

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 8

IN THE ARMS OF MY BELOVED KING

“Celtellina darling,” a tall and glorious being of light touched her shoulder. She turned to look up and see the face of one that though she didn’t not recognise, still she felt as if it was a member of her own family. At ease she was in this place that was as enchanting as ever.

“I’ve come to take you over the brook, and beyond the meadow that lies yonder,” this one said.

Celtellina, rising with great ease, nearly floating, moved along gracefully with her guiding companion. “I feel as if I might have known you for quite some time,” she said at last.

“Perhaps, but indeed I have known you for your whole life, though a very unseen part of your existence,” he replied.

On they continued to move, just as he had said, first over the brook and then beyond to the meadow of joy. It was here that she felt the lightest she had yet felt. Running with joyful glee, Celtellina ran to the entrance way of a wooded area. She did so, because her guide motioned to her to go there, and said, “There you will find a treasure your heart has longed for, for as long as you remember.”

At that instant she felt her feet fly, and on she went with a speed she had not done yet, not since she had entered the Enchanted Dome. Indeed she had not been here for long--just long enough to enjoy sitting and taking in the splendour of the place, and become accustomed to her new form and youthful beauty.

When her guide saw she was ready to take in more, that is when he appeared in his rather “normal” form—that is to say, more glorious state. Yet there was more. It was no longer just her guide beside her, but now a very wonderful presence was now there as well, though she saw nothing at first.

“Peace be unto you, My darling one. Home at last you are!” a voice called to her with a sound that seemed a mixture of the wind blowing through the trees and musical sounds traveling in water. Celtellina stopped to look, but she needn’t look far, for right in front of her, materialising and encircling her in an embrace was a being more magnificent than she’d ever seen.

“Hi darling,” again the voice spoke, and all she could do was relax in the bosom of this magnificent one, for he was tall indeed. Rather like a child, an older child, did she feel. The embrace seemed to take all apprehension out of her soul and replace it with a sense of excitement.

“It’s you!” at last she spoke. “The one I met, the one we met, Shane and I both, on our secret journeys!”

The being nodded and gazed into her eyes before speaking again.

“You have come at last, and I have something ready and waiting for you!”

Her guide that first met and greeted her seemed to fade into some sort of non-visible state. Still there, should he be needed, but as far as Celtellina could see, it was just her and, as she would fully realise, the very King of the Vast domain. It was too wonderful for words for some time as she pondered if he really was indeed who she suspected him to be.

On they walked into what seemed a dimly lit forest, yet it was only to make the lighting of the humble cottage they were coming to seem all the more cosy. As they walked it started to snow. The snow was falling on the green pines, and the lights along the pathway could be seen well.

They followed the pathway that led to a wooden cottage. Light, like a fire’s glow was shining through the windows. Snow now covered the porch as they approached.

“Here is where you can rest and be refreshed. I will speak with you each day, and others will visit you too, for there is much to learn,” this glorious being of light said, then picked Celtellina up, so she wouldn’t feel the snow on her toes, and in through the door they went.

The first thing she noticed was a large array of books on a shelf that covered the wall, in the room with a glowing fire.

“This is where I read the books we have written,” the being of love and light said to Celtellina.

She, of course didn’t remember writing any books, and she was still trying to fully determine who this radiant being was. Then at that moment he changed his appearance slightly and said, “I’m your King, remember?”

Oh! Now she didn’t know what to say. Her King it was indeed! And he was with her now as casually as a father or friend. She fell down before him in worshipful adoration before being picked up off the floor and led over to sit on the chair for two.

“Want to see what these books have written in them, that I like to sit and read?” he said pulling a book of the shelf. All she could do was look with wide eyes, as she sat very near to her King.

When he opened the book and started to read, now she understood what he was talking about. There were the records of all those secret journey she had gone on. They contained all the special messages that her King had spoken to her while she was living in Wonder Hill.

These were diaries of sorts, with notes and thoughts both from her and from her King. In them contained poetry, thoughts, stories, visions and accounts of her trips into “Wonderland” or so she called it, because she wondered where that land was that she would see pictures of in her mind.

“Wonderland, that glorious place you learned of and explored while you let lived in Wonder Hill, is in part, as you’ll find, right here in this area of the Enchanted Dome where you are to reside for this time now,” the King explained, reading her mind.

“Let us read now of one of the records of your vision of your very first trip to Wonderland, shall we?”

And so they did.

The snow seemed to keep falling outside the window while they read on and on. It was wonderful to relive these events, yet in an entirely new setting, and getting to hear the King saying aloud all those parts of the books that he had personally written. Her feet were warmed by the fire and she soon rested her head on his shoulder, like a daughter would at the close of the day when reading a bedtime story with her daddy.

After a while, the sound of a bath running startled her for a moment, as it seemed she had actually dosed into a sleep. “Yes, little one, a hot bath is filled and ready for you, if you want to warm up. Then we can have a pot of soup, right here by the fire and continue our story time, if you like,” her very friendly, fatherly King suggested.

These sounded like wonderful things, and so off she went to bathe, while a dinner was set up for just the two of them. Perhaps there were others assisting, as she did hear some new voices coming from somewhere in the cottage, when she was in the tub. It was those helping to prepare their meal.

When she came out dressed all snugly in the white and fluffy clothes and soft slippers provided for her, she was ready for some soup and story time. But as she walked out of the bathing room she noticed another door to a room was open that hadn’t been before, and peeked very briefly into it. In it was the largest, softest, fluffiest bed she’d ever seen, and right beside it was a glowing fire.

“I wonder who that is for?” she thought, forgetting that this was a place all set up for her.

When she sat down at the little table set up by the fire, the King replied to her thoughts of a moment before, “That bed is for you, dear one. You don’t have to sleep here in Wonderland, for here you can have all the energy you ever need. But should you wish to, it’s for your rest and comfort.”

Celtellina responded, “I think I shall like to rest, if to rest means to enjoy such a lovely bed as that.”

When she went to rest that night after the meal and final story time, the King said, and showed her, “The view of the stars from the ceiling window is particularly lovely, too. You can see their twinkling lights as you rest.” And in deed it was just as he said. When he tucked her in to this elaborate and lovely bed, she looked up at the stars that were smiling down on her. She was going to enjoy the best rest she’d ever had.

EXPLORING THE ENCHANTED DOME—Part 1

When the morning came and the sun shone outside the window, the snow was completely gone. It seemed a season could be for a few hours or a day, here in the Enchanted Dome, depending on the need or wish for a certain setting. Today it was as if it was spring time, and all the plants and trees, flowers and grass were sparkling with dew in the early morning sunlight. Even the appearance of the sunshine, as well as the stars at night had been for her comfort too, and somewhat as an apparition, to set the scene and make things as comfortable as they could be for the first part of her stay in this new place located in the Enchanted Dome.

The light settings or dimness was put on for pleasure, rather than a need, or a lack of light. For in the Enchanted Dome, if all “settings” were stripped and the true view seen, all would be light, a radiant and very special light that shone at all time.

Celtellina put on her slippers and sat on the chair by the window just to look out, for it was enchanting indeed. Yet for all the beauty, there was one thing, one very important thing, or rather someone that she missed. She had barely turned her gaze to the door, wondering, half hoping that a certain very friendly King would come to greet her good morning, when the door opened just then.

He always knew the right time to show up. But he was not alone or empty handed, for when her beloved King entered the room, there was a breakfast being brought in. “Would you like to enjoy some more time together, as we look outside? There’s lots I can tell you about this new place you are to live in.”

Indeed, indeed she would! And so they did. A lovely breakfast was enjoyed, in several courses right there in her room, sitting by the window, and many amazing things were shared with her. The King knew everything, and this was only the start of their many times of talking and enjoying one another’s company.

When their time was complete, there was a knock at the door of the cottage, and the King bade Celtellina to answer it. “Mother! Father!” she exclaimed as she swung the door open all the way. They had come to take a morning walk with her. There was lots to talk of, and many beautiful places to see.

First, of course Celtellina turned to look up into the face of the King who was standing beside her. He said, in answer to her question, “I’ll be here when you get back. Enjoy your time together.” And so off she went for a long and beautiful walk with her parents, who she hadn’t seen in quite some time, and learned much about life in the Enchanted Dome.

When Celtellina returned to the cottage there was a question on her mind, “I wonder what I will be called on to do while here?” It became clear to her, during her walk and chat, that all who were called to live in the Enchanted Dome were here for some purpose, to do or learn something, or to be a help in some way to others.

This question was to be answered over time, when the time was right for her to know. For now, she was to relax and learn all she could about life here. Later, she would be given new tasks that would increase her learning yet more, and fulfill her heart’s need to be of humble and happy service to her King.

Some days later came a knock on the door, just as story time had ended with her beloved King. The King answered the door and welcomed the visitor in. Who was it? The guide who had greeted her as soon as she had entered the Enchanted Dome.

He and Celtellina exchanged greetings as well as a warm hug, before the three of them settled on the couch.

“Sir, I have come as you have called,” the angelic guide said, never forgetting respect, though the King allowed a casual setting to be enjoyed at this moment.

“She’s ready now I think,” the King told the angelic guide.

“Ready for what?” Celtellina thought.

When the King wished to withhold secrets, in order to either surprise, or to not take up thoughts in one’s mind in advance, he could easily do so. But now was the time to inform Celtellina of the next special activity.

“Little one, you have sat and learned well, even though I knew deep in your thoughts you were also curious as to just what this delightful ‘Wonder Hill’ is like. You have longed to see more, and I think it right that you go and see around a bit. When your curiosity has been satisfied, I will see you again here. Until then, enjoy your time exploring and getting to know a little more about this place I fashioned and designed,” the King said.

For a moment Celtellina felt a toss of emotions and desires. One being to stay in the cottage, yet another pull to learn and see new things and places. But since it was the wish and suggestion of the King for her to go and learn and see new areas, she consented, simply saying, for reassurance, to her King, “You’ll be here when I come back?”

To this he nodded and smiled.

Her guide then took her by the hand and up they together ascended, right through the top of the cottage. Celtellina just laughed and looked down. It seemed she could see right through the roof of the cottage, and responded to the wave of the King who was looking up.

“I didn’t know we could do this—or that I could see through what seems solid matter!” she said. “I guess I’m already learning things!”

Her guide just smiled. In deed it was just the tip of all there was yet to learn.

Up and yet further up they went until a good aerial view was seen. This was a great way to get the bigger picture of what he called, “her neighbourhood”. Though it was much, much vaster than any small neighbourhood she had lived in on Wonder Hill. In fact, this one was enormous in comparison. Not because it was densely filled with one building structure after the next, for that was simply not the way it was done in the Enchanted Dome. But vast it was because it had much land, and many features to it. Mountains, rivers, and townships were part of this living area, affectionately nicknamed “Wonderland”.

“The real name for this zone is a word too long for you yet to be able to pronounce, for the languages of the Domions, as we are sometimes called, is different than what you and the others are accustomed to.”

On they flew to see yet other, new zones—ones she would one day visit, yet for today there was time for but a peek.

EXPLORING THE ENCHANTED DOME—Part 2

The angelic guide, holding and flying with Celtellina watched for signs of particular interest in something she might see on their flight. They had time to see a few places up close, and he wanted to ensure that it was something she’d truly find enjoyable or satisfy her curiosity well. She would then have something very enjoyable to tell her King about when they returned.

All seemed pleasing and interesting as they went along, but there was one moment when she seemed to burst with a great desire to see right then something that was far below.

“You’d like to see that location, darling one?” her guide said, not waiting for her to even ask, as he could tell she must certainly would like to. With a nod of “yes” beginning to indicate her reply, they were already descending in a hurry. Down they went to so fast that Celtellina thought her dress would fly up and make her rather indecently displayed. But she needn’t worry, as air and dresses worked differently here. So did speed and movement and space. There was much she was learning, just in the journey or travel part—and she hadn’t even seen anything up close yet.

In a much shorter time than she thought it would take to descend, the two of them had landed on the top of a round, grass covered roof of some outdoor structure. Well, most everything was outdoors, but it had no walls and was used for something in this very elaborate and large, well-manicured garden.

What Celtellina had seen from the sky was the glorious view of the biggest and most beautiful floral design. It was a garden, yes, but far more. It was a picture, an elaborate and intricate picture, particularly designed to delight the sky fliers and air traveling Domions. It had worked, for this is what Celtellina noticed as being most attractive.

Where they landed was right in the very center of the garden picture. When seen from the sky, they landed on a dot on the back of a turtle pictured to be swimming in a pond. There were flowers used to create the shape of pink and purple and white water lilies floating atop the water. The water in this garden was real water, well whatever water this Enchanted Dome seemed to be made of. And islands in it were shaped and covered with flowers to depict water lilies from an aerial view.

Boats were shaped like bees and other flower enjoying creatures. One could travel, if they wished, by boat rather than simply floating or flying from one island of flowers to the next, or swimming here and there. If they wished to have a gentle boat escort them from one flower or creature island to the next, they could wait until one came past where they stood and it would transport them around.

After descending to the ground, from off of the green covered structure, the two walked through the green maze of hedges that made up the part of the shell of the turtle that was seen peeking up from the water. It was here that they could catch a ride from a butterfly boat that was just then nearing to them. The sails of this vessel were fashioned to move up and down and flutter like the wings of a butterfly. This was not the propelling force for this colourful water vessel, but merely as a decoration.

What made them move was not clearly seen, but it had something to do with the currents down in the water that propelled it this way or that, if they moved to the correct lane where a current would take them this way or that way. All that the sailors operating the vessel needed to do was use large paddles to move it into position, then the water current of that lane would move it along to where they were trying to go.

Once the angelic guide and Celtellina had boarded the beautiful vessel, they found a comfortable seat to rest on and enjoy the ride.

One of those minding the vessel then brought them a tray of treats to nibble and sip on, and offered to play whatever style of music they would enjoy listening too. All they need to do was say it, the sailor that is, and the voice-activated sound player would spring to life.

It was as if all the music was already there, in the air, as particles in the air, and all they had to do was call out what sound or song was to be heard, and that is the one that would be noticed by the listener. With this splendid way of things working, anyone on the boat could be listening to any song or sound, independently from others, for it would be according to what their particular ears could hear. Of course in a group activity everyone would wish to hear the same song or sounds, but should preferences differ, this was easily accommodated.

Celtellina smiled big as they wended through the water around the islands of flowers, sipping on a nectar drink, listening to music of her taste and style. She looked up to the radiant face of her guide, who seemed to be enjoying it right along with her; the more she enjoyed it, the more he did too, or so it appeared.

“Thank you,” she said, “it means so much to me to have this special day out in the wonders of Wonderland, and, well, whatever you call this place.”

Her guide replied, “You are very welcome. I’ve enjoyed it equally. Do you have any questions? Anything you wish to know about what you have seen, or have not seen at this time?” And so was as they calmly and very slowly sailed around, that Celtellina asked and listened, and listened and asked. It was as refreshing—or more so—than her drink, learning all about life in the Enchanted Dome.

When the time came for her to fly back to her cozy cottage, they needn’t travel far. All her guide did was encircle her in a warm and fatherly embrace, hold her tightly and whisper something.

Just what he said she didn't understand, for it was in the mysterious tongue of the Domions. But what she did know was that one moment she was looking at a garden of flowers, made as if they were a water fall flowing from the pond, and the next moment she was on the porch of her spring-time cottage, that was then for that hour, covered in flowers of all types. Up the wall climbed floral vines displaying beautiful shapes and colours.

"Oh! How did that happen? How did we get here?" she wondered in surprise, aloud.

Her guide just held her by the shoulders and looked into her eyes, saying, "Mysterious things can happen on a day out, my dear. I'll see you some other time." At that he vanished, while at that very moment she felt arms behind her, folding her in a warm embrace.

She dared not move. She knew who it was, and it felt too wonderful, and yet with a twinge of excited bashfulness she kept still. Well, that is until a tickle was felt on the side of her neck. No words had been spoken by the being in whose arms she was held, but now she had to let out a laugh and at last turn around.

"Welcome back, my sweet little one. Tell me all about your joyful time! I have a room and a meal set up for our special time together," her King said, with the most heart-warming voice and gaze, as he led her inside.

Indeed he had had a room set up, for when they entered the cottage it hardly looked anything like what she had remembered. It was far more spectacular than before.

What a fantasy room it was, and could change according to the needs and wishes of the occupant, with a bit of assistance of course. But assistants the King had plenty of, and they were always eager to fulfill his wishes. And the King delighted in filling the joys of those who had loved him while yet apart from him. This was their time to get to know each other face to face, and there were surprises abundant to aid this experience.

"Wow," was all Celtellina could say before sitting down to begin their next time of communing together.

FIGHT OF LIGHT

While Celtellina and many others had crossed over to the glorious realm inside the Enchanted Dome, all was not well in Wonder Hill. Little seeds of this and that had been brewing in the minds and hearts of dwellers. Seeds that were not placed there by the King in their Wonder-Fill times. Seeds that grew when they were too busy to take time each day to find out just how to make Wonder-Hill as close to paradise as they could, under the circumstances.

Seeds will grow in minds in all conditions, but if a weed seeds grows there needs to be a way for it to be removed and tossed to the side, rejected and left to die and decay. If nourished, it will choke what good is meant to be growing inside a person's heart and mind.

Thoughts are like seeds, and can not only grow, but produce more seeds that can be spread around. Just as seeds have many ways to travel, so do thoughts. And in Wonder Hill there were as many types of ways for seed thoughts to spread as there were seed types that grew in their home gardens.

A thought could be passed on through a look, a look in a million different ways. A thought could be passed on through sounds or lack of them—again, sounds too numerous to count. A thought could be passed on in music and in rhyme—and a growing collection of these were being sung and said and written by the folks dwelling in Wonder Hill, to be heard and said and read again and again. A thought could be passed on in a picture—a million upon a million of ways and shapes and colour combinations could pass on thoughts of all types.

Or, and most commonly, a thought could be generated right within a soul of a dweller, seemingly to come from nowhere, yet being passed on to them from the unseeable realm where those of the light assisted the dwellers, and those of the dark tried to destroy any and all good.

Most folks living in Wonder-Hill at this time had ceased to understand or realise that the unseeable realm is what directed so much of what happened in their world. The things they could see and feel and touch and hear and discern weren't the only reality. But at this time there was little regard for things that couldn't be felt and tasted or sensed through the regular means used.

As for the gifts of the children that continued to be sent to Wonder Hill from the King of the Vast Domain, they continued to have a gift or two given—something that would have given them an advantage over the challenges they personally would have to face. Yet, life seemed to get busier for no real needed reason, other than for prideful pursuits. And this business that crowded the life of folks of all ages, young and old alike, clouded over and disregarded the gifts, the unseen gifts, that each one held.

If you weren't busy in some way, you were certainly looked down on. And by busy I mean in doing something other than tending to a garden, a family, and a home. And it didn't matter really if it was a quality endeavour that used up all your spare time and more. As long as you could say with pride that you were busy doing this and that, then you were looked on as a useful dweller in Wonder Hill—even if what you were doing was rather tearing down life as it used to be, and making it less wonderful by the day.

So by and by less children, teens, and grown ups seemed to have the qualities that would have made their life easier, and a bit more full of wonder. There wasn't the spark of the supernatural any more, or hardly at all. It would take something rather drastic to get someone to even hope or wish for something spectacular to aid them in their life.

Life started to lose colour and rhyme, sparkle and thrill. It began to be a day-by-day pull in the direction of meaninglessness. So rare was there talk about the glories of the Enchanted Dome that they used to all enjoy thinking about, and looking forward to returning to one day. And certainly, rarer yet was there talk of the King. Since he was too vast and large to be seen on such a small place in the Vast realm, to be seen as a regular dweller in size and form, he was regarded by many as fantasy. Those who did encounter him, could not point out to others and say, "There he is! See?" as he showed up for visits in far more private and secret ways to individuals, primarily in the chambers of their thoughts and mind's eye.

An old lady by the name of Shennada, used to be revered by all for her gift of unusual speaking ability. Ever since she was a child, the way she spoke, the words she used, and her grasp of words would hold people captivated. She was always well understood when she wanted to make a point clear to all. She knew the kinds of things that people were thinking and what would open their minds to new thoughts and ideas. Quotations from some of her public speeches were often quoted, even by those who didn't know where that wise saying originated; they'd heard it repeated so often it became part of Wonder Hill's terminology.

However, Shennada the Aged hardly grabbed the attention of folks in these declining days of Wonder Hill. No one wanted to hear words. All they thought about was work, and more work, and action in pursuits they found attracted their interests.

"Words don't do anything," they said. And it was true. Words alone couldn't. Yet words, imbedded in a willing mind can be like fuel to help them get to where they wish to go or need to go. That was the gift of Shennada—fueling folks in Wonder Hill to move forward and make positive progress. But now she sat, looking with sympathy and sorrow, perhaps even a bit of amusement at the throngs who raced here and there, but didn't really make any lasting good for themselves or others.

She had ideas a plenty, and lots of sage advice that would have saved so many the heartache of one broken dream after the next. But they seemed to wish to find out the hard way why they shouldn't have taken this or that course of action. They preferred to be fully occupied than to take time to listen, even if in the end they were left with empty hopes and smashed dreams, and nothing to show for their long life.

"Better to be busy and it get you nowhere, then to sit around hoping and wishing for change" was a motto that seemed to drive them nowhere. But it did do one thing, and that was change things. Being busy doing nothing of value was have a vast and dark change on all of Wonder Hill. It would have done a world of good if they all had sat for a bit to think about hopes and what would change things in the right way, the way that would maintain the paradise of the land.

Change would occur no matter what they did or didn't do. What would help keep things the same, in the right way, and ensure good change for the better was always the same:

Wonder-Fill time, and positive action at a pleasant pace, regularly, day by day. Busy minds, too filled to stop and think, and bodies that worked at a very unpleasant pace day by day was acting like a cork screw working its way down and into the cork of a bottle of a drink gone bad. It was going to spill out and foul everything up.

THE MESSENGER AND A MISSION—Part 1

Celtellina was just coming out of her cottage in the woods when a shiny vehicle of an unusual sort came landing on the pathway in front of her. This was something unexpected, but that too was to be expected in this place of wonders and surprises. She had enjoyed much time now in the Enchanted Dome and learned much. It seemed it was time for something of another sort to take place.

The vehicle, as she found out, was that of a heralding messenger. Out stepped a slivery clad being, from this silvery transporter.

“Spot on, darlin’. Here you go,” he said, handing Celtellina an envelope that contained a message for her.

Surprised, she grabbed it and began to read what it had to say.

“Dear Celtellina,

As you know things can’t and indeed shall not continue on in the way they have been, in Wonder Hill. I am recruiting those who have loved ones yet living there, to come and assist in the fight against the works of the dark realm.

Will you come now to receive a brief time of training, and after that be transported to the outer realm where serious combat is taking place? There will be time for more enjoyable activities later on.

However, knowing that your loved ones are in great need of your assistance should spur you on to help them in whatever way you can, for it would be entirely difficult for you to enjoy another moment of ease, when there is something you could do in their defence.

I will send the messenger to you in a few days time if you need more time to ponder and consider.

Yours truly, King Elohai “

The messenger waited patiently until Celtellina had finished reading the letter and had a moment to think.

“I won’t be making more work for the King, having to send for me again. I’m ready now. Let’s go,” she said decisively, feeling a wave of energy unlike she had experienced yet in this place of rest and wonder.

But as she was learning, there was a whole other side to the operating of a Vast Kingdom than she was fully aware of. This experience today showed her there was yet much work to be done, and much that those in the Enchanted Dome could do yet to aid those living in Wonder Hill.

Into the cosy, very fast moving vehicle she slipped and got ready for a flight of great speed. It seemed hardly a blink after taking off that suddenly they were surrounded by darkness, a velvety darkness that was dotted with lights in the distance. It certainly resembled the sky one would see when looking out at night, when living in Wonder Hill. But she never could tell, as things in the Enchanted Dome were made to resemble all sorts of settings, and there was vast open spaces there too.

This transportation vehicle had taken her not to the night sky that surrounded the orb that held both the Enchanted Dome within as well as Wonder Hill and other places without. It had travelled far further into the surrounding space that was far too distant for any on Wonder Hill to see were they to look outside and up to the night sky with stars and light orbs sparkling.

It was indeed in a completely new environment, in a different realm altogether. This was transmitted to her thoughts as she made query and wondered just where they were.

This messenger was there to do his job, but hadn't been instructed to teach and tell her all the many intricate details of the journey. He was there for one mission—to bring a willing warrior to aid the many others in the fight of light against darkness.

Celtellina sat pondering just where she might be, when she had been briefly told they had entered a zone she scarcely knew existed. She wasn't invited to ask too many questions, though there were many things she'd like to know.

The main question that was on her mind was wanting to know who she would meet—primarily if meeting the King in his royal abode, was something to be expected or not. However, she didn't have long to wait, with unanswered questions and musings, for the vehicle soon took a very abrupt stop, and it was time to disembark.

She saw out her window that they were at some sort of landing port. There were other vehicles like this one, and other types too, that had landed all around. And those who were exiting the vehicles were flying up and away to wherever they needed to go. The sky around had an indigo-purple hue to it. There were these larger, seemingly floating or suspended in the air locations of light where some of the passengers were ascending through the air to.

"Those are the secondary transporters," the messenger said briefly to Celtellina as she could scarcely move from her standing position after exiting the vehicle. She was taking it all in, and wondered about so much. She looked at him, hoping for a bit more information.

"We won't be going on one of those. They are for taking very large teams for settlement in far away zones," he at last said, seeing she would only be satisfied with a bit more knowledge at that moment.

Then he winked at her and indicated for her to look over to the side. She had been so focused on the going ons of others she missed what was happening right there with her.

"Oh!" she gasped. Her breath temporarily taken away by what she saw—or rather, who was there to greet her upon arrival.

"I see you aren't being swamped with information," a kind voice said that matched the twinkle in his eyes.

Celtellina wasn't sure what the proper response was to be, for she hadn't been expecting to be greeted by the King himself. He was much as he looked when visiting with her in her cottage, yet with a bit more of a flare and style.

He helped ease the moment by taking her hand and giving it a welcoming kiss.

"Welcome to the warrior's get together. You might be surprised in pleasant ways at who you'll be working with. Nearly everyone has arrived. The first introductory meeting will take place before too long."

Then the King looked over at his faithful messenger and said, "Thank you, I'll take her from here. You are free to go enjoy a welcome break, for there will be much work to be done before long."

At that, he entered his vehicle and was off before she could even wave, to go to where she really had no clue.

Together the King walked with Celtellina, though it almost seemed they must be invisible, at least to some others, for they were undisturbed as they walked on and over to another transporter.

"Wanna go for a ride?" the King said, in a playful way.

With so much seriousness going on throughout the Vast Kingdom, it was amusing and relieving to see that he could carry an air of joy, or playfulness almost, when the situation called for it.

Celtellina nodded and stepped into the awaiting transporter. She was invited to sit on the seat right at the front next to the driver—who happened to be the King Himself, for this special moment. It seemed it was a gift to have this ride together, in return for Celtellina's quick response to his request. She left all immediately to come and do as he requested, and now she had this treat. She was in awe and very glad now that she decided to leave all and to come right away to take part in the action and work to be done.

THE MESSENGER AND A MISSION—Part 2

A training course had begun, a quick type of one that prepared warriors to be ready rather quickly for battle. It was to be a battle unlike anything they had ever done before. Fighting darkness with light was very different than merely trying to overpower another with some sort of tools of pain and destruction.

Light produced music and air, and these things were used to stop foul ones from troubling their unhappy victims. Foul ones used clouds of darkness and despair, along with the most foul-smelling odours imaginable.

Celtellina's first class with hands on training was how to use tools and transporters of light to dispel a cloud of darkness, in the special ways that those of the unseen realm could do so. It's not something that can be or must be explained here to those that read the glimpses into the life of Celtellina, for some things are best experienced rather than told of. But suffice it to say, the training was tough, but eventually, due to her love for the King and willingness to fight for her loved ones still living in Wonder Hill, she eventually got the knack of how to do this and that, and was well on her way to real action.

Celtellina's first mission took place as follows.

All the new recruits who had gone through their training well and were ready to be employed, were taken to the port, the very one she had arrived at. And this time she and the other others were ushered into one of the larger floating transporters. They were all to be taken to that far off zone where the most conflict was taking place—on Wonder Hill.

Now when I say "conflict" the reader should not have the mistaken idea that there was upsetting happenings going on, or that it looked in anyway like a war or conflict in the natural realm was taking place, for it appeared nothing of the sort.

To those living in Wonder Hill, life continued on as it always had—or so it seemed. They went about their day doing this and that. Yet the conflict was going on in the unseeable realm. The dark side would choose a victim and focus their dark powers on that soul until they were drained of all joy and peace, and could do nothing but burry themselves in work, work, work, just to distract themselves. Yet all the while darkness would be seeping out their eyes and in their words and bringing into a bondage of darkness any who lived and worked around them.

If you could see what was really taking place beyond what was seen in the natural realm, you would be angered and appalled. And so the King was, and so were his loyal team who fought to bring the light back into the lives of those living there.

Celtellina and a team with her were brought, invisibly of course, to the home of her youngest daughter Joyvelle, Hesternach and Gladdie. When Celtellina first arrived she could hardly see her beloved ones, for the clouds of darkness were so thickly filling the place. Yet the reason she could come and be of assistance was that her said loved ones had called for special help from the King. They were some of the few remaining ones who still knew of the King's existence and knew how to request help in difficult times.

And it was for this very reason that the clouds of darkness were particularly strong here, there was much light that the dark forces were trying to extinguish. For if knowledge of what this family knew were to leak out to the other trapped and tangled in darkness souls, then the darkness would be put to flight and would lose quickly.

Light always won, but sometimes the dark forces just didn't know what else to do, and so kept busying themselves with a losing battle of trying to bring their dark thoughts and ways into people's lives. They were dispelled all the time, time and again. And, as it missed their knowledge, the fact that the forces of light had to be put into combat with them, only caused the forces of light to grow yet stronger. The conflict made them stronger, and then better able to drive the forces of darkness away.

Within a few hours, the house of Celtellina's daughter was cleared of all dark clouds, and in their special way, the clouds were rounded up and captured, compounded and compressed and locked in a way that they could not be used again.

When the light fully shone into her loved one's minds, the smiles on their faces showed the joyful relief to at last be seeing things from the right way again.

"What was that all about?" Joyvelle thought, when the battle was won and she was going about her day. "Felt like a cloud of gloom had settled on my home and family. It was so strong I could nearly see and touch it. But when we, together, called for the King's assistance, now all seems at peace. Something happened, though I know not what exactly. And in some strange way, I almost feel like my mother dropped in for a visit. I feel happy, like she was here aiding me in my inner struggle and temporary turmoil. I am glad for the peace I now do feel."

And so the battles raged, here and there, yet little did the inhabitants of Wonder Hill realise all that was indeed going on about them. They certainly were unaware of the great change or turn for the worse that had come over their land, for it happened so gradually over a few generations. Those living now didn't know fully what it was like many years before. If they did, they would wake up to realise how vastly different in a foul sort of way that it was.

There was something that could show or remind them of what life was meant to be like, yet it was hidden away.

The book the old woman was able to carefully keep and safely bring to the settlers of Wonder Hill when they arrived on the Doflynn had been reproduced again and again, yet few remaining copies were in circulation now. And the other great books that told of all the wonders discovered by those first few generations in their times of Wonder-Fill, also too were lost or tucked away, and thought of as old fashioned.

Celtellina was given the task of book finding, now that she was back for a time, yet invisibly so. She was to go from house to house, area to area with a team she had been granted to work with by the King. They were to use their new gifts to aid them in seeing and discovering all the books that should be read and made available for dwellers. Perhaps not all of them would take the time to read and live what was written, putting it into action and making the hard changes for the better, but some might, and for them life would certainly be enriched.

I won't say life would get "easier" if they did what those old books told of, as the forces of the dark side would target any and all doers of the original ways of Wonder Hill, and would try to cloud their minds with a vengeance. Yet life would be enriched, for more good would flood their life than ever before. And eventually the forces of darkness would be forced to retreat and pick on someone else, someone less able to push them off. Double would then be the troubles placed on those who had not the books and did not know the ways of living to "last a millennium" as the books taught.

So vast would be the difference at that point in time, of who read and implemented the ancient wisdom scripted, and who had chosen to merely "make things up as they went along".

"I'm seeing something under the soil of this household, this rather newly built structure," Celtellina called out to a teammate who wasn't too far off, also scanning with their eyes the inside of a neighbouring building.

At that her teammate was swiftly at her side.

"It seems there is a large box or trunk under the largest room of this dwelling place. Or is it a dwelling place? I see no foot prints in the soil, no sign of animals living in the shed, for it is clean of all droppings. The beds are untouched in the house, save for the dust settling on everything," she said.

A suspicious look came on the face of her teammate and he looked quickly at the plans and map of the area from a year or two back. He held in his hand a device that could show him all information that had been depicted by those on Wonder Hill. Any drawings someone had done, were duplicated supernaturally by those monitoring in the unseen realm, and went to a database to be recalled by whoever needed that information.

"Nope. There is no dwelling in this place... and the plans that were drawn up for who should be living here did not show a building was to be built here at all. In fact, as I see, there is a note or marking on the plans that says, 'open space for animals and play' and there are several large trees drawn. So something has happened.

“This building has replaced the large trees and has this area fenced off well to prevent any visitors. That is very unlike the ways of living in Wonder Hill, where the only fencing is around the domestic animal’s dwelling places and grazing spots.

“Could it be,” Celtellina began to wonder aloud, “that it was built for a different purpose than that of being a place to live in? Perhaps it is a doorway hiding a secret vault. Perhaps one of the treasures hidden inside is this trunk we are seeing.”

Her teammate responded. “We’ll tell the captain of our team. Perhaps an exploration of this area and the soil needs to be made. There are ways to have it done, and look as if it was simply a dweller from Wonder Hill is doing it. Yet all the while, that truck will be unearthed and made available. I can see in it now and it does contain many, many books. It must be unearthed.”

With that, the two of them went to tell of their findings and suggest a possible way of freeing up those books for use by those in Wonder Hill.

THE MESSENGER AND A MISSION—Part 3

Gladdie was talking a walk with his twin puppies. They were happy and frisky fellows, yet always running off.

“No! Don’t go in there!” he yelled out. But it was too late. The dogs had climbed upon a rock, and then on to a tree stump, and up to the fence top and soon were over the fence and in to the “forbidden house” as it was called.

“Oh! What am I to do? They must be in terrible danger! The sign says clearly, ‘DO NOT ENTER. Large vicious dogs guard this house! Zone forbidden from entering.’”

He knew he had to get his puppies out. He followed in the way they had found to get over the fence and was soon in the property himself. Yet he held two large sticks, just in case he met with danger. This teen boy was brave, but was cautious too.

Quietly he crept listening for sounds of his lost puppies. What he saw instead of hearing anything was an open door, and there were no signs of anyone else—and certainly no guard dogs. There never were. It was all a fear tactic to keep dwellers from entering. But enter Gladdie did, all the while keeping his eyes open and his ears listening well.

He walked down the sort hallway that led to a large sitting room of sorts, yet the floor had never been finished. It was a dirt floor yet. When he neared the room that is when he heard the scratching sounds—sounds of dogs digging and trying to get something.

“Oh! Peskie and Smokie! There you are! I’m so glad you are safe. What are you doing?”

Gladdie neared the hole in the ground and saw the beginnings of the lid of a chest being unearthed. His eyes widened. “That must be the reason this place is so guarded. The dwellers here must have mined much gold and stashed it away here. And by the looks of it, my puppies aren’t the first ones digging here. What is driving them to do it, I don’t know. Some other animals or pets must have dug out this hole, over some time.”

When the puppies seemed to have had enough fun, they scratched on the lid and then whimpered at Gladdie, pawing on his leg, as if to tell him they wanted him to do something. They both repeated this a few times.

Gladdie, seeing that he was going to be unable to get his dogs to leave until he had pried open the lid, did just that.

“What’s in this?” he said, becoming more and more curious and determined.

However, right before he could see clearly what was in side of it, a sound of a team of people coming near alerted him, and a very loud and angry dog began to bark.

Suddenly his puppies knew it was time to go. Yet, Gladdie didn’t want to be seen and discovered, and he didn’t want his puppies to be harmed in anyway. The puppies, as they had done before, led Gladdie, yet again. They ran down the hall and out to back door and began to paw on it.

It was the perfect timing. As when they exited that door, that is just when the team of people and the dog on a leash, thankfully, were no longer on that side of the house, and were just entering the front door. Yet the puppies did not run off the property, as they certainly would have been seen then, but rather over to the side where there was a ladder.

Gladdie got thinking quickly and knew it was only a moment before team checking on things would follow the bark of the dog back outside again to discover them. He pulled out a bag and placed his puppies into it and hug it up on the ladder. Just then he spied an old rug rolled up over to the side. This would take quick work and extreme bravery.

He picked up the rug, ran back into the sitting room—while the team was lingering in a side room, chatting for a bit. He spread the rug over the chest and ran out again. Up the ladder he went. When he got to the roof he noticed a small door on the roof that could be opened. Though it was locked Gladdie had the skill to know how to remove the pins from the door's hinges, and did so using a key he had in his pocket.

“Good thing it's these type. I know how to work with these. My trusty key has come in handy for many more jobs than opening my house door.”

It was good that he entered, with his dogs, with the lock still closed tightly, for if glanced at it would not appear to be open in any way. Inside the small storage area on the roof Gladdie and the puppies had to hide for quite some time.

Yes, the vicious dog did bark when they exited the house, following a scent. The dog did bark up the ladder, but since the lock was securely on still, and clearly no one was on the roof or anywhere in the house or property, the team concluded that an animal must have been there.

“After a raccoon or something, no doubt,” a man mumbled while they left.

“The door was open to the house, maybe we didn't shut it properly last time and the wind blew it open. Let's do it right this time, and be off. I'm getting hungry. We've done our round of daily checking on things. Nothing seems to be missing. We even left that gold watch on the dresser in one of the bedrooms, that was linked to an alarm, to see if anyone would come and take it. But it's still there, dusty as ever.”

Gladdie was able to keep his wise puppies quiet by stroking them to sleep. After all they had done a lot of hard work digging and were ready to rest. Though Gladdie wondered what to do about the chest, if the house door was locked, and just how he was going to get back over the fence again, he took a short rest too, giving time for the sun to go down somewhat. He certainly didn't want to meet with anyone on his way out. He wasn't there to take what wasn't his, but he was just about as curious as the puppies, and was nearly sure something odd and suspicious was going on. He would like to uncover a secret that was being kept; a secret that wasn't meant to be kept.

GLADDIE AND THE DISCOVERING PUPPIES—Part 1

Gladdie and the puppies ended up sleeping far longer than expected for it was nearly midnight, according to his watching, when he at last woke, feeling now was the time to go. But how? Which way? Before he opened up the roof door, he noticed there was a side door to this compartment, which easily opened inward. He hadn't seen it before, yet because of a light that was now on inside the house—which turned on automatically during the dark hours—there was a line of light around the crack of the door.

“We can get out here!” he said to his puppies who were now wide awake and eager to go. Gladdie lowered himself out and onto the top of a cabinet that was just below, and helped the puppies jump out. Then down they went to the floor. Since there was light to see, they made their way quietly to the sitting room.

“Oh, dear!” Gladdie said as he now faced a closed and locked door. There would be no way to get in there, unless... Unless some certain puppies found a way! Which they just happened to! “What? You amazing, crazy little ones!”

The false wall that looked like a shelf of books could be turned like a turn style and the room entered in this way. “This house is full of secret entry ways. I bet I haven't found them all yet!” said Gladdie, and he was right.

There was something far bigger that hadn't been discovered yet. Not only was the chest to be explored, but the opening that the chest itself was covering. An opening to a certain tunnel system that led to the mines! Yes, the mines that Granny Leighlea had visited in her mysterious journey.

The chest was used as a blockage of some sort to guard the way. Gladdie and his faithful and exploratory puppies were about to discover this as well.

So into the room they went that was well-lit, though curtains were drawn. It would give the impression to others who looked on from the outside that it was inhabited. The light was to be a deterrent, yet tonight it was drawing this team, led by Celtellina herself and her unseen team, to find out the hidden content of the old buried chest.

"Books! Is that all?" Gladdie said, until he looked close at it. "What? That's my grandparent's family name on that one... and this one, this used to belong to my great uncle and aunt... and!"

It was becoming clear that these books did not belong in a chest hidden away by people who didn't wish to read them.

"The bookshelf! That in itself was to deter folks, or curb their reading appetite for something less shiny, something older, something of far greater value. If the chest was found, chances are that those in this house would have used their reading time for the colourfully covered books on the shelf—the abundant reading material of little worth."

Gladdie certainly was hearing the whispers in his heart and mind from his own grandmother, whose old book he now held under his arm. He'd be taking this as a sample to show his parents.

"A good mystery is to be solved, and stolen treasures will be returned to each and every family that these belong to, even if their grand and great grandchildren never were aware of the loss of these books—for they may never have even heard of their existence," Gladdie thought, as he pulled the rug back over the now closed chest and made his way out with both the puppies.

He was just about to go when something stopped him.

"Now!" the voice nearly yelled, yet inaudibly, in his ear. Jolted he stopped, turned around, and heard it again, yet with more added.

"Now! You must remove the books, all of them now. For before the sun is fully risen there shall be fire, and this house will burn, all of it. Do not delay. You have little time."

With a sense of urgency Gladdie then used the bag he had brought along with him to load up as many books as it could hold.

"Stay here, puppies," he strictly told them, as he made his way carefully down the pathway to the gate leading off the property. There he unloaded the bag and placed the books on the top of one of the wide pillars that the gate was latched on to. Again and again he went back for more, stacking them on the pillars and then filling the bag for the final load.

"Let's go," he whispered to his nearly-asleep canine companions, and out they slowly trod down the dark pathway lit only from a faint light coming from the window of the house.

The gate wasn't hard to open from the inside, if you knew how to work those kinds of locks. But this was one of Gladdie's specialties, locks, keys, and opening closed doors—and it seemed his puppies had some of the same skills too, in a different way. There were few places this team couldn't access when there was a need.

At last all the books were, bit by bit taken out of the gate and over a ways into the adjoining property, which was much, much easier to enter. Into a large wooden box that usually held wood, the books were placed. This box was in a small shed at the back of the property. He had visited here plenty before. Many muscles were grown here. He had helped to cut much of the wood that used to fill that box. It was time for restocking, and Gladdie would get around to it one of these days, but for now he was glad that it was rather empty.

In the books went, and some cut log bits were placed over them for covering. Taking only one book to show his parents, he then placed the puppies into the bag. They'd had enough adventures for one day and night. He wasn't sure what new treasures they would discover next if they were to walk on home freely with him.

GLADDIE AND THE DISCOVERING PUPPIES—Part 2

Quietly Gladdie crept into his house, placed the puppies in their living area, washed his hands and face, and tip-toed to his room, carrying the book. He needn't have taken the trouble to be ever so quiet, as can be expected, his mother was wide awake sitting in the living room, wondering just when her son would return. He had been gone far longer than expected. His supper was still waiting for him. As he passed by the open door on the way to his room he heard the welcome sound of his mother.

"Oh, darling! You are home! I shall warm your food up, and you can tell me what adventures you and those two have been on. I can see by the look on your face there is much to be said."

Gladdie responded with, "Indeed," and handed his mother the book. A large question formed on Joyvelle's face as she looked the book over. "Where have you been? This has been lost for so long. The last time I saw it was when I loaned it to..." she asked, yet before she could finish her thought, Gladdie finished it,

"You loaned it to the passing merchant while he waited to sell his wares before moving on to the next town? I remember now. I've had much time to think about it this night. It all came back to me, even though I was much too young to really remember it well. For some reason the thoughts and memories formed in my head. It all became clear. Well, it and a heap of other, so called, 'borrowed' books have been discovered now. I'll tell you and papa about it when you are ready to hear."

"Tell us now; or when you have eaten. Or perhaps you'd like to rest first?" his mother asked thoughtfully.

"I don't think I'd sleep very well with this large secret pressing on my heart. We must get the books to a safe location."

Just then his father showed up. He'd heard much of what was said while still in his bed. But lost treasures and recovered stolen goods were worth more than sleep to him. "I'm ready now. We'll talk later. Where are they now, let's go," Hesternach said enthusiastically. Gladdie was glad for supportive parents who were willing to have a few adventures with him.

So, while mother both warmed his supper and prepared a morning meal for her and her husband, Gladdie and Hesternach crept out with a few sacks and a wagon to bring the books home. It took a good hour to do the task, and by then the light of the sun was beginning, just barely to rise. Or rather the sky was being enlightened and the stars were beginning to fade.

While they ate swiftly, Gladdie told them both of them of his adventure, and his suspicion that there was more to this house than he or any were aware of. So much secrecy and facades and trickery.

"I do suspect there is more, and I shall like to see the very chest you emptied out. That too could be a cover for something else. The light has yet to fully rise, I say we go, the three of us, to explore what is under the chest. You know the way and have a way with doors. Before the next team watching over the place comes for their morning rounds, we can be in and out with all the knowledge we need."

Hesternach suggested this, and with willingness the three of them took off on yet the next adventure. Well, in actuality there were five of them, for the puppies simply would not be left home alone. If there was a discovery to be made, they wanted to be on the front of the team.

When they made their way into the sitting room, instantly the puppies got to work digging, or more like barking and pawing the base of the chest that was now open. Together father and son tugged and pulled on the sides of the chest to attempt to pull it out. It was no use—even when the puppies had jumped out. They barked hoping it would cheer the brave team on, and perhaps it did help some.

However, what actually gave the most assistance is when Joyvelle got an idea. She quickly removed the long metal pole with a handle that was used for drawing the drapes. With this she pried the box up. Well, not the box in its entirety, but the sides were pried up and away from the chest floor that had been well secured on to the ground.

As soon as the sides of the chest were pulled up and away by all three of them, the puppies at last saw their chance to do what they had been wishing to do ever since they had begun digging away the soil which revealed the box.

“Where did they go?” Gladdie asked. “Down the tunnel!” his parents both responded. The entrance to a small tunnel was revealed. The chest had been nestled in such a way as to block this hole.

“What a discovery!” Gladdie said with wonder. But then he drew a breath. In the excitement of it all he had forgotten to tell his parents a very important thing. —About the fire and the voice that warned him.

GLADDIE AND THE DISCOVERING PUPPIES—Part 3

“We may not have much time to discover things right now, I have forgotten to tell you something very important,” Gladdie said, and his parents listened well to what he said about the fire warning and the shortness of time. After calling the puppies back from the tunnel, they were preparing to quietly leave. However, before doing so, Gladdie wanted to peek down the tunnel. He turned on a small light that he had brought with him for this adventure. Getting on his hands and knees he crawled down a very short distance and saw why the puppies had not gone far.

After a few minutes he backed out again, and said, “This is just a small opening, but after a couple meters there is a drop and the tunnel widens, wide enough for a grown man to walk. This must be a secret tunnel to the hidden mines that we’ve always heard does exist, right here in Wonder Hill, though no one has been able to find either. Or most that is. One of those tunnels that links the realms; a tunnel system that leads to either the wicked gold mines that have taken so many secretly into, or to the other unseen and mysterious realm of treasures that last.”

Satisfied with their discovery, they left as quietly and as quickly as they could, with the puppies leading the way, of course.

Some months later this family sat discussing all that had happened. So much had taken place and time had flown. They were reading some of the books they had recovered from the hidden chest—and hoped the other families they brought the books to were doing so as well. But this sparked a conversation of what happened that day, as well as in the proceeding months afterwards.

“I still wonder what started the fire,” Joyvelle said. “Just as we arrived back at the house a cloud of smoke was seen rising from that property. Whatever it was must have taken place rather rapidly. I’m glad we did what we did as quickly as we could before it was too late.”

“It was fun exploring the ruins some weeks later and discovering the pathway was still there, and at last was open for any explorers to go in to,” Gladdie added. “Though it’s a risk, having both openings available now for folks to explore—both the good treasure caves, as well as the detrimental gold-mines, at least folks have a chance to choose one or the other. And I do hope that more will choose the way of the secret hidden treasures that will last, though when they emerge, the treasures they have gathered are for the most part unseen—so it does take a good dose of humility. I hope they choose, like we have, the treasures that the King has placed for all on Wonder Hill to enjoy.”

“I think, to aid them in their choices, one of the best things about the whole discovery was the old books that are now in circulation,” commented Hesternach. “You can tell if a family has been reading them, as things are different for them in so many ways. It’s been interesting for me to notice this. They view things differently. They have new priorities. They are generally happier and more at peace, even if things are tough or they actually seem to have more challenges than before. You can tell these ones have chosen to explore and bring home secret treasures that last.”

“I’m sure glad we have,” Gladdie added, and Joyvelle nodded.