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THE DA VINCI CODE ATLANTIS

“Storytelling in parables is chosen to urgently warn billions to heed forgotten prophecies and lost sacred secrets. It reveals an ancient Da Vinci Code of conspiracy theories that unravels like a sci-fi movie to transcend messages in The Mayan Prophecies (1999), Atlantis Revisited, The Celestine Prophecy and the Da Vinci code.”

Jung, a psychologist, stated that active imagination through meditation is truly linked to psychic phenomena and the cosmos. Fiona Stewart spins back in time to explore sleep meditation, automatic writing, like the prophet, Edgar Cayce. An incredible adventure journey back from beyond 21.12.2012 to 1-10M BC; when she discovers the origins of man are not as we know it. Unwittingly, she passes through the sliding doors of her own soul's past destiny and is given secret codes from the lost 'sacred book.'

Time is running out, in the countdown since 3113BC and when 1999 passes, the universe's 'watcher guardians' are forced to begin revealing a love stars code of Venus and the holy grail of creation itself to ensure the survival of mankind

Enter at your own peril, a now accessible inner world of compelling passion, love, destruction, intrigue and insatiable conspiracy theories. Codes are explained in dreams for The Great Pyramid, Sphinx or Lid of Palenque. These are uncannily precise and breathtaking. It begs that the new dream interpretations of these ancient prophecies are conceivable, beyond a Jungian psyche or active imagination.

At times your spine will tingle, when what is a conceivable truth of its conspiracy theories blurs into virtual reality and ancient myths. Where quantum thought intention super cedes computer logic. She goes beyond 'the Mayan End is Nigh Prophecy 21.12.12' - its consequences for mankind within a hundred to two thousand years from now. We can all go back to sleep, while ancients keep their secrets – Tomorrow, never comes or does it?

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Dedicated with 'love' to the Guardian Angels

For all 'soulmates'

*Yang and Satorius de la Rouse - dog 'stars' and stated influences
that have inspired me*

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PROLOGUE: 'PSYCHE LINKS COSMOS'

'What emerges with great clarity from this book is that Jung has done an immense service to psychology, both as a science and to our general understanding of man in society, by insisting that our imaginative life must be taken seriously.'

'It is in its own right, one of the most distinctive characteristic of human beings' (The Guardian reporting on 'Man and his Symbols' by Carl Jung). He is one of the greatest psychologists ever known to mankind.

'Still another personification of the 'self' appears in a report of a woman's so called "active imagination."

'Active imagination is a certain way of meditating imaginatively. By which one may deliberately enter into contact with the unconscious and make a conscious connection with psychic phenomena.'

'Active imagination is among the most important of Jung's discoveries. It is in a sense comparable to Eastern forms of meditation and techniques of Zen Buddhism or Tantric Yoga.'

'But, it is fundamentally different in that the meditator remains completely devoid of any conscious goal or program.'

'The meditation becomes the solitary experiment of the free individual, which is the reverse of a guided attempt to master the unconscious.' [Carl Jung from Man and his Symbols which is profound: 'it relates to dreams as unconscious representations of the self'].

'It implies that the unconscious is never truly controlled. Not even by mass advertising and external influences.'

'These only distort or bring contradictory conflicting behaviour. The subconscious is only ever repressed from true expression.'

'It is likely that this active imagination is something beyond individual human conscious control.'

'If outside of human tangible control, it may link to the greater mystery of the cosmos (stars above).'

This book is a result of 'sleep' meditation or dreams, like the sleeping prophet 'Edgar Cayce,' where intuition meets reality.

Its automatic subconscious writing may have a basis in higher truth - with messages for our future understanding of mankind.

Alternatively, it is pure fiction from an over active imagination, by a cognitive psychologist, who combines science with intuition and studied Jung – her unique subconscious seeking expression.

Part of this book, even when presented as a simple journey may still mystify many. The book 'Man and his Symbols' by Jung, is still unique; beyond the comprehension of many today.

Others have stated that Jung's legacy to the broad reading public (to quote John Freeman), 'ranks alongside Albert Einstein and Sigmund Freud's works of the last century.'

Whatever one believes, this book is about a mysterious lost ancient love stars code which is compelling and fascinating.

It presents glimpses of tantalising information; some ideas never presented before and others are conventional thinking.

It remains to be seen, when others will confirm the ancient codes or prophecies.

Do we dream or access past life information via an altered state of consciousness or induced deep hypnosis?

Does our DNA from birth contain ancient code with attached memories?

Can this enable a few individuals to recover forgotten memories, recalling past soul experiences beyond this lifetime?

If there is no karma and living more than one life, then how do you account for familiarity? History often repeats within generations, until lessons are learnt or karma remains unresolved?

Innate likes or dislikes, an 'almost' knowing - somewhere or someone that you have never encountered - until now in this actual lifetime?

Time may not move as we understand it. Some individuals uncannily dream: may have a premonition, a sixth sense warning; or visualise a future event or person that comes true.

A conceivable real life truth or perception is known to be stranger than fiction. So bizarre, it can only be presented, currently as that of fiction or mystical unexplained mysterious phenomena.

Upon reflection a question begs. Is it significant for the survival of the selfish gene to foretell a future prophecy of consequence to an individual or an entire civilisation? This means when in imminent danger, it ensures ongoing survival?

It is inevitable that lost keys to ancient secrets will be found after 2012; hidden clues await discovery. Otherwise, it will all be lost forever to future generations and lay forgotten, slowly turning to dust.

Could it ever truly happen? This spine chilling book makes the back of your head tingle at times. You sense an inner truth still hidden within the ancient codes, lost long ago.

Many of the formulae and calculations are so simple; unique and natural; a pattern of truth and synchronicity in the universe.

What is truly real out there? Life is becoming ever more like a virtual reality and is just a perception. Life changes so fast. Can you even create, manifest or change your own reality?

'And those who have insight will shine brightly, like the brightness of the expanse of Heaven. And those who lead the many to righteousness like the stars forever and ever.

But for you, Daniel, conceal these words and seal up the book until the end of time. Many will go back and forth, and knowledge will increase.' DANIEL 12:3-4.

The prophecies of the Mayans, state we have now arrived at 'the end of time.' It is beyond here or our close future, depending on the accuracy of calculating time. The end is nigh and beyond, or is it safely in the distant future to come?

What is the sacred 'book' referred to by the ancients and its messages? Who protects its knowledge of ancient secret codes both on this earth and on the other side hidden from us? Who watches over it as 'The Watchers' or 'Guardian Angels' above?

Who wants its sacred contents kept secret or destroyed? Who wants its secrets revealed now, and if so, when and why?

The prophet, Edgar Cayce claims the Akashic records: the records of the universe itself; can be accessed directly by a critical minority.

Are we all players on a stage; part of a grand master plan in the universe? Do we at best, have only an inkling of what is to come, as it reaches beyond its climax?

I sensed, life was about to change forever.

'Once upon a time, Venus, a love star, reached its position as a beautiful diamond in the sky, rising as foretold before. It was hanging so low, a golden white light, a priceless majestic jewel. Tonight, I wanted to reach out, lift it down and hold it.'

The masses were unaware that Venus' forthcoming potency had already started in the stars above, a silent slow detonation for mass disruption and destruction.

A double edged sword; like a soul reflecting a pure gold unassuming persona, masking the dark side of its psyche.

It was late at night, the light reflecting off the crystal glasses holding ruby coloured wine, when he drank a toast to me.

I looked into his intense hypnotic fathomless slate blue eyes, boring into mine.

He said, 'I can tell what you are thinking. Think it now.'

I laughed, and he guessed, correctly.

He had just taught me several lethal automatic mind programming self-defence moves.

We switched to yet another psychological game. He lined up the laser gun point on the wall with its red dot; then pointed it at my heart.

'Here, now you have a go now, test its precision,' he said, trusting me too.

I pointed it back. It's red dot circling his heart and the wall opposite.

'You do realise, this can eliminate part of the village, if you were to touch the trigger right now.'

I nodded, silently. His finger traced my lips in the dim light.

It was now the early dawn. We silently climbed the stairs to bed. An alarm clock too soon signalled our early dawn departure, parting of the ways and missions far apart.

PART I – Atlantis Rising?

1. An Awakening
2. Multi-dimensional Thinking
3. Multi-dimensional Dreaming
4. Time Travel Meditation
5. Time Travel Dreaming
6. Ancient Star Watchers
7. Ancient Star Clocks
8. Time Universal Numbers
9. Time Synchronicity
10. Time and Past Lives
11. Geo-Magnetic Mysteries
12. Geo-Magnetic Prophecies

1

AN AWAKENING

Venus pulls closer to earth, symbolising a time of resurrection, Easter 1999, before a new millennium dawns, close to a unique solar moon eclipse marking 1999.

Deep in Africa, a scientist detects a reversal of the earth's North-South pole is beginning. A writer collates these true facts to briefly capture this in the National Geographic magazine (1999). A few take a brief note, then most forget it.

The world sleeps, yet it has begun again. What it is, no-one is sure. There is just a sense of something is stirring, like it did before in time, long ago.

Perplexed, I stare at the drawing, I have just created at home with my dog; while looking at the 'Amazing Lid of Palenque' drawings.

I decide that I have discovered a new interpretation beyond that outlined in Cotterell's 'Mayan Prophecies' Book.

My sketch, it is like a Mayan quetzal bird. This is to form the basis later on of my millennium Goldhawk 'Egyptian style bracelet and south American style hawk necklace.'

A hawk copied from a South American fetish symbol, to be adapted into a hawk and snake silver chain to commemorate the coming of the millennium.

The sun filters through the window, creating a rainbow on the cream wall opposite. Its rays are fractionating into white starlight beams of light, with colours of the rainbow dancing within.

My eyes slowly close. I take a catnap, fall into a deep sleep, daydreaming about implications of the new millennium.

A phoenix arises again from ancient ashes (10,940-10,919BC ancient time), symbolising the start (1999-2012AD Gregorian time) of new golden cyclical ages: stirred by a completion of Venus' own

pathway 1999, then a complete precession of the earth's own full equinox, 2012.

Awakening from a long absence of half a precessional equinox age; it watches my sleeping form, hovering like a hawk above its prey.

I begin to have the first dream. A mist forms, I slip away back through time.

It is now circa 600AD, I am young, far younger than now, almost childlike, wearing a white Mayan toga, with a simple braid in my long dark hair.

I step forward into a cavern, invited here, sworn to secrecy by the highest priest.

He is the unofficial ruler of Palenque society, Yucaton, deep within hills of South America where there is no Christianity.

He stands in the morning sun, his raven hair gleaming. He, the raven and I, the gold hawk: his beloved and adversary in the skies above. The blood of two ancient royal houses meets in a moment.

He nods and takes a rattlesnake from his waist. He motions for me to kneel and then to lie down on the stone altar (with the sacred book of creation), where he tethers me to four stakes.

I have come here to be initiated into the realm of our ancient forefathers and to train as a high priestess. It is unthinkable that I should die. I need to hold onto that last thought.

I am the chosen one and as such the rattle will not strike, for we are two of a kind, its ancient kin (Chan). I still my mind and breathing.

The snake slithers towards me, its rattle throbbing with anticipation.

Silently it slithers up my right leg, pausing at parted thighs to look deep into my eyes, then after writhing around, chooses to curl up within the heat of my belly. I barely dare to breathe.

Then, arousing itself, the snake uncoils, its diagonal back flashing, sated satisfied, it slithers back down my left leg and returns to its owner.

It is done, initiation over, I am the chosen one, foreseen in the stars, born on a multiple planetary eclipse, a messenger from the

stars beyond, 'Chan Awer', meaning the snake and eagle force are united within my soul.

It will not be believed in a patriarchal society, losing its earth mother ways.

The high priest nods, satisfied, he will divine the ancient secrets through me - like my guardian ancestor, Guan Awer, the Gold Hawk, before me.

I am chosen to be a channel to receive the lost messages, revelations of ancient times from the gods to mankind.

The high priest, he seeks the power of the gods' sight and will aim to use it, so joining the two royal houses together.

He has wisdom of age. I am a young female of illegitimate royal descent who will never rule.

He hands me a green potion to drink, before I groggily walk back along the tunnel, a light beckons me on. An alarm clock begins ringing in my head.

A strange dream, nothing in my materialistic world has changed. The significance of the dream visitation is not to be recalled again, for almost decade.

All is as it was, I close my eyes while secrets sleep that the ancients keep.

Later, I realise, this was the start of a quest to unveil a long lost sacred ancient love stars code: written in the cosmos above and in the heaven on earth.

The time is now: to understand the significance surrounding strange planetary alignments and lost prophecies made long ago.

This is meant to be the famous time that marks the Mayan beginning of 'the coming of the end of the first time' or life as we know it. Life changes forever at one minute to midnight on 21.12.12, a mystical numerical date with destiny. This is virtually the same point as before, all is cyclical with no true beginning or end.

To simplify, I regress by walking backwards in time 2012AD to 636AD then 3113BC, and then fathom the message of the phoenix (Golden Hawk) in ancient times about 10,920BC - 11,000BC.

I keep moving back to 20,000BC - 200,000BC then 450,000BC - 500,000BC, 500,000BC - 1MBC, 1 - 10MBC and beyond. It starts with my first ever past life regression experience of 1582.

A journey travelling back through time, that ultimately looks closely at the mysterious origins of man and life itself.

Like others, I had long suspected that there was a missing x-factor, evolving in parallel. The mysterious X factor that goes beyond Darwin's evolution theories; origin of the species, including mankind and Hawkins's selfish gene.

So the quest, unveiling of mysteries on a journey, begins, going back in time, seeking long lost answers. Afterall, the end of 2012 may not be the final catastrophic end predicted.

It may be of tangible significance or a more subtle mystical transition, seen or felt by the minority, with the masses oblivious to anything at all. The signs are something has started.

We blink and time flies and the meaning of the moment and past are lost in the eons of time.

There is a missing link, we know it and sense a wonder that there is something. But it is shimmering moving, just beyond our grasp or concept of understanding.

What, if we reverse the paradigm, instead of logically assuming, that we are evolving for the first time towards an advanced civilisation?

What would the world of a hypothetical advanced ancient being be like? Is ET watching us out there or already at home here? Could this truly have existed in myths and left little or no tangible evidence behind of its existence?

What you focus on, you ultimately manifest and achieve. Sometimes, it is lit up like a golden highway with sign posts to follow.

To advance a situation, step forward and experience life beyond current thinking. Approach it from another dimension, this requires multi-dimensional thinking. Rumour has it, there are up to 12 dimensions or so.

We don't understand where we go in our sleep, so how on earth could I learn or write about sleep meditation? How do you access an unknown part of the brain?

Even if it exists, unravelling the subconscious would be needed to create meditations to allow the impossible potential future of time travel?

Can you trust to sleep meditation and past life time regression? I started to hyperventilate slightly.

What if I didn't wake up, couldn't come back or lived my own death in another time? Could I die in this lifetime too?

Where and when to time travel to? How do I find guidance? That I can trust, believe in and a 'time travellers' script?

What if your brain scrambles, lost in a time warp and you get suspended in a twilight zone of no man's land, alive but barely half alive?

What were the myths involving the concept of time travel 'star clocks' that the ancients kept? Today, we grossly underestimate the real importance of stars in the universe.'

It hit me like a thunderbolt, the realisation that verbal words are limited, almost a primitive communication tool? Ancient numbers (logos) and symbols, both literally seen and holographic medium, instead was the universal language. This being the basis of many ancient tongues, all emerging out of one verbal 'word' language.

My meditative dreams indicated that the basis of the life force was a kind of magnetic force field.

I needed to find out about these magnetic polar reversal effects recorded in the National Geographical Magazine about geological surveys in Africa in 1999, what was causing them? The hot spot started in Africa, just like ancient times before.

What I discover, does it have any vital future purpose or prophetic clues of relevance to humanity and survival beyond prophesised catastrophe?

It was a big step from my dreams of being an ancient scribe, carving on stone twelve thousand years ago and channelling and receiving energy through a crystal sphere; like an ancient enhanced form of reiki energy; rumoured to be from the stars above.

Then, I lived amongst the aristocratic royal entourage - in a dreamlike paradise or Eden, within a civilisation, similar to a Poseidon of historic Atlantis proportions.

I could now use my journalistic reporting skills to create a record, an unforgettable story. A tale of dreams come true, time travel via dream meditation.

So, revealing a blueprint of ancient mysteries unveiled and future prophecies, beyond my intelligence and comprehension.

For now, forget the hidden presence of holographic codes, my tiny computer would do for the 21st century.

So why choose me? It was beyond me, why was I destined or even one of the chosen few for these strange dream meditations?

Other rumours are that there are: holographic recordings, a development, and a web, grid of energy and communications; far beyond a cyberspace internet technology for future generations of humanity.

A future creation; just like an existence before circa 10,000BC, when the final island of Atlantis sunk without trace below the waves.

If so, the challenge and my personal life quest synergise: it was so simple; just recover my past distant genes with genetic code and impressions of subconscious memories.

These represent fragments of significance from the past and a record of the story.

There being as the prophet Edgar Cayce predicted 'souls being born or called upon to return - to fulfil similar functions in this lifetime.'

Today, a minority yet critical mass, just like me, bring their gifts to fulfil a soul mission of vital importance similar to the times of 10,000BC.

What an awesome soul destiny and responsibility! Could I live just an ordinary life? What if I closed my eyes, would it just go away?

Was that my soul purpose to create a record, transmitted via electronic and print books, just as in circa 10,000BC?

I recalled, a past life meditation: did it matter, would anyone care, listen or understand it, when beyond my intelligence too? I recalled, the cynicism 12,000 years ago; 'impossible, inconceivable, our calculations and monitors say never; that was until the headquarters sunk and the invincible main centre of records was

lost, buried likely forever; taking many lives of central supreme control with it.'

It created disorder and chaos worldwide; only two hidden stores left remaining; with the HQ ancient secrets of how to use all the master codes, destroyed forever; destined to delay the evolution of mankind.

This assumed that mankind survived far beyond, the end of the Mayan predictions: an end of the world cycle of 2012.

A meditation gave further clarification that: 'this was the last final go round of a short or long duration.'

So to speak, as mankind ascended upwards in a never-ending spiral that began when life on earth started in the universe, evolving onwards to a higher ascending level ... to where they are going or came from ... whatever that may mean.

Just like the prophecies of Edgar Cayce, 10,000BC, there was an echo of the past returning to explain now and the future.

The symbolic features present in Giza pyramids and their formerly undiscovered mirror in the South American pyramids; with their reflection being the half precession cycle of the stars in the universe above.

Whatever, no matter how extraordinarily tantalising, it could wait. It was just another late Sunday night.

It was far too late for all this virtual reality fantasising. Now, my phone was vibrating, disturbing my peace.

An urgent assignment: it was marked as a priority to investigate, from the chief editor. I sighed wearily, with my passport ever ready in my pocket.

I decoded the urgent message coming in on my miniature computer; this looked like heavy work beyond my comprehension.

A seminar for 12 of the world's leading scientists, greatest brains in the world are having a think-tank convention on the potential of 'Multi-dimensional Advanced Thinking' at a secret destination in the desert.

I was to meet them and report on my findings for submission to Time-X magazine, providing sabbatical cover for our international HQ office.

Cynically, I thought, 'just what I need.' The first clues synchronistically appearing unbidden. Until tonight, I had not thought about multi-dimensional thinking.

I recalled the awakening in 636AD ancient time, the meditation with a shudder. It gave me the creeps, my skin tingled and I broke out in goose pimples, when I felt a cold feeling touched my soul.

'I have come here to be initiated into the realm of our ancient forefathers and to train as a high priestess.'

'It is unthinkable that I should die.' I need to hold onto that last thought.

I reasoned that I survived then and more since, the time had come. It was decreed that the ancient secrets should be revealed and many more pieces would come to light.

This meant that there was nothing to lose and much to gain, by the guardian angels and re-emergence of ancient secrets for a higher purpose, which was beyond me. What happens next, I wondered?

2

MULTI-DIMENSIONAL THINKING

I was disturbed by a tiny flash, out of the corner of my eye. The message on my phone was succinct and to the point.

'You are to meet Professor Antonio Cleary at Heathrow Airport, departure gate. He is dark haired, mid-forties and you have seen him on several TV programmes and a documentary series last year.'

'He is the leading authority in a newly emerging specialist field and travelling to the seminar on the same flight. If, you could get some early dialogue and his consent to an exclusive interview, then do so.'

'Please be diligent, he is quite elusive, has a habit of disappearing, quite a maverick. The powers that be, would like him to be there and have asked for our assistance and that means you to accompany him.'

'He is regarded as a leading light in the newly emerging psychological field of the future of thought and intention. He has agreed to meet and travel with you, as is staying at the same hotel as the delegates.'

I prefer to travel alone, stretch my legs out upon a long flight, contemplate, relax and arrive refreshed. Still orders are orders.

Most generous there is a first class transatlantic flight ticket to be presented. Most unusual, this guy must be important.

A dreary drizzling grey morning greeted me at Heathrow.

After long security queues, I finally reached the departure gate, just before boarding time. There is still no sign of Professor Cleary.

I started to walk across the tarmac towards the plane. A fine mist was forming around me and the plane, giving a slightly eerie sensation, as barely first light.

I shivered shrugging away a slight sense of foreboding of my forthcoming journey. It is ok, the plane is safe.

Suddenly, I was distracted, catching sight of a light tan raincoat, running towards me, waving a leather brown briefcase to catch my attention.

‘Professor Antonio Cleary pleased to meet you.’

He shook hands, and then strode ahead onto the aircraft.

I followed him, he gestured to an adjoining seat, which just happened to be my allocated seat.

His dishevelled appearance, scruffy raincoat was deceptive. He looked more like an undercover American sitcom detective. Yet with his super high IQ, he had it all figured out.

Due to the mist, there was to be a delay taking off, so the air hostess presented us with drinks.

Sipping a mineral water, he briefly introduced himself, explaining his background, how he was born on a small island, off the Italian mainland.

He was married with four children, and had worked simultaneously as a clinician while studying to be a forensic psychologist.

Today, he studied highly intelligent minds of normal and criminal individuals; recently he was looking at the differences of certain children being born this millennium.

He had started investigating multidimensional thinking, when he discovered an increasing number of adults then young gifted children, who were processing tests in an entirely different seemingly advanced way.

He couldn’t figure out what they were doing in the tests, it happened so quickly.

Most were branded as attention deficit syndrome or seeming to barely process and lacked concentration. Yet all were able to rapidly produce complex correct answers under standardised conditions.

One child barely picked up the test paper, scribbled what seemed a doodle, handed it back with all the correct answers in a fraction of the time.

But, there was no breakdown of how the answers had been achieved.

The answer to the universe truly was 42, as one comical book, called 'hitch-hikers guide to the galaxy' had promised. He had published several papers in top journals, this millennium.

Suddenly the world's press wanted to interview him.

'I guess, you do too,' he said wryly.

I was wishing that I had accepted the wine instead of mineral water. It was freezing cold. Too early and my brain was barely awake let alone functioning.

I had also qualified in psychology years ago, attending conferences worldwide. This is why I had been chosen for this special assignment.

The Chief said, 'There is no point sending anyone else, this guy won't open up to us normal idiots. He politely runs rings of evasion around most of the media and that counts out most of the team, bar you.'

Professor Cleary said, 'Let us start at the beginning, and look at where we are at, where we came from and where we want to go to.'

The plane was warming up, there was a low hum, droning sound, as I realised that we had taken off.

We were now in low clouds distorted by the eerie mist.

'Now life is beyond true comprehension, it is impossible to understand, where or how life originated from truly. Imagine, that a lifetime is like a clip of cine film or a simple picture or a mere impression depending on that soul's contribution to a civilisation or evolution of mankind.'

'If the universe is an organism with a memory, like an animal with a brain: or a computer with a recording 'save' command, cyber internet-function programme. Then it follows, it is recorded in the 'timeless' universe itself.'

He said, lowering his voice dramatically, 'There is some evidence to show that nearing its own death, the soul is believed to present its pathway of existence.'

‘A lifetime passes in a flash before the physical body, then returning its ashes to dust; dust to dust. Its molecules decomposing back into the earth soil itself.’

‘Sometimes this can be recalled by near-death survivors who return to life and then go on to live extraordinary lives.’

‘The human soul in relatively recent times, merely thousands of years, likes to view life as a presentation in a chronological order (a function of time) and to make records.’

He elucidated, waving his empty glass in a circle, his dark sardonic looks, attracting the attention of a blushing airhostess at the same time.

She wondered if he was a film star travelling incognito, no doubt.

‘Comprehension and common understanding, this requires a beginning, middle and end. It prefers consistency, continuity, security with slow changes only, allowing for a few dramatic flashbacks.’

‘Alternatively, chaotic episodes: due to loss of loved ones, ill-health often viral in origin; the virus entering through a vulnerable soul aura and cell wall to replicate itself; poverty, the cruel reverse of love, health, wealth and abundance over time.’

‘So, the natural answer was time and history is born, created over twelve thousand years ago.’

He paused allowing his words to sink in. I thought that I detected a slight American accent hidden there too, as his glass was filled with another mineral water and a slice of lemon.

I signalled likewise the same, resisting the champagne on offer.

He drawled, ‘Otherwise the body, mind and soul goes into overload breakdown while it shutdowns literally to protect itself through excess strain or stress to try and recover stability and to operate normally again.’

He continued, ‘Life at best is an amazing adventure, this adventure of life itself unravels, moving both forwards and travels back through time itself.’

‘Only conceivable, when you understand how multidimensional thinking works. But following expectations of the majority, you must provide real evidence, a simple story or parable.’

‘It must be presented in chronological order and it has to be viewed as linear. However, if you open your mind to multi dimensions, one can not only read in real time, yet experience the chapters moving backwards in time or forwards, literally.’

He paused for me to catch up.

He added, ‘Truth is stranger than fiction, so why not believe that life, the future is exciting.’

‘Stop attempting to escape, bury yourself in various guises and persona. Decide that you truly want to be here. Be a participant deciding to fully or partially agree, disagree or remain open-minded, rather than sitting in limbo.’

‘If, you remain static on the fence as most do in life, you will become one of those, wondering why it never happens for them.’

I nodded in response.

He continued, ‘Is tangible evidence always required? Remember scientific theorems and proofs only became an accepted mode of thinking as late as sixteenth century.’

‘Then, it was cemented as evidence based audits in late twentieth century. Now, we have arrived in the twenty-first century. Is what is presented, potentially viable with much of our ability to truly think?’

‘Can we use other modes of thinking, including instinct or sixth sense reasoning, which has been lost to many over the centuries?’

‘Or, is it yet to become an accepted truth as unveiled in time? A minority grasping the potential of advanced thinking are able to tap into it and use multidimensional thinking, with altered state consciousness experiences that are completely natural and drug free.’

He sighed, ‘The major issue that is holding us and mankind from making a magnificent leap forward, is that we are bombarded with information overload. It is amazing our brains can truly function at times. Some have given up early in life making connections.’

‘Stress with lack of activity or exercise: is causing hormone, mineral, adrenaline, cortisol and neurotransmitter imbalances, to name but a few.’

‘People are aging faster now with loss in cognitive abilities too. Today, many struggle with history, its achievements and leaders.’

'Anything, including many religions or pre-Christ AD and as such is denoted as BC time. This could be annotated in merely two thousand years as BC is 'before conceivable' or 'barely comprehensible' thought.'

'So, it must be unknown primitive, a blending of barely glimpsed hidden truths too farcical. It's all best filed with fiction or spiritual 'mystical' phenomena, a catch-all for the unknown.'

Professor Cleary coughed and dropped his voice to a whisper to avoid being overheard.

'What we need to do is examine a few key theories, either supported by opinion leading experts or insights conceived; look at natural altered states of consciousness like induced semi-hypnosis meditation, dreams and past life regression, any of which may provide important clues to help us here.'

'It is possible to contemplate the significance of 2012AD and the future challenges, facing the existence of mankind civilisation.'

'Hypothetically, an individual can enter a time warp, where when walk slowly back in time, can unveil ancient mysteries and recall what it may have uniquely personally been born to contribute to the development of humanity.'

'Or more usually, like most unenlightened people, there is a blank. This is a void; total amnesia; a silence, as the soul came to live life as it is: reality has little thought for the meaning of life. It was born to die moving naturally from cradle to grave.'

'The planet is vastly overpopulated. It seems: most of mankind are not assigned to shape it or contribute anything, beyond the daily status quo following peers, society or family.'

'Perhaps to produce the next generation: all inadvertently as mass tiny sparks of life enhancing the universal life energy force or continuity of evolving soul life? What do you think?'

He stared suddenly at me, his amber eyes looking deeply into my eyes as if reading right into my soul. A most discomfiting feeling, I wondered what he saw there.

'Now tell me about your dreams and meditative experiences? You are a highly qualified intelligent and intuitive being, what is your experience of these phenomena?'

Expectantly, he looked at me.

I almost felt like a hare trapped in the car headlights. My pulse was beating slowly, like I was suspended in an altered state already.

I replied, 'When asking in a dream state meditation before sleeping, the answers often came back in an instant with clarity the next morning.'

'Other times a perplexing, blankness of nothing: a failure to comprehend anything or to translate higher strange concepts of ideas or learning into simple words.'

'One had a feeling of knowing an answer to a concept or calculation; sometimes not to be given for days, months or years.'

'Tantalising glimpses lost for forever, a vision fading into dust.'

I continued, 'Once the answer was acknowledged, then peace.'

'Almost a state of blankness occurred, returning me to mundane normality.'

'Upon re-reading, the author does not necessarily recall or comprehend the explanation of an unusual viewpoint: made up of complicated astronomy, science, mathematics or reasoning at times after noting the record.'

'This is often automatic dream-like writing or it seems like is dictated by angels.'

He nodded, 'Too true.'

'Right, I have to catch some sleep otherwise will be dead on arrival as never travel well.' With that he closed his eyes and was out like a light.

His newspaper slipping to the floor was quickly retrieved by the ever attendant young air hostess.

Relieved, I also closed my eyes, it was beginning to get uncomfortable, who was examining, investigating who here?

And did I really want to be in the clinical psychologist chair? Sure, I had tested normal in all clinical tests when I had been studying.

However, that was a long time ago and my brain had slowed up with age, was no longer quite so quick.

The mist outside was still quite thick, the clouds were difficult to discern. Blissfully innocent, I fell into a deep sleep, unaware of the future lying ahead of me.

TIME SYNCHRONICITY

I turned to pause for time and stepped out back the way we had come, moving into the adjoining courtyard.

We had briefly paused for a coffee break. I stood in the courtyard, staring at the moon, which now was lighting up the courtyard.

I turned at a soft footfall to my side.

A voice in the darkness softly said: *“The lost continent:” ‘There rises Mount Atlas, shaped like a slender cone, so tall they say the top cannot be seen, for summer or winter it’s never free of clouds. The natives are named Atlanteans’ after this mountain, which they call ‘pillar of the sky.’*

‘It is said these people eat no living creature, and that they never dream.’

Herodotus ‘People of the sand belt.’ The Histories (454BC).

I quickly thought, is this also Edgar Cayce’s, prophetic ‘Mount’ mentioned in his readings?

‘And, we came to the place of Khardaia, named for the Berber Goddess Kar – the Moon – whom the Arabs called ‘Libya’ – dripping with rain. She ruled the inland sea from the Nile to the Atlantic Ocean; her son Phoenix founded the Phoenician Empire; her father is said to be Poseidon himself. She has many names in many lands: Ishtar, Astarte, Kali, and Cybelle. From her life springs: as from the sea.’

‘A moon shining down like tonight, a night in time of divine meetings, synchronicity rules’ he added of his own volition in the same poetic voice.

Mesmerised, I stood perfectly still and silent.

He pushed into my hand, a small folded piece of paper, and then stepped back.’

'It said, meet me, after the lecture, it is a matter of urgency.'

With that he was gone into the shadows, a bell was ringing calling us all back to the lecture.

The guest speaker of the Professor no less, wanted a meeting with me.

A synchronistic meeting, it seemed more than a decade; it was like a lifetime since we last met. I wasn't interested in Atlantis then, was he? It had been rumoured he spent time in South America, going on retreats, following Indian trails and cultures.

What was he doing here? What did he want to talk to me about, so urgently?

For a fleeting moment, I recalled again a dream from a decade ago about ancient time numbers before Mayan:

New i) theory years = degrees ii) The Sphinx is thought to follow the sun and its 12 columns are calendar zodiac related, where 1 degree = 72 years Orion x 360 = 25,920 ancient years = equinox full cycle through all twelve signs of zodiac. All light years = time = distance.

Imagine a picture Rosteau = 24 paired columns of 1 degree width in an elliptical circle; representing the precessional zodiac. Two parallel circles one for sun's path of 360 days, one for Venus path of 584 days (581-4 days). 584/360 is close to PHI 1.618 the ancient number of divine proportion.

At an ellipsoidal path of 18,720,000 days of 360 days orbit = 52,000 ancient years i.e. 50,000BC and 2000AD; there is an alignment of 18,980,000 days of 365 days orbit. Orion, Venus and Sun are perfect calendar clock trackers.

9 is magic number of Maya and the ancients. 90 are nine followed by a zero 'meaning completeness' rather than the nothing we associate zero with today.

So, 90 degrees to the east is the sun rising or a star emerging on its path on the horizon. This is a quarter of 360 degrees, bearing in mind stars and planets follow ellipsoid rather than circular orbit paths.

It is likely that the Maya were led by or consulted with elite astronomer-high priests, who held secrets of generations before.

Dividing earth into 4 corners is significant ie right angles, 90 degrees too.

Maya is one of the key Pleiades stars, the Maya were believed to be snake people and born of the stars.

Chan means snake. In ancient Arabic: Chan means 'priest-king' – the reason why priest-kings held and revered snakes. Links are snake-priest king-Pleiades stars-Atlantis.

It is likely the lords of the night, relate to the Pleiades, where it is rumoured the Atlanteans are descended. Every soul is thought to be linked to a star philosophy.

Nine represents 9 lords of the night and is related to nine key stars of the Pleiades. All relevant numbers are a factor of and are divisible by 9. Nine is a magic Mayan number.

Nine lords of night, 9 planets in solar system including the moon, excluding Pluto, as is a comet or ice ball. Except 260, this is only relevant to smaller counts. Knights Templar 12/13th Century also refers to nine lords of the night.

360 = Mayan numbering system base and is shared by ancient Egyptians and Babylonians.

I had to concentrate; too much was happening too fast. This was simpler, I could follow this as knew the theory when the guest speaker, wrote on the blackboard. I watched his hand writing, recalling that I had met him at a conference many moons before, we had dined, but then he was married.

There was an overwhelming magnetic force of attraction, never to be reconciled in this lifetime.

I had been meant to meet him at another conference on a tiny island in the Mediterranean. At last minute, he had been called away, so we never met as promised.

He had worn the last decade well, still phenomenally tall with haunting green eyes.

I tried to concentrate: numbers of sunspot cycle as recorded on the sun's surface are critical.

The Sun-cross had loops depicted on it; symbolic of magnetic loops on sun that give rise to sunspots.

Sunspot cycles linked to Mayan calendar and human biology, astrogenetics, solar-genetic theory. Also, used for crop rotation by Mayans.

Mayans used the super number 1366560 days in a short count and also a long count calendar as 1366560 years.

Mayans appeared to use a 260 day Tzolkin cycle, 46 tzolkins = 11,960 days for a table, before going back to the start again.

This exactly equals 405 lunar months = 11960 days.

Uncanny as ancient tables are accurate with its correction table to one day in 4,500 years.

Mayan numbers ran from zero to 19.

Numbers are on a 13 disc and interlock a 20 disc, this gives 260 combinations for short counts, not used for longer counts.

The calendar round is thought to be where every 18980 days, the 260 and 365 start together.

There are five pages of Dresden Codex given over to Venus computations. A Venusian year is 584 days (581-7), longer counts used 584.

Of greatest interest to the Maya was the behaviour of the planet Venus, more so than eclipses.

Super number of Dresden Codex is 1,366560 days, going back to the so-called Birth of Venus, and its start of a great cycle of 5200 ancient years; where five great cycles equals one grand cycle: 260 x 5256 (number of tzolkins); 365 x 3744 (number of vague years); 584 x 2340 (number of average Venus cycles); 780 x 1752 (number of average Mars cycles);

18980 x 72 (number of Calendar Rounds or Aztec Centuries).

All of the above equals the Mayan Super number of 1366560 days. This equals 3796 ancient years which represents when solar magnetic reversal occurs and catastrophically affects earth climate and magnetic poles.

This shows the Mayans were highly concerned about Venus and Mars cycles: impacting on earth and interaction with solar pathways.

The significance of Venus known to the ancients is lost to us now. One day, we will take notice of Venus and track it again.

There is also the Long Count of Mayan Numbers. He like me had studied the Mayan Prophecies. He had made his own similar adjustments to Cotterell figures.

A long count extending to 136656000 is known (over 374000 years Cotterell corrects to, but this should be 379600 ancient years or 374400 vague years or 374100 Gregorian years).

Even longer counts used the Calabtun of 57600000 days (160,000 ancient years or 157,808 vague years) and kinchilitun of 1152000000 days (320,000 ancient years or 315,616 Gregorian years).

This shows that Mayan's were tracking far longer time periods and counting sun spots and duration, aware of some long ago forgotten intergalactic pattern due to impend on them in the future.

Could this have been the 780,000 years of Mars, bringing a full magnetic reversal in future, that they were aware of, for the end of the world is nigh in 2041AD ancient/ 2012AD?

The final cycle to end all tangible solid earth cycles: after which an ethereal state of being only, would exist? I reflected on what he was saying, thinking on Cotterell's Mayan Prophecy numbers and calculations. This led to the following clarification and extension of his thinking:

When T=0, one can travel between dimensions and arrive back ages later, barely one minute later.

The clock second hand functioned; spookily the power flickered and the manual clock stayed static did not move for a full five minutes. 'The sunspot cycle because it relates to the suns energy field has an effect, which ultimately affects the earth creating climatic adversity.'

The sunspot cycle and one circuit of the earth around the sun can be monitored using Venus as a calibrator. $117 \text{ sidereal passes of Venus } (117 \times 584) = 68,328 \text{ days (Cotterell) or } 2 \times 117 = 234 \text{ sidereal passes (circuits of earth) } \times 584 \text{ days duration} = 1,366,560 = 20 \text{ sunspot cycles, where } 10 \text{ sunspots} = 68328 = 1898 \text{ ancient years is significant as equals } 360 \times 189.8 \text{ or } 36 \times 1898 \text{ where } 365 \times 187.2 = 68328 \text{ is where longer count sun and Venus first clocks align.}$

Orion has always been used as the earth precession and equinox tracker: $360 \times 72 \text{ years} = 25920 \text{ ancient years}$, also 12 zodiac sign tracker where $72 \times 30 = 2160 \times 12 = 12 \text{ zodiac signs} = 25920$.'

Venus is linked to sun (precession tracker or grand total solar sunspots tracker) = $A \times B = 26000 \text{ ancient years?}$ 26,000 divided by 189.8 = 136.98 or using 187.2 = 138.98.

I returned to listen again.

A meditation revealed: 'that the 'Uxmal Nunnery' in South America is interesting as $360-288 = 72 \text{ degrees} = 1 \text{ degree Orion}$ and $x - y = 5.84 = 1/100$ of 584 days of Venus is now known to not be an accidental choice: as is revealed in a meditation, Venus may not just be a counter or tracking device, its movements may affect sunspot formation and earth's field force.

The Sun and Earth are rotating at a fixed rotation; it is maybe the interaction of Venus and Mars, cutting across the plane that creates sunspots: as effects the sun's magnetism and earth combined field vs. the individual effect on the earth's magnetism.

Venus and its closeness, proximity, may affect life on earth. The 13,000 ancient years half cycle +/-1-3000 years may be significant, effecting climate and landform changes, if the earth's magnetic core and field are disrupted.

The closeness of Venus and its magnetic field; may also cause the earth spin to speed up at full precession and get even faster for next 100-1000 years.

This potentially, ultimately could cause a shearing effect, spinning beyond its limit, ripping pulling Teutonic plates and earth masses apart. I tuned back into sunspots.'

'The Mayan Prophecies and formulae quoted, by Cotterell are fascinating and well worth a read,' he concluded.

'For now we deal with sunspots formation and clusters relating to earth climatic change.'

'There is potentially more to these phenomena than meets the eye with Mayan numbers forming a key to the universe.'

He took final questions from the floor. I mused; I never would have thought we had the same tastes in reading material.

I wondered what had he thought of the Amazing Tableau of Palenque?

Had he seen and touched it?

He like me: coincidentally had analysed the Mayan Prophecies, taking it to a new higher level. Had he deciphered the code around it yet too?

I was reflecting, linking Mayan Super number to sunspot activity to earth magnetic reversal effects caused by the sun (explained later in another lecture).

52 years = 1/100 of 5,200 years = great cycle of 1,872,000 days x 360 days/year.

18720 days /360 = 52 years ancient

52 years x 72 years = 3744 (vague years)

3744 x 5 = 18,720 years = 5 solar magnetic reversals

*189.8 x 360 = 187.2 x 365 = 68328 = x20 solar sunspots
= 1366560 Mayan magic super number.*

Precession of earth's axis is critical. Earth spinning faster at an angle to vague year days; the plane of its orbit around the sun, its axis tilted nearly 23.5 degrees, currently. But if post equinox: this reaches 24.4 degrees (as Hapgood predicted in the Atlantis Blue Print by Rand Flem-Ath; happened around 9,600BC and 50,600BC), then Teutonic plates and catastrophic land mass destruction occur.

The gravitation pull of the sun and the moon cause a low wobble. The Earth's north and south poles take nearly 26,000 years to complete a circle.

Again 260 days aligns with 365 days orbits. This works for years as well as days.

52 x 73 = 3796 ancient years ... x360 = Orion tracker for 1,366,560 days Mayan Super number.

52 x 72 years (1 degree Orion) = 3744 vague years.....x365 = 1,366,560 days = Venus tracker for Mayan Super number.

260 according to Cotterell are related to the solar pole; equator differential operator and Maya 'year (13 x 20 days).'

After 260 days $p = 9.729$ degrees and $E=0$. 144,000, 7200, 360, 260, 20 = Maya Cycles that comprise the numbering system. 68328 = sunspot cycle as tracked by Maya (tracked by Cotterell computer is 68302).

Dates are expressed as baktuns, katuns, tuns etc. (Cotterell) counted days and expert astronomers, aware of heavens around,

movements of the planets: Pleiades cluster, Mercury, Mars, Venus, Jupiter, Sun, Moon, predict eclipses accurately.

Dresden codex reveals predictions eclipses (or perhaps more accurately planetary alignments.

The Mayans obsession with the Sun relates to the importance of the super numbers is in tracking solar activity. More specifically sun spots, which when reached significant numbers like 20, could bring about a geomagnetic reversal of the poles; with this movement bringing about climatic and catastrophic land changes.

The lights were coming up. A bell was ringing for supper. I was hungry now. Starving in fact, as I had forgotten to eat; writing my early report. I glanced across at him.

He arrogantly, flicked his green eyes, fiery with adrenalin from finishing his talk, at the entrance to the courtyard.

Unfortunately, he was indicating the opposite direction to the speedily departing dinner queue.

Telepathy rules OK.

Back in the courtyard, the smell of jasmine was quite strong; the moon had now raised high in the sky.

It was a long time since I had last seen him; the moon was shining down bathing him in a shimmering line.

He took my arm, indicating a stone seat, hidden to casual view around the corner under an enormous yew like tree.

He dropped his voice to a conspiratorial whisper, 'We don't have long, minutes at the most, before I am missed.'

He paused.

'Listen to me carefully; the authorities are becoming increasingly uncomfortable about my latest research findings about ancient numbers and time.'

'It contradicts the norm of society, religion and the laws.'

He looked at me, green eyes illuminated in a now cragged moon-like face.

'Only two thousand years ago, the Roman's changed the way we think, creating an empire, making Europe and the Western World, a kind of centre of the universe.'

'That is patently not true! It never was and at best was a move to suppress ancient truths. Many secrets were held in South America

and Africa, which were derived from a central source, many believe disappeared midatlantic, Atlantis or such like.'

'There is evidence of an x-factor in force here, and that is rising up again.'

A chill breeze ran across the courtyard at his words, making the dust swirl dance at my feet. It was like a presence from the other side of life had walked in.

He continued, 'Running into you is pure synchronicity, anyhow I think I can trust you, I dreamt that I may run into you and here we are.'

'I have a copy of my latest work for you, it also contains an ancient love stars code and prophecies.'

He handed me a book, to all intents of purposes it just looked like a small thin paperback book, entitled aptly 'Man and his Symbols,' by Jung.

He had remembered my penchant for psychology and it fitted his theme. Then he opened it and turned to the centre.

Here he pointed to the title. I took an intake of breath; the text font had changed a fraction. The heading was the 'Lost Prophecies of Atlantis': following it was a series of laws, notes and prophecies.

There were calculations, images of pyramids, notes and more.

'I made this up before I left to come here; realising that I was being watched may be in danger.'

'I was afraid my work may be sabotaged, or even my life might be in danger, if I wasn't seen to let up on my current research due for publication.'

He ran his finger along my bare arm.

'Will you look after it for me; it is original research, never published before?'

He was implying in case anything happened to him.

I looked deep into his eyes, saying,

'Cross my heart and hope to die, will guard it with my life.'

I felt like we had done this before, many centuries ago, in another monastery, an ancient Anglo-Spanish-looking setting.

I sighed, wondering where this may all lead. Time seem suspended as we looked deeply into each others' eyes - a mirror of the soul, attracting each other over the centuries.

A myriad of images of times distant past, centuries ago lurked there.

Spell bound, entranced, he gripped my arm, unintentionally so tight, it hurt; murmuring: 'Remember the message of the phoenix, the gold hawk.'

I felt he was recalling the same past life together, when he had last presented me with a gift.

Together, we shifted back to the 17 century, thinking of happier dream-like times.

The stone house was empty, just us.

Robbie said, 'Let's christen the house.'

So, that's as far as I got on the ground floor that visit, Robbie scooped me up in his arms and bounded up the dark wooden ornate stair case.

I noticed that the walls were more lavish than Scotland, with oak panelling and hanging tapestries: although I liked Scotland's simplicity of stone, and only our library of books and the large wooden desk with our quills and ink had been more lavishly decorated.

The stair case quickly turned to the left, then past a few lattice-like windows and along another corridor which was covered in a reddish rug.

We had entered another oak panelled room with tapestries, a four poster bed and stone windows that overlooked the hills beyond.

I was wearing a heavy cotton burgundy dress, underpinned by a cream corset to pull my waist in tight and small. He was wearing a heavy white linen shirt and kilt.

He kicked the door with his foot and unceremoniously dropped me on the bed, entering me as he did so.

I laughed with glee and retorted that was quick.

He looked at me ruefully across the bed his eyes blazing green.

'Wait until later, I'll meet that challenge.'

So, we curled up and slept awhile fully dressed.

I awoke his eyes watching mine, he could always wake me just by looking at me in a certain way, and I looked at him.

He kissed me passionately, removing my dress and unlacing my corseting as he did so. His eyes travelled the length of my body, appraising me, as he did so.

He looked purposeful, Robbie always looked determined, pulling my knees up to thrust deeper.

Now we were starving hungry, he raided a small sack, I hadn't notice he had been carrying, handing me the golden goblets, magically supplying red wine, bread, grapes and water which I placed on the side and we devoured it all.

We fell asleep, this time under the covers and then awoke later in the evening, it was now dark.

His physical, mental and spiritual energy were phenomenal, he had a fantastic physique.

As he looked into my eyes, his green eyes blazing like paths of golden lights into me, he kept calling my name over and over, and said I was so beautiful and my body was perfect and that I was still his 'little hawk'.

Then he told me we will go hawking again soon, my eyes misted, he hadn't called me his 'little hawk' and said that since Scotland.

As our hosts didn't hawk in Oxford and I missed my hawks and our books.

But the royal entourage often hawked, whom he saw more often recently. He said. 'He had been promised a pair of hawks from London.'

Mind you my hips were now a bit fuller but I hadn't changed much and seemed to glow more as the years passed and he liked my figure.

The light was now falling, as he continued relentlessly and passionately, now the third time, teasing and duelling intensely, his eyes saying, is that enough for you?

Well, I had challenged him; I couldn't resist it, even though I couldn't match him as he was much more powerful than me.

The room was only lit by candlelight as we had lit two candles near the bed in the room earlier and the golden glow in the room was growing, as I could feel the energy vibration rising.

I cried out, tears almost running down my face as we were reaching an almost agonising ongoing pain threshold as ripples

contracted across my body as he grabbed my wrists and playfully held me still in position. At times like this he was both gentle and masterful.

Then he said turnover, as massaged my now ample buttocks, as he rhythmically thrust into me, as we continued to passionately make love.

Finally together we collapsed; I remained face down for a while as he nuzzled his face on the back of my left shoulder but with no excessive pressure on my body for he was much taller and weightier than me.

All the hair on the back of my arms electrified as he released my wrists from under the pillow and moved his arms slightly along mine.

The spiritual energy in the room was phenomenal, almost like a dancing golden reception around the room.

I raised myself up and sat on the bed. I glanced down at my right wrist. Robbie never marked me; except well the odd lovers kiss like New Years Eve.

But my right wrist had like friction burns from our lovemaking and his middle three fingers were clearly indented.

I poured some cold water from the vessel over it.

He looked at my apologetically.

I laughed, 'Well, we have well and truly christened the house now, I've got the marks to prove it.'

His fingers were still slightly outlined the next night, but I was able to hide them under my dress sleeve during the day.

It was kinder of nice having his fingerprints still upon me all the next day, as it wasn't really burns more like pressure marks.

One day in late January, I was lying in bed late.

We ran a happy permissive household, and Robbie had been up working for hours with the men.

He came looking for me, always knowing intuitively where I was, he strode into the bedroom full of energy.

"Lazy," he said, assertively.

I rose and stood up to sleepily, kissed him.

He picked me up, tipped me back onto the bed, and picking up the pewter jug and tipped the remaining water over me.

I shrieked, 'That has made the bed wet.'

'Never mind,' he said, 'They will clear it up.'

He threw my grey/brown dress and shawls at me. I reluctantly caught them and did as he told me.

He said, 'Come on, we are going out for a walk, I've got a surprise for you.'

I shrieked with glee and said 'Hawks,' as an image of a pair of hawks, filled my mind.

He said, 'Wait and See,' amazed as always at my psychic ability, which meant he couldn't keep my birthday presents a surprise.

'Wait and See.'

He was in a no nonsense mood, one of those times when Robbie meant it, don't cross him. So, quickly and silently, I got ready and followed him down to the kitchen.

Some of our staff had survived the Edinburgh massacre/battle and found their way south, so the household was now a light friendly place filled with laughter.

Our Scottish servants had livened up the dour southerners to a degree with their polite mannerisms.

Cook was in a good mood. She gave us bread, water and fruit to put in Robbie's sack.

We then walked out the back entrance from the kitchen, straight down the steep grass bank.

As the house was partly an old converted church or on sacred old land set high upon a small green bank.

The stone entrance way had some of the original stone and the hall way was long and narrow with the tiles reminding you of a church or chapel.

Robbie was walking ahead and it was nice not to wear my full bodice, so my clothes were comfy and loose fitting.

Robbie strode ahead, 'Keep up,' he urged.

Panting, I said 'I can't.'

He stopped dead and picked me up and swung me round with joy.

Robbie's mother had inherited special skills from the hills and was rumoured to have been the daughter of a shaman.

When I had food poisoning, Robbie had collected herbs and made special potions to help me sleep and gave me a foul tasting tincture that had purified my body.

He massaged me to make me expel all the remnants of the toxins, refusing to let me be bled with leeches as well as massaging me to raise my energy again. This made me feel so much better.

I was so used to Robbie that I didn't realise until years afterwards how different he was in this respect, which was why he took my hurt and angst, so personally.

It literally broke his heart at times. He liked to purify the room with lavender and rosemary and rose at times.

He slowed then for me and we walked across the wooden bridge by the river tributaries/lake. Here the other day in the beautiful warm January sunshine we had stood on the bridge, leaning against the wooden bars; he often talking and reciting poetry to me and kissing me passionately.

Then looking across the water and reeds, a wide expanse of water, we watched two white swans swimming and then noisily mating.

Incorrigibly as ever, I had said to Robbie, 'I wouldn't mind being that swan.'

He laughed and dragged me towards the stone bench nearby, to demonstrate the power of his lovemaking.

Afterwards, he said, 'I think you are still a hawk, not a swan though.'

And I tried to push him off the stone seat to no avail in mock anger.

We then circled round the water and water meadows and made our way back to the stables and barns, where his men were awaiting us.

I was so excited, I could hardly contain myself as one of his men walked out with a pair of blue grey 'hawks' really falcons with a slight speckled appearance, beautiful, majestic birds, and different from our brown hawks in Scotland.

Robbie explained that they had been bred on James I's private land and were a special gift for our continued loyalty and Robbie's current work.

Robbie was now mixing in higher circles, although the etiquette and politics seemed more subtle and shifty than the directness of Scotland.

People were less likely to pull out their swords in the heat of passion; to settle a point there and then, anger seemed to fester and brew untreated; it took some getting used to.

He pointed out, that I was soon going to need to socialise more in the wider area: with and without him, meeting some of the new earls and lords, plus their entourages and even go to court now and again.

Now, we had our own house: there would be lots of entertaining on a more global style to supervise, on a different level from our current wild festivities.

Although I would know a number of the earls as James had generously rewarded his loyal friends from Scotland.

We walked through the woods with the dogs at our feet and new falcons as Robbie called them; or hawks if I wanted, he teased.

He said, when you are old you can always become my 'little blue gray falcon'; he was full of wit today.'

[Years later, I found the house at Bisham Abbey, near Marlow, Berkshire - with my past portrait of a mysterious lady in red, hanging above a long dark wooden table of the times].

A gong sounded disturbing our reverie, summoning us back into the 21st century and towards supper.

Unknown to me, that was to be the last time, I was to see him.

'Right,' he said, 'Follow me in 2 minutes, we must join the dining queue and mingle with the others in the banqueting hall.'

He touched my face for a brief moment, then turned and melted into the shadows, taking some short cut, I guessed.

I looked around, placed the book in my jacket pocket, counted to one hundred: then retraced my footsteps, hazarding a guess in which direction the delegates had left and followed the smell of delicious food.

I stepped down a step, into the room, now the last to arrive. He was already seated at the head speakers table, a table of kings.

I picked up my starter platter; then joined the lowly knights, squeezing on one of the end of delegates long table.

Grabbing a glass of wine and bread roll, quickly sat down, making out I had been here longer than I had.

It was buzzing, I quickly fell into conversation with the delegates, realising I wasn't yet going to get to speak to the professors on the high table tonight.

After our banquet, the bell rang and we were told that our coaches were ready out the front.

The speakers table was bare; they had been whisked away.

The moon had disappeared, a wind was getting up, as clouds scudded across the sky as we left.

I was glad when the hotel lights appeared and we disembarked.

I touched my pocket and was glad to be free to go back to my room.

Shattered, I crawled under the covers and fell asleep.

Tomorrow was another early start, an early wake-up call by the hotel: with the time difference, I was starting to feel jaded and the fortified wine was stronger than what I was used to – drinking wine in ancient golden goblets stirred memories of other past times, as I mulled over my meeting with Robbie, as I fell asleep thinking of him, my mind slipped back to a far earlier meeting and union. One filled with drama, conspiracy, feuds, passion and intrigue.

With practice, I was now slipping quickly back. The dream came unbidden as if it had a life of its own. I was an unwilling pawn in a game beyond my understanding in this lifetime.

But the thoughts of meeting the passionate Robbie again made me smile in my sleep. Now, I was going back in time again to far more romantic and passionate times than now.

PART III – Atlantis Calling?

21. 10,000 BC – 12,000 BC – Atlantis?
22. Mythical Destruction Atlantis
23. Adam, Eve and Creation
24. A Da Vinci Code Pyramid
25. 20,000 BC – 200,000 BC – Atlantis Origins?
26. 100,000 BC – A Midpoint?
27. Enoch's Secret Diary

21

10 - 12,000BC – ATLANTIS?

Intrigued, I studied the sketch and calculations of what was claimed to be the Original Crystal Pyramid built at Giza, circa 11,000BC. It showed there was an incredible multidimensional relationship in an intergalactic line-up between the planets and stars. An attempt at recreating and rebuilding the pyramids was then instigated at 3113BC, with the recovered fragmented memories of earlier ancient messages being recorded in the pyramid texts circa 2750BC.

The sun was setting outside my window. It was a surreal mystical golden sky with pink clouds, interspersed with beautiful patches of clear blue and yellow; appearing in the distance.

I realised with a start, I had forgotten all about the hidden text chapters, buried within the copy of 'Man and his Symbols' given to me by Sebastian Ilares Callum.

My curiosity was aroused, heightened by a sense of pending danger. I turned the pages to reveal the text hidden within.

What could be so important, so deadly and so dangerous about it all; was this knowledge that powerful and if so, how had he come upon it? What should or could I do about it?

Introduction - The text started with intrigue. This marks a landmark in man's evolution. It is at this point, a transformation occurs and a superior final form, (beyond earlier precursors of Homo sapiens) as we know it today, emerges into existence.

Mystery shrouds this great step forward, but many sources point to the emergence of sophisticated mankind, emerging close to the date of half precession on earth.

Horus, the falcon god or phoenix is born – a featherlike angelic being who could even back in 10,000BC be female not male - the first true Phoenician - a figure derived from the God Orion and

Goddess Isis, with hints of immaculate conception, as Virgo gives rise to Leo in 10,920BC.

This text explores the significance behind ancient myths and parables, the belief that ancient records were made to mark this auspicious time.

The importance of astronomy alignments and stars to those civilisations, which lived in those times, who, it is thought tried to leave behind messages, records.

Codes and indestructible messages for critical stages in the future evolution of man that started just before half precession, when certain events and climatic changes would come to pass: the end of precession 2012AD; forewarning of intergalactic changes; which marked the critical end of a grand era.

Farfetched as it seems psychic archaeology with messages and readings left behind by the famous prophet Edgar Cayce are now this century beginning to make more sense.

It may depend on a critical minority to decipher and understand the existing and still hidden codes to preserve the continuity of the masses.

Spiritually, it is believed that the messages from this time have relevance today.

For those who wish to ignore the messages that the final destruction will come by fire, the cynics only have to look at the potential of weapons of mass destruction, effects of molten internal earth movements with earthquakes and effects of volcano ash and molten lava and their devastating effects on the planet and civilisations. Our destiny may not be in our hands.

The Mayan time cycle of 942,890 days is 2582 Gregorian years. Does $2012AD + 2582 = 4594 AD$, when we will have just entered the age of Sagittarius; bringing a fiery sign time of manmade destruction by fire, or a dry and arid earth like surface?

Just two thousand five hundred years after Venus started a magnetic reversal of the earth's poles. $826AD + 3744 = 4580AD$ or $626AD + 3744 = 4380AD$. This is very close to $4400AD - 4594AD$ as are continuums not a fixed point climatic effect. So a significant time in the evolution of earth, marking the beginning and ending of

a cycle. Will there still be life on earth then or is it a dry arid barren place with or without spiritual souls like Mars is now?

Again, this is the end of a future solar magnetic reversal period, like when the Mayans disappeared in 826AD or so.

So are we locked in a time bomb countdown of merely a hundred, several hundred or a couple of thousand years, before there are significant earth transformations and destructions?

In addition, increasing carbon dioxide levels are creating acidity, aridness that creates both extreme hot and cold environments and reduction of essential oxygen and water resources.

Carbon dioxide levels are increased by a technological society. This is possibly due to natural cosmic phenomena as the earth's protective shield and atmosphere is changed by planetary movements and alignments as we end this approximately 26,000 years cycle in 2012.

It is believed that the ancients left us messages and codes to help us understand and prepare.

Alas to date, we remain ignorant of discovered and still hidden codes critical to ongoing survival, we hope that individuals will come forward to interpret them for us.

Intriguing, but hardly going to be earth shattering in our lifetime, and it was a far off future event, I cynically thought. Despite the warmth from my heater, the temperature in the room had dropped, the open window banged shut in the wind, making me jump.

The silence became overwhelming, I sensed a presence in the room, my eyes became heavy, and then everything faded to grey, as I slipped back in time.

The Watcher Guardians, who are we? What do we want to communicate and why now? I was standing alone in a stone ante-room of one of the South American temples, circa 11,000BC. As a guardian watcher of the stars in the observatory, I had been summoned in front of the council of the head watchers.

I felt uneasy, something was coming to pass, they had queried my figures on the forthcoming solar magnetic reversal, the magnetic pull of Venus and then an unknown vibration felt every 5694 ancient years, which they said was definitely not significant.

It was impossible, the headquarters were cited in a stable central earth zone where the records were stored and would survive the next solar magnetic reversal, beyond the forthcoming dark ages.

It was only a half equinox, not a full precessional equinox. It was a rise of a forthcoming glorious age, to fully usher in the new era of Homo sapiens. My report was to be filed 'top secret' and to be lost in the recesses of time.

The timing was perfect, all the planning and building would be completed before the dark ages reached its peak, then after a period of 400 years retreat or exodus to milder climates, (during the dark ages), all would resume as usual.

A swish of movement announced the entry of three high priests or priestesses; it was difficult to tell in this androgynous age. The leader seemed female.

Standing before the high table with screens and paper charts in evidence, I felt a feeling of unease.

She said, 'The calculations and theories were ridiculous; it was not possible that the headquarters near Bimini would sink in a major land mass displacement, right under the waves and that the ice poles could melt that fast or that it could rain that hard for so long, creating so much water to that degree.'

'Yes,' she admitted, 'I was partially right, but it would not move quite so fast, nor reach and extend to the zone around and near Bimini.'

It was to be decreed that two crystal pyramids should be built, one at Nachan, Palenque and the other at Giza, to mark the half precession.

Each was to have a pair of guardians to serve for eternity, with a holographic type form that would be felt and sensed, even recreated in stone.

Each crystal pyramid and dome would capture the essential dynamics and configurations of the Sun, Moon, Venus, Mars, Sirius and Orion, replicating the original central pyramid of Atlantis.

I was to draw up the calculations, architectural design plans to present at the next meeting.

Each was to serve as a mirror, Nachan with a record of the book of life and its creation and Giza with the book of the dead, a record

of death and deceased souls. This would protect the records in duplicate.

I knew which I preferred - Egypt throughout time and past lives had always represented ill luck or death to me.

I prayed that the team I was assigned to could oversee Nachan in South America and that another envoy would convey the designs and records to Giza, Egypt.

Each was to be sealed by a protective force field to deter outside interference. In the unlikely event of calamity, at least one or two would survive for eternity.

The watcher guardians are timeless, never sleeping; guarding, protecting the earth for eternity; with souls awakening and returning as before to protect the life force and earth which is one of central stores of energy power houses and rare resources of the universe.

Without earth, this universe part of a multi galaxy would cease to exist and disappear into a black hole; leaving only parallel mostly ethereal dimensions in existence.

I awoke feeling an angst and out of sorts, suddenly with a start. Rubbing my tired eyes, I now read onwards with avid interest.

Hidden Codes and Records - What kind of records are we looking for? The original records were in a kind of electromagnetic hologram form, like the Akashic records of the Universe, accessed by those who could tune into other dimensions.

For simplicity records were recorded in stone about 10,000BC.

These records were then reactivated and reaccessed 3000BC, with some loss of time and transmission.

Examples: are the Dresden Codex 3000BC and later Mayan Troano Codex – which is primarily astrological calendrical. This links the Mayan word Tuaoi meaning fire, equivalent to the word ‘Tao’. It is a spiritual perpetual fire force; “a firestone and crystals, creating this power source. The libraries at Alexandria, that contained Egyptian records were burnt and lost.

Three phases of ways and means in which those activities of individuals were preserved to survive destruction” (Edgar Cayce).

The Akashic records = psychic record of every event that has ever taken place – so no need for written records.

A scribe made records, using recipes, formulas, drawings, symbols, inscriptions to attempt to pass key messages onto future generations.'

We suspect that the Egyptians have opened a room leading towards the records under the Great Pyramid and found it empty bar a few drawings, tableau or paintings.

Something about the electrical magnetic energy force in the room gives them a sense of sinister foreboding and they cannot remain there or step forward.

It is empty anyhow or seems physically empty or any scribbles and figures are indecipherable. What is there to share with the outside world?

It was forewarned that higher angelic guardians would be posted to prevent access from the outside world until the time was ready to reveal its secrets.

It seems in this time it is possible to receive unseen forces. It was deemed as imperative to write down and make records – to what purpose and why?

A scribe was assigned to make records.

It seems that it was possible to absorb thoughts and a spiritual library of others' past lives.

This meant it was possible for the highest minds of the time to access what?

Internet cyber sites, psychic information, talk to spiritual guides or access the Akashic records which Edgar Cayce and mystic spiritual souls claim can be accessed.

In this time, it seems either only a minority could write or scribe. It was chosen as a lower form of engraving in rock because would survive; rock would endure unlike so called indestructible CDs.

It is likely there is an 'invisible' hologram-like copy too.

Just before the time of the third destruction circa 10,000BC (see evidence of landmass changes after this date), Edgar Cayce, the prophet, in his vision claimed that he assisted Alta, the scribe in preparing a history of the land, a story with time, dates and facts to be preserved for the essential survival of civilisations to come.

More significant is that Edgar Cayce claims that many souls who lived through that ancient time are returning to manage the

transition time of now, past 2012 and hundreds of years beyond, as what happens then are critical to the future survival of mankind.

Certain locations are believed to be more stable parts of the planet and act as signposts.

In Calais, France, there may have been a temple 10,000BC that was later replaced in 3113BC with the Carnac Stones, constructed in a similar time to the Stonehenge Circle and also built over ancient sites.

There may have been an original 'Library of Knowledge' in Alexandria 10,300BC and the original 'Sphinx' could have existed.

The Yucaton lands would have been a forerunner of Mayan times too. Nearby would have been the Peruvian or Incan Land.

Edgar Cayce does a reading for one who he says – "In land now known as Yucaton – the entity in the temple is a recorder."

"Following such a civilisation as a historical presentation, it may be better understood by following the activities of an individual or group – or their contribution to such a civilisation."

"Not complete historical fact yet like one chosen and its activities." Horus is the bringer of time and history as we know it, prior to this, time was not measured in this linear historical way.

The records of Iltar in South America are written about 10,000BC, so in parallel with Giza. It is also like an injection of Tenets (Laws).

Iltar, it is thought with a household of Atlan went to Yucaton. I may have travelled with Iltar in South America, hence ancient knowledge known from that time in dreams, stored in fragments of genetic DNA and encoded recovered memories - accessible in dream meditation or past life regression under hypnosis.

"In the preparation of the manner of the building, the temple of the records that lies just beyond that enigma that still is the mystery of the mysteries to those who seek to know what were the manners of thought of the ancient sons who made man, beast – as part of the consciousness." [Edgar Cayce reading].

This links to the myths of the Shining Ones, beings of light whose thought forms and actions created man as a tangible solid being.

This marks a genesis, which we still have yet to understand fully. The shining ones could be light workers or angels, human like shapes, souls of a highly versatile translucent white light energy.

PART V - A Blueprint Beyond?

- 32. 1M – 10M BC – Early Origins of Man?
- 33. After The Awakening
- 34. Beyond Zero Time End

AFTER THE AWAKENING

So where did this leave me, where was this all going? What were these dreams about and 'the final go round'? I paused in reflection: as the final pages of the manuscript were revealed to me.

I was relaxing in the sunshine miles from anywhere; watching the water fall like a fountain, semi-hypnotised as sunlight created rainbows filtering through the water. The sun warming my shoulders as the sunshine filters through the shady trees. I reflectively, slipped back in time to the 1600s.

The King sat at the high table on Valentine's day at the annual festive event in 1612 with his nobles on each side attending to him, he looked a little pale and weary as if all this high entertaining was obligatory but not quite his scene: as irritated, he waved his courtiers away and glared at the jester.

As the night wore on the Scottish pipers came on and everyone stirred from the feast, pushed the tables back to take up their positions on the dance floor.

One of the Scottish lords had been eyeing me up all evening, he looked somewhat familiar, I had seen him somewhere before, he had obviously come south to join the entourage; his eyes like his hair were very dark almost jet black, no I could not place him, perhaps I had imagined it.

He was slightly arrogant, dark haired almost slightly Spanish looking, obviously a high aristocrat.

He offered me his hand to dance. His eyes flashed, he reminded me of a raven, an interesting parallel to Robbie's Golden Eagle, I thought.

Why not I thought, it has been a long time since I have enjoyed myself and was starting to feel light headed on all the wine, rum and mead; I had been drinking to anaesthetise myself and was bone tired from all the work.

So giggling I accepted, we started to dance, we talked and then parted and I thought nothing more of it. Then he asked for the last formal dance before the revelling began, again I assented, this time there was a different feeling, his eyes flashed blue for a moment, no I had imagined it black as coal, again the feeling I knew him.

'Who are you I asked, where are you from?'

He said, 'Don't you know me, as he grabbed my wrist it hurt, I have waited a long time to talk to you.'

Confused, I pulled away and ran up the stairs to the cooler upper stairway area, he followed me.

The hall was now smoky and it was cooler up here, there was not much space as he stood close to me and we watched the revellers below.

'Katerine don't you know me, I saved your life?'

I gazed at him horror struck as recognition dawned and lunged towards him, you were the bastard that burnt my beautiful home to the ground and nearly killed my family.

He caught my wrist and pulled me roughly towards him, in that moment of anger, he kissed me passionately on the lips; it was a long time since I had been kissed; and too late he registered my reaction and pulled me hard against him.

'You should have been mine Katerine', he said, 'I wanted to marry you, I was cheated behind my back and then you were married to Robbie.'

'Yeah, for my land,' I said.

'No, not just that issue, I had always dreamed about you and me.'

He was emotional as he ran his hands through my hair; in spite of myself I clung to him, feeling as nothing else existed as I felt time stand still.

It was getting late now, but I was not done or able to tear myself away from the glade - time switched back to ~600AD. *The high priest had commanded my presence; he decreed that as I was the chosen one; I should be instructed in the esoteric secrets of the gods, recorded in the ancient book.*

He would personally initiate my tuition; passing on the secrets and teaching of symbols and mysteries recorded in the book of learning itself with the secrets of life itself, from beginning when life was one with the universe.

I was walking down the steps of a pyramid, entering a doorway that led into a stone passage, leading to a hidden chamber; fascinated by the symbols of snakes and symbols on the walls; like guardian angels leading the way.

I came to a large wooden door, I knocked. A voice said, 'Enter.'

I walked in removing my footwear, into the inner sanctum of the temple, where an altar stood ahead, with the sacred book of ancient secrets and icons within.

I felt soul recognition as I now stood in front of a simple stone altar. The raven gazed at me; a brief look of triumph passed fleetingly across his face.

We were quite alone; I could feel his intense thoughts, feeling almost naked under his scrutiny.

He walked forward with a snake curled around his wrist and waist.

The candles flickered. I stood my ground; I was a princess of the sacred line, descended from the 'Law of One'; he could not touch me.

I felt uneasy though; there were no guards or priests anywhere in sight; most strange.

It was unusual that he was one of the highest priests; being descended from the house of bel; that was not their usual calling.

I cynically thought: they preferred power, debauchery and playing ball games; lacking in a certain soulful aesthetic touch. They came, they saw and conquered, came to mind.

He was uncoiling his snake; it now looked like a belt or leash. He told me to kneel in front of the altar; lean forward, place my palms on the top step and close my eyes.

I felt a rustle behind me; I felt his hands on my shoulders; then he pushed me forward hard onto the stone.

I felt his hand then pushing my short white robe upwards; as his hand drove between my legs. I gasped; eyes wide open as realised he was naked, bar the snake in his hands which he wove in between my wrists to pull my body taut for maximum tension.

He then drove hard in between my legs; rhythmically thrusting and chanting, 'now are two houses united as one.'

He was so big and hard within; as he thrust himself inwards; it hurt, sheer agony as he took me from behind, riding me hard; then pulled me on top of him; pushing me higher and higher towards orgasm; as my back arched backwards on top of him.

The dim darkness around me; was becoming white with pulsing light; as we soared out into the universe together; the agony turning into exquisite white light and bliss; as I could no longer feel where I ended and he started.

On and on, we rode; then with a sigh; we were returning; the stone no longer felt hard beneath my knees.

He said, 'He was my equal and he had traversed my citadel; and he had the approval of the elders to wed me.'

All I needed to do was tell to them that is what I wished to happen and that we should be joined in public union at the next full moon; that he was the chosen one. He believed this was his rightful destiny, and throughout time would chase it.

I sighed, I could feel his hot seed rising within me; his trusted snake was hissing quietly, staring at me; unlike its master, it definitely respected and would not touch me.

I realised, I had no choice, I had been taken and his mark was upon me; a trophy; I was no longer chaste.

I realised that sacred knowledge was power; I just knew that in this act of sacrificing his celibate priesthood; he had unknowingly sacrificed his growing powers; he would grow no more.

Whereas I the sacred feminine had hardly began and would outgrow him with age and wisdom.

As I aged, my sensuality would grow and he would find himself the one dominated beneath me, if he needed teaching a lesson; come forth at my bidding if he wanted to be satisfied and sated.

Then all his snakes would learn to dance to my tunes. The ancient stucco images showed the feathered angelic one, golden hawk or phoenix on top with the snakelike serpent in its hand and beak. I was that phoenix and he that serpent.

For now let him teach his lessons of life and love; exerting his power; whereas the law of one, meant all things were equal and my time would come; for now I just smiled an enigmatic Mona Lisa smile.

The line of the 'Law of One' was the one natural line; ultimately when warring wore itself out; it would rule again, perhaps not in my lifetimes, but in a future beyond.

The union had cost him his chance of sacred communion; whereas I descended from the law of one; when I was no longer in union with him; I would grow stronger and my powers grow unlimited.

He told me that he had met me in past lives; that I could not escape him; through life or death; he would find me.

In my final lifetime on earth; he would return and be reborn; come looking for me and wait for me; helping to take me over to the other side into the eternal light; as he had done many times before.

This he prophesised that he would do so for the last union, appearing as a young guardian child to hold my hand in 'my final go round' of my ancient soul in a future weary aging body; ideally this would be an ancient soul, finally born on an eclipse of an impossible fatal alignment of five planets in the twelfth house, whose non-familial astrological twin died at birth in the same place, same time – a soul that would never recreate or appear on planet earth again, finally being released to the ethereal plane beyond forever; at a foretold specified date after the entry of 2012.

The visions faded, relief flooded me; as I awoke to the 21st century; a quieter life time of far less torturous turbulence, sadly lacking in drama and passion; where nothing like that ever happened. I felt worn out, that I could sleep for a million years, but still had lots of work to do on the manuscript. With a desire for peace; I switched off my phone and computer for the night.

BEYOND ZERO TIME END

In Mayan terms 'Zero' was significant meaning both a beginning and ending - a nothingness or a completeness.

So 21.12.2012 (or 21.12.0012) the precession end and beginning of next had passed. The 'end of time' also refers to an era. It means mankind moves from the 4th time dimension of about 11,000BC and a minority form a 5th crystal dimension of evolution about 2012AD onwards. Next is a transition to pre-ethereal or ethereal and for a critical mass of people, the body mass becomes lighter, the energy and form is more translucent shimmering. Remember, Horus, a golden phoenix marks creation of time beyond a timeless third dimension, existence in a new body form.

Evolution forms always overlap. We had survived the 'end is nigh' date or is it still to come, but not in this final lifetime of mine?

The dreams are all fulfilled - the manuscript is published and being circulated, translated and read widely worldwide.

This is a book that will be passed from hand-to-hand to read or kept on a book shelf and translated in many languages; reaching a worldwide audience – a multitude with an insatiable appetite for ancient mysteries, conspiracy theories and ancient secret codes.

There was a shimmering light in the room, like an audience of angels, a judgement or a grand jury passing sentence. Many souls had come before me to bring this awareness to this point in time.

It was done, a hidden subconscious dreaming, all written down.

Stated influences, authors and quotes have been acknowledged as the memory blurs what is established and original beyond. This is a work of fiction, where myths, mystic insights and prophecies are destined to lie and it has real true life archaeology findings too a future film prophesised too.....

EPILOGUE

Meantime, what are we going to do about these prophecies foretold in this book about the countdown prophesied, its words written between Easter 1999 and 21.12.2012? A few have now come true before the manuscript is published.

The answer is just like before 50,000BC and 10,000BC absolutely nothing and in future be mystified as significant different parts of the earth at an undetermined precise future time are subject to different natural catastrophes as fall apart or disappear underwater or become frozen ice sheets and arid deserts.

'The Popul Vuh, the sacred book, as it is called, the book of prophecies and the oracle (some called it the book of creation), the book of the past, present and the future - prophecies and predictions has been lost.'

We all assume that it is logically inconceivable that it could suddenly happen in our lifetime and leave it as before to be an unsolved mystery and question mark for future generations. 'Tomorrow may be too late? Do we spend a lifetime(s) waiting for the right moment in time? Now, it is near, tomorrow may be too late? It is now or never, will time wait? It is now or never. Time won't wait for no-one. While we sleep, the ancients their secrets keep.'

DREAM BIRDS

The breezes at dawn have secrets to tell

Don't go back to sleep

Ask for what you really want

Don't go back to sleep

People are moving back and forth

Across the threshold where

The two worlds touch

The door is round and open

Don't go back to sleep.

Mirabi. 9th Century (= 800AD Mayans disappear)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Fiona D'Arcy Stewart, BSc.Biochem.MPhilPsych.NLP, is an award-winning marketing communicator and dog reiki trainer; masters in research cognitive psychology and reiki (healing rays of love energy from the stars); international/UK writer and photojournalist, published for over 20 years in specialist, consumer, national press, radio and TV. Awards - Financial Times Business of Year Award; Prestigious Driver Prize from a top UK Psychology University and most unusual is an amazing Adventure Group Award.

Fiona D'Arcy Stewart's current book, 'The Da Vinci Code Atlantis' is her second published worldwide and is a compelling stunning masterpiece that uses dream meditation to unlock lost ancient mysteries with future prophecies told in an incredible adventure story - where ancient truths are stranger than reality – can it ever happen in real life or not? It is open to speculation that the secret codes revealed may one day impact on billions of lives in future as foretold in 'A Love Stars Code' like an ancient Da Vinci code.

She is thought to be descended from an ancient genetic line, great grand-daughter of mysterious lord of the manor peerage; "her grandmother his only lovechild out of wedlock - even Earls, Dukes, ancient British kings and Stewart descent, who go back to the earliest ascendancy" hinted at by others; that she resembled or met and by the British Psychic Circle.

"The author thanks her guardian angels for channelling streaming a haunting manuscript in a meditative state, dictating beautiful words like poetry in motion and insights of her past life regressions, so vivid like a sliding doors time travel sci-fi adventure movie of real conspiracy mysteries."

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