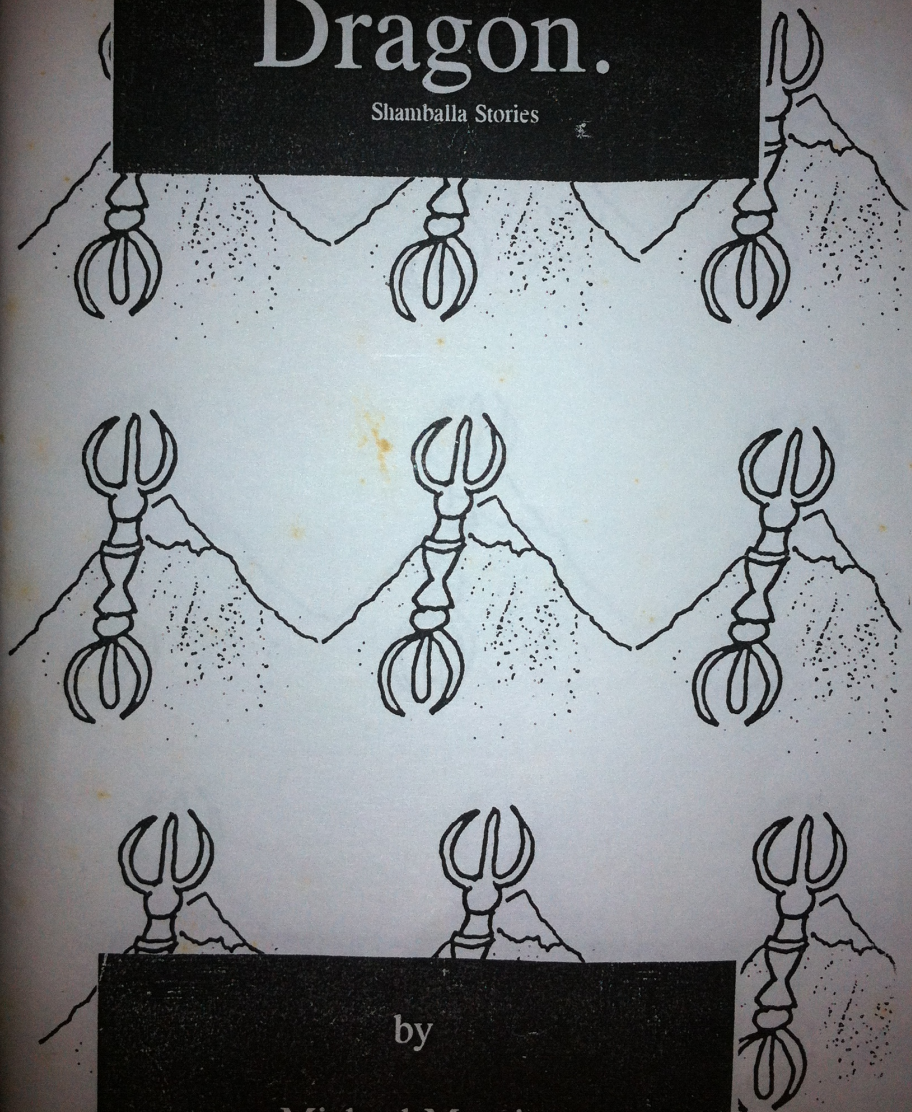


Dragon.

Shamballa Stories



by

Michael Morain

Light Banners

In glowing mist dispersing
we stand upon a gravel path,
sand crystal stones shine,
light banners of silk: blue, green
greet the sun
which open petalled
fire soft searing seeing
welcomes us.

The sacred mountain
ancient stone serene with age
unwrinkled by time
touches the sky with peaks
where clouds settle as snow
and the pure water therefrom
caresses with cool hands
white flowers.

From crevice to crevice
the wind whispers:
"Shamballa."



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Dedicated to Cilel and Victoria who kept pushing me to continue and without whom this would probably not have been finished.

One.

A circle of ten stars.

Courtyard

The room looked out onto a paved courtyard, at the centre of which stood an old tree reaching out with its branches as if to embrace all.

Sunlight reflected from the whiteness of the buildings, seemed to leap from arch to arch around the courtyard. From where I was, my attention was caught by what was going on between a couple under the old tree.

She was leaning back against a bench, her golden hair flowing, yet held at the back, as if she were afraid it would fly away. Her sensuous mouth was curved in a slight smile as she looked at her companion. Her floral dress in greens moved in the breeze matching the shade of her eyes. Her companion appeared very agitated. He was walking up and down in front of her gesturing with his arms. His gray suit added impact to his solemnity. His hair was mussed as he stopped once in a while to run his hands through it. It changed from brown to black as his hands rippled through. A stubbled chin accentuated a strong nose and lips that were thin from strain.

I could not hear what he was saying, but I watched them with interest.

He stopped and listened as she replied. Then he nodded and they both walked towards my side

of the building, disappearing into the entrance a floor below me. As I listened I heard footsteps upon the stairs, then their sound down the hallway, coming to a pause at my door.

The handle turned slowly. Very gently the door opened. They stood there looking into my room.

"Ah, you are awake." The man said with a slight smile, "We thought you were never going to wake. How are you feeling?"

"Okay, considering the circumstances," I said, indicating my bandages, "But do I know either of you?"

The man looked surprised. .

"Martin, do you remember nothing of what happened to you?"

"Is that my name?" I said.

"Do you remember anything of us?" the man said softly.

"I seem to know you both" I said, "Almost as though we were related in some way."

"We are," he said smiling, "I am your brother David and this is my wife Rebecca."

A flash of us riding on horseback in the desert and laughing like crazy, rose before my eyes.

"Did we ever ride in the desert?"

"You remember" Rebecca said, her voice gentle yet lilting.

"I just saw that now."

"That was two months ago" David said, "It was just before you disappeared and we have been searching for you since. Do you not remember our archaeological diggings, or your going out with someone in answer to an urgent call?"

I shook my head.

"Do you have anything else that could help me remember?"

He produced some photographs that he had in a pocket of his jacket.

"I brought these on the off-chance that we might be able to see you awake."

"He was going crazy" Rebecca interrupted, "He was just arguing with me before we came here that we must see you. I gave in and am glad that I did."

David moved closer to the bed.

"These photos are recent, in that I had hoped you could identify who was involved in what happened to you. I do not have any childhood

photos, I did not bring them. I could not believe you had lost those memories."

"I have one" said Rebecca, "that I always keep, because it reminds me of the happy times we had together."

She reached into the bag, rummaging through it and finally produced a crumpled photo.

It showed us together on the lawn of a large Victorian type house, arms around each other. The sea and a bay were in the background.

I shook my head.

David handed me the other photos. They were all of a camp. Us, laborers, foremen, animals. It meant nothing to me.

"What were we doing there?" I asked.

"Then you do not remember the documents that we obtained in Germany, that pointed to this site..." here David pointed to the photographs, "That indicted we would find a clue to one of the most marvelous finds of all time."

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"The search for this" he said, taking a drawing of a city out of his pocket.

It did not mean anything and I said so. They looked at each other.

"Perhaps you can tell us what you do remember," Rebecca said.

"It is not much," I replied, "but I will tell you. It has haunted my dreams, but I need to know if it is a true experience."

I then proceeded to tell them about the silver coin.

A small silver coin.

In my memory the day was hot and windless.

A small bead of perspiration traced its way down my back, as I kicked sand into the footsteps of my guide.

I stopped and shaded my eyes looking for the temple.

The guide pointed silently to the east.

It stood there, pillars like fingers raised in supplication to the sun.

As I looked, I saw a movement of white, like a banner flapping. It fluttered like a call as it wound its way amongst the pillars. I walked a little faster, the temple was so near, passing my guide in my hurry to get there.

The sun was so bright, that the temple seemed to appear before me as if it had jumped out of the sand - one moment it was a little further, the next I was right there.

Pillars worn by time, rough and strong for it.

Standing before them, they seemed to reach for the sky itself, trying to support the vault of heaven.

With one hand I caressed a pillar.

The grains of stone brushed against my hand, mixed with clean cuts of ancient tools and smoothness of carving. It flowed, almost mesmerizing, yet it was also voluptuous. A lover waiting to be caressed.

A small breeze had sprung up and I had to shield my eyes from the sand. Rubbing my eyes I moved into the temple. Sound changed from the crunch of sand to the smooth of stone. In front of me, a small distance away, something white fluttering.

I raised my hand to shield my eyes and saw a slender figure at the place where the pillars ended.

Hands were resting upon a stone altar.

A cloak of pure white, flecked with gold thread sparkled, covering head, a body, flowing down the form to rest gracefully upon the stone floor.

The sound of my footsteps startled the person and she turned.

The hood of her cloak folded back, revealing shoulder length black hair, that pulsed in the rays of the sun.

If you have seen a statue of the Madonna, you will have an idea of her face. Her eyes though, were the most beautiful thing about her.

Green, yet changing like sea does in light and as they looked at you, you knew they could see your soul.

She placed her hands for support on the altar behind her. As she did so, her white robe parted slightly to reveal a dress of greens, brown and reds, that clung to her form.

"I have been waiting for you" she said.

I continued walking up to her and a scent like jasmine touched me.

"Have you lost your tongue?" she asked and laughed, a laugh that intoxicated me even more than the sight of her.

"You do not know me?" she asked, raising one eyebrow as she looked at me. I stuttered and stammered, trying to say something, but I was bewitched.

"Never mind," she said, "I have something for you".

She reached out with her hand, grasping my left hand and turning it palm upward. With her other hand she placed in it a small silver coin.

I remember looking at it distractedly.

A lion, an eagle, an ox, a man stared at me.

She lent forward and planted a kiss between my brows. It was soft, the lightness of her breath a perfume, a caress. As she did so, I saw an image of a pool of water and a door.

"Do you remember now?"

Still I shook my head.

"Do you have any questions?" She looked at me, a light of laughter in her eyes.

"I do not remember you, I wish I did," I said having found my voice.

"Ask me the other question?"

I hesitated and said, "It seems so mundane."

"Ask it anyway."

"Where did this coin come from?"

She took my hand lightly in hers.

She said pursing her lips slightly before speaking, "Where the four quarters meet."

A breeze ruffled her robes, causing the colours to dance.

She stopped and turned to face me, her eyes looking into mine, as she cupped her hands around my face.

Memories suppressed seemed to want to rush to the surface.

"Love" she said.

She turned and walked to the entrance of the temple. The sun seemed to cast glorious colours that surrounded her like a halo. She turned, waved and the sun took her from my sight.

Respite

"Is that all you remember?" asked David disappointed.

"I am sorry, but she haunts my dreams. I know her somehow and that silver coin, but my mind is fuzzy. I will try to remember more, but perhaps if you brought me more photos? You do have the clue of the coin. I am sure I will remember more..."

My voice trailed off.

Rebecca looked at me with soft eyes.

"David, he is tired. Let us let him rest and come back tomorrow."

"This is so important" David said.

My head, which had begun to feel sore and strained, fell back onto the pillows and I closed my eyes. I heard them from a distance leave the room.

I could not sleep.

An image arose before my eyes.

A green cover

Lightning flashed across the sea and thunder echoed across the hills bringing the fresh scent of rain to me.

I sat at my desk, trying to write, but also stunned by the beauty of the storm, which made me want to run madly into its heart and celebrate the existence of life.

At that moment there was a knock on the door.

Going to it I saw her there.

Hair dripping from the rain. Eyes shining, lips red and moist. Clothing plastered against her skin.

Rebecca.

"The storm is so wonderful, I had to see you so we could celebrate it."

I laughingly helped her inside and handed her a towel.

In a few minutes she was ensconced in my bathrobe, bare feet resting on my floor, towel at her side. The robe was partly open and a breast

peaked through, distracting me and making me want to kiss it.

"You remember the time we sat around a fire and told stories. I told the tale of meeting American Indians, when I was over there selling crystals."

I nodded, remembering the night, the fire, the laughter, the companionship.

"Do you remember the tale you told?"

I nodded again.

"Tell it now please."

She looked so much like a little girl wanting to be told a bedtime story, that I laughed and began.

"Legends all over the world tell about the wonderful and beautiful nature of life. How it is like a tree with many branches. How life buds and grows, falls and grows again. Many cultures also tell of a source of regeneration, a secret of vitality, which when found ensures immortality. One day in my travels I was attracted to an old church. Gothic with its spires, its gargoyles and statues of the saints.

I walked up the stairs and pushed the huge oak doors inward wandering into the cool interior. As I looked around one window made me stop in amazement, not so much for the scene, as for the words.

The scene was of the angel Gabriel visiting Mary to announce the glad tidings.

The legend read: the giver of life.

I was musing on this when I felt a tap on my shoulder.

I turned to see a dark and very distinguished man, wearing conservative clothes. I cannot describe him more clearly because memory has dimmed what he looked like to me. I was young, very young.

He pointed to the window.

'I see you are interested in the same thing as I am.'

I said it had a curious attraction for me and told him about my interest in legends.

'Gabriel is associated with this very much,' the man said pausing shortly before continuing, as if not quite certain as to how much to say. 'He is said to be a controller of the forces that build the universe. He is also a symbol of life, regeneration and of fertility.'

We were interrupted by a priest who shushed us and made us leave, as he said that our voices were disturbing people who were trying to pray.

As we were walking down the steps he turned to me.

'I have to go, but I hope you will contact me so that we can talk some more. I want you to have this as a gift from one scholar to another in their search.'

He handed me a small book with a green cover.

Then he left."

"And you never saw him again, but the book gave his research and a method he had discovered. How come you never let me read the book?"

"Because you never asked," I said smiling, "And because I like an air of carrying secrets. The secret is how to become more vital."

"Stop it," She said hitting me playfully. "You have to show me the method."

So I did. The secret was hers.

Then while the storm raged, we celebrated with some wine and passionately, we made love.

Seven Stairs.

As I lay on my bed, I thought in shock:

"Had I made love to Rebecca while she was married to David? My God, what else did I do? What was this we were searching for?"

These thoughts went round and round in my head, until I was exhausted and I fell asleep.

Sleeping, a new memory arose to haunt me.

I was on a flight, I do not know to where, but David was with me.

In front of my legs was a briefcase, containing I knew a stone artifact that was important to both of us.

"Try to get some sleep" David said to me, "We have a long meeting ahead of us."

I fidgeted a bit, rebelling against this, but I was tired and my eyes closed.

Immediately I was standing on the steps of a temple.

I could not see how far it extended upwards, as this was hidden by mists that glowed and swirled like the fires of a storm.

The temple itself was a Greek temple. Its pillars were white as snow and the fluting seemed to be made of pure sunlight. Seven stairs led to a door of pure gold, inlaid with patterns of flowers. In my dream I struggled up these stairs, legs moving as though in heavy water. I remember the warmth of the gold against my hand as I strove to push it. It would not open and at that point I awoke.

David was snoring gently beside me.

I turned around in my seat and closed my eyes.

I was in the temple again.

As my hand caressed the door, I felt writing on it and stepped back to see what was written.

The following word appeared:

Enter.

As I touched, the door swung open.

The inside was cool, glowing with a wonderful yellow light. On the floor was a pattern that seemed to draw one into it. It spiraled in alternative colours of orange and gold towards its focus, an altar of pure gold. The walls seemed of unending height, but were featureless.

At the altar stood the figure of a man, completely naked. Before him was a cup and in

his hand he carried a staff. His left hand hovered near the cup, which he picked up as I came towards him. His hair was golden, eyes matching. As he stepped round the altar, I noticed that he had wings on his feet.

A powerful magnetic force like a fire seemed to radiate from him.

He offered the cup to me and I drank the golden liquid.

As I did so, I seemed to hear words, although he did not speak.

"Let go and learn, pain is not necessary."

Then he embraced me.

As he did so, everything seemed to dissolve. My whole being was on fire. I awoke with the feeling of his lips on mine.

I had to remove David's hand from my face, he is a restless sleeper too.

Ecstasy

I awoke sweating from this dream.

The more I thought about the dream, the more confused I became. I rubbed my eyes and spent another few hours tossing and turning. As I was falling asleep again Another temple.

On a cliff overlooking the sea. Sailing boats dancing in the sunlight. A silver coin. A beautiful lady.

The memory seemed to tantalize me, as if it held a key.

I was walking with a dark-haired girl who wore a white dress. She had black eyes, olive skin, a sensuous mouth.

The temple stood out against the cliff. An old temple to Aphrodite.

"Jane, why have you brought me here?"

She placed her finger to her lips.

"This place is sacred and before I can tell you we will have to make an offering."

I wondered what that could be, as she clasped my hand and led me round the side of the temple, facing the ocean.

There she drew me down into a seated position and took off her dress, revealing herself to be naked. Her breasts were smooth and inviting and I reached out to cup them, caressing them. She slipped from my grasp.

"You must catch me" she said and ran round a corner of the temple.

I ran after, fumbling from my clothes, until naked I was gaining on her.

With a jump I caught her and we fell panting to the grass.

Wildly we kissed and made love.

Afterwards as we lay there her one finger tracing a circle on my breast, she said:

"Aphrodite, goddess of love, would have approved."

I smiled.

"Now we can go into the temple, I have something to show you."

"Like this? Naked?"

"Yes, silly, come."

She pulled me to my feet and naked we entered the temple of Aphrodite.

Although the place was dusty, it felt cool and inviting, seeming to retain majesty of ages past. The altar to Aphrodite was still there and she led me to it.

On the altar was something shiny. A silver coin.

She picked it up.

"What do you think of this?"

The coin bore four symbols: lion, eagle, ox, man.

I was nonplused. "I was given a similar one before by another person, is it Greek?"

"No, but you will find it in all mysteries. When I was little my father used to tell me stories that had been told to him by his father and so on down the centuries. It is said whoever finds this will find something of great value."

"You have found it?"

"Rain opened a crack in one of the walls of this temple."

"I don't remember any of this in Greek history or legend."

We were silent for a while.

"I want you to take this," she said.

"Why?" I asked.

"You are an archaeologist. I am not, I would not know what to do with it. But you will. You must promise to use it well."

She handed me the coin. I took it and looked at it.

She was looking at me.

"But what does this mean?" I asked again.

"Research and you will find out, I only know from these stories that it is a clue to a treasure. The stories say it was brought to Greece, long ago. That is all."

I was mystified, but she would have no more of that and lent forward and kissed me.

Slowly we made love on the floor of the temple, the sunlight caressing us, blessing us.

Seek me in the north.

Sunlight was streaming through the window.

David was sitting on the window sill looking thoughtfully at me, while I related to him my dreams. Rebecca had not come with him this time. She was exhausted.

David laughed when I related the incident of Rebecca.

"If your memory was complete, you would know that the memory was before Rebecca and I married. You were involved with her first, but it did not work out. She came to me for a shoulder to cry on and one thing led to another. We have always, we three been close since childhood."

I nodded and said:

"It is just so frustrating, these memories."

"Perhaps I should tell you, it might help your memory." I nodded, it was better than being left in the dark.

"Perhaps something you say will help me remember."

David pursed his lips.

"Where to start," he said and paused briefly.

"Your memory of the green covered book was the start of our search because besides the method described, the book pointed to an ancient city from which this knowledge came. Although the myth of the fountain of youth: El Dorado points to this city, as much as the grail and other legends, it was not sufficient to locate where we might find this.

The book went to the heart of it and pointed out that research of these and other legends had lead the writer to conclude that in South America, where the Azectics were, were to be found clues to Ibez, an ancient culture."

He paused as though to allow me time to absorb this, then continued:

"Our trip to South America, brought us our first clue that such a culture existed. We found a tablet that recited a legend of this culture and this was your memory of the plane trip, although your dream I cannot account for."

He smiled.

"The tablet when properly translated indicated that this ancient civilization was only in South America for a while and they left to establish themselves elsewhere. The Aztecs always expected them to come back, thus their legends.

Why they moved is not known, but the city established was called Shamballa."

I was about to interrupt him, but he put his finger to his lips.

"Let me finish. We had no further clues as to where exactly to go, we had no money and we needed to do further research. This legend of a race that was young, that had some secret of vitality and who had founded or helped found the Aztec civilization, was very difficult to believe. So I left for Germany to do some research for others on the Third Reich and you to Egypt and then Greece. That was where you picked up a further clue. That coin did not reveal much but what was on the back of the coin, which we only saw after much cleaning, helped us a lot.

In Germany I found reference to an expedition undertaken by the Germans, which added to the clue of the coin and we ended up excavating in the Gobi desert, where you disappeared. That is the whole story."

"So we were searching for the lost city of Shamballa?"

"Yes and you seem to have found something, a temple at least."

I nodded. "I wish I could remember. What was on the reverse of the coin?"

"It was a legend which said: "Seek me in the north, where nothing blooms, there one wall is found."

"God, I wish I could remember. When can I come back to the expedition."

David looked down briefly then replied: "The doctor says that except for memory loss, you can be released in a day or so ..."

"But...?" I questioned him.

"The problem is that if you can't remember, I am afraid we will have to go home. Our excavations have revealed nothing and without the temple you described we will have to return. Our backers will not give money, so without your memory, I am afraid that our expedition is doomed ..."

A blinding light

I reflected on the news that I was to be released in a day or two yet I was torn by the fact that all the work we had done could be in danger.

My mind went over and over the facts, went over my memories, going round and around in circles. In this process I must have fallen asleep because suddenly I was aware of a blinding light. I was falling from the sky and coming nearer to me. A faint music seemed to accompany it.

As the light came closer the heat increased, until I was uncomfortably hot.

Out of the light came a majestic figure of a youth with a bow slung over his shoulder. He presented me with a mirror and as I looked into it I saw images: childhood, adulthood, suffering, joy. He left the mirror and with a wave was gone, dissolving into the light. I awoke with a start, sunlight dancing across my bed.

Problems in the desert

As I lay there pondering what must have been a dream, the thought of the expedition arose again and I found that suddenly I could remember what had happened to me that night when I visited the temple.

I remembered going out with my guide into the heat of the desert. How we had walked north in response to the summons of a meeting, where I was told I could get more information about a lost civilization.

The meeting with the mysterious lady and her leaving.

When she left I examined the altar and the ruins of the temple. The shape was unusual almost as if it was in the shape of a cross of some sort. The pillars themselves were almost feathered in their carving, as though they were extensions of some great bird. I had returned to the altar and was examining strange carvings along its rim when something was thrown over my head and twisted to a close around my neck.

As I struggled to free myself I heard a voice shouting:

"You desecrate our holy places, you must pay."

People started kicking and beating me.

As they did this the person holding the sack over my head dragged me by the neck across the sand.

I was dragged for a short distance, then hands caught hold of me and bound me with ropes. One rope was attached to some animal: a horse or camel I suppose and I was again dragged as these people rode away. As they did so I heard chanting from them, something like: Yah-sa-heen, Ya-sa-heen.

The ride seemed to last for ages and my agony was great, I hovering on the verge of unconsciousness.

In the middle of this they must have cut the rope, because I found myself tumbling and falling, over and over and over until I came to a halt in the sand.

As I lapsed into unconsciousness, I heard their laughter.

My next memory was of awakening in the hospital.

The images of dust, horses, rope, danced in my head and then were gone as though a wind had blown them away.

I sunk for the first time into a deeper and more peaceful sleep and awoke refreshed, to see David sitting half-asleep in a chair beside my bed.

The Visit.

The sun was halfway across the horizon, a desert wind faintly stirring the warm sand. The brown pillars of the temple cast shrinking shadows across the paved floors.

David, Rebecca and I had left the confines of the hospital and made our way to the site.

My recollection of our excavation, include my kneeling on the paving, one arm for support on the stone altar, examining the reliefs on the rim. A square carved in the stone that spiraled, followed by a disc encircled with feathers, each alternating in the pattern. Every fifth part was interrupted by a circular hole the size of a finger and a finger length in depth.

David was off to my left brushing dust off a paving so he could examine the tracing there and Rebecca was making an impression down the hall of the carvings of a pillar.

The temple proved to be a major find, one which made us what some might call celebrities in the archaeological world. For the temple was part of a city, a place we called Shamballa. It revealed a people of high civilization, who had lived on a grassy plane of the Gobi, long before it became a desert.

From what we could discover, they were an advanced civilization who had sent emissaries around the world seeking to spread the light of knowledge and the advantages of civilization. They had a vast library in a language we still had to decipher, that included drawings of machines that looked more advanced than our own.

As I worked it seemed to me that my journey up to this point had been an inner and outer adventure, one which was finished, yet which promised a new start. As I was musing this a shadow crossed my light and I looked up to see a man bearing a note.

It said: "now that you have found one star, your next adventure would be to find the circle of ten stars."

I asked the man who the message was from. He pointed and I saw along the ridge of a sand dune, the lady I had met in the feathered temple, who had given me a silver coin. She was riding away.

Two

Aima

New York

After a year or so of the diggings, cataloguing and research, I left David and Rebecca and went to my home in New York for a rest.

It was good to be back in New York and I intended to stay there a while.

My apartment was on the east side of Manhattan, situated in a four story building, access being through a double entranced door. From there one treaded up wooden stairs, creaking with age, until one reached the apartment. One window of the apartment looked out upon the back of a church, which cast Gothic shading over a small yard and an old tree.

On the third evening of my return, there was a knock on my apartment door.

Someone had sidestepped the buzzer again and although irritated, I opened it.

The lady I had met that fateful day at the temple stood at the entrance.

“You still do not remember me?” She said smiling gently.

She paused as if to wait for my answer, then continued,

“Not expecting me here at this time, is the very time I would come. I would like to take you on a journey.”

She turned, walked a few steps and beckoned me.

Helpless, bemused, I followed her into the street, where the city night had fallen.

The amber fires of the street vendors, who sold peanuts, seemed to form doorways to I knew not where .

In the street, lay her car.

Like a sports car, it was sleek and long. It's creamy colour seemed to shimmer as though it contained all colours. The front was curving, the whole look almost limousine like. The wheels appeared covered by the body.

A door slid noiselessly open as we approached, to reveal a rich, cushioned interior. Padded seats that gave as you sank into them. The door slid close and I then realized that there were no windows in the car. The mirror like appearance of the car had deceived me.

The vehicle slid noiselessly forward.

The lady signaled silence and we rode on. I did not know why I trusted her, but I did.

I was startled somewhat when after about forty minutes, there was a splash. We were on the water.

The lady said, “this vehicle is multipurpose, it can travel on land, in the air and under the sea. We have quite a way to travel and not wanting to be observed, we will go under water for a way and then by air. We will arrive at Shamballa in another hour.”

I had recovered from my surprise and asked, one question rushing after the other, “Are you taking me back to the desert archaeological site and would you mind telling me your name?”

She laughed, “ The new Shamballa is situated in the Himalayas and though ancient is very much alive today. An entrance with a passage leading to the new Shamballa was at the temple you discovered, but you missed it. As for my name, you can call me Aima, which is the closest one can come in your language to an approximation of my name.”

“But why did you not lead me and my colleagues to Shamballa, before, why now and why only me?”

“For everything there is a cycle and a purpose.” Aima paused, looking into my eyes. “Our society is very ancient, we wanted you to discover us, more especially you.”

This raised even more questions in my mind.

Aima saw my expression and raised a finger to her lips, saying, "I know you have a lot more questions and my answers raise many more, but I ask you to leave them until we reach Shamballa, where you will receive the answers to all of your questions."

"May I ask just one more."

"You want to know why I approached you now, no doubt."

I nodded.

"We could wait no longer."

And that was all she said.

The car speed on in silence, now through the skies, towards new Shamballa.

The cavern.

The car slid smoothly to a stop and with a hiss of escaping air, the doors opened.

As I stepped out a wonderful sight met me.

We were in a vast cavern, illuminated I knew not how, because the source of the soft light was no-where visible. The floor was tiled with a vast expanse of white marble that glowed in the light. At the far end of the cavern was an archway, also of marble, at least seventy feet in height, a setting for huge gold doors. The walls were lined with row upon row of marble statues in great lines that lead towards the door, a procession of wise faces, philosophers it seemed to me. What held one's gaze was the ceiling: a great mass of crystal, irregular in shape which sparkled and cast rainbows as one moved.

"Welcome to the portal of Shamballa", said Aima.

Then she asked me to step towards a rectangular gray square on the marble floor. I stepped on, it clattering beneath my feet.

"Don't be afraid at what is about to happen," Aima said.

The gray square vibrated slightly, then a mist almost like fine rain enveloped us, smelling slightly of roses. After a few minutes, this

stopped, leaving no trace of the gray square behind.

“That was a disinfectant procedure to wash off pollutants from the city where we have come from.” Aima explained further.

Aima leading we walked towards the gold doors which slowly began to open on their own accord. Beyond the gold doors was revealed a glow like daylight and the outline of a golden wall with designs and patterns, although I could not make out their shapes at this stage. Immediately in front of the opened gates to the right and left stood golden lions, the same height as statues ones sees in Egypt. We passed through the gate and I could make out on the golden wall the shapes of stars, it was a star map. Aima pointed to the right and in front of us was a smaller door, set in a plain white wall.

In front of the door was a figure. A bearded man with golden hair. He appeared to be middle aged with an active energy about him. His robes of blue were of strange design having a circular neck and falling in folds to his feet. Rough circular patterns were raised all over the robe with vertical lines that seem to cross them at odd angles.

“Welcome to Shamballa,” he said very pleasantly, “ You no doubt have a strange opinion of us. The problem we have is that Shamballa is special. Our civilization is based on energy we tap and create at will. But now you

are here and I am glad to see you again, you do remember me?”

I shook my head slowly in bemusement.

In reply he drew from his robes a gray slate tablet and threw it into the air where it hovered and a picture in three dimensions slowly formed obscuring it.

It showed him and me. The candlelight cast flickering shadows across a pure white tablecloth. I was turning my glass absently watching the liquid swirl against the glass and the crystal sparkle in the light.

“Are you ready to order” said the waiter, a young man fresh from school, who constantly had to brush his hair from his face and who sucked on his pencil.

I glanced at my companion.

“You order first” he said.

The image faded and the gray tablet was gone.

“I remember now” I said. After I left Greece, in London on my way home, I was approached by you. You said you wanted to talk to me and suggested we have a meal together. You wanted to know if I wanted to do some research for you.”

“Think how much closer you could have been to Shamballa , had you accepted,” said the bearded

man, "Now you must come in, we have a number of people who are waiting to meet you and who will answer all your questions."

A circle of ten stars .

The room I was walking into appeared a study of some sort. The lighting was soft and the carpet was bluish-green, woven with symbols that were not very familiar to me at all. I do not know how to describe them except to say that they involved circles, triangles and spirals interwoven in strange patterns.

The walls were carved with Egyptian relief's showing the legend of Isis and Osiris. In all the room was at least 30 feet long and at the far end stood a large desk which stood before a magnificent carving of the sun, to which all the walled hieroglyphical figures seemed to proceed.

The people who stood behind the desk though rendered all else insignificant.

The woman was wearing a simple black dress that somehow when she moved slightly radiated a fiery light. Her arms were bare, her skin white and smooth. A black hood draped over her hair concealed that, but her face was of great beauty. Piercing green eyes, an aquiline nose and naturally red lips, but the crowning point of her young face was the jewel that hung in the centre of her forehead. Starlike in shape, it gathered the light and caught ones attention almost irresistibly. She smiled at us as we walked towards her.

Next to her stood a bearded man wearing a simple gray robe. His nose was also aquiline and he had piercing blue eyes with hair of brown. His skin and face seemed to shine with a vital energy. Around his neck he wore jewels-a circle of ten stars that seemed alive with flashes of energy that seemed to jump from one star to the other. As I came closer I saw that his gray robe had raised patterns also, which were irregular triangles like symbolic mountains.

He welcomed me and then continued:

“You must be wondering about this whole matter, about Shamballa and why we have taken such an interest in you.”

I nodded.

“We are an ancient civilization, that has existed for many thousands of years. We left the Gobi desert many thousands of years ago, because it was no longer feasible to live there. Instead we build this underground city, here in the Himalayas. Not only is it earthquake and disaster proof, but it gives us privacy from the outside world.

You may wonder why we want this, but if you look at the way other civilizations in your world have declined through invasion and so many other influences, we think it a wise choice. As to why we have invited you, we have watched you for a number of years. Aima here was your governess for a while.”

He smiled as he gestured to Aima. It awoke a memory in me of her, looking different than she did now, much sterner and wearing black, taking me and my brother for walks in the park, teaching us maths and other similar memories.

“Members of our society still go out into the world but this time searching for those we can invite to be part of our society. We still seek to uplift the world where we can and inspire civilization outside to advance, but as a society we need new members.

With regard to you specifically, we have guided you to our old city, because we wanted that revealed at this time with a greater plan in view..

As you will have discovered our library only contained information of our old civilization and its technology, but not the means to build the technology.

We would like you to join our society, but will give you several days to become acquainted with it, see if you like it and then make a decision.

If you decide not to, you will have noticed that you were not able to see our exact location, because of the transport you came in. So we can return you home without any problems should you decide not to stay. It will be up to you.”

With that he invited me to take my rest after the long journey and indicated that he would see me in a few days.

Of the days I spent and the sights I saw, I will say little at this stage. My decision however was to stay and what came of that is a subject of further adventures.

Three

Dragon

The Restaurant.

The restaurant was carpeted in red. Glass table tops surmounted chrome legs, that matched the cutlery. It was a small restaurant with windows curtained thickly. From where I sat I could see and hear revellers preparing a banner to say bon voyage to Sophia. Men in gray suits, one with rastufarian locks and women dressed in stripes and flowers. A non-discript lot in my eyes, yet entertaining for the moment. To the right of the room the restaurant was situated in, sunlight shone through the main doors bringing sounds of the street.

I let the noise of their reverally wash over me as I sat in the passage way, waiting.

“He will see you now,” said a gray haired man, wrinkles lining his brow, lips moist and eyes steel gray, yet with a warmth in them.

I passed through double oak doors and met a bear of a man, clothed all in black. You could not tell his age by his dark hair, dark eyes or face, but he way of carrying himself suggest both strength and ancient knowledge.

“Do you know how to dance?” he said taking me by surprise.

He then without waiting for me to answer, proceeded to demonstrate a dance. One step to the left, one to the right, two forward, turn,

another step to the left and right, a twirl around several times and then right and left with hands outstretched.

"Now you do it" he said.

I started in a fumbling way, but as I did it seemed to come naturally, I knew what it was.

"That is good, he said, so you recognize the Dragon dance?"

"The movement betrays it," I said.

"Are you a dancer?"

"No," I said.

"I want to get something," he said and left the room.

The old man looked at me.

"I think you are going to fit in well with our organization," he said.

The other man returned with drawings.

They were various steps of dances. I saw a swan dance on top.

"We lay these out in carpets to dance to, but the Dragon dance is the best," he said.

"Because it represents your organization?"

"Yes, but also because we enjoy it"

I paused and waited for him to say more, but he said no more, merely leaving me to look at the dances, which I did.

"This will give you new purpose" he said suddenly. I knew he was not referring to the dances.

"I am happy to join" I said in answer.

"That is good", he said and patted me on the shoulder.

Then he left.

I was now a member.

The old man gave me a book and I walked out into the sunlight.

(The manuscript ends at this point, Martin having not kept in contact. He had been on a mission to find a rare Chinese statue and the Dragon Society was considered to have it. No doubt we will hear the rest of the story in due course.)

Four

The Green Lion

The meeting.

I was sent for training, as part of my education into how those at Shamballa approach the world. As one of its best teachers was outside Shamballa at that moment and as it was advantageous that I see him and also accomplish some good work, I was sent there. This is the story of my meeting with him:

The wind was causing pine trees to sway, as I walked up a mountain path towards my destination. The wonder of the scenery was breathtaking.

Turning the corner, in a crook of the mountain, lay a lodge, small, almost Chinese like in its defiance of the heights.

My host was waiting at the doorway of the lodge.

I remember with this, my first arrival at the Lodge, that the sun was beginning to set. He was standing in the semi-twilight. I was about to meet Saint Germain.

He was tall and aristocratic in his bearing, had dark hair, piercing eyes - blue in colour.

How can one describe the experience of meeting someone whom you have only read about?

It is indescribable.

He welcomed me and I was soon in the lodge sitting beside a warm fire. After I had had something warm to drink he sat down opposite me and we talked about private things for the rest of the night. The following days were spent just enjoying the lodge and scenery, but on the third day we sat down for a serious talk.

He started by saying, " I could not meet you before, because you had many things to study and learn.

As you know of me, I have released teachings, examples and exercises to the world since I was in the court of France, so many centuries ago."

He handed me a book with a dark blue cover with "Alchemy " lettered in gold on it.

"This book of mine will provide some interesting reading - a very modest effort of mine, unfortunately no longer available", he said, " But I think the world is ready for more marvels than eternal youth, the production of gemstones, gold.

This book explains the process I used. Read it and enjoy it. One day humanity will be ready for what this book contains. Perhaps you will release it again.

As a beginning to our acquaintance I would like to start at the very beginning of alchemy.

In the changing of the base elements of ones being, as the ancient alchemists knew, the material goes through a series of changes, turning various colours in the process. At each stage in the laboratory process care is needed in the handling of the materials.

A good alchemist knows the steps of this process, the stages, what will happen.

In a like manner as we go through our own alchemical transformation, we need to be aware of the process also.

Let me introduce you to the laboratory I sometimes use for students and for experiments in alchemy. We may use it somewhat during your stay."

So saying he rose and I followed him into a room to the side of the main lounge, which I had assumed was his study.

It was an almost empty room with cushions on the floor and a small desk with a mirror and chair. Two candles were on the desk.

"This is my meditation room, for students. The mirror reverses to become a black coated mirror for other exercises. The plain mirror is also used, as are the candles in a very practical way. This is in scientific, alchemical exercises.

We also use sometimes laboratory apparatus- there is a cupboard with instruments in."

He pointed to a cupboard opposite the desk and lining the whole wall.

He then turned to leave saying that he had some pressing matters to attend to, but he invited me to remain, get the feel of the room and said I could spend time reading the book he gave me or any book in his library.

" I will see you on the morrow."

I retired, looking forward to our next session, which as it happened, started with a startling revelation.

Changing Reality.

I was sitting on the verandah of the Lodge, looking out over the valley and eating breakfast, when Saint Germain joined me. I invited him to eat with me.

" I have not eaten for a long time " he said " It is something I do not really miss. The way you are looking at me I can see you are wondering how it is possible? Consider, if we are energy and food is a form of energy, might it not be possible to tap into the source and side-step some of the more cumbersome everyday routines? "

I said I was fascinated.

" There are saints in the West who do not require anything to eat, just a simple wafer or communion wafer as it is called. Likewise in the East. There are many other things that may be regarded as miraculous, but really are workings of natural law if understood correctly."

I was listening fascinated, my spoon suspended half-way to my mouth. So indicating it with a smile, he said that I should first finish my breakfast and then we would take a walk.

So I enjoyed the rest of my breakfast and when finished we stood up and strolled along the

pathways hedged with flowers that surrounded the Lodge.

After we had been walking for a while Saint Germain continued:

"The attainment of anything depends on our ability to release old patterns, to relax and be in tune with the universe. ."

I asked him then what would be simple rules one could follow that will help one to master this process.

" As a start take time during a day, whenever you remember, to simply look at your train of thinking. Observe thoughts that arise and follow them in your mind. Observe the impulses that arise in you. Why do you want to do something? What are the reasons? Where does it come from?

You will find that there are a lot of negative thoughts, fears, beliefs in your consciousness that if you examine them closely, just do not make sense. If you examine yourself, you will find that you have come to accept and still accept many things without question and that you are conditioned to approach life in a certain way.

Learn to re-look at life.

What this develops is a greater power in life. It develops proper concentration. "

He indicated that he thought (a smile as he said this) that this was enough for the day.

With that we walked back to the Lodge.

Chinese Alchemy

Saint Germain asked me to meet him at a certain time in the meditation room. At the appointed time I accordingly went down.

We made ourselves comfortable on the cushions in the room.

He pointed at the far wall. I could see nothing. Suddenly it began to glow and a picture appeared. It was of an individual dressed in black from head to toe. Even his face was covered, only his eyes and a portion of his nose were apparent.

As I watched, the picture began to move and I saw that the man was making various ritual gestures with his hands. He was saying something, but I could not hear as the picture was silent.

Saint Germain froze the picture.

"What you are seeing here is a picture of a Ninja. The ritual exercises he is involved in are preparatory work before going on his assignment. Now look at this."

The other picture faded away and in its place appeared a beautiful landscape showing

wonderfully tall mountains with forests clinging to their sides. In the centre of the picture was what appeared to be a monastery and the picture zoomed in to show a person in what appeared to be Chinese dress, instructing young men in the science of breath.

I could hear words with this picture. He was telling them how to circulate energy in the body through the energy lines in various ways, so that an alchemy of new birth could start in them. Saint Germain also froze this picture.

It then faded away.

" This was a picture of one of the alchemical schools in China. You may wonder how you can understand the words. You were actually seeing a thought picture projected by me of events that I can see taking place at this moment around the world."

I was amazed at this. I asked what the process was.

" It is one of the powers of the mind. This is something you could learn to do."

I was eager to learn the process.

" Once you are in tune with the universe, it is easy to utilize that energy to condense or evaporate substance. One of the keys to this is called 'The creation of the cloud', which you will be able to study later.

In radionics you can create a simple machine by drawing a circle in pencil on a piece of paper that has a radius of 12 cm. Divide that circle into 30 degree angles so that you have twelve divisions. Join up the divisions on the outer part of the circle so you have a twelve sided figure, which you can draw in pen.

Now on the centre of the circle place a piece of paper with a word. Over that word place any object only after 12 seconds has elapsed (use a glass of water, sugar, stone, etc.). After 30 minutes the object will be charged with the vibration of word.

Try it and see how effective it is.

Why does it work?

The universe in it's concrete manifestation is like the twelve sided figure, a cell through which the energy of the universe can flow. The word in the radionic machine, is like our personality with its thoughts and emotions, which charge the object or ourselves with particular energies. This understanding is the start of learning to do what I have done"

Energy Fields.

I was sitting in the afternoon sun, reading a book, when Saint Germain approached me.

"The author of that book, certainly knew what he was talking about" he said, opening the conversation. " One of the things he taught was that you could refine your abilities through proper training. His exercises not only improve awareness, but train the mind anew."

I asked how that related to my previous training.

" We are talking about energy and fields of energy here. It is very much related to the previous subject matter. Come with me and we will go to a forest clearing near here and utilize that setting for these experiments in consciousness."

While we were walking along the pathways moving towards the clearing, I used the opportunity to clarify a bit more in my thought the process of developing the powers latent within the minds- I asked him to explain it a bit more.

"Look at that bird over there"

He was pointing to a swallow that was swooping and diving in wonderful circles in the air.

"What sort of mind do you think motivates that swallow to enable it to fly with such freedom and beauty through the air?"

I said that I had always thought animals had small minds, that nothing much could be motivating the swallow except its instinct.

"Behind all creation is the universal mind, the life essence. Consciousness has and does evolve from this. The universal consciousness or energy behind creation is something that we need to be aware of and to cultivate."

I was marveling at this process and almost tripped over some tree roots in the pathway.

Saint Germain smiled and said:

"I can see your consciousness is still centered in the rational mind, as you try to comprehend this, otherwise you would have seen the root."

Then he gestured.

"We are at our destination"

We had arrived at an open clearing in the wood lined pathway. It was at least 12 feet across and wide, ringed with pine trees, forming almost a perfect circular setting.

"In nature," continued Saint Germain, "we may find it easier to recognize the fields of energy,

because the interference of man made structures or energy is limited.

Let us sit down on this open patch of grass, breathing in the fresh air and I will tell you a little bit more about the energy fields." He smiled.

"Let us find this process through a number of experiments.

We have been breathing deeply for a while. Stand in the centre of the clearing and try to sense the energy of the trees."

I did so but could feel nothing.

"Go and stand with your back to that tree over there."

He pointed out a thick oak tree a few yards distant. I walked over, feeling slightly stupid and stood there.

"Tell me what you are feeling" said Saint Germain after about ten minutes.

I said that I felt energy flowing from the tree to me.

"Okay, now move away from the tree to the centre of the clearing and see if you can sense the energy of the particular tree even there."

I did so and found that I could still sense the energy of that particular tree very strongly.

" What you did was establish contact and distance does not matter once that has been done. You do not need to even do that to start the process, merely project your energy field.

What the experiment we have done also shows is that energy is around all things and you have an energy field.

The energy is moving all the time, much like you see heat radiating in a desert."

I walked back in silence with him, thinking of the knowledge I had just received. It revealed endless possibilities.

Upon return to the lodge, Saint Germain gave me a book that was vellum covered, with a pale off- white cover and the gold seal of Saint Germain on the bottom right hand corner. As I looked at it I had a shock of realization. Could it really be so?

The Book.

The book I was holding was a diary written by Saint Germain.

Inside it was a note from him saying:

"You may be surprised that I am letting you read a diary of mine or that I would even keep a diary, but this diary is one of several which records results of my work.

I do not really need a record; but it is useful for my students. I only ask that you not reveal the contents to any person, except when I give you leave to do so. Many people are not yet ready for the information that is here.

Enjoy what you read here."

I leafed through the book. It contained descriptions of areas Saint Germain had visited and events surrounding his practice of particular methods. The areas varied widely from America, to places in Europe, Russia and the Far East, including India.

The book was divided into three sections.

The first was headed: "Experiments in Alchemy" and contained references to the changing of oneself through very specific methods.

The Second Section dealt with " Changing magnetic fields" and how one could utilize these for ones benefit.

What was particularly interesting and caught my eye, was the use of forces from within the earth for motion, travel and effecting objects. One of the sections concerning this explained how the electric and magnetic fields within the earth function and how this could be used to produce levitation of objects, weightlessness.

I almost got caught up in these descriptions to the detriment of what was in the rest of the book.

The third section dealt with a mysterious alchemical process called: "The Creation of the Cloud". It described how an element exists in all creation which can be utilized to produce a cloud of energy, that can be manipulated into various forms and put to various uses such as demagnetisation of objects, healing, to create invisibility and so on.

It was fascinating especially the exercises to manifest this cloud of energy and it explained many things that had remained hidden from me before. Saint Germain indicated that he had refined this process and the cloud could also be utilized over a distance, could be made stronger with less effort and could be used for materialization exercises.

In all the book was absorbing and I found before I knew it that I had read through the day and right through the night. It was dawn as I closed the book with a sigh.

My eyes grew heavy and I fell asleep in the chair with the book in my arms.

I was stiff the next day when I woke. I moved through the lodge, to get myself a cup of coffee. As I was drinking it, Saint Germain entered the room.

" I see you have had a rough night, " he said smiling. " You must have really enjoyed the book I lent you."

I agreed with him. I said I found it fascinating and practical.

"You might be interested to know that I was away the whole night and a portion of today, visiting a friend of mine not too far from here. He is an alchemist of high order and concentrates on producing physical results. He has studied Aruyverdic medicine, which is related distantly to alchemy.

The ancient Aruyvedic doctors made tablets that restore youth, although he has not been working on that. Rather at the moment he is working on education, to see how alchemical principles can be applied to help youth - from pre-school to up to about 12 years.

I was visiting him to see how he was going and also because education for the new age that is coming is an interest of mine.

I came also to tell you that I have to leave very soon to attend to some urgent business in Europe and will be away for about a week.

Would you like to come with me?"

I said I would and so began my adventure with Saint Germain, which is another story altogether.

Other books by the Author:

Educational.

A World to Live in
The Wishing Tree

Stories.

Gold like dust
Mary, a christmas story
Stories that Heal

Poetry.

Healing Africa
Music in the Earth
Dreams Bright Feathered
Secret Legends
The Garden and Palace of a Forbidden Place
My Life as a Poet

