

**AISHA**



**PORTAL TO  
DRAGONDOM**

**CHRONICLES OF  
DRAGONDOM & BEYOND**





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AISHA

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PORTAL TO  
DRAGONDOM

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***Imagination is the most precious  
gift we have, no matter what age  
we are.***





# Chapter 1

## The Portal

**H**ave you ever felt the power of the ancient stones? I still remember the very first time I came to Avbury, a little village of only around five hundred people, nestled in the West country of England. An ancient megalithic stone circle; not as imposing as Stonehenge or others, but, with the village actually within the circles, the power it generates is incredible.

That had been only a few months ago, and so strong had been the calling of the stones I had moved literally

heaven and earth to find a cottage here that I could lease for several years. I knew instinctively I had to work with the magic and the ancient dragon temple within this place.

Eventually I had been led by word of mouth to a strange pair of sisters. They lived on the edge of the Forest of Dean not far as the crow flies to the north-west.

I had telephoned and they said they would have to meet me before making a decision, but, yes, they did own a family cottage in Avbury, which may be available. They would promise nothing until we met.

They had walked up the common road together and come to sit with me outside the local pub in Avbury. There was something about the Avebury sisters, for that was their surname, that was shall we say strange. They looked about the same age and while not identical, they were very similar. Gwen Avebury being a little more rounded than Mable, both quite tall, their ginger-red hair flowed down to their shoulders, wild and loose, not a hint of grey yet I knew from the conversation that they must both be in their mid-sixties at the very least. Their soft brown eyes sparkled and there was more than a hint of laughter lines. Both ladies were as brown as berries from the sun, and the beautiful west country dialect flowed like music as they greeted everyone that passed. Obviously, although they no longer lived here, they were highly respected and known.

Before our meeting was finished, they placed a very old key in my hand and told me the papers would be

available and brought to the cottage the next day. I was stunned. Then they simply seemed to melt away while I stood looking at the beautiful Tudor cottage which was to be my new home. Their older brother had left it fully furnished and in fact, everything was there.

I looked with joy at the cottage, then again at the key in my hand for only a few seconds. When I turned, they were nowhere to be seen.

That night, I had stayed in the local Inn and I saw them in my dreams, I saw the stones and the cottage, I also saw ravens sitting on their hands. Behind them stood a striking man with long, mane like hair. His face not quite human in form, in fact, he looked almost feline. They all smiled.

“Welcome to our world Aisha. Now you are family and we will watch over you while you learn who you really are.

Welcome home.”

I awoke with a start.

That had been the beginning of my world turning upside down. The beginning of the power of this place changing me and drawing me deeper and deeper into a world, or should I say, worlds beyond anything I could have expected. Beyond a normal life.

The unseen forces here are so strong that since arriving I have spent hours simply soaking in the

knowledge they transmute into me. I have lost track of time, but it must only have been a week after moving in that I stumbled on a portal. At the time I had been standing with my back against a particular stone when I was seriously buzzed by a wasp. My automatic reaction was to move backwards, I am not very good with wasps, actually I dislike them. Retreat was blocked by the massive stone, so I moved sideways and lost my footing. Everything around me shimmered and as I gained my feet I panicked slightly as I was no longer facing either the wasp, nor now, the view of the stones and the village. Everything around me had changed.

Standing now in a twilight instead of under a blue sky, on a warm sunny day. Now the stones which I was used to, had changed and seemed taller, they were also now two complete circles and I was standing within the centre circle. There was no traffic sound, in fact, the only sounds I could hear were nature. Birds and insect sounds filled the air and I could smell wood smoke on the breeze as it gently played with my hair as it passed.

I jumped as I heard my name and spun around on the spot.

“Welcome Aisha. I see you found the portal alright. Good. Now maybe we can work better together than just through your dream state.”

My heart pounded in my chest and my breath caught in my throat at what I saw in front of me. There was a

creature not only from a fantasy world, but also from my dreams. A full-sized purple dragon.

It blinked and like a lizard a membrane seemed to come across its eyes from the side as well as the lids closing momentarily. I could feel the warmth of its breath it was, so close. I wanted to run but was rooted to the spot.

“Ah. Well aren’t you going to say hello, young lady? Cat got your tongue or are you just trying to work out if you are asleep again. I am real, come on, I don’t bite, nor do I burn things up just on a whim. Reach out and touch me if you don’t believe me.”

Hesitating, I moved my hand forward.

When I put my hand on my dragon for the first time and felt he was solid. A real dragon not a vision or something of my imagination, then at that moment, I thought my heart would burst it was racing so fast. A mixture of fear and wonder filled every cell in my body as I climbed on his back as he directed and it was then he showed me, under the rising full moon, the portal he used.

Since then, at night when all is quiet, I slip out from my cottage and use the portal. We meet in the ancient equivalent of the Avbury rings and every time my dragon friend is there awaiting my arrival.

Now no longer afraid, I am learning so much, every time we meet there is a different teaching, a different time in the history of our world has been unveiled to me under

the guidance of my Mon-Tey. My dragon teacher. I have also visited, but not been able to interact with what he calls future possible timelines of our future.

In the early hours of the morning, before the first cockerel crows, we meet and for a while we spend time in these other dimensions and times so I can learn things he says I will need to remember going forwards.

Last night when we parted he told me to be ready for the next step in my learning. Then as always he simply melted through the portal and was gone.

The rain was pouring down when I woke and today was not going to be a day for sitting in the fields. After my shower and coffee I had come up to the attic room with the hope I could make myself finish unpacking the boxes and getting the last of my life into order. I am after all going to be staying for a long time. I know that now.

It was quite dark, so I flicked on the small table light to allow me to see properly what I was doing. Up here in the eaves of the cottage the ancient wooden beams both in the ceiling space and in the exterior walls were visible and while dark, they actually made the room feel cosy. It smelt of old books. I wanted to turn it into a spare bedroom, but right now a dozen boxes sat in the way of that dream.

While I mused on what it could look like I felt my name being called again, rather than actually heard it.

“Aisha. Aisha are you ready?”

I looked around then vocally answered.

"Where are you? Guide me."

Everything around me shimmered. Behind the large wall carpet on the far wall now there was a very bright light. I instinctively knew I had to go to it. Lifting the edge of the hanging and walking behind it I could see the light came through what appeared to be an opening, an opening I had never seen before.

I relaxed my body and took several deep infinity breaths and answered the call.

Now I was standing in the rich green undergrowth. The large spade-like leaves were dark green and covered with droplets of dew. The dew drops catching the light that found its way through the high canopy, sparkling like cut diamonds with all the colours of the rainbow.

I called again for directions, but there was no reply.

Turning to see if the doorway was still there, I found it was gone, my way home had disappeared. I felt a second of panic, but I knew I had to go on.

Instinctively I knew it was important and although it was all so strange I tried to keep my breathing even and hold my fear under control.

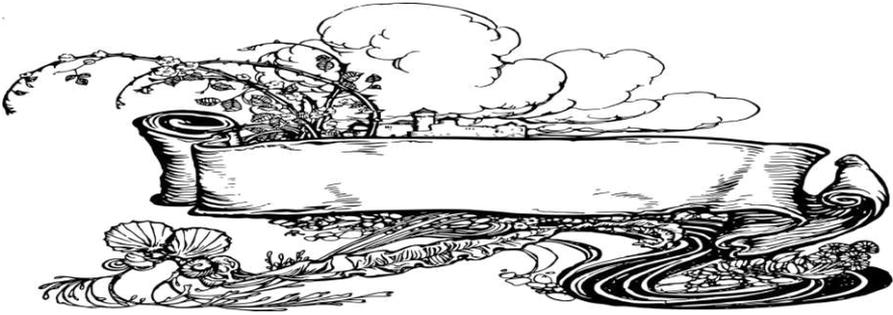
Then *déjà vu* set in as just beyond the first vines and bushes I could see a large dragon with a young lady, dressed in a shimmering trouser suit and tunic walking away from me together.

Again, that voice.

"Are you coming?"

I knew I had no choice. While part of me just wanted to run and somehow find the portal again, just to know that I could; another part of me felt I was about to embark on an adventure of a lifetime. So often I had gone to different worlds simply using my mind but here, right now I was standing in my own flesh. I had really, physically come into a different reality, a different and unknown world.

So although my heart was bounding, I swallowed my fears and followed.



## Chapter 2

# Understanding

**M**oving through the twilight world between the hanging vines and the tall trees; the dragon clearing the path ahead with her massive body. I followed them for they were moving forward with a purpose.

Then almost by magic, the scenery changed.

Coming to the edge of a clearing. In front of us was the edge of a grassy bank that seemed to slope gently into a large pond or maybe it was a lake, the sound of the falling water came from a beautiful waterfall at the far side of the water, maybe some three hundred feet from where

we stood. The water cascading down a sheer cliff several hundred feet before crashing into the churning water below. Even from here the sound was almost deafening. A beautiful rainbow hung in the air, heavy with spray caught in the sunlight.

Looking at the direction of the sun, which may have been the East or the West, for I had no sense of time. Nor if it was near to sunrise or sunset; there was a rise in the ground, it was in this direction that the mighty dragon started to move. I made to follow, but, a staying hand touched my arm.

“Let her go alone”

And so I followed the young woman towards the water's edge while her friend moved off to the side. I sat and looked, for the first time at her.

“Aisha? You have found that fractile of yourself which for so long you were missing. Do you feel it?”

“Really?”

The question rose in my mind, almost in disbelief. That musical voice invaded my mind again.

“Ha-ha. Yes, I am you, you know that deep inside for you already know your higher self. Yes, we are as one, from different times, and realms and dimensions, yet one with each other in the All That Is. My name is Princess Milana of the Royal Elven house of Arionel; and my friend is my Mon-Tey. She is my teacher and, guardian and I am her rider as well as her friend and her willing student. We

are united for eternity so strong is the bond between dragon and rider.”

She smiled and tilted her head on one side slightly. It was then I noticed her slightly pointed ears for the first time.

“We thank you for coming. Only you could release us from the enchanted prison. We have hoped that one day the human part of us, you, would awaken and accept the challenges. Knowing that at that time my call would be heard and we hoped. And you came.”

She smiled at me.

“Then you shimmered and were gone. We knew you would have to come back, in solid form, so that you could continue. So we waited.”

It was almost as if she was waiting for that to sink into my mind.

“Call me Milana, after all we are as one. Anyway, titles mean nothing here, only what one is, and what one does. How much do you remember of the Oneness of the All That Is?”

She looked at me, her head inclined slightly to the side.

“Well.”

I hesitated slightly. I wasn't used to talking about what I could do, or what I knew I was.

“For most of my Earthly life, I have just had the feeling that I *knew* things. I have always been an outsider

at home, few people seem to like being around me. They think of me as strange.”

I smiled, covering the voice within which was telling me to not say all I was. I had said enough, for now. It is not time, even here, to say I am a Quantum Time traveller, and that I activate leylines and anchor timelines; or that I am a Wisdom writer.

“Most people believe, in my dimension, that their life is all there is. I understand that we are all energy. We are in many places, dimensions and once I learned to Quantum leap I found so much more. I found myself in so many lives, but again, until recently I even thought I was strange at times.”

I paused.

“In my world, I think moving to the tiny, ancient village of Avbury and living within the ancient stone circle there, has opened the doors between worlds more for me. I have always felt their power.”

She laughed. The sound was so musical, and I found myself smiling, and my heart feeling lightened. I knew deep inside that I was whole now. I had found what was missing. The fact she had pointed ears and was obviously Elven did not bother me, in fact, it excited me. The fact she was a Princess, made no matter, I had found her, she was safe, and she had known I would come.

“I have met my own Mon-Tey.”

I said quietly, almost not sure if I should tell her.

She looked straight at me. I saw her eyes narrow slightly, and felt her mind bore into my heart centre. Then she relaxed.

"Yes." She said.

"I see it in your heart. This has helped you to find us, and to get here before it was too late for everything."

There seemed to be tears welling up in her eyes.

"So?"

She turned slightly as she gathered her composure again.

"Tell me of your Dragon. But, not the name, for that is sacred between rider and dragon."

Yes, I already knew that.

"You are not just in a teacher and pupil, friend and protector relationship with your Mon-Tey as most are. You are also a Dragon rider. Did you know?"

Again that musical laughter bounced around my head.

Now I explained a bit about meeting my dragon. The fact he was similar in shape to her Emerald dragon, but, smaller. He had told me he was a "Tica" or young dragon and had been sent to find me. He had chosen to take this mission from what he knew from my higher avatars. The higher frequency me, from dimensions beyond human accessibility. Parts of ourselves hidden until we as humans raised our vibration from hate, greed, anger and the low vibration attributes that held, hold, humanity in lack and

slavery to our nine to five world.

Once my own vibrational field had risen to a level that he could get to if only for limited time, he made contact, first in my dreams. He had also been with me many times when I quantum jumped to other dimensions, to work, or as most would say in my world; he was in my imagination. Then he had come through the hidden portal in the stone circle near the cottage. He had taught me many things and took me riding over the rolling hills and the ancient stone circle and other sacred sites where I lived by night. He had allowed me to witness them as they had been as well as taking me to different times of my world and many dimensions. This he said was all part of helping me remember who I was really.

I treasured those moments. I had continued channelling through all the others who were my teachers and protectors and now I had added "my Little One".

I laughed when I felt her tense at the name. and assured her that was not his name. When he had told me the reason and the law so to speak between dragon and rider I had given him a pet name. Keeping his true name to myself. She visibly relaxed.

I went on to tell her that because I live alone, and out in the countryside, we spent a lot of time together, and in the last few weeks had been on several small missions for the All That Is. Her angular eyebrows rose.

I explained that over the years I had developed

enough of my own psychic ability to be totally aware and was attuned all day and night.

I had worked from a very early age in the Astral plains, and now, beyond those. Working as it were with higher realms including the celestials. Yes, on Earth some called these the angels. I also worked with myself from higher dimensions.

Most of what I knew I had learned, not from doing courses with human, earthbound teachers, but with teachers from the Astral, my mentors included a very old, tiny, African shaman who had been with me since I was about five years old. He always accompanied me, and taught me, bit by bit.

I laughed at the memory of his first teaching me to shapeshift. I had learned to become a tiger, a puma, an owl, and an eagle. I went wolf on occasion and dolphin. I also told her of the dreams of swimming underwater, breathing without artificial aids. The sheer joy and freedom I had felt.

Back on Earth, I helped people with my ability to see and feel things most humans couldn't tap into. Some humans did this with cards and other ways. For me, I, as a wisdom writer simply wrote and their answers, the guidance they really needed, filtered through the codex.

It was almost a relief to be able to describe what I did, and know that I was not being looked on like a lunatic that needed to be locked up. Yet, even now I was only

telling a part of what I was. What I am.

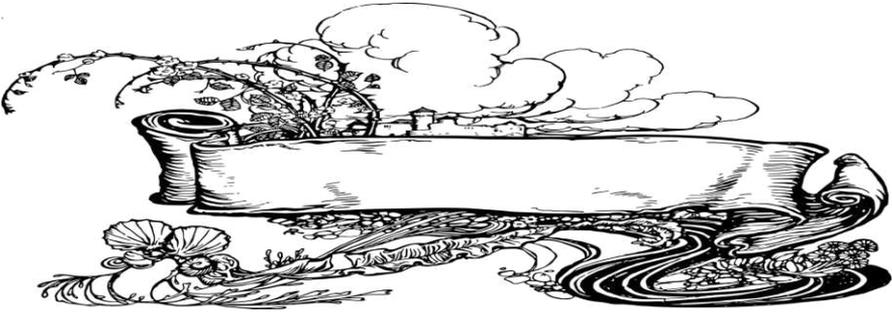
Then, I heard a gentle voice.

“Aisha. How did you find me?”

I looked up and into her grey eyes and noticed she was crying. When you are telepathically connected, you cannot hide your thought. Or if you could, I didn't know how yet and so I told her. I told her the truth, that it had been years that I heard a faint call; but not until now had I answered it. Had the courage to answer her call for help.

She stood up and walked silently to the water, bent down and splashed her face. Her total silence made me feel alone and very sad. I felt I had made her, and her dragon suffer because I was so wrapped up in my own pain and unworthiness.

It had only been when my purple dragon had come into my life that I had truly once more opened to feel, to know that I was more than I had ever dreamt. It helped bring back a balance I had lost.



## Chapter 3

# No Going Back

**S**tanding up suddenly she turned to me, then looked past me in the direction her dragon had left earlier.

“Come. It is time we went back into Dragondom. It is time for you to meet, in person, those who have awaited you as much as we have.”

“But...”

I started to speak. Then I heard a voice in my mind that I knew well telling me to do as I was bidden. A voice one does not refuse.

So I simply stood and followed Milana over in the

direction in which the Emerald Dragon had gone.

We found her basking in an area where the sun's rays were streaming down. She looked so much better than when she had left us. She obviously heard or sensed us approaching and raised her massive head to watch us.

"Ah, it is time to go home methinks and let our kin folk know that the prophecy is now going to come into the next stage after all the waiting."

She sighed and stood up.

"Tut..tut. Now, what are we going to do about our heroines clothing? She can't appear like, *that*."

I looked down in horror and realized I was still in my bathrobe that I had put over my jeans and t-shirt after washing my hair. Oh, how embarrassing. I had been in such a hurry I had not done the correct thing and dressed first. But then I wasn't expecting to do more than answer the call and go back home.

They both looked at me. I could see the humour in their eyes and hear it in my mind.

"Sartina will have some clothes that will fit her when we get to the castle. I am fairly certain they are about the same hight and size, or failing that we can just send out for some while she rests."

Milana managed to say through her giggles.

"Mm."

Said the Emerald Dragon, who looked as if she was contemplating saying something else. I waited.

“How good are you, or *can* you, shapeshift?”

Why hadn't I thought of that?

“Not bad. What would be best for this journey?

Remember I don't know where or how we are going. I can go bird, or animal within reason.”

They looked at each other, maybe they were talking and hiding their thoughts.

“Well, if you go bird then you can hop on me with Milana and I will do the work. Let us see. It will be getting dark when we arrive at the outpost so how about an owl?”

I smiled. At least she had not suggested something too small. I hated small. I heard her laughter. She had picked up on my thought. So I calmed my mind, took a few deep breaths and started to visualize a beautiful Snowy Owl. If I had to go bird I might as well do it in style and show them what I could do.

I knew more than anything I had to believe, and to visualize fully what I intended to become. Always before I had not been in my physical being when doing this. I had always been in the Astral. Travelling physically, in other dimensions, I was not really sure if I had or had not been able to because traveling with Little One it had never been something I had done. Again I centred myself. I could do this, deep down I knew I could.

As always the melding started slow, then quickly completed. I always knew when, because first my head allowed me to see nearly three hundred and sixty degrees

around me. Then there was the customary, itch I got from the feathers. I shook myself. Fluffed out my feathers and homed my wide-eyed gaze directly into the eyes of the dragon. I had done it.

“Very nice,” she said in a playful tone.

“Come on, hop onto Milana’s gloved hand. No, digging your talons in too deeply, and let's get going.”

I waited until she had mounted herself on her dragons back and then did as I was bidden. Making a great effort not to grip too tight, but, tight enough so I would not fall off as we left the ground. I had no sooner settled, and we were airborne; flying directly towards the waterfall. For a second I was too stunned to do anything but look at where we were heading. Then we were through. No soaked feathers, no wet bird floating in the boiling waters churned around in the pond below. No. We were flying in clear, dry air.

Far below, I could see valleys and hills, there were also forests and open land. The waterfall had been an illusion to keep this portal unseen. I felt my little heart pounding at my chest as if it was a caged animal fighting for its freedom. Obviously, the Princess, Milana, must have understood as she raised her free hand and gently stroked my feathered head. As my heart rate returned to a more normal speed for an owl, I started to look around me at this beautiful sight.

The sun was going down, well I presumed it was, or

I would not have been asked to turn into an owl. But, the air was full of wonderful sounds, I could hear for miles and see just as far. There were Dragons on the wing, flying free. I could hear all sorts of voices, higher in frequency than human voices. Many of these were animals and birds, but also there were others which I knew, yet couldn't put my finger on to their species. I allowed my mind, my owl mind to open and just let them flow which gave me in flashing images the group from which each came. I picked up now flashing images of creatures I had only seen in children's fairy stories. Of faeries and pixies, of unicorns and sprites but there were also others much below the normal human audio frequency, beyond the bears and other beasts I now noted griffin and centaur, water creatures of vast size that I did not know, yet, again were familiar to some part of my mind.

I fluffed my feathers slightly as a cool breeze caught me. Now, once more back in the now of the time, I looked around and allowed myself to soak in the things closer in as we flew effortlessly through the sky.

The land looked lush and green, the field mice and other small animals were fat and well fed. Oh, Aisha, stop that thought before it starts, you don't know the laws or manners here. Etiquette. Remember the law. For a micron of time the me that was human struggled to overcome the owl mind. I turned my attention to the sky and filtered out the delicious sounds from far below as we flew on into the

growing twilight. I looked at the triple moons that were growing in light, they each had a slightly different coloured hue to them. One was almost a silky cream, the larger one a light orange and the smallest seemed to be a rich magenta. This was like no place I had been before. I let my mind disconnect and could feel the peace and tranquillity that seeped through all that was.

I started and fluffed up my feathers as we landed, and I was suddenly brought back to the Now. We were in an enclosed garden courtyard. All around the tall granite like construction towered. It looked as if it must be six or seven floors high. Each with a covered, pillared balcony overlooking the space in which we had landed. To one end, even above this, I could make out the buttresses of a large tower. The window spaces were enormous and all were filled with bright light.

My attention was drawn back as I heard Milana call out to her friend she had spoken of. Sartina. As we waited, she got down from the back of her dragon and as she slid down she cupped her hand around me to stop me from falling and having to grab on tight or fly.

"It's okay." She whispered

"I think you had better stay bird till we get somewhere private. I may not be able to shapeshift myself, but I do know that it can be a bit enlightening, shall we say, when you return to humanoid form with no clothes on."

She had a point, and I had no intention of doing so anyway, like this, I could get away with being quiet during this reunion. I hopped off her arm and flapped my wings just enough to land me on the lower branch of a nearby apple tree.

“Milana? Is that really you. Oh by Zorgon!”

I watched as a beautiful elven woman in a long flowing skirt and tight bodice over a white long-sleeved blouse came through one of the large doorways and seemed to glide across the space to greet Milana.

They hugged each other tightly, and both were crying in sheer joy at being reunited. Then Sartina, let go of her friend and ran the few steps to the Emerald Dragon and did the same.

I could hear her laughter as she apologized for the lack of proper protocol, but she was just so happy to see them both safe and well. Then came the “How? When? What happened ?”

The Emerald dragon suggested that they go inside, and not forget me. She was going to fly back to her clan and let them know she was free and safe if they didn't already know.

Up to this point I had been basically invisible and it was now that Milana came over and put her arm up to let me step over.

“Let me introduce you to Aisha, the one who rescued

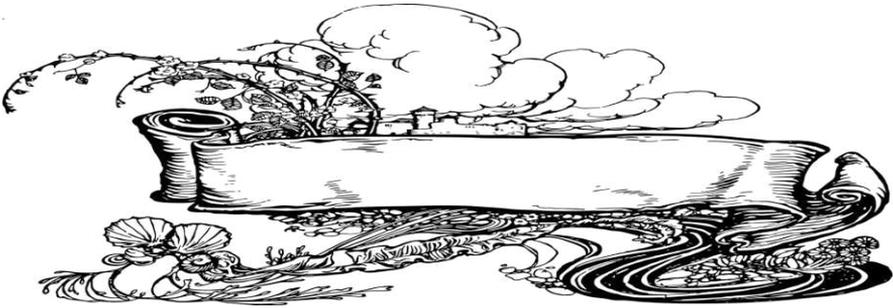
us from the cave. Oh. Don't look surprised, she actually is a human, and she can shapeshift as you can see."

Now she laughed.

"I hope you have some clothes she can borrow; you know, just in case she hasn't got any when she changes. She is about the same size as you, well, maybe a tiny bit shorter."

Suddenly Sartina was coming in really close as if not quite sure if I was real or just an illusion. Then tentatively she stretched out her hand and stroked me.

"Hello Aisha, we will find you something. Come let us get you to one of our best guestrooms so you can, uh, change and maybe rest up a little."



## Chapter 4

# Dragondom

I opened my eyes and looked straight up at a vaulted ceiling. The intricate patterns were highlighted in what looked like gold. They looked very similar to the flower of life pattern that I had seen so often. These made up the central zone of each of the three vaults that made the width of the room. As I sat up, I looked towards the vast window space. These were rounded on the top and had pillars down either side. They looked medieval to me on first glance, standing maybe twelve feet tall and four feet wide with the most exquisite rich purple drapes I had ever seen. The floor felt cold

underfoot, the massive polished slabs of stone were scattered at intervals with ornate rugs. On the walls hung shields and swords that glistened in the early morning sun. My room was high up in the castle. We had flown in on the back of the Emerald Dragon long after the triple moons had risen. I did not know what to expect, but my hostess, whose name I was told was Sartina, was a kinswoman of Princess Milana of Arionel with whom I travelled.

I had no idea how long I had slept, but with the sun now up I hurried to dress in the clothes that I had kindly been given and find out more about where I was. Out of the window, the sky was dotted with dragons flying freely around. Oh, what a beautiful sight. I literally pinched my arm to make sure it wasn't just a dream.

So often the worlds I quantum jumped into were either ravaged by war or overrun with AI. This felt so peaceful.

This was my first trip to Dragondom, and honestly, I had no idea about anything apart from the bits I had learned already from my own dragon. But, here, on this trip, I was alone having literally answered a telepathic call for help which had led me to the Emerald Dragon and the Princess. Now I seemed to be an honoured guest in a land I knew nothing about and without Little One I felt naked.

As if on a speed dial, as I had finished washing in the ornate bowl of water placed on a pedestal near the fireplace, I heard the musical sound of Milana in my mind.

“Good morning sleepy head, turn left as you leave your bed chamber and follow the stairs down three flights and join us in the nursery, just off to the left.”

I smiled and did as I was told. I could hear laughter and what sounded like young dragons purring; yes, they do purr when happy.

There was no door. Just a massive arched doorway that led into a large room that overlooked the inner courtyard. Sat in the window area with two young dragons, one on either side, was the young lady who was my hostess. With her was a much happier and healthier looking Milana, both of them literally shone with happiness.

I bowed my head in the direction of my hostess. I felt and heard her laughter in my head. While I can use my telepathic powers it is a little rusty, and I felt a little uncomfortable, this I also knew would be picked up by the two friends.

“Aisha, please, do not feel less than you are.”

The pretty, musical voice was that of my hostess. She smiled at me, a warm genuine smile.

“Please, if you prefer we can use our voices and speak with sound, however, you are doing fine, and after what you did yesterday ,and bringing our dear friend back to us...if you wished to speak hedgehog we would do so.”

At this all three of us laughed and the ice was broken. She stood up.

“Come. We can talk on the way, for unless we leave

now the young ones will be late for their history classes and that would never do.”

With that, she and the dragon pups literally seemed to float past with me and Milana left to follow. We looked at each other, both simultaneously shrugged our shoulders and did so.

Outside the Castle, there was a very large area with trees in clusters around it. Here there seemed to be hundreds of tiny and small-sized dragons of various colours and shapes.

Some looked as if they were large flying lizards or treehoppers. Others similar in shape to my dragon friend and the emerald dragon, others were different in shape and size. Every colour of the rainbow seemed to be here with various hues of every colour imaginable. What a joy-filled sound.

Sartina was off to the side under a clump of what looked like willow trees talking with several girls and young women. Many of these had baby dragons in their arms, others were playing chase with the little ones.

Milana informed me that Sartina kept her castle here on the outlying zone of the Dragon Kingdom, known as Dragondom, in Arionel as a nursery zone for baby dragons who would be going back to their parents in their positions "off world" when they were old enough. The young ladies and girls where if you like here not only as nursery staff

but also so the babies grew up accustomed to the type of being they would be interacting with on their "home" planet area.

They lived in the castle and also helped out along with the dragons in other aspects of the community as well. An important role played by everyone was to help to instil values, community spirit into the youngsters at the earliest age.

Deep in conversation as we were, neither noticed where the youngsters were. Suddenly we were both knocked sideways by what at first I took to be a very large ball, although in hindsight I should have known as balls are not usually scaly. It, however, wasn't a ball. As it came to a stop it uncurled, revealing itself to be the cutest little dragon I have ever seen. Apologizing in squeaks it fled as fast as it's little legs could take it, while Milana called after it to be more careful, but that no harm was done. Then she looked at me and we both burst out laughing.

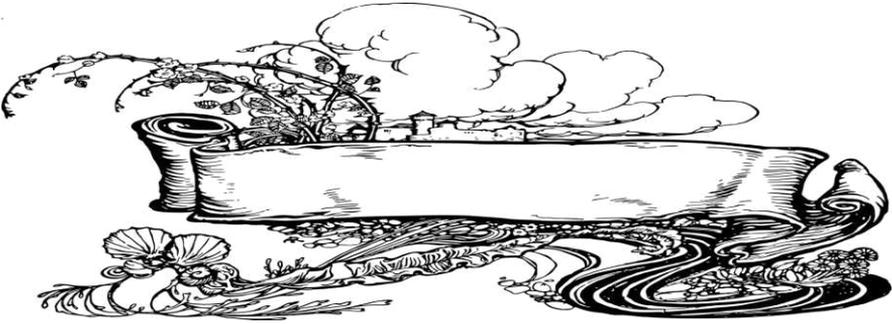
"Come on. Let's get out of here. There is plenty of time to answer a million questions that will be asked. Anyway, I want to show you some of my home world. It is all new to you so, I have the pleasure of showing it with pride. I have heard tell of Earth, your home, in my lessons with the High Wizard, and how it has become such a sad place lost for so long from the Collective consciousness and turned instead into a place of pain and want. He told me of dying forests and dead waters. I want you to see Arionel.

Here magic still exists.”

She started off towards the side of the castle, then stopped.

“You do ride don't you?”

Milana looked at me. I nodded.



## Chapter 5

# Magical Moments

Two unicorns appeared around the corner.

“Morning Milana, do you wish to accompany us into the hills?”

The lead Unicorn seemed to bow its head slightly, and I could hear its voice clearly in my mind.

Going at a leisurely pace we sat on the unicorn’s backs or walked along behind them as we slowly rose along what looked like a well-worn track into the nearby hills below the craggy peaks that stood almost blue in the distance.