

CAUGHT
BETWEEN TWO
WORLDS

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WORLDS
CHRONICLES OF
DRAGONDOM & BEYOND
SERIES

LESLEY M. LAWS

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Introduction



A few words from the Author.

Our world is changing. Some may say that the vibrations and the consciousness of humanity are rising thus opening more of the quantum reality of everything to us. Changes in the Schumann resonance are a visual sign of this. However we can also add that with “disclosure” all around us, there are few who now believe we are the only species in the Universe and more eyes look to the skies than ever before, and so I believe it is time to bring Aisha’s logs and her life in the multiversal worlds, to those who wish to enjoy going into the Stars and meeting some of our neighbors.

Science fiction? Fantasy? I leave that to you to decide. I only am the “pen” who pens the words and knows the truth deep in my heart.

If you are a Trekkie or if the other epic Sci-Fi Series, films or books live in your heart then how often have you, like me looked back at these old epics only to see in our reality today so many things that Captain Kirk, Spock or others in other epics like Star Wars said, now mainstream. We met beings from across the galaxies “going were no man had been before.”

If Quantum Jumping through other dimensions, Time and Space, changing avatars to enable interaction and powers to be on hand to fight the Old Empire or simply to watch the world on which you have found yourself, are enjoyable to you. Or traveling to Shambalah, the mystery schools and Aisha being tested by the Gods, working with the Federation of Galaxies and numerous beings from other worlds - then hop on board.

Not forgetting those who were enchanted by the work of JJR Tolkien, you will find the Wizard and the Elven clans coming to the aid of humanity and the Light. The dragon riders and the others, are all within these Chronicles as they lead, teach and fight alongside the Cosmic Aisha.

I make no secret of the fact that all these have had an influence on my way of writing, I am an Intuitive Writer and the feeling, the excitement of those greats stay with me in parts of the dusty filing cabinet of my mind, along with my own very real understanding that we are not alone and never have been. Today more are aware than back, for example in the 1970's or 80's that UFO or now called UAP's do exist and are manned. Are they from our future? From different galaxies or constellations in our own galaxy? I leave that to you, but I personally am aware and this also brings a very real depth, I hope to the multiversal log of Aisha.

Aisha is a slightly different take. A modern, kid who walks through a tear in the Quantum field of Time and Space and from there learns she is something very different, she just didn't know it.

Okay, I add humor, and as long as you remember that holographic worlds, Portals in Time, Teleportation and Translocation are not new, and although she doesn't often need to ask someone to "Beam her up..." as she can do it herself. I hope even you will enjoy this series. Believe me the worlds she is traveling to within the first series even make a Time Lord (Tabius) enjoy his cameo roles at times.

Welcome to my world – The Chronicles of Dragondom & Beyond, so shall we begin?

Oh. By the way all my work is done by, or through me, a human, not AI.

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The Portal

Have 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 neither 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 center circle. There was no traffic sound, in fact, the only sounds I could hear where 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 span 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. I am your next teacher, it is time to learn new skills.”

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. He took me back to the very beginning, the seeding of life on Earth and explained that while humans believed dragons and elementals, elves and unicorns were simply fairy tales for children, they were indeed real, as real as space ships and federation members both humanoid and other. As I stopped fighting what I was learning then we progressed and since I have also visited, but not been able to interact with what he calls future possible timelines of our Earth’s future.

I have watched space craft’s sliding into our future dimensions and seen them in our past. I have seen the incredible previous civilizations from a history hidden from us, even though it is part of our true history.

In the early hours of the morning, before the first cockerel crows, we meet and for a while we spend time in these other quantum 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 cozy. 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 colors of the rainbow. The air was humid and there was a faint smell of cordite. An electric energy seemed to permeate forward from between the thick wall of hanging vines before me.

I looked closely and could make out tiny dancing rays of electric blue that seemed to dance between the vegetation. I called again for directions; but there was no reply. Only the fizzing of electricity arcing ahead of me. 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. This must be what my dragon had warned me was about to happen. I wished he was also here for while I had travelled in the physical with him, this time I had done so alone, I had really, physically come into a different reality, a different and unknown world. So although my heart was pounding, I swallowed my fears and followed.



Chapter



Understanding

Moving 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. She laughed.

“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 Montey. 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, 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 traveler, 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 learnt 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. Thankfully Little One had prepared 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. Her eyes narrow slightly, her mind boring into my heart center. Then she relaxed.

“Yes, 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.

“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 a 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 channeling

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, others call them ET's. I also worked with myself from higher dimensions.

Most of what I knew I had learnt, 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 learnt 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.



No Going Back

Standing 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 humor 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 height 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 centered 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 colored 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 tranquility that seeped through all that was. I started and fluffed up my feathers as we landed,

and I was suddenly bought back to reality. 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. It's a shame my husband can't also be here to greet you. I know he will be disappointed but, he was called suddenly to a new mission of world. He works for a branch of the Elven security section in the Galactic Federation.”

She sighed and together we all moved into the castle.



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 learnt 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 honored 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 colors 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 color of the rainbow seemed to be here with various hues of every color 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 instill 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 its 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.



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.

Milana started to explain how Arionel was part of a planet. It was predominantly one land mass with four major seas. However, within the main section of the land were also hidden freshwater seas that gave sustenance to all. No, they were not hidden in the sense of secret, they were either fully underground or partly underground. Many mountains and old volcanoes were dotted around and these too had their own climates and forests as well as rivers and streams. The

water flowed down into the valleys and the underworld. There were two other regions which were classed as No Time. They were places that the teleportation and incoming and outgoing galactic and inter-galactic visitors passed through. Many of these travelers were not aware that what I was seeing even existed. Others were given instruction there before coming into Arionel itself. She explained where I had found her was in fact in one of these zones.

Aeons before this had been set up for the safety of all who lived here. A means by which Arionel could be kept clear of contamination by races who may like to control the guardians. These guardians, the dragons and also her people and all the others I would meet, who helped maintain balance and assisted in putting into place the terraforms needed on specific galactic worlds when called upon by the High Council of the All That Is, to do so. The designers, the council, had no physical form and would designate such operations to watch and enjoy. Once the terraforming was done and everything required established they could be colonized with life forms, who, would then take over the duty of protectors of that place. As with Earth, and millions of others.

We rode the unicorns into a beautiful green valley where there was a pasture of lush grass and thousands of wildflowers adding to the beautiful carpet. As we entered over a low pass the view was breath-taking, within the valley bottom there was a small herd of unicorns. Young and old simply enjoying the sun and grazing in total peace. As we approached a youngster came trotting over.

“Wow Princess we heard you were home. Mother said she felt you coming a while ago, but I didn’t believe her.”

Princess Milana jumped down from her mount and knelt beside the young foal, wrapping her arms around its neck and planted a kiss on the white star on its forehead just above the bud of its tiny horn.

“Yes, we are home sweet one. This is Aisha and she has

come to see us all and helped to bring me and the Emerald Dragon safely home. My, haven't you grown since last I saw you, well, actually felt you before you were born when I said goodbye to your mother."

She looked at me and smiled.

"Jazorna here was due to be born just after I had to leave for the cave. Part of my gifts is to be able to talk with the soon to be. So we had met, and now we meet again and what a beauty she has turned into."

Now she stood as I slid from the back of the unicorn mount I had been riding and thanked her.

"Come, let's go and sit in a special place where you can see all this, and we can finish talking."

She called hello to all that stood now with their heads facing where we were, and then led the way up a small incline to sit on a rocky outcrop, overlooking the full expanse of the valley and the forested slopes that surrounded it on three sides.

My mind wandered at the peace and beauty of all that I had seen so far, there was no noise of traffic, nor planes flying across the sky. It was as if here there was no modern world as I had always known on earth. Everything was natural and yet, everything felt very real and I felt I knew it all somehow. Like *déjà vu*.

As we sat on an outcrop of rocks that were warming in the early sun, overlooking a small valley surrounded by the beautiful mature deciduous forest where the herd of unicorns were grazing and playing, the world outside seemed a million miles away.

I bought my mind back to what Milana was telling me. She was talking about the rare, but, present dangers which occasionally threatened parts of Arionel. Especially the zones nearest to the "No Time" sectors.

While dragons could detect any darkness in any heart and thus prevent its entry. The ones in the All That Is who

had chosen a darker path where occasionally lucky, mostly because they had found other methods on entry without detection and started to infect locals.

There was always a group of light warriors who stayed on the planet. As also there was the Elven Kingdom here in Arionel with their own security, as this was an aid to the other elementals and dragons. She made me start when her monologue suddenly changed.

“By Zorgon!! Now you are here, and the prophecy has been proven to be going into the next stage, they are bound to start something.”

She looked at me.

“Wait here, please. I won't be long.”

And with that, she disappeared up the rise and out of sight, at a speed that seemed impossible.

I knew then that I still had a great deal to learn.

I closed my eyes and wished. Right now I wished more than anything to be wearing clothes that were more in keeping with running around countryside and climbing, for me a silk like gypsy dress and sandals was certainly not that, nor did I feel that comfortable. Oh for a pair of jeans or something like the jumpsuit style clothing with a short wrap skirt like my new friend wore. Her movement told me she felt completely at ease while I felt, like a china doll afraid of breaking.

I never heard her come back. I was so deep in my own inner world and watching the sheer beauty of this world around me.

“Come.”

She grabbed for my hand as she bounced across the jagged rocks like a mountain goat, from behind me.

“We have to get to the stone circle down in the valley. I'll try to explain as we go.”

Then her words cut off and I saw surprise on her face.

“Oh, I like your suit. Good. Come on.”

She dived past me and bounced over the edges of the rocks as she propelled herself down the meandering path we had come up from the valley. Once only did she look back. I was confused and looked down expecting to see the lilac dress that I was wearing, but, no dress. I was instead dressed in a black jumpsuit similar in design to that worn by Princess Milana. My hand went to my throat and, yes, there also it was the same, a high collar with leather style belting both at the collar and across the bodice holding the flap in place to the one side. It was what I have visualized when I made my wish. I almost laughed. Then realized I was being left behind for she was still running and was nearly halfway down the hillside.

I caught up as the slope of the land lessened and we sped across the green field like meadow, filled with daisy and buttercup and other beautiful flowers I have never seen before. The youngsters darted out of our way, and the adults simply moved slightly to the side, so we did not collide with them in our haste. I heard a call go out to Milana, asking if she needed help. She laughed and said she had just been given permission to use the circle to get home and was eager to see everyone.

The tension left the air, and all seemed right with the world again. Well. It did with the world outside of me and her, for through her grip now on my hand I could feel the tension and worry in her, for we were as one.

As we entered the trees, I picked up all the woodland life around us. Everything and everyone seemed to be alive and talking. It was like a full symphony orchestra playing in my head. We headed forward, not breaking out of the rhythm set up in the pace as we crossed the meadow.

Weaving between saplings, jumping over fallen tree limbs and the entrances to rabbit burrows. Ever forward. At last, ahead I could make out an area where the sun's rays seemed to be stronger and could catch glimpses of standing

stones. We skidded to a halt on the edge of the tree line and Milana dropped to one knee and pulled me down alongside her. We waited in complete silence for several seconds just watching the stone circle.

At first, I thought it was my eyes. The air within the circle seemed to shimmer as if I was looking through a heat haze in the desert Little One had taken me to on a planet called Rondormine. I blinked but it made no difference, and then Milana touched my arm as she rose and started forwards.

By the time we reached the outer ring of stones together with the shimmering air, there was a distinct hum in the air. Then, three figures materialized.

They were tall and slim in build; their clothing was that I had seen on Milana the first time I saw her, but they also wore shiny cloaks of silvery materials that looked as thin as gossamer. One of them looked to be carrying another cloak over his arm.

“Come. Don't question anything, put the cloak over your shoulders and stand next to me. Hold my hand and breathe through the move.”

The way she spoke. The urgency with which she instructed me told me she was deadly serious, and I complied. For the moment at least it felt as if the holiday was over.

The shimmering I had witnessed as we awaited the arrival of our transport guides, or should I say better, our personal guard. Had been the materialization of a vortex. Now we were once more within the energized field and it gained momentum. We, all of us, were standing close within the stillness inside the eye. What Milana was unaware of was I was totally at home using a vortex to travel. I had been using mine and that of myself and my twin or eternal soul partner for many years, even before we had become aware we were physically within the same Timeline.

As the humming slowed and the spinning of the air around the walls of the vortex also reduced in speed I knew we had reached our destination. Then they vanished and we were standing in a similar standing stone circle, but this was in a different location.

Both I and Milana were ushered forwards by our minders. As we stepped out of the circle, she relaxed. Turning to those who had come to get us she thanked each in turn.

“Aisha, please let me introduce you to the members of the security team who have just personally brought us to the Royal Elven Borough of Arionel. I had not anticipated having to use this method, but circumstances made it imperative we come and see my father without delay. This also needed to be done in a way that it would not draw attention to that fact, we will be back at the castle before dusk and everyone will think we have simply been out in the area sightseeing.”

Now she turned back to the elf who appeared to be in charge, then back to me.

“Please, this is Uridos, he is chief of the Royal guard here in Arionel.”

He nodded his head.

“Next to him is Garneth and lastly my brother Vindorth. This, my trusted friends and brothers of light is Aisha. It is she who we have been waiting for.”

All three nodded again, and I could feel both my mind and my heart being scanned psychically. It seemed they were not too sure if I was friend or foe. Was it possible that I had missed something? I dismissed the thought, instead I smiled and allowed this to happen. I knew where it was coming from so there was no need to impose my usual walls. Satisfied. Uridos stepped forwards.

“Thank you, Aisha, from all of us. Not only from the Elven Kingdom of Arionel but from all in Arionel. I am sure that the fact the Prophecy has reached the next stage, will be a relief to many outside in the All That Is. However, there will

also be others who will wish to stop it from continuing. May I speak freely?"

He looked at Milana and then at me as if awaiting a response. Milana looked at me as if waiting for me to answer.

"Me?"

"Yes, Aisha, you."

I could see the sparkle of humor in her eyes. We were both aware of the change that had kicked in, in both of us, at the realization that even here in Dragondom, and maybe in other areas of Arionel, there may come a time when the 'dark' may attempt to stop things going forward. It seemed that even here things could be affected by what I was used to in my world. By what I witnessed in so many other low dimensions.

"Yes, please Uridos, speak plainly. I am aware maybe of things you are not, but also I believe there is much I must learn, or I would not have been directed to stay."

For a second, they all looked confused, Even Milana. It was then that I realized that my communication coming in from those who guide me and watch over me, apart from my dragon, had shielded our conversations and no one here was aware of that contact. Uridos hesitated for a second, as if listening to an unheard conversation.

"Please follow me."

It seemed that what he had wanted to say would have to wait and this curt sentence was the only answer I now got, and he motioned us to follow the others and together Milana and I fell into step with them. We all moved towards a pergola that was set off at some distance. Surrounded by creepers it looked as if it had been there simply as a place to sit and contemplate since the beginning of time.

This I found was the entrance into the central hub of the Elven Palace at Arionel. One used when the front door and being seen was not the best idea. As we had all entered. Uridos spoke some words in a language that was new to me.



Chapter



Audience with the Elven King

A flash of aquamarine light filled the space and on getting my eyes back in focus I found I was standing instead in a large, beautifully ornate room.

“Milana, sweet child, you're home.”

“Yes, father. I'm home and well.”

I heard her running across the floor even before my eyes had fully focused.

“Welcome to my home. Aisha of the All That Is. I am eternally grateful that your earthly avatar awoke in time to release my dear daughter and her eternal friend and mentor. Please, accept my hospitality and come to join us near the fire. I believe there are things we need to discuss at some length.”

I hadn't noticed, yet, there it was, large as life behind him and Milana, as they stood arm in arm looking at me. The warmth I felt was not from those flames that rose into the