

Preview of Book III of The Nandia Trilogy



NANDIA'S CHILD

OK, SO I WAS BORED AND IMPATIENT. My healing clinic was being handled by my students. In fact, several were working with new clients with far more aplomb than I'd ever mustered. There hadn't been an assignment from the Galactic Council for several years, and frankly, I was itching for a challenge. I hadn't seen Nandia since our last Council assignment, when we had helped King Sabre of the planet Aesir see his way through a rough patch or two. True, since then, Nandia and I had remained in telepathic connection, but even that had waned these past many weeks. It was unlike her not to touch base, to ask about my life and share hers. Well maybe not so much bored. Like I said, I was worried.

True, I could telepathically reach out to her. But, lately, whenever I made the attempt, it was as if I had run into some kind of impenetrable grey cloud that blocked all connection. Alright, truth be told, I was making myself bored to avoid making myself worried. And in a quandary since I've always known Nandia to

be quite capable of dealing with every kind of crisis. But since our Aesir caper we hadn't gone even a week without so much as a 'hello'. OK, like I said, I was afraid. And afraid to admit that I was feeling afraid.

I stood up from the bench that had become my office these past troubled weeks and began to wander aimlessly through my garden. Lately, I'd not even noticed the new blossoms on the magnificent mango and cherry trees. Their fragrance I sensed only in the dim shadows of my subconscious. I finally admitted to myself that I had been completely ignoring the beauty of my outer reality, which, given my love of nature, was quite unusual. Mentally taking myself by the shoulders, I insisted that I get a grip and make a decision—any decision, even if it was the wrong decision. My conclusion was irritating. What if Nandia and her husband were going through some trouble? Contacting her might well exacerbate the problem. Or maybe they were going through a sublime season and reaching out to her proved to be an embarrassing interruption?

Yet, I could always imagine problems whenever I contacted Nandia, but I could just as well imagine useful, playful ways we could reconnect. What if she was in pain and unable to ask for help? Suppose her planet had been subjected to an epidemic and her telepathic ability had become blocked? During our first Galactic Council assignment in planet Fantibo's city of Geasa, almost exactly that scenario had played out. That is, until we had found enough copper to neutralize the zinc deposits that were disrupting our dowsing, telepathic and teleporting abilities.

Rather than continue this useless debate, I finally

just asked myself, “What is it that I really want?” The answer was simple and immediate. I wanted to contact Nandia and make sure she was well. Accepting that, I felt a wave of relief coursing through my body. I had my answer.

Returning to my garden office, I sat down with determination. I closed my eyes and began deep breathing. This relaxation technique is highly effective when wanting to initiate a telepathic connection. I recalled my mentor Agoragon’s advice to imagine my target person engaged in some sort of action as I sent my message. Of course telepathy is enhanced whenever a deep emotional connection exists between people. I recalled a time in the hallways of Aesir’s palace when Nandia and I had playfully chased each other and let our passions build. I felt a smile of joy light up my face.

It was easy for me to imagine Nandia’s eyes, almond shaped, deep blue-green in color. After untold centuries of living, her eyes reflected a playfulness that incubated her well-developed wisdom. Imagining her playing tag with me, I mentally probed her presence with a greeting and a question of her well-being. But, just like my previous attempts, I encountered a dark roiling cloud—as if a bright expanse of sparkling ocean had suddenly been eclipsed by a marauding thunderstorm.

It was my same frustration arising—as consistent as Sundays, I brooded. Then suddenly my kitten Sirius came to mind. He had been gifted to Nandia and me at the end of our Aesirian mission. After our last Grand Council debriefing, she had asked to take him home. I deferred to her request, although I knew I would deeply miss the black-furred, white-toed rascal. He was as full

of vitality and irreverent as Arcturus, his father. Both were capable of telepathy and teleportation and both enjoyed a respectable disregard for conventions of the English language. Had he come to mind at just that moment because it was a good time to telepathically connect with him?

It was easy to imagine the unusual strobelight-footed animal at play, for I had spent hours on Aesir enjoying his exuberant vitality. Not one for squeak toys or catnip, he did enjoy mousing with a rubber ball that contained a tiny bell within its gizzards. At the time he had not been completely weaned from his mother, Tabatha. I imagining him at play, while telepathing a message: “You dank, dizzy-eyed dogstar, how’s Nandia?”

I listened. It was as if I was hearing a radio not quite tuned to a station. Static surrounded the few words I could make out. “.cxchsxsxsx...need help....chxsxsxs... get here.....xsxsxschcx.....” It was Sirius, spitting clipped, concise words that were uncharacteristic of him. I knew well how thoroughly the kitten had inherited his father’s delight in the misuse of obscure Australian idioms.

But, dammit all. My worst fears had been confirmed. I stood and again began pacing my garden. I knew Nandia lived on a planet called Praesepe. She mentioned a home located near a town called Warragin, explaining that its name had originated centuries earlier from the local indigenous people. It was the site of a battle which had resulted in the abduction of an entire generation of children—part of the conqueror’s systemic program to socialize youngsters into their new culture. A search of star charts could locate

Praesepe, but not its city of Warragin. Double-damn it; if I was going to teleport there, I needed more information in a hurry. To effectively teleport, the traveler needs to accurately visualize a landing zone.

I decided to contact the Galactic Council. In my first meeting with Nandia she was sitting on that Council. They had teleported me to their chambers several times for assignments and briefings. But I did not know the name of their planet, so I decided to telepathically connect with a Council Elder that I had nicknamed Liberace. During my very first Council briefing, I had bestowed Elder Liberace with the name because of his outrageous sparkly outfits and outlandish gestures. I returned to my office bench and again calmed myself with deep, connected breathing. I imagined his fleshy, handsome face as he watched his own fingers fondle bejeweled rings—a habit he affected whenever he puzzled over a problem. I sent a message requesting an audience.

Suddenly Liberace's startled face appeared vividly in my mind's eye. He looked as if he had been interrupted from a nap. "Thank God you've called," he exclaimed after rapidly blinking and shaking clear his head. "The Council convenes within the hour to address a crisis on Praesepe. Nandia is somehow involved. Stand by. Quite soon we will teleport you to our chambers and share what little we know. Expect to be joined by Elli and Dunstan."

I stood and waited, continuing my breathing as I sought to calm my troubled mind. With barely enough time to assure lockpicks in their place and a needed brush of my brows, I once again found myself in the familiar Council chambers. As usual whenever

summoned, I stood before of an elevated semicircular table, facing about a dozen Council Elders of varying species, sizes, genders and descriptions. Several were humanoid, most were not. I still puzzle over how the chamber's unknown lighting could illuminate only me and the Council, while leaving the rest of the immense rock cavern shrouded in darkness. I thought it drab, but during our Aesir briefing one of the Elders had patiently informed me that it provided failsafe shielding from not only electromagnetic but also telepathic eavesdropping.

"Welcome Bernard," this mental message appeared in my body as a chorus of warm feeling-tone greetings from around the council. I smiled in deep gratitude for these beings—their lives were devoted to healing planets, their very respect reverberated to the ends of the inhabited galaxies.

"What news of Nandia?" I asked in the midst of meeting each Elder's gaze as I scanned the semicircle of beings. My worry over Nandia was interrupted, however, by the abrupt appearance of Dunstan and Elli, who arrived holding hands. Each was a much beloved ally whom Nandia and I had befriended during past Council missions. El we met just after our arrival on Aesir. She is an immortal who has not only served many Aesirian kings as The Royal Chambermaid, but married several and even given birth to several during centuries of devoted service. She proved to be an invaluable guide at court and also quite adept at teleporting and telepathy.

Dunstan, a large and charismatic Scotsman, was a talented healer and musician who had exiled himself to busking—playing his deeply healing tunes through

the streets of Geasa. His courage and strength were instrumental in resolving the Saragalla epidemic that threatened that city's survival.

I was thrilled to see these dear friends again and turned toward Dunstan with the jibe, "Ya flamin, red-haired gudgeon, have you finally learned to play a decent tune on that shiny brass screech-horn you're carryin'?" He grabbed me in a giant embrace that was quickly interrupted by an admonition from one of the Elders.

"Time is of the essence for this briefing on the Praeseopian crisis. We ask that you forego your usual greetings." The message rang clearly in my mind and reminded me of Sirius's message. Quickly El and I quite warmly smiled at each other and turned our attention to the Council.

"The little information we have suggests that a besieging force has taken over the entire Praeseopian government," Liberace began his briefing. "They have effectively shielded our telepaths from learning more. It is unknown to us how they were able to effect this shield, but it is preventing the Council from teleporting you to Praesepe. May we suggest your immediate departure on a starship that will launch within the hour?"

Nandia and I had faced a similar crisis during our mission to Geasa. During our first meal at a street-side café, we discovered that the copper-rich foods we were eating neutralized the city's zinc's disruptions to our dowsing. Using our pendulums, we quickly tested to find that these same zinc deposits were interrupting both telepathy and teleportation.

"Have you checked to see if the shielding on

Praesepe is being accomplished using zinc?" I asked the Council.

"It is quite possible," replied an extremely tall Elder who looked reptilian. "We have no way of determining that, but perhaps you could make use of your dowsing skills to confirm your hypothesis."

From its nest, I extracted my pendulum and began dowsing. A few deep breaths always begin my practice connecting body, mind and spirit/soul. Then I affirm, "I dowse impeccably for the greater good of All That Is."

My belief is that dowsing is a tool that can be used by our three dimensional consciousness to tap into the infinite library of information accessible to the inner dimensions of the Self. It is a discipline that initially trains the conscious mind to frame questions that must be answered with either a 'yes' or a 'no' response. Effective dowsing requires that we set aside our rational analysis and emotional attachments when exploring a problem. An age-old discipline, it is quite effective for learning to meld the intellect with the intuition.

Allowing my pendulum to swing in its neutral side-to-side position, I mentally asked, "Do the disruptions to telepathy and teleportation on Praesepe result from the presence of zinc?" At that moment, I had little concern for the technology or methods used by the besiegers—clearly they had developed effective field theory—I wanted to get to the source of the problem.

My pendulum immediately began swinging to the positive forward-and-back motion. Early in my dowsing training, I had asked my subconscious to indicate a 'yes' response by mimicking the up and down nod that so universally expresses a positive. My

pendulum's negative response is similar in that its side-to-side motion mimics the negative side-to-side shake of the head. Many dowzers use other signals, such as clockwise or counterclockwise swings, or even the motionless, stopped position. Some dowzers use bent metal rods, or willow branches, but regardless of the tool or the symbols for 'yes' and 'no,' a well-trained dowser is quite effective at reaching knowledge held within the deeper reaches of the Self.

So, my Inner Self had indicated telepathy and teleportation were being blocked on Praesepe by some kind of zinc-disruption field technology. Such shielding was technologically quite advanced. Could our Geasan discovery that copper neutralized zinc's emanations have prompted the besiegers to develop a zinc shield? Why would anyone want to attack Nandia's planet and put it under siege?

Setting these questions aside, I pressed on. "Will copper completely neutralize this disruption?" Again I dowsed a positive response. A final question arose and I asked, "Can we neutralize this disruption by broadcasting copper's frequency to Praesepe using a radionics instrument?" Again I received a positive response.

Radionics is a science based on the simple fact that every element, every type of life, every organ in the body vibrates to its own unique electromagnetic frequency. For countless centuries dowsing has been used to identify these frequency rates. Radionics instruments can be calibrated to any one of millions of different rates. They also have the capacity to broadcast a frequency to a target location. Many practitioners use the instrument to electromagnetically charge a carrier

substance—often simply distilled water—that is administered orally.

Science has yet to measure such subtle emanations. I have a theory for how radionic rates work, which is that our body's energy field encounters blockages in the flow of energy as a result of distorted thinking, trauma, or even suppressed desires or emotions. A radionics remedy sends an electromagnetic message to the energy field which helps it restore the natural, healthy flow of energy. As the energy field recovers its balance, mental and emotional imbalances ease and the body accelerates its healing.

While indeed a powerful healing tool, radionics does not hold a candle to the unlimited power of the human brain when wedded to our spirit/soul mind. But, until we as a species learn the incredible responsibility and creative power of consciousness, radionics serves quite a useful purpose.

I turned toward the Council and said, "My testing indicates that the intruders are using some type of zinc shielding to disrupt the energy fields necessary for telepathy and teleportation. I also find that we can neutralize that shield by broadcasting the frequency for copper to the planet. What I will need is a radionics instrument and the celestial coordinates of Praesepe relative to where we are. I have the equipment and frequencies we need at my home."

"We can supply your needs from here," the reptilian Elder offered. "And your suggestion to use a radionics instrument will save us having to devote personnel to project the desired frequency. I recommend that we order what is needed immediately."

The rest of the Council Elders readily agreed. The

scaly Councilor's remark did open my eyes to the fact that there were people here on the Council's staff who could accomplish mentally what I did with a radionics instrument. I knew of that ability, yet preferred to use an instrument, allowing my consciousness the freedom to focus elsewhere.

A young courier brought in a folding table. He was followed by another team carrying a radionics case, power supply and copy of a universal rate book. Immediately I went to work setting up the equipment and dialing in the frequency rate for copper. All that was needed was the celestial coordinates for Praesepe, which a second courier handed to me on a small note paper. I had to marvel at the efficiency of this Council, which readily assumed that all its telepathic requests would bring swift results. Most of the rest of us have to contend with the speed of the spoken word, with the exception of a few telepaths among the general population.

I placed the note containing Praesepe's coordinates into the instrument's inbuilt cup and activated a series of switches which allowed it to transmit copper's frequency to Praesepe's location. I checked with my pendulum for the optimum broadcast time—seven minutes.

"I have activated the instrument and am broadcasting the frequency for copper for the next seven minutes," I announced. "At that time, we should be able to connect telepathically with Praesepe—provided the copper frequency has the desired effect on the zinc shielding."

As we waited, we talked about what information we needed from Nandia. Everyone agreed that

I should be the one to telepathically make the connection, and find out what was needed to deal with the crisis there. As the time approached, I closed my eyes, breathed in a deep, connected rhythm and imagined Nandia waving to me from Praesepe's surface. I focused on her eyes and listened. Quickly a surprised "Oh" came back to me. It was Nandia's voice. I sent the message that I was in the Grand Council chambers with Dunstan and Elli.

"What a relief you've managed to penetrate the zinc shielding, Bears," she telepathed in reply. Mentally, I could see a vague and intermittent image of Nandia, as if she were shrouded in clouds. "We're surviving a state of siege here, but only just. Could use your help," she said. "Bring Dunstan and Elli and a radionics instrument too. These cretins here have confiscated my copper. I'm in the city of Braeoon and will watch for you at the entrance to Braeoon Gardens. How soon can you get here?"

I needed a suitcase, or preferably a backpack to carry the equipment. This I requested of the Council and then asked, "Can you teleport the three of us together?" After a moment's consultation, they agreed to the idea after allowing that it would test their capacity. "The equipment should be packed up and ready to go within the quarter hour," Liberace said. "However we ask that you continue broadcasting the copper frequency for as long as possible. We can certainly feel the easing of the intruder's shielding." This information I passed on to Nandia.

"We can be there in fifteen minutes," I telepathed. "Send us a mental image of the entrance to Braeoon Gardens."

I looked to El and Dunstan to make sure they were telepathically tuned in and then closed my eyes. Immediately I saw a broad pathway spanned by a long wrought iron archway. It was overgrown with flowering vines and almost completely blanketed with bright orange blossoms. Only a few people walked beneath this structure, despite the beauty of the day that was accented with bright, fluffy clouds gently rolling across a unusually hued blue and rose-colored sky. Its unusual color would help us visualize our landing zone. The three of us reopened our eyes together. El and Dunstan nodded that they had captured our target image and were ready to travel. That accomplished, I nodded to the Elders that we were prepared for departure.

While the council completed its arrangements for our supplies, I turned to my friends and hugged each of them. Both Eli and Dunstan were known to the Council. To my surprise, I found that El had once been a Council delegate, only many generations past. Upon reflection I could have guessed that she had been in contact with the Council the first time we met on Aesir. Shortly after our arrival, she had sent Arcturus to fetch us from the King's ballroom. I remembered wondering at the time if someone had notified her of our presence, but promptly dismissed the idea after coming to realize how clairvoyantly her mind worked.

“Aye, ‘tis grand ta lay me eyes on ya once again Laddie, so ‘tis.” Dunstan’s joy at our reunion was obvious in the volume of his greeting. “And what wee burdens have ya’ laid upon the fair Nandia’s shoulders in the meantime, ya malingerin’ minnow?”

I had discovered that Dunstan was a Council delegate only after we had completed our mission on

Fantibo. The Council had sent qualified staff and abundant funds to support the school he started there for children who had been left homeless in the wake of Geasa's epidemic.

I had heard rumors that the school was making astonishing progress with disadvantaged youngsters. During our mission to Geasa, we had assisted Dunstan in creating a homeless children's choir, which had greatly helped the city's recovery. Nandia and I were greatly inspired at how driven he was to help each child find their life's true passion and go on to recover their natural telepathic abilities.

"We need to take copper for Nandia," I said. "Do either of you need copper as well?" Both shook their heads. I asked the Council to provide a half dozen copper amulets and medallions. The spare copper could come in handy, especially since Nandia's captors had confiscated hers. Much of the trouble we had in Geasa had been in trying to find copper so that our unusual communication and transportation abilities could be restored. After finding a hidden source of the rare metal, Dunstan had been briefly imprisoned on Fantibo until Nandia and I had rescued him.

A courier rushed in carrying a backpack. This I checked to assure that power supply, rate book, copper and radionics instrument were safe and secure. I was pleased to see there was also a bag containing a generous supply of gold coins—the Council's characteristic method of providing funds that could be easily converted into local currencies. After mounting the pack on my shoulders, I turned to El and Dunstan, and held out a hand to each of them. We formed a triangle, each of us smiling at each other, feeling

as worry-excited as small children stepping onto a slow-moving merry-go-round.

Leaning forward to stare intently at us, the Elders suddenly disappeared, replaced by the familiar spiraling of white light behind my eyes. The next moment a feeling of weightlessness overtook me and I mentally heard Elli say, "Let's be gone to Praesepe and find Nandia."

