

**Glimpses of CELTELLINA**  
**—and the Wonder Hill Orb—**

There are secrets and mysteries imbedded in these tales, that the wise hearted with alert minds just might decipher.

**BOOK 10**

**DOMINION—Part 1**

The King of Vast Domain has a counsel meeting with some of his most trusted aides.

“I want to paint a picture of what is going to happen,” he says to his most attentive team. “It’s a picture that will give a rough idea of how the end could happen, and the beginning of the new era. I’ll tell it in a parable way, but you’ll get the idea of what it means.”

Those there nod and are eager to hear.

The King continues, “I want you to each picture yourself as one in a crowd, seated and ready for a stage play to be enacted. We’ll call the place ‘Wonder-world’ where this is happening. I want you to see it, in your mind’s eye, as if you are really there. There are secrets I am revealing in this mental moving picture you will experience. Are you ready? Imagine this...”

The curtains are drawn on the Wonder-World stage. You can’t really tell what is going to happen next. The crowd is waiting, watching. Some are snacking casually, or chatting. Others are waiting in the dim lighting of the theatre in a sobered state of mind.

The stage hands are meanwhile getting everything set up according to the instructions they are being given. You don’t quite know what to expect. You know one thing: The play ends well. The good guys win in the end. But how that “end” comes about, you aren’t too sure.

All of a sudden, you are taken by surprise. You hardly were aware that something entirely different was being planned. You were looking and waiting with bated breath, in one direction, thinking one thing was going to happen, but what splashed before you was something you certainly were not ready for. It wasn’t even on the stage, or completely. It started off as a rumble in the crowd. You took no notice of it, but kept looking at the curtains.

The curtains were made to rumble a bit, and there were some hidden voices heard that seemed to come from the stage area. But something unplanned, or so it seemed, suddenly took place. It had to be some mistake, you think, as it didn’t happen as you thought it would.

You were imagining what would happen when the curtain was at last pulled away. You wanted it to be all clear and simple, tidy, as expected. But the movement that started in the crowd soon spread to all in the room. Wild activity, and yes the curtains were moved out of the way, but in a new way. They were nearly torn to shreds by what seemed to be onlookers gone mad who made their way on to the stage. Props were knocked out of place. The people posed to act were definitely upstaged by a totally different crew than what it seemed was planned. But was it? Or was it all part of the surprise tactic? Was it part of the play anyway?

You don’t know what to expect.

Thinking wild anarchy is taking place, the crowd is mixed in their reactions. Some want to run out of there and try to make an exit, only to find the way is blocked and they are being commanded by those guarding the doors to sit down.

“Sit down?” some scream, and look over to see their seat is being tropped over by others. They can’t sit or they will be stepped on. They can’t leave; the doors are bolted shut.

The other part of the crowd chooses to join the throng in wildly breaking down everything that was part of the play. They do it in sport, nearly. They were bored with the wait, and they didn’t like the storyline anyway. This seems far more fun, active, and they get to partake of the action, feeling important like they are an actor. Not that they know what they are doing, but wild play seems better than doing nothing.

“We want to be part of the story,” they say. “We are making a new play, come join us. We’ll make it up as we go along,” says one wild participant as they knock down another chair and pull an old man out of his.

Finally, when there is little left to destruct, a lone figure comes on the stage. It is dark there, but a small spotlight shines on his ominous looking face. Everyone is ready to watch now. They can do little else. With a wave of his hand all are scrambling to take their seats—anywhere they can; the floor, on each other’s laps, on the heap of discarded items in the aisle, or wherever.

They watch practically spellbound, for in deed they are. The lone figure doesn’t need to do much. He had their respectful gaze, simply because they are tired of doing all they did, and there isn’t more to disrupt that hasn’t been so.

The other crowd that tried desperately to get out are glad that finally there is a resemblance of peace; something at last happening on the stage. They are content to watch, though it’s nothing that they, too, were expecting.

The music begins to play, and the dancers find their places on the stage in a wicked short of dance, all around this lone figure that seems to have the crowd in his grasp, nearly magically. The exhausted crowd have yelled all they could, and their tired voices are ready for rest.

If it weren’t for the wild confusion and freedom to do absolutely whatever they wished to do beforehand, there is little chance they would have been watching so spell-bound now, perhaps even just out of exhaustion. All possibilities have been exhausted.

The show ends in a lame short of way, nothing spectacular is seen. That is until you looked around at the crowd. The lone figure seemed to vanish or slink away from some light, as if it was totally not in the script. But the crowd that was once so loyally watching is now writhing in pain. Something or someone is going around spreading pain dust all in the air.

But that is not all. There are gaps in the crowd, huge holes where there used to be people seated thickly. They are gone. No, it wasn’t by the door, for that is still locked. It wasn’t through the stage, for that too is guarded. But look up to the ceiling. The source of the light that caused all on the stage to retreat in the shadows is streaming in. Up and up now stream many people who had been seated. They are going up and out, leaving gaps in the seated crowd.

This was the best part of the show indeed, and entirely unexpected. Unnatural. Seemingly unplanned for. But where are they going? Upstairs to prepare the true ending of the show.

“Arrgh” you hear, and then “Clunck” and “click” and a pounding sound of someone or something trying to get out of the confining place they have been put into. It seems those who were on the stage, captivating the crowd with their evil play, have fallen into, or rather been placed into a trap door that was on the stage floor. Down they went in to the hollow compartment, and click it was shut.

“Boom!” the doors of the theatre are broken into from the outside, thoroughly knocking the guards out of the way into a semi conscience state. What broke them open isn’t too apparent, but the fresh air at last is truly refreshing.

However, before any of the mob can leave, the reason for the opening of the doors is plain. There is a troupe coming in to the theatre, a clean-up crew of sorts. The crowd can either watch, or help, or be escorted out if they wish to do neither but instead are objecting to the change of hands and whoever it seems is now in charge.

It took a while, but at last things are ready for the final scene to be played out.

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## **DOMINION—Part 2**

This one ended dramatically, with the floor boards of the stage being pried open to reveal the hidden away evil cast; the wicked actors. They are let out not to play a key role and to make things end their way, but they are let out to make a show of things.

Soon the whole stage is lit on fire and flames engulf the wicked crew. Ashes and dust are all that is left when that scene ends.

Or is it the end?

Then, over the burning embers and through the smoke walks a lone figure. This one is dressed in white. He too commands the attention of all who are watching. The sword adorning Him commands respect.

“Be Mine!” is all His voice booms out, echoing all throughout the theatre. As soon as he says that, the very walls around the theatre start to crumble and are cleared away.

Suddenly you find yourselves in a new reality. You are no longer confined to one state of being in, but there are vast spaces all around. And the light, the light is now so bright, and it surrounds everyone. There are no shadows, only light.

The lone figure in white grows, and grows in size until even just his foot is large enough it could trample everyone there in one step, if there was reason to. But each one there, one by one, makes the choice, the wise choice to say,

“Take me. I am yours.”

To this, he smiles and says, “Shall we be going then, team?” And it is as if wings are given to each one there, and up and over and all around they go, every which way, almost like a dance. They move and flow and are transported to the furthest places, far more distant than their eyes could see.

“This is a wild show—and I’m liking partaking of it,” one previous onlooker says to another.

“That’s a good thing—that you are liking to do as he has bid,” comes the reply, as they motion over to the molten and melted and smoking remains of the rebels in ashes on the ruins of the stage floor.

They both nod, and then are off to dance in the light and find out just what is over there, just beyond what they can see now. And one thing is sure, whatever this one in absolute control has in mind for them to do, they will be quick.

It is really a show? Or real life? Those flying off think it must be a bit of both. A show of a life that will teach all participants the best way to live, and where to place their loyalties.

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When the King of the Vast Domain finishes describing this to those in his meeting room, they all take a breath and open their eyes. It was like they were there, partaking of a real moving picture. They felt as if they had just returned, both to the place and the time they were at now.

“Now, what part do you want help with?” the King asks.

“Oh, you thought it was just to be seen? No, there is work to be done. Can I count on you to bring about what is really, in reality going to happen? It certainly will take a team—a big and dedicated clean-up crew. So I ask again, what role do you want to help with?”

This was a thought to ponder. It was to be no easy task, but the new beginning that would start on a no longer so wonderful Wonder Hill, would be worth it. It wouldn’t happen that day, but things had to get in place and position for the end of the unwonderful, and the set up of the glorious.

No longer would things go on in the same manner as before. It was time for a change, for those dwelling in Wonder Hill had long since stopped enjoying “Wonder-Fill” time, and life quality was quickly declining. Well, if you asked the dwellers there if they had “Wonder-Fill” time, they certain would say they did. But since it was only to sit and ponder new ways to use the Eucalyptic Measures and other such worthless things, the decline of beauty and laughter would not stop until there was nothing left to destroy.

But Dominion was planned, of the right kind. This land would see the beauty it was created to see. The smiles would be like beams of light shining all around, once again. But first the stage must be set, and the destroyers be allowed to destroy and to then be destroyed. Then, only then, would those left desire the full beauty once again, and enjoy it to the full.

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## DWELLERS DOWN UNDER—Part 1

“Snicker, snicker” and a stifled cough could have been heard if you were quiet enough. But the Awdomobils that lived way down in the Awchknick caves were a quiet sort of folk. You didn’t hear much from them or about them, unless they wanted you to.

It was, however, always with a stifled sort of laugh that they would view cave explorers, who happened upon the entrance to the Awdomobils abode.

The ground was slimy but not totally untraversable. But if you did happen to step in the wrong way, bam! Down you went on your rump in a rather ungraceful way. That was if you landed well. But most were far more unfortunate than that, for once they landed on the slimy and sloped surface, it turned into a slide ride they weren’t planning on.

It was no playground down here, and that is precisely why the Awdomobils chose to make it their home. No one else was likely to dwell down here. The damp air and the chill that was always around made it highly unwelcoming. Curiosity was the only thing that would draw visitors. But curiosity wasn’t always a good thing if it led to slimy, difficult and dark places well beneath the surface.

After a bit of “play” as the Awdomobils called it, the visitors were eager to leave—if they could do so and hadn’t fallen down to the depths that were nearly impossible to get out of. If this ever happened to a visitor, the Awdomobils usually waited until they had fallen in to a deep slumber before lifting them up and out, using the various contraptions they had made for getting around this place themselves.

Remaining unnoticed was the biggest goal of the Awdomobils. Sometimes to help the poor unwary folk fall into a deep sleep, a little “help” was used by these cave dwelling Awdomobils. Using some of the plant matter that grew lushly around the marshy ponds located in the Awchknick caves, they deepened the slumber of the unhappy visitors. The fumes put forth from the burning plant matter was indeed sickening, yet most of all it put one into a deep sleep.

The Awdomobils themselves weren’t too affected by it, or so they thought. Just because they were always awake and nearly never slept, made them sure they weren’t troubled by this sleep-causing vapour. However, all the Awdomobils suffered from a condition called “Auchnetchury” and this was incurable in most situations. Sores appeared at various places on their already ugly forms. These sores would tend to come and go. There wasn’t a cure; it was a condition they suffered from.

None realised that the cause was the lack of pure sweet air to breathe, clear water to drink and wash with, and most of all the lack of healing light that shone all around for the land dwellers.

Awdomobils didn’t always dwell in the Awchknick caves. They used to be hardworking and pleasant folks to be around. But one un-fine day the land of the village where they lived sank right inside the mountain they used to be atop. That is when the Awchknick caves were discovered.

Rather than leaving their abodes that had sunk down in the hollows, they stayed there. Over time the tunnels and caves were discovered, and deeper and yet deeper they began “exploring” as they called it. Yet there was another reason for their “explorations”.

Said one Awdomobil to another—before they had called themselves by this name: “I’m finding myself fonder and more attracted to the dark within the caves. I have spent so much time down within that I nearly hate come out to be bathed in the light. It feels as if I am nearly naked. The privacy I have when I go down to the slim-pits compensates for the lack of good air and solid land. I rather enjoy the feeling of darkness surrounding me.”

He said this in a rare time he was sitting in a stream of light that came in from a hole above him where a bit of sky could be seen. Looking up he pointed to the hole and said, “It looks like an eye peering right into me. I don’t care to be looked at or look after by anyone but myself.”

After verbally expressing his preference to the dark zones and poisonous air, something about him began to change. His friends and family began noticing a change in his skin colour, his stature was shorter and more plump, and his hair began to fall out here and there giving his head a patchy look. Then sores began to be a nearly constant pattern on his sickly skin.

The less light he was exposed to, and the more malnourished he became, the less sightly he was. And the less sightly he was, the less he wanted others to see him. And so thus he stayed more and more in the dark and damp places, out of sight and out of light for the most part, and the worse he became.

“It’s too late,” he told himself, when one day considering if he should return to living above the realm of darkness. Imagining there was no hope of being restored to his former good looks, he stayed as out of sight as much as he possibly could.

In other caves of the same Awchknick cave system there were many others just like him—only he didn’t know of them, and they did know of him, at least for a long time. Long enough for them all to change into sickly forms and decide they would never, or very seldom at most, be seen in the light of the above lands.

Exploration of the Awchknick cave system happened over time and some of the Awdomobils discovered each other. There were several others who never did meet up with the larger team of half a dozen. They each still felt they were the only one choosing to live on a more permanent basis deep down below. It was a very lonely life indeed, but due to their condition of ill health in numerous ways, they felt completely locked into it for the remainder of the short life they thought they would have.

## **DWELLERS DOWN UNDER—Part 2**

It was, thus, with a bit of a shock that one day the Awdomobils noticed a new type of visitor. This one did not have the appearance of an unwary visitor that by happenstance and dark curiosity was there. No, this one had the face of a redeeming warrior. This one’s very face had taken in the light from above and shone out all around. Rather than watching this one fall into some slime pit, the Awdomobils found themselves slinking away deeper into the cave to escape this one’s piercing gaze.

“Whatever is that—or who is that?” this strong-built one with light on his face said aloud.

Yet as he took steps closer to the one lurking in the wet shadows, the hiding creature—for nearly a creature he had become—could not get away. With a slimy rock behind his back and a fierce looking light-filled strong man facing him down, all he could do was cower in a heap. Then loosing traction, he slipped and slid right to the feet of the tall visiting warrior.

This was too much for the other Awdomobils to remain silent about. They thought it rather humorous to see. But their unkind laughter at what seemed to be another’s embarrassing misfortune gave them away.

Seeing the slump at his feet the warrior simply stepped over him to find the hiding snickering ones. They were behind a type of slimy vine that hung like a curtain over an entrance to another pathway through the dark cave system. They would have to feel their way through, normally. But on this unusual day, their strong visitor’s eyes pierced the darkness and discovered the hiding and awful looking ones.

The curtain of slimy entangled vines was torn away by his large and strong hand, and the hiding ones as well as the tunnel behind them could clearly be seen. Rather than running, for if they tried to they would slip and fall indeed, the discovered Awdomobils found themselves trembling so much they couldn’t get their feet to move, and fell likewise into a heap.

“It’s the light, dear ones, that you have been missing—and I might add, has been missing you.”

With this spoken, he seemed to be holding something invisible in his right hand that was upheld. With an energy that these forgotten and degenerated Awdomobils never knew existed, he then shot up straight through the ceiling of the cave, breaking a large hole up, up and up to the surface. Yet it wasn’t light that streamed in through the hole, not at first. This well-planned breakthrough spot was at the very base of a lake of mountain water. This is what came pouring through with much force.

The Awdomobils were washed, flooded, with such a force of clear liquid that they could do nothing but attempt to hold on to the slimy rocks. Yet, as the water poured over, the slime itself was washed away, along with their decrepit, puss-filled clothing.

When the water abated into the inner recesses of the Awchknick cave, the Awdomobils were left holding on to clean rocks, and naked as ever. But once they were able to speak again, there was a crying, a moaning, for indeed it was a painful experience. For the water not only cleansed but disinfected their sores and sorry looking, sick skin. There was a burning sensation that covered each one of them—both those who saw this mysterious visitor and those who merely felt the rush of the water pouring into their dark abodes deep within the Awchknick caves.

There was much tumbling and crashing, smashing and raw skin as it rubbed on the now rough rocks—if they did not cling hard while feeling the strong rushing waters beating on and over them.

The pain most of them were feeling was ample distraction for the Awdomobils to cause them to give little notice to their nude and raw skin. A cry was heard, echoing throughout the tunnels of the Awchknick caves. This was most unusual, for these Awdomobils seldom liked to be heard, much less seen. Now they had no choice. They were both. The pain of the cleansing was too much to keep them quiet. And the light that followed after the water rushed through, almost as if it were water itself, flooded through all the tunnels, caves, and hiding spots. All was seen. All was open in plain view.

It was quite some time before the Awdomobils had quieted enough, and had the strength to begin moving about. Not much was said, but small movement was seen here and there. Movement up and out, out to the source of the light. Why would they dare to expose their nude and ugly forms to the light, to the onlooking eyes of those who lived in the light always and never changed their form to a baser sort? The light was healing. The more an Awdomobil stood in the bathing light, the less pain they felt. The faster the comfort was coming, the brighter their own skin became.

It would be a long and hard climb up and out for those who weren't used to clean and fresh air, and ascending in the opposite direction that gravity called them to slump to. But with each step up and out they found their strength was rising. Even their perspiration caused them to shed yet more toxins held in their being. Then to wash this off—for it was extra foul smelling indeed being filled with the stench of the place they had been living in—they found pools of fresh water here and there, filled from the flood of pure water that had poured in.

Every time they washed, bravely, even though it stung their sores all over again, they felt so much lighter. Their climb was much easier afterwards. And thus they made their way up and out. Climb, perspire, wash, bathe in the light, breathe deeply, and continue on.

### **DWELLERS DOWN UNDER—Part 3**

At last the Awdomobils, each from their various places of emergence, had reached the surface. There was nothing above them but the highest place—the blue and golden sky above that gazed on them. The energy and rejoicing they felt was so overwhelming, nothing else mattered to them but running and dancing in the light, though they had yet to be clothed.

It was at this point that a form, a strong and large figure began making his way over to these cleansed, stronger, and renewed no longer “Awdomobils.” For that is when they received their new name: The Demeeder.

“A feast has been set for you, for you have returned to your rightful place. You were lost, and now you are found. You were as good as dead, yet now you live. Live now in the light and great will be the rejoicing of those who have missed you.” It was with a booming voice that echoed all throughout the hillside and below.

Instantly, each of the Demeeder found themselves covered in a garment of white, and with joy they rushed over to speak to the one whose voice they recognised—the one who had visited them below. Indeed it was as they were told. A feast unlike any they had seen or tasted or imagined had been laid out.

With tears of gratitude they bowed before this powerful being. Though the “gift” they were first given was a rather painful one, now they knew it was the only way to truly live again. “Thank you for redeeming us, for pardoning us, for changing us, and for clothing and feeding us. We will be your servants for as long as we live,” the Demeeder heartfully expressed.

With a twinkle in his eye, and a teasing thoughtful stroke of his chin he said aloud, “I do have the power to renew your life again and again, and cause you to never cease from living. For eternity will you serve me?”

It was a new thought, but the grateful ones, replied as if with one voice, “Yes, forever. For as long as You cause us to live.”

“Very well then, if that is the case, we will seal the deal with a meal. Let the refreshments begin!” said the voice of the master of ceremonies, the very one who had caused them to be healed and to live once again in the light.

“Have you ever tasted something better?” said one Demeeder to another, while chewing the most sumptuous delights possible.

“Never. And it only gets better, our Master said,” this one said motioning over to a doorway.

“Through that door will come new delights and pleasures when we sit to feast with the Master, after our work for the day is done. I can only anticipate what it might be. Why we did not choose the light before, I do not know. We were foolish and forgotten ones, kept in bondage to our pride, as well as our temptation to be held in the grip of darkness. It’s a wonder the Master had any pity on us.”

The other Demeeder replied, “Pity perhaps. But more than that, I wonder why would he desire to have the likes of us around, knowing how wayward and horrid we were, and our weakness to fall into darkness and the slimy pits. It’s a wonder he didn’t use a volcano to purge the mountain of us who lurked within.”

Another overhearing the conversation added in, “He will. The volcano is indeed next. Good you chose to get out while you could. You were called, in a rather elaborate, and somewhat painful fashion, but you responded, and you sit here today as princes who serve. Those who are still clinging to the slimy dark places will have much ruder awakening; one they may never awake from.”

This caused the two conversing Demeeder to shudder, and be grateful all over again for their chance to live in the light, and for the healing of the light that caused them to rise up and out of the darkness, never more to slink away into it again.

“Yet the question remains, why does he want us here?” the Demeeder wondered aloud.

“I think I can answer that one,” said a loyal companion and servant of the Master. He held in his hand a large scroll that he was going around showing to teams of people sitting here and there at this tremendous feast. On it were drawings and writings of massive and complex plans to be carried out.

“We are going to need help, simply put. Those willing to serve will help with this, and be amply rewarded I might add. Labour for the Master never goes unnoticed and certainly never unrewarded. His reward is the completion of all plans that were given into his hands to carry out. His reward is past our finding out. But what he gives to us will more than compensate for the effort it will take. Eat up now. There is work to be done, and the stronger you are, the faster will come the completion of the Master’s designs.”

With that, the scroll holder walked on to show and tell others. There were many going around as he was, for all were to be shown and told, in a personal setting, what was going to take place once the feast was complete and work was to begin in full force.

And as he suggested, the sitting and feasting Demeeder who heard what was said, did just that. The next course that was served, being of course even more delicious than the previous one, was partaken of with gusto.

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## THE VANISHING ENCROPTIA

Sneaking around the corner of a large building on one of the most used—yet now completely deserted—streets, was one of the many Encroptia. This street was in the furthest away town in Wonder Hill—furthest from where Wonder Hill was originally settled.

I say it was deserted, as the Encroptia weren't considered dwellers of these places, yet they freely roamed as they desired. They roamed primarily to gather. Gather what? Anything they saw that was aiding to a pleasant stay in Wonder Hill. The sign of a smile on a child or parent or grandparent's face was like seeing a red alarming light and hearing a siren going off.

"Something must be done! A smile! Something must be eliminated to see that this is an occurrence more rare than the sight of one of us around town," an Encroptia would say when spotting one of his absolute enemies—joy and laughter, and whatever it was that caused it.

These sickly-looking ones, primarily invisible, yet with powers to change and take away many things that were seen, made it their goal to subtract. For indeed they were from the sub-terrains. Hiding items in hidden-away chests deep in the tunnels and caverns around Wonder Hill is what they did for playtime.

Yet, if they were to ever return to check on whatever they had eliminated from the surface, they might be in for a surprise they weren't expecting. For seldom did those things remain where they had placed them. There was another force in action who saw to it that what was wrongly taken, remained only in their wicked chests just about as long as a dark fog on the land remains when the bright and piercing sun shines: A very short time before being lifted and vanishing away.

All that was taken, was stored away by another unseen team of workers who made it their duty to give Wonder Hill dwellers every reason for smiling and feeling joy. But like the Encroptia, this unnamed force likewise usually remained unseen.

Though unseen, the Encroptia had every intention of one day being not only primarily noticed but in total control of every corner and place in Wonder Hill. They had plans, big ones. Or so the plans seemed rather grand to the Encroptia. It's all they thought about, day or night: Taking over. Not just taking things, or taking reasons for pleasant feelings, but taking all of Wonder Hill and doing with it as they will. Just what this would be, they weren't too sure, for so far all they could manage to do was to break down and take things apart.

If they continued this behaviour, should they ever really be in charge of Wonder Hill, there would be nothing left of it for them to be in charge of, before too long. Their very ways of being would destroy their own plans and wishes. It was a plan-destroying plan. But of course, the Encroptia had little time to think—since they seldom really did think, or have much of the mental awareness to ponder such things. And so the lack of assessing the situation made them completely unaware of the absurdity of their scheme, and the self-destroying factors of it.

The other, far greater, team of workers would allow this nonsensical behaviour to go on for just as long as it was necessary for the Encroptia to slowly but surely self-destruct, or if not that, to work themselves into a corner too tight to get out of, and be trapped, penned in, and eventually eliminated by the "Forces Of Eternity".

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"I've got another one!" a being of light called out. He had set a trap for one of the most mischievous Encroptia. And without a thought—for remember, they seldom did just that—the unwary Encroptia had fallen for it. What did their FOE use? (This was the short term used by the Encroptia for "Forces Of Eternity".)

The funny thing is, the FOE of the Encroptia seldom had to think up much to use to capture these pesky creatures of the nether realm. It was as easy as always putting cheese on a trap, and yet the next rodent falls for it. One doesn't need to think up all kinds of rare and special culinary delights, and spend hours cooking up what to add to the traps that night to catch the night time hairy thieves. Just the same thing, most of the time, will do the trick. Why? Because that is what they are always thinking about, and so it works.



What was used as bait to capture them? Eucalyptia—the most sought-after treasure by these Encroptia. In deed it has great relation to the *Eucalyptic Measures* used by some of those in Wonder Hill. Just a bit of Eucalyptia, and you can be sure that one or more Encroptia will come sniffing it out and falling into the pit it was baiting them to.

Did the other Encroptia learn from the screams of another befallen Encroptia team member? No. Because they seldom actually behaved or thought of themselves as a team, really. *“Every Encroptia must learn to survive!”* they’d said. A common expression by these greedy fools was, *“Don’t expect me to come to your aid if you get caught. I’ve got my own Eucalyptia to find and take.”*

Yet it was because of this rather scattered and individual way of going about the planned takeover of Wonder Hill that was allowing their FOE to pick them off one by one. There was no harmony to their plans, and so any discordant sounds of yet another Encroptia falling to the hands of their FOE didn’t sound particularly alarming. However, after a while, both the Encroptia along with the Eucalyptia began to be scant to find.

When a certain Encroptia, by the name of Bighedfool, was creeping around the corner of a certain building, a place where Eucalyptia was sure to be found, he was right. And oh how glad he was to be alone this time.

Bighedfool declared to himself, *“How very charming it is to be alone on this delightful day, with such a find. It’s all miiiiinnne!”* his voice trailed off. For as soon as he had nearly placed his sticky hands on it, down he fell into the deepest pit that there ever had been.

He found out then the reason he had seemed to be alone. Bighedfool looked around, once he had picked himself up from being sprawled out over all the other Encroptia he was now in the company of.

*“How many of us did that one grand and shiny piece of Eucalyptia catch?”* he wondered.

But he wasn’t to be the last, for, *“Plonk, plonk, plonk!”* three more soon fell upon their hurting heads.

*“That blasted piece of Eucalyptia! It’s got all of us in here!”* one Encroptia dared to say.

I say *“dared to say”* for it was never left unpunished by fellow Encroptia when one of them spoke anything distasteful about the ever enticing Eucalyptia. It was hardly a blink before this outspoken Encroptia was pummelled by those in the pit, and beaten into a sorry submissive state. Whimperingly he apologised for being so disloyal and rebellious to the glorious worshipful item—the Eucalyptia.

It wasn’t the item itself that minded who said what about it, but rather what, or more like whom that it represent.

*“If you speak against the charming Eucalyptia it is the same as speaking against our ruler, Queen Nembus and her ilk. You mustn’t do that. For those that have done so have met a most horrifying fate—release! They have been released to learn of the most dominating ways of our FOE, those ever surprising Forces Of Eternity. And you can be sure we will see to it that any such who have doubled sided, should they ever return to us again, will be the worse for it. We—and Queen Nembus and her crew will see to it. For there will be little left to see of you. Stay loyal or be destroyed.”*

This was the speech given to the snivelling and trembling Encroptia who dared to declare and discover the cause of their downfall. For to say so was to admit that the very thing they lived for was what was virtually causing them to vanish and be destroyed.

With many more traps set up and much clever manoeuvres—far more clever than any of the Encroptia were capable of understanding—the Forces Of Eternity caused the Encroptia to vanish.

*“What is that rumble I hear?”* one very bored trapped Encroptia expressed. He was tired of an existence that included no roaming and collecting of other’s goods and supplies, yet this noise and feeling of a rumbling, though a break from his monotony, was terribly unsettling.

It was unsettling for that is what it was to do. They were to no longer be set aside, pondering what little-bad they could do. The rumble came from deep within one of the biggest cave systems just inside the outer encasement of Wonder Hill.

It did not come from very deep within, but just deep enough to hold enough molten lava to fill all the waiting cavities of the various slime-filled caves. The caves that were rotten deep down with the most putrid smelling foul air and decaying matter were getting flushed. And it wasn't with water this time.

"Fire!" cried out a very rebellious and heinous Encroptia. That is what it felt like. It burned like nothing they'd ever seen. On it burned until all was clean and clear of any last remnants of the disaster-causing Encroptia.

Where did they go? That was up to their FOE to decide—the Forces Of Eternity. But one thing was sure, they were never, ever to be seen or heard or smelled ever again. The Encroptia had vanished, entirely, as far as all the dwellers of Wonder Hill knew.

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### **THE VANISHMENT OF DEATH ENTIRELY**

Elohai sat pondering his latest idea. "Kharmaegle," he called, and hardly a moment later a powerful being stood in his presence. "Tell the crew that we will be meeting today. I have something to discuss," Elohai instructed.

With a nod and swiftly moving he was off to do just that. The "crew" was a certain team assigned to meet with Elohai on certain days, or whenever a meeting was called for. They would give their thoughts and suggestions at this time. This is what Elohai wished for. Of course, the end result was up to him and it would be carried out without question in the end. But the chance to hear from the crew first was a mode of operation he often used. This gave them time to air their differences of opinions or pose questions for learning purposes. It gave Elohai time with his most trusted members which he equally enjoyed. Though he could and would do anything and everything he wished, when the time was right and he was sure what he wanted enacted would bring only good, still time to commune and discuss things was part of his way of doing his job well.

It wasn't long before Kharmaegle had rounded up the team and had them all seated and ready for the important meeting.

"Thank you all for coming," Elohai expressed with sincerity. "It is with joy that I meet with you today. For the topic of discussion is of great importance, and will affect many—for the good. But, as always, there are many, many sides to matters; many off-shoots of consequences. That is why we meet, for the consequences of many royal decrees will have to be tended to by you and those you instruct and oversee. It is imperative you understand all reasons, all good reasons, for anything we implement, for you will have to pass it on to many who ask why some new plan has been enacted."

All those seated nodded. Meeting with Elohai was not just for informational purposes, or for only getting questions answered that they would need to know, but because there was work involved. It usually contained a briefing of tasks to be carried out as well.

Elohai began explaining the main topic at hand. "The time has come when something that has been long part of the structure of our operations, is no longer needed, and will be eliminated."

He paused to give time for that to sink in before continuing. When change, a big change was to occur it always took a bit of time for his most trusted meeting members to ponder it. Change always involved a lot of work, and mostly a new way of doing things took time to enact and to train others in. It took lots of explanations and meetings with those they worked with.

When Elohai could see that they were ready for him to go on, he did.

"We shall no longer allow or use death in our models and ways of operating in any of the stations throughout the Vast Kingdom."

Those words were strong and would have been called "earthshaking" if they had been standing on some sort of ground. But since the meeting took place somewhere neither on land nor hovering in thin air, then I say that simply the energy of the room was charged and shaken. A wave went through the atmosphere. Soon cheers were heard. Cheers of consent. Cheers of joy. Since Elohai willed it, it was to be for the good of all.

Now, one might think that, of course, the vanishment of death of beings that existed was a good thing, but that was only if they were a benefit to the worlds and realms they resided in. In order for one means of stopping a soul from being a trouble to their living environment, something new would need to be in place, to ensure the right choices were made by all. Elohai wanted the realms he created to be pleasant lands filled with beings who truly enjoyed life and loved those living around them.

Before the questions could be raised, asking this very thing of “What would be the method for bringing complete halt to anything that needed to be stopped entirely?” Elohai continued.

“Now, I see you are wondering what is to be done if wayward ones were to begin making a mess of things, and yet they were to live on and on. And that is why I have created an entirely new realm, called, ‘The Escape Zone’.”

This came as quite a surprise to those sitting in that meeting. Elohai did have a way to surprise and keep his trusted ones guessing. He liked to see both the looks of surprise on their faces, as well as the relief that once again, as always, he had thought of everything and was way far ahead, thinking up and planning and enacting all that would be needed to make today’s plans work well.

Elohai continued a space more: “The Escape Zone, that I shall refer to as EZ will be for those souls who have forgotten or who have not learned the importance of doing things in the way of our Kingdom. It will be for training or retraining. It won’t be the funnest place in our galaxies, but it can be a place you may send any and all who need some time away. Those trying to, in essence, escape our way of conducting things can be sent there for however long is necessary, to think things out and realise that the best way has already been in play, and it would do them good to follow along. Any questions?”

With this the members of the meeting voiced both their concerns as well as their commendation for the changes. They could see so many wonderful side-effects of this plan. A cheer of relief went through the room, and it was indeed a joyous occasion.

“Shall we celebrate then?” Elohai suggested, when the meeting had come to a close. This sounded good to all, and a time and place was announced for the celebration to take place with many, many others. This is when the official announcement was to be made to the greater team of Elohai’s closest members. And they would enjoy a time of great rejoicing. All plans were to be celebrated, for all led to good, then better, and then best.

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Kharmaele gave the opening speech at the celebration of the huge change that was to take place all over the Vast realm of King Elohai. There was much travel through galaxies on flying vehicles of all shapes and sizes to the star of choice. It was a grand event to be sure.

When countless souls were waiting in anticipation the festivities to begin, there was a moment of utter silence. Kharmaele was allowed to be seen in an enormous size, much much larger than he normally was, for the sake of all in attendance. And likewise his voice was rich, thundering, and loud, and all, from the greatest giant to the smallest fairy, and creatures far smaller, who were in attendance could hear what Kharmaele had to say.

“Beloved, the time has come, at long last for the joy we have all been waiting for to be put in place. From the moment of this gathering until long in to the future, there.... will ... be ... no ... death!”

He said the last words slowly and emotion filled his voice.

At hearing that official proclamation, all that were in that place, fell to the ground in sobs of joyful tears. Great gratitude was voiced in numerous way to Elohai for making it possible. It had taught them all, and a great many others a lot, but it was, indeed, one of the hardest punishments available. It had taught so many beings things that could only be learned if and when death was used. But now was the time for it to die itself. Death was swallowed up in victory. The victories were the lessons learned and the maturing of the souls who had to live through the pain of the death of loved ones and creatures.

As a whole, all those who Elohai had created were farther along in their spiritual maturity than they were in the distant past. It was time for a new grade of learning, and for the old to be passed away.

The crowd stood and said, as loudly as their voices would allow, “All things have become new!” And that was the ringing sound that started off the joyful celebrations.

With a whole star to celebrate on, the crowd, the very big team who had been summoned here, had plenty of room to use to engage in all sorts of joyful activities. The celebrations went on for many days. It wasn’t all in a building of sorts, like those on Wonder Hill might be accustomed to. It was a spread out, with enjoyable time of joyous pleasures, in all sorts of places, with all types of groups here and there.

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### **INTO THE CENTER OF THE TIMELESS DOMAIN—Part 1**

Somewhere on a distant star, sat, yes sat Elopida. There she sat in most royal garments, the like such as none of the dwellers in Wonder Hill, nor in the Enchanted dome had ever donned or seen before. More glorious was her apparel than the pale light of the star she sat upon was outshone.

“Fetch me a garment of humbler tones,” Elopida said to one of her many aids at her side. A fast scurrying took place, and a certain vehicle of sorts was entered. Before she could whistle a tune, a team of aides were zooming at a speed so swiftly it would be unfathomable by any dwellers of the planet below.

In an undisclosed location the vehicle for star travel hovered. I would say it “landed” yet for the fact that it never did touch the ground I will say it merely hovered in location. Off jumped a scouting crew of about three dozen or so to do as they were bidden.

Into a cave, deep into a cave the scouts went. There is where a secret collection of materials and goods of all sorts were stored. No one living in the surrounding area knew of this collection, nor could they ever hope to access it by using natural means alone. But the scouts of the far-off star could merely walk through the cave walls or descend to the lower or higher levels and nooks merely by transporting themselves though whatever matter was blocking their way.

After several minutes of gathering the needed supplies—the various garments for Elopida to choose from, as well as other goods selected—the team ascended up and out of the volcano-like top to their awaiting vehicle. Using a form of communication unknown to most dwellers of the planet, they were able to transmit messages that enabled both the scouts as well as the pilot to make their way to the decided-on location and meet up with ease.

Speed, on a mission for Elopida, was what this team was known for. Never did they linger either in following through on a wish or command, nor linger once it was complete. With job complete, the vehicle was entered, and again the swift travel took them to the far away star.

Elopida had hardly finished her meeting to discuss what this lowly garment was needed for—a mission no doubt—when the scouts had returned, with the very item need.

Hardly a leaf had ruffled on the planet they had swiftly visited. No one knew either of their entry nor of their departure. No one had been troubled or excited. Perhaps an animal that would tell no secrets may have detected something foreign in the sky; or perhaps a very young child, too young to speak, might have seen the flash of light as the vehicle zoomed away, and whose smile and pointing might have been understood to be them simply noticing a bird in the sky.

However, given the nature of the mission that was going to be engaged in, none need know of the secret scouts that came and left.

“You all have done very well, and pleased me greatly,” Elopida said, as she reached out to embrace the one holding the arm load of garments. “And not just one have you brought, but many. I shall have to try them on shortly. Will you be ready to leave with me when the day’s work is over?” she asked.

She needn’t have asked, as this team of star travel had nothing else to do but to be ready, on call, for safely transporting dignitaries from realm to realm. Indeed they would be ready, for they were ready then and there should Elopida have needed transportation sooner.

“Please take some time to rest and be refreshed. I will not call before the agreed upon time. You, my most faithful ones, please enjoy some well-deserved time of relaxation and enjoyment,” Elopida encourage the team to do.

And with that, they were gone from her presence before she could hardly whisper, “Thanks.”

The meeting was then finished and dismissed, except for a few who offered to linger and help Elopida select the best garment for the occasion. Yet in the end it was decided that each one of the garments would be used, for all were appropriate for different parts of the plan being enacted.

These garments were in such striking contrast to her usual attire that it was with comical looks and rather suppressed hints of laughter that Elopida’s aide looked on her.

“Yes, yes, I know!” Elopida said with a free smile. “You can laugh unrestrained if you wish. For that is precisely the reason I will be donning them—to look every bit un-me. It’s partly for a disguise, and yet partly to attract. For without these on, the mission would be unsuccessful.”

At this, the few aides by her aide freely smiled and chuckled. “You’ll play the part well,” one said in complimenting Elopida on her utterly humble appearance.

“You will truly be disguised, and the mission will be successful,” said another. For to compliment Elopida on the actual appearance of the garments would clearly be flattery and untrue. There was nothing attractive about them, yet if the mission was successful, then that was worth commending.

Elopida’s humility to do whatever it took to do as Elohai bid, was admirable by all. For indeed it was what they all strove to attain to. Not to wear gorgeous apparel in royal courts, but to be willing to be stripped of all glory, if for that time great good came about. Just as Elopida’s aides took pleasure in doing as she bid, so did Elopida take pleasure with a deep respect to do as Elohai called on her to do.

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## **INTO THE CENTER OF THE TIMELESS DOMAIN—Part 2**

At precisely the time agreed upon, into the transporter Elopida and her team of escorts went, and it wasn’t long before the arrival was announced.

Softly, every so quietly, Elopida tip-toed away from the vehicle. She would have waved good bye to her escort team as she wasn’t to see them for some time yet. However, there was no need to. For though she would not see them, they would be ever by her side, yet invisibly so.

Off into the night she went, dressed in what seemed like rotten rags compared to the royal apparel she was accustomed to wearing. Under the shade of a tree she sat awaiting her next instruction.

At first she shivered slightly, but that was a most unusual sensation. A team of invisible aides took notice and surrounded her, emanating heat, and she was both warmed and slipped into a soft slumber. So soft was it that a rustle of a leaf would have woken her, but being still was what she was to do. All that was agreed on previously she was completing, one part at a time. Using that secret means of communication all instructions were transmitted to her, one step at a time. This made it easy for Elopida to focus on each moment’s duties without having to remember all the next steps that she was to take.

One bit of the decided-on instructions were transmitted to her, and she simply followed through, no matter what it was, or how hard it seemed, or even how easy it seemed. When that was completed, the next bit of instructions and part of the plan were transmitted to her.

After the tree rest, which was to get accustom to the air, the climate, the sounds, the lighting, the colours or lack of them, and the shapes, up she went to begin her task in earnest.

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A bare foot beggar was seen at the doorstep of a humble hewn-wooden cottage. It was so small it could be better called a room. There were no glass-covered windows, and nothing but soil for its floor. Animals were free to enter if invited and sometimes if not, along with their smaller guest that usually resided on or around beasts of the lowly sort that roamed around this residence.

“Do you have a cup of stew for a cold and tired old maid?” the raspy voice called out to the only dweller in sight. She asked this only because this was indeed the only food in the humble home.

It would be a test, indeed, but it was not an impossible feat requested. Piping hot and ready for consumption was the small pot of stew. Just what the stew was made of was always a guessing game, as it was with bits of this and that gathered wild, or bestowed by a kind neighbour. However now was the time for the meal of the day. It was with relish that the lone older man sat to eat at about this same time each day, to enjoy this simple pleasure.

But half a pleasure it was portending to be on this given day, or so his thoughts reacted when the beggar made her request.

His thoughts were rather jolted when she seemed to know just what was cooking and when he happened to choose to eat. There was little he could do but to motion for her to join him. He kindly cleared a second stool for her to not just share his food but his company.

“I would be just as beggarly as this one if it were not for the kindness of my aging mother, who suddenly regained wellness for long enough to have her friends and relations build me this humble cottage and have it placed here with a few around to help me out when I truly have a need.”

These were the thoughts of this lowly one as he portioned out exactly half of what the small pot contained into a vessel he kept for fetching water from the nearby spring.

His thoughts continued, “If this were my mother, I would do no less. Perhaps she likewise is a mother, yet lacks a son to care for her; while I am a son that lacks a mother. A pair for a meal is suitable.”

At last the silence was broken when each of them had slowly finished about half of their humble serving.

“Are you from far?” the man said to the visiting beggar lady.

“Indeed I am,” she responded, then yawned—for that, too, was in the script for her to do before the meal was at a close. This gave the man time to think, as he downed his last few and savoured bites, what was to be done next. Would he turn her away, or offer his only dwelling place for a poor travelling one to rest in for awhile—if she was to be trusted.

At last the final bite of stew was enjoyed, though he did feel hunger yet, and again the silence was broken.

“I need to get some wood from the forest,” he began his generous offer. When the beggar lady made no attempt to excuse herself, he continued on speaking.

“There’s a rug by the fire that burns yet, if you wish to rest for a while, you are welcome to share the only place I have for rest. I will be gone for some time chopping the logs and gathering twigs. I trust you will be refreshed enough to carry on afterwards.”

The woman’s eyes lighted, and then became wet with tears of gratitude. She offered to first clean the dishes so that his task of wood gathering would not be delayed, and thanked him heartily for a chance, as she said it, “For a moment to pause in my life-long journey.”

And so it was that he, with axe and wheeled barrel took to the woods, and she cleaned the few items in the bowl of water that was set up for this task before settling beside the fireplace.

It was about two hours later when the gentleman returned to see that not only was his unexpected guest gone from his abode, but his pot that had been scraped empty was once again filled with a stew more delicious than the one he had eaten. It was not hard for something to be more tasty; but never had it happened before that the pot seemed to fill itself, or that someone filled and cooked it for him.

“Mysterious indeed,” he pondered, when taking a bite.

“What if it is poisoned? What if it is a trap?” his impulses pulled back suddenly. It was hard to have pure and kind reactions in a place where other intentions reigned at times.

He then did something that he had not done in a very long time. He knelt to offer gratitude. That is all. That is all he knew to do. When something good happens to come his way, he was to think of the good and be grateful for it. No longer having parents around to thank, he simply said his thanks anyway, for whatever or whoever had caused this benefit to be given to him.

Once done, he knew it was for his good and nothing more. He sat by the fire and enjoyed a hearty bowl of steaming hot stew, which was far more filling than the first. It had been a long time, a very long time since he had truly felt satisfied.

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So it was that in secret ways Elopida and her many companions, made their way through the land, seeking out those who would give aid or kindness in some way. Each kind one was rewarded in a special way that truly meant the most to them.

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### **INTO THE CENTER OF THE TIMELESS DOMAIN—Part 3**

When her mission was complete, and the list was made of all who knew that loving kindness was more important than greed or keeping things for one’s self, she and her team left as quickly and quietly as they had come.

“Do you think any detected you?” one of Elopida’s travel companions asked, eager to hear her take on the mission they had just finished.

“I don’t think so, but they all knew afterwards that something unusual had happened—and they all learned to keep repeating whatever deed of kindness brought them the rewards they found themselves with. And the more they keep giving out, the more the gift I gave back to them will keep being granted, in the same degree, and sometimes in better ways, depending on the need.

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Some months passed and Elopida in a vehicle of a much grander size and shape, and visibly this time, left the star base and travelled swiftly to land in a vast plane. It was here that she was to gather all those loyal to Elohai—who had proven so by their repeated kindnesses to those around.

Messengers were sent to the dwelling places, or in the caves, or the roads where they walked, or the forests where they slept, and gathered them to the place of travel.

It was here that Elopida revealed to them who she was, and how their kindness to her months before is what granted them the greatest ride of their life.

“You will get to visit where I live and be treated to delights you have never imagined. I’m repaying you for the gift of kindness that you have given, repeatedly.”

Mouths were agape and heads were awl. Eagerly, with not wanting a moment to be wasted in mere humble surprise, the team walked on up into the transporter, and were swiftly taken up and far away to the glorious star of Elopida, the loyal one of Elohai, the creator of the element of loving kindness.

It was here that something truly unusual was seen; nothing they expected to see. The humble ones were shown the effects of each deed of kindness, and how it was now carrying on in the lives of others. It never stopped, but moved from one pair of loving hands to another and another.

The gift of love that was given, first to Elopida and then to others, and then from them to yet others, never stopped. It was as if the dwelling places was slowly being painted in colour, as each deed of kindness was shared.

“This is how we view it,” Elopida said to her captivate audience. “When a deed out of genuine kindness is done, it brings a land into true colour and beauty. Otherwise it is as if it’s all dirt brown, and nothing else.”

When the showing was complete, these visitor were ushered, each either separately or in small groups, to the next gift of joy. And each gift that was given to them on Elledor, the star of Elopida, was more splendid than the next.

“How will we ever fit back into the humble place of our dwelling after all we have seen and done here?” one said, when pondering the gifts.

“You don’t have to ‘fit in’, that is to say to be as one of them. But with humility you can go there again, and go to other places you may like to visit, to bring what you have learned to those dwelling there. You are ambassadors now, and are suited to be givers, not receivers of the lands you go to. You will give forever, on and on throughout all time. And your gifts of yet greater love and kindness will be matched with greater rewards. Elohai always repays in numerous ways, his humble ambassadors sent out from Elledor—or wherever you may be sent out from to bring the most royal gift of all—loving kindness in its pure and genuine form.

“It is a gift that never ceases to exist. Once you give it, it will carry on for all time, forever and ever and into the infinite and vast eternity. It is a gift that knows no end. Time will cease to exist before the traces of the love you give will fade away. Yet even then, the love you give will carry on, and on, and pick up speed and matter and grow until, if viewed in one big cluster, it will be as the size of a star itself. Love builds and gathers and then, yes, explodes. But not to its destruction, but rather to the spreading of the element created by Elohai.

“When it gets too big to contain, it then is dispersed in many directions and it has thus been multiplied many times again. For each particle of loving kindness is then built up and up until it too reaches time for scattering and wild explosion all over. The love you give and have given will carry on for as long as you live. And thanks to Elohai, that is forever.

“Do you see the stars far off yonder? Think for a moment what formed them. Was it greed or lust for wealth? Think purely, for such things would not form such points, such pinnacles of glorious light if it was simply to be hoarded. Light is a gift, such as love is a gift. And just as the stars shine their light all around, so is love shone all around and many are benefited.”

With that end to Elopida’s speech, she then was transformed into the most common appearance for her to take on—that is for the dwellers of Elldor, the star of Elopida, yet more radiant than the new ambassadors had ever seen. And it was with her glorious apparel and appearance that she touched the ones around her, with the waves of light put forth.

The touch of love that embraced the inner being of each one there, transformed them too, into light-filled beings, also clothed with garments of splendour.

Hand in hand they were escorted to an array of vehicles prepared for take off. To where? To many places, and they each could choose where they best wanted to visit, or return to, all on a mission of loving-kindness for the most Royal Elohai, and the radiant and loyal Elopida.

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“Now the mission is complete,” Elopida said as she sat beside her glorious abode. “It wasn’t complete when I returned from my humble adventure of testing the loving-kindness of those dwellers. It is only complete when they too are being sent out with one thing in mind, to give vast amounts of loving-kindness throughout the ‘verses, the star clusters, and beyond. Long live loving-kindness!”

“And so it shall be,” Elohai said as his voice boomed invisibly through the atmosphere. It seemed that not only those standing there with Elopida heard it, but each of the ones in the transporting vessels being set out. His voice echoes on through the stars and brings life and love to all.