

Lost At Las Lisas

Here in Las Lisas the ocean spins incessantly. With wind and lightning falling off the face of the earth, you could easily disappear. Over the ocean, powerful winds and rain form cyclones. With a whisper the air grows quiet and reaches a barely audible pitch. Then out of the dark reaches, the waves explode loudly back towards shore with a tremendous upheaval. The waves smash over the beach, in a tranquil demolition of shoreline. This great body of trembling magnitude shapes the earth as though reaching for our very lives with the looming threat of turning us into dust. Wet grains of sand in my hand; foreign objects are cast out to sea. Waking up after midnight the stars spoke out to me: "Mind yourself and where you are heading. Since you've made it this far, all signs should be telling you: The life of a day one day at a time; electric lights shine on ocean waves."

-Journal of Lucas Welling

"He has the ability to heal, he just doesn't know it yet. He has embarked upon a tremendous journey. His many dreams will serve to guide and confuse him. Eventually subliminal synthesis will lead him to gain valuable insights into the keys of survival. Let the light shine on his ever pressing soul."

-Mila Mao de Tzung, Star Speaker Cabinet, Electromagnetic Records

The weight of the world came parachuting down upon Lucas Welling. He had taken life for granted and was walking on a path to the valley of the dead. He was gripped by a life threatening illness that suppressed him physically and mentally. He had felt he didn't need anything else out of life, but as it turned out, life needed more out of him. The motivation to live shouted out loud and clear, 'look at all you have!' Lucas had a capable, sophisticated being with the use of all his senses. He would need to revamp himself by delving deep into his soul to find a balance. He knew he had to salvage his inner strength to maximize his potential for healing. His life was pulling him in many directions and the tools of transcendence were elusive.

The initial response to his illness was to shut him-self indoors, mainly to the basement floor of the old New England apartment building he lived in. He lost his appetite and stayed in reading within the cozy confines of his home. The cellar was rather cluttered with vestiges of past tenants. It was mainly used for storage although lately Lucas was drawn to the quiet serenity to be alone. As he entered the main room of the basement, the light bulb above blew out. Despite the darkness, Lucas could see a lamp and fumbled the plug into an outlet. As the room lit up, Lucas noticed a set of shelves on the other side of the lamp. On the middle shelves he saw a stack of magazines that caught his eye. He reached down and picked up a back issue of Popular Science. He came over to the desk and started to peruse the contents. He thumbed for an article about the radiation of the sun, and a page of advertisements struck his eye: realist aura adjustments.

Realist Aura Adjustments: Overcome Illness!
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Harness the Uncanny!

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Pedro Juan Rodriguez
223 Colio
Avenida Cobran
Antigua, Guatemala
575 233

Lucas thought of his friend George Hendricks and visualized him in Mexico on his way to Guatemala. The next day he received word from George, saying he had reached Guatemala and Lucas had better reconsider coming down there to meet up with him. George ended the telegraph with 'keep a strong aura.' Lucas could see the ad for the Aura adjustments with the picture of the spiral waves leading upwards. Lucas thought, 'How strange that George would mention the aura.' Lucas tried to imagine what sort of operation this character was running. The prospect of seeing Guatemala for himself had piqued his sensibilities and an unknown impulse decided the matter. He resolved to go on the adventure and arranged to meet up with George in Guatemala City in four days. He clipped out the ad and packed his bags.

Human life is like a caterpillar inside a cocoon. A metamorphosis descends upon us although not every one would be so fortunate as to break free. Lucas was breaking free. He eventually reached Guatemala and encountered a series of connections and events that turned his world upside down.

The Landing

Lines of airplanes play follow the leader above the constant dance of lights projected by Guatemala City. Along city streets, old buses belch forth plumes of black smoke and a wide assortment of vendors repeat offers. Young people pack the internet cafes and people navigate through scores of pedestrians. Sneaker shops and electronics stores grab the attention of those not actively avoiding them. Car radios sing to the people as they stop at the crossings. Taxi cabs impatiently ride the heels of people walking in the street, and tall billboards portray the high class of living. Beautiful people in these billboards offered a split second contemplation of what it would be like to have Quetzals, to have extra to spend, to live life as a vacation within a

vacation, sipping champagne and avoiding the grueling responsibilities part of daily life for most. A tall old man with no shoes walked along a sidewalk scratching his beard and a woman working in a flower shop sniffed a patch of geraniums.

Within the complex known as the city airport, travelers were in a steady state of stimulation as they sought to collect all their possessions and scurry safely onward to their next destination. A big room yielded many corridors and store fronts enticed travelers to spend. Banks were open and guards holding rifles stood by nervously eying the surroundings in dark blue uniforms. Restaurants offered food made long ago and hot dogs rolled around on racks relentlessly.

A man wearing a plum undershirt advanced in line at a café. He had been carrying a load of gear and just landed on a flight from Mexico City. He eyed a stack of muffins and he could hear his stomach gurgle in confusion. He carried a purple backpack and a typewriter he was fond of. It helped him stay focused on his true passion: making descriptions of images and events, painting pictures with words, accurately imparting the feelings of characters. He often contemplated the lives of people, and how they were brought into this world.

Lucas felt a swaying haze pass through the air as he advanced toward the open walls leading outside where a succession of taxi cabs had established an efficient routine of lining people up and leading them away. As Lucas waited in line, he took in the sights and sounds of a first time trip to Guatemala. The indistinguishable syllables of a friendly Latina echoed up and down the corridors. Intermittent conversations were too distant for Lucas to understand. He was anxious and almost like a surge of adrenaline rushing in due to danger he felt an awareness and observation unique to being in a foreign land. People looking for someone or something hustled by on their way to the most unimaginable destinations. In contrast to the fierce imprint of American consumerism, the soul and spirit of Guatemala shine through in an endless array of pleasant greetings, friendly encounters and an unspoken mutual respect that is admirable. Lurking deeper beneath lies a history of oppression and rivalries between organized crime syndicates and drug cartels.

A man sitting ten feet high received a shoe polish and a choppy transistor radio trumpeted out traditional folk music. The man who shined the shoes took meticulous care in his work. Whereas to one individual a shoeshine is just a shoeshine, this guy took pride in his work and seemed to be admired well enough.

Lucas had been instructed to meet George at La Pension Mesa, a spacious hotel and courtyard deep in the city. It had been revealed that Ernesto Guevarra, Fidel Castro and other subversives had stayed there. Lucas felt the solidarity and renewed urgency to the task at hand. He had no idea what this trip would bring, but he felt as though he was in a difficult race to survive.

The week of Semana Santa was beginning. Throughout the country, a national holiday and celebration took place in April. Signs of festivities were evident during Lucas' cab ride to the hotel. Upon the streets people had created art by drawing pictures of dozens of random things: birds, fruits, et cet. These drawings were made of chalk and lined the cobblestone streets. The images were cast in frames and many participants filled in the shapes with what appeared to be minerals crushed into every color imaginable. Yellow and gold mixed with scarlet and magenta for a powerful sunset. Here a rusty brown eagle with life-like talons, there a cornucopia of bronze teeming with tiger flowers and poinsettias.

Lucas quickly paced the street and investigated a puppet sitting all alone on a street corner. The city bustled around him and on the way back to the hotel, Lucas saw an antique shop in an

open garage. Lined within stood phonographs, old telephones, and an assortment of bizarre clocks from another life. He felt as though he had crossed over into the Twilight Zone.

Right of Passage

George and Lucas warmed right up in each others company and filled each other in with recent stories. Lucas described the long, smelly wait in traffic during his cab ride. George responded, “You’ll have plenty more pleasant rides ahead of you. You had it easy, on the bus ride here I woke up to a baby vomiting on my shirt.”

George always knew just what to say to make Lucas feel better. “I was on my way from Oaxaca City, which was the golden goose of my trip through Mexico.”

“Golden goose?” Lucas asked.

“You know, the golden goose looks just like a normal goose, but when no one is looking it starts to shit golden eggs.”

Lucas begged to differ. “A golden goose shits bird shit just like any other bird. It lays the golden eggs.”

“Right.” Now they were getting somewhere. “Oaxaca was just that...I wasn’t sure what to expect when suddenly golden eggs started dropping.”

“Started laying.” Lucas corrected him.

“Right. For instance, we arrived there on the day of a significant water conference while dozens of environmentalists held a demonstration. We were drawn into the thick of it and I tried to figure out what was happening. The water summit was being held to determine a solution to the water shortages as well as the future of water in many facets. It became apparent that the official summit was based on fallacy and would represent solely the interests of the wealthy. These people had an important cause at stake... It was amazing seeing the solidarity of the activists and I found out that most people had physically left for Mexico City. There they were met with force by the police.”

George stopped talking and sat back collecting his thoughts.

“That’s fucked up.” Lucas replied.

“Anyhow we ended up meeting people who offered Emilia and I a place to stay.”

Lucas chimed in, “How is Emilia? Did she fly back to the states?”

“Yes. She’s fine. We had an awesome time in Oaxaca and she’ll be taking classes this summer.”

Lucas again thought about the water conference and asked, “So you just walked into a demonstration and met some cool locals?”

“Yeah. They even gave us food and this guy Ricardo was great on the hand-drums. He invited over a friend that played violin and a guitarist. The violinist was awesome and she had a shining smile. They wailed.”

The old friends sat up for quite a while continuing their conversation and eventually decided to retire. They had a long day ahead in the morning, looking to travel southward to Lago de Atitlan, a crystal clear blue lake nestled between mountains and volcanic rock. Referred to as one of the world’s most picturesque lakes by Aldous Huxley, the lake shares a magnitude of beauty with a magical and historic relationship to the people. Some have speculated that deep crevices miles below the surface reveal a labyrinth of underwater caves possibly opening up a pathway to the ocean. The questions of uncovering the mystique as well as an extraterrestrial significance portend a secretive clue unlocking our past and envisioning the future.

The next morning, George and Lucas sat down to a breakfast of eggs and beans.

“I started to see this bright neon green ring in my field of vision. It comes to me after about fifteen minutes of meditation. I’ve seen it about ten times so far and I think I’m looking straight inside myself.”

Lucas was recounting his enthusiasm of deep breathing as a form of healing while he and George ate their food. “Since I stopped smoking weed and have been off the booze, really deep breaths have gotten me stoned.”

“Pass me a hit of that air, man,” George imitated Tommy Chong and made fun. “I’ll have to remember that one man.” George kept his eye out for quirky conundrums and fresh effects.

“Well, you know that feeling of when you’d better not get any higher comes along? I have it at times while I meditate. I feel light headed and grasp genuine soul transcendence. “Then I say, ‘Wow, I need to come down a little bit.’” Lucas smiled with idyllic abandon.

“Well you’ll have plenty of time for all that once we reach the lake. Let’s pay up and shove off.” With that they headed out the door and into a cab through the busy city towards the bus station. Within no time, they were on a bus starting out for the lake, George with his guitar, Lucas with his typewriter. The people on the bus were told to lie down so the men with machine guns wouldn’t see them. In curious bewilderment, they played along, ducking down and keeping out of sight as they entered the heart of the city.

“The place I’m taking you is beautiful, but the village we are going to stay at first is a peak party place.” George had passed through this region on a prior trip and recalled meeting some guys gone wild. He knew that just about any drug you would want you could get. “Remember this is Saint’s week and people go all out... If it’s too crazy and you don’t want to deal with all that temptation...” George always jarred the line between sarcasm and concern.

“I love festivals. What’s going on down there?” Lucas asked.

George couldn’t wait to get started on the topic. Twirling his thumbs, George recounted, “Fabled on the missionary ghost spirit Maximon, Guatemalans the whole country over celebrate a week of debauchery to commemorate. People stir the depths of drinking, smoking, lusting and all round fiendish behaviors leaving most twirling in a drunken stumble. Also, we’re going to visit the ancient church it is rumored that Maximon preached at during his life. It’s in the village he lived in during his reign of doing the wild thing with local women and all the smoking and drinking that propelled him to fame.”

“Sounds like the Latin equivalent of Jim Morrison.” Lucas sat back and imagined the possibilities. “The only things smoking and drinking ever brought me were hangovers and

getting the munchies at three a.m. Certainly no rounds of women or statues. Why the commemoration?"

George replied, "This Maximon see he was a missionary stating to have a task laid out to him by god. He preached the bible, smoked big cigars and drank like a fish. He was laid out alright, by half the village women before they were onto him and chased him out of town. A couple tense years went by and then they realized that drinking and screwing were the right things to be doing. Within no time, they had a statue assembled and just before lent held celebrations and re-enacted the confrontation between Christ and Maximon. Every year, people line up in front of the shrine of Maximon and take turns giving props to Maximon, offering up cigar sacrifices and alcoholic abolitions."*

Lucas was following this with his imagination and looked forward to it.

They left the city into the vast Guatemalan countryside. They broke down along the way but soon made it to their destination: Panajachel. The village had a relaxed feel being alongside a vast beautiful lake. Gently moving clouds penetrated the vast tops of enormous mountains in the distance.

*George was full of shit. The legend of Maximon has quite a reputation. Countless travelers mangle to pieces of the story together and the grapevine has ripened to spoilage.

Lago de Atitlan

As George and Lucas crossed over the main corridor in Panajachel, the sun cast a glare off the side of a giant old fashioned bus. Rows of businesses stood on both sides of a busy street. Lucas made it to his first intentional destination and it was hard to believe he was there. Children asked them if they would like some home-made bread for sale and vendors had rows of goods upon tables. It was really warm as they carried all their gear. They set down at a restaurant and ordered food. The plan was to catch a lancha (small boat) across the lake to a separate village and find a spot for the night.

"San Pedro has a great music scene and lots of travelers, so you can find just about everything you could want," George said as he sipped a glass of water and rubbed his shoulders as they were sore from carrying his stuff.

"Yes, I'm sure it's a real gringo paradise," Lucas said, and stretched his back a bit. Lucas was bogged down with uncertainties, thinking he wanted to be doing something significant when in truth just being in Guatemala was significant. Being in Guatemala it was fine to be a traveler simply traveling, or an onlooker simply looking onward. This contrasted his previous perceptions of city living in the U.S. It was a welcome relief from hustling and bustling, and he didn't even see himself as a hustler.

"There should be some great festivities tonight." George had wishful thoughts of Maximon. "This should be a perfectly natural night for debauchery, and I have a feeling we are going to get lucky."

Lucas replied, "You're so sexually driven."

“Luck takes on many forms. San Marcos on the other hand is a place of deep contemplation and retreat. I know there to be meditation groups on different moon phases. After a few nights of soaking in the celebrations, we can change pace and head out for the mellow extreme. I know you have every reason to relax and take it easy, so...”

Lucas jumped right in and stood up for his right to raunchy behavior. “I agreed to let the trip hit me as it sees fit. I plan on checking into what local hangouts are open, and seeing first hand what it means to party with the saints. Perhaps there’ll be goddesses.”

“Oh yes, my friend. This lake reaches deeply toward natural attractions. You see that open patch of lake right there? It must be enormously deep.”

It was inevitable that two friends in a strange land would feel a buzz in anticipation for what was to come, and the sheer magnitude of this massive lake pulled at them with a great energy.

After finishing their food, George and Lucas headed out for the decks and couldn’t quite see the entire perimeter of the lake from their vantage point. Tall mountains stretched into the air in enormous visuals of rock and dormant volcano. Gentle, airy clouds of water vapor drifted along the mountain on the other side of the lake against a light blue sky. Shades of red and yellow rays emerged from the sun. As they hit the deck, George asked for a ride across and a man motioned toward a lancha at the far end of the dock. As they loaded their things, many lanchas were zipping off into the distance. The villagers present were talking amongst themselves and the driver pulled a rip cord starting up a smoky engine and a rusty propeller. As they seared off into mid lake, the light of the sun glimmered on the surface of the water and it appeared deeper than any Lucas had ever seen.

Spiritual Connections

A sudden rain ceased to be and the sun shone down upon the peaceful waves of the lake. A cool breeze drifted through the village and the sound of children walking home from school could be heard in the distance. A giant crystal ball was positioned in the center of a dim candle lit room and a group of eleven travelers were drifting in a group meditation. The floor was made of bamboo and the people were lying on their backs, spread out to resemble a circle formation around the center. Carved wooden plates held candles and a continuous ohm was being intoned. For this group, time seemed to be moving slowly. Their bodies were glowing a subtle yellow hue. In separate turns, they each approached the four elements represented by four series of tarot cards, situated in the center.

In the physical plane, the hangman awaited the young man from Norway. He intended to see what would become of his life, but felt a pull on his spirit tying him to an unexpected connection to an ancestor who lived during the Protestant Reformation. He felt an uncanny likeness to an ancient soul long gone and he perceived memories that were not his own.

A woman from Canada was dismayed following a disquieting hallucination of her extended family being the people she now shared this meditation with. With her hands clawing up in her hair, she let out a shriek yet immediately followed this fright with the realization she had already

obtained her four Tarot cards and began to spell out what she had foreseen in the days past; a plane soaring out of control and crashing with no survivors. She softly whimpered and envisioned losing her family on that plane.

A man named Dorian was immersed in a deep meditation and felt the gravity of the selections before him. He turned his eyes to Odessa, the older spiritual guide leading this quest. She was continuously reciting verses in obscured foreign dialect and mixing powders to produce smoke from a chalice before her. A bolt of lightning crashed in the distance and the rain began to beat against the temple in a washing of emotions that set the meditation deep. Dorian felt the magnitude of the elated relaxation and knew it was his time to advance toward the crystal ball and pick the Tarot cards. As he approached the first set of cards he noticed Odessa was holding her fingers against the temples of a man he had met yesterday. The man was twitching with convulsions and jerked his legs and arms rapidly against the ground. Dorian felt drawn to the physical plane, represented here by a deck of Tarot spread out before him. As opposing magnetic poles would attract, he had his eyes closed and his hands shaking, picking up a card by an unknown flux. When he opened his eyes to read the card, it read 'Insight.' He briefly tried to put it into a broader context based on what he had been experiencing. As he approached the next set of cards sprawled out, he noticed it had become much darker in the chamber during the last few minutes. He stayed focused, still hearing the ohms and feeling the intensity.

Upon reading the Borrower from his next pick, he continued on and picked dreams and adaptation from the decks. He resumed his place upon the floor and went into a deeper state of meditation than he had for quite some time. As he drifted forth, he felt a divine bliss of universal energy. His emotions, thoughts, and feelings departed him and his soul simply rested, floating upon infinite rays of light ever upward. Reaching out into the dark chasms of the mind a vivid blue hue engulfed his being and radiated in his soul. His earthly manifestations began to flicker through space and time. A feeling of inner tranquility nestled his spirit and guided him along this mortal boundary. His subconscious shifted into the afterlife and the penultimate level of comfort and acceptance washed over his being.

As the chimes started to sound, he felt a wind drift beneath him. The chimes were ringing, slightly louder still and he began to float away from his state of bliss. He began to collect his consciousness into adjusting to the real world and laid still for quite some time. The room shouted in silence as the travelers were left to decipher just exactly what had happened. As they departed the temple, there was no sign of Odessa. Upon reaching the open air outdoors, the sun was positioned high in the sky and there seemed to be no evidence that it had rained.

Hidden Cures

A hidden door opened leading down a passage toward a secret chamber of the temple. Odessa walked into the study containing chronicles of the healing arts. Several volumes sat upon the

shelves and crimson and gold tapestries lined the walls. Several candles were lit and her assistant Maceo was sitting in a rocking chair, engrossed in a book, lost in scientific thought. He looked up and asked her about the new acquaintances, whether any of them would gain awareness in their dreams. Odessa had established a strong tendency to gain insight into a person's persuasions. She knew someone had to believe it was possible for it to really work. "I am skeptical that any of these personas would induce lucid dreaming, however a few show promise. I would like to incite an oracle with Julia. I noticed a subtle shift in her spiritual alignment. I had a strong reaction to her focused aspirations."

For now, Odessa had a particular task in mind. She had a powerful dream during which she administered the golden water to a man with cancer. She had never met this man, although she felt as though she was somehow connected strongly due to the intensity of the dream. She began to manifest an encounter in the waking world with this man.

She pulled an unwieldy volume from the shelves labeled the Book of Cures. She intended to clarify the golden water, to find out its purpose and its creation. Something significant stood out about this man, something strong like a slumbering bear ready to depart a cave. It seemed as though his soul was in deep hibernation and the manifestation of inner soul salvation could be startled and drawn upon. Odessa knew the potential of soul transcendence and considered if it could get out of hand by the addition of the golden water. It was too difficult to say now that he had drunk upon the ancient Mayan ritual chalice. She would need to seek convalescence with the afterlife and initiate random correspondences with her ancestors.

With the Book of Cures, Odessa was able to refresh two herbal tinctures as well as the citrus leaf extract. She spent the better part of the next hour reading a section addressing poultices and knew the other field of exploration would provide valuable insight concerning the golden water. She marked her place in her volumes on formulas and returned to the temple for a deep meditation. It started out calming as she found the inner void, when she felt a strong phantasmagoria.

She saw a native man adjusting his head band, dressed in a button up vest. He was leaning against a log and sitting by a small fire. Pedro Juan Rodriguez was in a deep state perhaps murmuring incantations. Aside the fire, the night was dark and the moon was full. As a spider monkey stepped out from the trees, the embers caught on fire and drew up into a roaring flame. Pedro Juan Rodriguez found himself exceedingly close to the monkey, and looking into that face, the jawbone seemed to stretch into a demented look cast upon him. He reached for his machete and stood strong ground there next to the fire. The monkey began to back slowly away from his area, grunting a guttural rebuke. Pedro Juan Rodriguez thought nothing more about it. He was away from his typical landscape and remembered living in these remote regions beyond a rocky mountain pass. He had encountered the three villages in between where he was now and his current living quarters. He frequently took fishing expeditions and could find solstice by the steady water trickling of a river.

Odessa realized he was aware someone had been watching him, and he stood up facing her direction looking off into the darkness. He spread his arms wide and bellowed, "Heal yourself, Witch!"

Just then she felt a crippling pain shoot through her body, and she lingered suspended in wretched agony. The faces of several monkeys with demented jawbones circled her and she fell over in her place at the temple, bringing her consciousness once more to the waking world. She instantly left the temple and brewed mugwort tea. Upon retiring to her personal chambers, she

brought herself into harmonious accord by positioning a picture of her mother Mitilda at her side and reciting her personal abolitions.

San Pedro

At the base of an ancient volcano, a trail led down through coffee trees and stone formations. At the edge of the village, three young women carried mangoes in big baskets on their heads. They were wearing colorfully striped garments and were in route to deliver these ripe juicy fruits to market. They worked very hard just as their mothers and fathers before them. A misplaced footstep could send someone to the ground against the sun worn rocks. Every step required enormous strength and will power. These women have been carrying loads of produce on their heads since childhood and were well accustomed to it. After delivery, it was straight to their homes to finish preparations for Semana Santa. Their families worked on costumes, art, and food, eagerly awaiting the occasion.

Along the trail, the principal dock in the village was filled with people waiting to obtain a lancha for passage to the various villages. San Pedro was a popular destination for many world travelers and an all round festive feel had engulfed the groups of people.

Upon Lucas' second day in Guatemala, he and George had made it, and were unloading upon the dock. They headed along a corridor of shops and hotels. There was a range of laughing travelers headed in many directions. The town was set up with trails leading to other parts of the village, connecting different sections. Juice carts and street vendors offered their services and the town had thoroughfares that allowed pedestrians between buildings. Little nooks and crannies revealed secret gardens and coffee trees over fifty feet high stood along children selling various breads. Many people who arrived with the intention of staying a few days ended up staying two moons.

They arrived before Semana Santa, so they still had rooms available to them from the many lodges and hotels. George had traversed S. America and was fond of dickering to establish his Spanish speaking abilities as well as getting bang for the buck. There were many rooms open, but George was wise enough not to make any hasty arrangements. They ended up setting things down at a café to look things over. "We'll be cool and glad we waited." George said after Lucas had made it apparent that he would have been happy with the first rooms he had seen. George mentioned taking a scouting mission, so Lucas stayed with a hot coffee while George headed out to investigate.

George followed up on two rooms and headed back to the main corridor. He was amazed to see a familiar face headed the opposite way. He knew he had seen the face before. It was his Argentinian friend Leonardo. George was flooded with memories of a trip through Colombia. He

had spent two weeks hitch-hiking and had met Leonardo and Antonio on his path to Panama. He knew they were kind and talented men, musicians who had rhythm in their blood. George approached Leo and said, "Momento." When their eyes met, they hugged and discussed life.

"Antonio and I have still been traveling ever since we parted ways," Leo explained.

It had been over a year ago. "We've been singing and working at a bar here for about a month," Leo filled in George and vice versa as they headed back to where Lucas was at. George mentioned looking for a place to sleep and Leo knew a nice family with teepees upon the shoreline. They had approached Lucas and Leo was introduced as they headed out. Leo directed them off the beaten path, to the opposite side of the village, along the waterfront leading to the teepees. They settled in with a wave of excitement from the chance encounter between Leo and George.

The people were soon busting out instruments, playing music and singing. As night time descended over the land, they sought out entertainment by throwing it to the wind, finding the yea ol' dance party and having a blast. People from many European countries mingled into place, and the usual rounds of what gets people through the night were going down. They proceeded to have a good time by being silly, spilly, and with a sophisticated reckless abandonment they carved a cake of earthly paradise.

The Dream

The next morning, Lucas woke up and began to write. His brain was on rapid fire and he took off writing, searing his finger-tips with the force of the written word. He rarely had such sessions where he would write nonstop, rubbing his finger-prints raw as he recorded the events of a fascinating dream.

A morning fog seemed to penetrate his lungs as well as the air. The cobblestone roads branched off in many directions. Headed up a steep mountainside, he could see a dormant volcano and assumed to be at Lago de Atitlan. George was there also and they were both hungry. They went to go ask for food and approached a group of women at a long wooden table. Upon the table, candles burned and precious stones were spread about. One woman stood out with a towering presence. Her hair was grey and she wore a large blue opal around her neck. Her fingers were ridiculously long, twice that of a normal person, and her finger-nails curled underneath her finger-tips.

George knew Spanish well, so he stepped up to see if there would be any food to be had. Lucas became overwhelmed by thirst and was holding his neck, swallowing profusely. His condition worsened from there and he felt darkness seize him. The darkness pulled at him, taunting him, forcing him to grasp at all his living strength to hold on. The entire fabric of his

being was pulled out of place and for the first time in his life, he felt the hands of death closing in on him. Staring death in the eyes, he was pierced with fright and the woman with the long fingers came to his side. They were both silent and their eyes locked into a magnetic embrace. Her eyes held the strength of an active volcano as she looked at Lucas. He could tell something significant was taking place; an overall tone of confusion enveloped his sphere of being. She gestured to a side trail and led him to a deep well thereby retrieving water. She brought forth a vessel with golden water and willed him to drink. As Lucas nursed the vibrant water, the act of consumption lasted an eternity. A warm, glowing ember sparked within him and a burst of energy rippled through his soul. Within this lifetime and into the afterlife, Lucas dwelt teetering on the brink of utter destruction and stability. He clasped the vessel with the golden water and random memories of people flooded his mind. As he clung to the memories of past civilizations, the lives of thousands appeared before his eyes. An idyll emerged: Lucas wanted to live! His life was meant to continue the everlasting direction of energy. Lucas realized living exemplifies the connection he holds to all living things...

Lucas thought, 'I am the world, and the world is inside me! I want to live!'

His mind had undergone a subliminal change and he realized things he had taken for granted before. His senses, his ability to act, react and plant the seeds of change now partook an enlightened significance, and he barely understood it.

The importance of one's own senses had emerged as a challenging responsibility to behold; the fate of the entire human race would depend upon it, and everyone has a part to play.

Lucas ended his reenactment of the dreamscape and stepped out of the teepee. A gorgeous spring morning presented itself, with sunlight shining off the waves of the lake. The leaves of the banana trees were gently swaying to a cool crisp wind. Nearby two goats were tenderly nibbling long stalks of grass. Lucas sat down and envisioned his place in the world and the world's place inside him. He was ecstatic about being on a personal soul quest and taking matters into his own hands. He was proud of going out into the world to find a cure for his disease. He was in a difficult race to survive and knew he had to become the expert on food, medicine and magic. He couldn't simply wait to have others tell him what to do, but rather wake up in a rebirth of a kind yet cruel world. He learned the art of meditation and proceeded to pick up living insight through clearing the mind of all thought—to stabilize the body and gain closeness to nature by detachment from analysis. Looking forward, his task would be ineffable and his future unforeseeable.

Raging bonfires and jamming with assorted musical instruments was the nightly steady pace. Sing along songs and improvisations turned a group of travelers into friends sharing the gift of music. That included those moments of being ridiculous, acting crazy, and that's a lot. Sometimes they couldn't quite speak every language used there, however the universal language of music and the drive for peace made a family in a strange sense. With easy comings and goings, people were interacting with one another and having an all round good time.

At a cantina, circus performers were twirling fire and climbing silk tight ropes. They made bizarre positions, doing incredible feats while hanging. There was nudity and great music to dance to.

George had really tied on quite a buzz and when they made it back to the teepees. George went on singing along to Bob Marley and the Wailers with the after-party while a fire blazed and a gathering raged. Lucas managed to fall asleep.

The Quest for Maximon

The weekend had approached and the annual celebration of Semana Santa was reaching its peak. Within the village of Santiago, the day had come wherein a confrontation between Maximon and Christ was held outside an ancient church. The village has a rural feel and its inhabitants are quite traditional. It certainly held the feel of a foreign land, and in this particular instance, hundreds of people flooded the cobblestone streets. Ropes had partitioned the roads into segments and the streets were decorated with more of the vivid pictures of dozens of random objects with crushed pigments. This left little room for the coming and going of the villagers. Baffled travelers looked on as vendors carried fruits and children played chase. George and Lucas made their way across the lake by lancha. There seemed to be something peculiar about these boat operators, and George consistently scrutinized their integrity. They found a lift and glided towards a dock at Santiago. The sun painted the mountains a royal red hue as the mountains' shadow cut off the rays in the distance. They slowly approached the town center and became engrossed by their surroundings. They entered the throng of people as they investigated the setting. They decided to aimlessly wander as it was apparent that the confrontation was yet to get underway.

They ventured down a back passageway and saw a reveler leveled out dead drunk on the ground. Upon approaching the outskirts of the village, they walked along a mountainside with a spectacular view of the lake. They could see the town center and recognized an old church with a front yard filled with people. George knew that would be the site to see Maximon, and they seemed to be right on time. A bell began to ring a loud thunderous tone, so they picked up the pace and weaved through the crowd as they witnessed children holding sparklers and girls with colorful bandanas over their heads. The field of view was quite a scene, people wore costumes and masks of paper mache, pitching contorted grimaces that oddly seemed to rock back and forth, as though the whole area pulsed and swelled in anticipation. The sun was beating down as George and Lucas made it to the courtyard of the church. They could hear the strange sound of a brass band with nervous saxophones playing a bizarre tune that kept repeating. It sounded like a soundtrack for an old keystone cops movie. It had the feel of a superhero stumbling as though the hero just might not make it. Sure enough, Maximon appeared, hoisted up on the shoulders of several men. As they navigated the throng of people, Maximon wore a mocking smile and those who carried him seemed to take two steps backwards for every three steps forwards. As he arduously approached the steps of the church, three wise men appeared out of thin air carrying a

cross with Jesus Christ high above. The brass band continued swaying and playing as travelers were quite confused as to what was taking place.

What happened next was truly astonishing. As the procession advanced up the steps, Maximon keeled over and dropped to the ground. Screams erupted as people began to clear the courtyard and a stampede overwhelmed the crowd. Someone had shot Maximon! George pulled Lucas up onto a cement wall to avoid the rush of people. Within minutes, the courtyard was practically empty as George and Lucas knew it was time to get out of there. As they jumped down off the wall, Lucas looked over at Maximon and it was laying broken apart on the ground. He barely had time to register that he couldn't believe his eyes. It was just a statue that fell over dead! He knew Maximon had escaped as though it was all staged. Lucas had other concerns though, as within no time the streets were flooded with military personnel and the village was quiet. Everyone had apparently vanished to safe quarters.

As they were sneaking down to the main dock, crowds of travelers had beat them to it and jeeps with men carrying machine guns were interrogating people. George wouldn't stand for it, so he led Lucas away from the village along a long and winding road that led back to the other villages. To complicate matters, they wanted to be off the roads in case there were any checkpoints, so they stumbled down an embankment and attempted to traverse a path following along the road, just out of sight.

Two hours had passed and the road was nowhere in sight. They had been arguing and were doomed. They contemplated every contingency, including just hopping in the lake and swimming for it. They had brought day packs and Lucas inadvertently brought his prize possession: a journal containing five months worth of writing. He felt so strongly about parting with it that he refused to swim for it. They sat to take a break and George headed up a steep cliff face. After ten minutes, Lucas headed off in that general direction and heard George calling for him. He had discovered a worn trail and insisted they had nothing to worry about. Lucas thought they had everything to worry about.

The trail was overgrown, and eventually a clearing opened through which the horse of Pedro Juan Rodriguez could be seen in the distance. He had been riding from early that morning, returning from camping. He always seemed to be going camping alone as a means to meditate and focus his energy and goals. George and Lucas also noticed this man was riding towards a barn. They would reach that point down the slope.

A Guatemalan Knight

For the great length of time that humans traverse the earth, individuals arise of such passion and strength, when the world again breathes it reduces them to dust. The local legends of the mountains in the surrounding countryside are full of such accounts; traveling bands of angels and fairies very real and negotiable at one time and simply vanishing the next. The gifts and knowledge imparted from such luminaries is dramatic and far reaching. Entire villages were formed over the splendors of the band of rainbows, bringing one another enlightenment and astonishment in turn.

These were the tales of Pedro Juan Rodriguez during his childhood. The elders recognized an awareness in the boy stronger than that of the head. He could tell when it would storm, he could tell when the volcanoes were ready to burst. During Native ceremonies, he eventually reached the stage of chieftain and was perceived as a sorcerer. At one point, he painted his whole body blue to initiate a transformation into water vapor and by all accounts actually disappeared.

In his current state, those years had long passed. He had seen changes brought about such as the barn being built and the well being tapped. His residence here was comfortable and quite adequate.

He wiped his forehead on the way to his wife, Elva. He immediately embraced her. She happened to be outside, breaking her work with twine and she erupted in sensual laughter. Her eyes were Aloe Vera in color and her silky hair shined with radiance. She was truly honored to be his wife. He quickly said, "The way you are looking at me could lift a mountain. I am no match for your powers of seduction." He slowly approached her moist, full lips with his own in a slow passionate kiss.

The sun was getting lower now, and it blazed orange. Off in the barn, his sons Luis and Fernando were chiseling and woodworking. George and Lucas were now upon the barn that held the horse of Pedro Juan Rodriguez. Looming mango trees with healthy red ripe mangoes were glistening above, standing out to Lucas. He felt like something wasn't right. From the side of the barn, Pedro Juan Rodriguez appeared running at Lucas pointing with an eagle feather and yelling as if he were demented... Lucas could see George ahead of him walking away as if he couldn't hear Lucas calling out to him. Things started to lose shape and everything faded away into a baby blue glow. He was suspended in mid air as he felt a giant flame searing him and a terrible voice calling out in a loud fiendish voice, "I am the Healer, do you have the seals of scripts?" He was suspended in agony until...

"Lucas? Lucas!" George was yelling at him and gave him a shake. He jolted out of a trance with a quizzical look. "You were mumbling about a recipe over and over! I noticed you weren't behind me and waited, and finally I came back here to find you standing around looking dopey. What is it?"

Luis and Fernando had just spent over six consecutive hours doing wood carvings and cuttings. They were interrupted and stood up looking over at George and Lucas with fixed quizzical stares. 'These Gringos are really out of place here, they sure have a strange way of doing things,' thought Luis as he laughed a good hearted, 'Man these guys are strange' kinda laugh. They settled straight backed into the meticulous and painstaking care of master crafts-humans.

Yet during all of this, Pedro Juan Rodriguez still snuggled close to his wife and looked at Lucas with piercing intensity. He stood back looking over with a knowing smile. He had just been there, for barely a moment, a ripple in the fabric of time, a soul extension manifesting itself by the only means possible: uncontrolled, hyper-magnetic energy. Pedro Juan Rodriguez had never seen Lucas before yet he already knew a wealth of experiences from the vision. He watched George and Lucas depart along their way and then left to go load fire wood to the stove. Pedro Juan Rodriguez knew quite well he would see Lucas again. They could see the road and figured the risk of getting lost was too great and they should just walk along the road, hoping the next village was near.

They had been walking for an additional hour and assumed they had to be close to the next village. With a mere mile to go, a big truck reared by and hit the brakes, a gigantic cloud of dust

kicked up in the air and they could see a large group of people sitting in the truck bed. George and Lucas were saved! They jumped in the back and the truck drove them into San Luis. They hopped off and headed straight for the docks and waited. They waited still longer when a Guatemalan man told them there were no more boats that day. They felt exhausted and by default still sat there trying to figure out if they should just start walking. Zipping around the mountainside, a lancha roared up to the dock carrying five or so passengers. George and Lucas then asked if they could gain passage to San Pedro. The driver reluctantly agreed, and Lucas made George swear he wouldn't ever dis a lancha operator again.

The next day it was time to leave San Pedro. They had had so many laughs and good times. They were going to miss the care free slacker vibe. Collecting their things and saying goodbyes lasted far longer than they anticipated, but that was alright. Soon they were headed off in a lancha, and the tiny village was getting smaller and smaller as they seared off over the deep water.

The truth was, that Pedro Juan Rodriguez and Odessa Willet had a strange connection. At one time, their families properties bordered one another. Pedro's dad Sergio Rodriguez had a bitter dispute with Odessa's father over a well that seemed to land equally upon both of their lands. Pedro had indeed believed that he and his Brother and Father had actually tapped the well. This however had only been during a vision. He had many trips in the woods and after taking prolonged meditations and physical transformations, often times reality and fiction were blurred. Through the years, the two families had steadily grown more and more hostile due to the well disputes during various water shortages. After a particularly severe drought, the precious well water led to an all out confrontation between the camps. Fortunately, the incident had not led to violence. Odessa's mother and father had long ago moved on, eventually leaving the continent to live with distant relatives.

The Magic of San Marcos

Approaching another side of the lake, George and Lucas enjoyed the steady swaying of the lancha and felt relaxed. The Cliff side view was astonishing and the elevation seemed to rise so drastically along the mountains. The morning sun was strong and the air was still cool. They had heard of meditation centers at Lago de Atitlan, particularly in San Marcos. Lucas figured this would be exactly what he needed to do. A time of inner reflection was long overdue. As the boat pulled up to the dock, a child jumped up to tie the lancha in place for unloading. The waves lapped swiftly yet softly against the shore. George pulled himself upon the deck and Lucas handed him the guitar as well as his typewriter. They followed the procession along a rickety dock and paid the fare. A worn trail led from the main dock upward toward the village. The sights and various plants were plentiful, and they walked past a garden with dozens of purple lettuce leaves. Lucas just had to get his hands on some of those precious hues, but just couldn't

do it here. The grand theft ninja plan entered his mind, but luckily it wouldn't have to come to that. For now he just followed along, carrying his bags. These parts of the journey wore him out, carrying his bags while trying not to miss any visual splendors. Luckily they already knew the name of a meditation center called La Espiral. A wooden post with colorful shingles indicated various establishments including La Espiral. They followed a beaten path towards the meditation center and passed several paths along with bamboo, lantanas, and eucalyptus. They were entering the medicinal garden for La Espiral and Lucas began to feel disturbed due to a dream. This area was causing dream déjà vu and he felt as though now, carrying his things, he could only invest the mental energy to make the connection of the environment. The specifics were locked in a trunk of the mind and he fumbled in a bag of keys for the opening, but memories often blurred between really taking place and dreaming. He was now set upon an irreversible labyrinth being he was about to meet Odessa.

Odessa was the curator of this lot, including a superb library, a multi-chambered temple as well as a meditation museum replete with ancient artifacts. The center was open to all who wished to participate in the robust course of morning yoga postures, afternoon classes and evening meditations. Here George and Lucas would both be introduced to lucid dreaming and the subliminal psychology of the mind. By identifying feelings concerning the physical, mental, spiritual and emotional aspects of our beings, affects upon visitors to this terrestrial field range from indifference to those who claim dazzling strengths and insights into their lives.

George and Lucas walked through the front trail entrance to La Espiral, and saw a few people sitting by a giant spruce tree. They liked the layout of the grounds and could see the temple as they peered back towards the inclination. The temple had a spiral shape and large windows along its top.

Dorian sat with Odessa and Mary making small talk. Dorian saw George and Lucas approaching and said, "I'm Dorian. Are you interested in studying here?"

Mary cut in to say, "These men look ready for deep contemplation."

They made introductions and proceeded to inquire about accommodations. They were soon both settled in their respective rooms and every evening took to reading for the most part. They saw a bit more of the layout and met a few more guests until they were acquainted with the group of travelers staying here. They shared the kitchen space as well as stories of various journeys and made friends. Lucas felt exhausted after the first yoga session. He had been practicing yoga for several months prior, but this instructor Pierce was very good. He was modest with a teeming physique. A nearby market provided ample fresh fruits and spices, so Lucas was able to settle into a great routine of stretching, swimming and reading, so all around he felt wonderful. George was full of music and wooed them all with funny songs and silly renditions of unexpected covers. During the day, Odessa and Pierce were generally accessible. Maceo and Pierce switched off instructing yoga, and Odessa taught classes and managed countless affairs of the center. During the nighttime, these enigmatic luminaries retired to their private chambers and engaged in various mystical acts. For example, Odessa was building a bridge within the confines of communication between our world and the afterlife. She understood the powers of perception and believed in gaining valuable insights within our dreamscapes. She had dedicated immense efforts to decipher the symbolism and mechanics of dreams.

Odessa was from Nepal and had practiced Buddhism with lamas in Tibet. Odessa's encounters with mystics, spiritual leaders and the earth are uncanny. She had a strong, weathered look

although she stayed true to her years. Assuming this vast bank of knowledge would belittle her student's aims and beliefs, she rarely shared her extrapolations and conducted her actions in a calm, calculated manner. She folded out her bed linens and began her nightly ritual. She had come to recognize dreamscapes and became quite functional within.

She initiated dream recognition by acknowledgements of the crystals and stones arranged before her. As she concentrated on the stones, she envisioned the inner sphere of the crystal shape. She seemed to become one with this cherry opal crystal before her. She felt the vibration of it and refocused upon the inner sphere of the opal as it started to tremble and lift into the air.

This was the ultimate accomplishment as she had transformed her mental perception into the dream realm. She had a rare talent recognized by the lamas of Pemako in Tibet, a place known as the Hidden Valley of the Lotus. Beyond this earthly terrain rests the highest potential levels of spiritual atonement and physical harmony in the whole world. This rare talent that Odessa possessed involved the voluntary submission of stagnant minds as they drift between dreaming and resting. She could enter the dream realm as she pleased, as well as beckon a still mind into dreams. To the ancient Tibetans, this practice was known as Tulku Gara and had the supreme potential to influence in turn the body, speech and mind of untold amounts of living beings. She had made perfectly clear to her maker that she had no ill intentions and made headway to utilize this skill as a means to harness a deeper connection to our subliminal selves.

At this point, she felt the usual sensations of breaching the barrier into a dream state. Her field of vision blurred and faded into a pale blue color. At times she could see spirits caught along the way, not quite reaching a dream state. At times she helped those individuals make the full transition into dreaming for people by pulling them in. She believed in the therapeutic aims prescribed by her program of frequent dreams and assumed it was healthy to dream often. She believed that dreaming helps ease the burden of our daily lives, so commonly filled with inconsistencies and underlying confusion about what exactly to do about certain things. She felt the mind naturally had a lot of sorting out to do. She knew people should follow their talents and always looked forward to imparting ancient wisdom among 'those with eyes to see and those with ears to hear.' During the evenings, she reached states of meditation and achieved blissful relaxation.

Breaching the Barrier

"We start with the basic recognitions. Yourself, your family and those close to you." Odessa had the attention of this group of travelers. Eight students including Lucas and George were sitting around a crystal sphere within the temple. Odessa could never assume that these individuals were unsuspecting amateurs who had never reached the dream state with the ability to act. In fact, a Nicaraguan man had once fled his town due to a strong paramilitary presence and eventually practiced meditation with her. She had known of the ability to enter someone's dreams and change their daily tendencies. The Nicaraguan man desired political ends by taunting

spirits along the physical dream plane. Odessa refused to tamper with the majority of external manipulations and had high civility.

She presently addressed the group of travelers and discussed the intentions of her aims. “Refined dreaming consciousness can lead you to many lurid paths. We all channel energy and bring forth immense power from within. The boundaries of the soul radiate inward as well as outward, and the world continues to grow and diminish. The beautiful blue lake here should be your point of reference. These techniques will guide you into the dreamscape. If your inner spirit reaches this celestial terrain, I’ll take you to the bottom of the lake.” Odessa continued with specific exercises to practice at night, to initiate dream comprehension. George and Lucas were impressed and thought hard with genuine interest. The group took down the exercises, asked questions, and soon went back into a meditation. The session closed with triangles softly sounding.

A sharp call of a bird echoed off the cliff above the lake. The sun continued its mighty pull upon the lake, raging into view with the rays shining upon the water. A blue and green hummingbird seared by the waters edge. It had orange on its breast and disappeared into a patch of similarly colored flowers. On a higher plane, George and Lucas felt energized and motivated after hearing Odessa speak. As they left the temple, the sounds of the triangles softly ringing set them at ease. They could sense the inner soul quests that were being unleashed and they adored this tropical enchantment.

George headed to the library after class. He was looking forward to what he might personally find here. He investigated the fiction section and upon the rear shelves found a mighty volume concerning Primitive Mythology.

The lake became a source of countless fascinations including swimming, diving, and watching the delicate waters transform into swift currents. Underneath the waves, a light blue hue encompassed the field of view. Fish could be seen deep below as well as fantastical creatures. Organisms that reflect light yield many colors and linger within the depths of the lake. At one point, George was freaked out because as he continued to swim deeper and deeper beneath the surface, he thought he saw what he described as a ‘muscular ogre or gargoyle floating far down below.’ People thought that was funny and laughed and laughed. He even explained, “It felt threatening, as though it might come and pull my legs down.” The travelers they had met through the retreat would never take him seriously. He figured this was what it would be like to see an extraterrestrial and he would just have to come to terms with it on his own.

Over the next few weeks, the course helped Lucas address many aspects of his life. He started to see himself externally as part of the living world around him. He was noticing more vivid dreams and had begun to open up and share poems and stories he had written. He enjoyed conversing with this group of travelers and learned quite a good deal about the undertakings of these individuals.

They had started the medicinal saunas and boiled various herbs upon the stove inside the concrete sauna. All the students had undertaken dream analysis to become more acquainted with their subliminal selves. Each had followed the nighttime instructions set forth. In the various habitations, candles cast strong spiritual shadows. Deeper realms of meditation were awakened in their souls and the overlapping physical dream world limitations dissolved. A collective passage through the subtle barriers of the minds' dream state was being achieved. These individuals could hardly ascertain that they were being propelled to greater heights of perception by tapping into collective transcendence. Nevertheless, within the first few days of being

introduced to lucid dreaming instruction, four people (three ladies as well as Lucas) were able to effectively lucid dream. That is to say, that each had experienced enhanced awareness during dreams. The initial grasp of events implied the connection was there to be refined and advanced upon. As for the others, they were achieving mixed results. Everyone made significant observations of themselves undergoing the task of searching for the higher meaning. It is certainly believed to be out there, but hopefully not only those who are afforded the opportunity to seek it would reach dedicated inner reflection.

Facing a dusty mirror, Lucas was immersed in a meditation as candles burned. He had achieved a floating sensation in his organs as well as successfully depleting the mind of concerns, thoughts, and all notions of the outside world. After several minutes, he began the evening ritual with incense, a small bell, and a rock of sky blue color called Lapis Lazuli. By the repetitive manifestation of gaining consciousness within his dreams that night, he slowly brought his hand within inches of the candle flame. He could certainly feel the heat yet he continued through the specific feelings of his senses. He rang the bell, and inhaled deeply. The pungent aroma of the incense filled his lungs. He caressed the crystal and allowed his senses to fade away, like pigments faded from a two hundred year old painting. He continued the meditation and soon retired to the bed. As he was laying upon the mattress, he willed himself to dream of two specific people. He inclined to invite them into his dreams. He thought of them as he rested into a deep slumber.

The Oracle

This group of travelers were paying closer attention to their dreams and started to see progress. Every connection within waking consciousness and the dream world was important. This evening, during the group meditation, Odessa provided an oracle for each person, including suggestions and observations. The people were outstretched along mats and a large crystal ball rested on a pyramid in the center of the temple. It was late and the sun had already set. She facilitated a past life regression whereby everyone was asked to envision themselves at various points in their lives. At one point, Lucas started to shed tears as he unearthed memories and situations long forgotten. She led the group downwards through the ages until she reached the point of being born. They were asked to visualize themselves at the time of their births, and to reach the threshold of life, the period before they were born and where they originated. Every soul involved in this session reached a deep meditation. Odessa allowed several minutes to pass, and proceeded to move to the side of each individual and softly discuss what she had seen.

The point at which she addressed Lucas was now at hand. She acknowledged that he would encounter spiritual guides within the dream world, and his mind immediately raced to the recollections of his bizarre dream of drinking golden water from a well. The woman with the long fingers! He was visibly disturbed and she spoke with a calm reassuring voice. "Reality is just a prism with varying degrees of light shining through. At one precious moment in each of our lives, the prism stops spinning and we realize the universal bliss that has been subverted. You must choose between two sensible choices and dire consequences surround the wrong path.

These clues unfolding in your dreams are the only hope for success. Beware of earthly manifestations of lost souls. Stay true to this earthly dimension.” With that, she continued, approaching the next person and eventually a long period of silence was gently disturbed by a soft chime. Soon, people were leaving the temple and practically no one had anything to say. Lucas retired to his room and started writing about what he had been told.

Eventually George came to Lucas’ room. They started to talk about the oracle. Lucas said, “Odessa was really onto something. She mentioned spiritual guides and told me my dreams will be the key to my survival.” Lucas had openly discussed his condition with Odessa. He had known her for about a week and she was generally available and friendly. He assumed he had nothing to lose and everything to gain by telling her. George had brought Lucas to that conclusion. Lucas was naturally reluctant to let the whole world know his story.

Lucas told George about his dream with the golden water and his observation that the woman with the long fingers was just such a guide. “Maybe she (the guide) was trying to tell me something. Listen to what Odessa said: “You must choose between two paths, with dire consequences. Beware of lost souls. What the hell else was she telling people?”

“Use your strengths to help others, maintain yourself physically, that sort of thing. That’s cool she mentioned your dreams.” George replied. “She said my dreams were important. Something like your dreams are your only hope.” Lucas stated. He resolved to describe in detail every dream that crossed his mind from here on out, and continue the exercises.

The night was dark and the village as well. The wind had been pushing the trees back and forth and the moon cast a strange blue coloration along the shore. The act of bringing together meditative minds to focus upon a deeper spiritual connection enhanced the energy of the night.

Universal Connections

Lucas awoke the next morning and attended the yoga class. By the time the people made it back to their rooms, Guatemalan ladies with baskets of fresh fruits and vegetables on their heads were walking the center. Lucas found some of those precious purple lettuce leaves he needed to be eating. He made himself a fat salad and headed back to his room.

A little later George came strolling in and told Lucas he had found a gig to play guitar at a local restaurant. The owner was Sam and he was as nice as could be. It was on Friday and a good majority of the travelers at La espiral would be there.

The concert was a smashing success and George and Lucas went to go see Sam the next day to thank him and to have some food. After a while Sam was telling interesting stories about the country’s bitter civil war. He and his wife had the restaurant at that time, but as Lago de Atitlan was at the forefront of the insurrection, they fled back to the U.S. An hour or so had passed when Sam confided in them that his wife had died of cancer three years ago. Lucas listened with

sympathy and eventually divulged that he too had a particularly advanced form of cancer and he just needed to leave the U.S., so he came here. They opened up and became good friends.

In the afternoon, Lucas found an isolated spot along an enormous bluff, overlooking the lake. He had a lot to sort through, considering all the otherwise healthy and happy people that had succumbed to death due to cancer. He began to feel really sad as he envisioned himself on his deathbed and pictured his girlfriend Liz. He missed her so much, and she had been so supportive by helping him cope with his condition. She was sad to see him go, but he beseeched her, "Stay with me forever, with you I will remain."

It was important for him to stay focused and to do what he needed to. He sat with his arms outstretched towards the lake. He was soon absorbed in a deep meditation and presently visualized the bright neon green ring in the distance before him. As his hands reached out, he could feel his breaths through his fingers and as he exhaled he felt the air flowing out of the pores of his hands. As he placed his hands within the ring, sun rays struck his face and he felt a healthy surge of energy building.

When he returned to his room, he saw George talking with someone and he approached them. George introduced Bill and explained they had met before Georges gig at the restaurant. He was friends with Sam and started up a conversation about a conspiracy theory involving the Sept. 11th World trade center collapse. They had somehow digressed into Shamanism and the Tibetan Book of the Dead. Bill explained that he recently assisted a shaman through remote mountain villages, filtering water and treating people with the Rife machine. Sam explained all about the Rife machine and how it has been successfully treating people with cancer as well as a wide variety of illnesses. After Bill had mentioned cancer, he confided that Sam had told him about Lucas' condition. He further explained that a shaman named Dr. Bob Redhawk would be willing to treat Lucas for free. Lucas would only need to travel to the Pacific Coast, to a mesmerizing fishing village called Las Lisas. He explained that Dr. Redhawk was en route there and around the twentieth of next month would be the time to go and meet Dr. Redhawk. He was so enthusiastic about Lucas' prospects that he forgot he was late to catch the last lancha and quickly departed. George and Lucas would never see him again.

Wheels in Motion

Lucas had a clear sense of purpose after finding out about the Shaman and Las Lisas. He now had a vague idea of what his future would bring. He resolved to go and seek treatment by finding Dr. Bob Redhawk. Lucas used the internet and found out about the Rife machine and Electrotherapy. Apparently by sending electrical frequencies into the blood, foreign bodies and bacteria are eliminated, causing major improvements in patients with diabetes, high blood pressure and cancers. Lucas began to feel that swirling interconnectedness again, as though the entire universe was formulating this journey.

George and Lucas soon met back up and headed on down for a swim by the cliffs. It was a beautiful, sunny day and after a dip, they sat upon a flattened peak.

Soon, Layna from the meditation retreat joined them. Layna approached first and said, “What’s up, Docs?” She was eating a carrot stick. She inquired about the dream studies. “I haven’t remembered any of my dreams except one out in the grasslands like back in Canada. This eerie man without a face points at a well. Its rather creepy actually... So, any dreams Lucas?”

Layna was adorable. Even by a facial expression of confusion, she was enchanting to look at. Lucas replied, “Some. I was able to successfully introduce two of my friends into my dreams last night. I concentrated on them as I approached the doorway of dreams. I’m fascinated by those nightly dream preparations.”

George remarked, “Doorway of dreams? Have you been taking acid at night in your room?”

Layna and George chuckled and Lucas continued, “I do literally focus on a giant wooden door as I lay down to sleep. Its just something I came up with during a meditation.”

George responded, “So seriously about this acid...”

They were soon taking turns walking off a sheer cliff face into the rejuvenating water. They swam to a different part of the shore and found their friend Christina who had been chasing the suns rays and lounging to and fro. She was stunning in her bikini and purposely found this stretch of shore to avoid the watchful eyes of random guys. Her legs were moistened by her recent swim and she had a clever, strong will as well as a tremendous body.

“This is exactly where I need to be right now,” George said, dazzled by the spectacular view.

“You’re always where you need to be,” Lucas said frivolously.

Layna was giving George a back rub as he asked Christina where else she had traveled this trip. She conceded to not really having seen much else of Guatemala and George sprung on them the master plan of renting a vehicle to visit some natural splendors. He knew this would bypass the tour guided big lipped small talk that behold most travelers. This was it. Slowly but surely a joyride was materializing. They kept the idea relatively quiet and invited a few other friends, but only those four: Layna, Christina, George and Lucas would actually go. The timing worked out perfectly for Lucas, because he had over two weeks coming up before he was looking to head to Las Lisas. He longed to experience the vast countryside and find waterfalls. These days would leave an indelible mark on his being by reminding him that a better peace on earth exists.

The Departure

At the close of this course of self realization, Lucas was much more in tune with himself and grasped the tools he had available to him. These mainly included his emotions, thoughts and feelings as viable methods for gaining control over his being. Through simple means, he had established a routine for positive healing. There is something to be said for the challenges in life, the tremendous changes, the bountiful and the scarce. It’s the balance that shifts causing these events to weigh in at different levels of self importance. The physical world around us inevitably ties into our individual needs, who we are, ourselves knowing what we know based upon our personal perceptions. Tapping into the collective consciousness, the needs of all living things, and the respect for all to the right of existence, these could be the most noble objectives.

The detachment was common. Not everyone has their real needs taken care of. How can one tolerate legitimate needs being unaddressed? They can't, yet still they survive, bringing into this world the desperation and fury common of people denied food and water, over centuries.

Having this experience of traveling to an exotic distant land systematically diffuses a soul over-burdened with too much fault. In this context Lucas was going through initial stages of restoration and felt at peace. He had gained a real sense of stability within his internal organs during meditation and he reiterated his pledge to renew the sense of richness in himself. This also was his time to put aside the world's problems and live his life by disowning the perception that he should somehow be doing everything possible to consume less resources, discard less waste, not to mention demanding an end to the wars and being on the front lines of activism. No! He selfishly had to put aside the nauseating feeling that it was unacceptable to not become engaged in standing up to the U.S. Military leaders in particular who Lucas was frustrated with for perpetrating such crimes upon the world. He had to leave the U.S. to suppress these feelings and to get his head cleared. Luckily he saw the task at hand and created experiences while living a life of optimism and internal reflection.

The final night at Lago de Atitlan was upon them and the meditation course at La Espiral was completed. The participants had reached new levels of awareness. Within the lofty pursuits of discovering their deepest aspirations and accomplishments, the effect bordered upon the magical.

Lucas was in the company of George, Layna and Christina as they climbed into a boat, leaving San Marcos. It was an overcast day and the passengers were in deep thought about their time well spent here. They had made great friends and at the retreat, the travelers and instructors passed their separate ways, wishing the best of luck and warm goodbyes.

As the boat parted the water, a plume of smoke rose as it headed off toward the main village. Upon reaching the main hub, their group boarded a chicken bus for Antigua. They spent the night there to gain bearings and to investigate the rich culture of the ancient city.

Bricks of Antigua

The streets were lined with brick and numerous elaborate churches and eateries enticed the gringo spectators. A steady flow of local Guatemalans faced Lucas as he played follow the leader to a place Layna knew of for lodging. The city had an ironic matching of modern city characteristics and ancient buildings, churches and structures from so long ago, one could hardly decipher what they once were.

The city has numerous churches richly adorned with relics from another world, that of the historical conquest of the Spanish empire. Paintings neatly arranged along a corridor stretched high towards towering ceilings. Various bronze containers and chalices had been neatly placed as well as enormous saintly statues, seeming to reach out to the higher realms of spiritual attainment within.

As the group entered the hostel, they felt right at home with the cozy open spaced restaurant. People were indulging in spirits and laughing as some classic funk streamed out through the stereo speakers. The place had dorm styled rooms and a nice vibe, including a free breakfast.

Occasionally it was quite nice enjoying the benefits of city dwellers. Upon bar hopping that first night in Antigua, they stumbled into an active dance club. The floor was packed with suave dancers. The people danced the samba with rapid grace, gyrating into each others bodies, bobbing up and down to the music with precision. The drinks were going down the hatch and Lucas kept with his mineral water with lime routine. The friends laughed and had many silly exchanges. Lucas had a joint waiting for him back in his quarters and wished he could openly toke out without the runaround involved and before he knew it, he had danced and pranced and it was soon well into the morning. He resolved to head on back, a man with a mission. He departed with his friends and felt a remarkable presence among the ancient feel of the city. It was a cool, crisp night and he felt a soft wind. He was handed a flyer and caught an earful of music from a rooftop party.

At this late hour, all the storefronts and buildings had the front gates locked and boarded up. A few revelers could be seen strolling by on their merry way. Lucas had a strong yet vague idea he was headed the right way back. A couple candles drew his attention to a set of steps in front of a tall building. As he closed in, an old woman could be seen pulling the strings of a puppet. She was alone and with a sudden chill Lucas felt cold and lost. Out of morbid curiosity, he was gaping at the woman and wondered why she would be here all alone this late at night. The figurine was remarkable. It had been carved out of wood and Lucas could feel a slight hypnosis setting in. A music box beside her twinkled a golden melody and began to sound slower and slower. Lucas was entranced by the puppet dancing a lonely dance, a quest for life perhaps, facing insurmountable obstacles. The scene drew Lucas in and he felt a strange kinship with the puppet. He became drowsy and couldn't overcome a sense to run as fast as he could away, and as he did so, he heard the woman murmur, "Recuerdame, Recuerdame!"- Remember me!

By the time Lucas found his way to his quarters, he resolved to save the joint to have a clear head. At this point he knew his body was on course for the better. He presumed some great adventure was underway because he resolved to go meet this Shaman despite having little to go on, and of course there was the joyride coming up. Still, the dancing puppet reminded him he was in a foreign land, and it was a strange sensation. He started the winding down process and fell asleep a good hour before his friends returned to the hostel.

Upon waking from sleep, Lucas proceeded out to the courtyard where some pleasant morning sunshine poured in. He started his stretching routine before George rose from his slumber and Lucas accused George of having zombie lips as they were all chapped and dehydrated. It's hard to leave Antigua and it took them four days to actually get going yet they were all fine with this slow motion locomotion.

They eagerly pressed on to Guatemala City and completed the rental agreement. A piñata shop featuring Shreck was the lone highlight in the long drive heading out of the city. They headed straight for Lanquin via Coban. They found a hostel on a river and had a family style dinner. They met an Israeli mandolinist and sang songs endlessly into the night. The new friend Cora thought George looked familiar, but they couldn't quite place each other. While George was playing guitar, Cora remembered that she had seen him play two weeks before in San Pedro. The music sparked the memory.

They were to drive into the Semuc Champey nature preserve instead of taking the tour. They could leave at their leisure and spend as long as they wanted there, enjoying the immense depths.

Immense Depths

The wild mountains of Semuc Champey are situated in the tropics of Guatemala. Dozens of spectacular waterfalls carved intricate chasms far into the depths of the earth. Between mountains, wild birds in a myriad of colors ebb and flow.

Leaves of banana trees swayed in the jungle. The multitude of plants off in the distance perspired. The misty air glimmered with reflections of light from the water. These cool refreshing pools of water are known for bestowing rapturous delight upon the human body and mind. The perpetual sounds of a series of waterfalls induce a trance like state. The water formed jeweled pools of hues so extraordinary, legend has it that fairies and hobgoblins recited incantations there. As the story goes, one could absorb the regenerative properties of the waters and mystical horse spirits are known to reside.

This preserve was a high priority on the journey for George, Christina, Lucas and Layna. All four were in high spirits and marveled over the beauty. Their recently ingested psychedelic mushroom tea unleashed super sensory satisfactions. The continuous sounds of the water rushing against rocks led them to the riverbank and they charged into the water. They continued upstream, catching view of the biggest waterfall in the distance. Water blasted from the drop-off with inconceivable force. The space beneath that point was hollow and accessible by climbing up an embankment.

The current was very strong and they discussed the best course of action, to swim as deeply as possible across the middle where the current was the fastest. They swam with all their might and fell into a heap on the other side. They proceeded to the steep rock-face underneath the highest point of the river.

George was the first up the embankment and he progressed high along a cliff face and he was in cave-like surroundings. This area was open yet up underneath the riverbed. Just overhead the water thundered off the edge of the falls. The others soon followed as swallows glided past them. The slick rocks were dark and they could see far downstream. The roar of the falls were lively and Lucas would come to remember this spot for the rest of his life. Where-ever he was or what-ever chaos ensued, it was reassuring that this cool dark habitat would still be radiant. Lucas felt great and wondered if everyone in the world would be capable of feeling what he was feeling. The psychedelics were lifting the veil to all that is magical and fantastic. Lucas was swept away by the beauty and visual splendor.

After scaling the rock face, the group continued down to the raging waters' edge, at which point they just jumped in, one after another, attempting to reach the other side. They had to book it and the passage was arduous, but they made a mighty plunge and crossed over the rapids.

The group had separated and sat in repose. Lucas walked for quite awhile along the water headed along a waterway. Looking off into the tremendous force of a waterfall, Lucas Welling became transfixed. He began to see stars and felt light headed in fascination. He relished in that feeling of amazement and was smiling profusely. He approached the water and fell in sideways. He cracked his ribs against a giant rock and had the wind knocked out of him. Before long he had been forced downstream and he was writhing in pain. The darkness of the water grew deeper as he sank, grasping upwards at bubbles of air floating to the surface.

The Recovery

Lucas lifted his head although it was heavy. The clouds were lowered and it was windy. He felt a chill as he became reoriented with his surroundings. Surroundings he had never seen, he remembered being swept away by the current and he cringed in pain. He was rubbing his mid-section wondering just how long he had been incapacitated. He was lodged in a pocket in between two boulders with half of himself in the water. He had struggled for quite a while now and was finally able to lift himself up on the riverbank. He knew he would only be getting hungrier and colder and he needed to head back upstream. The arduous process of walking up the stream led him in a turnabout. He was confused about where he was and started the slow steps to what would presumably lead him to the entrance to this wilderness preserve. He knew the trailhead was upstream somewhere, but here the river split seemingly into a dozen different paths. In his current state, he wasn't up for this daunting task. He kindled the very light beneath the roots of his being for motivation to carry on. He assumed he had an hour or so of daylight left and it seemed that he had walked downstream quite a while before being knocked out. He needed water and knew this could likely be his most physically challenging moment ever. His mind jokingly thought of the people who work out incessantly back in the gyms in the states. How many of those muscle maniacs could handle the mental and physical breakdowns looming in the shadows, following along behind, taking it's dear sweet time as the body self-destructs: 'Three, two, one... Kaboom! Three, two, one... Kaboom!'

Lucas carried on with his varying degrees of self-delusion, headed into the vast jungle by the waterside, always checking around the rocks for accessible terrain, sometimes chancing his footing on risky spots as the water plunged by. He felt a deep down need to continue and he believed his mind was too valuable to be extinguished by the riverside in a Guatemalan jungle, despite the romanticism involved in such an undertaking. Nearly three hours had passed since he was with his friends. He called out to them and the only answer came from the croaking of a mellow toucan on a nearby tree.

Meanwhile, his friends regrouped and had experienced a deep inner peace through their time being frolicsome in the waters of the blessed terrain, so splendid and magical. Within the past hour or so the mushroom tea had been wearing off and they were beginning to be concerned for Lucas. They sent out word that their friend was missing and a search party had been formed. Although they heard the whistle blow and had been told to return to a base they only reluctantly agreed. They noticed the sun was setting and feared the worst. On their way back to base, Christina and George speculated that Lucas had been found, thus the whistle being blown. When they had returned, the guards explained that it would be far too dangerous for them to continue looking on their own. The guards then insisted they leave at gunpoint. They had closed the park and it was said that the guards would continue to search and they would send word of any progress to the Leopard's Gate, the hostel they were staying at. George was immediately insulted and began to curse the guards in perfect Spanish. He explained that Lucas' mother would have his head on a platter if he left Lucas without helping to find him. The head ranger chuckled at George's remonstrances and was impressed by his command of the language.

The ranger pointed at George, “You may stay. I must insist that the women leave for the hostel.” Everyone was out of sorts and didn’t know how to handle the situation.

Lucas had made it back to the main trail and found his way back to a cabin unaided. Everyone was out looking for him and it took another hour for them to check back and find him sitting there patiently waiting. Lucas explained how he fell and eventually he and George were brought back to the Leopard’s Gate. Christina was so relieved to see him she gave him a big kiss and hugs. Layna and Christina had saved some leftovers and before long, Lucas had been watered and fed, laid down and fell asleep. They had another long day of travel ahead and hoped to have an early start.

Vast Countryside

On the way to the three lakes of Sepulau, they had missed a turn and headed into a small rural village named Raxrula. They came upon an old fashioned fair with a ferris wheel. As they stopped to check it out, they felt a bizarre feeling pass over them as they took in the surroundings. All the antique fair games of yesteryear were here. Machines similar to pinball and electronic vintage slots simultaneously buzzed and clanked, adding to the mania. At one of the attractions, the villagers were trying to rest quetzals (currency) on floating plates in an above ground swimming pool. A stage featuring a rap show/auction with an m.c. stood beside a bastion of rugs and blankets. Here was this long haired man continuously talking in two or three syllable idioms and beatboxing in between, wearing a microphone head set a la Madonna. He was selling layers of sweatshirts and rugs and brimming with witticisms in Spanish such as really cheap clothes/ pay me one hundred/ I want cheese/ We have travelers/ Tell me something... and on and on.

Ropas mas borrato/ pagame ciento/ quiero queso/ tenemos extranjeros/ digame algo...

The travelers comment was clearly directed at them.

Next they headed towards Flores and stopped into Peten in a small village on the lake. This was on the way to Tikal, a sacred place and ancient city in the jungles. Within lived howler monkeys, toucans, pajaros and other unknown countless birds. The tombs and ruins were unbelievable. Some of the prehistoric stone carvings of alien warriors from outer space still remain intact. These were intricate workings; come to find out most of the original artifacts had indeed been removed to museums around the world.

The next day, they pushed on towards Rio Dulce. They stopped in at a recommended campsite, a real crowd pleaser. They had coffee, fruit shakes, eggs, flapcakes—all served family style—so it was easy to mix in with the various travelers floating around. There was a pond on the property along with cone shaped hills strangely enough. This area was marked by vast pine forests and cashew trees. The management arranged tours of caves and mountain treks.

The same boat

During the second night there, George broke out his guitar and lulled his friends to sleep. They had spent the evening chatting about the places they had passed, and recounting several nights of interaction with locals in remote mountain towns surrounding Chisec. Indeed most people really felt a buzz that night from hanging around the fun side of George. Hidden underneath what seemed like layers of paper mache on a ballon, all it took was a pop! At many unlikely points in the conversations, he would make obscure references. He dictated as a mere mortal to Grecian gods, and he made descriptions of zoo animals with the tables turned.

It would be hard keeping up with his rants sometimes, and Lucas envied the caring attentions of the ladies like that. At one point George had the affections of Alicia. She was as pretty as a painting and the laugh and intellect that set one back, thinking, 'Am I good enough for this one?'

The quivering butterflies would take their normal positions of being lodged in between Lucas' intestines every time she looked in his eyes. He had a monster crush on her and he was just glad that several thousand years of evolution had led humans away from acting out brash responses of instinctual desires.

"I wish I wasn't tired, so I could stay awake and listen to you play your guitar," Layna confided as they wrapped up their night-cap.

"Why don't we take it back to our room and get comfortable?" George said as cool as a breeze over a duck's pond. As he said it, two Israeli men looked down and smiled. He was one smooth mother lover.

A group of five women were staying in the isolated shared dorm room with George and Lucas. George busted out incense, candles, guitar- he did it up right. The ladies popped into their bunk beds and undergarments, all nestled into bed. The sound of the guitar poured over them like a cool spring, and they were for sure so asleep by the time the noise started in. The noise as in "the noise" being made by doing it. First a subtle creek in the bed- a moan, a soft gentle beginning, slowly building up into a crescendo of groans, a blazing inferno of 'oo's' and 'ah's' spilling out into the night. She was loud at times and they sounded like they were having the time of their lives.

For the rest of them however, things weren't looking quite that excellent. A few tosses and a turn and 'what now?' popping into their brains like a neon bar light blinking through their bedroom window from outside. A bright bar light reading, 'someone else's good times'. Having that 'should I just get up and shut the blind?' feeling for a good solid hour, but just too lazy to do anything. What was the point? Lucas had to pee at one point, yet felt imprisoned, having that poking himself in the eye feeling. He had those sorts of productive thoughts with the continual, they'll be done soon mentality, just pressing his nose to a glass window, desperate to get out. Desperate to get in!

And how many of the ladies were in his same boat? There've been some heavy sleepers in the past, and they probably were all still sleeping and maybe if anything they feel lovely and have sex enter their dreams. Wait a second, no! Those women had to be out there, stretching their full bodies down the length of the bed, taking breaths extra slowly and quietly as though this could

somehow help the lovers keep it down. Perhaps they were envisioning George's sun tanned hands reaching over their heads, fingering through hair, down the back of their heads softly and looking deep into eyes of affection.

The next morning, as the group was gathering up after breakfast they ironed out nuances of their trip. They were set to reach Rio Dulce and on the road, they made it to a village with a river running through it. They proceeded to drive the car onto a gigantic barge that traversed the river.

As they reached the river made famous by its unparalleled beauty, they found a hotel room and arranged to be taken by boat over the river towards the Caribbean sea. They did so, eventually reaching Livingston.

The Quest of Rio Dulce

As the name implies, the River in Guatemala named Rio Dulce is pristine. It was so large and blue, it had the quality of being enticing yet dangerous at the same time. Even the steady flow of the water served as a gentle reminder of the tranquil seduction of our natural world. Schools of fish jumped up out of the water. Lunging at the sun or possibly grasping for fresh air. It was apparent that this river was wild and unpredictable.

George was able to secure a lancha for passage into Livingston. The sun raged over head as the group boarded and made themselves comfortable. From there it was smooth sailing and they soon found a spot where the river seemed a mile across. They could see little houses on the embankment and passed by several other boats. These ranged from canoes to full on private mini yachts, and everyone on these vessels seemed to be enjoying life in the most robust sense. This would be a worthy endeavor, just sailing around year after year, exploring the natural terrain and various passages to tropical wonders.

By the time they reached Livingston they settled in and took a few hours to explore a waterfall and to have a nice peaceful meal. They ventured far out to sea and could still wade although they were a mile out from shore. They could also see through the salty water and contemplated what life would have been like to have been born here. It seemed like an ideal place for an adventure or two, but there was a really slow pace of living and rampant poverty. That was so bizarre, the juxtaposition of rolling into another country and having it cheap, while immersed in the constant presence of poor people.

On their way back to the village, they headed in another direction and ended up strolling in the hot sun, just loving life. Lucas fell behind as the others began to cross a long and worn bamboo bridge over the river. Just as George started over, he caught a glimpse of a horrible corpse floating to the surface. As unbelievable as it was, it looked like Pedro Juan Rodriguez! The others were already across and just when he opened his mouth to call them back, he saw the corpse sink back below towards the murky depths. He had to just pretend it didn't happen and keep going.

He continued across and they eventually reached a house with a big courtyard space. It was a bar. It was off the beaten path and so they sat and talked about the simple things and not so simple things, like where they would see each other in a year. Afterwards, it was back towards the main dock to return to the lancha and head back to the inn they stayed at last night.

After such a remarkable trip, Christina, Layna, George and Lucas were amazed at how precious the earth is. It was difficult to finally admit the trip was over and it was time to return to Guatemala City. They did just that, and parted ways with each other, George and Lucas to Antigua, Christina to Honduras, and Layna back to Lago de Atitlan. They didn't want to separate, yet both ladies had obligations to attend to. Those guys would never see those gals again.

Act III

Somewhere within a sailor's dream, a recreation of a bright green light radiates over the skies of Las Lisas. The tiny fishing village was awash in bright green rays looming over the explosive clashes of immense ocean waves pounding the dark shores. Off in the distance, a ship held as an image in the sailor's mind. Upon closer look, the sailor realized he was on his ship although something was different. He recognized a former conscript he had befriended. The friend had died at sea seven years ago and the air held a thick grey fog.

Up above, slight hues of violet and green could be distinguished amid the vast grayness. He presumed something large had just flown above him. He felt the wake of a giant bird perhaps. Surely he could not perceive of what is actually was: a being, half human, half plant. Somewhat isolated beyond the Volga, paths between alternate realms opened and the first modern encounter of a human and the mythical beast known as *agnus scithicus* startled the sailor. He was dazed as he saw a strange shape landed upon the stern. What held an owl shape mysteriously revealed a mossy body. Its appendages consisted of what appeared to be roots strewn about among a tangled shape of extremities. A small wooden box emerged and strange calling noises were building into a screeching level as the sailor held his ears. The beast had suddenly departed, leaving behind a small box. As the sailor reached out approaching the enclosure, a firm wind picked up and the closer he became, the more fierce the wind seemed to be. As he forcibly grasped the box, a clearing towards the shore seemed to open. Along the entire distance of the shore, white tracks spread out for the entire field of view. He started to make out two ethereal shapes drifting by. He seemed to be headed in that direction. As the ocean waves crashed, he knew the magnitude of the undertow was enormous.

He could distinctly make out two ghostly spirits and knew any normal beings would have been violently whirled away. He felt a wave of panic as he noticed these apparitions resembling skeletons drifting about. As he saw them peering at him in unison, a chilling fright fell over the sailor. The sky was crackling with thunder now and the boat sailed over a tremendous wave. He noticed swords being drawn by the skeletons. He looked down and saw the box that seemed to be delivered just moments before, and when he looked up again, the skeletons were at the starboard; they somehow breached the massive waves and reached the ship. He noticed a glimmering mass of precious stones along the hilt of a broad sword as it swept within a few feet of him. He pushed open a lid on the box and pulled out a small bright neon green ring. Immediately upon being released, the ring expanded into a large gaping mass of a sky blue color and in the air a portal pierced through another dimension. The skeletons wailed a horrible whistling sound and began to spiral around into a waterspout. They were pulled away into another realm as bright light exploded forth. The sailor cringed and hit the deck. After the skeletons disappeared, his field of vision fell black and he had no ideas where he was, drifting forward still in a heavy sleep.

Las Lisas

Nearby, the sun rose upon the vast Guatemalan Oceanside. The wooden and concrete buildings were still quite empty. The waves began to reach up to the old life guard stands and the pelicans hovered above the ocean. From the shoreline, Dr. Bob Redhawk peered forward, off into the vast ocean. He could barely make out the episode, but last night he definitely saw two skeletons walking over the water and approach a ship off in the distance.

He contemplated a lesson learned from his father in the countryside. The lay lines and drifting spirits have appeared to him once before with his father. They were fasting in the wilderness and he was led behind three hills to a field. There he saw a bright path along the grass stretching off as far as the eye could see. His Father Sergio had explained, "You must embrace the spirits, and they will proceed unimpeded. A scarlet tanager will move its entire nest once it has it made. The quest of a spirit carries on its bodily form as it must traverse to a final resting place."

As Bob imagined the nest, he breathed deeply and closed his eyes. As he opened his eyes his father was gone and he could see groups of spirits lingering onward, staring blank expressions of perplexity. His father's insights were extraordinary to Bob and led to who he is now.

Presently, Dr. Bob was enjoying the slow pace and peaceful setting of Las Lisas. He brought his equipment, which consisted of fundamental doctors tools, as well as various devices known to apply electric frequencies to the human body. He was armed with keen powers of perception, an arsenal of knowledge and various mesmerizing talents, all of which he seemed to continuously employ.

At one point, after being here for two days, he saved a swimmer out upon the open waves. The waves along the Guatemalan pacific coast were tremendous. A few spectators who witnessed the rescue had assumed he had been lost as well in the fury of the waves as he disappeared. The three Guatemalans were staring in amazement when he reemerged holding the young man and

swiftly made his way back to shore. In all their years, including that of a sixty-two year old villager, they had never seen anyone enter the breaking point of those waves and return to shore.

In the recent past, Dr. Bob had established a relationship with a medical clinic here to treat individuals for sickness. He encountered a young girl that had gone deaf as a result of two separate ear infections. She hadn't spoken for two years and he began to apply low dosage bioelectric therapy for gradual increments over two weeks. He built up to an hour a day and upon the third day of reaching an hour of treatment, she began to speak and confessed that she intentionally decided not to speak after becoming deaf. After the treatments she began to perceive tones and actually reinstated her hearing.

Transfigured

Dr. Bob Redhawk sat perfectly still overlooking a beautiful sunrise, legs crossed, palms forward. After several hours of meditations the fire he had started so long ago began to flame into a bright yellow light. A dozen crimson coyotes circled his resting body. They seemed to step in unison approaching him. As soon as the light dwindled out, the coyotes descended upon him. Within minutes, his body had been torn apart and his body laid broken into a pile of bloody flesh. Just then, a golden brown horse came forward and stamped with its hooves, chasing away the vermin. The horse at last turned upon the deceased body and proceeded to lay upon it; there it remained for three days until Dr. Bob Redhawk was reborn to this earth, attaining a new level of wizardly. The pregnant mare had vanished and he could sense a deeper connection with nature. He settled into a reawakening of an earthly manifestation of the great spirit and began to recuperate. He picked himself up and sought to relieve the dehydration his body had just endured. He gathered his belongings and started to move towards the village- slowly, being in an exhausted state. He felt a mist pouring down from the hills as his vision became blurred by a fog, covering his field of view.

He began to see a man walking alongside a giant lake. Three tall pillars rose from the lake and encompassed the man by the lake, containing him within yet raising his elevation to high above the lake. Dr. Bob Redhawk immediately saw black areas appearing throughout the body of this man, spread apart and concentrated in various areas, within various organs, nothing really there, lifeless patches threatening the well being of this man lingering above the lake, threatening to overtake the body and to disintegrate it further until death prevailed. Dr. Bob Redhawk began to envision several rings around the body. These rings turned from turquoise to a bright neon green color. Dr. Bob's eyes began to reel back to the corners of his peripheral view and the rings switched from three dimensional images surrounding the body into two dimensional shapes. The rings then enclosed the wounded areas embracing the faded areas of darkness. He murmured a terse incantation and witnessed the entire platform of rings, man and pillars delve down into the

darkness of the deep lake. With that, the foggy mist had cleared away. The sun shone brightly through the thicket of banana and palm trees. Dr. Redhawk continued onward and reached the village, retrieving water from a well and drank himself full.

The road to Las Lisas

Lucas needed to ride three buses to reach southern Guatemala. The chicken buses were tight and always crowded. The windows afforded a tempting glance at the surroundings. Each little town Lucas reached provided images of Guatemalan rural life. He speculated on how it would be to grow up going to a Guatemalan school and other important matters of these people. He quite relied on these bus drivers to deliver him to his destination and his life was in their hands. He had a miserable trip, feeling sick and out of sorts.

As the bus flew side to side Lucas was sweating and grabbing onto the seat in front of him, practically ripping it apart. The seats were cramped and the buses were loaded. He finally did reach his final destination, a bus stop along a riverside as a lancha was waiting to cross over to the peninsula of the mysterious Las Lisas. He again noticed the sun winding down and considered this to likely be the last ride, but he still felt like hell upon the boatride crossing down the river slowly cruising toward the village.

He was sitting along side various passengers noticing the dense forests about. Several fishing boats were lined along the shore as well as dwellings, framed shelters with pillars among the many homes. A store front had a large antique ice shaver with a long crank. A soccer game was blaring on a television at a local shop. A strange calm washed over everyone as people slowly made their way out of the boat onto land. A strange man approached Lucas and clearly hoped to help out, a sort of companion to find what you needed.

All the while, the waves of the mighty Pacific ocean slammed the beach with continual mighty blows. The day had cooled off and Lucas was slowly able to think straight again. With the strange man lingering, he was brought to a very simple raised dwelling overlooking the ocean and found a comfortable room.

The family who oversaw these guest houses had several children, a grandmother and the mother. Curiously the men were absent. The children were obviously excited by Lucas and curious about his foreign aspects. They snuck behind stairs, and behind trees with bashful, silly expressions. Lucas had brought food from Antigua and had begun to prepare a nice sandwich with the snacks and soon fell into a daze sitting in a chair on this big porch deck pondering the magnitude of the ocean waves. He had never seen waves quite this massive before and he felt a strong hope that he was doing the right thing. He unintentionally began to manifest the doctor being a strong and unique person, capable of extraordinary acts of healing and observation. He finished eating and became situated with his journal and his thoughts. He embraced a stream of consciousness and began to write:

You are the present tense. You are the light that guides the birds across the ocean and drives the wind of change. I will live my life as a parallel journey combining the youthful exuberance of my past with a future evolution embracing the twenty first century...

He paused and set his pen down, looking at the horizon. Just as he knew his family and friends were somewhere out there in the world, he imagined Dr. Bob Redhawk and spent the night reading the Glass Bead Game by Hermann Hesse. He had been basking in the candlelight, cherishing the solitude of his surroundings. By nightfall he was exhausted by his day of travel in cramped buses. He had a great view of the constellations and noticed the beach was dark aside from the eerie glow of two blue lights on the old life guard stands along the beach. He was uneasy about the loud crashing waves twenty meters out, yet intrigued and energized by this place. By the time he made it to sleep the village off in the distance had settled in for the night and the pounding waves were hypnotic.

In the middle of the night, the ocean pulled back and a moment of silence was replaced by the roaring waves colliding onto shore. Lucas jumped out of his cot and busted straight out of his room thinking his room had just been struck and flooded by the waves, scared shitless. He was dead tired but noticed an uncanny sight. He had almost forgotten he was sleeping facing the ocean and lost his sense of direction. He stumbled around the deck and caught an unbelievable view of the Andromeda galaxy and was overwhelmed by the clarity of the stars. The night sky opened up and as Lucas saw still more layers of constellations as his eyes quivered between reality and the deep sleep he had just emerged from. An unidentified sailing object with a yellow light glimmered far out at sea and Lucas imagined laying flat on the stern of a coasting vessel, looking upwards towards the heavens. He noticed quick, lengthy streaks of lightning scouring the earth's surface. The ocean face reflected the shifting shapes of light and Lucas lost out to his dreamy sleep like state and fell back into bed.

Lucas arose early and noticed daybreak. He had yet to truly explore the village and was overcome by curiosity. He felt an extra urgency to his steps and had a surge of excitement at finding the shaman and what awaited him at this stage in his stupendous journey. He noticed the main pathways from yesterday leading through the village, and saw a couple markets and big dining room patios in the open air, just roofs overhead and a good view of the beach. He saw the old life guard stands and assumed at one point this beach was frequented by Guatemalans from all over the country. Everything seemed to happen in slow motion and you could feel a laid back pace to the people going about their day. He guessed there could be no more than eighty or perhaps a hundred inhabitants here. He felt the salty misty air through his pores as the waves continued to pound the shore. He saw men mixing cement to solidify a tall dwelling and then walked into a market and bought bananas and a drink, noticing produce was very inexpensive yet in short supply. After nibbling some food and continuing to wander the various paths and passageways towards other parts of the village, he worked up the courage to ask people if they knew where he could find Dr. Bob Redhawk. After all he came all this way, and his life had been going fantastic of late. He was on an unbelievable adventure and was certain he wouldn't fail. The first people he asked were two girls probably around sixteen or so years old, but they just laughed and laughed.

They said "No hay," as in 'there isn't' and he knew he looked and talked strange, but they were acting high yet Lucas thought nothing of it. He went into an open air market and asked again, but no one seemed to know of a Dr. Bob Redhawk. He had picked up a bit of Spanish and at least he was confident he had spoken effectively, but it seemed strange that out of a village with so few people how would it be possible for a doctor who was treating people to go unnoticed. He peered down a corridor made with bamboo fencing on both sides and saw the

ocean. He proceeded along and was impressed by the people from here who lived the simple life and seemed quite content.

As he reached the end of the path, he reached the beach again. He decided to walk along the beach and head in the direction of the point at which the river meets the sea in a colossal exchange fresh water into the salty abyss of the fierce ocean waves. He saw some nice bungalows and figured these were probably summer cottages where various wealthy families would vacation, to get away from their city living for a while. He saw a woman out in front of one of these houses and he walked up and initiated a conversation in his new found and sloppy yet adequate Spanish.

Luckily for Lucas, the people in Guatemala were friendly and quite alright with talking to strangers. He really came to love that about Guatemalan culture and was getting accustomed to speaking up and feeling welcome to be himself. Unfortunately the woman was indeed not a permanent resident and so she had never heard of the doctor, but Lucas continued on for a while and eventually caught a seat under a wooden structure placed upon the beach and sat looking out upon the waves for quite sometime. He noticed a line of pelicans soaring and dwelled upon his inability to fathom the extent of animal life upon this vast beach. He began to meditate here with the sounds of the ocean. He had begun to doze off and it seemed as though a lot of time had passed by the time he came around and sat up. Again the waves continued crashing down and he noticed an older villager coming his way. Lucas thought nothing about it and stretched out a bit and decided to start heading back in the direction of the village. He heard the old man approaching and calling out to him, but he didn't understand what was said. He observed the man to be shaggy and disheveled. Lucas had encountered his fair share of sketchy individuals and he just wanted to avoid any unpleasant entanglements. The old man carried on and Lucas was surprised by how fast the man was gaining on him. Lucas crossed over to the passage of bamboo and headed back towards the village. Lucas laughed to himself about how he could possibly feel threatened by that old feeble man and figured he would try to eat in one of those seemingly closed comedors (restaurants) back in the middle of town. He started to have a song stuck in his head and laughed about how an Austrian woman had explained that the German language has a word for a song that gets stuck in your head—the earworm!

He was unpleasantly surprised by the old villager who somehow cut him off at the passage that ran perpendicular and announced his presence by simultaneously walking out in front of him with a jarring question, “Por que estas aqui?, Por que estas aqui?” (Why are you here?)

Lucas thought he would need a triple, no make that a quadruple bypass surgery from the heart attack that ensued and after jumping back and catching his breath, Lucas shouted out, “Buscando por Dr. Redhawk!” (I'm looking for...)

The old man laughed, smiled and said, “Dr. Gato! Ah, Dr. Gato...”

Lucas had a creepy feeling and was longing to get away, and ran off, plowing past him towards the village. He began to surmise, ‘Man, why did that guy have to be so sketchy! He probably was Dr. Bob. I wonder if I have the balls to undergo ‘treatment’ from the likes of him.’

Lucas was perturbed and aggravated by the old man, yet still enormously intrigued. He thought, ‘finally I have something to go on. Dr. Gato is probably his nickname.’ Luckily Lucas felt as though he was in no hurry to unearth this mystery and had a strong feeling that it would reveal itself to him in stages.

The steady flow

Based on his last few months, he realized that even when he didn't take action, significant and serendipitous events would still unfold. He reached the main stretch of the village center and noticed a comedor sign so he went in and managed to order fish with potatoes. Las Lisas had a giant fleet of honest fishermen that provided a rich and steady flow of fresh fish to supply the village. The comedors were more ambiguous because these were also homes for the families. Lucas had tremendous gratitude because all the food was prepared by the women who were very busy. When hungry in a foreign land, fresh fish is a treat although here he needed to be mindful of patience and catching up with these women with good timing.

Lucas sat at a table with his agua mineral con limon y sal (mineral water with salt and lime) and suppressed active interpretations of this scene whereby a man and a boy sat at the television, and parts of the ceiling were open revealing palm trees above the residence. He thought back at lessons learned at La Espiral (the meditation retreat). In particular a concept of dualism of thought patterns in our consciousness and the quest for the positive. A continuum of thoughts occupy a mental sphere of the entire human condition. He would manifest a positive ability to turn his life inside out mentally as well as physiologically. He came to enjoy the typical meals here and after all, they always had fresh hand rolled corn tortillas.

Upon finishing the meal he paid and thanked her, but before turning for the door asked if she had heard of a Dr. Bob Redhawk or a Dr. Gato.

She said she didn't know of that doctor, but that there was a ministry of health building here in Las Lisas, and every so often a doctor would visit the village. Lucas soon found himself back out under the sweltering sun, walking through the village and couldn't help feeling lost. He realized he made a mistake leaving behind that crazy old man who told him to look for Dr. Gato. He was intent on exploring new areas and this village seemed to have many hidden avenues and coves. It was nice to be on the peninsula with zero automobiles and a society of simple living.

He continued past an open field and caught sight of a soccer game and many more people than he thought would be around. He assumed that players took the bus and boat combo for a day trip on a regular basis. He saw two women under a wooden roof and a giant pot of water, boiling with big kernels of corn. One woman stirred the mass of corn with a giant wooden ladle and the other was busy slapping flat tortillas between her hands and Lucas took a note of where this was in relation to his room and stopped for a second working up the courage to ask these young women about Dr. Gato.

He finally greeted them and said he was looking for Dr. Gato, at which point the woman stirring the pot of gold shook with laughter. Lucas was turning red and made a start when the other woman set down her tortilla and said, "Vien con mi." (follow me).

Lucas was having his share of all the human emotions today and followed her down an area he hadn't seen before. As they followed a path heavily overgrown with tropical foliage, they passed several abodes and turned towards the ocean, reaching what he perceived to be an abandoned restaurant and it was all closed up, however there was an open patio with a couple chairs and the girl pointed up the decrepit stairs and said, "Arriba." (Up, above). With that she turned back and Lucas said, "Thanks."

Within no time he was standing there alone with the explosive crashing of the waves on the beach not far in front of him. He came this far and slowly proceeded up the staircase to the second level. As he reached an open back porch, he saw a hammock and a few bits of trash and therefore evidence of someone having been there recently. A long corridor extended down a hallway of doors and open daylight straight ahead. He began to advance into the corridor and noticed the doors were all closed and he just asked, "Hello?" and called out again, but there was no one around. He thought maybe he should just sit and wait, perhaps in the hammock but thought better of it.

He advanced onto the beach and saw a string of pelicans following the leader with droopy beaks, gliding along the surface of the waves. He realized he had passed this old hotel dwelling earlier and made a mental note of what building it was and resolved to come back to investigate it later.

Back at the room Lucas stayed in, he sat outside once again overlooking these tremendous waves. It was getting later and the sun was setting in the distance. The colors of the sky were amazing and Lucas decided to roam the beach to soak up the rays and the beauty. He saw random people here and there, but it was overall a desolate beach. He passed a main passage back to town and saw a few more people lounging in the sand. He supposed at one time this beach was quite active, due to all these beach house restaurant style layouts along the beach. Only one was visibly tended to and the rest were beaten up and empty. Maybe he was there during the off season, although the weather was pristine in late spring.

As he approached the dark hotel on the corner of a path into the village, he could see someone sitting up on the second level deck. He headed up the creaky stairs and took one last sigh as he reached the second level and was glad to see a young man his age reading at a table.

Lucas started in Spanish, but the man responded in English and George was very relieved. He finally had someone to open up to and express his plight. His name was Al and he was from Denmark. He was working under the direction of Dr. Bob Redhawk. He began to discuss recent travels alongside the shaman and helping Guatemalans towards better health.

Currently, Dr. Bob had left Las Lisas on a supply run and was due back the next day. For the next hour, Al and Lucas became better acquainted and discussed their adventures so far. Al had been aware of an individual seeking the shaman through the contact Bill that Lucas met a while back and this helped to ease this initial meeting. He was slightly anticipated. Lucas mentioned the old man who referred to Dr. Gato and Al conceded this to be a local nickname for the foreign doctor. Al indicated that Dr. Bob was using the ministry of health office building for a clinic and that Lucas should come by the next afternoon to discuss helpful suggestions and initiate treatment. Lucas had been told about this bioelectric therapy and he decided to hold off on what that would entail until morning.

It was wise because with that Al stood up and said, "Now if you'll excuse me I've been awake far too long..."

Lucas stood and shook hands with Al, relieved at finding a kinship in this young man and feeling much more secure in his decision to come here and undergo treatment in so far as this was possible.

The next day, Lucas awoke with a renewed vigor and he set out for a long hike to start the day. He resolved to reach the point that the river met the ocean. He started off towards his first point of entry onto the peninsula, the main dock. Luckily, the sunrise was still bright and cool on the sand. He noticed a line of honest fishermen loading nets and making final preparations for

departure along the riverside. He could see pretty red rays of the sun cutting through the long, rake-shaped leaves of palms. A rough trail had formed and Lucas followed it away from the river's edge into a thicket. On both sides of the trail, houses were built with thatch triangle formations at the tops. Continuing along, every dwelling had its fair share of chickens roaming and pecking. It seemed as though it would be hard to keep track of what birds belonged to whom or whether they would return, continuing down the river never to be seen by human eyes again. Life would certainly keep on moving right along. Lucas knew human lives are not so easily forgotten and sadness welled up inside about his closest relatives and friends after he was no longer alive. Just as they would not be around for him, he would not be around for them.

He began to see the ocean again, becoming visible along the trail, and at times the river would be visible. He soon thereafter stumbled onto a graveyard with colorful tombs and crosses. He saw shiny shrines and observed how much livelier the colors made the tombstones feel in comparison with the dull and dreary cemeteries in the U.S. It was a strange sight to see, an open beach with a colorful graveyard at sunrise. He assumed the families of loved ones would each contribute to the aesthetics of the graveyard. The families had made wreaths and placed paintings, enhancing the lot.

This was the end of Guatemala geographically. Somewhere over that distant horizon, after the river meets the ocean, El Salvador awaits. He had noticed two fishermen navigating a boat over the ocean. They were negotiating a break in the unbelievably huge waves as a giant wall of foam formed. The sheer weight of the water could easily take down this boat. At the turn of a screw, the vessel blasted forward and thrust violently upward as though launching off a ramp. They miraculously cut through, safely landing themselves past the breaking point of the waves.

Lucas continued walking in the same direction and at times he paused to bask in the sensual splendors. He reached a point at which he could see water leading inland and the space between the two areas of shoreline. As he approached, he noticed the perpetual struggle between the river current and force of the mighty ocean. A swirling mass of bubbling water and foam seemed to spin unpredictably, and Lucas contemplated getting in to cool off. He hadn't yet been in the ocean so he followed the riverside and eased himself into the chaotic river, staying close to land. He felt great being submerged in the cool steady flowing river and smiled with glee as he pretended to be swept away by the strong yet manageable current. He had heard of river dolphins, and imagined this is exactly where they would be.

On his way back to the village, he searched for shells along the beach and felt more alive than he could ever remember. His mind graced his present reality by uplifting, positive thoughts of greatness. He knew the doctor couldn't fail in what Lucas sought most. A cure unfolding itself in stages as a combination of multiple factors. He was heavily absorbed in anticipation and curiosity and he knew it wouldn't be long now. He reached the beach houses and eventually the village. He had worked up quite an appetite by his morning jaunt, and longed to have a typical breakfast of eggs, tortillas and beans. He approached a place that had a table and a grill as well as a refrigerator so Lucas asked if there was breakfast available. A woman residing there said they could make huevos rancheros and he accepted without delay. The plate also had tortillas and plantains and he ate the food with zest.

Afterwards he returned yet again to his room. He was more familiar now with the layout of the town. He read for a while until the time came to go meet Dr. Bob Redhawk. Lucas contemplated the directions Al had given him and he eventually found the clinic. Several people stood within a main examination room and various devices were connected to the arms of a few individuals. Al

was present as well as Wayne, an older gentleman and colleague of Dr. Bob. Lucas was greeted and told to sit patiently. He was instructed to start sipping on a freshly prepared silver colloidal solution. Soon Dr. Bob entered the room and began a steady interaction with the four patients. He was very active and knowledgeable.

He said, "So, I've heard that a gringo would be paying me a visit."

Lucas introduced himself and they shook hands. The doctor had a tremendous smile and a firm grip. He was of Native American descent and spoke with a calm, calculated voice. Lucas was expecting elaborate dress or perhaps something exotic, but Dr. Bob just looked like a normal doctor.

He began to discuss Lucas' current state of health and Lucas was pleased to talk about his symptoms, foods and activities that made things better or worse. Dr. Bob Redhawk explained that with cancerous tumor growth, the body's defenses have been weakened and are in turn overrun by the presence of parasites. Lucas never ruled out that possibility, however every other doctor he had seen dismissed it whenever he had brought it up. Dr. Bob Redhawk described the rife machine as a mechanism to administer low dose levels of electrical current. This process, he maintained, would serve to introduce a higher oxygen content in the blood and be capable of mimicking a rate of vibration at which bacteria and viruses exist. The introduction of matching oscillatory rates, he continued, would cause these foreign bodies to die off and be eliminated by the lymphatic system. This explained the benefits of consuming silver colloidal to assist in the elimination of harmful bodies. Dr. Bob spoke with such a calm reassuring tone, it was as though he simply couldn't be wrong.

Al had recounted cases of cancer being reversed and drawn under control as Dr. Bob applied his methods. Lucas had come this far and knew he would go through with any means necessary. Dr. Bob brought a bioelectric device and strapped it onto Lucas' arm. It looked like a walkman, a portable cassette player and a wire that had two rods to be placed upon the wrist. A jolt ran through Lucas and he sat up and his eyes opened wide.

"I can see you feel the current. This frequency will do for two minutes as your first session." Dr. Bob told Lucas. He then left his side to check on others. Lucas explained that he wanted to start slow because his cancer was as advanced as to be diagnosed as stage IV. Stage V was death so Lucas always knew he had a lot to lose as well as to gain so his body would need gradual treatments. He had been feeling a tickle from this electricity and at times he shrugged his shoulders as he felt a subtle taunting tickle up his spine. He laughed about it though and this process was quite tolerable.

Dr. Bob entered and instructed Lucas to discontinue for the day and to drink electrolyte packets when he needed them. To rid the body of parasites, it was important to take it slowly. Lucas felt weird about the Dr. and his assistants speaking of him as though he was purportedly filled with parasites.

Lucas thought Dr. Redhawk was far out and had dozens of questions. Lucas noticed how busy Dr. Bob was and that more individuals continued to enter the room in a steady flow. This often disrupted Lucas' line of questioning and by the time they started conversing again, another interruption would steer Lucas away from the particular direction the conversation was heading. Lucas soon decided to clear out and make space for the steady flow of people coming and going. Dr. Redhawk found a lull and asked Lucas if he had ever received shakra treatment. Lucas had been aware of the shakra levels and he assumed Reiki was what he meant. Dr. Redhawk pulled Lucas into a separate operating room and told him to remove his shirt, and stand still, breathing

deeply. Dr. Redhawk then began to rub his hands together and reach his arms out in various positions creating a circular motion. He seemed to harness the bodies natural energy centers briefly and then connected with Lucas. He began applying pressure at various shakras and his hands felt warm and he could see the Dr. closing his eyes, in deep concentration. He held his hands around Lucas' throat and began to recite a verse of an archaic tribal prayer while occasionally strongly exhaling onto the throat shakra. For the next two minutes, Dr. Bob continued the prayer and began to raise and lower his hands around the area. He motioned for Lucas to have a seat and soon left Lucas in a stuffy room wondering what was happening.

He suddenly coughed forcefully and had a foul mass of spit, and when he spit it out onto his hand, he could see a circular bubble shaped mass with a short tail. The two top corners of his lips raised up and he couldn't believe what he was seeing. The more he pushed at the saliva bubble, the more he was convinced it really was a parasite. He continued to clear his throat and expel everything in his mouth and when the doctor returned, Lucas described what had happened. The Doctor reiterated his contention that precisely these parasites were the cause of his disease. He advised Lucas to drink approximately three fluid ounces of silver colloidal and to return for another session the next day. Leaving the clinic with a jug of silver colloidal, Lucas dragged himself along the beach, slowly and sunken.

He was obviously overwhelmed by Dr. Redhawk. The man seemed so confident yet so powerful, Lucas thought he could be able to bend reality and create events based on these alternate realities. He channeled energy into Lucas' throat and then a slimy creature popped out of his mouth—he felt disgusted and violated. 'How many of these are inside me?,' Lucas contemplated.

He thought, 'All these years I've been feeding the parasites and they've colonized themselves inside me?' He couldn't believe this warped science fiction story taking hold of his life. He applied the psychological rigors of validity and assumed he had to believe his own eyes. Unless this Dr. Redhawk was a magician. It was simply unbelievable although Lucas soon dropped it and was seated upon the long deck outside his room. He just read and continued with his minds endeavors. He could sense a powerful energy here, a glowing radiance to his thought patterns and he resumed work on a new story idea. His thoughts raced around a scientist that had detected a method of visualizing that the entire range of the electromagnetic spectrum had manifested itself in three dimensions and he fell into a flow of writing that lasted intermittently throughout the entire evening.

The sun had produced a most glorious sunset and darkness had unfolded upon the land. Lucas had tapped a radiance that bordered upon a higher celestial order and he realized he was wired sitting there writing by candlelight with no one else around, just the waves continually crashing along the beach. He was quite restless and headed out for an evening stroll along the beach. His room marked the farthest down the beach he had seen in the westward direction so he opted to continue on, away from the village along the faintly lighted beach. The heavens above as well as two eerie blue lights far down upon the beach in the opposite direction cast a faint glow to a dark ocean side.

He had so much energy he just kept going and suddenly noticed the swift scuffling of a sea turtle kicking up sand, scrambling toward the ocean. He had started it and in turn it then scared Lucas shitless though soon Lucas realized it was an enormous turtle as it scurried off forever.

Lucas thought, 'Man this day is getting crazier and crazier,' as he considered a primitive era whereby sea turtles and various inconceivable sea creatures inhabited the earth. He considered

down deep below somewhere off in that distance, an entire colony of turtles linger and with that he turned back towards his room. He reached the steps and walked up onto the deck, spotting a shooting star in the sky thinking, this is the peak.

He tossed and turned quite a bit that night, but eventually fell to sleep knowing this was a time unlike any other of his life.

Worldly convergence

The next day Lucas felt rested yet still slightly disgusted by yesterdays revelations. He went back to a comedor he rather enjoyed, and had breakfast—you guessed it—eggs and beans with tortillas. He brought along a book and really enjoyed the slow pace of living on the ocean. Just then, none other than Dr. Bob appeared walking back along the corridor.

"Hello, Lucas, you'll still come by today? Around noon?" Dr. Bob asked.

"Of course. I still have a mountain of questions for you."

Dr. Bob greeted the ladies at the comedor and sat in a chair beside Lucas.

"How's breakfast?" Dr. Bob asked.

Lucas responded, "Why do you base your practice here in Las Lisas?"

Dr. Bob smiled and said, "There are several advantages to keeping a low profile... I also recognize a strong energy here along the ley lines."

Lucas craved clarification. "What are ley lines?"

Dr. Bob was quite amused by this endeavor of providing a concise answer to such an immense question. He responded, "Many lives that have lived and many lives yet to linger pass along these celestial borders. The direct synthesis of spiritual realms into living, breathing entities form along parallel ley lines, and these exist closest to our worldly sphere in various regions, such as here." Lucas blinked three times in rapid succession.

He was quite unsatisfied with this answer. Dr. Bob could tell and he invited Lucas to a discussion later that evening, back at the dilapidated hotel where Lucas met Al. Dr. Bob then commented, "So, now that you've begun electrotherapy, keep in mind several things." He began to express tips and suggestions, including staying away from artificial ingredients in food, such as Sodium Benzoate. He eventually returned to the topic of the ley lines.

Dr. Bob explained, "Ley lines are extraordinary passages of electrical current. Higher realms of spiritual existence maintain a hidden distance to our world, yet in locations such as this, the worlds converge and reveal a cycle of life (incomprehensible). Be aware of the importance of suggestion and physical manifestations of thought patterns here."

Lucas was lost. He considered a magical environment such as this where ideas came into substance. "Sometimes you can see beings trailing down along the ocean, unaware of their direction—waiting for the synthesis into living entities, or in some rare circumstances, becoming one of this world without being human, a ghost if you will, still unknowing what it is searching for. Do you feel the tremendous potential of this connection to a higher celestial order? Will you feel uplifted by the various electrical currents and geomagnetic pulsing of the lines?"

With that, Dr. Bob was standing and at that moment the breakfast had been set down on his table. Like a branch of a tree reaching out for the light, Dr. Bob continued onward leaving Lucas with his meal.

‘What drugs is this guy on?’ Lucas thought.

‘Here is the man slated to save humankind... he happens to be insane.’ Lucas chuckled and tried to recall the explanation of ley lines. ‘Here we have dead corpses wandering down the beach, you can’t see them, although I can assure you they are quite real...’ Lucas imitated Dr. Bob and shook his head in disbelief. He seemed to be the perfect character for a mockumentary about shamans. He knew the Doctor would have the last laugh though based on what he had seen. Things became serious as his words resonated, ‘Be aware of physical manifestations of thought here.’ That was sufficiently scary for Lucas to put a lid on mockery.

That sounded similar to what Odessa had said about him during the oracle. He had already witnessed what could have been created in this higher energy center, Las Lisas. He would break out what it was Odessa said later tonight to ponder if this was what she meant by lost souls. He really wanted to talk to someone about all this, a voice of reason... Someone skeptical to put deception in a new light.

Why would Dr. Bob have the motivation to perpetuate and manifest such theories? He hoped to discuss this more with Al, Wayne and especially Dr. Bob.

As noon approached Lucas made his way to the clinic. He decided not to go overboard with his thought provoking talk with the Doctor. Upon entering, the scene was just like the day before, with the Doctor busy and dealing with many patients. He was amiable and had a funny laugh that was slow and repetitive. At times Lucas asked good questions addressing his own health although they always became sidetracked due to the steady pace of examinations.

People seemed open to coming in for electrotherapy as the therapy was known for benefitting many conditions. These people also may not have seen a doctor for a while around here. Lucas was eventually wired up with the juices flowing and he asked Al about the different frequencies listed on this device. He had already been given a brief description of how certain frequencies treat different conditions, and he was jolted by different extremes as Al switched the knob between these levels. He had understood 338 cycles per second to be the frequency to neutralize cancer cells, so he kept with it. Luckily there was a knob controlling the power of current and Lucas left this at a taunting yet tolerable level.

Al asked Lucas about where he was staying and said, “We should meet up this evening and have a couple beers or something.”

Lucas agreed. “Well, I stopped drinking, but I’d like to sit and puff a jay and hang out.”

Lucas enjoyed the solitude and felt good about his creative output in writing, yet he was so confused about this latest course of events he wanted company. He sat through his treatment and spoke intermittently with Dr. Redhawk and came to make Wayne’s acquaintance. He was a professor from California and had been conducting research on the prospects of Bioelectric therapy. He planned an excursion into Rio Dulce for the weekend. Wayne had just arrived with two extra Rife machines and also administered the treatments.

Lucas questioned whether this Rife machine was the cure all these guys had it cracked up to be. He engaged Dr. Bob with a conversation about appropriate supplements and Dr. Bob suggested eating fresh Aloe Vera gel to introduce various polysaccharides to enhance the bodies ability to recognize foreign bodies and tumors. He cited a study concluding that polysaccharides found in the raw aloe vera plant are known to stimulate macrophages in the body, assisting in the

elimination of tumor cells and unfriendly bacteria. He then proceeded to identify the various names of these polysaccharides found in aloe vera, and Lucas took note of his vast knowledge. Seeing him in his element, Dr. Bob extended his credibility.

It was the mental phenomena outside of psychology that challenged Lucas. He doubted a blend of science and magic could exist, yet the Dr. was steadily gaining as a credible source the more they hung out. Lucas made a plan to meet Al and soon headed back to his room with another supply of silver colloidal and was told to return again the next day to step up the duration of treatment.

He made his way down a path into the village, walking around carelessly. He followed the long path onto the rivers edge and went for the corner store that sold T shirts, candy bars and small toys. An ice shaver in a red metal box was being used to make liquados (liquid fruits) here. He was pleased to see a child receiving a chocobanano (frozen banana hand dipped in melted chocolate). He waited and ordered a strawberry banana liquado and was stupefied by the spinning wheel of the ice shaver as a young girl added a giant chunk of ice. The frothy treat was priceless to him and as he rounded back towards the main dock, he noticed a new boatload of passengers approaching. He turned back towards the village when he heard, "Lucas!"

It was George!

He knew George would be arriving in Las Lisas as they had discussed before Lucas left. They couldn't wait to fill each other in and George had a huge grin when he stepped off the boat with his guitar and bags. They hugged and Lucas started, "This place is incredible! I found Dr. Redhawk and you're not gonna believe this!"

Lucas led George back to his room and there was room for George as the room had an extra cot. Lucas spilled the beans. As best he could recreate the magnitude of his recent experiences, Lucas still had more to say. Lucas tried to yield the conversation to inquire about George since they last met up but George was very interested and wanted to see Dr. Bob for himself.

"Soon enough," Lucas said and started back in about the ley lines and the confusing discussion afforded him.

"He seems to think we can all tap into the energy here to make our thoughts come true."

"Let's try it," George said and concentrated on getting high.

"Do you have any weed?" As Lucas shook his head yes, George blurted out, "See! It's working already. I brought delicacies from Antigua and you wouldn't believe the last couple nights at El gato gordo."

George had continued making good connections and had played concerts three out of the last four nights. "Those women are insatiable." The previous night was the birthday of the owner of the bar in Antigua George was playing at.

As George shifted through his things, he excused himself for a shower and Lucas hacked away at the book he was reading (the Glass Bead Game) and was making a long list of vocabulary words. He was amazed at how many subjects were touched upon and how after years of reading there were incessant new words to encounter. George was soon back up upon the deck and Lucas went into the Doctors theory about parasites and the omnipotent Rife machine. Lucas then felt obliged to share his parasite with him. He was bound to find out anyway. George was captivated by the story and began to be concerned that he had picked them up somewhere along the line. He assumed that people were much more vulnerable to invasion that they would want to think.

“I need to place my thoughts carefully, I wouldn’t want to cultivate problems that aren’t real to begin with.” George was sifting through his thoughts about what Lucas described of the importance of suggestion in this plane of elevated consciousness.

“Do you have to be physically above these ley lines to make thoughts come true or is there a ritual?” George asked.

Lucas responded, “Well you’re in luck. We will be meeting him tonight over in this old hotel he’s been staying in. It was scary over there the first time I walked up those rickety stairs to that hallway of doors. It took me three days just to find anyone who could tell me of the doctors whereabouts. Apparently he’s known as Dr. Gato by the locals.” Lucas recapped his introduction to the world of Dr. Redhawk.

The waves of the ocean sounded like massive thunder and they both looked over.

“The view is incredible here and wait until you see the evening stars.” Lucas told George.

George was opening his guitar case and started to strum a recently composed piece and Lucas relaxed in the salty air. He loved hearing George play and George was enthusiastic about a couple of new pieces. Lucas thought if his love of a lifetime was sitting there beside him now, he would be in paradise. Instead his mind wandered to when he may see her again. The music soothed the savage beast inside him and he leaned back and stretched his legs. He stood up and began a series of lymphatic stretches along the deck as George continued plucking harmonious chords and melodies.

“Have you been in the ocean yet?” George asked he reached a lull in his playing.

“No, it’s too dangerous. The ocean has been like this the whole time and its been known to swallow people whole.” Lucas relayed.

“All in due time I suppose.”

Lucas gave George a tour of the village and recapped his days here. George was glad to have a break from those beautiful reckless nights of drinking he had become accustomed to. He picked up on the crisp, uplifting feeling of the air.

Lucas observed, “That’s the power of the ley lines. Apparently we are all capable of tapping into a deeper understanding of our subliminal minds here. Somewhere down that beach lies the key to mind over matter. At Lake Atitlan, I discovered the doorway of dreams, and I really believe I will discover the skeleton key here.” Lucas was empowered and buzzing from the prospects of becoming more more aware.

“For one thing, I’ll be sure to leave any negative thoughts behind,” George said as they peered down the long series of ocean waves.

“I suppose you’re right, man its better for optimists to occupy this cosmic connection, because if a bunch of mean people invaded Las Lisas, this world would be burning down that much faster.” Lucas said.

“Hold it right there, let’s not even mention those mean people. We should try to project visions of dignity and human rights the world over.” George reasoned.

Lucas was beginning to see it would be easier said than done to just drop all frustrations and channel enormous healing power from within. He thought, ‘Am I up to the challenge?’

Within a few hours they were walking over to the old hotel to meet up with Al and Dr. Redhawk. They reached the lower deck and it was quiet and empty. The sun was fading in the distance and George said, “It’s kind of weird here, its as though there was a thriving community and tourists at one time, but now everyone seemed to have left never to return. Let’s hope that the shift was due to benign circumstances.” With that they climbed the stairs to the second

floor and saw Al lounging on the hammock out on the deck. He was introduced to George and they began to discuss the scene at the clinic.

“So Dr. Redhawk seems to be going nonstop every time I see him. He treats everyone for free?” Lucas asked.

“Yeah. He’s been like that ever since I started to assist him these last two months.” Al answered.

“Will the Dr. be joining us tonight?” George asked what Lucas was thinking.

“He’s still finishing reports at the clinic. He suggested having dinner a El comedor Garcia.” Al said and leaned back upon the hammock.

“Where have you been while assisting Dr. Redhawk?” Lucas asked.

“We started out from Panajachel at Lake Atitlan. We then headed north toward Coban. We visited a clinic there, but there was a disagreement between the other Doctors. Dr. Bob has his methods, but those guys didn’t seem receptive. Now, Dr. Bob has the backing of the former President of Guatemala. He cured his cancer. He awarded Dr. Bob a medal and the official seal of the cabinet of the Guatemalan government. The Ministry of health has various clinics all over Guatemala, quite independent of Governmental influence. Dr. Bob conceals his role in saving the Presidents life. Dr. Redhawk is an outsider, and uses techniques involving parapsychology, hypnosis, and bioelectric therapies—treatment on the fringe of what most doctors ascribe to medical science. On many occasions, medical practitioners have a set way of handling patients and don’t look kindly upon a ‘witch doctor’ entering intuitive healing in the mix.” Al had seen his share of skeptics along the way, but he firmly believed in Dr. Redhawk.

The three conversed for another half hour and then approached the comedor. When they arrived, Dr. Bob and Wayne were seated and engaged in a hilarious conversation about a bat that had appeared in his room late last night. Wayne had told Dr. Bob about it earlier, but now Dr. Bob was explaining it to the lady of the house, Lelina. Dr. Bob had made friends with the people he met throughout the village. It had been one week since Dr. Bob first arrived here. Sweeping around Dr. Bob smiled and was introduced to George.

“Is your friend familiar with bioelectric therapies?” Dr. Bob asked Lucas as they were taking seats.

“Yes, we were told about it by your friend Bill in Lago de Atitlan. George brought me some organic red leaf lettuce and other treats.”

The men had a rise from that being a matter of importance to Lucas. When it came to food, Lucas was usually going overboard, explaining the subtle textures of various chocolates and other examples of descriptive flamboyance. Back home, he would make tahini sauce by using lemons through a juicer and go on and on about drizzling tahini over a wide assortment of appetizers. He even applied to be a food critic at a local paper and was turned down more than once.

George was speaking to Dr. Bob and asked, “I thought what Lucas mentioned about elevating patterns of thought into a manifestation of worldly events was fantastic. Where did you stumble across such a potentially miraculous observation?”

The Doctor answered, “You know, the winds of life have brought me down many paths. I have been fortunate to learn from various relatives as well as tribal leaders during my formative years growing up outside the Kulechi reservation in northern Minnesota. I have been descended upon by the great spirit of horse storm. Many directions had presented themselves to me, and it

will inevitably lead to my death, however, I can assure you, my task upon this here earth has to be met.” Dr. Bob shared this cryptic explanation and the men seemed unfazed.

George thought, ‘Did this man really believe he had died and returned to life as a diety?’ He sat and watched the Doctor begin to discuss the rise of Mars in the western horizon. The celestial view was sublime and Wayne had brought binoculars and mentioned having a viewing after dinner.

The group ordered food and fell back into small talk. Again Lucas as well as George were confounded about the vast knowledge and whimsical descriptions made by Dr. Bob, thinking he was a visionary. Over dinner Wayne told rich stories of his time in Rio dulce. Everyone had already been and had fond memories.

As they finished eating, Lucas was glad that the purpose of his trip had been realized. Just seeing what he has of Dr. Bob, Lucas felt an unshakable urge to take charge of his body, mind, and spirit. He felt as though he was closer than ever to reaching for a perfectly attainable balance within, making contact with that inner mechanism for healing and just never letting go.

Night time

The fellows headed to the deck where Lucas was staying. Lively conversations ensued; Wayne and Al were sipping wine, and George was drinking beers. Candles burned and lit up the deck along with the moon shine off of the ocean. Soon George broke out the guitar and soothed our minds with pleasant finger-style songs. At one point, George began playing and singing an original folk song. Dr. Redhawk had appeared to be in a trance as the intro of the composition washed over his head space. As George sang, Dr. Bob had begun singing. He started softly although it soon became apparent to George and Lucas that he was channeling into the night the words to George’s song. There was no way Dr. Bob could have heard it before, yet there he was, still sitting quite still with his eyes slightly ajar. Lucas really liked this song, but his ears were playing tricks with him and the sound started to fade in and out of a haze of what George was doing as well as the ocean sounds.

Lucas began to get the impression that something bizarre was taking place because this was unbelievable. The assembled men were in for quite a display as the shaman stood singing along with George at still louder tones. Lucas noticed his voice started sounding strange and alien. Just then Lucas started backing away from the Shaman as he continued to sing and was now twitching and convulsing as though he was being overwhelmed by some exterior forces. George stopped playing as everyone gasped in amazement—the shaman was now trembling violently and seemed to be engulfed in a powerful blue energy field. A gigantic clang sounded and Al ran off the deck but the rest were blocked by the shaman when suddenly he disappeared. Just like

that the shaman was gone and the ocean waves were the only noise to be heard. The group of men were terrified. Al and Wayne also had never seen anything like it before and George yelled out, "What the hell just happened?"

The candles had all blown out and no one knew just how to answer him. "People don't just disappear!," George exclaimed and still only the ocean sounds.

Lucas flipped on a light overhead and they noticed a smoldering ember on the deck about where Dr. Bob had most recently been.

"It can't be! I saw you die!" Al exclaimed as none other than Dr. Bob reappeared from under the porch. "What you have witnessed is utter soul transcendence. Do not doubt that the effects of what you have seen here are far reaching. Just remember the minds of men are not always receptive to higher learning." The men stayed back simply awestruck. Here was the living breathing Dr. Redhawk, master magician. Dr. Bob proceeded upon the deck and was seated. He began a meditative posture and began to softly recite an ancient tribal prayer. Al was creeped out and left for his room. Wayne, George and Lucas had no idea what to expect next and decided to leave Dr. Bob to his meditation and ended up walking with Wayne back to his room. No one would ever see Dr. Bob Redhawk again.

"How long have you known Dr. Bob?," Lucas asked Wayne.

"For a good many years I have known Dr. Bob. He has always mentioned odd ideas or conceptions of our physical world." Wayne replied. Wayne was just as surprised as the rest.

"I have always considered his sentiments as mere suppositions. He has somehow tapped into a deeper contact with his surroundings." Wayne continued.

George asked, "This is quite a peculiar place. How do you guys sleep at night? Has he entered your dreams?"

He was amazed that all this was happening on his first night at the village. He thought maybe his presence had shattered the pearly gates of sanity. They couldn't recall any dreams, and nothing seemed to make sense. Lucas realized that this strange encounter with the shaman was another unreal world.

George and Lucas later returned to their dwelling. Dr. Bob was gone. They headed for bed and when Lucas awoke in the morning, he wrote a journal entry. He wrote:

If Dr. Bob had control this whole time, what was he intending to show by it? Is my concept of death real? Is this life a fixed part of reality that exists because we perceive it, or does that which we have an inability to perceive very well occupy a separate reality? Our everyday actions meld into the endless possibilities of this other world. Our interactions and intentions with others have the tremendous potential for lasting effects of positive change. We know the feelings of despair and anguish and should have the inclination to eliminate such feelings. The trouble is we rarely begin to understand death and have many unfortunate experiences of our dearest people.

Death overwhelms us all. It reassures us of its inevitability and reminds us of our limitations. It forces us to ignore or consider the point of our lives when death will close in. So when we see death could we perceive what is happening and manipulate the course of death into a new life of higher awareness and rebirth? In the case of Dr. Bob Redhawk, he was aware of energy that shaped our daily lives. His manipulation of the course of events will remain an extraordinary mystery. Perhaps no one in the world could ever know exactly how Dr. Bob did what he did. He had a relationship with nature and death that we can't imagine. Lucas must have been intended to find a balance with this need to identify with death. Lucas made the conclusion to embrace this

mystical spirit world and unburden his consciousness of the desperation of having no relief from physical illness.

The morning yielded terrific sunshine. The wind dealt a cool breeze and the ocean showed its strength with the crashing waves. George and Lucas had been able to sleep and last night had seemed like a dream to them.

George recalled, "Did you see Al dive off the side of the deck? That was some funny shit."

Making light of the matter and they soon were feeling good and proceeded to walk the beach. A small boat rocked upon the water in the distance. Lucas took a deep breath and took a moment to admire the view.

"I hope Dr. Redhawk is alright. He sure gave us a good scare."

George replied, "He can take care of himself. How about you? Are you going back to see him today?" Lucas said, "I really have to George, he could be our only hope."

The waves kept crashing and George was intent on getting in the ocean. He ran in full force and was thrashed about by the crazy waves. He paced the waves and dove into heavy waves at a shallow point. The undertow knocked him on his ass and he scrambled back out laughing towards Lucas.

"The water is great!" George said and he ran back into the ocean for a second go.

Lucas had swam the ocean quite a bit on various other trips and couldn't resist. He took off his shirt and advanced slowly into the enormous waves. He didn't make it past the last breaking point, and although he was only shin deep, his legs were sucked out right from underneath him by the undertow. His feet slipped out from under him and he was being violently pulled deeper out, so that by the time he made it to his feet, the process repeated itself and he at last gained footing, only to have the sand underneath him give way to a deep crevice, encapsulating him in a sand submersion.

George had turned his back for only an instant and within that span of time his best friend was gone. He stayed just past the breaking point screaming for Lucas but he never came out. Dread and revulsion spread over George and after yelling and making a commotion he sat sobbing and trembling on the beach. He was alone now and the waves kept pounding down against the shore. For the rest of his days, he would always mourn when he thought of his first day at Las Lisas.