

**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 9**

**THE KING OF THE VAST DOMAIN—Part 1**

No one knew how far the boundaries reached in the vast Domain, nor how far the King's powers went. Both seemed endless, even to the most knowledgeable. However, when anyone in Wonder Hill met this King through the secret portal of the unseen realm, they felt a touch of one who both knew them well and cared deeply about them.

And when one passed through the Hill to enter the Enchanted Dome and got to see him and experience being in his presence in a way they never had before, the overwhelming love emanating from his being to them was beyond any love of any type that they had ever known before.

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"Eduardo, you may approach," a voice, warm yet commanding declared to the one who was awaiting an audience with the King of the Vast Domain.

The King himself spoke these words, and courage filled Eduardo's soul as he did just that—approach the throne. Kneeling down in reverence, he looked down before looking up to present his request.

"Please, speak freely," the King encouraged with a casual air. Eduardo stood to speak.

Eduardo was making a request for a team of angelic beings to accompany him on a mission the King himself had asked to be done. What the mission was, was kept a secret from nearly most others, yet Eduardo knew he would need assistance, for the area they were to travel through was infested with some hostile elements and those dangerous to the success of the mission. They would need safe transportation to and from the distant zone they were travel to.

"Thank, my dear and faithful one, who has accepted this difficult task. I only ask it of you because I know it will enhance your skills in fighting these wayward ones who seek to usurp the throne. I know it will not be an easy undertaking, but the fact that you have come to ask for further help rather than assuming your strength alone is sufficient, shows another type of strength that will be very much needed—the strength of humility and teamwork," the King complimented Eduardo.

Eduardo looked down briefly at hearing the kind words of his sovereign.

"Thank you. I am honoured to do you service," he replied, then looked up and listened.

"I have prepared a large team to go with you, and should you have need of anything or anyone else, use the communication system provided, and help will be there for you as soon as you call," the King said.

"Thank you. I am honoured and humbled at your generosity," Eduardo thanked the King, and then turned to leave the stately room.

"One more thing, I might add," the King called before Eduardo was gone about his duty,

"I have something special lined up for you, should you return with the mission accomplished well."

There was a twinkle in the eyes of the King, as if this "something special" was something that Eduardo had been wanting for a long time. Just what it was exactly wasn't told him just yet. For it too was to be kept a surprise.

There were many secrets in the kingdom of the King who ruled all, but all for the good and welfare of those he served and provided for—and for their joy as well. But the faithful ones found out secrets day by day, for they worked closely with and for the King.

Perhaps that is why they had the most radiant faces, for when they were allowed to know something special, then a more radiant glow resembling joy came upon their face. The shadows of misunderstanding fell away and more light of knowledge came over their countenances.

Eduardo was a faithful one and was entrusted with a secret call and mission that only he and his team knew the full details of. The fewer who knew of it the better, as there would be less chance of disruption. Yet, even the most trusted servant still had things they did not know, or things they wished to find out. —Such as what rewards and gifts might be given in return for a well-completed task for the King of all.

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Many years later, or so it seemed to those on Awchknick Island, a certain Eduardo and team were ready to leave—with mission complete. Though, if he had been living in the realm of light where the seat of the King's throne rested, it would have seemed but days, for time passed differently and was counted differently.

“Eduardo, you may approach,” that wonderful voice, warm yet commanding declared to the one who was awaiting an audience with the King of the Vast Domain.

The King's words, as always, filled Eduardo's soul with courage and delight. He approached the throne and knelt down in reverence and anticipation. He had done his best, but would the King agree it was a job sufficiently done?

He looked down, awaiting the words of his King.

Yet it was the King who was awaiting the gaze of his faithful servant and strong warrior. The King had tears, yes, tears of gratitude in his eyes, and couldn't speak just yet. When a few moments of silence passed, Eduardo looked up into the face of his commander and Sovereign. What the King had to say could be best done with his eyes along with his words, for then the full meaning and feeling could be portrayed.

At first Eduardo was surprised to see the tears running down the cheeks of his Lord and King. Had he displeased him so? Was that the reason for these tears? If that was the case, he would be willing to go and do any and all missions for the King, just to hope to do something good and right.

At last the King spoke,

“If I had been there, dear Eduardo, I scarcely would have done it differently. Truly you were a wonderful representation of me in that needful and trying situation. You have satisfied me greatly. I longed to go and be there for those in need, yet I sent you to be and do it for me, and I am deeply grateful.

“My heart is at peace, yea more than that, it is filled with joy to capacity. And what is more, I am touched with your willingness to give up all you did in order to complete the mission. For these gifts I will grateful reward you.”

Eduardo just knelt down, low, for he could scarcely stand. His own tears were running like a fountain. What better words could he hope for than those? These alone were reward enough. Yet he knew, according to the king's words, there was more to be expected.

“Come,” the King said, and placed his arms around Eduardo in a fatherly embrace, and with them he wrapped a new garment, a cloak of honour on the shoulders of this faithful servant. There was a pendent that held the corners of the cloak together at the front.

On this cloak was the special royal signet of the King himself. Those who wore this were known to be “Kingly”, that is, they had well-represented the wishes and style of the King himself, and thus new sectors of the kingdom were open to them to go in and out of. New jobs or tasks were also given to these, tasks that only those of that class were allowed to do—and ones that required total commitment to the King, utter loyalty, and yet vast rewards in return.

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## THE KING OF THE VAST DOMAIN—Part 2

When Eduardo left the King's court that day, still wiping his tears, he was escorted by a team of the King's aides, to be shown his new and glorious living quarters in this vast Kingdom, complete with everything his heart could desire. He was to never be in want or have things wished for that were withheld. He had given all, and so all he could ever need or wish for was given to him.

He would at times still leave it all, yea again and again, to do this or that task that he would be commissioned to do in the future, but whenever he returned he would enjoy this reward with greater joy than if he had merely stayed luxuriating in his glorious estate.

When the King gave the gift of "anything you wish for" it was always with the knowledge that the faithful loyal one would give it up time and again, to do his King's will, if giving it up for a time is what the mission required. And the more one had, and the greater the estate of the loyal servant, the harder it might be to part from it, but the stronger they would be for choosing to please their King more than merely themselves.

The more you were given, the more you had to part from—yet in return, the greater you would enjoy what was given upon returning. For absence made it all the fonder and more dear. And simply knowing the joy of the King was reward enough for these faithful ones who lived to do that, day and night. And thus they were called faithful.

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When Eduardo entered his estate that evening for the first time, he was speechless. Lining the pathway that led up to the most elaborate door, was a team of many servants and butlers, maids and those waiting to aide him in any way he so desired.

A team was indeed needed for the estates of the faithful ones, for they did not reside entirely alone. With more gifts came more responsibility. And responsibility usually showed itself in people they were to look out for and train, and teach the ways of the king. So these servants were there to aide him in his "at home" mission, so he could have time to relax and know the home-care tasks were getting done.

Those whom Eduardo was to dwell with were those he both enjoyed being with, and those who needed his care—the care of his particular style and way of being. They would be those whom he understood and who would understand him. They were a team that could get along well, and all for the purpose of seeing that the King's business was enacted and exacted with precision and speed.

If he were to use the time and skill of the servants and maids and those in waiting to merely pleasure his wishes, this was acceptable. Yet, faithful ones rarely found the time to do so, as they still, even when in their special abode, strove to do what was for the good of all the King's subjects and his realm. But those residing with Eduardo were instructed, yet it was even their pleasure, to please him in all things. It was what they were commissioned to do.

If they too learned the task of pleasing the King—and by aiding the kingly faithful one in doing so—they may in time also rise to find they had an estate of their own, one day. Those whose hearts were most determined to fill the needs of the kingdom, moved up quickly to places of greater honour. For those who served well, indeed made the best rulers and kingly or queenly faithful ones.

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On the first night, all was planned to the detail. Eduardo, too overwhelmed to ask of anyone so much as a trite favour, simply had to sit in the large master room and be waited upon. All was planned, who would do what, on this special and glorious welcome night.

It was indeed the best night he had ever had. All he had to do was think what he'd like to happen next, and surprisingly it is what did occur next. So in sync were both his wishes to the plans already prepared that it greatly surprised Eduardo.

The King's knowledge of his faithful ones, and the King's ability to predict just what they would wish for next, was unsurpassed by any other. And this knowledge, of what Eduardo would like, had been passed on to the team residing in the grand and glorious estate. This enabled them to be of assistance to their kingly lord of the estate, the humble and faithful, hardworking Eduardo.

It was the humble ones that were the most pleasurable to serve, and those residing in Eduardo's estate would enjoy both his company as well as his gentle commands and wishes. And by the looks of what occurred on that first welcome evening, they were off to a good and delicious start on their life together, serving the King of the Vast Domain.

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## EUCALYPTIC MEASURES

*Somewhere in the deteriorating in wonder, Wonder Hill lands and islands:*

"Yes, yes, I see you have put in the tin the precise amount needed for the appliance you are wishing to acquire from me. Very well now, be off," the struggling and greedy merchant said, with hardly a kind glance.

The buyer had just put in over double all he owned. He had to borrow much for this. It was not with ease that he let go of it and was pushed on his unhappy way. But for the deed he must do, or so he thought he must do, this modern appliance was needed.

"It's the only way I have to survive in this changing climate. And I'm not talking about the weather," he mumbled as he walked away.

"Eucalyptic Measures" was the term used for the merchants and their buyers. It came from the first one, Encannalen by name, who thought up the great idea, or so he thought, of measures. Mostly for the purpose of showing who had more. It made them feel good, in an odd sort of way. It wasn't at all for the sorry folks who had less and less. They needed no reminder, nor wanted such.

But Encannalen was a man of wealth—that is he had lots that he could have shared with others. However, looking at all that he had seemed to give him a feeling of stature, like he was a bit taller, bigger and greater than most others. But how much so? Well, no one knew just then, until he figured out a way to measure the value of various goods in all sorts of ways. Numbers were written to demonstrate the "glorious estate of Encannalen". Others soon caught on and so the festering sore of "greed and gain" began to spread.

As the name indicates, this Encannalen had a large and vast forest of Eucalyptic trees, and that is what he was known for, so naturally his latest numeracy invention took on a name that reflected this.

Before promoting his "great system of accounting" Encannalen had to ensure that as many people as possible truly felt the need for it, and were well aware of how such a thing could benefit them. It took years in advance for some of his "productive" plans and schemes to be adopted by those around, and for things to take on a life of their own, in a way.—That is to say, for people to be living and doing what he dreamed up, without any of his assistance.

When the time was right, he openly promoted his *Eucalyptic Measures*, and to his pleasant surprise, many took right to them. Not all, of course, as there were many more who suddenly found themselves on the "lacking" side. But that only made those who had enough, and abundance, to feel all the better. Or for some of the time at least.

Markets now took on a completely different feel to them. It was no longer about who had what, but who could get what. Get, get, get. More and more folks were left with the feeling of not having enough. But this only fed the hunger to have more, more to show others what they did have.

More "productivity" as it was called, was needed, and through various schemes and efforts in this way, some folks were able to get, or appear to get more of what they wished for. I say "appear", for of course it was wildly shown and demonstrated that some had gloriously achieved the goal of getting what they wanted by their utter submission to new "productive" ways.

However, more often than not, it was all a fake, as the items they appeared to have were merely on loan, for rarely did anyone ever reach to the high *Eucalyptic Measures* that it really cost to have that item or substance.

*“Don’t worry if you can’t quite reach the Eucalyptic Measures required, just give what you can, and if you are fervent in your productivity, you’ll have more, later on, to top up what you owe.”*

This became the new “normal” for most folks, and few wanted to feel left out of the craze of having more, and appearing to be living in opulence, when in truth it was far from the daily reality they faced.

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### **THE HOPSICKLE’S ENTWINING RUDE EMBELLISHMENT**

“Believe me, you are NOT going to believe this!” one dweller said in his repetitive way.

Shough and Fillin were going for a walk by the brook “Meredith”. It was here that Shough had discovered a most unusual discovery, and could hardly wait for his friend Fillin to see it.

“Just a bit longer now,” Shough said as they walked.

“Okay, here now, this is where it is!”

The two walked over to a side path that seemed seldom used, but not entirely so. The bush now growing across its way was little hinderance to the discovery-seeking hiking friends. A few paces past the bush was a large boulder, half-blocking the entrance way to a deep cave system.

They’d known of this place for years. Not too many tried to go in to it, as the sunny area just outside provided plenty of other outdoor activities that were far more entertaining. The light was more attractive than a dark pathway that you had to nearly crawl through.

Outdoors, there was a swimming hole that was fed not only by the brook, but also by a small waterfall that poured into it. Picnicking spots were abundant, and hiking trails led this way and that. Plus, for adventurous climbers, there were boulders of all sizes, from large to gigantic, to try climbing on and over, around and through.

The cave attracted little attention, though it did provide a get-away for some animals when the rain fell heavily.

Fillin wondered, “Why here?” It was a place they knew. What was so special about it?

“Come see this! You’ll see why,” Shough said, crouching down to look as deeply into the cave as he could without actually getting inside.

Fillin joined him. “What?!” he suddenly exclaimed.

“Yes, that’s what I said too, when I saw it last week,” Slough replied.

It was like looking into a telescope. No longer was it just dark and blank, but there were lights of all kinds seen. There was more than that. The longer one focused on looking into this opening the more they saw. People, some kind of people, where in there, living as it if was a complete village life.

“How did they get in there?” Fillin asked, shaking his head.

“The question, I think, to ask is, ‘Are they really in there, or is it some sort of display, a show, a miniature version of something that is actually going on elsewhere, being projected here now, for the curious discoverers, like ourselves,’” Shough commented.

“Now that is a thought I hadn’t had. But it is worth some thought,” Fillin replied. They both seemed to like using doubles of words in sentences.

“What is on the other side of this mountain?” Fillin then asked, showing that his thoughts were indeed getting activated.

Shough took out his map to see.

“There is a valley, and a cliff that overlooks that valley... “

His voice trailed in and out with comments as he studied the map over trying to get some sort of clue.

“I see there is a path that can be taken to make our way there, though it would take some weeks, I think, to make it to that destination.”

With that thought, the two made their way back to their homes, to give it some more—you guessed it—more thought.

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Two days later, with backpacks on, and a rugged wagon loaded with camping and travel needs, Shough and Fillin began their trek.

Now, I should interject here what the main gifts of these two young men were.

Shough had the gift of knowing what was going on with any of his family members, even when not together with them. It was a sort of communication system, as he called it. He could pause and be updated as to what their state and condition was, and if any of them were in any desperate need of him.

This made it easier for Shough to go on trips here and there, as he felt in many ways “connected”, and should he be needed to return for some reason, he’d get the “message”. It would come to him whenever he stopped to ponder.

Fillin, well, as his name does indicate, he was a great “fill-in” or partner for those who needed or wanted some extra help, and he was the only one around to do it. He could take on the skills of whomever was meant to be doing a task, and be able to do their job with ease. In some ways it was also like a communication system as well, for as he’d start to do whatever task he was asked to help with, to fill in for someone else, then the needed knowledge and know-how was imparted to him.

Fillin didn’t go away from it knowing how to do that task well for the rest of his life, but at that needed time he’d know what to do, or what to say, or how to behave. This made it easy for others to work with him. Or, as was the case now, it was easy to travel through an area he had never been through, and to camp for weeks at a time, though he had never done that before—and not get lost on the journey.

Some people would rather have Fillin helping them than others who were skilled yet so self-confident that they were hard or arrogant to work with, and so usually made more silly mistakes. Others often weren’t quiet enough to ponder and receive instructions from the unseen realm that was ever-ready to assist.

A “Fillin” with no knowledge proved often to be a better option for a workmate or companion. And Shough was glad to have Fillin’s willing companionship for this tiring exploration trip.

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At long last, the team of young men reached the place where they could clearly see the land zone they were traveling to see.

Using a pair of binoculars and other tools and aids they’d invented for seeing closer up what was at a distance, they looked over the valley. It was not just filled with plant life and greenery, but indeed was a well inhabited location by a certain tribe. The Elk tribe had at last sprung back into a flourishing population.

“Wow!” Shough exclaimed when getting a good close look through his “Envisio”, the device he’d brought to get a zoomed-in view. “It looks just like what we saw portrayed or displayed in the cave! How they got it to be seen that far away, and as if it was actually taking place in the cave, I still have no idea. It’s some technology I have never heard about! How about you?”

Fillin nodded as he too was seeing the view through the pair of binoculars. “It really is amazing.”

Just then someone tapped Shough on the shoulder. At first he wasn’t startled, thinking it was just Fillin. Yet when he looked up, he saw Fillin was just as surprised to see a sudden visitor.

Announcing the answer to their question, the visitor said:

“It’s called an EARE for short. The full name of that gadget is Entwine and Rudely Embellish. It’s used by the Hopsickles that roam these parts. They spy here and there—not too unlike what you are doing right now, I’d say. But the difference is that they rather rudely, that is without permission, show and tell far and wide the private life and living activities of any tribe that likes to keep to themselves.

“The more quiet the tribe likes to be, the more the Hopsickles try to declare the activities to as many others as they can. The device that played out in the cave the activities of these valley dwellers is only one method they use.”

When this explanation was completed, their sudden visitor promptly turned and walked swiftly away.

Shough and Fillin were both left shaking their heads, wondering what was happening, and who he was.

“Well, it sounds real enough. And for all we know, our very activities now are also being watched and displayed for others to see. We best be watchful on what we do and say. Perhaps we best be going,” Shough suggested.

Fillin agreed and began to pack up and prepare for the trek homeward.

“I think I should like to have one of those gadgets,” Fillin said.

“Why is that?” Shough questioned.

“Well, since I don’t have the gift that you have of practically seeing and hearing from your loved ones though you are far removed from them, this might aid me in keeping touch with relations. I wouldn’t use it rudely, as the Hopsickles do, but rather as a way to keep an eye on a certain situation that might need my help,” Fillin replied.

Shough then thought of another use for such a gadget,

“What if we were living in a cave, or somewhere where we needed to learn how to do something, but didn’t have someone there to show us. It could be a teaching device. Perhaps it could be a two-way viewing device, they could see us, and we could see them. And though we couldn’t hear each other in audible ways, we could give and receive signals, and see the visuals of what each other wanted to express, or to teach. Because, unlike you, Fillin, who has the gift of know-how, I rather need someone to teach me.”

They both realised this type of gadget could enhance their lives, if those using it were going about it for the good and wellbeing of others. It was all about motives. With the combined gifts of those living around them in Wonder Hill, certainly something could be put together that might even surpass the technology of what the Hopsickles used, who only used it for mischievous or entertaining purposes.

Shough and Fillin would look into it when they reached home.

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### **A CUP OF COLD STEW FOR A CHANGE—Part 1**

Work in the mines was tough, and breaks were few and far between. But for Arnold the V (fifth) and his buddy and companion in work or in rest, Devious the II (second), there was only one thing that actually mattered.

As they sat in the snow outside of the cave’s entrance, Arnold the V took out his canteen of food that was cooked some days ago. It had long since lost its heat, but it would do. It had to be eaten in small portions so to make it last.

“Too much time preparing something fresh means less of this is gathered!” he said, pointing to the gold he’d found in the mine some months back. A large sized nugget it was. It didn’t actually do him any good, as if he traded it for something, then he wouldn’t have it any longer—and would have nothing of value to show for all his labours.

Yet keeping it meant he didn't have much else he needed, as all he did was look and keep looking in the mine, hoping to find more.

One day he did find another nugget, about half the size, and was proudly glad about it. However, as he manoeuvred himself to get out of the tight spot he was in, out of his hand slipped the long sought for treasure, and down, way down, into a deep crack it fell. It was irretrievable.

The odd thing was, this mine contained a heap more treasures, and rare and more spectacular ones than they realised. But their minds were made up that there only was one thing of value—a yellow type of metal that seemed to not rust. So they spent poverty-filled years trying to find as much of it as they could.

Yet, in that mine there were numerous diamonds, for example, but these were passed up as merely worthless rocks. Another thing they missed realising was if they spent their days in other pursuits, they wouldn't have had to be so very poor all the time. That is to say, with hardly anything to eat. If they had invested their time and days in field work, both for their good and for the wellbeing of others, they'd be eating well, and certainly be far more healthy than they were now.

As Arnold the V handed the day's portion of a very small cup of cold stew to Devious the II, he replied, "A cup of cold stew for a change? Thanks." Though it was all he'd had, just about, for the past year and a half, daily. They filled the large canteen a couple times a week from the pot of stew made of who knew what. It was sold cheaply folks, or given in return for favours done.

Since they didn't have anything of value, really, to trade for the stew, instead this team of miners were content to take out the trash and clean out the animal cages, and dislodge the gutters a few times a week for the cook's old and dirty place she called a home.

It was unpleasant and smelly work, that certainly added to their share of health difficulties. But if they were able to continue their daily search for gold metal, they thought it a worthwhile trade. Further more, for their work they were allotted one pot of cold water to heat up and wash with when the chores were done.

Whether that pot of soiled post-wash water was then used by the miserly and unclean woman as a base for their next pot of stew was a question they had wondered at times when discovering new items in their stew that they couldn't recognise as food-based. But again, they brushed it off as an inconsequential meaningless worry.

"We are the richest ones in the part of Wonder Hill!" they repeatedly fooled their own sorry minds saying.

Together they'd look at the one gold nugget they had found and had managed to keep to themselves. They didn't mind the mockery of others, who pointed out the fact that their clothing was past the point of being called merely "tattered", and the fact that they had yet to build themselves a proper home, let alone even consider having families.

The truth was, that the state their minds were in, let alone their body's most unkept condition, they would have a long way to go before becoming even close to looking attractive or being suitable to raise young ones. They were in no state to do so. Yet, if they thought about things logically—which clearly they did not—they would realise how horrible the entire land of Wonder Hill would be, were all dwellers to focus on the thing called gold, and make the choices that they did. Of course, eventually all dwellers would then die off from one malady after the next, leaving no descendants.

"We've been well-educated!" Devious the II would say, when he was looked on with scorn.

It was true that the two of them had being through years of so called "learning", yet it was at a place set up by the owner of the gold mine. Naturally, all the learning course talked about was how to mine, and how ever important gold-metal was to their survival. The books used to "educate" them told of great woes that came to those who did not pursue gold-mining, and teach the gathering, keeping, and spending it carefully as a life-time occupation.

However, on this particular day, when Devious the II said the word "change" in his joke at the day's meal time, "A cup of cold stew for a change?" something seemed to strike his spine, like lightning. He sat up bolt straight and got a new, yes a very new thought. One that Arnold the V would not—not now, not ever—like.



**A CUP OF COLD STEW FOR A CHANGE—Part 2**

This Arnold the V was indeed a descendant of the original Arnold, of the settlers of Wonder Hill, yet though the name was the same, his goals were completely in opposition to all that the first Arnold believed in. As the generations descended, so did the morals and goals of their lives.

“I see a devious look in your eye, Devious the II,” Arnold the V said when it seemed flash of light shone from his eyes.

Light indeed, for only light could bring something new to his wayward and fading heart and mind. Indeed it was all in good timing too, for few would be the days of Devious the II if he were to continue on his gold-hunting, dirty life of self-inflicted poverty.

“Ah, you are not going to like it, my friend,” Devious the II said. “For the moment I speak what has now just come to me like the wildest thing I’ve ever had enter my brain, it is you who will cease to address me as ‘friend’.”

Now that got Arnold the V mighty ill at ease and a feeling of suddenly needing to relieve himself came over him. So over to the pit he went to tend to such bodily demands, all the while Devious the II stared up to the sky that looked more blue than it had in a lifetime.

“Sun is gold enough for me; it’s shine is shiny enough for me,” said Devious the II aloud at last. At this Arnold the V jerked so suddenly he nearly fell into the pit filled with the filth they had only added to during their mining work.

Devious the II was at last now living up to his name. But in a good way, for off of the downward spiral he would go. He would deviate now to a completely new way of life.

With only a minor slip, and only one sorrily soiled foot, Arnold the V stumbled back over to his team mate for what was their last cup of cold stew together. The stench that filled the air upon his return was like sealing a plan, for Devious the II. He would walk away from such a retched way of living, or rather of dying, never to return to wallow in its depths.

Passing the pit, suddenly a knot formed in his stomach, and out belched the stew, from what seemed a few day’s worth. It was good riddance in deed, and he felt a world better as he walked on, so attracted by how very blue the sky was, and how very golden the mid-afternoon sun looked.

“Yep, it’s good enough for me,” he said, as he began to do something he’d long forgotten. He whistled a merry tune, took off his terribly smelly and broken work boots, and walked bare foot in the lush and green grass. Up he lifted his arms as he felt the wind dancing through his tangled hair and through his torn jacket.

Suddenly something jolted him back, just for a moment. What? Where was the snow?

Had it all melted in a moment? Or was it just green where he, Devious the II, stood?

He didn’t dare look back, for the sight of his old companion might put a tinge of pity in his soul and compel him to go back. But if you were there, you’d see that the snow was just as thick and cold as ever and all around Arnold the V. Yet the wonder, as one can expect in Wonder Hill, had occurred, and the grass was warm and green in the meadow that Devious the II was walking now through.

If the two of them had dared to leave the cave’s entrance for good, before, this wonder of light and beauty and warmth would have embraced them then.

Arnold the V however, couldn’t see nor feel what his now lost companion was enjoying. All that his bitter tears could attempt to look at was his gold nugget. This is what had kept his companion by his side.

“This will be for the two of us,” he’d said before. “We’ll share it—just you and I, for we will be a team always.”

However, when Devious the II deviated from that old plan and walked barefoot into the new chapter of his life, the spell, the captivating spell was broken. The latch that gold-metal had had on him was released.

“You’ll have none of the gold I find from now on!” Arnold the V yelled out. “And this big one will be all mine, all mine, all mine,” his voice faded into a sorry whimper. He was, of course, choosing his own deteriorating life, all for the love of the gold-metal. He could have been whistling in the sunlight, just as Devious the II was doing now, caring not for things of little worth.

And so, it was in this way that they parted.

There was not much to say about the remainder of the life of Arnold the V, for it was alleged he was seen in heap of snow, clutching that nugget he’d ruined his life and health for.

But the story, the real story of the life of Devious the II—who chose to be called by the name of “Majestical Marely”—was only beginning.

Everything was seen in a new, seemingly upside down way than he had seen it before. But in reality it was all right side up in his mind at last.

“I feel like I was just born today!” he said aloud. For as a new baby sees the real world on the outside of his mother’s belly at last, so did he feel. “I’m seeing things in ways I never have before!”

And from that day forward, his health improved, his joy remained, and he became a most respectable nobleman in Wonder Hill. He started out working for farmers in return for food and a simple place to stay the night—whoever had the most need of a pair of strong working hands that week or month.

Eventually, as his health improved, and he was at last drinking pure clean water again, he was able to work on setting up a simple abode for himself. Gifts of clothing and household items were given, in return for work, or in return for animals he could gather from the wild that could be trained and put to use in the town.

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Several years later, if you were to wander through that part of Wonder Hill, you wouldn’t recognise him as being the same person. A light, a happy light shone on his face, as he hugged his new bride on the hand-made back porch of his simple but satisfactory dwelling place.

A little one—a “flowette”—was on the way, and he was to be a very happy father indeed. And they both, mother and baby, would be well provided for by the hard working hands of a very changed, Majestical Marely, or Majley as he was eventually called by most folks around.

The small but helpful store he set up saved many of his neighbours time in travel and thus aided them to better care for their own families. He would go the distance to gather the most needed items from all around, and stock them there, ready to be of use for those he once had served with, and who had helped him in his beginning days of need. It was his way to give something back to them again, out of gratitude.

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### **THE REDISCOVERY OF TREE-LAREIGHN**

It was hidden in a nook deep in the forest of Allareighn, a mysterious passage way that led to deeper places yet in this vast foliage. But leave it to the children of the Wind, those residing in Wonder Hill, to find it. No matter what season of the year was painting the leaves of trees and vines, or what flowers—sparse or abundant—were growing around, the children would always seem to rediscover the entry way to a very special place.

So special it was that it was the talk of grownups—those longing to find out how to get there, almost like one seeks to find a rare type of bird or animal. To see it suddenly is a cause for joy. Yet, to this date, no adult had found it on their own. A child playing with friends would wander here and there, with their parent or other companion following somewhat in the distance, and suddenly they would happen upon it.

There were many ways to access this hidden nook of the forest, but they were always covered over, clothed in garments of nature, and seemingly inaccessible. But the Children of the Wind liked to explore far more than the grownups who thought they knew plenty. It was the delightful hunger for discovery, as well as the attitude of “don’t say it can’t be done until you try” that often got them into this special place of wonder.

If you were a parent or adult caretaker walking through this deep wooded area, and you suddenly heard one of the children squeal out with delight, you’d best run, if your legs could manage to move you fast enough. Why? Because there was a good chance they had happened upon the secret entrance.

For by the time your tired legs would stroll slowly along, should that be the pace you were going at, by the time you arrived where the children had been, there was little chance they would still be there or able to point the way. For once they had found an opening, it was quickly that they entered this hollowed zone.

It was perfectly safe in every way, in this zone, and there was no need to worry what might befall them. But you might miss seeing and experience what they were. It wouldn’t be all that long before they found their way out again and joined you on the outside location where you were.

There were few children who lingered long in that special place that was named, “Tree-Lareighn”. These were usually the older ones who had much responsibilities to tend to and very much enjoyed the total break from the “outside zone” as they called it.

These ones were generally old enough to not get lost in the vast and deep forest, and so could take themselves around until they discovered the hollowed zone; and would linger until they wished to depart, or needed to.

However, one day, that all changed. It started with a baby, none less, who found his way deep into the forest. He could scarcely walk, but crawl he could. Away from his parents he went as fast as his little legs and body could move. It wasn’t that he was trying to be rebellious, but he was just very, very curious. And learning is what he was meant to do.

He found such pleasant things to learn about as he moved along the lush grassy areas, and over the fallen leaves of the colourful trees. The sounds he heard from the forest dwelling animals and winged creatures spurred him on to keep on his discovery trek.

It wasn’t long before his mother had to run fast to find him. This had never happened before, so she was most surprised at his sudden break away from home and dwelling place with toys abundant. At long last she reached the place where she had seen him, as he headed deeper in the forest. However, by the time she got there, he was nowhere to be seen. On he crawled.

Sitting down in great despair, she cried. It seemed her tears watered the flowers around, for they grew supernaturally quickly, and rose to wipe her tears. Just then a voice whispered to her: “Go deeper”.

She knew this was the only way to find her dear one. And so she chose the path that seemed to go to a darkened zone of this forest that she herself did not know the way around. “Well, if my child is here, so must I go.”

One expectant step after the next she walked, sometimes stumbling to cry once again, not knowing where she was being led, and if this was a false urge to cause both her and her young one to be lost entirely and completely.

At the point of her deepest despair, she called out his name loudly and suddenly. It was at that sudden instant that she heard a voice sweeter yet than any she had heard. It was the voice of her precious dear one, who she thought to be lost. Following that voice she came up to a thick rosebush filled with thorns. Instinct told her that beyond the thorns was the one she was seeking.

She had to make a choice. Would she let her clothing go to shreds and possibly get torn and scratched herself from thorns, yet be able to embrace the one she sought for? Or would she turn back unsatisfied, yet seemingly unscratched, unscathed? Only the heart of a mother could do what she chose. With eyes closed she pushed her way, yes, pushed through the thorny tangle.

Yes, she was hurt. Yes, she was torn. But again yes, there was her darling one.

“The thorns have scratched you too, darling one,” the mother said, lifting him up into a warm embrace.

The embrace seemed to make her forget the struggle and tears. At last they were together again. For a long while they were content to be held in each other’s arms, and tears were wiped away. At that moment, her precious one looked up and pointed.

“Oh!” exclaimed the mother. Her baby had led her, in his most unexpected way, right to the entrance of the secret place: Tree-Lareighn! Together they passed in, and enjoyed great delights. The fruits were abundant there, the water pure and clear, and the sounds of nature unusually musical and delightful.

“I’m so glad we are together, and all the more glad that we are together in this place I want to call home!” said the mother.

Just then a thought came to mind.

“I will tear off strips of my ragged clothing and tie them together. And though I wish to stay here for ever, I will go out, we will go out, and as we do so, a string of cloth will lead from this place to the outside where many wander and wish to find the entrance.

“If it strips me bare, I care not. My clothing has been torn already, what loss is it? I have been marred in my determination to find my dear one, I have nothing more to lose, and certainly everything to gain by doing what I can to lead many more to this special hollowed place of wonder.”

And so she did.

Bit by bit, one pace at a time, another part to the “rope of discovery” was added to. It continued to be extended on and on and out to an easier-to-enter location. One that would not have been detected, of course, but it wouldn’t be as hard to enter through; not as many thorns to scratch and hinder.

When the woman and her baby arrived out in the open, indeed they were nearly bare. The looks of disdain were freely given, for she and the child had given all they had to make the “rope of discovery” as long as it could be, so that it could reach the farthest places where wanderers were roaming.

“I have found the way to the secret place! Follow this long line, no matter where it wends, and it will lead you the most pleasant of all places,” the woman called out to all who were around.

Some, upon hearing her, just stared as if she had gone mad. Others listened. Yet others laughed like they were seeing some sort of comedy show.

The few who listened intently and were genuinely interested came forward to grasp the “rope of discovery” and began their journey deeper, and yet deeper. And they were not left unsatisfied.

The next time the mother returned for refreshing to Tree-Lareighn, she and her treasured one together, found they were not alone, for many had indeed found this place of exceptional delights. It was worth the tears, the loss, the calling, the finding.

It was then being noticed, by those exceptionally observant folks, that there were some living in Wonder Hill whose very appearance took on a more delightful look. They grew taller, their face had a shine to it, they nearly never fell ill, and most of all their special gifts they were given as a child were all the more enhanced.

The reason for this was that these were frequent visitors to this delightful and secret place, deep in the forest, the place called “Tree-Lareighn”. Those who visited the most were the most keen folks around.

There were those who had never, ever entered it, and had no desire too, for they were much too busy with all there was to do. Keeping themselves occupied was something they kept themselves busy doing. *Come up with things to do so that they will always have things to do*, seemed to be their mode of living.

Or was it truly living? For their very faces waned in light and joy. Perhaps a bit more discovery and going a bit deeper is what they should be using their leisure times for.

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## KHARMAEGLE IS CALLED ON—Part 1

In the unseen realm of the King of the Vast Domain:

“Kharmaegle,” Elohai called one day, at some point in time.

Immediately, as always, Kharmaegle was standing at attention to receive special orders.

“Yes, my Lord, as you wish, that will I do,” he said to his King and Sovereign.

Kharmaegle noticed something about Elohai’s expression and countenance. It was not his usual appearance. He did not look quite as regal as was usually portrayed. A cloak of simplicity was donning him, and tears ran down his cheeks.

“My Lord... “ Kharmaegle said, when he noticed.

“Yes, my dear and faithful one, I have reason to be moved, moved to tears. As vast a domain as I rule, still, my heart and feelings aren’t as stone. I, too, feel. I too need to express emotions,” Elohai said.

“What would you have me do, my Lord,” Kharmaegle said with emotion as well, and kneeling down he looked up and added, “Anything; I will do anything.”

“Will you, my dear and faithful one, to whom I owe so much? You have ever been by my side and never failed to respond to one of my calls. Will you truly do anything at all that I require to ease my aching soul? Yes, it aches, but for good reason,” Elohai slowly spoke as the tears continued to fall.

This gave Kharmaegle reason to think, deeply. He had always been there for his Lord and King, and never failed to carry out any one of his commands, yea even mere wishes and faint desires. What could it be that caused his Lord and King to so haltingly speak.

Somehow sensing the request was going to be a wish farther than he had consented to doing so far, and possibly something that cost even Elohai a great deal, Kharmaegle, with tears now streaming, kneeled low on both knees and said with weeping, “Yes. Still I say, anything.”

Elohai reached out a hand on to his faithful servant’s shoulder, and Kharmaegle looked up.

“Go and tell all those who are most loyal and love me most that a fast is declared; a time of solemn absence. In all the realm for the time and length appointed, no one shall engage in merriment and feasting. It is to be a time of solemnness. After this time I will meet with you, my faithful Kharmaegle, in my private quarters, and there will I expose my heart and tell you what is fully on my mind.

Kharmaegle rose, wiped the tears and was drawn into an embrace before leaving to do as his Lord and King requested. He was no closer to knowing the solemn matter than before, but he was given an instruction, and that is what he was going to do. He didn’t need to know all that his King knew in order to follow through on his instructions. And to the best of his ability Kharmaegle did so, though yet thoroughly puzzled.

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Kharmaegle in his special way, posted the decree, after meeting with his own personal crew that aided him in the matters of the King Elohai.

For three days there was to be no merriment and revelry, or engaging in any times of pleasure, for it was a solemn time to be observed. Quietness was to be over all the realm.

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When at last the fast was completed, and everyone was equally as curious as to what was the full meaning of it all, Elohai himself posted the next decree: *Soon, very soon, it would be made clear what was to happen* (for it would affect each one of them).

“Sit with me here,” King Elohai said to Kharmaegle, when he arrived for this rare and private time of communing.

“I have come to discover there is a breach in a far distant land. It is as if the very fibre of the velvet sky has been torn and through it, and out of it, enemies have invaded and are stealing territory that has long been ours.”

Kharmaegle was shocked. This was most disturbing news. He knew now why it must be kept first a secret, for if all were to know these details, there would be much unsettled disruption. He stood at attention with vigour and said,

“But, my Lord, is there no way... “ Kharmaegle began to speak. Yet he wished he had remained silent. He was one to stop any and all resistance against his sovereign Lord and King. But there are times when it’s best to be still and to listen.

King Elohai motioned for him to sit again down in a royal chair, breathe deeply and find out more about the situation.

The King continued to speak,

“I know this is most unsettling news, and there is much work to be done. But there is a way, a way to breach the gap and so to stop the infiltration from seeping in any longer. It is a simple way, but is in no way easy. Not for me, and certainly not for you.”

At that, Kharmaegle couldn’t hold quiet, “For me, my Lord? But how can I be of assistance. I am just one lowly servant. You have countless subjects you could call on.”

The King continued,

“It is not an easy one to fix for it is the subjects themselves who have given place to this evil infiltration.”

Kharmaegle nearly turned red with hot disgust and anger, ready to alert those who knew not what they were doing. For surely they needed some stern awareness.

The King, calming him but a pace more added, “Awareness is indeed missing, for the evil has come in nearly invisibly, and terribly disguised. If you were living where the most infiltration is you would hardly detect it, for indeed it is hard to discern from their point of view. That is why it is so heinous indeed.”

Kharmaegle just shook his head, still wondering what could be done by him. The problem seemed far beyond any skills he had. But obedience was one of his best traits and he held this in his heart. He would obey whatever was asked of him. The know-how and the ability would be likewise granted as he took action.

The King at last said, as if willing himself to against his comfortable desires,

“You, my dear and only Kharmaegle, are to go and live among the subjects of the most affected area. You will bring them awareness of the breach. Yet, due to their blindness of their own fault, they will not readily agree with you. In the end, you will be punished most severely. Those dwelling in that zone are so fully deceived that they will think you are the real enemy, come in disguise as a messenger of the great Elohai.”

Kharmaegle just looked in wide-eyed amazement. Such a task had never been done. It was to be a very long and difficult one. Yet in his heart he kept forming the words, “Yes, my Lord. I will,” so that when the King was through explaining the mission, no matter how hard it sounded or how undesirable, he would say what he was truly wanting to say—his words of obedience.

Then with a smile, King Elohai said, “But, the day you suffer wickedly for doing this mission of awareness, is the day the breach will be fully seen and noticed by all. They will know that you were sent to spare them a sorry fate. But it will be too late for the dwellers to undo the harm they have done to you. They will weep many bitter tears.

“However, because of their tears, they will finally see the truth. It took tears of deep regret and repentance for them to see the breach and who really were the deceivers. When their eyes can at last see, that is when I will be able to close up the gap. For it is only open due to the blindness of mind of those there who are allowing it to continue. It must be closed up, but only can be done so if those there are truly sorry and with all their heart wish for nothing at all to enter their realm that is from the darkness that has invisibly broken through.

“So, I impore you now: will you, my faithful Kharmaegle alert these ones, and suffer what it will take to truly open their eyes and cause them to fight the darkness with all their heart?”

Elohai asked now that question, and as Kharmaegle had planned to say, he replied, “Yes, my Lord. I will.”

At that King Elohai wept openly and freely on the neck of his most trusted servant, and said, “I will miss you more than I can say. We all will. But for the cause of the Kingdom it will be worth it.”

Kharmaegle, restraining his own emotions, for he wished to not add to the deep sorrow of the King, quietly asked, “When shall I leave, my Lord?”

“As soon as both you and the people of the land are ready, for some preparations must be made,” came the reply.

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## **KHARMAEGLE IS CALLED ON—Part 2**

Some years later, as the arduous tasked complete, once again Kharmaegle sat on the royal seat prepared for him upon return.

A most interesting event took place, however, upon his arrival back to the place of wonder and beauty, where Elohai’s ways reigned supreme.

It seemed time itself had wound itself back. The clock of history was turning in the opposite direction. For when Kharmaegle was greeted by his Lord and Sovereign, King Elohai, the three solemn days of fasting had just been completed.

For those three days, during those three days is when Kharmaegle was enduring the pain and separation from both the realm he usually resided in, as well as from the realm he was sent to bring awareness too. He had been, it seems cast or sent out of both.

Pain is what sent Kharmaegle out first of all to go and do this mission—the pain of the heart of King Elohai for the confused peoples of that land. And pain inflicted on him from those people of that land in the terrible punishment that he was given likewise sent him out and away.

And so, in a zone so vastly different than both lands and areas, did he reside for some days—three to be exact--before at last being gathered again into the fellowship of King Elohai. The mission was not completed until Kharmaegle had finished this last part of the task.

Yet, that wasn’t the last of him the people of that land saw, for after those three days, did his soul and mind and body revive in a sudden burst of light. It was then that those people he had come to save from the infiltrating works of evil, saw he was indeed a true messenger from the great Elohai. He didn’t linger there for too much longer, just some weeks to confirm the message, once again, that he had come to deliver.

It was then that the rent, the gap, was closed up and time seemed to reverse. It was racing back through all history and undoing all the wrongs. By the time Kharmaegle arrived back in the courts of the King, it was at the time when the days of fasting had just been completed.

And on time and events kept winding back, racing back, in a way, until all wrongs that had occurred in the time of the breach, were undone. A wonder it was indeed.

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At last the King sat once again with Kharmaegle at his side. The realm, the vast realm was safely at peace and was ready to start again. All were wiser now, and all ill effects of the evil infiltration were undone. All was made right again—sort of like playing a film backwards and the spill of water lifts up and the area is dry, or a torn garment is made whole again, or a eaten piece of fruit appears to have the bites added back to it until it looks no longer eaten.

Such were some of the wonderful ways of the King Elohai. All wrongs could be righted, and now they had been.

There was something, however, that was different, and would always be, on and on throughout all history from then on. Kharmaegle was to share the throne with the King Elohai. A faithful servant first, and now as a Lord of the kingdom. He had rescued the land in a way that only he could do, and he earned himself a place of great reverence. On his hands and feet still were the marks, the proof, the seal of his mission. All who saw this knew he had done a great deed and rescued them all from the destruction of the deceiver.

The great King Elohai was seldom seen, for his power was too great to behold, by most. But when Kharmaegle was sent on missions, all could see a glimpse of what their ruling King was like. He had the glow and glory of a King in every way.

The decree was sent out to all that absolute obedience and reverence was to be given to him, as if it was to the very king himself.

Kharmaegle was in awe that so much power, authority, and responsibility was given to him. Much work it did require, and absolute diligence to see that every part of the Kingdom was well cared for. But he had given all, and given all up for a time, and now he was given back to in more ways that he ever imagined.

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There was something else that was very different. Now, rather than only being told what to do, Kharmaegle was given the permission and responsibility to make requests of the King, for tasks he needed the King to do.

“King Elohai,” Kharmaegle might call, kneeling first, then giving an embrace. “I’ve come to make a request.”

“Speak on, my faithful one,” the King might reply.

The King had said that just as Kharmaegle had served him well and faithfully heard and carried out the King’s requests, now it would be, in some ways, the other way around. When Kharmaegle had a need, something that required the help of King Elohai’s loyal and strong team members, he was to make request of the King.

Action would be taken on whatever Kharmaegle asked of King Elohai—all for the good of the Vast Domain, the far reaching Kingdom of the Spheres.

In many ways it was like a son who had served his father well, and now was caring for much of his father’s land, and thus they worked rather in teamwork to rule and provide for the many needs of the land. Together, Kharmaegle and King Elohai worked and saw to it that all was cared for well.

Those of the land would make requests of Kharmaegle, if they had any need, or felt in danger in anyway at all. And Kharmaegle in return, when the need warranted it, would make request of the King for anything at all that would be needed for the smooth running of the land and its peoples scattered all throughout the Vast Domain.

“To the smallest detail,” Kharmaegle had said for all of the King’s subject to feel free to ask of him; and likewise King Elohai had said the same to Kharmaegle.

“Whatever is needed, to the detail, tell me. It is through our very intricate involvement in tending to all needs of all peoples, that we will keep the land safe and free of breaches endangering us any further.

It was a new method of operating that was now in place, the method of making requests for the betterment of the land and all citizens, but this helped ensure a peaceful and strong Kingdom and places of dwelling.