you later if you wish.”

“All right, we can talk of this some other time.”

Boas suddenly looked up, his mind whirring away silently. “Mom, what’s this all about? Are you talking about my grandfather? I want to know!”

Tem said, “Boas, I’ll tell you more about it later when we have some free time. I won’t forget, I promise!”

She smiled at Bodekka, who understood instantly that Tem would leave out certain parts that were unsuitable for children – until they were older. Bodekka made a mental note that she had passed that impromptu test with flying colors.

Boas whimpered: “Mom, please... I want to hear about my granddad Lutor...”

Tem looked at Bodekka anxiously, then seeing it was okay, she started, “Well, as you may know, Mars is the place where your mother was conceived. It’s where Shona, your grandmother, met Lutor, your grandfather, and she got pregnant. After that, Shona returned to Scotia where your mother was born.”

“Oh, I see...” Boas didn’t find it as exciting as he had imagined. Little did he know that there were quite a few skeletons hiding in that particular closet...

Mo had been silently listening to all this, and judged it was the right time to change the subject: “We toured most of the connecting domes too. They are all laid out for different functions. One is for growing food, another is where people work, another is for entertainment, and another is where the ships are repaired.”

Tem looked sharply at Mo, as there was no need for boring technical details at this stage, so he took the hint and shut up.

The Road Ahead

“Tea is served, ma’am,” announced Kelly, just in time to save a potentially awkward moment.

They all got up and sauntered over to the table. There were fresh cut sandwiches of all descriptions; cakes, cold meats, salad, pastries, condiments galore, and several teapots with different kinds of hot tea, as well as freshly brewed coffee.

“I’m not sure which sort of tea I should take...” faltered Bodekka.

Mo came to the rescue: “This one has a sort of fruity flavor, and this one has a slight perfumed bouquet to it.”

“I’d just like some ordinary tea please – if there is such a thing here.”

“Then you’ll want this Breakfast Tea.” Mo pointed to another teapot.

“Thanks...”

Mo had to lean slightly over Bodekka to point to the different pots of tea. She smelled and liked his aftershave, which mingled with his faint natural manly odor, which gave Bodekka confidence in him. Somehow she could instinctively tell that he was going to be just fine with her kids.

She wandered off to where Tem was animatedly telling some humorous ancient teaching stories to Boas and Qila, who both seemed totally absorbed. Tem was seated on the sofa, while the kids sat nearby on the floor. Bodekka already knew of the importance of these types of tales to help shape young minds.

Ariadne had returned to her seat, and while delicately eating, was watching the proceedings from afar like an overseer. She spotted Bodekka watching her, and smiled. Bodekka smiled back as if to say, “You did well, Ariadne.”

Ariadne understood.

Work Begins

Your intention is the path to the Real.

Bodekka

General Leem Markovich initially considered sending Bodekka to a normal military training school, but because she had two children, he understood that this would not be an appropriate environment for them – hence the decision to commandeer Honeymoonland.

Training in this form does not come cheap, so the military were required to make best use of the facility, along with the considerable resources I was able to provide. General Markovich estimated that about twenty candidates would balance the books.

Understanding Bodekka's wishes, Markovich also arranged matters so that Boas and Qila would be allowed to visit their mother several times a year during vacation time.

Ariadne, Horses II

1. A Dog's Life

Bodekka had an appointment with Markovich the following day in the business suite. He needed to outline the path her training would take. At the same time she would also get a chance to meet those who would soon be her instructors.

Nineteen other trainees would undergo the same basic training program as herself. However, Bodekka would get the full treatment, whereas most of the other trainees were just receiving individual modules appropriate to their position, and rank in the military.

The recruits were initially not aware of Bodekka's status, nor the reason she was undertaking full military training. Therefore when some individuals became suspicious, all staff and recruits were given strict instructions to treat her in the same manner as everyone else – and sworn to absolute secrecy.

Solitary training was also considered, but the psychological component had also to be taken into account. Solitude was not the best environment for rapid progress. It was well known that within a group setting, each member would give moral support to the others, as well as supportive feedback on their progress.

Markovich walked in with several aides. He was dressed in full military brass uniform, so immediately commanded attention. Without saying a word, he walked purposefully up to the podium, and thumped his paraphernalia down hard. After clearing his throat, he waited for everyone to quiet down.

“All right everyone, we all know why we are here. So I will start by giving a warm welcome to you all. We have a long agenda to get through today, so let's get straight down to it. We have a lot of work to do to get you all into tip-top shape.

“Get this straight right at the outset. There will be no favoritism and no handholding, so don't come crying to me if you get broken, beaten up, or your boyfriend doesn't love you anymore. There are others here that are paid to do that, and believe me – they know what they are doing! I have *no* sympathy for anyone, and I don't know how to mend you – mentally or physically. Have you got that?”

He looked expansively around the room at the glum-looking faces, then continued: “You might like to know why I was chosen for this task. Well, I never asked for it, but I can tell you that there are very few others that can commit to such an assignment, and fewer still that are not already tied up with something else taking up their time. So it had to be me – and of course the fee is good!” He smiled wryly at his audience.

Work Begins

“By now most of you will have figured out that you are doing modules. You won’t get in each other’s way too often, so don’t go flashing your eyes at everyone, or you’ll soon be sadly disappointed. Many of you are military recruits, so you already know the ropes. For those who are not [and here he looked at Bodekka], I will give out extra instructions.

“Now, I shall give each one of you your own individual itinerary. There is no flexibility of any kind. You are either on that module as it stands, or you are not. Do I make myself clear? If you do not attend that module, you are out. Simple as that – unless you bribed a doctor for a certificate...”

Markovich was in his element now. He was encased in his own internal military world in which he was totally in command, and everyone understood that. Like many others in the armed forces who rose higher in the ranks, he enjoyed laying down the law in a slightly sadistic way using a learned form of sarcasm.

“Alright, let me post your itineraries over to your Pacats. You are going to get a taste of the military life very soon... We start at 5:30 am sharp, tomorrow morning!

“However I’m making an exception for one day, so I will break all you lousy recruits in gently tomorrow. This will be your typical day, six days a week:

05:00 – Wake up sleepy heads!

05:15 – Roll-call

05:30 – PT outside in the square

06:30 – Shower and change into a fresh uniform

07:00 – Breakfast

07:30 – Line up outside in the square and wait to be taken to your first session

The Xerses Chronicles - Bodekka: Daughter of Lutor

08:00 – This will form the start of your training of some description – depending on your module. See the additional notes to find out what modules you are on

12:00 – Lunch

12:45 – More training

17:00 – Dinner

18:00 – Or until whenever I deem fit! You will attend lectures, be allowed to smoke, or do whatever the drill sergeant deems he should do with you that day

20:00 – Personal hygiene and alone time

21:00 – Lights out

Markovich grinned as he said: “And don’t think when we say ‘alone time’ [and he used the quotes sign with his fingers here] that I mean you can relax! That’s the time you will have a whole locker to clean out, clothes to iron, boots to polish, *then* you will need to sort out and sweep your living quarters – and *then* you will need to get up at 5:00 am the next morning!

“...*And* I might add that your basic training lasts six months!!”

Many of the recruits exchanged sullen glances at each other and groaned, but all eventually nodded or smiled wanly in assent. There was simply no other choice if they wanted to see their training through.

Bodekka Comes Out

The one you keep most hidden is who you really are.

Bodekka

Bodekka had assured Boas and Qila that she would wait till they were eighteen years old before outing herself. Technically the twins were now considered adults, but to Bodekka, they were still her beloved children, and she had protected them as well as she could, for as long as she could. Naturally, protection from the violence and mayhem that was to be found almost everywhere was still a top priority.

However, Bodekka needed to move on, so the time soon came when she had to inform the populace not only of her existence, but also of her future role.

Ariadne, Horses II

1. The TeleVisor Speech

Bodekka waited nervously in a TeleVisor station anteroom with Queen Ariadne, who sat impassively with her hands in her lap. She had done this so many times now that she didn't even have to think of it any more.

“Don't worry my dear, it will be just fine. Think of it as just another day, and concentrate on the prompter. To those out there watching, you will appear as if you are looking directly at them.”

“Thanks, yes, I know the theory, and I've been over this with you so many times already, but after all, this is my first big speech. Do you remember when you first did this yourself?”

Ariadne wistfully replied: “My father Philippe, Xerses I died when I was barely six years old. I was so small and immature. Naturally, I couldn’t take the reins at that age, so my father engaged a governess to stand in for me till I was much older. He had already catered for such an eventuality well beforehand – just in case. She acted on my behalf till I was able to make my own speeches.”

Ariadne mused a little more: “... Though my father prepared me well, it was still a shock to lose him so suddenly from that major heart attack. He died instantly...”

“Yes, when I was very young I can remember seeing it all on the TeleVisor in a documentary. You were walking outside after the Inauguration Ceremony in all your beautiful regalia. It made such an impact on me. You looked so beautiful and radiant.”

“Thanks, though I certainly didn’t feel it – I was a bag of nerves inside.

“But now, changing the subject Bodekka, you must see that this is all a big show. All of us in the public eye have to project an image, and the people must not get to see the real you. You must always keep the real you hidden. Do you understand? It will destroy their illusions if they see the more human side of you.”

“Yes, I see that.”

Ariadne leaned closer, and whispering more forcefully said: “It’s all a sham. All of it. Everything you see on the media is a sham. Even the news is concocted; so that you only get to see or hear the parts they want you to hear. The media is just a big business; they filter out much that would hurt their profits.

“And no one wants to know that you had to drag yourself in to work this morning after a row with your boyfriend, or partner. No one cares if you are seriously in debt. In fact, such information will drive them away in droves. And no one wants to know that the op you had recently went wrong – apart from the gossips, the idly curious, and

Bodekka Comes Out

the gloaters. Trash like that will always want to stick their noses into your private business.

“Remember that this is all just a big performance, and it really means nothing. You are doing this to enable you to have some credibility, that’s all. When you talk to someone and need something, because you are Bodekka, and have appeared on the TeleVisor and are now famous, you will get what you need for your causes. That’s why you are here doing this.”

Bodekka smiled agreeably, then the pair sat in silence until an illuminated sign flashed to announce that there were only five minutes to go. Both then stood and made their way next door.

After a short while, a shiny red bald head encased in headphones poked around the door, and announced: “One minute, ma’am.”

“Chin up my girl. You are well prepared. You know what to do. Break a leg!”

Bodekka smiled and replied: “Thanks! I’ll need all the luck I can get!”

The head appeared again. “Ten seconds, ma’am...”

He then used his fingers to count down the remaining seconds as the Royal fanfare played. The screens went black, the hot studio lights that were focused on Bodekka were turned up, and the sign over the door was illuminated to say they were on air.

Bodekka took a deep breath, swallowed hard, and began:

“My dear friends. I am here before you to make an important announcement. You may recall that just a few short years ago, a man known as Lutor died as a result of an immense tragedy. He was killed by a Hizzey terrorist cell operating here on Earth.

“Unbeknownst to most of you, he left a daughter. She is named Bodekka Levinson. That person is myself. I am the daughter of Lutor.”

3. Time Out

Bodekka sat for a few minutes in one of the suite's plush chairs that molded itself automatically to her every move. It felt very reassuring, almost nurturing. She needed a rest, so a short break was just the ticket. She was hungry but that could wait. In any case, she had already made up her mind to use room service, rather than trudge down to one of the many restaurants. She didn't want to be recognized, and face the possible paparazzi out there, just yet.

After recovering somewhat, she ordered her meal and sat watching the news on the TeleVisor. She noted how strange it was to see that the news here had a subtly different bias in order to suit the prevailing culture. Those living here permanently would never know the difference, but as a traveler, she could see the spin the media added to suit the intended audience.

She noticed how disparaging the media was here when it looked down on the disadvantaged people of the world. It portrayed them like vermin, seeing them as fair game. Bloodsuckers she thought. These people here are bloodsuckers of the worst order; but because they were brought up from birth in their deep-seated cultural beliefs, it was as normal as night following day to think in this manner. To their inflexible minds, there was no alternative way of viewing these issues.

She switched off the TeleVisor indignantly, and got herself ready for bed. Her heart lifted inside when she realized that in some strange sort of way, she was looking forward to tomorrow – if she survived that long. After years of strife she had become battle hardened, so she relaxed at the thought of getting some much-needed pampering. Just for a second, she felt an age-old yearning for a protector flit across her mind, before she abruptly dismissed the thought.

Bodekka awoke bright and early. Following breakfast down in a dining room that had been set aside for her, she first needed to attend to some incoming messages on her Pacat. It was a given that while she was on the Isles, she made a point of ensuring that she never revealed important information. It was almost certain her every word

Climbing Down

and move was being recorded. “Total data collection,” as they termed it, might be natural for them – but not in her world.

She waited for Mannenbaum downstairs in the lobby. She had already decided that she didn’t want him anywhere near her rooms. Of course this was a purely emotional response, because Edgar would already know exactly which were her rooms, and what they contained.

Like the good, thoughtful host he was, he appeared just before the agreed time of 10:00 am. “Good morning Bodekka!” he announced as he strolled up to her with a bright smile.

He offered his hand and she took it. She sensed that he was actually glad to see her. Her mind raced as she suddenly wondered where this might lead. And there was that little twang in her heart when she touched his hand. What did that mean? Certainly at a conscious level, she didn’t have a clue. She put those thoughts aside immediately. She was here on business, so that was the end of the matter.

“Good morning to you too Edgar. You don’t mind if I call you Edgar now?”

“Please do! I’d prefer to be on less formal terms anyhow.”

“Where are we going today?”

“I’ve looked into your background, and found your interests, so first, I thought that while the Sun is not too hot, we might head out to the coast. There’s a few things I’d like to show you out there.”

“That sounds interesting! I like the coast. It’s an artificial inland though, isn’t it?”

“Well, yes, but it is done in very good taste. We made the inland areas more artificial, primarily as a work environment, but we designed the coastline to match the best anywhere on the planet. Think of a tropical island in the Caribbean, that sort of thing...”

“I can’t imagine that humans could build anything anywhere near that sort of beauty. It took nature millions of years to create.”

“You will have to be the judge of that once you see it,” he replied matter of factly.

“Then, after we have had an outing there, I thought we might head over to the big city, and tour the main boulevards and see the sights?”

“It sounds good, but will we have time for all this?”

“Bounty, the main island here, isn’t so large that we can’t cover most of it in one day. Then tomorrow, if you are willing to spill over into another day, we can try something else.”

“Let’s see how it goes today, shall we?” Bodekka said abruptly. She remembered she was here on business. A little pleasure trip would not be a problem, because if she was going to rectify the mess she had become embroiled in, it made good sense to know your enemy, but not be in his pocket.

“That’s fine by me. Are you ready? We can head off as soon as you like.”

“Thanks, yes, I’m fine. Shall we go?”

Mannenbaum nodded, then led the way to a limousine complete with a chauffeur in smart uniform.

Bodekka was taken aback: “Edgar, are we getting a human to drive us? Is that safe? I mean, we have perfectly good autocars. I’m not sure how safe it is to let a human drive. After all, we have lapses of consciousness, and get tired easily. This seems a very risky venture to me.”

“I can assure you that he is perfectly safe. I keep a chauffeur on hand with a manual drive car for personal reasons. You see, I’m a bit of a history buff. I like the old ways when people were always in charge...”

Climbing Down

Bodekka broke in: “Edgar, that’s so incongruous! Here you are in the digital capital of the solar system, and you like to do things the old-fashioned way? I find that so unlikely that this must surely be a put-up job!”

“It’s really true Bodekka... There is a lot about me that you do not know, and when we head out to the coast, you will see some more of my pet projects. Perhaps they will change your mind about me?”

Bodekka laughed out loud: “All right, I’m game for it. Let’s see how you can surprise me. ... Pleasantly of course!”

Edgar himself opened the rear door for Bodekka. She slid in to the back seat off to the side, then the chauffeur opened his own door on the other side. Edgar opened his own door. Where possible, he liked to do things for himself.

“Henri, take us to Barracuda Bay via the coast road.”

“Yes, sir. Will sir require any stops along the way?”

“I will tell you to stop if anything interesting crops up.”

“Yes, sir.”

Bodekka was astonished. “You mean you can just tell the driver, I mean Henri, to just stop anywhere you like?”

“That’s one advantage of having a human driver.”

Edgar smiled to himself as he saw the incredulous expression on Bodekka’s face.

They started out into the town traffic. Edgar noticed out of the corner of his eye that Bodekka was gripping the edge of her leather seat. He was amused that she was scared almost witless by having a human driver. After a short while, however, she settled down and relaxed her grip.

Anissa-Lin

Love is universal. It connects us all, and to everything.

Bodekka

As part of her reparations, Bodekka insisted on the construction of a new meeting hall located on the Sparkie main island Bounty. She stated that the younger Sparkie generations needed a venue to discuss higher matters.

Lutor from behind the veil noted that some sectors of Bodekka's work were not in his area of expertise. Therefore he called upon a higher entity for assistance.

Ariadne, Keres J.J

1. A New Entity

Bodekka was totally exhausted. She had spent over four years with Edgar restoring much of what had been destroyed on the Isles of Abundance. In addition, she had sanctioned many modifications that were necessary to bring about a sea change in attitudes within the communities of all three human species.

Bodekka concentrated on the humanitarian and the more spiritual aspects, while Edgar set up various businesses and other worthy projects to help get the poor back into work. He was correct when he said that the need to work to earn one's own living was a primary requirement of human dignity.

Largely, Bodekka had relied on Edgar's enormous personal resources, while Queen Ariadne had chipped in as best she could – when she could. In recent years, Ariadne had not been able to fund operations to the scale that she had done in her youth. Old age was

creeping up on her, and it was becoming evident in her organization, which was also definitely showing signs of becoming blunted.

Bodekka's father Lutor from behind the veil had noted these factors well, but many of his daughter's projects were beyond his area of expertise. Thus, he decided to call on another entity in the higher realms who would be able to help out in several spheres.

He called on Anissa-Lin. She was a spiritual entity that had never incarnated, following her own decision that her role was better fulfilled if she remained in the ethereal realms.

The assumption was that Lutor and Anissa-Lin would combine their collective talents, which together would be a force powerful enough to overcome almost anything Bodekka could muster by herself. Indeed, Bodekka was now no spring chicken, so occasionally needed extra help and was thus extremely grateful for the additional mindpower.

Bodekka drifted off into a light slumber; then she floated up into the other realm where her father came to meet her once again.

"Bodekka, can you hear me?"

"Yes Father, I can hear you. It's so good to be in touch again! It's been quite a while now since we last talked."

Lutor drifted out of the mist to meet her.

"Yes Bodekka, I note you have been very busy of late. Like my own life, yours is a complex one, and has taken many unexpected twists and turns. Unfortunately, many of the areas you are moving into, I do not have much expertise with.

"Sometimes I can see what it is you require, but I'm unable to pass on the needed information, because I do not have the correct thought patterns called for in order to transfer that information to you."

"What can be done about it, Father?"

“I have been thinking about this for some time, and I’ve concluded that we need another mind more familiar with the areas you are investigating right now.”

“You mean to bring another entity into the mix?”

“Yes, that’s right. We really need to open this up to a mind more suited to the phase you are going through at the present moment.”

“But we’ve had a cozy relationship so far, and it’s been just you and me for a very long time now. We have also become fast friends, and because we share the same lineage, we think on the same wavelength. I’m not sure I could adapt to this easily. In any case, because we are on familiar terms we speak differently to one another than we do to other people.”

“I had a feeling you might say that. I think I have a solution.”

“What’s that?”

“We can talk individually. There is no need for us both to appear to you at the same time – apart from at special events or in emergencies.”

“That sounds to be a workable solution. We can still have our cozy chats, and I can talk to whoever it is you have in mind on other occasions.”

“Good, I’m glad you agree. Now Bodekka, if you are ready, I’d like to introduce to you Anissa-Lin. She is a specialist in setting up spiritual teaching methods, and forming new religions. She has spent more than ten thousand years of your time studying the principles. She’s never incarnated, so she has been able to selflessly devote herself without distractions to her work for very long periods.”

“Yes, go ahead, Father; I’d like to meet her.”

Gone was Bodekka’s fear of what was behind the veil. She had now become a seasoned traveler in the higher dimensions.

Section Two

Winds of Change

Change comes by making the existing model obsolete.

Bodekka

Information

Boas and Qila visited Mars on their journey back to Earth. The twins had been seeing friends *en route*, just prior to making their well-publicized visit to the Hizzey reservation situated near the West Coast of North Amerigo.

During the journey, the pair conscientiously studied Hizzey culture – as far as they could from afar – in order to catch up on ancient Hizzey practices. They found that history was mostly written for effect – and contained little of the reality of what truly occurred.

They soon tired of absorbing all the violence and aggression written into the Pacat documents and books that appeared to be an attempt to shore up the minute attention span of the reader, and/or appeal to the lowest common denominator – in an obvious ploy to encourage plentiful sales.

The Pan-Galactic Lexicon

1. Planning the Visit

After the Hizzeyes had regained their rightful place on *terra firma*, most of the remaining groups reverted to a more peaceful way of life. This in part was because their military and other antisocial activities

had been drastically curtailed as a stipulation of their occupation of the lands. The Hizey reversion to earlier times meant that in many ways they now resembled an updated version of the Amish from the 18th to 23rd centuries.

The Hizeys had initially divided the land amongst themselves along old partisan, religious, or even racial lines, forming approximately thirty communities in total. However, unlike their warring predecessors, this had been carried out on an amicable basis. The land was divided according to what percentage of the population they each comprised. Minorities were given a little extra.

None of the remaining elderly Hizeys desired bloodshed. They just wished to live out their remaining days in peace. Most of them lived in old, tired, shabby wooden shacks. There was no need to waste valuable time and effort to improve their situation any further. Who would benefit? There were no longer any Hizey offspring – at any location within the solar system, or elsewhere.

The last few remaining Hizeys had almost gained celebrity status. Film crews showed up regularly to ask what the Hizeys would have done in this or that circumstance, or to capture old stories before they were lost in the mists of time. Unfortunately, many of the stories were simply fabricated for the extra Credits this would earn. Frequently they were just the meandering tales of old men or women who just wanted to make a fast buck or two.

At the same time, the Hoosens and Provos viewed the Hizeys in the same manner the Hizeys themselves had looked down upon the Neanderthals so very long ago.

However, almost everything was forgiven while the last of the Hizeys waited for the inevitable slip into history to join their other human cousins as relics, old bones to be dug up, to become cultural remnants that would enable future professors to spend endless fruitless hours heatedly arguing over this or that technical point – all based on concocted ideas that had little in common with the reality of the time.



**The
Xerxes
Chronicles**

Boas and Qila: The Twins

Julian Hadlow

Times have changed. Much water has passed under the bridge since *Bodekka: Daughter of Lutor* counteracted her father Lutor's endeavors.



Julian Hadlow

Bodekka's fraternal twins Boas and Qila are spacefarers traveling to the nearer star systems, promoting their grandfather's work to the far-flung colonists. Many accept the way forward, others categorically refuse, so corrective measures must be taken.

With their partners and offspring, the duo set out for the unknown. They discover the universe is a wonderful home, yet it is a forbidding place with many hidden dangers almost costing them their lives.

The twins encounter a number of alien species, some more intelligent than ourselves. Several of the extraterrestrial lifeforms are bound by their configuration, or environment, and hence unable to travel in the conventional sense of the word.

The family explores a small ancient moon to find massive abandoned ruins where a long-gone *genus* occupied a crossroads of extremely powerful intergalactic energy fields, billions of years ago. Known as The Builders, they configured the beginnings of the universe, seeding life to all four quarters of the galaxy, before their work was complete.

Boas and Qila's children Zac and Meghan are the first generation that does not call any single star system home.

As in the previous volumes, Boas and Qila offer excerpts of their family's mystical and humanitarian teachings.



The Xerses Chronicles

Boas and Qila: The Twins

Vol. III

Julian Hadlow

Aseity Press

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Summary: *Boas and Qila: The Twins* travel to the nearer star systems, promoting their grandfather Lutor's work. Most colonists accept the way forward, others categorically refuse, and so corrective measures must be taken. Many hidden dangers almost cost them their lives.

Following the layout in previous volumes, the twins offer excerpts of their family's humanitarian and mystical teachings. Their offspring Zac and Meghan are among the first humans who do not call any single star system home.--Publisher.

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Introduction

This mystical Sci-fi story builds upon the plot in the preceding volumes: *Bodekka: Daughter of Lutor*, and *Lutor: Prophet of the New Age*. The tale moves forward with Boas and Qila – Bodekka’s children – venturing out to meet the colonists in the local star systems on a mission to promote both their grandfather Lutor’s and their mother’s teachings.

Boas and Qila travel with their respective partners Sula and Pol, their offspring Zac and Meghan, and later with their own partners Prisha Iyer, and Aleksander Petersen.

The family leave the Sol system to visit one sector of stars in the locality of Sirius. The colonists have fanned out among quite a number of planets within this area. Boas and Qila chose this, the most densely inhabited zone, for their mission, as their work there would in all probability create a domino effect within other communities elsewhere.

This book is largely composed of a series of vignettes of differing civilizations – not always human – that have characteristics likely to cause many of them to fail in the longer term. However, as part of their mission, Boas and Qila aim to turn these colonies around to avoid their otherwise inevitable demise.

They also discover various alien lifeforms that offer guidance. Some are better disposed toward them than others.

To encapsulate events so far: In Book I, *Lutor: Prophet of the New Age*, Lutor is murdered toward the end of the story. Following the tragedy, his previously unidentified illegitimate daughter Bodekka is in receipt of a real paper letter – uncommon in the 25th century. However, the correspondence comes from Lutor himself, informing her that he is totally convinced she is his daughter. To confirm this, she is instructed to have her DNA tested. Her father even provides the means to do so, using the same firm that he himself employed.

Following a short delay, Bodekka is in receipt of her DNA results that prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that she is indeed Lutor's daughter. As a result, Bodekka seeks out Queen Ariadne, who is at that time attending Lutor's funeral. After hearing her tale, Ariadne is not at all convinced, and therefore orders her own lengthy assessment to be conducted. Bodekka is frightened for her family's welfare, so she asks Queen Ariadne for help.

In Book II, *Bodekka: Daughter of Lutor*, Bodekka and her fraternal twins Boas and Qila leave Earth with Queen Ariadne for her base on Tethys – one of Saturn's many moons. She undergoes full military training to safeguard her children, then fights a series of unsuccessful battles. It isn't until she relies on her feminine intuition that she succeeds. While her children mature, she carries on her father's work, but in the near future, a higher entity enters the picture advising her that the tactics she must employ must move forward with the times.

Toward the rear of the book, the now adult Boas and Qila meet an androgyne who changes everything in the deep future, throwing the family into uncertainty. However, they are assured their mission is not in jeopardy, so the story closes with the twins and their family setting off to the stars.

The chronicle in this book moves forward from this point.

Unfortunately, it is no longer possible for Queen Ariadne to provide us with her memoirs, so that role is now shouldered by The Pan-Galactic Lexicon.

You may recall that The Pan-Galactic Lexicon is a type of universal study guide used by distant civilizations (not always human) that contains immense amounts of knowledge. The Lexicon is itself written in the far reaches of time, and looks back on this period from that viewpoint.

The format of the current account – also embodied in the previous two volumes – endeavors to reveal information relating to Boas and Qila’s mystical life, and therefore includes a section devoted to this topic.

To reiterate, an overriding concept of the trilogy is the notion that entities from higher planes direct humankind on a path that will at some future point bring us back to rejoining with The One. The One is referred to as The Highest Impulse in this series.

An important interrelated component in the tale is that of humankind’s evolutionary progress. I suggest that the older form of humans – currently referred to as *Homo Sapiens Sapiens* – will become extinct in the same manner as the Neanderthals and Denisovans before them, to be replaced by other species more appropriate to the new environmental conditions under which they find themselves.

I have called the new races *Homo Sapiens Novus*, and *Homo Sapiens Provectus*. *Homo Sapiens Sapiens* are popularly referred to as “Hizzeys,” *Homo Sapiens Novus* are “Hoosens,” while *Homo Sapiens Provectus* are referred to as “Provos.”

Julian Hadlow

The container shapes the content.

Boas

Section One

Work Begins

Touring the Worlds

Thinking one is perfect, is the perfect fool's view of oneself.

Qila

Information

Boas, Qila, Pol, and Sula along with their children Zac and Meghan made their way through security at the Departure space station near Charon. After slow progress through the over-numerous security checks, they took a shuttle out toward one of the glittering starships moored nearby.

The starships used huge power plants that emitted considerable residual radiation. If the ships had remained in long-term contact with the Departure space station, the radiation would eventually transform it into a radioactive source, and thus too toxic for human usage. Hence, it was necessary to dock the starships some distance away, and use disposable inflatable ferries to transport passengers.

Pan-Galactic Lexicon

1. The Long Haul

As Boas looked out of the viewing port, he got a vague uneasy feeling because he disliked the concept of traveling in inflatable craft, but they had proved reliable and were cheap, thus easily disposed of once they harbored excessive radiation. If cost had been no object, a good old-fashioned composite ship would have been his natural choice if he had had any say in the matter.

The Four Masters of Evolution

Highest Impulse, give me the capacity to understand my own foolishness.

Qila

Information

The Four Masters of Evolution first contacted Bodekka when she was eighty years old. The Four Masters represent the four Natures who combine in various ways to produce what we know as the material world. Her previous activities granted her a certain Grace, so she was able to make contact with this, a further dimension in the Hierarchy.

The Pan-Galactic Lexicon

1. Contact

The Four Masters of Evolution are intelligent entities that live in a higher dimension, and communicate with each other via what we might call thought, but in reality is a form of direct understanding. The knowledge is passed direct from one mind to another, immediately creating impressions without words having passed between one and the other.

To help your imagination grasp the concept, we can visualize them as being together in a room (though in reality they are unlikely to be so) where they have access to other organic entities that are experts in calculations, or computers in the original sense of the word. The computers are able to accurately reckon probabilities to determine future paths forward. They carry this out using a form of primal or

sacred geometry that has not been committed to the written word, but is based on the interplay of forces, checks and balances.

As a result of their calculations, the Masters would make theoretical changes to the patterns of forces surrounding a planet that would then impact on the formation of DNA. They could, for example, calculate the probabilities of the odds of a new species' survival and practicability. These changes would need to be perpetually recalculated, owing to the universe being in a state of continual flux.

The universe varies eternally, and the currents blowing through it are known as The Winds of Change. They resemble streaming forces that pass through everything. On some occasions, they blow harder, while on others they blow less, sometimes not at all.

When the Winds of Change die away, the higher entities enter what could almost be defined as maintenance mode, during which time little can be accomplished. However, at other periods, when there is a huge inrush of energy from the universe, events and situations can reach fever pitch, and it becomes necessary to constantly recalibrate probabilities, based on the new variables. At this point, changes and "fixes" can proceed at an enormous rate.

The Masters' task is to eternally recalculate the future of the universe, that of the human and other races, and much more. Their constant occupation is to readjust, or make compensations for deviations that are constantly occurring. They already know the universe's final outcome, so their assignment is to get the universe and all it contains from the here and now to there, rather like steering a spaceship to its intended destination through an asteroid shower.

Lutor, due to his status as Prophet, was given the ability to contact the Masters as a matter of course. However, his daughter Bodekka was not a prophet, thus she was not given automatic access to them. Even though she came from a prophetic line, she still had to work on herself, and then finally by Grace, she was able to access the Masters.

Therefore after much training, Bodekka understood what actions she had to initiate when the entities passed information to her. Her

The Four Masters of Evolution

contact was something of this order: She got direct contact without words that came to her rather like someone suddenly getting inspiration.

This strong intuition then became solidified in her consciousness, eventually rising up into her logical consciousness to become certainties that reflected what The Masters desired to express. The intuitive feeling was so powerful that it excluded all other possibilities, which resulted in only one appropriate course of action.

It is thought that during this period, Bodekka was given the future evolutionary plan of humankind, including her own role, along with that of her future genetic line. She was given the insight to “see” the future of humanity, right up until the arrival of the succeeding Prophet at the beginning of the next new Era. It was only by this means that she was able to formulate plans that would enable humanity to move forward according to the Great Plan.

Section Two

Return to the Stars

Ross 614

Highest Impulse, teach me how to see You – even in the smallest things.

Boas

Information

The family considered which system should be their next destination. After leaving the monumental revelations discovered at Sirius behind, the small group decided that the next port of call would be Monoceros III of the binary star system Ross 614.

Matron had furnished them with all necessary data *en route*. From the information they had gleaned so far, the group was expecting the location to be a real disappointment. The reality however, was somewhat different.

The Pan-Galactic Lexicon

1. Monoceros III

Qila asked: “Matron, please give us some facts about this star system.”

Matron replied in her husky voice: “Qila, the system is comprised of two low-mass red dwarfs that revolve around one another with a period of about sixteen and a half standard Earth years. The main star hosts three planets, and the other, two. All the planets revolve around their parent star in tight orbits, resulting in their years being very short by Earthly standards.”

However, Zac and Meghan felt they would both have liked to have been addressed more personally, but understood that they must not impose their own cultural expectations onto another society, so did not take offense.

A-Beth continued: “Now I know how tired you must be. I’ve heard about your long trip, so I’m not going to detain you any longer. I will leave you to it, and we can discuss matters further in a few days. How does that sound?”

The group exchanged glances, then Boas replied: “Yes, that sounds just fine. We really *do* need a break...”

“Then I will call you in a few days’ time.”

A-Beth departed after showing them to their rooms.

The small group relaxed for a few days before A-Beth appeared once more. She had arranged a tour of the establishment – barring the top-secret areas that her guests would not be allowed to view.

“Now, I’d like to give you an air tour of Esplanade. Will that be agreeable?”

Boas on behalf of them all nodded warmly.

“That’s good. We can take an airship to go over to the other bases nearby. There are no colonies on the far side of the planet yet, so we don’t need speedy travel.”

“That sounds cool,” said Zac, “I’ve never been on an airship before.”

Sula added: “I don’t think any of us have, Zac! It sounds very exciting!”

A short while later, they took off in Airship Z-425, a commandeered passenger ship. There were two hundred seats in the gondola strung below, but the small group had the whole ship to themselves.

Below deck in the pilot's nacelle was a viewing lounge that offered an almost three hundred and sixty degree view of the world passing beneath their feet. There were also areas of the floor that, similar to a lens, magnified the terrain passing below. It was possible to make out individuals walking on the ground in the higher magnification areas.

"This is just fantastic!" exclaimed Meghan. "When I'm looking through the floor, it makes me scared to be so high up! Good job we don't have this on starships!"

Everyone laughed good-naturedly.

As they traveled along, there was plenty of time for discussion. Zac especially, was curious about what the various areas below them represented.

He found that almost all served different functions. Many sectors were factory complexes, others were for agriculture, some for commerce, a few were set out as pleasure parks, while the remainder were off-limits.

When asked about these, A-Beth commented: "We have made some advances here that are so far ahead of our time that they have to be kept top secret. If there are future wars, or terrorism, then some of these inventions could be turned into weapons.

"We must never allow that to happen. While we don't know of any aliens so disposed thus far, we are concerned that these races might potentially get hold of these devices and procedures, and turn them against us. All of our staff have signed sworn agreements that they will never reveal what goes on here, on pain of long-term incarceration.

"Frankly, I'm just the Speaker. I don't have much detail of what is going on under those secret domes – and I don't want to know. All I care about is the smooth running of the place, and that there is law and order. That's my job, and I try to do it well."

“A-Beth, we know you do a good job. And we are not here to pry into secret government activities. We came here just to have a good time while we wait for Christie on Monoceros III to die out.”

“Thanks, I appreciate that Qila...”

She then paused as if she was weighing up something before she plucked up enough courage to inquire: “...Can I ask a question?”

“Of course...”

“As you can imagine, I’ve been very curious about all of you and your mission, so I’ve spent much time gathering lots of info off the Pacat Network. I like what I see, and what you are attempting to do.

“Is there any way I can help? Out here, unfortunately we are all a little uncivilized, but a few of us still need to feel part of something bigger, and want to contribute. Is there anything I can do? Can you please consider me? I have read some of your grandfather’s works if that helps...”

Qila was taken aback by this turn of events. She paused before giving a considered reply: “... A-Beth, we’d love to have you on board...”

“Actually, we do need a representative out here, and we’ve seen that you do indeed work hard for your people. Do you know of Sal Sikorsky S-Sirius? She was supposed to be our representative in this sector.”

“Yes, I’ve heard of her. She was in the local news a short while ago.

“Didn’t she have to step down in disgrace?”

“Unfortunately, yes. Her personal life got mixed up into politics, and she was forced to resign. A real shame, as she was a good Speaker, and someone we could trust.

“Anyhow, that has left a hole. Frankly, since Sal Sikorsky S-Sirius dropped out of view, we’ve had a problem. Valerio Veselovsky S-

Sirius disappeared on Aias, and his replacement, Laara Lutt S-Sirius, is not sufficiently experienced in several important ways, so we were considering looking for a replacement. But I have a question: *If* we offered you a role, could you juggle two time-consuming positions at once? Can you be effective in both?”

“Hmm, yes, that’s a good question. Frankly, I don’t think I can give of my best to both at the same time. Having said that, I’m due for re-election as Speaker here in just over a standard Earth year. I have a good chance of being re-elected, but I want to move on. I will simply not put my name forward again.

“I need to grow personally – to be involved with something larger. To give to something more than just to local affairs – to give something back. Can you see what I’m getting at?”

Boas broke in: “A-Beth, that’s how many of us start out. We come to see that we are all interconnected, and understand that when we take, we take from all of us. For every person made rich, many more are made poor. Some begin to understand this, and realize that at some point, they have to give back to their community.

“However, in many cases, it is still ego driven from much unethical activity during the time they were at the pinnacle of their professions. They gain a sense of entitlement – to which in reality, putting it bluntly, they are *not* entitled.

“To continue with your own case, true giving does not need thanks or accolades. If you truly want to give, then you have to give of yourself, put your soul into something worthwhile. Then, in the end, what goes around, comes around.”

“Yes, that’s it. ... But I don’t feel guilty about my position, because I’m sure The Highest Impulse decreed it for me. I have been very privileged to serve in one way, but now I need to serve in another capacity.”

Qila then asked: “Tell me a little about your life before you became a Speaker. Just broad brush strokes, that’s all.”

“Wow, well, that’s a real toughie. Do you want an answer right now?”

“If you can, that would be great.” Qila didn’t mention that a considered, sanitized reply was not what they were seeking.

A-Beth plucked up courage, then replied: “Oh dear, well this might not make a whole lot of sense, as it’s pretty jumbled, but here goes...

“I had quite humble beginnings. My biological father was a Hizzey freedom fighter on one of Proxima b’s moons. If you remember, this is the closest habitable planet to the Sol system. As a Hizzey, he fought on their side, but was captured during The Great Wars. He managed to escape just before he was about to be terminated. He stowed away on a freighter bound for Earth, and after settling down, married my mother. I was born on Earth. However, things were not going well between them, so she soon met Dr. Zward (whose name I still bear) when I was three, at a children’s hospital where he treated me following a severe injury.

“Then, when I was still very small, my new family traveled around Earth extensively. When I was four, we set off for the African Federation, where my younger brother Merrill was born. Then when I was about seven, we returned home to the British States. Because of my mother’s marriage, I got to live in many fascinating sectors on Earth, before she and my stepfather parted acrimoniously when I was aged fourteen. My mother, my brother and I then looked for a better life, so we moved here to Esplanade.

“Subsequently I trained as a therapist, and after working for a few companies, I decided to become self-employed. I worked on my own for over twenty years. I was one of the best around, and made a good living.

“In spiritual terms, my mother in particular always refused to squeeze me into any religious receptacle, saying I should make up my own mind when I was concerned about such things. She was very spiritually minded for most of her life.

“After some years and a couple of relationships, I was forced by circumstances to return to stay with my mother, who owned a number of spiritual works.

“When I initially read them, I thought it was a total waste of time. Then I read John Barnett’s ‘The Sensational Cosmos’ series. His books gave me a logical practical explanation of spiritual concepts that opened my mind to understanding that there is more to this material world than meets the eye. As a result, I went on to purchase and read Lutor’s entire corpus – barring two or three – as well as many others of the same genre.

“At about this period, I met Maurice, my second Civility, but I was required to join his religion in order to marry him.

“A little later, unsatisfied with my adopted religion, I started seeing a well-known Guide named Harold Raman in the British States. However, his manner of communication was difficult to interpret, so I felt I was getting nowhere when I posed questions he couldn’t understand.

“It was around this time that I suffered a serious injury in an autocar accident. The onboard computer had a glitch at just the wrong moment as the autocar was nearing an intersection. That put me out of work for quite a while, so I went back into further education, and took two intermediate training courses, concluding with an Honors in ‘Interplanetary Cultures with Communications.’

“I’d just finished those when I met my future partner Ny-Te, also from Earth, on the Pacat Network at almost the same time my mother became very ill. Ny-Te had intended to move to the British States, fully expecting to make his home there with me.

“However, my mom was very sick, and her thinking muddled, so things did not work out for us. Basically, if you want the truth, our futures got wrecked.

“Then, a friend offered me a business opportunity back where Ny-Te lived, but it failed, draining my resources in the process. My partner and I were forced to part due to a lack of income.

“I also had a health issue, but was unable to pay for health insurance, which was another reason for wanting change. I was getting seriously short of Credits, so I took any job I could find. I looked at lots of off-world ads, and eventually saw an opportunity back on Esplanade. I was overjoyed when I heard I got the work. That’s how I came to be here. I love Esplanade, and it was so nice I could get a job in a place I love.

“Then, as I worked among the others, and saw how deprived and trapped some of them were, I decided to go into politics to help improve others’ lives as best I could. I worked up the ranks till I eventually became Speaker, and so had more of a direct influence on important matters here.

“Ny-Te and I have been together for eleven standard Earth years now, and we are still in a long-term Civility, but due to the issues I just mentioned, we are forced to lead separate lives. We still love each other, and pray that some good will come out of our present difficulties. Having said that, we still visit each other as much as we can afford, but Earth is a long way away now both in terms of distance, and in our lives that do not seem to connect.

“That’s about as far as it goes until the present day...”

Qila then asked: “What do you want to get out of this?”

“Essentially, I’m seeking to align myself as best I can with the Greater Good, and in the process become less of a barrier to the flow of its energy.

“I can also see that the talents I have been given are not being as well used as they might for everyone’s benefit – which is where my main focus lies today.

“Therefore, I respectfully ask for your help in moving forward.”

Qila needed to talk in private to the others for a few minutes, so they sent A-Beth outside. While she was in the passageway, they whispered in low tones to discuss A-Beth's merits, or otherwise. On balance however, the twins thought that A-Beth could be "worked on" to make a very satisfactory representative. Qila called A-Beth back in.

She smiled and said: "A-Beth, welcome! Let's see how you can fit in. In the meantime, you can start by following these guidelines given by my grandfather Lutor to the Hoosens back on Earth. These are our baseline if you will – our minimum requirements to be even classed as a human being, but they also form the first step before we even consider spiritual training. Put these factors into your life as best you can.

"I know that that you already know most of these, and already follow several, as they are simply common sense, but try to consciously implement them in all situations as best you can. I will forward them over to your Pacat, but they go something like this:

"More than just words, we should have the courage from the heart to undertake tasks that are difficult, tedious or unpretentious, and graciously put aside our own selves, and accept the sacrifices that will be necessary to shape a better world.

"We must all become exemplars of the highest standards of behavior, so we set an example that is a Light to others. We must keep in mind our own faults before we consider those of others. If we cover up our own faults while we pick on those of others, we weaken the fabric of society.

"We must also show compassion toward others who may not be able to live up to the same standards as ourselves. By ignoring the other persons' faults, we show our own humanity when we deal with them. The result is that instead of provoking hostility and antagonism, this helps to breed a sense of harmony and community.

"Generosity is about giving our attention, time, energy and wisdom to others, as well as sharing material wealth – all these things create a

strong, rich and diverse community that works for the benefit of all, from the lowest to the high.

“Faith means to implicitly trust our own abilities coupled to our need to serve a higher purpose. We must become strong enough to serve both The Highest Impulse as well as ourselves in the same actions. We should also be faithful in our promises to others. This then creates a sense of inner integrity, and evokes a sense of trust from others too.

“We must be noble enough within ourselves to uphold our convictions at all times. But we must not uphold our convictions at the expense of others, because this then turns into a sense of entitlement.

“Lastly, we must always keep a sense of hope. Hope enables a greater future to enter existence. When we aspire to the Greater Good, this spills over into our lives, and we work toward a better future. Consequently, we should always display a positive outlook and show cheerful conduct that will enliven us all.”

A-Beth replied: “Thanks Qila, those are very special. I will carry those in my heart wherever I go.”

Boas added: “If you are deadly serious about this, then we can also give you some materials that you can digest while you are waiting for your term to come to an end.

“They will give you a grounding or framework, which you build upon in your own life to help you toward your own fulfillment. There are no hard and fast rules, nor should you attempt to emulate anyone else. The materials are designed to guide you toward becoming the real you. Does that sound like something you would want to do?”

“I’ve never been more serious in my life...”

“Then when we get back to base, we will arrange something for you.”

Section Four

Moving Forward

Life Goes On

Be grateful for what you have, because those things have made you who you are now.

Boas

Information

A-Beth Zward S-Ross 614 had relocated to a less salubrious part of town in order to save her Credits.

Since she had decided to not run again for the position of Speaker, life had got tougher – much tougher.

The Pan-Galactic Lexicon

1. A-Beth Zward

Somehow, everything seemed to have just dried up. There was no time for paid work, and Credits were getting short. Spiritually speaking, she'd read most of the information the twins had supplied on her Pacat, and even managed to import some old texts that had been recommended to her.

Boas and Qila had mentioned that some of the texts, despite their extreme age, had been written in such a manner that ensured the knowledge they contained was still relevant.

Many books had, over time, just become husks that had been configured for times long past, by minds that functioned in a different manner, for an audience that was bound up in dissimilar ways of thinking, so the true meaning had been lost. The knowledge was still

locked within, but society had moved on, diverging from the older ways of thinking.

As is the way of anyone who truly wants to progress, she took much care and spent considerable time in her efforts to learn. Even though she was intelligent, and reasonably well educated, she frequently came across many concepts that were initially foreign to her, sometimes even incomprehensible.

Regularly, A-Beth would completely reject some ideas, putting them on the back burner for the time being. She knew that until she could put her assumptions and conditioning aside, she could not integrate many of these notions. She also understood that because she was entering on a new path, this was going to take time, a lot of time.

She'd been informed that the concepts worked on several levels. One's conscious mind was only a small part of a whole. Many ideas only made sense to that part of a person who dreamed. As most people are aware, in dreams life is ordered differently, and operates according to its own rules, which are not encapsulated in the same format as the ordering of the logical waking mind.

Nevertheless, work on her they did. The recommended materials and concepts entered her very being, but not because they were merely interesting, or she considered them to be of value, but because they had the ring of truth.

Then, once she had accepted these concepts, and they had become a part of her, consciously and subconsciously, A-Beth began to make decisions that were in many cases not of the same character that she would have made in her previous incarnation as a Speaker, because her life's focus was now coming from a different angle. So it was that many of her possessions and friends slipped away as she took time to reassess her values. Even some of her family became distant.

Many who were in reality no more than acquaintances could sense the change in her, and realized that she no longer shared their way of thinking. And so, because much of her income depended on such people, she ended up almost destitute.

Life Goes On

However, somehow, money and the right conditions always arrived in the nick of time to save her from being put out on the street. How, she wondered, could this be? What mechanism was at work here that assisted her in her hour of need?

A-Beth came to understand that all life is bound up in a field of consciousness that is alive and knows all – including her intent. Because her resolve was genuine, the universal consciousness understood this, and assisted her.

Perhaps it is easier to understand this from an allegorical viewpoint. Imagine a meadow full of grass. Each blade of grass represents a human being. All are swayed this way and that by the air currents that represent the underlying field of consciousness. All of humanity moves in a direction dictated by the Winds of Change.

When she had originally asked for help, she was still one of those single blades of grass that had up till now been swaying gently in the breeze along with all the rest. In other words, like her peers, she unconsciously bowed to overall trends, because she was still one of the herd.

A-Beth understood that her life resembled that of an actor on a stage, in which she learned the lines of the plot, dressed in a certain manner to suit the play, and received the accolades for something that did not come from the “real” her. In essence, she simply reacted to almost everything happening around her.

But she knew in her heart of hearts that this was all a sham, it was a charade in which she took part. The “real” her stood outside, noted all, and said: “This is not me, this is not who I am. I do not do these things. A shadow plays out a part for me, the real me, to observe.”

Then one day, things got too much. In desperation, she asked from the deepest place in her heart to be given the knowledge to understand, to move forward.

She’d asked for help in her prayers, and those who ask for help are noted. It is as if someone puts up their hand at school, and says:

“Please sir, I want more!” Only this time, events start to happen that direct a person on a different course. Maybe it would be easy, more likely it would not, but the fact was, she had been heard.

And so, in a manner of speaking, the universal intelligence had noted she had her put up her hand, and became aware of her cry. Through her desperate cry for help, the right people came into her life to help her on her way.

About the Author

Julian Hadlow is an author and spiritual traveler. He has spent more than twenty years studying religion, philosophy, communication and psychology. He brings to this writing his experience, wisdom, insights, and an eagerness to help others.

As part of his quest, he spearheaded the What We Have in Common Project, profiling insights into human nature.

Should you be interested in ordering additional copies of this book, it is available on Amazon.com and elsewhere.

For more information, please visit his website, or Facebook page.

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