

The DreamVisioner

a life designed to impact the world

Book One

S. Leigh Young

THE DREAMVISIONER – CHAPTER ELEVEN

By S. Leigh Young

For the first time in two weeks Jake spent most of the weekend at home. He tried to reach Regina by phone several times on Saturday but she didn't answer. He sent four text messages with no response; even his emails went unanswered. He thought it was odd, since they had talked about getting together and she'd been so good about keeping in touch. Was something wrong?

He tried to work to keep his mind off her, but wasn't very successful. Finally, he gave up and put the computer in the safe. Lying on his bed, he stared at the ceiling and the doubts started coming. Was she disappointed in him? Had he done something to turn her off? Damn! Why was he so sure it was something he did? After a half hour beating himself up, he decided it wasn't a very good way to spend the day, so he pulled one of Dee's books off the shelf. After looking over the book jacket, he wasn't too keen about reading it, but something clicked when he opened the cover and read the short quote on the first page.

“Thought is the motivator. Without *thought* there would be no-thing. Therefore, ***thoughts are things.***”

Thought -- the word Joe used in his last series of messages. As he considered the quote for a while, his head began to hurt. It was true, wasn't it? If there was no thought, nothing would exist. The world and the universe were obviously the result of some sort of intelligence. Taking it a few steps further, it meant he himself would not exist without thought. After all, he was a thing. Then he remembered the question Carey asked him, about the tree falling in the forest. Gradually he was able to see it more clearly and the pain in his head diminished.

After he finished the first chapter, he put the book down and closed his eyes to allow the underlying theme to sink in. Why hadn't he considered all of this before? He

was here on this planet, in a body, with a mind. All his life he simply accepted it without question. He lived his life through his mind. Without his mind he would be a lump of flesh. All of his experiences were translated into emotions, ideas, wisdom and attitudes. Even his feelings for Regina were really nothing more than the result of his thoughts. He decided to continue reading.

Further into the book, he was intrigued by what he read about scientific research, especially quantum physics. He knew scientists were unsure of many things, but at least they attempted to prove their theories, unlike religion. To believe something based entirely on faith seemed, somehow, wrongheaded to him. It was just someone else's idea of truth repeated over generations.

One of the experiments in the book involved a team of physicists observing the smallest particles of the atom. Scientist No. 1 took intricate notes as he watched the behavior of the particles through a powerful microscope. On different days, using the same specimen, he would observe the exact same behavior patterns, or at least, very similar patterns, recording intricate notes for comparison. On each occasion, some of the particles would disappear and then reappear, as if passing back and forth over an invisible threshold. This movement, referred to as ***quantum leaping***, was present in all observations, by all of the scientists. Each time, Scientist No. 1 performed the experiment, it was the same pattern of behavior, just as it was for the other team members – however, each of their patterns were full of differences when compared to the other members. It was finally theorized that each scientist's energy field was having a unique effect on the behavior patterns.

This was a monumental discovery and the author of the book believed it was proof that each person is affecting the physical world on a continuous basis through electromagnetism and unseen energy. In the author's opinion, the unseen energy is ***thought***.

Several hours later the book was finished and he felt different some how. Something was happening to him, but he couldn't explain it. He was beginning to understand life on a different level. If the book was right, he was in total control of his

thoughts. Therefore, he had the power to change his thoughts whenever he desired. It was up to him to experience the emotions he wanted. It was up to him to translate his thoughts into action. It was all a matter of choice. Gradually, a picture with feeling began forming in his mind and he could see how everything in his life had affected his emotions and decisions. Most of it had been without his conscious awareness. It was like a puzzle coming together and when it was finished, he could see himself just as he was in that moment and he knew how he arrived at this point.

Able to see himself from a different vantage point, as if he was outside of himself, he saw a person who knew so little about life, plodding along with blinders on and almost felt pity for himself. Then the pity transformed into something different and he was able to accept himself as he was. Some of his decisions had been nothing more than unconscious reactions to events. It was as if he'd been aimless much of his life, moving from place to place, doing this or that, not really knowing why. But now he could see many of the motivating factors and forgave himself for his harmful decisions. Actually, he thought, he'd done a pretty decent job for a blind person.

A haunting question suddenly entered his mind. If he was choosing his experiences, why did he choose to experience Maggie's death? The book didn't delve into that sort of thing and he wanted to know. He picked up the second book and skimmed through it, hoping it would deal with the question of death. It did mention death, but was more along the lines of Dee's talk the other night. It didn't provide the answer he wanted.

He thought about it for a while and decided he was getting tired of lying on the bed. Carey was gone for the day and he had the house to himself. He wanted some physical exercise so he donned his sweat pants and did some running in the nearby park. Afterwards he took a long hot shower and had some dinner, then picked up the phone again and called Regina. Still no answer. Eventually, he fell asleep on the sofa with the television blaring. He was awakened when Carey came in after spending the day with Mike. They talked for a while and Carey asked if she would meet Regina soon.

"I don't know," he replied. "I've been trying to reach her all day."

“Was she expecting you to call?”

“Yes. We talked about getting together this weekend. I told her I’d call her today.”

“That’s strange,” Carey said. “Maybe something came up and she had to go somewhere.”

Jake stood up and walked to the window. He stared at the night sky and saw a shooting star flash by. For some reason, he didn’t care and pretended it wasn’t there. “I don’t think so, Cupcake. If she had to leave, she would’ve called.”

“Don’t worry so much, dad. I’m sure you’ll hear from her tomorrow.”

With that weak attempt at consolation, they both went to bed. Sunday was even worse. Jake was beginning to suspect Regina was ignoring him. Was this her way of giving him the brush off? It seemed such a cruel way to do it. Finally, he couldn’t wait any longer and told Carey he was going to her apartment. He jumped in the car, drove across town and when he arrived, he couldn’t even remember the route he took. Had he stopped at all the red lights? He had no idea.

He ran up the stairs to the second floor and hesitated before ringing the bell. Did he have a right to do this? After all, they had no commitment to each other. Then he remembered what she had said on the phone. “I have no intention of going anywhere without you.” Wasn’t that a commitment? Suddenly he was filled with anxiety and his emotions overwhelmed him. He punched the doorbell and waited. Nothing happened, so he punched it again. Nothing. No one was home.

Obviously, his trip had been in vain. Regina was nowhere to be found. As he plodded down the stairs, an old man poked his head out from behind a door and looked at him. He thought maybe he had some information about Regina and decided to ask.

“Excuse me,” he said. “Do you happen to know the woman who lives in apartment 3-C?”

“Naw, I don’t know her,” he replied. “But I saw her yesterday.”

“You did?”

“Yeah, it looked like she was going on a trip...had a bunch of suitcases with her.”

Immediately, his heart sunk. His suspicions had been correct! He felt his emotions sink to new depths and mumbled a ‘thank you’ before he walked outside. So, he had been right...it had all been a dream! All of his desires for happiness that he wanted so much...they were suddenly gone! But why? What was it about him that turned her off? Was he a lousy lover? Did he do something wrong?

Driving aimlessly through the streets, he mentally bashed himself repeatedly. He felt entirely worthless, as if no one would ever love him again. Why? Why was this happening? Then he thought about Dee’s book and how his thoughts were supposedly under his control. Right! There was no way he could control how he felt! It was impossible!

After about an hour he found himself in the Harvey’s neighborhood and slowed down as he passed their house, noticing both cars in the driveway. They were apparently at home, but he didn’t want to barge in. He drove down the street and pulled to the curb, took out his cell phone and called Dee’s number. She answered right away.

“This is Jake Spencer. I’m just down the street,” he mumbled.

“Are you okay Jake? You seem upset,” Dee said.

“I need to see you. Can we meet now?”

“Of course! Come right over,” Dee replied.

Quickly, he turned the car around and drove back to her house. He asked himself if this was the right thing to do, but finally got out and went to the door. Dee was there to greet him the moment he knocked. She ushered him inside and guided him to her meditation room and closed the door.

“Sit down Jake. Let me look at you,” she said.

He followed her instructions and looked up at her, feeling as if he would soon go insane. His emotions were raging and he was about to lose control. He promised himself he wouldn’t let the tears come, but his promise was broken when Dee placed her hand on his. She allowed him to get it all out and they both sat in silence for a few minutes, while Jake composed himself. Then he heard her voice off in the distance.

“I understand, Jake. It hurts. I know.”

How could she know? How could anyone know how he felt? He hated life! He wanted it to all end! No more pain. No more disappointment! No more suffering!

“It’ll be okay, Jake. I promise.”

He was feeling total despair. His shoulders were slumped and he was sure he must have been a pitiful sight. Finally, he wiped his eyes and tried to smile. It was painful to even do that, but he tried.

Dee smiled back and pulled her chair closer. He could feel the love coming from her and it felt good. Perhaps she did understand. Did she?

“I...I,” he tried to talk, but the words wouldn’t come.

“Take it slow,” she said calmly. “Tell me what you’re feeling.”

“I...I feel like I’ve just been hit by a Mack truck,” he mumbled, wiping his face.

“Talk about it, Jake. You’ll feel better, I promise.”

How could he tell this woman about all of his doubts and self hatred? He barely knew her! And yet, she didn’t seem like a stranger at all. Finally, it all came pouring out and he explained what had happened. Dee listened quietly and said nothing for a long time. Then she finally spoke.

“I know you think the world has dealt you a bad hand. And it’s perfectly understandable, Jake. But that’s not how the world works.”

He looked into her eyes. “I read that book you sent over,” he mumbled, “the one about thought. I don’t see that I have any control over my thoughts right now.”

“I know it seems difficult, Jake. But you do have total control over them. The choice is yours to make. You can choose to think anything you want, at any time.”

“Well, I guess I’m choosing to think I’m a piece of crap!”

“Yes, you are. But ask yourself why.”

He considered her question for a moment and answered “because I am.”

“No, you are not a piece of crap, Jake. You’re so much more than you know you are! If you only knew! You have a loving, caring, vital energy that makes you very special, as we all are. And you are so very loved.”

“I don’t feel very loved,” he muttered.

“But you are. You just don’t know it yet. Someday you will, and I’d like to help you learn all about it, if you’ll let me.”

Gradually, he began to feel better and was able to release some of the self pity. He sat up straight and gathered his composure, suddenly feeling ashamed and foolish.

“I don’t know,” he said. “I’ll think about it. Right now, I just want to go home and go to sleep. I feel exhausted.”

“Let me take you home. I don’t think you’re in any condition to drive.”

“No,” he said, standing up. “I’m fine now. Thanks for listening and for your understanding. I really appreciate it.”

She walked him to the door and offered again to drive him home, but he refused. When he finally did arrive home the phone was ringing. It was Dee calling to be sure he made it okay.

She was really something, he thought. Then he told himself that Joe had been right about her. In fact, Joe had been right about everything so far. Slowly, his blinders were beginning to fade away and he was starting to see his life as something more than a series of uncontrolled reactions. By the time his head hit the pillow he was beginning to believe he might actually deserve the happiness he sought.

The following week he worked closely with Jennifer and as the days flew by, he began to feel much better. He had a long phone conversation with Dee on Monday evening. She explained that the good feelings he experienced with Regina were a glimpse of those he wanted to have about himself and life in general. The grand feeling of being loved and the sensations that came along with it were possible to have without her. He soon realized that he wasn’t in love with Regina, but was grasping to experience the joy he felt when he was with her. Because he didn’t know how to have that feeling any other way, he used his fixation on Regina to absorb the experience.

Dee explained that his thought patterns had drawn these events into his life for a reason. As long as he felt unworthy of being loved he would continue to attract these types of experiences – to wake him up. She said his feelings of doubt and self hatred

were based on fear. There are two ways to live – out of fear or out of love. Everything in the universe was based on dualities -- positive and negative, male and female, fear and love, day and night, etc. For every action there was an opposite and equal reaction. He was not being punished for anything. He was causing it to happen by his fearful thoughts that were projected outward. Others were picking up on those energies and giving him what he believed in. In other words, the universe does not distinguish between right and wrong, good or evil. It's entirely neutral. It simply answers the call of our thoughts and emotions in the only way it can. Fear begets more fear. Love begets more love. It was universal law and it had always been this way.

Because the universe is neutral, what we send out is treated as if it's what we want. "I'm not loveable." "I'm unworthy." "I'm so stupid." If we really believe these things, they will become our reality. The more emotion behind the thoughts the greater will be the impact.

It all sounded so simple and yet it seemed nearly impossible to change the way he'd always been. He could either remain in his lonely cave, go into a deep depression, or seek to learn the way things worked. Slowly, he was beginning to understand, and the choices were becoming clearer. It was as if a light was gradually getting brighter and he was able to see a little better, but he knew he still had a lot to learn about the way life works. A self commitment was starting to develop in his mind – he wanted to learn more about the things Dee talked about.

On Tuesday when he got home there was another book sitting on his doorstep with a note attached. "Perhaps this will explain things a little better." It was signed, "Your friend, Dee".

The book was all about projection. He read it from cover to cover in less than three hours. He was totally engulfed in the ideas it presented and a lot of questions were answered in those pages. It was not a book from a publisher, but appeared to be a manuscript. Was it something Dee had written? He thought it probably was.

From the manuscript he learned that when he was angry or frustrated with something his mind would send out fear-based thoughts (energy). They'd float into the universe much like radio waves. Someone would receive that energy and respond to it. It would often result in some sort of action. Action was the result of certain thoughts. There was no way to know where or who the receiver was, but there was definitely a receiver. Like the sound of the tree falling in the forest, he surmised, which was also energy, and the receiver would pick up on it and hear the sound.

He was also a receiver, but he could only receive energy that was in his thought frequency. His frequency level was determined by the degree of fear and love within him. The fear would be neutralized by truth, to a certain degree, and the resulting attitudes were his belief system. It guided him through his life on a daily basis. The frequency level would change throughout his life, as he gained wisdom through experience, and it could change dramatically if he sought to know the truth on a deeper level.

He thought about Dee and Bill and the way they lived. It was obvious they knew some kind of secret. They were always so cheerful and caring. Didn't they ever have problems, or did they choose to react to them in a different way?

Late Tuesday night he turned on the computer and loaded a blank document, hoping to hear from Joe. He was not disappointed.

GREETINGS

When he saw the word appear suddenly on the screen he smiled and decided to hold a coherent conversation.

HELLO. I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE.

THIS IS GOOD

YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT REGINA AND DEE

YES

AND ABOUT JENNIFER

DO YOU TRUST ME NOW?

YES

WONDERFUL!

I'M FEELING MUCH BETTER NOW

I CAN TELL

THANK YOU

YOU ARE WELCOME MY FRIEND

Yes, he thought. Joe was indeed his friend. Whoever he was!

SHOULD I EXPECT ANY MORE BIG PROBLEMS?

NEVER EXPECT PROBLEMS. THEN THEY WILL COME.

RIGHT. WILL MY PROJECT BE SUCCESSFUL?

IT'S UP TO YOU

For some reason, Joe wasn't willing to look into the future for him. This baffled him somewhat, since he seemed to be able to do everything else!

YOU CAN'T PREDICT THE FUTURE?

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS TIME

THAT'S A DIFFICULT IDEA TO GRASP

NOT REALLY

IF YOU SAY SO. I'LL HAVE TO WORK ON IT.

INDEED

OKAY GOOD NIGHT

Joe's messages disappeared and he was alone with his thoughts again, but for some reason he didn't feel entirely alone anymore. He went to the window and looked at the sky again, wondering what it was all about. Who or what was behind this mysterious universe? Maybe someday he'd know. Just then he saw another shooting star speeding by. This time he smiled, wondering if it was Joe saying good night. That night he slept very peacefully.

THE DREAMVISIONER – CHAPTER TWELVE

By S. Leigh Young

Jane Weston spent the weekend at her farm again, enjoying herself immensely. “Spirit” was definitely a good name for her favorite horse. He loved to take her galloping around the five-acre parcel, which he did for several hours on Saturday. On Sunday, she had to leave early to catch the plane back to Washington, so she cleaned up the barn and said her usual parting words. “You are my spirit. I love you.”

The small town where she lived was about to present her with an award, honoring her selflessness. The five lives she saved in the burning residence had made her a local hero. Once it was aired on local media, the national press would likely run with it too. Maybe it would be beneficial to her other endeavors, somehow. She could only hope.

Back in the house, she made some lunch and watched the daily news cast. Most of it was so depressing, she decided to turn it off and spend some time in silent thought, something she often did when a particularly difficult decision had to be made. She let her thoughts wander to the project and noticed that her comfort level immediately changed. She also knew why. Once it became public, she would be the brunt of tremendous criticism and attack, not only from the usual opposition, but from her own party.

It would probably be her last term in the senate, but she felt no sadness. Of course, she would miss the challenge, but looked forward to some rest as well. The presentation Jake was working on was very critical of the present political and economic system, not just an expose’. It challenged the senate and the entire establishment and she expected to be bombarded, from all directions. She assumed it would be almost like standing in front of a firing squad. One of those bullets would probably hit her, but she was inclined to forge ahead anyway. After so long in the senate, she realized she could not make a real difference anymore. The system was too corrupt. The only way to bring real change was to wake the public and, the only way to do that, was to tell the truth. She thought about the plaque on her office wall. “The truth shall set you free.”

The project was a ‘no holds barred’ piece of work. It named names and kicked butt. Several of those named were members of her own party and, without the support of the party, she could kiss her job goodbye. She only hoped there wouldn’t be too much balking from the majority leader who, thankfully, was on her side. But he would be under tremendous pressure also. If needed, there was an alternate plan – perhaps she’d publish the entire thing on the internet. After that, her life could change dramatically. Was she ready for the onslaught? Could she bear up under the pressure?

She recalled only a few times when she had asked God for anything, but feeling rather humbled, she decided this was a good time to seek some help. Closing her eyes, she spoke from the heart, asking for strength and courage to do the right thing. She wasn’t sure if God was listening, not even sure if there was a God, but asked, just in case. It certainly couldn’t hurt and it made her feel less alone.

Filled with doubt about her own courage, her mind went back and forth about whether or not to proceed. She was only one person, against the entire economic system of the nation and probably the world. It was truly overwhelming. She was only a small piece of the grand experiment called Democracy. The country had survived for over two hundred years and she assumed it would survive a lot longer, but what kind of country would it be? She could envision the top two percent, living in luxurious gated communities, a tiny middle class and the remainder working their fingers to the bone just to stay afloat. China was becoming the economic leader of the world and America was losing stature. What would happen when China became so powerful that America could no longer pull its own weight? She was looking into the future and saw a potential world power structure, with China at the top, and it was frightening. Very few people could see it coming, or if they did, they didn’t care, because they had so much wealth and power it wouldn’t hurt them, but would probably be to their advantage.

The cause was similar to the founding fathers declaring independence from England, although on a different level. But there is no New World anymore -- no place to start over, and if there was, it would probably play out the same way, anyway. The only way to stop it was to let the public know what was happening. She saw her role as the beginning of a movement – to get the ball rolling. She hoped it would work.

After World War II, most people who looked toward the twenty-first century assumed we would mature as a country; invest in our people and do everything possible to be sure that technology and corporate greed didn't go astray. Unfortunately, she felt, we were heading toward a possible forfeiture of democracy. The result, she feared, would be a corporate-oligarchy. Many in the opposition party wanted this. They employed the worst kind of cynicism and media propaganda, using downright lies, with the intent of dividing the country against itself.

Weston was not entirely alone in her ideas. There were untold others who supported her, but most of them didn't know what she was about to do. It would be a tremendous shock at first, but hopefully it would gather steam. Even if she stepped back after presenting it, and got out of the picture, she hoped it would have legs of its own, especially from the blogisphere. New web groups were springing up everyday in response to the corruption and harm to our democracy. Maybe it would turn into more than just a virtual war of words. Perhaps, some new parties would be born, movements that considered the needs and desires of the people, instead of the corporations. This is what the country needs, she thought. It needs a good enema!

Campaign finance reform would never pass, not with all the corruption. She also had some doubts whether her special project would do any good, in the long run. Of course, she didn't tell Jake this. She didn't want to quell his enthusiasm. He was a brilliant person and he didn't even know it. She wondered if he had any idea what role he may be playing in the future of America. She doubted it. He was focused on only one thing – to show the country what it could be like. He was an idealist, like her. That's probably why she felt such kinship with him, even though they were of different ethnicities and generations. They were like partners in arms, trying to make things better.

She hoped Jennifer could turn the presentation into a force for good. With her computer and video skills, there was probably nothing to worry about, but worrying was part of the senator's makeup. Yes, she was a worrier and a self-doubter, even though she had a reputation for being fearless. A lot of it was an act. She felt it was an act of love – for her country. Her grandfather would be proud.

Weston had no idea that her project might be compromised. At that moment, Mack Albright was working feverishly to break the encryption codes, but after twenty-four hours he was still unsuccessful. He was working in the back of his computer shop which was temporarily closed to the public. If he was successful, Brashear was going to pay him more money than he could earn in an entire year. Just as he was about to get a beer from the refrigerator, the phone rang. It was Brashear, calling for the fourth time.

“Any luck yet?”

“Afraid not,” Albright replied. “I still have a long way to go.”

“How much longer do you think it’ll take?”

“I don’t know. Like I told you before, it could take weeks. Depends on how many levels there are.”

Brashear didn’t like the sound of that. “I know you said that, but you also said it could take hours.”

“Listen. I’m doing the best I can. The longer I’m on the phone, the longer it’s gonna’ take.”

“Yeah. Right. Call me in the morning!” Brashear bellowed.

“Fine,” Albright blurted, slamming the phone on the table. Can’t a guy even take a break? All these Washington power brokers, with their unreasonable demands. He was already tired of them, but he still liked their money.

Brashear was starting to wear out the carpet, from pacing the floor. Waiting for Albright to unlock the damned file was driving him nuts. He stood to make a small fortune if it worked out. Then, he could rent that villa in Mexico he always wanted and

maybe Regina would join him. He licked his lips with delight, as he dialed her cell number.

“Where are you?”

“Dallas,” Regina replied. “I didn’t go to Miami. I’m keeping all the money,” she told him.

“What! That’s too risky, not only to you, but to me!”

“To you? I thought you made sure I couldn’t be connected to you,” she said, naively.

Apparently, she didn’t realize, by her very existence, she was a link to him. She knew everything and all she had to do was tell what she knew. Sure, it would be close to impossible to find an electronic or paper trail, but, if she opened her mouth to the wrong person, it could be fatal to both of them.

“Damn, girl! You should have talked to me before you made that decision. Get on a plane to Miami right now and pay off that debt!”

“Don’t worry so much, Duke. I’ve got everything under control,” she retorted. “I’ve changed my appearance. This morning I had my hair bleached,” she said. “It looks pretty good. I’ve never been a blond before.”

“You think that’s gonna’ help? Those guys know all the tricks, baby. Hell, they’ve probably got your mug printed with every possible hairdo and color there is.”

“But not with light skin,” she whispered. “Sorry, there’s a lady sitting close by. I don’t want her to hear.”

“Light skin? What did you do, bleach it, too?”

“It’s professional makeup,” she replied. “Believe me, it looks good.”

“Are you sure?” Brashear’s thoughts wandered from the problem at hand, as he tried to envision her as a light-skinned blonde. Whatever she did, he was sure it looked fantastic.

“I love blonds,” he said dreamily. “What else have you done?”

“New wardrobe and shoes,” she announced.

“Uh huh,” he said, nodding his head. “Any new underwear?”

“Duke! Quit playing around. This is serious.”

“Okay, okay. I’m just trying to envision you as a new person, that’s all. The vision is – very pleasant.”

“Well, I’m not in a very pleasant mood, right now. I’m sitting in the airport – my connection flight was delayed and I wanna’ get the hell out of here.”

Was it really all that risky? She had nearly a hundred grand and, with the money he was soon going to have, they could spend some very quality time together, south of the border. He could change his identity too and they could live entirely new lives. There was just one potential problem – Regina hadn’t been asked to spend time with him and he had no idea if she wanted to, but, he assumed he could convince her, with his charm.

“It’ll be okay, baby. Just keep your cool. Go ahead to Mexico and call me when you get there.”

If anyone discovered her involvement, he was pretty sure she’d break under pressure and spill everything. He didn’t like the idea of letting her travel, with all that money, but what else could he do? It was well hidden in places airport security would

never find, so he wasn't worried about that too much. The bills had been secured in a professional and undetectable way, in the lining of her suitcases and she wasn't taking them onboard. They'd be sent to the cargo hold and make their way to Mexico undetected. He'd done it many times before, so he wasn't too concerned. But still, anything could go wrong.

If Albright wasn't able to get the job done within a few days, MacAbee told him to look elsewhere. It didn't really matter, as long as it was done within three weeks, Brashear would get his money. If they couldn't get the job done within that time, they'd have to find a new decoder, or figure a way to steal the encryption program and learn the sequence, and that wouldn't be easy. He spent Monday morning, checking around to see if he could find another expert, just in case. Luckily, he came up with a few possibilities and filed them away in his desk drawer. He leaned back and wondered what he might be forgetting. He was pretty sure, Spencer had no idea the data had been copied, so he wasn't worried about him. Weston was also unaware, so he expected no problem from her either. There were only two loose ends -- Albright and Regina...oops! She was using a different name -- Rhonda Newton.

As he grabbed another beer from the refrigerator, he heard a knock at the door. Approaching cautiously, he asked "who is it?"

"It's Ken...Ken Matthews," the nervous voice replied. Brashear was surprised to get a visit from Matthews, since they barely knew each other, but he opened the door and let him in.

"Sorry to show up unannounced, but I need to talk to you," Matthews said, looking around anxiously.

"About what?"

"This whole thing with Weston. I'm not real comfortable with all of this."

“Why not? We’ve got everything under control,” Brashear said. “Have a seat. You wanna’ drink?”

“No, thank you. I just want you to assure me that everything’s going to be okay.”

“I’ve worked with MacAbee for years. Don’t you trust him?”

“Of course, I trust him, but...”

“But what?”

“I’m worried. If it ever got out that we did this, there’d be hell to pay,” Matthews said, uneasily.

“This is nothing,” Brashear bragged. “I’ve done a lot worse than this and never had a problem.”

“Worse than this? Like what?”

“Never mind about that,” Brashear blurted, moving around the room, to think. “The only reason you even know about it is because of your expertise in legalese and legislative jargon. That’s why you were brought in on it, right?”

“Well, yes, I guess so,” Matthew replied. “So, all I’m supposed to do is interpret and evaluate the damn thing?”

“Pretty much,” Brashear replied. “We’ll take care of the rest. There’s no reason for anyone to know about your involvement.”

Matthews’ forehead was drenched with sweat, so he grabbed a napkin from the table and wiped it off. Wandering aimlessly around the room, he suddenly turned and looked as if he was going to faint. “Have you...have you ever killed anyone?”

“Why do you ask?” The question came from out of the blue and Brashear was a bit stunned.

“I don’t want any violence,” Matthews muttered.

“Listen, Matthews, I think you should take this up with MacAbee. If there’s going to be any violence, it’ll be on his orders, not mine.”

“Has he ever ordered anything like that?”

“Not to my knowledge,” Brashear lied, guzzling the last of his beer.

“What I don’t understand is...what’s gonna’ happen, once we get the report analyzed?”

“I have no idea. You’re asking the wrong person,” Duke replied, running out of patience. “I’m just a hired consultant.”

Matthews looked at Duke with a moist glare. Slowly, he walked toward the door and turned to face him. “I should never have gotten into this mess. I’m sorry I was ever told about it.” Quickly, he opened the door and walked out.

Okay, Brashear thought. Now, here’s a potential problem! Without hesitation, he picked up the phone and called MacAbee. After filling him in, he was told to be at the club in a half hour. It didn’t take long for MacAbee to analyze the situation and decide that Matthews had to go. He’d wait until he got the report and, if he still needed someone to decipher it, he’d handle it then. Brashear was instructed to contact the person they always used for MacAbee’s ‘professional work’.

Two days later, Kenneth Q. Matthews was killed in a fiery automobile crash. The brakes on his SUV, apparently, failed, as he was traveling down a steep hill, near his upscale home. His body was burned, beyond recognition. He left a wife and three adult children. The firm he worked for paid for the funeral, providing the widow with a

lifetime pension. No one thought another thing about it. It was just one of those things that sometimes happened to people...even wealthy people.

The universe was doing its usual, neutral job. Matthews had drawn this fate to himself, through electromagnetic energies, resulting from his incredible fear and guilt, which had mounted over the years. Having worked for other employers with a similar approach as MacAbee, he'd been pulling strings and performing dirty deeds for many years. Similar, even more chaotic energies, were churning nearby.

THE DREAMVISIONER – CHAPTER THIRTEEN

By S. Leigh Young

With the deadline nearing, Jake worked long hours with Jennifer and continued to slave away at home. He found her to be a delight to work with. Not only was she smart and attractive, she was very creative. Her ideas would definitely add zest to the project, realizing that most people were accustomed to watching visual images on a screen and learning more quickly that way. He was becoming more certain the message would come across, loud and clear.

During their Thursday morning meeting, he sensed some hesitation in Senator Weston, for the first time. She wasn't sure if they should mention names, but, if not, the impact would be greatly diminished. Jake realized it was a huge risk to reveal them. They had plenty of evidence, but some segments were based on assumptions and multiple accusations. It was not a court-level document and would require immense courage to make public. Until now, there had been no worries about her commitment to the project, as he had written it. He knew it was not his place to question the Senator's judgment, but did so anyway.

"Is someone putting pressure on you?" Jake asked.

"No," she replied quickly. "I'm putting pressure on myself. You realize, once it's in the public domain, things are going to change dramatically."

"Yeah, I figured that," he said, with a fervent seriousness. "Of course, it's up to you, but I would strongly urge you to leave the names in. Those rats deserve whatever may come their way."

Rats. Yes, she thought, that was an appropriate term. The report would name six senators in her own party who had taken money from the other party to vote with them, and illegally from foreign interests. She suspected they were planted by the opposition. They ran as members of her party, but refused to go along with their agenda on many

issues, especially those that would upset the wealthy and powerful. They had no concern for the average citizen and it was quite obvious. This was something that outraged her, but only a few people knew about it, and most of them would not file a complaint because it would affect the balance of power. She had filed several complaints with the FEC, but nothing had ever been done.

There were at least eighteen senators, of both parties, who were misusing their office budget funds for personal gain – luxury cars and hotels, travel for personal reasons, and, one case of using the funds to pay for their son's apartment, calling it a records storage unit. Many of their colleagues knew about much of this, but refused to say anything. Everyone walked on pins and needles, trying to be sure they didn't offend anyone, for fear they wouldn't vote with them. Over the years, many of the members had become numb to the obvious corruption, learning to accept it as part of the "game".

Weston knew she'd be risking a lot by making the report public – for one thing, it could hurt her own party. With elections coming soon, she would surely suffer the wrath of her colleagues, and it could be a huge risk for the president.

When confronting the turncoat senators, they'd offer nothing but empty platitudes and meaningless talking points. She knew they despised her and those who agreed with her, but they continued to attend the caucus meetings and pretended to be loyal. It was maddening.

During their election campaigns they spouted rhetoric their supporters wanted to hear but, once elected, they'd vote only with their donors. Most of the people weren't aware of what was going on because they didn't pay attention. She was hoping to wake them up.

"I'll probably leave the names in," she said, "but to be honest, I'm having some doubts. I want you to know that you may not have a job next year. Are you willing to take that risk?"

“I already considered that,” Jake replied. “But that’s one of the problems with the system. People get hired or elected and they never want to leave. It doesn’t matter to them, what’s good for the country.”

“Okay, as long as you’re prepared for the onslaught. Keep the names in.”

“Good,” said Jake. “We’re making good progress on the video. It’s excellent. We should have a decent draft to show you by next week.”

“Terrific, Jake. I’m very pleased with your work. You’re quite a patriot.”

He had never thought of himself as anything but loyal to his country. Even though some of his ancestors had been kidnapped and brought here against their will, he was glad he lived in America. A few years back he hired a genealogist to research his family. It was discovered his third great grandfather had been a slave in a southern state. He subsequently learned that one of that state’s current senators was a descendant of his ancestor’s slave owner. He would never forget the day he discovered this fact. He had been doing some family research on the internet and happened to come across the name of the slave owner. When he traced the family, he learned the truth. He was never able to look that senator in the eye again without thinking about his ancestor and the suffering he must have endured.

Jake continued to receive occasional visits from Joe at home, but he no longer appeared at the office. He figured it was because Jennifer was usually there with him. During one of their more casual exchanges one evening, Joe made a suggestion.

IT IS OKAY TO TELL THE TEACHER ABOUT ME NOW

WHY NOW?

IT IS TIME AND IT WILL BRING HER GREAT HAPPINESS

Jake considered the suggestion seriously, but wasn't sure if he should mention it to Dee. How would she react? Joe thought it would make her happy, but would it? Then he remembered that Joe had not been wrong yet, so he decided to tell her the following evening. They were planning to meet and discuss the manuscript -- the one that had answered so many questions for him.

When Jake arrived at the Harvey, home he was met in the usual manner with cheerful faces and warm greetings. He followed Dee into the meditation room and she left for a moment to get some iced tea, which he gladly accepted. They talked for a short while about the manuscript and Jake asked for some further clarification on a few things.

"I can see that I really wasn't in love with Regina. We only knew each other for a little more than two weeks. I guess I just got carried away."

"It's not uncommon, Jake. You've been a widower for over two years. It's not easy to deal with that."

"Yeah. I suppose I was transferring my love for Maggie to my relationship with Regina."

"Well, that might be part of it, but there's probably more to it than that," Dee explained.

"How so?"

"Now this is just a possibility for you to think about. Don't take these ideas as set in stone. You need to listen to your inner voice," she warned.

"Okay."

Dee explained, there is a possibility that he was using the relationship with Regina to bask in the feeling of joy that his mind created. It's as if a part of him realized he was

capable of experiencing that joy, but he didn't know how to feel it any other way.
“Sometimes we believe that only another person can bring us a sense of fulfillment.”

“But it was so...intense. How can a person feel that kind of intensity when they're alone?”

“Where did you feel it? Where were the sensations being felt?”

He looked at her quizzically, not understanding her question.

“Was it in your mind?”

“Yeah, I suppose so, but also in my body.”

“True. But it had to be in the mind before it could be in the body, right?”

“Yeah...I guess so.”

“The mind is where the emotions and sensations are germinated. If your mind was not working, there would be no sensation in the body.”

“Okay. I understand that.”

“We already discussed universal law and how *thought* is the only real thing we utilize. Everything else is a result of *thought*. Without *thought* you would just be a lump of matter – correction, you would not exist. I want you to keep this in mind as often as possible as you go through each day. Say to yourself, ‘nothing is real without *thought*’.”

“Nothing is real without *thought*,” he repeated. “Nothing is real...without *thought*.”

“Does this make sense so far?” Dee asked, sending him a feeling of warmth with her unique way of expressing herself.

“Yeah, I think so. Are you saying the world isn’t real?”

“In a way, yes,” she replied. “It appears to be real because we believe it is. Belief is *thought*.”

“If it’s not real, then what is it?”

“Try to think of it like an oasis in the desert. Off in the distance, you think you see a pond of water, but as you get closer you see it isn’t really there at all. It’s a mirage, an illusion.”

“If that’s true, then everything that I think is important really isn’t important at all. That’s pretty mind-blowing.”

“To your ego, yes, it mind-blowing. To the part of you that knows the truth, it makes perfect sense.”

“My ego? What’s that got to do with it?”

She explained that in the physical world, the ego is what allows the us to survive here. Without the ego there would be no way to maintain the physical illusion,” Dee explained.

“So, the ego isn’t bad?” he asked.

“No. It’s vital to being in the physical plane. The problem is that the ego doesn’t know the truth. It doesn’t understand that it’s not really a body.”

As he tried to absorb what she was saying, he became even more confused. If the ego wasn’t bad then why did it often do such bad things? As if reading his mind, Dee continued. “The ego is like a child. When children are small, they don’t understand the ideas of sharing, giving, compassion, etc. The part of us that is truth, which is our link to

the *thought* source, is what allows us to function in a way that's more civilized. In other words, we're made up of two sides – the ego and the truth. Both are essential to life in the physical world.”

“Is that the idea of ‘fright or flight’?”

“That’s the ego doing its thing to help us survive here,” she replied. “Truth is stronger than the ego, otherwise we would’ve killed ourselves off eons ago.”

“Sometimes it seems like we’re still trying to kill ourselves off,” he lamented.

“True. But we haven’t, have we?”

“No,” he agreed. “In fact, the population has more than doubled in the last forty years.”

“Right. And without the truth within us, it wouldn’t be possible.”

This thing she calls truth – he wanted to know more about it. What exactly was it? Is it something inside of us?” Again, as if reading the questions telepathically, Dee elaborated.

“Our minds are linked to the *thought* source, which has access to all truth.”

“Are you talking about God?”

“Some people call it that. Others call it the source, creator, universe, nature, Allah, etc.”

“But you call it truth?”

“Yes,” Dee replied. “For me, that term works best. Often, when I’m teaching, I’m talking to people who are agnostic or even atheistic. Using the term ‘truth’ allows them to think of the lesson in a more non-threatening way.”

As their discussion continued Dee explained that the ego is often confused because our minds are split. There is the ego based on fear and the truth based on love. Most of us don’t know how to clear the mind of fear in order to receive the truth, and she explained that it’s not that difficult to learn. Jake considered this information carefully and it sounded logical. He had often been confused, wanting to do the right thing, but sometimes afraid to do it. This is probably what Senator Weston was going through, he thought.

“How can I learn to clear my mind of fear?” he asked.

“We’ll work on that soon, if you want to do it. For now, I just want you to keep in mind, as often as possible, that nothing is real without *thought*.”

Jake agreed to do what she asked. Of course, with all the chaos in his life, he wasn’t sure how successful he’d be, but he’d try.

“There is something else you can do,” she added. “Next time you and Carey have a disagreement, think about the energy she is sending out. Try to deal with it in a different way. Instead of fearfully sending the energy back to her, imagine the energy deflecting off you and dissipating into thin air.”

“Can energy do that?” he asked, somewhat astounded.

“The energy will be neutralized by the truth. It will no longer have the affect of generating more fear.”

“So, I shouldn’t defend myself?”

“By not reacting with the ego, there will be no need to defend yourself.”

“Huh? I don’t get it,” he said.

“For instance, if she wants to attend a party and you say ‘no’, she might react with anger. Your first instinct may be to send anger back to her. Instead, I want you to look at her with love and imagine that the anger is being neutralized at that moment. Then walk away.”

“You’re kidding! That’ll never work with Carey. She’s too bullheaded.”

“Try it. I think you’ll be surprised.”

“I’m not even sure I can do it. She got her bullheaded ways from me, I’m afraid,” he said, chuckling.

“You’re not as bull headed as you think,” Dee said. “And, if you continue to believe that, it’ll be more difficult to overcome.”

“Ah! I’ve convinced myself that I’m bull headed, so its part of my belief system, right?”

“Correct! I think you’re beginning to understand.”

They took a short break while he visited the bathroom and Dee poured some more coffee. When they returned to the meditation room he thought about Joe’s suggestion.

“I’m not quite sure how to tell you this,” he said, hesitating.

“What’s that?”

“Well...about a month ago I started seeing these bizarre messages appear on my computer screen. At first, I thought someone was hacking it, but then I realized that was

impossible. Whoever is sending the messages calls himself Joe. I have no idea who he is or where he is, but he's a pretty insightful guy."

"Are you still receiving them?"

"Occasionally," he replied. "They usually come late at night when I'm working at home."

He went on to explain the information Joe had furnished and that he had never been wrong. As Jake spoke, he noticed Dee's expression taking on a certain glow that he hadn't seen before. Then something occurred that was quite surprising. She jumped out of the chair, leapt toward him and gave him a warm hug.

"Jake, you have no idea how happy this makes me," she quivered. "I've been hoping for this for so long!"

"You have?"

"Oh, yes! I've heard about these kinds of messages before. It happened to a man over in Denmark about ten years ago, but I didn't learn of it until a few years ago. When I heard about it, I tried to reach him by phone, but I was told that he died the previous month. He was quite old, so it was a natural death."

"Then, I'm not the only one who gets these weird messages?"

"You may be the only one at this point in time, but not the only one in history," she explained.

"So, no one else has these experiences now? Just me?"

"Not that I'm aware of. Of course, it might be happening in private. Some people might not feel comfortable talking about it."

“I can definitely understand that,” he said. “I wasn’t going to mention it at all, until Joe suggested that I tell you. It’s funny – he said it would make you very happy and it looks like he was right again.”

Dee had learned from the Danish man’s daughter that her father was the only person who could see the messages. They would disappear if anyone else looked at the screen. Jake told her it was the same with Joe. He also told her about his attempt to have Carey verify them.

“So, who do you think Joe is?” Jake asked.

Without getting too complicated, Dee explained it may be an entity, existing in another plane, that once existed in the physical world. This correlated with Joe’s statements, but Jake wondered, what was the difference between that and being a ghost. When he asked about that, Dee smiled and replied “he’s not a ghost, because they exist in a different dimension. He’s probably a guide of some sort.”

“A guide?” This is all starting to sound a little spooky, he thought.

“Yes,” she stated. “There are entities that guide others, after they leave the body. That’s something we can talk about later. Don’t concern yourself with that now.”

But Jake wanted to know more about these so-called guides. “Does Maggie have a guide?”

“I’m sure she does,” she replied, “unless her aspect is very advanced.”

He didn’t know if Maggie’s aspect was advanced, or not, so he decided to drop the subject for now. The meeting was ended by Dee summarizing everything they’d discussed, then Jake was sent on his way with renewed instructions to carry out his assignments. He promised he would try.

He was still having a problem with all this talk about aspects, guides and other dimensions. But when he asked his inner voice, he had the feeling it was his ego generating all the resistance, and that he should try to ignore the fear.

Dee had explained that fear appears in many forms. Anything that does not feel peaceful is fear and she gave a few examples: hatred, anger, jealousy, vengefulness, guilt, greed, selfishness, prejudice, worry, harsh judgment, anxiety, feelings of lack and limitation, etc. She also mentioned something which happened to her several years earlier. She was walking to her car, late at night, after attending a meeting, when a man approached carrying a baseball bat. The first instinct was to be afraid, but she told her ego to back off and allowed the fear to dispense. The man demanded that she hand over her purse or he'd bash her with the bat. She didn't respond to him at all, but continued walking toward her car, as if he wasn't there. She put the key in the lock and opened the door, continuing to think peaceful thoughts. Then she saw a police car coming in their direction. When she turned around the man was running away.

Jake had a hard time believing her story, but he couldn't imagine she would fabricate something like that. She must have sensed his disbelief, because she added something else.

"These types of things used to happen to me quite often, but not that much any more. I think it's because I'm not drawing the fearful events as often. I know it seems far fetched, so why don't you mention it to Joe next time you hear from him? In fact, you might want to verify a lot of things with him. I get the feeling he's very wise."

He promised he'd do that, not because he didn't believe her, but because he wanted to learn how to do it himself. He figured he was going to need all the support he could get. With both of them helping, maybe he could manage to get his life on the right track. He didn't like where it was heading right now. He yearned for that sense of peacefulness she always talked about, and a little joy was welcome too.

THE DREAMVISIONER— CHAPTER FOURTEEN

By S. Leigh Young

Six days after the data was stolen, Mack Albright was replaced. He'd been unable to break the encryption codes, so Brashear paid him the amount they agreed upon for six days work. It wasn't much, but it was enough to cover the losses caused by closing his shop. Albright had provided reliable services in the past and he didn't want to spoil their working relationship. Besides, Brashear knew he'd keep his mouth shut.

The new decoder, Larry Stoeller, was someone he hadn't worked with before, but he came with excellent references. He was assured that Stoeller would keep everything confidential, so, on Saturday morning he handed the flash drive over to him. He worked in Brashear's apartment, so he could keep an eye on him and flash drive. Stoeller showed up at nine o'clock and was still working at ten o'clock that night, with little success. By noon on Sunday there was a breakthrough. He managed to crack through the first level of encryption. Stoeller believed there were at least two or three more levels and it would probably take another few days.

He was good, Brashear thought. He was also very serious about his work and hardly spoke the entire time he was there. Strange guy, scraggly beard, kind of a geek, but that was okay, as long as he got the job done.

Sunday evening, Brashear received a call from Regina. She arrived in Mexico and was very upset.

"One of the suitcases is missing!"

"Damn! The airline lost it?"

"Yes," she replied. "They have no idea where it is. I filed a claim, but so far, nothing."

Brashear figured it was bound to happen some day. Each of her three suitcases held \$25k in \$100 dollar bills. The rest was in the lining of her purse. She insisted on keeping at least \$10k with her at all times, in case she had to get away fast. Although it was more risky, he agreed to it because of her special situation.

Brashear had recently learned the Miami goons may be closer to finding her, which made the risk even greater. Some guy was recently snooping around her D. C. apartment. He heard this from Chester Foley who lived on the first floor. The old man used to work for Brashear, but he was nearly blind, so he set him up in the apartment to keep him quiet. Chester didn't know who the guy was, and couldn't identify him because of his bad vision, but said he may have been Hispanic or black. It could have been Spencer or the goons, he wasn't sure. Of course, he didn't tell Regina, knowing she'd panic. Because she changed her mind about paying off the debt, things were much more complicated than he wanted them to be.

Brashear was consciously unaware of his thought patterns, which had brought him to the point of confusion and conflict. However, the universe was doing exactly what it was supposed to do -- responding to the ego's fear and resistance, based on the law of cause and effect.

"Don't panic, baby," he said out of earshot of Stoeller. "Just wait a few more days and it'll probably show up. Keep your phone turned on in case the airline calls."

"They won't call, Duke. That's the problem!"

"Why not?"

"They don't make phone calls. They send the suitcase by postal service....and I don't have an address! Now you see my problem!"

"Give 'em the name of your hotel then," he suggested.

“I did, but I’ve got to keep moving around, remember? I can’t stay in one place very long. What should I do? If I call the airline every time I move, they’ll probably screw it up again, and then I’ll never get it.”

He didn’t want any connection between him and the money, so she couldn’t use his address. He’d have to think of something else. “Can you stay put for two more days?”

“I guess so, but I shouldn’t,” she replied nervously. “Every time I see a Hispanic guy with big biceps, I get spooked.”

“Okay, just stay two more days. I’ll call you back by Tuesday and give you an address to use.”

Obviously, Regina regretted her decision to keep the money, but it was simply too enticing to give up. She could still go to Miami and pay off the debt, but Brashear didn’t bother to mention it again, knowing how stubborn she was. He had to think fast. It had to be an address that wouldn’t link the money to him, and it had to be a place where he could recover the suitcase.

He didn’t think anything could be traced to him, without information from Regina, and if MacAbee knew that, he’d probably have her killed. Because of that, he decided not to tell him. He liked her too much and she didn’t deserve that fate, after what she’d done for them. Besides, when she found out how he’d protected her, she’d be very grateful and he liked that idea a lot.

Finally, he changed his mind and figured he’d better call MacAbee. He was instructed to meet him at the club as usual. Not wanting to leave Stoeller alone, he gave him the rest of the day off, tossed the flash drive in his brief case and left to meet MacAbee, who was waiting, and not too happy.

“What the hell happened?” MacAbee barked.

“She didn’t go to Miami. She kept all the money and went to Mexico,” he said.

“Damn! Stupid bitch, what was she thinking?”

“I don’t know. I guess she changed her mind, but I don’t want her to panic. We’ve got to think of an address to give to the airline, that isn’t connected to us. Any ideas?”

“The only places that come to mind can be linked to me or you. And if we rent a room somewhere, as a fake address, that could be linked to us too. Unless....”

“Unless what?”

“Could we rent a room under a false name?”

“No,” Brashear replied. “This could involve the FBI or the DEA. They’ve got ways of tracing undocumented false names. When you set up a false identity it has to be ironclad and there’s no time for that. If it was a local matter, I wouldn’t worry too much, but this could be treated as a possible international crime.”

“So, it’s a crime to have money?” MacAbee screeched.

“Not necessarily, but when you hide it in the lining of a suitcase, they get a little suspicious, if you know what I mean....”

“Son of a bitch!” MacAbee blurted, pacing the room. “I thought you said you’d done this a hundred times!”

“Wait a minute! What about Spencer? He’s already linked to her and his place would be easy to get into,” Brashear suggested.

“Not so sure about that stupid idea, Duke,” MacAbee blared. “I don’t want to alarm Weston, until we get that report and I can find out what’s in it,” MacAbee said. “If

anything happens to Spencer, she won't stop until she learns about us. That woman is relentless. She doesn't have any family and Spencer is like a son to her."

"If the airline doesn't find the money and sends the suitcase to his house, we could grab it before he had a chance to do anything."

"Maybe," MacAbee muttered. "But how would we know if and when he got it?"

"We'll have Regina call the airline everyday," Brashear replied. "If they sent it out, I'm sure they'd tell her, wouldn't they?"

"Who the hell knows?" MacAbee was still pacing the room while, rubbing his left hand through his thinning hair.

"Unless they find the money," Brashear surmised, "then they'd tell the authorities and she'd be dead meat and so would we."

"I guess we'll have to take that chance," MacAbee offered solemnly.

Over the next couple of hours, they proceeded to toss around the idea of using Jake's address, going over various angles, possibilities and potential problems. Dozens of scenarios were explored and analyzed, and after two hours they still weren't sure what to do.

"Listen," MacAbee mumbled in exhaustion. "The girl will just have to stay put in the same hotel until the suitcase arrives. That's the only safe way to do it."

"What if she doesn't? It could take weeks. The suitcase would go unclaimed at the hotel. What would they do with it?"

"She could leave a forwarding address," MacAbee offered.

Brashear thought about that idea, but didn't like it. Regina was too unreliable and panicked too easily. And what if the goons found her before the suitcase arrived? It would likely be sent back to the airline or to the police. If the police got it, they'd probably find the money and contact the U. S. authorities and they'd try to find her. If they found her alive, she'd probably tell them everything. Of course, if she wasn't alive, they'd probably be okay, but Brashear kept that to himself.

Finally, it was tentatively agreed, the best approach was to use Spencer's address. They would instruct her to tell the airline to send it to Regina Powell at his address. They wanted the package to have Regina's name on it, so Spencer wouldn't return it to the airline. He would probably try to trace it, but Brashear would have to nab it before he had a chance to do much. Of course, Spencer would likely call the airline, to find out what flight she'd taken, but since her ticket was under a different name, he'd be out of luck.

If the money was discovered before the suitcase was sent out, Spencer would be investigated and the authorities would find out about Regina, but so what? She was no longer using that name and her false identity was ironclad. The car she was driving when she bumped into Spencer was untraceable -- he'd already made sure of that. Her D. C. apartment was rented in her real name and couldn't be traced to Brashear. All he did was give her the money for the rent, and everything was handled in cash. Brashear already made sure her photo and fingerprints were not on file anywhere in the U. S., so the authorities would be stumped. MacAbee didn't like the idea that Spencer might be in trouble, but there wasn't much else he could do.

Involving Spencer again was a big risk, and Brashear knew it. He wasn't sure how far he'd go to locate Regina. He worked for a senator who had access to a lot of information, but felt hopeful he'd be as stumped as the authorities would be.

Brashear told MacAbee he'd sleep on it and go over everything again, to be sure nothing was overlooked. They had until Tuesday to make up their minds. Of course, Brashear knew he could always suggest they get rid of Regina, but then his plans for the

future would have to change. Because of his crucial decision to protect Regina, everything boiled down to whether or not the money was discovered.

That night as he was trying to fall asleep, Brashear's head was swirling. He hated it when there were too many loose ends! Suddenly, his eyes opened wide, when two potential problems entered his mind. He jumped out of bed and jotted them down, vowing to follow up first thing in the morning.

*What else was in that suitcase? Was there anything linking it to Rhonda Newton?
What about the cell phone accounts?*

Early the next morning he called Regina and asked about the contents of the suitcase. She told him it contained only clothes and some makeup items, and assured him there was nothing inside with the false name on it, and no personal identification tags on the outside. Brashear instructed her to check the other suitcases, and see if there were any tags or markings that could potentially connect them to her false name. He didn't want Spencer to learn that name! Again, she said no, but there was a tag with the flight number on it.

If Spencer followed that lead, he'd probably be stumped. He'd be looking for Regina Powell, not Rhonda Newton. But what if the airline put something on the package that mentioned a passenger number or the name Rhonda Newton? If so, Spencer could then locate her. And if the authorities got involved, it could really get sticky. He only hoped it wouldn't come down to covering his own ass, by being forced to get rid of her or Spencer. If it reached that point, he'd handle it some how.

The next potential problem involved the cell phone accounts they were using to communicate. When he set them up, he used a bogus name and address and made the payments online with an anonymous VISA card and a public computer. He didn't think it was traceable, but wasn't sure. He knew they could find the computer, which was in a small coffee shop a few blocks from his apartment, but he couldn't be linked to it, unless someone remembered his face. He made sure not to leave any fingerprints, so that angle was covered. Would they go to that extreme for a lousy \$25k in a suitcase? He didn't

know. He made a mental note, not to go near that coffee shop again. If the authorities got hold of her cell phone, they could track him, so he made another mental note to toss his phone in the river if he had to.

He realized, if anything happened to Spencer or Weston, to alert the authorities, all of his plans were out the window. He had no faith in MacAbee's judgment, when it came to maintaining his lifestyle, and didn't know what he would do if the report threatened him or his clients. This was another huge variable he'd have to consider.

Maybe he should've handled this without MacAbee, but if it got out of hand, MacAbee would be furious that he hadn't been informed earlier. He spent the rest of the day mentally kicking himself for wanting to protect Regina.

Stoeller came back that morning. He was like a robot, doing his thing, and Brashear stayed away from him. The encryption had to be broken. Then, an idea suddenly occurred to him. What if it was delayed? Would that keep MacAbee from doing something stupid, before he could help Regina? Maybe, but if MacAbee found out, there'd be a funeral to go to – his!

Brashear was aware of some of the potential problems, but MacAbee had no idea the scheme was full of holes. They were trying to cover their tracks, without enough time to consider everything. Unknown to them, they were also sending a host of extremely fearful thoughts into the universe, that were bound to result in more unpleasant experiences for them, or someone else, whose frequency was on the same level. This type of thing was occurring all over the world, in every moment of every day. But there were other unseen forces, neutralizing much of it and it was only because of this, that the illusion could continue.

Some had the ability to observe certain thought waves traveling in a frequency different than their own. Dee Harvey was one of these people. She recently noticed strong feelings and mental images of events, with no context surrounding them. She had learned through the years, most of these insights involved someone she knew.

was trying to help someone, the universe seemed aware of that, and her mind would form a link to certain events affecting those people.

All weekend she had an uneasy feeling, but was unable to identify it. She could see hazy images of three people who seemed desperate to hide something very important. Who they were, or what they were hiding, she didn't know. An hour of meditation didn't clarify it, so she set it aside, knowing it would be revealed at the appropriate time, if necessary.

THE DREAMVISIONER– CHAPTER FIFTEEN

By S. Leigh Young

Jake and Jennifer worked longer hours together, sometimes into the early hours of the morning. Naturally, a friendship was beginning to develop and they found they had much in common. She was very bright, but there was another side of her that Jake found fascinating. She called it the ‘black wall’. When facing a creative block, she’d ask him to leave her alone for a while, close her eyes and sit quietly for several minutes to allow the creative juices to flow. Apparently, the black wall is where most of her ideas originated. One night, while working late, Jake was tired of ordering pizza and the cafeteria was closed, so they walked in the rain to a nearby coffee shop for sandwiches. Seated across from one another, the subject turned to the curious black wall.

“So how does this black wall work?”

“I’m not sure,” she answered. “I just close my eyes and see this wall in my mind. After a while – zap! An idea comes to me.”

He grinned, enjoying the way she moved her hands when she spoke. Her tiny fingers would point in every possible direction and her eyes would light up with a girlish expression.

“So, where do you think the ideas come from?”

“I don’t know. Maybe from the universe,” she replied, chomping on her sandwich.

Upon hearing the word ‘universe’, Jake’s attention was immediately galvanized. If Dee was right, the universal mind had access to all truth and knowledge, and he figured creative ideas were part of that. He wondered if his own ideas were drawn from a connection to this mysterious knowledge base and assumed they probably were. Apparently, everyone had a mental black wall available to them.

“I have a theory,” she continued. “The eyes are connected to the brain, right?”

“Yeah,” Jake replied.

“When you close your eyes and sit still, your brain doesn’t have to process all the impulses from the outside world, so it can focus on ideas instead of all that other stuff. It’s kind of like I’m telling my mind to forget the world for a while.”

“That makes sense,” he said. “You’re probably right.”

“If I wait too long for an idea, sometimes I pretend there is no world. Pretty soon the idea appears. The mind is so fascinating, isn’t it?”

“It sure is,” said Jake. “Have you ever considered the importance of thought?”

“What do you mean?”

“The notion that everything originates with thought?”

“Hmmm,” she said. “No, that never occurred to me. But I suppose, without thought there would be no progress, right?”

“Not only ‘no progress’,” he said, “there’d be no-thing.”

She gave him a sideways glance and squinted. “Nothing?”

“Some force, or something had to think about creating the universe, right? It’s too perfect to be random.”

He could almost hear her mental gears grinding. She took another bite of the sandwich and followed it with a gulp of ice tea. Leaning back, her eyes suddenly lit up.

“Of course! I get it now. Things don’t appear for no reason, right?”

“True. And what are we?”

“Huh?”

“Our bodies are things, aren’t they?”

Again, the mental gears were grinding and her facial expression quickly turned to one of almost childish delight. “Yeah, I guess we are!”

Jake smiled and took a drink of his soda, wiped his hands on the napkin and leaned back in triumph. “So, you never thought about that before?”

“No, I guess not – not in that way,” she replied. “Do you believe in God?”

“I don’t know. I suppose so. Do you?”

“Yeah, I guess. I was raised Catholic, but I gave it up a long time ago...too much silly dogma....and all that ritual seems a little ridiculous.”

“I’m not religious either,” he told her. “My folks only went to church once in a while. They were Baptists.”

“My folks weren’t great church goers either. My dad hated going to confession,” she said, laughing.

“Are they still alive?”

Jennifer told him her mother died when she was eighteen and her father died three years ago. Her older sister lives in California.

“So, you’re all alone in the big city?”

“No, I have a lot of friends. My housemate is my best friend – known her since I was five.”

“Nice,” he said quietly.

“Problem is, she’s getting married soon,” Jennifer said. “Then I’ll be alone, and I’m not sure I like that idea. What about you?”

Jake told her about Carey and probably went on a little too long, bragging about her, but Jennifer seemed interested and didn’t say much until he finished.

“You don’t look old enough to have a daughter that age,” she said, smiling.

“Well! Thanks,” he said. “Unfortunately, I’m probably old enough to be your father too.”

“I doubt that,” she replied. “How old are you?”

“I’m thirty nine, but sometimes I feel like I’m sixty,” he replied, chuckling.

Jennifer said he was ten when she was born and asked, jokingly, if he was married then. He laughed and replied, “I didn’t even like girls at that age. You’re twenty nine?”

“As of two months ago,” she replied.

It was difficult to believe she was only ten years younger than him. “So, why aren’t you married?”

“Never found the right guy,” she replied. “Not even sure if he’s out there.”

“Oh, I’m sure he’s out there somewhere. He’s probably sitting in a coffee shop some where saying the same thing about you.”

She laughed at the idea that her future husband would be sitting in a coffee shop at the same moment she was. “Maybe. I’m not worried about it.”

He mentioned that she seemed different from most women he knew. “Some of them feel like they’re old maids if they don’t marry by twenty five.”

“This is true,” she said with a sly smile. “I am an old maid and that’s fine with me, for now.” Jake couldn’t help but laugh.

Jennifer was evidently well grounded. She obviously knew what she wanted and wouldn’t settle for less, which told him she had a very good self image. He asked himself why he had drawn such a person into his life. Was his self image better than he thought? Perhaps.

Although she was Caucasian, he didn’t sense any racial tension between them at all. Jennifer’s demeanor seemed one of total acceptance. He didn’t think she based her judgments of others on the color of their skin. They were friends and becoming better friends every day. He smiled to himself, realizing he was very attracted to her, but believing there was no room in his life for further complications. He had no idea if she felt any attraction to him.

“I have a theory too,” he said, planning to borrow a few of Dee’s ideas.

“What’s that?” she asked.

“Maybe our minds are connected to something greater. I don’t know if it’s God or something else, but it’s like a collective mind, where access to all knowledge exists.”

“Hmmm, maybe we’ve been tapping into it without knowing.”

“I think we all do – all the time,” he added.

She looked at him contemplatively and nodded slightly. “Could be. I’m no expert in psychology, that’s for sure.”

“I’ve done some reading on the subject,” Jake said. “Interesting stuff.”

“Yeah? What books?”

“It’s not psychology, exactly,” he replied. “It’s more metaphysical.”

“Oh, I’ve done some reading about that too, a long time ago, actually.”

He asked if she thought it had merit and Jennifer told him she benefited from the self-help information, about how to think more positively and creating one’s own reality.

“Hmmm. It’s helping me think more clearly,” he said.

“Good. Maybe you should loan me one of those books. I’d like to read about it again.”

He promised to bring her the book about projection, and she seemed anxious to read it. He was pleasantly surprised with each new aspect she revealed about herself. There were so many sides to her personality and he couldn’t get over how bright she was.

When they finished eating, Jake offered to pay, but she insisted on going Dutch treat. “I like to carry my own weight,” she said, laughing. “And after that piece of pie....well, I feel a lot heavier.”

“Believe me, you’re not heavy. Not in the slightest,” he said, admiringly.

“I used to be a lot thinner, but I’m afraid I don’t get as much exercise as I should.”

“Me either,” he said, as they walked back to the office. “I do some running, but not often enough.”

“It looks like we’re both stuck in front of our computers too much,” she offered.
“I know I am.”

“Yes, me too, and it’s getting pretty old. I’ll sure be glad when this project is finished.”

“Well, only a week and a half to go,” she offered. “Will you start work on another project after this one?”

He mentioned his plans to take Carey to Hawaii, mentioning that he hadn’t yet told Carey. “She thinks we’re not going until summer, but she’s in for a surprise.”

“I love Hawaii,” said Jennifer, “of course, who doesn’t? I’ve only been there once, and it was fantastic.”

“It gets pretty humid this time of year, but it’s better than snow and rain,” he offered. As they walked, they made more small talk and agreed that Hawaii was probably about the best place on earth. At the office they dug into their work again and wound up at around midnight, ready with the draft to show to the Senator the next morning.

Jake walked her to the parking garage and before they parted ways, she turned to him and tilted her head slightly. “Do you happen to need another TV? My housemate is selling hers.”

“As a matter of fact, Carey’s is on its last legs. What kind is it?”

“It’s a flat screen, pretty good size and works well,” she replied.

“Sure, I’ll take a look at it.”

“Good! I’ll let her know.”

He watched as she made her way to the car, just to be sure she was safe, then he headed home, thinking about Jennifer most of the way. He thought it was funny how quickly his crush on Regina had disappeared. Was he that fickle?

Early the next morning, they viewed the presentation once more, to be sure it was ready. Jake was extremely happy with the way it turned out. He hoped Senator Weston would be pleased and felt pretty certain she would. At nine o'clock they entered her private conference room, gear in hand, set up everything, and waited until she arrived. During the presentation, they kept a close eye on the Senator's face for reactions and weren't disappointed.

"This is amazingly good," she told them, beaming. "Much better than I expected. It's very professional."

They thanked her and Jake asked if she had any suggestions for improvement.

"There are a couple of things I'd like to add. I made some notes earlier," she replied, handing him a piece of paper. Jake read it over and gave it to Jennifer.

"Jennifer, can we do this?" he asked. The senator had made a list of several photos she wanted included in the report.

"Sure," she replied, with her usual confidence. "Shouldn't take long, if the photos are available."

"I have them right here," the senator said. She spread five photos on the table and pointed to the first one. "This is Senator Monteath. As you can see, he's accepting a campaign check at a fund raising event. Do you know who that man is, giving him the check?"

"No," the two replied in unison.

"He's Tsung Choi's American lobbyist, Garrison Yoshida."

“Who’s Tsu....?” asked Jennifer, giving up on pronouncing the name.

“He’s the Minister of Industry in China,” replied Weston. “When you present this photo, I want their names on the screen and the date I wrote on the back. I also want this fund raiser announcement, somewhere on the screen, with the date highlighted. Can you do all that?”

“Of course,” Jake replied. “We’ll superimpose it near the bottom.”

“Isn’t it illegal for foreigners to give political donations to Americans?” Jennifer asked.

“Yes it is,” replied the senator. “Of course, it’s very difficult to keep track of all the donations a senator receives. We have to submit periodic reports, disclosing all of that, but some people aren’t exactly honest about it.”

Jake was curious. “How do you know it was from China, and not some other client?”

“My niece used to work at Yoshida’s firm,” she replied, with a sly grin.

“Can she prove it?”

“I have the proof right here,” the senator replied, handing him another photo. “You can add this one too. It’s a receipt from the lobbying firm to the Chinese government dated the same day as the fund raiser, in the same amount. My niece actually found it in the trash, can you imagine? They’re so confident they’ll never be caught they don’t even bother to hide it anymore.”

“Of course, he’ll deny it,” she added. “He’ll get Yoshida to say it was for something else, but it’ll be fairly evident to the viewers, I think.”

They discussed Weston's other ideas and wound up the meeting about an hour later. As they were carrying the gear back to the office, Jennifer mentioned her friend's TV again.

"How much does she want for it?"

"I think she said \$150, I'm not sure," Jennifer replied. "It's definitely worth it."

They agreed he would follow Jennifer home after work that evening and have a look at the TV.

"Are we knocking off early today?" she quizzed, with a slight, hopeful grin.

"I think so," he replied. "I may be only ten years older than you, but I'm really worn out."

"Me too," she agreed. "I think I'll soak in a hot bath, for at least an hour and go to bed early."

"Sounds like a great idea," he teased. "Bubble bath?"

She gave him a comical glance, as her mouth turned up at the corner. "Well, as a matter of fact, yes. It's an old habit from my childhood," she teased back.

"Bugs Bunny or Mickey Mouse?"

"Oh, Bugs, of course. He's my favorite."

They both laughed and got back to work. At five o'clock, they put everything in the safe, headed to the parking garage and Jake gave her the book she wanted to borrow. Her house was very small, but cozy, and he was able to learn even more about Jennifer, as he looked around. He noticed several photos on a bookcase and learned they were pictures of her parents and sister. Her housemate entered the room and introductions

were made. Taylor appeared to be about the same age as Jennifer and he could see they were very fond of each other, almost like sisters.

“So, I hear you’re getting married soon,” Jake said, shaking her hand.

“Yes,” Taylor cheerfully replied. “And, of course, Jennifer’s the bride’s maid.”

“Naturally,” he said. “Well, I wish you all the best in your new adventure.”

“Thanks. It’s going to be an adventure all right! My fiancé is an airline pilot and there’s going to be a lot of travel in my future.”

“Oh? What airline?”

“Pan Air,” she replied. “He’s based in Los Angeles, but I met him when he was here in town.”

After looking over the TV and testing it out, he agreed to buy it, and told Taylor he would send someone over the following evening to pick it up. They said their good byes and Jake went home, quickly changed clothes, jogged to the park and back home to make dinner. Naturally, Carey was surprised to see him in the kitchen cooking and teased him about it.

“If you want any of this stew, you’d better back off,” he teased. While they ate, they discussed their upcoming trip and spent the rest of the evening watching some DVDs together. It was a very pleasant and peaceful evening and he liked it that way.

THE DREAMVISIONER – CHAPTER SIXTEEN

By S. Leigh Young

It was sure to be a colossal scandal, but had to be done. Weston had just met, in private, with Majority Leader Martin Cameron. He informed her that no less than twenty-four senators of both parties were being paid off and blackmailed by lobbyists and special interests (some foreign). It was a huge problem in the Senate and an even larger one in the House. Cameron had been in the Senate for over thirty years and Leader for nearly seven. He'd seen and heard all the major scandals, but this was going to be the giant of them all.

The two of them had been close friends for many years, having served in various capacities in their home regions and at the national level. It was Cameron who encouraged Weston to run for Senate, because of her honesty and best desires for the people. But it was an uphill battle and time was running out. He was planning to retire after this term and, like he told Weston, he didn't want to leave without cleaning out the barn.

"The corruption project you're working on," he told her, "I want to add this, if it's not too late," Cameron told her.

"You want me to reveal all this in my presentation?"

"Yes," he replied soberly. "I know it's going to cause mayhem, but it couldn't be much worse than what we have now."

Hesitating, she responded "okay Martin, if you think its best. I'll talk to my people and see what we can do."

Her head was spinning, thinking about it. She'd have to move the publication date up by at least a month and had no idea if Jake could handle that. He was under so much pressure and she knew he needed a long vacation. She was also aware of his plans

to go to Hawaii and it was supposed to happen in three weeks. He'd be gone for only a week, but was planning to take some time off afterwards, which he certainly deserved. Now she'd have to ask him to postpone some of that.

She stopped by Jake's office and knocked on the door. It was getting to the point where he felt it necessary to keep the door locked at all times, so she waited until he ushered her inside. The drawn look on Weston's face revealed that something was wrong and Jake asked about it, but she gave no reply. She asked him to come to her office alone, so he left Jennifer at the computer and told her not to let anyone inside while he was gone.

"I'm really sorry to do this, Jake, but I have to ask you to put in a little more time on this thing."

Jake could feel the muscles in his body stiffen and he leaned forward. "Why?"

"I just learned about some more scandals the Leader wants to include," she replied, rubbing her brow. "It's really huge."

"I figured it must be, from the look on your face," Jake said. "How much longer do you think it'll take?"

"I don't want you to change your plans for Hawaii, but I'm hoping you can postpone the rest of your vacation for at least a month."

"It must be pretty serious," he said. "What is it?"

She proceeded to tell him about her conversation with Cameron, but didn't reveal any names, promising to reveal the names soon, and warning him, it's got to be highly confidential. "It's going to be total chaos around here."

"Yes, I'm aware of that. I guess we should talk to Jennifer's supervisor and make sure it fits into her schedule."

“I’ll handle that,” Weston replied soberly. “I’m really sorry about this, Jake. I know you’ve been under tremendous stress.”

“Don’t worry about me,” he assured her. “It’s the country we need to be concerned about.”

She gave him a weak smile and stood up. Before he knew it, her arm was on his shoulder and he looked into her eyes. He could see the strain and concern on her face and a tiny tear rolled down her cheek.

“It’ll be okay,” he said, giving her a warm hug. “We’ll make it through this. Old Glory has withstood a lot worse than this.”

As he walked back to his office, he thought about Carey, dreading how she would take the news. Another month of this brutal schedule and she’d be furious with him, but he’d come this far and couldn’t stop now. Considering all the issues facing the country this was only going to add to the mess, but they all hoped it was for the best. An upheaval in the government was rarely a good thing, but in this case, it was essential if the nation was ever going to get back on the right track. It had to be done.

Weston told him she wanted to show it to the Leader, in its present form, later that week. Between the three of them, they’d figure out where to insert the additional items. He figured it wasn’t necessary to tell Jennifer about the details of what was coming, so he kept it to himself, for the time being, however, it wasn’t easy to keep his spirits up the rest of the day. When he went back to his office, he saw Jennifer working at the corner table and said nothing. After a few minutes of silence, she looked up from the computer.

“How’s that TV working out for Carey?”

“She loves it,” Jake replied softly, turning back to his work.

“Is something wrong Jake?”

“The publication date has been moved up,” he replied. “It’ll be another month.”

“Can I ask why?”

“The senator wants to add a few things, that’s all.” He turned around with his back to her and she got the message, loud and clear. He, obviously, didn’t want to talk about it, so she went back to work. That evening he arrived home at a decent hour and greeted Carey as she was making something to eat in the kitchen. “Hi, dad. You want a salad?”

“Sure, thanks Cupcake.” Deciding it was best to give her the good news first, he told her about the plane reservations to Hawaii and she was ecstatic.

“That’s so great, dad! Can I buy some new clothes for the trip?”

“Sure,” he told her. “Just keep it under \$300, okay?”

“Okay,” Carey replied. “I can hardly wait to see aunt Tiki.”

For a while they discussed their plans for the trip and Jake asked her to sit on the sofa. There was something else he wanted to tell her.

“I’m afraid my project has been extended. I’ll probably be working late again, for at least another month after Hawaii.” He could see Carey’s facial expression instantly transform from joy to anger.

“Dad! You can’t keep doing this! Can’t you see? Why do you keep saying yes to that slave driver?”

“She’s not a slave driver, Carey. She’s a wonderful person and you should be happy the country has someone like her on its side.”

“Blah, blah, blah,” she shouted, stomping around the room. “I’ve heard all that before, dad. What’s she done that’s so good for the country? Huh? Tell me!”

“I can’t talk about it, you know that.”

“Fine! Whatever!” She folded her arms and fell on the sofa, sulking. He wanted to console her, but knew she’d push him away. His conversation with Dee entered his mind and he wondered how she would handle the situation. Closing his eyes, he tried to clear the frustration from his thoughts and then he stood in front of Carey and asked her to stand up.

“No, I don’t want to,” she said stubbornly.

“It won’t hurt. Just stand up for a minute,” he pleaded.

Reluctantly, Carey fumbled and stood in front of him with her head down.

“Look at me,” he calmly said, placing his hand gently on her chin and raising her head.

“I don’t like this any more than you do. I love you and I’m very proud of you.” Then he kissed her forehead, smiled gently and waited. Within a few seconds her expression changed and he could see the love in her eyes. Then she grabbed him and held on to him tightly, as she had done as a young child. They stood in the middle of the room, holding each other for a while and she whispered in his ear. “I love you too dad. That’s why I’m worried about you.”

“Please don’t worry, Cupcake. Worry never brings anything good. I learned that from Dee,” he said smiling.

When Carey heard Dee’s name, she smiled genuinely and, for the first time in a long while, they were expressing the love between them. He realized that his little girl was growing up and was frightened. She’d already lost one parent and didn’t like being

apart from him for long periods of time. Finally, he was able to understand, and it was as if their relationship was healing. As if the universe could sense it, the phone rang and Carey moved away to answer it. It was Dee.

They talked briefly and she handed the receiver to Jake. “She wants to talk to you dad.”

“Hi, Dee. Funny you should call right now. We were just talking about you,” he said, winking at Carey.

“Gee, I knew my nose itched for a reason,” she said, laughing.

“That must be why you’re calling,” he added.

“Actually, no. I wanted to see if you could come over tonight, for another session. I have some ideas I’d like to share with you.”

“Just a minute,” he relied. “I better talk to my secretary.” He held the phone away and asked Carey what she thought. She agreed it was okay, if she could come along. She wanted to study with Mike. An hour later he was sitting in Dee’s meditation room and she was handing him a cup of decaf. “So, how’s the “thought” assignment going?”

“Oh, that,” he replied. “Actually, I have a hard time remembering to do it, especially at work. Things are so hectic.”

“Any luck at all?”

“Well, I do think about it once in a while, and I loaned one of those books to a colleague.”

“Good! Then you haven’t rejected the idea.”

“Oh, no, I haven’t done that. I used your suggestion with Carey today. I was amazed at how well it worked.”

“I’m glad, but not surprised,” she said. “Have you heard from Joe lately?”

“Not very often,” he replied. “He did show up the other night, but didn’t stay long.”

“Did he have anything important to say?”

Jake recalled one thing from his exchange with Joe that he thought Dee would be interested in. “Yeah, he told me I was starting to get back on my path. I have no idea what that means, do you?”

“Well, perhaps he was referring to an agreement of some sort.”

“Agreement? What do you mean?”

“Let’s just say, you may have made an agreement to accomplish something in your lifetime, and perhaps you’re getting back on track toward that goal.”

Not entirely understanding, he strained to figure it out and she sensed his frustration.

“Remember we talked about our connection to the truth, and how we have access to it?”

“Yeah.”

“Perhaps, before you were born, you had a goal to remember you have access to the truth, while in the dream. Do you think that’s possible?”

Thinking about it for a few moments, he wasn't sure. It sounded plausible, but he still wasn't certain if any of this was real. Dee picked up on his doubt.

"Ask yourself what role your ego is playing right now," she said calmly.

"My ego? You mean the fear?"

"Yes. Explain what you're thinking right now, and be honest about it."

"Well, I was thinking...I was wondering if all this stuff is really true. It seems so far fetched."

"Okay. Do you think those thoughts came from truth or from the ego?"

"Probably the ego," he replied.

"If it doesn't feel peaceful, it's from the ego," she repeated. "I have a suggestion. Lay your head back and close your eyes for a minute. Try and clear your mind of all the clutter from the day. When you're ready, raise your right hand." He did as she suggested and within a few minutes his hand went up.

"Okay, now tell your mind to reveal the truth. Let me know what enters your thoughts."

He was silent for a while, but had intruding thoughts and couldn't relax. Finally, he opened his eyes and looked at her with frustration.

"Okay," she said. "Let's try something else. Let's look at it from an intellectual vantage point. We, apparently, can't convince your ego it's been wrong all these years, but we might be able to soften it a bit."

At this point, he was open to just about anything. He truly did want to live his life in peace and was tired of all the conflict and stress. "Okay, how do we do that?"

“I’m going to tell you about some things that I recently wrote in my journal and I’d like your reaction,” she told him. For the next half hour, she explained her research dealing with the convergence of science and thought.

“Physicists already know this, but the general public is unaware. It can get rather complicated, so most people don’t take the time to understand it. In your case, I think it might help you reason this out in your mind.”

What she told him was truly incredible and something he had never heard before. According to Dee, in the sixties some physicists discovered that the smallest known atomic particles, of which all things are made, are nothing more than electromagnetic energy. When observed under a powerful microscope, they behaved differently, depending on who the observer was. Because of this, Dee and many others reached the conclusion that the formation of matter was influenced by the electromagnetic fields of the observers – and, those energy fields were created by thought which produces protons. Not entirely understanding how it worked, the researchers published the findings and waited for the scientific community to react. Naturally, there was uproar over it, but since that time, it has become commonly understood that the universe is being held together by a very powerful magnetic force that we’re, apparently, connected to and many people suspect it’s the truth source. Matter appears in different forms, due to variations in the levels of vibration and by the images being formed in the minds of all who interact.

In his attempt to understand the implications, Jake found himself enthralled with the notion that everything we see is nothing more than energy, vibrating at different rates and levels. She told him, when the tiny particles are observed, they appear and disappear over what is similar to a threshold between the seen and unseen worlds. They behave in a way entirely different from larger world we see. They seem to reproduce or move forward in quantum leaps.

“So, this is all scientific fact?” he queried.

“Yes,” she replied. “Do something for me. Hold your arm in the air and look at your hand. Move it back and forth. How many hands do you see?”

He followed her instructions and noticed it appeared as if there was more than one hand. He asked her to explain it further.

“There is more than one hand,” she said. “Your hand, and everything else, is continuously being replenished by the power behind that threshold, where the subatomic particles reside. The reason it looks like multiple hands, is because your eyes can’t keep up with the speed of the movement, but this demonstrates the way the creation of matter works.”

“Then how come we age?”

“Because of fear,” she replied. “We believe in limitation, which is a form of fear. Our belief systems have come to accept that matter cannot remain in its pristine form forever, so that’s what we experience. It’s now become programmed into our DNA, after eons of belief. And there’s another reason.”

“What’s that?”

“We don’t want it to last forever,” she replied. “The universe and the world are just a dream. You wouldn’t want your dreams to last forever, would you?”

“No, I guess not, but being immortal wouldn’t be all that bad, would it?”

She explained that the dream has a purpose and it wouldn’t serve the purpose to exist in an illusion forever. Since it’s not real, it would be counterproductive. It’s here to provide an opportunity to advance in our understanding of who we truly are.

If this was true, Joe’s statement seemed more logical. Maybe he was letting him know that learning about all this is his way of getting back on track. But he was still confused about something.

“What if we don’t advance? What happens then?”

“We’re always advancing, in one way or another,” she replied. “Some may live their lives in pain and suffering, or in greed and selfishness, but the experience is teaching something valuable.”

“It seems impossible to learn all this in just one life time,” he lamented.

“It’s not impossible, but extremely rare. Usually, it requires many physical lifetimes.”

“You...you mean reincarnation?”

“Yes,” she replied. “That’s what I mean.”

Immediately, he could sense the resistance within. His early religious training had taught him that reincarnation was a hoax from Satan. Again, Dee picked up on his thoughts.

“I understand your resistance,” she said. “Many people have the same reaction when they hear me talk about it, but it’s what I’ve found to be the truth. I can only tell you that you must learn your own truth. You will believe what you want to believe, Jake. It’s your choice.”

He sat with his thoughts for a while and didn’t speak. His mind was reeling with this new information and, in his attempt to process it, he was feeling somewhat overwhelmed. Finally, he decided to take a few days to think about it and they agreed to meet again soon. As he drove home, he wondered about the possibility of living more than one lifetime. Had he and Maggie been together before? It was all too bizarre to absorb, so he shrugged it off and decided it didn’t really matter, at that point. He needed to concentrate on this lifetime, so he could get it back on track.

His thoughts moved to the project, wondering how it would affect the country. The fact that he was part of this critical revelation was truly humbling. Worried that it might upset the balance of power in the Congress and Senate, he gave up that notion when he remembered the corruption was in both parties, so there was no way to predict what might happen. Naturally, the President would fear that he'd lose his legislative support, but perhaps he could be convinced to go along, when he learns how crucial it would be to the good of the nation. Jake believed in the good intentions of the President, even though much of his agenda had been thwarted, because of corruption in the other branches. How other nations might react – that was a big unknown.

Before going to bed, he went to the computer and loaded a blank document. Soon Joe appeared. They proceeded through their usual greetings and Jake decided to ask him about what he'd learned from Dee.

**DO YOU AND I KNOW EACH OTHER FROM ANOTHER
EXISTENCE?**

INDEED

Suddenly, his heart jumped. He could feel the light of truth trying to sneak into his belief system, but it was still meeting with resistance.

WERE WE RELATED?

WHY DO YOU ASK?

I HAVE A FEELING

WE KNOW EACH OTHER WELL

TELL ME ABOUT OUR PREVIOUS RELATIONSHIP

THAT IS NOT IMPORTANT

IT IS TO ME

THEN YOU'RE ON THE WRONG TRACK

Baffled by Joe's answer, he couldn't understand the direction the conversation was going. Why wouldn't Joe tell him?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

CONCENTRATE ON THE EXPERIENCE, NOT THE BODY

OKAY. THEN WHAT EXPERIENCE DID WE SHARE?

MANY

Damn! He was being evasive again and it was frustrating. He wanted to know who Joe was and how they'd known each other before. Was he someone from this lifetime? He decided to ask, but Joe's response was even more frustrating.

DID I KNOW YOU IN MY CURRENT LIFETIME?

TIME DOES NOT EXIST

DID I KNOW YOU AS I AM NOW?

YOU HAVE KNOWN ME ETERNALLY IN ONE FORM OR ANOTHER

Feeling total aggravation, Jake finally gave up, realizing he was not going to get a straight answer. He signed off, frustrated and a little angry, and wondered why. Why was he feeling this way? Was it his ego wanting to be in control? Probably so, he thought. He let the strong need to know dissipate and finally fell into a deep sleep.

The next afternoon something happened that he hadn't counted on. Carey called him at the office and what she told him was very upsetting.

"There's a package here, dad. You're not going to believe who it's addressed to."

"Who?"

"Regina Powell," she replied.

"What!"

"That's what I said. It's about three feet long and two feet wide, and it's from an airline, addressed to her."

Jake couldn't believe this was happening. With everything else on his plate, now this! He told Carey to put it on his bed and not open it. He let Jennifer know he was leaving early and quickly drove home.

There it was, sitting on his bed, with Regina's name on it. It was from Pan Air Airlines, addressed to her. Should he open it? Since it wasn't addressed to him, he wasn't sure what to do. He paced around the house for a while, trying to decide, and finally couldn't resist any longer. He called Regina's cell phone, but heard only a recording, telling him the number was no longer connected. He wasn't about to go to her

apartment again, so he ran upstairs, closed the door and opened the box. It contained a locked suitcase. Why would the airline be sending her suitcase to his address? It didn't make any sense.

He toyed with the idea of prying it open, but decided it was probably best to leave it alone. What if she called him and wanted it back? It was driving him crazy! All the pain from their relationship started to flood his mind again and he found himself feeling confused and conflicted. He sat on the bed, took a few deep breaths and closed his eyes. He asked for the truth to be revealed and waited, but nothing came, so he decided to call Dee. Maybe she'd have a suggestion.

"It's addressed to Regina?" she asked.

"Yes. Apparently, it's her suitcase, but I'm not sure. It doesn't have a name tag on it."

"Explain your emotions to me," she said. "What are you feeling?"

"Confusion and anger," he replied. "All the pain is coming back."

Dee suggested he put the suitcase in the closet and forget it for a while. She also suggested that he do something else to take his mind off it, so he decided to do a few laps in the park. Donning his running clothes, he left the house, after informing Carey, who was watching TV in her room. He went out the front door, unaware of the red-haired man who was watching from a car across the street. He jogged down the street, breathing the cool air into his lungs. After a mile or so, he sat down to rest, before heading back home. Thoughts of the suitcase continued to haunt him, but he tried to forget it. Closing his eyes, he tried to see a black wall, like Jennifer did, but all he could see was static. It was maddening! Would he ever reach the point where he could control his thoughts?

Not understanding that it was frustration standing in the way of clearing his mind, he stood up, did some stretching and jogged toward the house. As he approached the front door, he could see it was ajar, and wracked his brain, trying to remember if he'd

closed it. He was sure he had, so why was it open? Damn! He hadn't bothered to lock it, so he was rather concerned. Running inside, he looked around and saw nothing out of place, so he headed up the stairs and knocked on Carey's door.

"Come on in, dad," she said.

He walked inside and saw that she was okay, so he made some small talk and left her alone. Suddenly, he thought about the suitcase, ran into the bedroom and opened the closet door. It was gone!

Hurrying back to Carey's room, he asked if she'd heard any strange noises.

"No, but the TV was on," she replied. "Why?"

"The front door was open and the package is gone," he replied.

"You mean, someone came in the house?"

"It looks that way," he muttered. "I wonder if it was Regina."

Carey went to the window, hoping to see a car leaving the neighborhood, but saw nothing. "Should we call the police?"

"No," he replied. "Let me think what to do." He wandered aimlessly back to his bedroom and dropped on the bed, with his mind spinning and full of confusion. Suddenly it occurred to him, maybe Joe could help, so he turned on the computer and waited for the familiar word to appear.

GREETINGS

HELLO

YOU SEEM UPSET

YES, I AM

IS IT THAT IMPORTANT?

IT SEEMS LIKE IT IS

THINK ABOUT IT IN A DIFFERENT WAY

A different way? He wasn't sure what Joe meant, and then it occurred to him that it really wasn't happening, or was it? Was it real or just an illusion? No matter. Was it something he should place so much importance on? Should he let it ruin his day?

I'LL TRY

DO THAT

OKAY. I'M CALMER NOW.

GOOD

THANKS

YOU ARE WELCOME MY FRIEND

When the exchange ended, Jake lay back on the bed and closed his eyes. After some deep breathing, he began to feel more in control of his thoughts. The static finally

dissipated and he could almost see the black wall, but not quite. Reasoning it out in his mind, he realized this was probably a test. Maybe the universe was sending him this experience to show him something about himself. Was that it? Yes, he thought. It must be. And what had he learned?

For one thing, he was beginning to see how his thoughts could be self-controlled. He had Dee and Joe to help him, and felt better about it than he had previously in his life. So, he was making progress and that was good. He also had a small inkling of what it was like to think of the world as an illusion. As a result, his anxiety faded rather quickly.

Again, he thought about Regina, but the pain was very faint. He no longer felt the same degree of yearning or anger about the way she had disappeared. It occurred to him that she might be in some sort of trouble, but he allowed those thoughts to disburse. He didn't want to become involved in her illusion again. There was already enough to concern himself with.

By using Dee's methods, Jake was able to deflect the fear quickly and therefore avoid a potential conflict. Within a day the strange incident with the suitcase was nearly forgotten, along with the painful feelings associated with Regina. Although he didn't know it, the universe is replete with possibilities. If he had not been able to dissipate the fear, he could have become a receiver of even more fear, by trying to locate Regina and adding all that confusion to his life again. Perhaps Jake was more advanced than he realized.

THE DREAMVISIONER – CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

By S. Leigh Young

Larry Stoeller, the new decoder, was very near unlocking the report, with only one more level to go and Brashear could expect to get the report in about two days. Hearing this news, he phoned MacAbee to tell him.

“It’s about time,” MacAbee snorted. “From what I’m hearing, Weston’s making her presentation to Cameron on Friday morning and that’s only four days away.”

How MacAbee obtained his information, Brashear didn’t know and didn’t care, but he was very aware of his timeline.

“There’s more good news,” said Brashear. “We got the suitcase and Spencer didn’t even open it. The money was intact.”

“Good,” said MacAbee. “What about the girl?”

“She’s under control”, Brashear replied. “I just talked to her.”

“Fine. It looks like things are back on track – finally. Now let’s get that damned report, so I can find out what Weston’s up to.”

They finished the call and Brashear wandered into the spare room, where Stoeller was bent over the computer. He never disturbed him when he was working, but watched for a while, then walked into the living room, beer in hand. Recalling his earlier phone conversation with Regina, she was elated to leave that hotel. When he asked if she was still a blonde, she said she was and rather liked it. Brashear could feel his yearnings for her, but tried to stifle it. He still wasn’t sure if they’d ever get together.

“Can you wait a couple of weeks for me to meet you down there?” he asked her.

“I suppose.” She replied. “I was thinking of going to Brazil. I’d fit it in pretty well down there and wouldn’t have to keep using all this makeup.”

“Brazil sounds great.”

“How come you want to meet me? I thought you wanted me to get the hell out of your life,” she chirped.

“What makes you think that?”

“Well, you were so anxious to see me go, I just figured you wanted me gone.”

“Gone, dear, but not forgotten,” he said, smiling to himself. “I’m thinking of getting a villa, with that big ‘inheritance’ I’m coming into.”

“Hmmm, a villa? Why do you want me there? Do you need a maid?” she asked sarcastically.

“Yeah,” he replied. “A live-in maid.”

“I’ll think about it,” she told him. “When do I get my suitcase back?”

“I’ll bring it with me,” he replied, hoping it would motivate her to say yes to his invitation.

“I’ll call you in a few days,” she said, ending the call.

Regina was becoming very bored, all alone in a strange place. Each day she felt more emboldened to poke around the quaint tourist village. The money was burning a hole in her pocket, so she spent a lot of time shopping and eating in the great restaurants. She couldn’t wear a swim suit, with the makeup on, so her true desire to bask in the sun was not an option, although it was very tempting. Her third-floor room had a balcony, overlooking the ocean and she often spent time there, soaking in the warmth and

watching the sunbathers on the beach. It was on that balcony where the phone call with Brashear had just ended. As she was about to go back inside, she noticed a man strolling on the sand below. He looked familiar, but she couldn't place him, and then she realized she'd seen him before – in Miami! Panicking, she quickly closed the drapes and phoned Brashear back.

“Okay, okay, calm down,” he said. “If he knew where you were, he wouldn't be strolling, leisurely near your hotel.”

Realizing he was probably right she breathed a sigh of relief and regained a bit of composure. “What should I do?”

“Nothing. Just stay in your room for a few days. Have your meals brought up and keep a low profile,” he suggested.

“Damn! I'm about to go stir crazy, Duke. I think I'll take you up on that offer about the villa.”

Immediately, his attitude changed dramatically. He could envision the two of them relaxing by the pool, soaking in the warm Brazilian sunshine every day, for the rest of their lives. “Can't wait, baby,” he said. “Just keep your cool, and everything's gonna be fine. I should be able to get my entire inheritance in about two weeks. Can you wait that long?”

“I think so. I'll try. Call me tonight.”

“Sure, baby. Now just relax, okay?”

“Okay.”

On Thursday, at about noon, Stoeller announced his job was done, handed the flash drive to Brashear and left the apartment for good. Duke immediately phoned

MacAbee and was told to meet him at the club. An hour later, they were sitting at the table in the private room, drinking beers and laughing.

“I’ll load this up when I get back to the office,” MacAbee said. “If it looks okay, you’ll get your first installment in the morning.”

“Good,” Brashear replied. “Oh, by the way, I may be leaving the country after this is over.”

“Where to?”

“Not sure yet,” Brashear replied. “I could be gone for a long time -- just wanted you to know.”

“As long as you keep your mouth shut, I have no problem with that,” said MacAbee. “And you can’t leave until this entire matter is resolved. That was our agreement, remember?”

Brashear nodded. “Why would I talk? I have just as much to lose as you do.”

“True, probably more,” MacAbee threatened, and the threat did not go unnoticed.

Later that evening, MacAbee called to inform him that the document was viable and Brashear was already counting the money. But, not all of the news was good.

“You’re not going to believe what’s in it,” MacAbee said, enraged.

“What?”

“I can’t talk about it on the phone. Meet me at the club at nine o’clock tomorrow morning. I’ll bring the money with me.”

Brashear could imagine what the report revealed and, obviously, it wasn't something MacAbee was happy about. The next morning, he learned the details.

"My name is mentioned three times in the damned thing," MacAbee reported angrily. "It actually contains names!"

"What's it say? Does it mention me?"

"No, it doesn't mention you! Something about me, and other lobbyists, giving political donations over the limit and bribing people in the senate, using foreign money -- the usual crap she always peddles!"

"Any truth there?"

"Of course, but I'm not the only one doing it. It happens all the time!" MacAbee barked.

Brashear realized, that didn't make it right, but he really didn't care. He knew a lot of politicians were dirty and it was no surprise to him. He had no concern at all with the details of governing, unless it affected him directly.

"So, what now?" Brashear asked.

"I don't want that meeting between Weston and Cameron to take place on Friday," MacAbee roared. "I need more time to figure out what to do. I just made a new arrangement with an insider, working on Cameron's staff. He might be able to help. I'll give him a call right now."

MacAbee pulled out his cell phone, punched in a number and asked the person on the other end to join them at the club, as soon as possible. The insider, a guy named Forest Manning, showed up about an hour later. Quick introductions were made and Brashear listened, as MacAbee spouted instructions.

“If that report gets out, you won’t be getting your tax-free consulting fee,” MacAbee told Manning. “I want you to make sure that meeting Friday morning doesn’t take place.”

“I’ll see what I can do,” Manning replied. “I’ll think of something.”

“Do that,” MacAbee said, staring at him coldly.

Manning stood up and walked toward the door. “I’ll let you know.” Then he was gone.

Brashear wasn’t sure what MacAbee wanted him to do next, so he asked.

“First, I want you to get rid of all the evidence linking us to the data. I’ll keep this flash drive in my safe at home, but make sure you keep nothing that has anything to do with any of this. Destroy your computer or dump it in the river.”

“Okay, no problem. What else?”

“We have to figure out a way to put a stop to this report”, said MacAbee. “I want a personal profile on Weston. Get me every detail you can find, and for Spencer too. Here’s Manning’s number. You can call him to find out what he knows. Meet me here tomorrow night.”

As usual, MacAbee wanted everything now. Brashear would have to work fast to gather the information by the following night. As he drove back to his apartment, he thought about his plans to leave the country and worried that it might take longer than he figured. He hoped Regina could wait that long.

He called Manning at his office, early the next morning, invited him for lunch and, at around noon he arrived at his apartment. He learned that Manning had been busy most of the morning, working out a way to postpone the meeting between Cameron and Weston.

“It’s all arranged,” Manning told him. “Weston will have to change her plans.”

“How so?”

“That’s where you come in,” Manning replied. “I spoke with JJ after yesterday’s meeting and he said he’d tell you about it tonight.”

“About what?”

“About the little problem he wants you to create for Weston,” Manning replied. “Her schedule is going to run into a little snag.”

“And I’m supposed to create the snag?”

“Yes,” replied Manning. “I don’t want to discuss it now. Talk to JJ tonight. He’ll fill you in.”

After hearing that bit of news, Brashear picked Manning’s brain about Weston’s routine. He learned that she usually arrived at the office by seven o’clock and left by six o’clock, unless there was something happening on the Senate floor, requiring her to stay late. She had an apartment in town, where she lived during the week. With virtually no social life, he learned that she rarely attended the usual political parties and fund raisers, however, she loved the symphony. She had season tickets and attended about twice a month on a Friday evening, after which she would catch a late flight to Vermont, where she spent the weekends.

“So, where does she live in Vermont?”

“She has a small farm about ten miles east of the Capitol.”

“Any family?”

“Just a brother and a married niece in Philadelphia,” Manning replied. “Weston’s never been married, but she has a close male friend who visits her at the farm once in a while. She also has a few horses and one of them is very special to her. God only knows why, but she named him *Spirit* and she’s always talking about that damned horse.”

“What else?”

“She drives a black Ford sedan. Here’s the license number,” Manning said, handing him a piece of paper. “She parks on the bottom level, in the senator’s section. Her name is posted on the wall in front of her assigned parking slot.”

“What model?”

“It’s a Taurus.”

Brashear made a few quick notes and looked up. “I imagine the garage is tightly secured, right?”

“Very,” Manning replied. “Security you wouldn’t believe. There are monitored cameras everywhere and four guards that walk around during the day.”

“What about at night?”

“At least two of the guards always stay late, if there are any senators still in the building.”

“And what about her apartment? Do you have the address?”

“Yes,” he replied, “it’s on the back of that paper I just gave you,” Manning replied.

“Where does she park when she’s there? Do you know?”

“I have no idea,” Manning said. “I’ve never been there.”

Brashear made a mental note to get a close look at Weston’s neighborhood, later that afternoon. On the way, he planned to get rid of his computer. He had a friend who owned an auto wrecking business and figured it would be the perfect way to have it destroyed – crush it.

That night, with the notes in his pocket, Brashear knocked on the door to MacAbee’s private room at the club. He hadn’t had time to gather more information about Spencer, but reported everything he’d learned about Weston. He had spent the afternoon driving around her neighborhood and, that evening, he parked nearby, waiting for her to arrive home. He made a note of where she parked, before meeting MacAbee. During their discussion, he was told how to create the snag in Weston’s schedule. The meeting ended when MacAbee handed him a briefcase full of money. Brashear figured he’d earned the so-called inheritance and was about to earn the rest of it.

Unknown to them, the universe was, again, doing its job by transmitting their thoughts of renewed confidence into the atmosphere in its usual neutral manner. However, it was more than offset by Brashear’s worry about Regina and MacAbee’s anxiety about the report. The energy their thoughts emitted, established a level of fear which caused them to be susceptible to similar thoughts, transmitted on the same frequency.

Down in Mexico, Regina was projecting even more fearful thoughts, while she tried to remain calm, inside her room. She was tired of watching television and didn’t understand the language very well, so it seemed a waste of time. She kept a close eye on the beach, to see if she could spot the man from Miami again, but so far, nothing. Periodically, she checked the door, to make sure it was locked and, when meals were delivered, she was extremely cautious, instructing the waiter to leave it on the floor outside her door. After a few minutes, she’d check the hallway and bring it quickly inside.

After twenty-four hours of this routine, she was going stir crazy, so decided to venture out and went down to the hotel bar for a drink. Every time she passed someone, she looked away and, if she saw anyone resembling the man from Miami, she could feel the adrenalin shooting through her body. He was tall, muscular and entirely bald, with a dark spider tattoo on his right forearm. It seemed, where ever she went, there was a tall bald man nearby! Taking a seat at a secluded table in the back, she ordered a rum and Coke and watched the woman who was singing in Spanish, on the nearby stage. The bar was packed with tourists, so she felt fairly safe, although sensing the gaze of several men around the room. Listening to the music helped her calm down, which allowed her thoughts to wander.

After one more drink, she was about ready leave, when she saw a man enter the bar. He was about forty feet away and it was dark, so she couldn't see very well, but he appeared to be the man she saw on the beach. Instantly, the adrenalin began rushing so she grabbed a menu off the table and held it in front of her face. Peeking around, she managed to see that he took a seat at the bar. Not sure if it was the same man, she tried to get a look at his face, but his back was to her. She had to get out of that room, but would have to walk past him to leave! Not knowing what to do, she tried to remember what Brashear told her. Don't panic, she told herself. Glancing to her left, she saw the entrance to the ladies' room and quickly made her way in that direction, looking back at the man several times. Fairly certain he hadn't noticed her, she slipped inside the restroom, closed the door and searched her purse, to find her cell phone, but it wasn't there. Damn! She must have left it on the bed, she thought.

Now what? She couldn't stay there all night! Over the next hour, she poked her head out, to see if he was still there, and he was, but now there was a woman sitting next to him. Maybe he was preoccupied enough that she could walk past him, unnoticed. Was it worth a try? Or, should she stay put until he left? The restroom had only one small window that was too high to reach, so that wasn't an option either.

By the time midnight arrived, Regina was about to fall asleep on one of the commodes, waiting to make her escape. It seemed like the man would never leave! Finally, she couldn't take it any longer, so she slipped outside trying to look nonchalant,

but not pulling it off very well. When the waiter noticed her, he approached, wide-eyed, holding a piece of paper in her direction and talking loudly. Suddenly, it occurred to her that she hadn't paid the bill, but she was concerned that the commotion would put the spotlight on her, so she hurried back into the restroom. Of course, the waiter followed and pounded on the door, demanding to be paid. Fumbling in her purse she finally grabbed some money and shoved it at him. He mumbled something about stupid people and left.

Nearly out of breath and feeling flushed, she paced the small room for at least another hour, until someone knocked on the door. It was the same waiter again and she realized the bar was closing. He wanted to make sure the restroom was empty, before the doors were locked. She poked her head out and he stood there, staring at her, in disbelief. Soon a torrent of angry sounds came flooding out of his mouth and he spoke so fast, she couldn't understand a word. Finally, he motioned for her to come out and she, gingerly, entered the bar, making sure it was empty, before proceeding to the exit. All the way back to her room, she was frantic that she would see the bald man again, but she passed no one.

Slamming the door behind her, she made sure it was locked and fell down on the bed, in total exhaustion. How could she be so stupid? She was so upset, she couldn't sleep, so she called Brashear, forgetting it was the middle of the night.

"What's wrong now?" he mumbled, half asleep.

"I almost got caught by that goon!"

"What? I told you to stay in your room!"

"I know," she replied, "but I was going nuts in here. I just went to the bar to get a drink and he walked in!"

As she related the entire story, he sat up and roared with laughter. "I can see you now, sitting there on the toilet for hours and hours!"

“Duke! Stop joking around! This is serious,” she demanded.

“Okay, okay,” he said, still chuckling. “Now, maybe you’ll stay put.”

“I can’t,” she replied. “I’m getting the hell out of here, and fast!”

“When?”

“Tomorrow,” she replied. “I’m going to Brazil.”

“What city?”

“I don’t know yet,” she replied. “I’ll let you know when I get settled.”

If she got settled, he thought.

“Well, be careful,” he said.

“I’ll try. Bye.”

Maybe he should forget about Regina and let her slip away, but, since he still had her money, he doubted she would stand for that. He could picture her, constantly causing problems for him, but he was so accustomed to living on the edge, it felt rather normal, and the idea of hiding out with her seemed to fit well with his usual lifestyle. If MacAbee knew about this, he’d be furious, but what could he do, from Washington? She was on her own and it worried him, but his hands were tied. If he left now, MacAbee would hunt him down, he was sure of that. And if he was found...well, he didn’t want to think about that.

Neither of them could see how their fearful thoughts were creating the conflict in their lives. They assumed it was just bad luck and completely random. The universe didn’t judge or evaluate what they did. It simply transmitted their thoughts and sent back

similar thought waves. The fear embedded within their belief systems caused their energy fields to be open to more fear and conflict. They had no idea how immensely powerful their thoughts were.

Regina's self image was extremely damaged and her sense of worth, almost nil. Because of her earlier life in Jamaica, where she was treated as a third-class citizen, abused by her husband and tossed around like an old rag, she assumed it was because she was unworthy of better. However, this was a subconscious attitude, embedded deep within her mind, affecting all of her thoughts, decisions and actions. It was not something she consciously accepted, so she spent most of her life trying to prove that she was worthy of respect. The battle going on between her conscious struggle and her embedded belief system was bound to prove disastrous. Duke Brashear existed in a similar reality, which is the reason he was so drawn to Regina. Jake, on the other hand, was vulnerable to this level of fear when he met Regina, due to his emotional state at the time. However, his belief system was based on a very different frequency of thought, therefore, their relationship could not last.