Karma & Diamonds

Sneak Previews from

Book 2 - Web of Karma

17

Symbol of Terror

Ronaldo placed the tip of his index finger on certain points on my body, starting from the centre of my chest to the head.

"Imagine that where I'm placing my finger, you are letting a beam of light pour into that point. Imagine the light is opening that point in your body and activating it," Ronaldo said.

Sceptical at first, I was astonished to find that simply visualising light enter these specific points triggered my inner vision to open up almost instantly.

"Now, I want you to ask your inner Self to take form. Ask it to take the form of a person, someone that you can easily relate to and tell me what you are seeing as soon as you see something," he said.

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A vision came into focus. I described it all to Ronaldo so that he could follow what I was seeing, where I was going, and what I was feeling.

With my eyes closed, I saw a beautiful, elegant woman with long dark hair and a honey dew complexion. She walked towards me, and stepped gracefully on the lush grass of a stunning garden bursting with flowers. She wore a long, shimmering gown in shades of lilac and purple. As she approached, the bright glow of her energy pierced through me, penetrating layers of my mind to the subtler layers of my consciousness. She came closer and took hold of my hand, and the chitter-chatter of my monkey mind fell silent. Her kind smile beamed into my heart, making me feel peaceful.

Ronaldo's voice broke into my awareness, as if he were travelling with me across time and space. "Can you tell what era you're in or which part of the world?"

But I couldn't—at least I couldn't be sure. I looked at the beautiful woman next to me, my higher Self, who would travel with me on the journey I was about to undertake. She beckoned me to look outside the small window that was closest to the entrance door of this room. A board hung just outside, suspended from a wooden bar attached to the outer wall. It had the face of a woman, wearing a black bonnet studded with large

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pearls, painted on it. Above, were the words 'Queen Marye Inn'.

"It looks like we're in England, in the late middle ages," I whispered.

I could clearly make out the sounds of people below the room I was in. In this little chamber, a thin dark-skinned woman stirred a wide cauldron on a small stove. A little girl, about seven years old, with a pleasing, roundish face, pretty brown eyes and straggly, tawny, shoulder length hair knelt on the floor, leant over a large wooden slate, completely absorbed in the bright, bold drawing before her.

I looked around and saw three other drawings that she must have made.

"Her drawings are exactly like the paintings that I have been making over the last year in London!" I gasped as butterflies fluttered with excitement in my belly.

The geometric shapes had distinct, unique combinations of sharp, stunning and vibrant colours. This little girl was making *mandalas*! My higher Self took my left hand and we walked to the girl. I placed my right hand on her head and, in that instant, all normal boundaries or sensation of separateness melted. I had

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the powerful impression that although we had been separated by time and space, somehow she and I were one. She was a previous me and I was a future her.

We were one and the same!

As soon as I realised this, it was as if I became the little girl and could see through her eyes.



"Ma, those children are playing in the square! I want to go and play with them outside," I said in the voice of the seven year old.

I ran over to the small window at the back of the room and peered out, watching the children down below, wishing I could play with them. Without even looking at me, my mother answered my unspoken question. "You know they won't let you play with them." She continued stirring the cauldron with a thick ladle.

"You always tell me that, Ma." I pouted, feeling hurt.

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"Oh, my love. It's for your own good. They'll only taunt you and be horrible to you."

"Why? I don't understand! Why are they horrid to me? Why don't they like me?" I asked, utterly disappointed and dejected.

"It's the way of the world, my child. They don't want you because you don't have a Pa and they think that we're witches."

"What are witches, Ma?"

"They're bad people who use spells to make bad things happen to people," she said, still stirring.

I still don't understand. "I don't do bad things to people, and nor do you. Do you, Ma? Why do they think that we're bad people?"

"It's because folk live in ignorance, my child. The Good Lord will bring about a day when folk will see the truth, not their prejudices." Mother sighed, worn down by the cruelty of folk around her.

My higher Self looked at me and whispered, *"She is a seer, but she has no inkling of how visionary her words are. You are also gifted and people around here are terrified of*

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anyone with extra-sensory powers that they themselves don't have."

I carried on staring out of the window. I couldn't help giggling to myself from time to time as I looked through the window at the four boys playing in the courtyard square below. They flicked marbles at a target and the winner was the one whose marble hit the target the most.

I played with them anyway, while Ma wasn't looking. I just had to look at the marbles and decide where I wanted them to go and they moved, as if by magic. This was so much fun! And I couldn't help giggling when the boys' marbles went off in all different directions.

Confused, one of the little boys outside in the courtyard suddenly looked up at the window and saw me staring down at him, giggling. He stopped playing and tugged at the sleeve of one of his playmates. Then he pointed up at me. All the boys stopped playing and looked up at me. The boy ran off, down an alley off the square, shouting "Pa, Pa, Pa."

It's so much fun to play with them!

"Stop that!" Ma snapped. "It's because you do things like that that they think we're witches. You mustn't show your power to anyone, otherwise they'll

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kill you! Do you hear me? They'll kill us both! They don't understand that it's natural to all of us, but that some of us have it stronger than others. It makes them afraid, child. Afraid enough to want to do harm. Now don't ever do that again, and come here and have your supper."

"But I can't help it, Ma."I'd been a bad girl. I felt all mixed up. Afraid.

"You can use it, but discreetly. And remember, it's only ever to be used to do good for people, not for stupid games like marbles."

Disappointment written all over my face, shoulders slumped, I walked over to my mother and sat down on a little rug on the floor to have a supper of hot broth. After I finished eating, my mother, putting a knitted shawl around her shoulders, said, "I'm going downstairs to the inn to cook. I'll be back in an hour or so. I don't want you to open the door to anyone, to anyone at all, unless it's me. Do you understand, child? Now, bolt the door from the inside."

I nodded and did as my mother had told me to. Once I'd bolted the door after mother, I went over to a pile of slates covered in my older drawings, and scattered them all over the floor soI could find one that I hadn't yet finished.

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There it was! A drawing with a big black circle at its centre. Curved orange-like slices spiralled out from the blackness to frame this dark centre. Several layers of circles that became bigger and bolder with each layer, as though emanating darkness into infinity, extended outward from the sphere formed by these slices.

My higher Self touched my forehead and I had a sudden flash. "It's The Symbol of Terror! It's the exact same one that's been haunting me and that I haven't been able to complete at home in London." Fear filled me all over again.

Then, outside, I heard loud, thumping noises. It sounded like an angry mob of men stomping up the stairs. "Open this door, or we'll break it down," a big, nasty voice boomed from the other side.

My little hands trembled. The wooden slate fell from my lap. Ma said not to open the door to anyone. I mustn't open the door …

"Open this door!"

The door burst open and big, ugly men barged in. "There she is! Get her!"

I was scared and didn't answer. Two men stood there, holding a large heavy-looking wooden rod. One

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was a tall and bulky man with a rough looking dark beard. The second man was thinner and a little shorter, and clean shaven. They stormed into the room and saw me, kneeling on the floor, paintbrush in hand, frozen.

"So it's you! You're the one! And what's this?" One of them picked up a painting from the floor. Then another, and a third and a fourth, his face got puffier and redder, and he pointed to them so that the second man could look. "Devil's work! This is nothing less than the devil's work," the second said, working up a rage.

"It's not just the mother then. it's the child as well. You're a devil child doing the devil's work! Do you hear that?" The bigger man grabbed me by scrunching the collar of my dress, then liftedme off the floor. His oversized hand wrapped my throat and chin.

Petrified, terrorised, my eyes bulged out, as I struggled to get out of the man's grip.I shook my legs and feet so hard that, within a few moments, he had to lower me to the ground and let me loose. As soon as he put me down, I made a dash away from him, and towards the open broken door, screaming at the top of my lungs, "Ma, Ma, Ma … " But one of the men ran and grabbed me from behind.

"Give me the rope and the sack," he said to the other man.

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