

THE
CHILD OF HUMANITY
THE JOURNEY

BOOK TWO

Jalleh Doty & Pari Adli

Copyright, August 6, 2007

Table of Contents

Prologue.....	i
CHAPTER 1	
The Death Trap	1
CHAPTER 2	
The Secret Society	18
CHAPTER 3	
Guardians.ORG.....	31
CHAPTER 4	
The Revival.....	40
CHAPTER 5	
The Unseen Effect	52
CHAPTER 6	
The Misguided.....	60
CHAPTER 7	
The Believers	68
CHAPTER 8	
Demonic Schema.....	85

CHAPTER 9

The Enigma 106

CHAPTER 10

The Overture..... 128

CHAPTER 11

The Woman..... 143

CHAPTER 12

Divine Favoritism..... 161

CHAPTER 13

Holy or Holey..... 176

CHAPTER 14

The Consoler Changes the World 200

CHAPTER 15

The Resurrection 214

Prologue

My name is Therese. You know me as the inquisitive journalist, who always sought out an explanation for everything. I guess was chosen or something by some cosmic force, fate or whatever you want to call it as I truly thought I had seen everything in this world. Yazdon asked me a favor that I would tell his story and continue with him in the greatest adventure I ever had, he didn't have to ask, I was honored to do it. I write this as I have seen this child grow into an amazing man who some have thought to be the reincarnation of Jesus Christ. I witnessed something so fantastic and unbelievable as to what he has done. So now, I tell his story, not the one that the media distorted to sell some stupid magazine, or some flagrant story on the internet that had tried to smear him in some way, But I did him a service by separating truth of Yazdon from the lies that got spewed about him. This is the story of a man named Yazdon, who unintentionally changed the world.

CHAPTER 1

The Death Trap

Yazdon made his way to Africa to meet with Edward in the war-inflicted regions to try to help people, but yet he felt that he had to be isolated for a while. Everywhere, he went signs of desolation hate and suffering were in extreme abundance as the waters flowed with blood, the vultures picked at the dead bodies, prematurely cut down were picked apart and warlords asserted their authority with an iron fist as refugees cowered in fear.

However, before he does that, he has to make sure that all is well with his family. Yazdon's strong sense of obligation and responsibility and deep love for them compels him to stay in touch with them, and to let them know he is safe. During one of his contacts with his mother, he told her about his predicament. That he had some powers that he was still unable to handle and must find out where he fits in the world, But, yet he knew that with the special gifts that were bestowed on him, he was determined to do some good for his fellow man. That he felt awkward and alone in this respect and that only way is to try to figure who he was in the human setting. With Lawrence and the fact that there are major fears in him that he must conquer, Ilham realized the necessity of his plan to go see Edward in Africa, and supported him in that. He

reassured her that he would take care of himself and he would be safe.

Ilham has been his strength and he has learned so much from her. He hears her voice and words of wisdom in his head that tell him, “Do not deny your human emotions. To deny them would mean to be untrue to your essence, and to lack empathy for others. Learn to recognize your emotions, acknowledge them, embrace them, learn from them, and grow in maturity. Without learning to handle the emotions, you cannot mature into a healthy and happy adult, and be in control of your life.”

These lessons have come in handy now, and have given him confidence that he will conquer his fears, and would realize his potential. Fear of death and of being completely alone and away from civilization, family and friends has come to haunt him. But he knew that is has been but a thought that has been ruling his life. In his young life, He had experienced much with these elements, But the people in his life reminded him to keep on his path like his friend Lawrence and his strange friend Clement who tried to give Yazdon a sense of purpose and understand the ways of a harsh world. He had seen elements in his personality that he dislikes and considers flaws, and has not been able to honestly look at these elements and acknowledge them. He needed Edward’s unbiased perspective and guidance, from a man of God, and his frank and honest input as if here were only to be a priest taking a confession

to cleanse the soul, as Yazdon must confront these aspects of himself.

Edward had moved on and it was proving difficult to track him down. Yazdon decided to travel around with the Bedouin tribes who wander the deserts, and to learn to live off the land. He received directions from some of the followers of Edward who had stayed behind, and after two weeks of traveling from one place to another, he finds Edward and the rest of his followers. They were elated and happy to see each other, and they talked for hours. Yazdon shared his concerns about everything that bothered him with Edward who encourages him to go off on his own and work this out alone. Edward saw this as the only way Yazdon can fight and overcome his demons.

Yazdon traveled with Edward for a week or so and learned how to survive on his own and live off the land. Soon after that, he said goodbye, and went off on his own. Yazdon, found this confusing in some respect, but he remembered Edwards words that, He must go on the journey of self to find himself, before he rose to the challenge of a journey of a lifetime.

A few weeks go by without any incidence, and he learns to cope with his loneliness and fears. It is impossible for him to be

alone because as he can communicate with the animals and realizes how similar they are to the human species as they confound him and at times, make him laugh. From these interactions, a group of animals starts to follow him and travel with him. This proves to be a lifesaver, because they always lead him to water. He learns a lot from them and sharpens his survival skills. He lets his intuition guide him on his walk and he contemplates his life and reviews his words, thoughts, and actions.

Yazdon walked in the suffocating heat, sweat soaking through his shirt. He had just drunk the last of his water. His lips were chapped and his eyes scratchy from the desert dust. He was feeling the first gnaw of panic. In the distance, he noticed the outline of a village that shimmered in the heat, as he was not sure if his eyes were tricking him thinking that it might have been a mirage. The closer he got, the sicker he felt. The village was quiet, too quiet; something was not as panic set off in the marrow of his being.

The charred remains of doorframes stood blackened against the graying ashes of what remained of the houses. There was a stench in the air that made Yazdon gag as the sun day by day beat down on him relentlessly, and he is running low on water. He notices a village in the distance and starts to walk toward it. The closer he got, the sicker he felt in his stomach. When he got there, he found an abandoned village and stumbled onto a horrific scene.

Charred remains of buildings, death and ash lingered in the air as he saw the scavengers looking for an easy meal, picked apart the skeletal remains of some corpses of men, women and children as maggots ate the remains. The stink of death was in the air as Yazdon looked up at the sky to find some reassurance from the creator, wondering why such carnage could even be allowed.

He descended further into the village square to find that the carnage was worse as there were many people who had been tied up to posts only to have been burned and defiled. Beyond it, a mass grave left open, finding a pit of decomposed corpses and human and animal skeletons, neglected only to find that it looked like the perpetrators left in a rush and could not finish their evil tasks.

Yazdon's stomach turned at the sight and he sees himself among the corpses. Terribly parched, he looked ahead and saw a pond in the distance. Delirious from the heat and dehydration, he ran toward the pool of water and took a sip. The water has a metallic taste and odor and Yazdon immediately realizes he might have drunk tainted water. "Damn it". He muttered.

Soon his stomach started to ache, and the aching grows worse. The searing pain caused Yazdon to dry heave and he passed out on his back. He awoke with a throbbing headache to find himself looking at an unusually colored rainbow in the sky. He still feels

nauseous, and groans as he sits up. He gasps with fear and disgust as he stares as the flesh on his hands melting away. He closes his eyes to make the sickness go away, but when he opens his eyes again, he sees that the skeletal structure of his hands is exposed.

Yazdon realizes he was hallucinating, and has the presence of mind to grab a vial of a possible antidote out of his backpack to drink to neutralize the poison. The antidote has no effect on him and the hallucinations keep coming and they get worse, He struggled to keep his sanity as he kept muttering, “Not real, not real, Not real”. While sitting next to the poisoned pond he sees a German shepherd with a spiked collar running through the desert in his direction. Yazdon gestured for the dog to come to him and the dog eagerly obeyed. She pounced on him and tried to lick his face. Yazdon laughed with joy when he realizes she is Pax, his own dog. He found comfort in petting her and realizing how much he misses her, and that he never fully dealt with her death. He is reminded of the good times he had with his special companion and remembered that he tried to block out the bad when Pax died. He nudged the dog off him, but the creature came back not understanding the rejection as she tried to lick his face. Yazdon, who lost all sense of reality, not sure what was going on when something happened.

While Yazdon was hugging Pax, suddenly she morphed into a woman. He was taken aback by the strange vision and was backed

up into the fountain, she was attractive and dressed in skimpy clothes and wanted to have a good time. He was reminded of a loose woman from the garments she wore. She has long blond teased hair, lots of make-up, a nose ring, a tight short leather dress, spiked boots worthy of any stripper, and fishnet tights. The woman was seductive, sat on top of him, and laughed a big guttural laugh. She flooded Yazdon's mind with images that come to him one after another in a fast sequence. He saw himself with many women and enjoying the pleasures of the flesh. Yazdon had a visceral hallucination that he was at an orgy. He realized he has denied himself that intimacy, and that he enjoyed and needed women. He longs for a woman's companionship, and wants to have a family of his own one day.

Yazdon who was not in any position to get sexually aroused proceeded to push her off himself, and asked, "Who are you? What are you trying to do"?

The woman snickered, paused for a moment and finally replying, "Don't you recognize me? I am all that you want. I am your ego. You have done well. You have managed to outshine everyone, and steal the spotlight everywhere you go. You have surpassed your brother. Poor Jamon never stood a chance as she mockingly says "Tsk tsk". "I'm proud of you, you should have the world if you want to save these ridiculous humans and mold it in your image," she said. He blurted out, "You know nothing about

me, you accuse me of things you have no basis and no evidence to back it up.

However, her words struck a chord in Yazdon and got him all stirred up, he was scared, but yet felt uncertain as to how this interaction would go. “Who are you? What do you want? Are you real?” he said. There was only silence on the other end as all this woman did was smile a devilish smile, “Oh yes, I have gone by so many names, But you can just call me the ‘devil’ for now”. Something inside Yazdon knew she was telling the truth, but he despised these characteristics in him and never confronted it as he stood up and said, “Get away from me Demon, I love my brother and have had no desire to compete with him, you are a liar.”

“Oh, Am I now?” The devil replied. The images disturbed Yazdon, and the seductress seems to have succeeded in pointing out some of his weaknesses. He had images of Jamon as they are growing up, Saw him looking disappointed whenever Yazdon outshined him and he was ashamed. He cannot stand seeing himself being competitive with his beloved brother. He saw the future if his friend Lawrence and was dismayed as his illness took a turn for the worst, but even that was clouded by mystery, as he couldn't see what had fully happened. Seeing images of himself gloating on many occasions and showing off his powers and feeling proud, shamed him. He broke down and cried for having hurt Jamon's feelings. He truly loved him, and he never would have

intentionally hurt him, but he can see how Jamon may have gotten hurt inadvertently. He wanted to tell him how sorry he is for making him feel bad, and how much he loved him.

The woman came beside him as if to whisper in his ear, paused for a moment, and says, "Look deeper. Your ego is bigger than you think. You are the instrument of power, like I said I can give the world to you and you could be worshipped like a god. I have seen inside your soul and I know what makes you tick. You hide a bit of yourself that you do not show to anyone. Look in the water, what do you see?"

Yazdon looked at the reflection in the water and saw his eyes turn red, and small horns come out of his forehead and a tail protruding from his backside. He thought, "This is not happening" as he covered his face trying to hide the image from his reflection.

The woman continued her monologue as she snickered at his displeasure. "I have seen your abilities and yours are unsurpassed, nobody had noticed this but me. I have seen your kindness, your love, your generosity, compassion, your open-mind, your zest for life, your humility and your indiscriminating heart, and the never tiring helping hand. You can possess the power to cleanse the world of all the evil, the hypocritical God and make it into the kind of world you desire and mold it too how you see fit. You are more powerful than you realize, Kings and presidents would bow at your

feet. You can have power beyond your wildest imagination, and you can rule the world, women lining up to be with you, but what do 'you' desire? What do 'you' want?"

Finally, closing his eyes and using his hands as if to block an assault to his face, fear engulfed him, when he had images of his own beloved family and people that were close to him that he called friends dying one by one. Being alone in the world with no one understanding him or able to relate to him, because he was so different from everyone else, was frightening. There is no one like him and he was essentially alone. He reflected on how, in a way, this has helped him achieve a deep understanding, and compassion for the so-called freaks and geeks of the world. He thanked The Supreme Consciousness, for Jamon, and his mother who have been his pillars of strength. Part of his fear of dying was that he had not fulfilled his dreams yet, and he resolved himself to the fact that until he accomplished his mission on this planet he would probably not be able to conquer his fear of death.

Yazdon's perception of himself had become more humanlike and he didn't know whether to like it or not, and the unknown petrified him. "Show me your true form, woman," he said.

"You got it" she said with a smile as she then morphed into a sharply dressed businessman, who was clean-shaven, has an earring in the left ear and had a ponytail tied in the back. Yazdon

looked more closely and he saw himself in the man. He looked different because he was dressed completely unlike the way Yazdon normally dresses in jeans and comfortable clothing.

The man said, "You are in the world whether you like it or not. The world is yours to do what you need to do with it. Accept who you are and accept the mission you have to accomplish on this planet. You have chosen your own destiny, and just like any task, or job, you can do and be the best you can be at your task. That is all you can do. The way you do it is all up to you, But, Think about my offer will you?" The man vanishes.

Yazdon felt content, although he appeared to be hallucinating still. He pictured how his future was going to be.

He was left alone for a while, trying to figure out what had just happened. He knew it was unbelievable. His thoughts were distracted when just then; a figure walking on the landscape seemed to be approaching him again. She was a woman, and he muttered, "Not again."

This woman had a fair complexion and she was draped in lace and silk finery, with jeweled elegance. She smelled of the most exotic perfume and she charmed Yazdon walking in his direction. Her thick black curly hair extends to her buttocks, her hazel eyes, and her natural beauty made her look like an ethereal beauty worthy to grace any high end fashion application or clothing line.

Unable to resist her, he was drawn to her as if in a trance. She had many exotic tattoos and henna markings on her arms and feet. She started to look like an apparition, and jolted Yazdon out of trance. Yazdon thought this woman to be so beautiful and so refined that he wondered if such a woman exists in the world she as whispered into his ear, “Wake up”. He tried to remember how she looked, and etch her features into his memory.

Yazdon tried to rationalize his experience, but still he found himself hallucinating mildly. He must start healing his body right there and then and get the poison out of his system. He closed his eyes and imagines his cells one by one, spitting and vomiting up the poison, that had assimilated and invaded into his blood stream. He then pictured his white blood cells devouring the poisons, and bringing it to the surface of his body. Several boils develop on the surface of his skin and puss oozes out of them. In a few minutes, Yazdon feels somewhat better, and gets on the move again. He thinks about his experience and realizes he has to claim his power and resist the temptation or be corrupted by it.

Deprived of human attention, Yazdon suddenly longs to have contact with people. He retraces his steps back to where he left Edward a few weeks ago. He does not know if he should make any mention as what happened to him. Still his experience provided some sort of clarity as he had the revelation that sometimes even the devil could provide some incite

Unknown to Yazdon, Edward was following him, but he knew that he would have had to keep his distance, for Edward knew from his own experience that the desert could provide a purpose as to whom you were and where you are meant to go in the world. He could not hold Yazdon's hand like a little child, as he knew that that child would have to let go and find its own way. He knew that He wouldn't have been able to help Yazdon fully at the time, but time in any desert could provide even the most oddest of enlightenment. Edward who has been watchful of Yazdon from a distance was not too far behind him. He emerges from a distance, sensing that his new pupil was ready, with his group of followers, and they spotted Yazdon resting on the sand. With a helping hand, and they took him in and fed him, bathed him, and let him rest. Edward was supportive of whatever decision he made and encouraged him to fully reclaim his powers, and feel comfortable with whom he really is. He watched Yazdon practice his healing powers to revive and heal injured animals of the desert, to restore them to health.

A month goes by and Yazdon and Edward travel together in Africa, and he continues to try his hand at healing and reviving dead animals and eventually people. Yazdon still carries the guilt for not healing Lawrence fully, and felt compelled to go back to heal him. He promises to himself that his first order of business

would be to cure Lawrence when he went back.

Yazdon misses his sisters Eva and Emma. They have been in Africa for several years doing their relief work. Under Celine's mentoring, they have become accomplished doctors themselves. He is guided to a Red Cross tent working under the tutelage of Celine. When he gets there, He meets his sisters, they are delighted to see each other, and they embrace each other for a long time.

There is so much to do that they cannot take a break to talk to him yet. Yazdon was immediately put him to work through the guidance of Celine and from the loving support of his sisters, who know that he has a different path as they all tour the war-ravaged regions of this Africa. Nevertheless, from a life-changing event, Yazdon Is taken to a tent where he is taken to a six-year-old boy, who they have lost hope for, and have exhausted all they can do for him. He has lost a lot of blood because of several bullet wounds, from being at the wrong place at the wrong time when warlord attacked his village. The medical staff expected him to die in a few hours from the severity of his wounds.

Yazdon gets to work on the child right away, and puts his hands on the open wounds one by one. There is a bullet left in him that would have to remain there for the time being. He sends his healing energy into the small child's barely alive body and breathes life into him. Later he asks his sisters to transfuse some of his

blood to the boy.

They wait a couple of days for the boy to get some strength back before they remove the lodged bullet, and Yazdon heals his wound.

Yazdon's healing hands, had the powers do a lot of good for the village, got caught up in this process and stays with his sisters and Celine for a few months, but he realizes he cannot stay there forever, and he needs to tackle the problems of humanity from another angle.

He seeks out more people to heal as there were no shortage of wounded. He finds confidence in himself and with much needed support that he knows he can make a difference in the world. For the first time in his life, Yazdon finds himself and who he was, where he could belong in world with through the power of love and caring. His goal is to stop the atrocities and not just treat the symptoms. The wounded children are a symptom of the sickness of society that needs healing from the world of war and hate that is rampant in this region of the world where the weak are made to suffer and hate permeated the scorched earth.

One day, Edward beckons Yazdon to come forth, asks him if he is prepared mentally, and has learned anything from his journey into the desert. For now, Edward knew that he could help Yazdon

in the right way and that the desert formed the confidence he needed for his tasks for to change the world. Yazdon follows Edward who leads him into the crowd of people who are anxiously awaiting him.

Yazdon sees a little dove descend right above him. The little bird has a tiny leaf in its mouth, and flies overhead where Yazdon is. Yazdon arises and extends his hand to the little dove to perch. The dove drops the leaf on Yazdon's hand and flies off into the horizon.

A shining light comes from the sky and warms Yazdon's every cell. He feels engulfed in pure love, as compared to the cold loneliness he had known all his life. Shortly, he gets a wave of clarity and he accepts that he has finally reached his turning point to fulfill his destiny as the purported savior of humanity, as he mastered the part of himself that caused so much shame, that he felt as a child and was the object of humility.

Yazdon embraces his destiny with honor and accepts the enormous task he has ahead of him. He finally acknowledges that it is through him that the beacon of light shines upon the gathered crowd. He is 'The Supreme Consciousness' reflection and he passes on the love that shines upon him to others. With a weight lifted from his shoulders, he graciously thanks Edward for his gift of insight, and clarity of mind. Edward has proven to Yazdon that

there is no mistake or haste on his part as to Yazdon's true destiny, and that he is not alone in this. There are those who have been with him all along and they would become his right hand people. They are his beloved family and his teachers who he has always learned so much from. Now his newfound support is St. Edward, the priest who had hope for the future and for Yazdon to change things as they currently were. That maybe Yazdon, was the reincarnation of Jesus Christ.

Yazdon, accepts the gifts that have been bestowed upon him, comes to understand the secrets of the universe, and grasps how these forces interact. He knows the extreme limitations and distortions of human perception, and is capable of stepping out into other realms of consciousness, and dimensions that are beyond the physical to perceive the ultimate. Yazdon knows he is one and the same as the forces that created him, and he can channel these forces at will. He is ready to begin the journey of a lifetime to serve humanity, and this is his coronation in Africa, the place where all life began, and humankind originated.

CHAPTER 2

The Secret Society

Although Yazdon and Jamon started with the same psychic and extraordinary powers, one became more spiritual and the other one earthly after age 12. Jamon goes about his tasks every day to run Armon's businesses in the best manner possible, and Armon could not have been happier. Jamon had done such a great job with the business that Armon has put him in charge of all aspects of the trade completely. Truly good people now surround the company, and there is never a problem with any unethical conduct on anybody's part, executives, and employees alike. Armon attributed this fortunate occurrence to Jamon's keen sense of intuition and psychic ability to screen people. No one can lie to him or try to hide something and get away with it.

Despite the differing paths they have chosen, there is a certain unbreakable bond between Jamon and Yazdon that makes them feel like they share a soul together. Jamon admired Yazdon for his courage to achieve his higher purpose, but since he left on his spiritual quest, Jamon had been feeling lonely. Without his brother to communicate with, he felt emotionally isolated. His life at the top of the success ladder has been even more isolated, and Jamon has preoccupied himself with too much work and too many

projects to manage and control. I mean sure he had some women on the side, But in the end Jamon was married to his job and I think he had a kind of a marriage phobia if you asked me.

The idea of Yazdon becoming a public figure gave Jamon trepidations about his brother's safety, and he wished Yazdon would be more watchful about his own security. A few years ago, when Yazdon had come back to Sweden to start his own teachings, Jamon had received an anonymous call warning him about an assassination attempt on Yazdon. An anonymous fanatical young Muslim refugee, who had attended one of Yazdon's lectures, had decided to plant explosives to Yazdon's next lecture at a local university. The news frightened Jamon greatly, and to ease his own mind, he decided to make it his business to guard Yazdon's safety. Despite the immense task of running their family business, he made a vow to protect his brother's life at all cost. This became his number one priority.

Jamon, treasured his family, doted on them as any caring person would. To protect them from worrying, specially his mother Ilham, he had concealed disturbing news about the welfare of his wayward brother from them. He had kept the burden of the responsibility of safeguarding Yazdon's life to himself, and he literally had become obsessed with it. I think in a way it was because Yazdon and Jamon were twins and some people think that twins have a special bond that nobody understands. Because of his

preoccupation with Yazdon's safety, Jamon's psychic powers had become more acute in detecting plots and plans against his brother. He was anxiety ridden and lost sleep many nights, sensing that as his brother got closer and closer to fulfilling his destiny, and became more visible as a public figure; he would become more exposed to danger. It was tough, being him. He actually confessed to me that for awhile he had been taking some depressants, I begged him to get off it because I knew what kind of shit could happen from the side effects if you used that stuff for too long. But thankfully he listened to my advice and I told him on the phone that he had to try acupuncture or something of that sort, because I knew if Yazdon found out, definitely would've been a distraction or something worse and he didn't want anything to happen to Jamon.

At times, the anxiety had become unbearable for Jamon, especially when Yazdon started on his spiritual quest on his own. Jamon's worries expanded to others who accompanied Yazdon including his mother, sisters, and

Me, Therese the chronicler as some would call me, the one who has documented all this, felt like this amazing story needed to be told.

There had been psychics, clairvoyants, and paparazzi alike, which were following and tracking their every move and

whereabouts, putting the information on websites and in the Tabloids.

So anyway, as I was saying, Yazdon was at the time overly confident and a bit cocky, feeling like he was in a different world, and did not pay much attention to the magnitude of his powers or his popularity among the masses. Sometimes he took reckless measures that put him in harm's way, with danger too close for comfort for his twin. Jamon has been preparing for the day that Yazdon would finally take his place in history. He had solely taken on the burden of safeguarding his brother's life to this point by taking some unusual measures that had been a mystery to his family so far. Since the attempt on Yazdon's life, Jamon had been living a double life resurrecting the old ways of the Guardian secret societies and putting some of their doctrines into practice. In his search to establish this secret society, he had come across a striking woman with a very unusual career. Her real name is Monica Mulier, and she worked under an alias name. Her front as a fortuneteller suited her well and she was good at what she did.

Monica had been fascinated with the Jeffries family for some time and was interested in stories written about Yazdon and the things he had been doing. She has also been infatuated with Yazdon, from the moment she had read about him, and was personally concerned about his safety. When she heard about the assassination attempt on him, she decided to look into it further to

see if she can discover who the culprits might have been. At that time, she had come up with some information, and had decided to contact the family to share it with them. She has actually sought out Jamon, right about the time he had been working on forming the group of guardians.

I bet your wondering, what happened to Pax? I think the dog died before Yazdon went to see the blessed peacemaker that is all I know. All I know is that he was so sad at losing this beloved dog and loved that creature on a profound level. He is no longer in the story

On A side note, I found out something happened from some of my contacts, I could not believe it myself. From what I found out as everyone was fleeing to Sweden and as the children were born there were many followers surrounding the church Ilham gave birth in. After a few days, everyone went back to his or her respective countries only to wonder and muse about the purported Savior. But something happened in Los Angeles. On the World Wide Web, in a 'supposedly secure' chat room has surfaced, A few ambitious Followers talked among themselves of the excitement of the newborns birth and what one of them were destined for greatness. They shared their stories of elation and happiness and find hope in humanity. They found themselves, all natives of Los Angeles and they all live in various parts of the city. They talked about many things. Then the subject came up, of forming an

organization devoted to the last savior.

Everyone agreed, one woman chimed in hoping he will overthrow the evil governor Harvester Zeshtarin, who was a pawn of the New world order that only sought to make humanity miserable through the law of exploitation and treat people like insects. The chats continue. Everyone was excited to form an organization, then from one idea things came to fruition.

However, even new ideas had their drawbacks. The chat room had a spy in their midst. Unknown to those that had hope, everyone met at a person's house at an undisclosed location only to find they were raided by the police and arrested for being terrorists and plotting terrorist acts, which was a complete fabrication, by the police and those in higher jobs of authority. They were all jailed and got lost in the prison system never be heard from again.

The spy with the help of hackers erased the very existence of all those who had been arrested with the single click of keystroke. Their addresses were found and the police had been stalking them and those were close to these people. The spy did his job to protect the governor. He went to the governor's office to notify him that all well the terrorists were arrested and that his rule will proceed without threat from anybody.

Other than being genuinely interested in Yazdon's welfare,

Monica had an ulterior motive, but from my perspective, I would say that it was good old-fashioned infatuation, to get closer to the family and hopefully to Yazdon. She decided to contact the most visible and accessible member of the family, Jamon. Monica had come to find how she could personally help protect Yazdon. On their first encounter, Jamon who was good at reading people's inner thoughts saw Monica as a very conflicted person with a dark past. Yet, Monica's beauty distracted him, however, and he could not seem to concentrate on figuring out who she really was.

To gain Jamon's trust, Monica showed him evidence of the information she had about the family, and the numerous opportunities she could have had if she had intended to harm any of them. Although a part of Jamon wanted to believe her, another part of him could not trust her, and her beauty was too distracting to him.

It was time for him to use his psychic abilities to find out for himself whether she was genuine or not. He asked her to come back for an in depth personal interview the next day, and to bring a resume and short autobiography, but what could she say that she, that she didn't say to Jamon already?

Jamon's main objective was to take the time between the meetings to figure out what kind of psychic impression he could get from her on his own, and be prepared to compare it to what

she was going to reveal to him the next day.

Monica's difficult childhood sometimes came back to haunt her at times when she was alone. She was born in Italy during the years when WWII had ravaged her country, and turned it into a hellhole and an unrecognizable third world country. By the time she was six years old, her neighborhood had become a slum and people lived in squalor, constantly had to face famine and lived without the basic amenities. Being raised by her mother and a father who was only around part time, her mother grew herbs in their backyard, she learned a vast knowledge of medicinal herbs, including some of which were forbidden by various religions and pagan practices. When she was old enough, she learned to trade them in the black market to make ends meet, for her and her mom. The small amount of money they had made from herbal tonics was not enough to feed the family, and she remembered the horrible pain and suffering they endured. Her father's dealings with the mafia had racked up a bad debt, and she found herself working for the underworld at a young age to pay it off. Her submissive mother never stood up for her for any purpose and turned a blind eye, as she suffered abuse repeatedly.

When she went out to sell her mother's herbs at age 12, Monica became the victim of assault by one of her mother's

customers. It was a miracle that she did not get raped, kidnapped, or murdered, considering that no one watched out for her. It was probably Monica's keen intuition, along with a strong sense of survival that kept her alive. She always carried a small knife, and on a fateful day, she took it out, and stabbed a would be assailant, wounding him deep enough to make him run away.

This act of courage on her part was enough for Monica to develop a reputation as "the viper," and her mother's clients left her alone. After that experience, Monica vowed never to be a victim again, and she taught herself the ways of the street to fight dirty whenever she walked at nights to evade the police and other thugs who may have wanted a piece of her, and carried whatever tools she needed to defend herself. In her free time, she spent hours practicing, and visualizing fighting imaginary assailants, and became self confident and fearless. She lived a life of secrets for most of her life. Working off her father's debt, and dealing with the underworld, she gradually learned how to fake documents, hack into computers, do private investigating, and become adept at it.

Underneath her tough exterior, Monica was a sad girl, who felt she has sold her soul to the devil. She felt trapped because she could never quit working for the underworld, and she remembered why she had stayed in that profession for way too long. After she had made a vow to work off her father's debt, she decided to quit

dealing with the underworld, to pursue her own life, but some of her unsavory clients who knew she had damning information on them, still wanted her services, came after her and threatened to kill her. She had thought about whistle blowing many times and risking her own life, but she had been too scared to take that risk.

To get even with them, and loosen their grip on her, she has devised a very clever, elaborate, and complicated plan. Through perception and the fact that she sensed that there were some in the syndicate that were hiding their identity, she had found out that some of the enforcers for the mafia were in fact undercover Interpol agents looking for an opening to completely remove that section of the mob out of Italy. Monica had to be quiet, but in the end befriended these two agents. In the past few years, she knew she had been playing a very dangerous game, passing information to the agents and sending anonymous tips to Interpol through her fake email server, but for the first time she knew to be decent human beings and felt like she could trust someone. She managed to put some of the worst of the worst of her former associates in jail without anyone ever suspecting her of being an informant. She had helped the two agents in other ways and gained their trust by showing them major flaws in their computer systems at Interpol. In turn, the two kind agents tried to show her kindness by offering her a job, finding out that she was gifted with computer hacking, after she exposed to them some classified information from the

Interpol files and told them about it. She then informed these agents about the flaws in their system, but not after obtaining whatever information, she had been interested in collecting, just in case- as were her defensive measures. Interpol actually used her input and fixed the glitches in their system. They appreciated the tips she had given them about her criminal clients, and the computer glitches.

Monica's computer programming and hacking skills had come in handy, and she had managed to ease her feelings of guilt over working for unsavory clients. To the Interpol agents she earned the name of the phantom informant to keep and respect her anonymity. Unknowingly, she had turned the agents into a couple of heroes. She had developed a very interesting relationship with the agents, they looked forward to her tips, and they did much good together. Monica had shown her liaisons where to find and seize the assets of the captured criminals, and the name of the victims they had stolen from. To keep them honest, and to fulfill her mission, she promised to give the agents more tips about her other criminal clients in return for paying back the victims. She slept better at nights, thinking her deeds would eventually pay off and lead to her freedom from their grip.

With the demise of all her former clients one by one, Monica was hoping to have a peaceful life in the future somewhere in the world. They would never suspect her because she had actually told

her unsavory clients that she had been hacking into the Interpol computers for the sake of trying to help them, and giving them advanced notice about who the Interpol would be coming after next. No one among them was sophisticated enough to figure out what she was doing. They were becoming intimidated, and based on her suggestions; some of them had returned the monies they stole from their victims thinking it would clear their records in case they were caught. She actually enjoyed seeing these individuals squirm before they were captured.

Monica passed Jamon's psychic test once she spilled out her guts to him, including her affection for Yazdon. Her story moved Jamon and he sensed that she was being truthful, and he embraced her. She was just the person he needed to have in the organization, and seemed perfect for the job. He then told her about the guardian secret society that he was about to establish and knew that things were supposed to happen for a reason, and that Monica and Jamon were supposed to meet.

Monica, who was intimately familiar with secrecies and mysteries in her dealings, felt right at home. They made a pact to plan and establish this secret society for the sole purpose of monitoring Yazdon's whereabouts and protecting him from harm from extremists or those in a government who may have been threatened by him. They came to an agreement by recruiting anyone and everyone from all walks of life who could pass the tests

of the heart and the mind by planting agents skilled in all professions who some also had powers of seeing in their own right with all skills as pertaining to whatever was needed to protect Yazdon. Everyone, who was skilled at anything, from a security expert who did work for celebrities and royalty who could protect Yazdon from stalkers and obsessed fans. To the bouncer who worked at a club on Hollywood boulevard who could work as a body guard. Such a person like bouncer who could know what a random person would do to see a famous person, who was going nuts from standing in line too long and all the way to a bookish person who needed to do any form of paperwork as nobody would be turned away and wanted to find belonging in an awkward, in this mysterious world. The two would be the co-leaders of the society, and they vowed to safeguard the organization's secrecy.

CHAPTER 3

Guardians.ORG

Jamon realized that establishing the organization might put them all in jeopardy if the authorities were to find out about them. Secrecy was of utmost importance, Both Jamon and Monica knew what they were getting into. Codes were established, secret handshakes and Puzzle keys were made that only those in the group could figure out. They took references from secret societies in the past and found that information to be useful after much research on the internet.

Jamon and Monica, and anyone interested in joining, needed to know the risks involved with membership in such a group as they were all sworn in on a pane of death should the group be revealed. However, where could they go to find such devoted and dedicated group of individuals? Jamon turned to the most trusted people he already knew, who were trusted teachers and guides, and among them Clemente, who was first to be contacted.

Although Jamon's relationship with Clemente had been an uneasy one at times, he found it to be a useful relationship for all practical purposes. He had been a personal teacher in martial arts and self-defense, and the family bodyguard, but Jamon knew that Clemente could only do so much as he could not protect everyone

all at the same time.

Clemente was the unlikely hero who was very different from the assassin he used to be many years ago. But it didn't take a Psychotherapist that this man was full of depths, or like a maze to be solved. I always sensed that there were things that he hid from the rest of us. But I didn't bother him as we both kept our counsel. His soul had been cleansed and was prepared for a new beginning, and his faith was restored with the belief that just like himself humanity could be redeemable, maybe it was some of humanity, I couldn't tell the guy was like a shut up book with a lock on it. But I could see the man's face, he had lived an interesting life so far. He had a keen sense of survival, a sixth sense for danger, and an unsurpassed mastery in the art of the ancient warriors.

Clemente volunteered without a question, as if he was waiting for this moment for an eternity. He vowed to ward off any attempts that would threaten the security of Jamon's circle, and became his personal watchdog. With his own security guaranteed, Jamon had to be wary of the security of the future members and weed out people with evil intentions who would try to infiltrate the society. To protect the circle and his brother's security at all costs, the three of them would have to implement some of the rituals of ancient practices and secret circles of the past, to take the oath of secrecy as the basis for this formation of the order. The three of them, especially Monica, searched high and low on the net, and in

any documents, they found, for individual followers and fans of Yazdon. Soon they realized the futility of this tactic in terms of organizing a secret society. They had to come up with a new screening technique.

Jamon, found himself having to curtail some of his activities with his father's business, filled Armon in on the plan and sought his advice and support in the establishment of the society. Armon gave him his full support and tried to find trusted people who could manage part of his business to give Jamon some relief. Jamon's burden of the lone guardian decreased with the participation of his father and his newfound friend Monica.

They needed the assistance of a trusted few and Jamon called on the aide of Celine too see if she had any ideas that maybe a chemical marker or something else could be given to members who made it past the tests in the guardian secret society. Monica had an idea. She knew that even well known societies like the freemasons could be infiltrated, and suggested a website be created after much scrutiny and to throw off any would infiltrators. A public website was created that would purportedly tell some of what this circle was about, In case if someone thought some individuals might get noisy and knowing that anything could be found on the internet from any search engine. In the end-

Guardians.ORG was born and for their first official meeting, they gathered at Jamon's beautiful house. All helpers and housekeepers left for the day and was the last one to arrive on that fateful day that would change things forever.

Clemente went to the front door to greet Celine. She was holding a pile of files and folders along with a briefcase and purse, and Clemente extended his arm to help everyone without saying a word. I think he wanted to shake hands with Celine and when she extended her hand to shake his, she knocked her briefcase and the contents out on the front porch. Apologizing profusely, he immediately proceeded to pick up the briefcase and helped her put the contents back in. Realizing what had happened, they both burst into laughter but It was kind off awkward in a way. I always thought that they may have had some secret relationship, but then again it was a welcome icebreaker from a situation that we all knew was a little intense.

They all gathered in the living room and Clemente prepared drinks for everyone. Apparently, he had always been attracted to Celine, and she had been somewhat oblivious to it and too busy with her work. He felt more awkward than ever knowing he would be working alongside Celine, and I always had the feeling that he would be seeing a lot more of her, as they would be working more together, that maybe they would have some story to tell. But from what I saw, sometimes opposites attracted, sometimes they didn't.

Maybe, I thought at the time, what the heck, maybe play match maker for these two souls who felt awkward in the world in the first place, or keep an eye on them too see what they would do and have some fun at it. My mind wondered, that maybe, after many years of distant infatuation on Clemente's part, an unlikely match was about to be made between the two. But then again that was the romantic in me coming out I guess.

The official meeting began, and soon they came to the obvious conclusion that they could not open the door to petitioners and applicants, and at the same time be able to keep their secrecy in that nothing that had been researched could be easily bypassed and that it wasn't perfect. They hoped to safeguard the petitioning process so that no assassin would come in their mix. But, I had a surprise for everyone, I was a few steps ahead of everyone else. I had compiled a list of the people who had shown up at the convent by some psychic force when the twins were born. Not only did I have this list, but also over the years, I updated it and kept in minimal contact with the people. This made our search so much easier. Celine, also had surprise as well, from the contents of her briefcase, she showed blueprints for a painless implant inserted in the left hand that could be scanned and everything could be verified quickly and without complications. A device that was undetectable by any scanner or any computer device that could have easily tipped off someone, or something.

But I saw Clemente. I had the sense he was hiding something that I couldn't quite place. But something told me that he would have to go back to life in Los Angeles and deal with stuff in his life. I let him be, But much like all of us, we had a purpose to be a part of the greatest story ever told.

However, I digress. With Monica's computer skills, keen intellect, and Interpol connections, we formed a profile on each of Yazdon's fans and followers, and carefully selected them for interviews and for the tests, they would undergo. The first group of potential members came from among the psychic and clairvoyant followers. They tested them through sending telepathic communications to them, and then waited to see if they received the message and tried to make contact. This was the only way they could reassure that their membership was voluntary and the members were of the caliber they were hoping to find.

During the interviews, the members answered a battery of personal questions. Their answers then were selected randomly as a form of ID at the entrance to each meeting to insure the accuracy of the members' ID. The final test was an evaluation by Jamon for selecting a group of a special few who exhibited a unique wisdom. This group became known as "The Rank of The Third Eye." This group of twelve members would help Jamon directly with the use

of their psychic abilities.

The psychics and the clairvoyants handpicked by Jamon assisted in recruiting more members to speed up the process. In the end, they would up with men and women who came from all lifestyles. Some were clairvoyants and psychics, others are physicists and musicians, and they had many other varieties of skills. One thing they all had in common was their highly developed psychic ability.

They held their meetings in random locations that varied each time, and members got in by scanning their wrists into a device that popped three questions up on the screen. If the talking puzzle locked in the correct answers, it announced the presence of the member. In addition, Celine and Monica instituted the most complicated computer application that when it came in contact with the implant in the member's hand, that when flashed an ankh on a computer screen that which was visible to Clemente who guarded the door could be verified until they all arrived. Once everyone came in, Clemente locked the door and joined the meeting.

As a precaution, Celine concocted a narcotic super serum cocktail to inject into the prospective members who did not make it through the selection process, under the guise that they would have the implant, to wipe out any memory of what happened.

Members agreed to the implant injection before they were brought to an undisclosed location for the interview. This harmless injection stopped the formation of hormones that formed any memory of the past few hours. A tiny microchip the size of a pill was injected into the left hands of new members became their only form of identification.

Provisions put into place dealt with people who would try to threaten the circle. Anyone who would make it to a meeting without an ID chip, or would fail to answer the three security questions, would be injected as well with the concoction from that Celine has made, to wipe out their memory of the place. Everyone knew what was at stake and that nobody could not afford any foul ups.

It was of vital importance for members to understand that if Yazdon ended up crossing some fine lines and put himself in any danger, from he something said or from doing something Inflammatory, he would be likely to do regardless of the consequences, guardian members could become fair game. That even by association could be used to bait Yazdon or anybody that knew him into a position of vulnerability, to bring down his brother. It was crucial for them to take an oath of secrecy, and to pledge their allegiance to the society, to protect the identity of the group at any cost, and to put their lives down for Yazdon and members of the circle.

Upon initiation into the order, the guardians essentially took their post, so to speak, and each one started to get on their task of keeping Yazdon safe immediately. They mixed in the crowds, armed themselves with all kinds of surveillance gadgets, and alerted each other about any attempt on Yazdon's life. The membership grew and it was a never-ending endeavor. Some engaged in intelligence operations, others became secret agents, and yet others took on the task of becoming Yazdon's secret guards from a distance.

As Yazdon's popularity grew and people held onto his words with a newfound hope for the future, so did the size of the membership of the Guardians.ORG. Initially, Yazdon had no knowledge of the existence of any of these factions, or the fact that his beloved brother had set out to initiate such a task. He soon caught on to what his brother was trying to do for him. Which caused a myriad of emotions to well up in him, as on the one hand he thought his brother worried too much, but then again He knew that his brother did this, because he cared.

CHAPTER 4

The Revival

Yazdon had finally grown into a young man of twenty-seven, and he looked mature for his age. He was an attractive man and stood about 6 feet tall, with a medium built, and an attractive body, even though he did not work out. His brownish black hair fell to his shoulders, and his deep green eyes had a sense of profound kindness about them. He liked to wear casual and comfortable clothing such as jeans and loose fitting tops. He was not clean-shaven, and his short whiskers added to his masculine features. His smile pleased the most hardened souls.

Yazdon had learned much from Edward and the Bedouin tribes, and from spending time in Africa and helping his sisters with their relief work. He knew that people could be helped, but at times, they were like lost souls or little children that needed guidance from a wise teacher. After his long stay, he found himself homesick and he missed his family. Jamon, Emma, and Ava were visiting at home and everyone wanted him to come home and be with them. He went home to Sweden, and straight to his parent's mansion.

When the town heard that Yazdon was returning, they treated him as a celebrity, and all gathered to get a glimpse of him. Inside the house, his family greeted him warmly. Soon he found out how everyone was doing, and catching up with all the latest information and gossip. For now, he had decided to stay home, and regale his family with his spiritual travels and adventures with Edward.

Early the next morning, as Yazdon was just waking, he heard some commotion coming from the living room. Ilham, who could not contain herself, was knocking on everyone's bedroom door and saying, "I have some exciting news. Come on, everyone! Let us have breakfast together. We have a lot to talk about."

Yazdon, still groggy from sleep, dragged himself out of bed, threw on some clothes, and came down for breakfast. Ilham was so excited that she had prepared a fabulous breakfast for everyone to eat. She told them, "First of all, your father and I are so happy to have you all here. You have truly made my day. I have good news. Your father's niece Danika is about to get married and we are invited to go to Paris and attend her wedding ceremony."

Armon's niece made a good living in Paris, and she oversaw some the charitable causes for the Jeffries family. The wedding arrangements had been hasty as she had whirlwind romance and enamored by love. The invitations called for them to be there in less than two weeks. Ilham, who was very excited, wanted to help

her in-laws as much as she could as they rushed to pack and fly to Paris in their private aircraft early the next morning, to help Danika prepare for the wedding.

When they got to their residence in Paris, they found that Danika had sent directions to the ceremony and other pertinent information to the house already. They got in touch with her and she sent her fiancé to go shopping for tuxedos for Yazdon, Jamon, and Armon. The girls went on a shopping spree of their own.

It seemed like such a long time since Yazdon had been shopping and walked freely in public this way. He noticed women who were clearly showing their attraction toward him. For the first time, Yazdon had hopes that perhaps he could have some semblance of normalcy in his life someday, and possibly have his own family. Women, always, had pined for Yazdon, and he had a bit of an ego and enjoyed the attention. He occasionally indulged them with a smile or brief flirtation, but turned off the charm just as quickly, as no woman caught his fancy for too long.

It was a marvelous wedding ceremony and the reception was proving to be a success as well. Things went perfectly smoothly for the most part and just as planned. The guests enjoyed themselves and devoured the exotic cake, the rare wine, and the delicious

gourmet food. Yazdon's cousin told the whole world that she was the happiest woman alive. Likewise, the guests seemed to be happy and jovial. They danced, ate, drank, and partied into the night.

All of this went on, and by midnight, a severely drunk guest blurted out that there was no more booze. The crowd booed, and the host worried that the party would go sour. Ilham tried to help, and she quickly found the *maitre d'*, who ran to get more liquor. He came back with more and told everybody to relax. The guests cheered and on went the partying.

Meanwhile, the unruly guest continued to drink until he became deathly ill. He passed out onto the floor after making an unsightly mess from retching up the booze he ingested. By now, the music had stopped and everybody was looking in the direction of the man who had blacked out and was lying motionless on the floor. Someone called for an ambulance to transport him to the hospital. Hurriedly, Ilham tried to find her son amid the crowd of guests. Yazdon and Jamon were in another room with some of the guests and their children, and they had been clowning around and making the children laugh. Finally, Ilham located them and she asked Yazdon to come along to check on the ill guest.

By the time the paramedics got there, the man had gone into shock from alcohol poisoning, and they soon pronounced him dead. Before doing so, they tried to revive the man by applying any

means they could by CPR, shock treatment and whatever else was at their aide no avail.

Ilham who had seen her son's extraordinary powers pleaded with Yazdon, "Help him. Try to revive the man, will you"? Yazdon looks into her eyes but he is reluctant.

"Mother, this is not an accident. This particular man's time has come to an end, and he was supposed to die, and it isn't my choice to bring him back to life." He could tell the difference when the soul was wavering between the two choices of continuing its journey on earth or opting to leave for another plan. From what Yazdon could see and what his intuition was telling him, the man's karma had been played out. It was all Yazdon could see.

Ilham was distraught, grabbing his hand for a moment and he is startled at her fervor. "I don't want the wedding to end in a tragedy like this. This is bad luck. You must try to revive the man."

Yazdon was annoyed with his mother's persistence. He didn't understand why she couldn't accept what he had said. He repeated, "This man's time is up and this was his hour." He looked sorrowfully down at the man's still figure and began to see images of the man's life flash in his mind. The man had been in a great deal of emotional pain. His soul was hovering, bewildered, but a great weight had been lifted.

Ilham urgently countered Yazdon's reply, "If you could revive

this man, people would talk of the occasion and your following would increase.”

Yazdon was dismayed to hear such a thing from his own mother’s mouth. He always thought of her as an independent thinker. Now suddenly she was showing a side that he had not seen before. She cared about what others were going to say about this, and wanted him to show off his powers; something she had discouraged before.

He turned to Ilham “Mother, are you all right? This is not like you. Fame and fortune are the last things on my mind, and you know me better than that.”

Ilham made an impatient gesture, “Fine... forget what I said. Right now, you have a dead man here that you can help. If it is not your will, it won’t happen, will it? What are you worried about? Please do this for me and I will never ask you for any such favor again.” Yazdon, who loved and treasured his mother, knew she was right in a way and just only said, “I’ll think about it”.

The paramedics were standing there staring at each other wondering what these two had been talking about. One of them turned to Yazdon and said, “Look pal, I don’t know who you are, but if you have something up your sleeve that could save this man’s life and you are not sharing the information to save him, then you can be responsible for his death. You better do whatever you need

to do fast because in another 30 seconds he will be brain dead.”

Yazdon, Knew the man might have been correct, but he felt stuck in a bad spot. He remembered his visions of the man’s life and of his own of he was able to reclaim his powers from his time in the desert, but vowed not to allow them to rule his life. He figured that if his actions could help change the world for the better, even in a minor way, it would be worth trying it. Besides, he did not have to be such a perfectionist, and like his mother said, if the man was meant to die anyway, he would not be able to revive him, and nevertheless he might learn something new.

Yazdon spontaneously felt an aura around him; it was cold, but tingly, warm, but comforting, as if prodded to do the reviving by a higher source. He asked the paramedics to make room, and suddenly, it became so quiet that one could hear a pin drop. Even though Yazdon had been doing healings in Africa, He was still uncertain about this and he felt self-conscious doing at a party as the crowd waited with baited breath. This was the first time so many eyes were on him while he was going to be performing a miracle at a wedding on a banquet floor where someone passed out from drinking too much. All that could be heard was breathing in the room as the crowd looked on with anticipation, not knowing what would happen. Yazdon felt so nervous that he began to sweat and the only noise he could hear was the pounding of his own pulse.

With every ounce of his will, Yazdon summoned his abilities and strengths, gathered his healing powers from within him, and directed them into the man's body visualizing the organs working again. Yazdon muttered under his breath and asked for help from the positive life energy that was out there in the universe. He sent the healing energy into the man's cells, the cells started absorbing the moisture in the air and hydrating again, and the alcohol evaporated from his system. Yazdon asked the paramedics to give the man another jolt of electric shock. This time the guest's heart got a jump-start and began to beat again as the man groaned and gasped for air.

A quiet hush entered the room. The paramedics could not believe what they had witnessed. When the man opened his eyes, some people in the crowd stared in disbelief, and some gasped. The man had no memory of what had just happened to him and acted as if he had not been drunk. He acted so normal that the paramedics did not see any reason to take him to the hospital. He was not even drunk. All the man could do was say, "Come on guys, Are we here to party or what?" There was some laughing and snickering from some crowd at that remark and some applauded, praising the awesomeness of the event. Some people, who knew the man personally, who couldn't believe what they saw, were trying to appraise him up and down, dumbfounded by what happened, asking if he was ok, If he knew what happened etc.

Mesmerized by this, and a bit disoriented, the paramedics did not know how to explain what they had witnessed. They got very quiet and Ilham asked them to stay at the reception and enjoy themselves. They started doubting their own perception, and thought they may have made a mistake, or perhaps the man was never dead to begin with, or there might have been something wrong with their instruments. Some people thought that maybe this was all some kind of practical joke.

Ilham wondered to herself, “Does Yazdon have to prove to them now that he really did revive the man”? She told her son, “I am so proud of you for doing what you did,” as she hugged him.

Yazdon said, “I am delighted with the outcome and happy that I was able to make the situation better for everyone,” and continuing, he put his hands together over his heart and muttered, “Thanks to the watchful spirits and the divine energy for helping me.”

After the event, the crowd clamored for Yazdon and he became the life of the party. Some people looked at him with praise and patted him on the shoulder, telling him that it was the coolest thing they had ever seen and how did he do that? , where some of the comments he had gotten, some looked at him with scrutiny and disgust, muttering things like freak, and weirdo under their breath. However, in the end it was a comforting hug from his

mother, who smiled and said, “Good job.”

The celebration continued and it got a bit wild. Yazdon was jovial and did do some tricks of the hand, told a few fortunes for people, answered questions from people about what just happened, even though they were still dumbfounded, delighted the children, who’s parents had forgotten there bed time, and entertained them with his antics. He danced with the women and the children, and for the time being he was very happy and at peace.

Despite the appearance of this blissful event, there were guests in their mix who were finding it necessary to analyze Yazdon’s every move and gesture, and thought of him as a fraud, thinking that this wasn’t how a holy being was too behave. Among them happened to be two of Edward’s devotees who had found out about Yazdon’s attendance at the wedding in Paris and snuck into the reception. They were looking for the opportunity to approach Yazdon and talk to him about something very troubling. They looked at Yazdon who was dancing, laughing, entertaining the children, and being outright jovial. To them, he did not look at all like the Savior they had pictured in their minds, who was supposed to be above all things.

Early in the morning, Ilham told Yazdon the sad news. She

said, “The man you revived at the wedding last night was found in a coma in his bed, and he died on the way to the hospital.” Ilham was sad and continued, “Thank you for giving him a few more hours to live. Obviously, you were right, my son. I am so sorry for pushing you to revive him. Will you forgive me?” “Mother, what was that little display all about anyway?” Yazdon asked looking puzzled. “Son, you have always been special and something tells me that you are above all trivial things. However sometimes, people need a nudge in the right direction to fulfill their purpose. What better way than at the wedding we went too. Besides, I am your mother, I want better for you than I had for myself when I was growing up, when some people treated me like a freak and a witch, from what I learned about people is that some are willing to accept you if you get pushed in the right direction, which I thought to do for you.” Yazdon mused his mother’s words and he knew the world was not a perfect place. He made his judgments at the wedding and knew the answer from what his mother encouraged him to do. “I know mother, you are right. But I am going to be judged no matter what I do, But as long as I have someone like you, it makes the world a better place,” Yazdon said. Yazdon knew that his mother was just proud of him for trying to act and in the end; he rationalized that that is how you can really change things, as one act of kindness could lead to another. He hugged his mom and said, “Thanks for being my mom, but I will have to find my

own way, there are times when I will need your help.” Ilham, only smiled at that remark.

CHAPTER 5

The Unseen Effect

News of the healing traveled fast, and Yazdon went from being an unknown person to a celebrity sensation. Thanks to the advances of social media, websites like youtube and plain old-fashioned word of mouth, where unknown to Yazdon, people had recorded numerous videos on their cell phones and mini camcorders documenting the resurrection event. That made him an overnight sensation.

The next morning, Yazdon and Ilham went to a hotel to visit with some relatives who had attended the wedding ceremony. Apparently, a crowd had formed and some people spotted Yazdon trying to mob him as he going into the hotel. Only what had happened was that a bigger crowd began to gather in front and somebody had called the police, who found that they needed to do some crowd control.

The police were having a difficult time trying to disburse the crowd. The commotion outside the hotel could be heard in the room Yazdon and Ilham were visiting, and it got their attention. Yazdon peeked out the window and realized what was going on. It was obvious to him what the people wanted, and he immediately came down to the street level where people had gathered, in hopes

that he could appease them somehow.

Yazdon was glowing, and the experience of the night before has unleashed his powers. The people, who saw him, were ecstatic and wanted a piece of him. They begged him to do so many things. “Heal my cancer!” said one person. Jesus has come back to the modern world!” yelled another person. These are needy people with problems, and they want him to help them take whatever pain, loneliness or anything else away. There are also people who want his autograph, and women who just wanted to look at a handsome man. When the crowds of people saw him in front of the hotel entry, they start to cheer, and they began to swarm towards him again. Before the police tried to hold them back, a few of people who are standing at the periphery of the circle immediately jump in and form a wall in front of Yazdon. They tell people to calm down and step back.

Yazdon asked the people to sit down on the ground, close their eyes, and focus on the problem that has brought them there. He asks them to listen to the words he will speak to them, and nothing further is said. He proceeds to do the healing they have come there to receive. Some people look at each other and they do not understand what he is asking them to do, but follow the others and sit down and close their eyes. When the crowd sits on the ground, Yazdon noticed a few people who appear to be standing watch, and among them, there is a striking woman who is staring at him. When their eyes meet, she turns her face and looks away to avoid direct

eye contact with him. Yazdon's concentration is broken for a few seconds as he takes in her beauty, but he quickly gained his control back and continued to perform the healing.

He raised his arms to the sky. What felt like an earthquake to the crowd were vibrations from the earth blanketing the crowd like a net. The individuals fell asleep and slumped over for a few minutes. When they woke up, Yazdon seemed to have disappeared, and they felt renewed and their ailments seemed to have vanished. They remembered Yazdon talking to them personally and giving each one specific words of advice. They all seem to have had the same experience, but Yazdon seemed to have told each one something different befitting that person only. Each person had received a unique message all their own. As usual, there are a few skeptics among the people, who are unaffected by this and consider it hocus pocus and magic tricks.

Yazdon is on a high, and he was full of life and filled with love after that event as he found that that the vibration energies of the earth had an amazing healing on him and the people in the crowd. As time passed, the more love he gave to others, the more filled with love he became himself as he thanked the great creator for healing the pain of the people who had come to see him, and for helping him become a better person.

After the healing outside the hotel, Yazdon quickly returned to the room after entering the hotel from the back entrance. His relatives were not in the room and they probably went to have breakfast without him. Yazdon was tired and hungry, and he ordered a big hearty breakfast to eat in the room. He thought about how he loved ordinary people and he was beginning to see that he could never be an ordinary person himself. He thought about how he enjoyed mingling with the crowds of people just a few days ago when he was shopping for tuxedos with his father and brother, walking around on the streets and going unnoticed. He was dying to do that again, and he was secretly hoping he would run into the beautiful woman he saw standing in the crowd the day before.

His knew his desire to be anonymous was quickly becoming an impossibility. Yazdon's photo was already all over the Internet and media with the story of his healings that morning and from the incident at the wedding, where he revived the dead man the night before. He tuned into this frequency and he heard the sound of voices speaking his name, and becomes deafening. His mood changed as he became overwhelmed with peoples thoughts and a wave of grief takes over him for the loss of something he may never have again. He needed to work out a solution to the problem of his celebrity. He cherished his freedom too much to allow the tabloids, the paparazzi, or the constant crowd of needy or greedy people, who will not get enough of him for one reason or other,

to enslave him.

Yazdon was weary from racking his brain for an answer and he fell into a deep sleep. He dreamt that he is walking among crowds of people and going unnoticed just as he had desired. Then he saw Celine and himself in an operating room and she proceeded to implant a chip into his brain that gave him the ability to appear invisible to others at will. Celine showed him how to turn the chip on and off whenever he wanted to. He woke up from the dream feeling refreshed, but had a slight pain deep inside the right side of his head as if there really was something implanted there. The words "I will be unseen, I will be unseen, I" kept reverberating in his head.

He took a few minutes, meditated on those words, and imagined that he has an implant in a part of his brain that he can switch on and off.

As he repeated the words, he decided to go to the street and tested the results, but the hotel guard at the main entry seemed to recognize him and greeted him with a smile. The mantra was obviously not working and he got frustrated. He took a deep breath, chuckled to himself to lighten his mood, and made a turn to go back to the room. Maybe it was just wishful thinking on his part, he thought. He needed to work on this. Did he really intend to be unseen, or does a part of him enjoy the attention too much,

He centered himself and meditated on his conundrum. The answer to whether he was enjoying the attention was a resounding 'Yes', but he knew that his ego needed to be appeased somehow. He knew his ego was getting in the way again, just when he had thought he had learned to control it, when he knew that he was going to have to make peace with that. Apparently, he needed to tackle the problem of ego for much longer than he had anticipated. It was like an addiction that needed monitoring, perhaps forever.

Yazdon decided to try out his ability to be incognito again, and this time he sincerely intended to go unseen. He tried his luck again and put strong feelings into it, with clear intentions. He passed the hotel guard again, who didn't see him this time. He then goes into the street and projects the thought into the crowd of people, as he continues to repeat the mantra in his head, visualizing how strongly he wanted to be unseen. Although he had not made himself invisible literally, but he had become invisible to the people who do not seem to look at him or see him. He tried to test this by standing in one place on the sidewalk, and watch people approach him from different directions. When he did not get out of their way, people run into him right and left, and although some apologize, they do it without looking at him as they continue on their way. Yazdon smiled and was pleased to have found a way to hide himself, if he had chosen, without being out of sight. He felt free again and went on with his afternoon stroll without being

disturbed.

While Yazdon was walking around that day, he ran into the beautiful woman who was in the crowd the day before. She is window-shopping and she went into a store. Yazdon thought he should go up and talk to her, but something told him this was not the right time and that he would run into her again.

Yazdon then began to think about his brother and knew he was worried about him. Jamon was still at the residence in Paris and he was getting ready to go home with the rest of the family. Yazdon called Jamon and told him about the technique he was using to become unseen to other people, and how they were running into him all day and not noticing him. They found this amusing and laughed together. This certainly lessened Jamon's worries and eased his mind somewhat. They decide to call this technique "the Unseen Effect."

Unbeknown to Yazdon, Guardians.ORG has been watching Yazdon from a distance all along, and has been making sure he was safe. Likewise, Monica had been there keeping a close eye on him.

These were the people, who surrounded Yazdon at the healing, and Monica has been the beautiful woman he has seen in the crowd. Yazdon talked to Jamon about a beautiful woman with long black wavy hair he has seen in the crowds a couple of times. He told Jamon, "She had an unusual aura and was very mysterious.

I recall seeing her at an airport a few months ago, and I found the coincidence mystifying.”

Jamon asks Yazdon, “Tell me more about her. What did she look like?” Soon enough Jamon realized that Yazdon was talking about Monica. He kept silent about her secret mission, but jokingly told him, “I have a feeling she is going to be there wherever you go. I think you should go up to her and talk to her next time you see her in the crowd.”

Yazdon sensed that Jamon was blocking his thoughts from him and knew he was up to something. He was the only person who can block Yazdon from reading his thoughts, and vice versa. Jokingly he told Jamon, “I know you are up to no good and I’m going to get you for this.” “Then brother, the game is on.” Jamon said with a brassy remark. Jamon continued, “Come back soon. We are getting ready to leave for the airport, but something tells me you’re going to ‘conveniently’ miss your flight.”

CHAPTER 6

The Misguided

Bryce and Arthur are followers of Edward. They had sought his help for something that has been troubling their community; Edward had directed them to seek Yazdon. On their way back to California, they stopped in Paris and somehow managed to sneak their way into the wedding reception.

They had been there when Yazdon performed the miracle, and they were there the next day when he performed the second miracle. Despite witnessing the miracles, they remained skeptical about Yazdon as a spiritual leader because of the way he was acting at the wedding party. They saw him mingle with mere mortals at the party, converse, dance, laugh, and joke, entertain the children, and play with them. He appeared to be happy, and was having a good time around ordinary people. In general, he did not look serious enough for them to meet their expectations of how a Messiah or superior being should behave. Because of this skepticism, they had not participated in the group healing Yazdon performed in front of the hotel that morning, although they were there.

For now, Arthur and Bryce needed Yazdon and they decided to go with the plan they had, and they went to the hotel front desk

and left a note for Yazdon to meet them in the lobby. When Yazdon came back from his stroll in the city, and finished his conversation with Jamon, he noticed there was a message for him. When he called the front desk, they told him the message was from two men who were waiting in the lobby to see him. Yazdon went to the lobby to see what was going on, and when they saw him, they bowed down and pledged their loyalty to him. Right then, Ilham happened to be passing through the lobby and she ran into them, staring at the strange scene.

Bryce and Arthur stare at Ilham and mutter to each other that this is the mother of the spiritual leader, that would save humanity again and that her son was the reincarnation of Jesus Christ himself. With instant praise, they quickly bow down to both of them and proclaim their unworthiness in their presence.

Yazdon did not know what to make of this as he had seen their thoughts and saw that these men were uncertain, but they needed help. Other thoughts seemed veiled to him as he uncertain as to how to handle this. He only looked to his mother who had a puzzled look on her face as well.

Yazdon who was exasperated, implored, "Please get up. You do not need to be bowing down to us, or treat us as deities, especially when you are feeling the opposite. You are putting me on. Besides I am a man just like you."

Ilham, who was annoyed with situation that she and Yazdon were in, did not like his overly humble stance, told him, “You are not just like them, you are a leader!”

Yazdon who has sensed the unease in Bryce and Arthur’s behavior asks them, “Tell me what is ‘really’ on your minds, you just want to sit here? Or have a discussion in a more comfortable setting.” Bryce and Arthur look at each other as Yazdon gestured for them to make their way to a café located in the hotel

They all sat down, waited for a server, and order some coffee and snacks. The room became silent, but then Arthur and Bryce started talking at once. “Hold on!, One at time.” Yazdon said exasperated. They both took a deep breath. Bryce gestured to Arthur who confessed, “We are somewhat confused about you, because word has spread about who you are, and what to expect of you, but we see that are not like what we expected.”

Yazdon who was mystified, said, “What were you expecting”?

Caught off guard with this question, Bryce paused and then he said, “They say you are the purported reincarnation of the Messiah, who died for our sins?” Bryce and Arthur simultaneously started babbling and say that he was the superior being, the savior of humanity, and they wished to follow him, all Yazdon said was “One at time or just shut it.”

Yazdon who was annoyed at this point, in way he knew he was

thinking he might have attracted some obsessed fans replied, “Empty your mind from other people’s ideas and think for yourself. Trust your own feelings, and believe what you see. As long as you have a preconceived notion of who I am, you will lose my message, and fail to understand its meaning. I am who I am.”

Ilham who had been silent, got the feeling that Arthur and Bryce were not sincere, and they were there under false pretenses, started to reprimand them, “Look at you. You have put him on such a pedestal to live up to, and have such abnormal expectations of him, that the burden alone is enough to kill anyone. You are going to drain him dry and at the end, he is not going to be good enough for you. The world does not need people who will hang on his coattails and use him for their own selfish purposes, and then continue to come back for more just when they need him. My son is not going to do this all by himself. His higher purpose is to serve humanity, and to use his powers to change the world for the better, but without people’s support and help, his job will never be done, He isn’t some demigod that got deified at the wedding we went too, but just a man like you.”

Yazdon lets Ilham get things off her chest. He could not have said this better himself. He told them, “It is that old concept of ‘paying it forward’. Are you willing to spread my gift of kindness to others who may need it?”

The two men who are not exactly ready to make a commitment to Yazdon, and are not sincere in their alleged devotion to him, were silent and disappointed, and do not know which way to turn. With their expectations crushed, they ask, “Forgive us for intruding on you. If you will excuse us we will be on our way,” as they proceeded to leave.

Yazdon, who was hoping that he might be able to change these men’s hearts, and convey his message to them, told them, “Wait, you are missing the point. I am not in the business of trading kindness, and it appears that neither are you. You are not willing to pass it on and I am not willing to stop giving it away. So here I go. I intend to hear your concerns, and give you a helping hand.”

They find a quiet corner in the lobby and the men digress into their story. Arthur told him, “I own a restaurant at the San Pedro harbor and Bryce is an environmental publicist who works for the chamber of commerce. Sam, and my brother Jackson, are our partners, and they run whale watching and fishing expeditions in the springtime, and operate the ferries to Catalina Island throughout the year. We have run into deep misfortune and our community is quickly disintegrating. Only a miracle can save us, and we desperately need your help.”

Arthur continued, “Poisons and toxins have been contaminating the waters in San Pedro heavily. Dead animals are

washing up on our beaches that look like they have holes burned through them or have rotted from mold or fungus. We have picked up the bodies of Dead Sea birds that have choked on some refuse like a bottle or something. I know It's gross, Too name a few things. Bryce stumbled onto some damaging information about a chemical plant that has been storing untreated toxic waste in a nearby facility and there dumping their shit into the harbor polluting the water. Many of the old containers have cracked, and in turn, spilled toxins have found their way into the waters. A few government officials have accepted bribes to keep a lid on the whole thing, and have done nothing to clean up the mess. The chemical company is lawyered up really good. Most of the merchants in the village own gift shops, and their main income comes from tourism. News of the contamination had spread quickly, turning the small village into a ghost town. Hard economic times have befallen the merchants, and businesses have suffered a major setback.

Several environmental groups have come to our aid claiming that they can do miracles, and get rid of the contaminants in their water. What a joke, our community got screwed over there too the point of bankruptcy as nothing was done. One agency has managed to get rid of some of the contaminants, but barely. Genetically engineered bacteria, able to eat and break down the contaminants, have been added to the water, in massive numbers.

The problem has been that no one has thoroughly studied the effects of the bacteria on fish and wild life and eventually on humans. The bacteria are still floating around in the water along with the broken down contaminants, and people are concerned about an incurable epidemic. Other agencies have not been able to produce any results and have outright taken advantage of the people, and have defrauded our community out of millions of dollars”.

In the past, in times of trouble, the two men have turned to Edward for spiritual guidance. They had been praying to God every day vowing to be more giving and charitable if God fixed their problem. Yazdon who thought that misery spawned piety saw that Bryce and Arthur were bartering with God, and their intentions were strictly self-serving. Nonetheless, he wanted to help them solve the problem of their small community and he told them that he would see them soon. Bryce and Arthur departed with hope in their hearts.

Yazdon and Ilham look at each other, and he told her, “Hey, that was impressive. You are some spirited woman. How about becoming my spokesperson”? “No son, this is your time and you have a story to tell. The creator just wanted me to be your mother, your rock, and too guide you when you need it” She said with a smile.

Yazdon contemplated the details of how to save Bryce and Arthur's small community and he soon arranged to fly to Los Angeles a couple of days later to meet with the two men.

CHAPTER 7

The Believers

Before Yazdon left for California, he contacted Ilham at the airport. He left early as he did not want to wake up his mother, but knew she would understand. She promised a gift for Yazdon, and told him, “There is going to be a surprise for you at the airport when you arrive in Los Angeles.”

When Yazdon gets off the aircraft, Bryce is already there, and a vehicle is waiting for them at the curbside. Bryce told him, “Ilham has arranged for this, and I have had nothing to do with it.”

A few minutes later, they get into the vehicle, and there Yazdon finds Ilham’s surprise gift waiting for him. As soon as he enters the limo, a cute little pug jumps on Yazdon and licks his face all over. There is a tag on her collar with a note. Ilham has named her Lulu. Yazdon is flabbergasted to have Lulu as his companion. Lulu is very animated, and Yazdon hugs and pets the dog for a time, as he bursts with laughter.

Ilham has a note for him that said, “I hope you forgive me for being selfish in addition, sending Lulu to be with you. I wanted for you to have a friend around, and for her to watch over her master dutifully. I know how you feel about keeping animals as pets, but

Lulu is a stray, and she was about to be put to sleep. Love, Mother.”

Yazdon says to himself, “Thank you mother. You know I can read Lulu’s mind. She is fine.” He kisses the letter and puts it in his shirt pocket.

They drove to Bryce’s house, who has arranged for Yazdon to stay over. Arthur joined them, and he was excited and hopeful that Yazdon would change their streak of bad luck and give their town the helping hand they desperately need.

The next day, Yazdon, Arthur and Bryce go to the harbor to meet Jackson and Sam, who are in their fishing boat. When Arthur notices them, he gasps with excitement and announces the news of bringing Yazdon to their town. A few minutes later, Jackson and Sam who have been at sea for a few days pull in their boat. Arthur has not seen his brother Jackson since they left to get help from Edward and he runs up to him to greet him, with Yazdon behind him.

Getting off the boat, Jackson looks a bit drunk, and his cigar is hanging off the corner of his mouth. He was obviously disappointed, because a few fish he had caught in his net look diseased. He had never met Edward, and he mistook Yazdon for him. Angry about the circumstances, he snapped at Yazdon and

without any provocation and he starts to ramble on about his miserable life. He told Yazdon, "I have lived near these waters since I was a boy, and I am very bitter about the fact that the waters have now become contaminated and toxic and now our community has paid for it many times over. Where has everybody been all this time, especially you, holy man? Why haven't you done anything to help us"?

Arthur says to him, "Whoa! Hold on, bro. Watch what comes out of your mouth. This is Yazdon. He is here to help us save our community."

However, Jackson crushes Arthur's hopes, and says, "Ah yes! You think this man will help us bring our dying town back, or prosecute that chemical plant that is ruining the economy of our town? God truly hates us all, or he wouldn't have damned us to this existence."

Jackson turns to Yazdon, looks at him with contempt, and blows some cigar smoke into his face as he passes by him. However, Yazdon smelling the cheap whiskey on his breath and cigar smell has gone into his protective mode already, and the smoke deflects off his body.

Jackson, who was oblivious, continued to talk as he coughed, "So tell us 'holy man' what can 'you' do for us that 'God' or the authorities have not been able to do"?

Yazdon who has not exactly received a warm welcome from Jackson does not flinch at his rude remarks. Yazdon looked at him deeply and Jackson's life goes through his mind like a flash. He gets a good idea what his life has been like. He realizes that Jackson's profession has prematurely aged him. He has had a difficult time to make ends meet, and has found escape and comfort from cheap cigars, booze, and questionable sex.

He was volatile and unpredictable, and his foul temper had gotten him into trouble a few times in bars, landing him in jail to dry up in some drunk tank or for soliciting sex from a hooker.

Yazdon said to him, "I can help you, if you just let your head clear for a moment. Otherwise, I wouldn't be here. It's apparent that circumstances have made you bitter, and it is difficult for you to believe that anyone can help at this stage. But, don't give up just yet."

Jackson, who was on the brink of a nervous breakdown from the hardship he had to endure, found Yazdon's remark condescending. With a smirk and a bow, he sarcastically retorts, "Be my guest. Let's see what you are going to do for me"?

All over the community, on a cloud-covered day that looked like it was about to rain, word spread that the purported savior was in town, and that he was currently at the San Pedro docks. Crowds of people began to flock to the harbor on internet tips, cell phone

conversations and maps on their cell phones as to where he was. Again, they all talked at once asking Yazdon to help them. Lulu is standing by his side and she starts to bark at a particular individual and drives him off.

Yazdon had his hands full and he told the crowd, "Please be patient. I promise to get to you all as soon as possible. Go home now and get some rest."

Yazdon looked at the water and gets an idea. He needed to go into the waters to heal the harbor. He passed the information on to Jackson, "We need your boat." Yazdon said

Jackson laughed loudly and made a face, "You are out of your mind. I am never going to go back in that infested shit water again."

Yazdon replied, "No, No, I don't mean 'you'. I mean the boat." He took a wad of cash out of his pocket, gave it to Jackson, and asked him, "Let us use your boat for a couple of hours."

When Jackson sees the cash, he smirked and thought, "What a fuckin' idiot," He said as he quickly pocketed the money. Yazdon told him, "If you weren't so drunk, I would have wanted you to go with us."

Jackson coughed and said, "I am fine the way I am," and then he wobbled off to return home, muttering under his breath saying,

“Dumbasses”.

Arthur, who cannot wait to be with Yazdon hops on the boat and says, “I’ll go with you,” and he got on board with Lulu.

Sam, who had been on the boat all along, was very tired watching the whole show still had hope, was not going to get off the boat now, and he wanted to go along.

Jackson turned around and watched his boat getting ready to move away from the dock. He thought he was not going to be able to see his boat depart without him, and he does not want his brother and a stranger in control of his boat. He suddenly runs toward the boat and hops on.

Lulu barks and growls at him, and Sam tells him, “Watch your mouth if you’re going to come along.”

They take off and cruise into the ocean some distance away from the harbor. Yazdon asks to stop the boat and he sits on top of a giant tackle box. He petted Lulu and pointed to a spot, and Lulu obediently goes to that spot to sit. Yazdon asked the crew to remain silent no matter what they encounter. He got into a lotus position and goes into a deep trance.

Several minutes go by, and Yazdon then proceeds to go to the side of the boat toward the steps that lead down to the water. He

goes down a few steps and puts the bottom of his feet into the water. The polluted water churned and bubbled smelling like raw sewage.

In a few moments, the pollutants move away from his feet forming a circle that continues to enlarge. Yazdon took his pants and shirt off and proceeded gradually to immerse his whole body into the clear water surrounding his feet. The brothers gasp, and think that this man is insane for immersing himself into contaminated waters. Silence hushed them, and Yazdon muttered a prayer under his breath while floating on the water.

The brothers witness a small tidal wave form as a shock wave radiated from Yazdon's body. In the distance, a forceful whirlpool started to develop. The toxic spew got sucked into the whirlpool little by little at first, and then rapidly, out in the middle of the ocean, the pollutants collected and start hurling around. A large ball of slime emerges from the center of the whirlpool and levitates above the whirlpool. People on the boat are shocked and they covered their mouths to keep their voices silent.

Jackson, who was still drunk, muttered, "Holy shit!"

Bryce smacked him upside the head to shut him up, making a face at him at the same time, silencing him with his index finger over his mouth. The large object starts to glow and it explodes into thousands of small pieces that fall back into the water. The crowd

who were patiently waiting at the harbor started to see several blue bands of water from a distance radiating outward from the whirlpool where the small objects have fallen. Some of the blue bands are coming in their direction at an alarming speed and people begin to step back away from the harbor. When the blue bands hit the rocks at the edge of the water, thousands of small objects about ten inches in diameter bounce off the rocks and dive back into the water and disappear from view again. After some time, people saw a twister forming in the ocean above the whirlpool, and they gasped as the blue bands expand and take over the murky water. The twister died down, the moisture in the air evaporated, and in its place, a small island of solid rock forms. No one remembers an island being there before.

The brothers, who are speechless for a moment, start to praise Yazdon for the miracle he has performed. They had surely thought that the sullied chemicals in the water would have hurt him. However, he came out of the water with no injuries, no blemishes on his skin, and no symptoms of chemical poisoning.

Yazdon put on his clothes, and told them, "Your water is clean, but the fish are unhealthy. For now, follow the blue streaks in the water and it will take you where healthy fish are which great distance from here."

Jackson, who in his arrogance and ungrateful told Yazdon,

“OK, I guess you proved your point.”

Bryce who was ticked off at him says and smacked him upside the head again, “What is wrong with you, dumbass, didn’t you see what happened yourself?” He then emphatically adds, “Man, you should be on your knees begging for forgiveness.”

Surprisingly Jackson complies and asks Yazdon, “OK, I admit I was an asshole. Thank you for what you did. Will you forgive me?”

Yazdon gestures to Jackson as if all is OK and says, “Forgiveness is not mine to give, because you did not hurt ‘me’. You can forgive yourself for hurting ‘yourself’.”

This goes way over Jackson’s head and he takes the wad of cash to give back to Yazdon.

Yazdon refuses the cash and said, “I do want a favor from you in return. It is my purpose to help others, and the more people I can get to help me serve my purpose, the sooner I can accomplish my goal. Can you help your community”?

Oddly, Jackson readily accepted, but has no idea how.

Yazdon told him, “You would be able to help your community in a special way, and we’ll work together on that later.”

Jackson gave Yazdon a look of appreciation, and he was certain that Yazdon had a plan. With that remark, Yazdon told his

gracious host that he needed some quiet time and that he was tired from his exertion.

The crew sailed back toward the harbor, in the midst of a stunned crowd. Everyone was quiet and awestruck at what happened. However, someone broke the silence with clapping and cheering and everyone else chimed in. It was a happy day for the community, which was hopeful for the future now, and they see this person who saved their way of life.

Jackson, who sobered up profusely, apologized to Yazdon again by saying, “Again, I have been such an asshole, and I am indebted to you forever. I would do whatever you want me to do.”

Likewise, Sam who had been a quiet and amazed observer told Yazdon, “I am delighted at the turn of events, and you can count on me to be your loyal servant forever.”

This experience and Yazdon’s presence have changed all of them, and have made better people out of them. They ask what they can do to help Yazdon, and he told them, “I do not need help personally but I do want people who I help to start helping others, to spread the kindness, and to share the gifts they have received from me. I want you to realize that I cannot be there every time you have a problem. You must take charge of your own lives and be good in your thoughts, deeds, and words. Be good not because

you are going to get something in return. This is not a bartering game with your God, so that you may go to Heaven. Be good for the sake of being good. My hope is to set an example for you, of how you can achieve that goal.”

The next morning, out in the community, there is a buzz about the miracle and the events surrounding the mysterious objects and the rock island formation. People who had videotaped the whole incidence had immediately posted them on youTube and the whole world knew what had transpired. No one could deny the existence of the phenomenon that was captured by cameras and cell phones. There was a massive debate on the Internet about the huge object and the thousands of smaller objects that had come out of the water and later returned to the water and how it started to attract UFO’s.

After a restful night of sleep, Yazdon attended to the public, just as he had promised. He felt gratified that he had cleansed the waters, and he saw that the town had already come back to life. Grateful people asked Yazdon what they could do to repay him, and he said the same thing to them that he has said to the others the night before, to just merely be kind and help to each other.

He also told them, “I have given you a gift and now it is your responsibility to preserve it. You owe it to your community to

protect the gift and prevent greedy people from taking it away again. You must band together to preserve your community in the pristine condition I am leaving it to you. Consider it your debt to your community and to society to hold the individuals who have caused the problem accountable for their deeds, and give them a chance to correct their mistakes. This is the only way we can spread good will and achieve lasting results. To that end, those of you who want to join me tonight can gather here and together we can begin with a prayer meditation and hope the culprits will come forward and do the right thing, before they are forced to do so.”

As usual, there were negative forces amid the crowd and there were those who saw Yazdon as a threat. Some did not want their greedy plans to stop under any circumstances and were willing to kill anyone who got in their way. For even in the midst of joy and happiness that the community was restored, some representatives of the very culprits who had dumped the garbage into water were also attracted to this scene and would do any vile act to keep their practices secret.

There were questions about the miracle and the objects. Yazdon said, “You will understand the miracles better if you join me each night at 8:00 PM on our interactive website for meditation and prayer. Keep this regiment up and you can do your own miracles.

As far as the freshened water and mysterious island was concerned, they were here on this planet way before we got here. They had been submerged under water all this time. Also that there was a civilization under the sea, that was also watching the strange events that occurred and were curious as to what had just happened as well.

Someone asks, "Are UFOs watching us?" Yazdon answered, "UFO is a misnomer because first of all, we know what they are. We just like to play dumb. You may call them ETs since they live in submersibles and are terrestrial beings that inhabit planet earth. Why do you think there are so many sightings all over the world? Yet, SETI has not been able to make contact in outer space after all these years."

Someone asked, "Why do they live under water"? Yazdon replied, "Human beings have taken over the land masses and ETs have seen the savagery that humans are capable of doing evidenced by our past and present history. They have taken refuge in the water, which composes about 80% of the earth. They are safe there because humans have not been able to explore the waters except for only a fraction of it."

Someone said, "So you don't think they are hostile to us."

Yazdon replied, "If they were hostile they would have devoured us by now. We are more of a threat to them than they

are to us. They are the ones who gave us the energy technology that saved us from the brink of extinction, and prevented a nuclear holocaust. We almost annihilated them with global warming which had started to poison the oceans especially deep in the areas where they inhabit.”

Another person said, “Why can’t we live in harmony with others and let everyone live. How can we learn more about these beings?”

Yazdon replied, “Your governments have underestimated your intelligence and your tolerance for accepting the truth about the mysteries that surround us.

I would say that, the world should demand the truth collectively and persist on getting it. It is the truth that brings us closer to understanding ourselves and the Supreme Consciousness.”

That night, Yazdon met with a group of people from the community who wanted to help. During a meditation session, he asked the crowd, “Let us do a special prayer, and project the thought on the individual culprits, and ask them to come forward on their own, and confess to their vile acts of destroying the environment.”

Their names came to Yazdon during the prayer and he told everyone, “I know who these individuals are, and two of them are here right now. I want to give you a chance to come forward on your own, right now, and attempt to correct your mistakes.”

This was a very bold move and potentially dangerous on Yazdon’s part. But still nobody came forward. The members of Guardians.ORG, who were in the crowd cringed and braced themselves for trouble, they did not see any imminent danger yet, but they felt it coming. Little did they know braced on a perch, A sniper had his line of site to take out Yazdon.

Some people who were determined to get revenge and thought they were entitled to know the names want Yazdon to reveal the names to everyone.

A gunshot went off. An alert Guardians.org member pushed him out of the way. Everyone panicked as all looked around to see where the shot was fired. The sniper was very good in covering up their tracks as he was too far away, to have it be determined where he fired from. It was reasoned that he used a long range site that was most likely bought on a black market, when the police showed up to take statements and to talk to everyone to see what had happened. When all was said and done, Yazdon seized the opportunity to tell them, “This is not a lynch mob. If any of you are thinking about revenge, you are misreading my message. Listen

to what I am saying. There is a difference between revenge and justice. Understanding the consequences of their own deeds is a better way to get them to change than to get revenge from them.

In the end, it is better for all involved to let them come forward on their own, and be accountable for the mess they have created. If these individuals do not come forward on their own, there are other ways to force them to do the right thing.”

Yazdon was planning to give their names to Bryce to go after them in court.

Someone in the crowd who believed holy men readily forgive people, asked, “I am wondering why the Consoler wanted to go after the culprits and not just forgive them.”

Yazdon told them, “As far as I am concerned, they are forgiven for their ignorance, but I don’t believe they should be let off the hook easily and have others clean up their messes. They need to be given the opportunity to make reparations, through their actions. I do not believe in throwing people in jail, but those who are a threat to others need some kind of intervention to bring them back to health.”

Unknown too many an individual in the crowd, a person was extremely agitated and nervous and he got up and ran out before the gathering was over. Guardians.ORG was watching and they decided to track down the man. They caught up with him, and

without much coaxing, he confessed that he is one of the people who is involved with the cover-up of the chemical spills and that the chemical company send a sniper too take out Yazdon.

The Guardians.ORG psychics in the crowd have already telepathically communicated the names that Yazdon has projected. In the next few days, they decide to go after the culprits and encourage them into coming forward on their own, to take responsibility for what they have done, and repair the community.

From their surveillance on the individuals' names, Guardians.ORG uncovered a plot against Yazdon a few days later. This is the first time there had actually been an organized attempt on Yazdon's life. They are all concerned and they decided to make their presence known to Yazdon, so that they could openly guard him. They decided to send him a note telling him that there was an attempt on his life and to be careful where he goes. Although they do not say anything about their organization, they do tell him that they are there to protect him wherever he went. The community continued the prayer routine, each night, as Yazdon had suggested.

CHAPTER 8

Demonic Schema

Bryce who used his connections as a publicist decided to use his skills to promote Yazdon, and offered him help to spread his message of peace to the masses. He was confident that Yazdon's extraordinary gifts would start a new phenomenon, unlike anything ever seen or heard before. He wanted to use the media to promote him and he believed that Yazdon's participation would greatly benefit audiences that would normally not be able to reach him. At the same time, he had trepidations about Yazdon suffering the fury of those who may perceive him as a threat. He discussed this with Yazdon and suggested that he would establish his spiritual retreat in the area.

Yazdon considered Bryce's offer, and after contemplating it for a while tells him, "My friend, resistance from some people is inevitable, and it is to be expected. There are unexpected forces at play that will make them known to me as well. What we have here is widespread religious bigotry like never before, and a lack of understanding among people for anything that is different. I know I have remained quiet about this, But I have made some demons angry as well; not that I fear them, for some of them, there were sent here from the lord of hell himself. There are those who are

going to dislike me and find my teachings threatening, and they are going to try to stop me because I expose their self-serving schemes, or have them listen to some wayward demon, which would be more than happy to distort what I say. I cannot let this stop me. Go ahead with your plan, but do not expect me to establish a retreat anywhere, because it would not be of interest, and it would be a difficult thing for me to do. I have a restless soul, and I would not be happy if I am rooted in one place. I am a man of the world, I do not have an establishment, and never would I have one or want one. I would help those who want to establish retreats in my name, only if they fully understand my message and will not distort, or use it for profit."

Bryce only nods in compliance and went ahead with the plan and arranging for media appearances, and other gatherings where Yazdon can lecture and have conferences, etc.

A month or two goes by, and Yazdon makes appearances on several shows as scheduled. He sees some in the audiences, who have caught his attention and sees that their eyes are little odd and got psychic flashes of some people who were disguised demons. He dismissed it at first. However, it became regular occurrence on his media tour. A part of him knew that he might attract some otherworldly influences on this tour, but they only watched for

now. People called in and ask for advice and he quickly gained worldwide fame, and became highly sought after. Bryce booked him on several talk shows, one of which was on a televangelist's daily show called 'Gustav's Gospel Hour.' Gustav was a powerful religious figure, and seemed to have a hold on his viewers who followed every advice he dispensed to them.

When Yazdon stepped into his studio, he felt an uneasy sensation as if he had just walked into a trap. The host had it all worked out to make him look like a fool. He sensed a strong dark side in him as he looked into Gustav's Demon possessed eyes and he easily identified his accomplices in the audience.

The majorities of the people in the audience were poor, helpless, and desperate for a glimmer of hope, and were easily targeted for exploitation. Among them were those loyalists who had a blind devotion to the evangelist no matter what happened. On the other hand, he also saw that there were people there who were truly interested in Yazdon's teachings, and sought his guidance. As Yazdon scanned the audience to get a feel for what he had ahead of him, he suddenly felt a special energy emanating from certain members in the audience. He can sense that there were some people in the audience that are there to protect him, including the same beautiful and elusive woman he had seen before, at the airport and on the streets of Paris. This is the first time, Yazdon was feeling the extent to which Guardians.ORG had

dedicated itself to protecting him, and he felt truly moved by the love that they were radiating.

Yazdon's eyes met Monica's, as she sat in a back row seat near the exit. He felt her energy and sensed her deep affection for him. His attraction to her from his first encounter to now immediately mixed in with a deep sense of gratitude and love for the person he perceives her to be. As he took a closer look suddenly, it seemed that his premonition in the desert had become a reality right before his eyes. She was the woman whose image had come to him in the African desert. The woman was striking and he cannot easily take his eyes off her. Yazdon brushes these thoughts out of his mind and struggles to concentrate.

The show started and the audience sought answers to their most pressing questions about life and religion. After he answered a few questions, a person gets up and tries to embarrass him by challenging him to prove he was a messiah, by reading into the audiences' hearts and minds. Yazdon asks permission from the audience because he did not want to embarrass anyone, and then proceeded. He picked up a thought from a man who had raised the question. The man had pocketed some money that had fallen out of an old woman's purse when she was purchasing her ticket for the show.

Yazdon who was trying not to embarrass the man points to

the woman who is in the audience, and asks the man, "Do you know this woman"?

The man is stunned, and embarrassed, and says, "What is the point you are trying to make?"

Yazdon replied, "The money you 'found' belongs to her. I know how anxious you have been to find the person."

The woman searched frantically through her purse to look for her money, and the man, who was trying to save face, reluctantly went over to the woman and gave her the money. The audience cheers and claps. The thief transformed into a hero for the audience, and Yazdon gained the respect of the crowd and made a believer out of them. They realized that he had been seeing into their minds and they got a better sense of the spiritual powers he possessed.

A tall and heavysset Native American woman in the audience who happened to be a schoolteacher wanted to know, "Why has God abandoned me and why do I have to be tormented by others because I am different. How many years of this do I have to take"?

Yazdon's answer to her was "It's painful to feel you are abandoned and all alone in the world, and disliked for something you have no control over. There is no easy answer to the question of intolerance and discrimination, and unfortunately, there is never a shortage of ignorant people. This sickness ails our society,

however, to The Supreme Consciousness or the Universal Soul we are all the same. Fortunately, there are also people who do comprehend what you are going through, and can help bring understanding to those who lack it. It is a matter of getting them involved, and that is what I am hoping to promote.”

He points to a member of the audience and puts him on the spot. He asks the man, “Would you care to tell this woman why you dislike her.”

The man does not know this woman but he was singled out for a reason. He was unaware of the fact that he, unconsciously, harbored a lot of animosity and hostility towards all ethnic individuals, and he did not realize that is why Yazdon has picked him out of the audience. He automatically says, “No. I don’t even know her.”

Yazdon says, “Look more closely,” and he asked the woman, “Would you care to stand up”?

Oddly enough, the man was actually the principal at a high school, recognized the woman who had come for an interview for a teaching job a few months back. Yazdon says, “I see that you recognize each other. Would you care to go sit by her?”

The man realizes that he is not willing to do that because he feels uncomfortable sitting next to her. He had refused to give her the job, strictly based on her race and because he found her

unattractive, despite her excellent qualifications.

The man stood there frozen and did not know how to react.

Yazdon asked, "I would like to sit with the two of you after the show, and talk for a few minutes. Would you be interested"?

Unconvincingly, the man shakes his head 'yes' and the woman agreed.

A moment later, a woman asked, "How do we achieve happiness?"

Yazdon looked to the audience and said, "True joy comes from kindness, giving, and unconditional love. This may be difficult to initiate at first. However, once you pass the resistance, it will perpetuate itself and will become a habit.

Gustav the host who had not had a chance to take a jab at Yazdon finds his opening and asks, "What about the criminals? How can you give unconditional love to a criminal"?

Yazdon replied, "If you were willing to listen, you would be able to achieve a non-judgmental understanding of even the criminals."

Gustav sarcastically said, "Why don't we just let them roam the streets and do whatever they want? Ooh! Forget about putting them on trial, because according to you, then we would definitely be judging them."

Yazdon replied, "If they are a danger to themselves or others they should not roam the streets until they do receive the proper healing."

The televangelist questions Yazdon's motives and mocks him for his pretenses to heal the criminals. He sarcastically asks Yazdon, "Has a criminal ever come to you for healing? They just as soon would come here to kill you. Wouldn't you say?"

Yazdon said, "Yes, in fact, I have gone to them in prison many times to do the healing and to counsel them. One person alone cannot do the proper healing. It would entail many types of interventions. Prisons can be transformed into healing centers."

The televangelist is clearly uncomfortable with Yazdon's answer. He thinks he is insinuating that Gustav's healing work to try to get everyone to accept Jesus as their savior is not adequate. To stir up the crowd, he turned to them and said, "Do you know that Yazdon has not accepted Jesus Christ our Lord, as his savior. This means that he will not be going to Heaven. He will be with the criminals he loves so much, and you know where that is."

Yazdon managed to remain calm, despite the hostile remark from his host. The audience, who was in awe of Yazdon for what he has done so far and liked his demeanor, ignored Gustav's irrational exuberance, and some audience members yell, "Let the man talk" and Gustav calms down a bit.

Yazdon goes back to the question of not judging the criminals. He said to Gustav, “You are mixing the issue of healing with the issue of incarceration. No one is saying to let the criminals roam the streets. Whoever does wrong to others should make amends that are equal or greater than the damage they have caused. Mere apologies, or paying a fine, or even going to jail is not enough. The perpetrators may have to support the people that they have victimized, for the rest of their lives, if the situation demands it. Healing the individual, with whatever remedies are available out there, would simply pave the way to this process.”

Gustav says, “So, you are not saying, ‘turn the other cheek?’”

Yazdon says, “No, but shouldn’t ‘you’ be doing that, as part of ‘your’ belief system, if you follow Jesus?”

Gustav squirms in his seat and scrambles for words to say. Yazdon continues, “Isn’t it ironic that you don’t practice what you preach?”

Gustav storms out, “You are either confused, or trying to confuse me. Are you saying that I should practice turning the other cheek to the criminals”?

Yazdon replies, “Turning the other cheek has not worked for you, in any situation, has it? I am saying practice what you preach to the people, because blindly believing in things that do not work is insanity.”

There are many questions from the audience, and someone asked how he could get into heaven. Yazdon replies, "You have chosen to be here. So 'you decide' what kind of afterlife you are going to have. Let us begin by creating our heaven right here and now, through healing our planet, the needy, and ourselves. Through the gift of love, you will see that you are already in heaven. Begin by taking one step at a time."

The man was perplexed and slinked into his chair in thought. People shouted their concerns, their fears and their misery to Yazdon, and he continued to respond to them. The audience liked the exchange, and wanted more.

Gustav had invited Yazdon to his show to mock and embarrass him, and to play to his own narcissistic desires to aggrandize himself. However, the positive energy in the room had over powered the evil forces in the studio, and it appeared that his plan had backfired on Gustav. He had actually become an instrument of Yazdon's promotion. His guest Yazdon was stealing his show, and he had become an instant celebrity. Gustav sensed that he was losing control over his audience, and he felt extremely threatened, and agitated by Yazdon, to the point of mania. He lost control and his true self came out. Angered with the audience for believing Yazdon's nonsense, he accused them of betraying Jesus, as he continued to berate and insult Yazdon.

After an hour of answering many of the audience's questions, and dealing with the putdowns and cutting remarks of the televangelist, Yazdon finally cut the sarcastic host short, and told the audience his time was up and he had to leave. He attended to the people who he had promised to talk to privately after the show, and got them to commit to take action to make changes in their lives.

The school principal and the Native American woman who had agreed to meet with him after the show ended up having a productive encounter. When Yazdon confronted the principal with the prejudices he harbored, the man admitted to it and confessed that he had refused to hire the woman because of her looks and her ethnicity.

Admittedly, the woman had her own prejudices as well that she never got in touch with. An old wound that had been passed down her family in dealing with the oppressiveness of white people had never healed. She grew up on a reservation, dealing with a father who was an alcoholic and out of work all the time. It was so degrading having to depend on the government for help and tribal services. Even when her sister had ran off and married a white man; the family did not take it well.

The principal found her story moving, and decided to actively work on increasing people's tolerance for each other and do

something to reduce discrimination and bigotry, starting with his own school. He promised to implement programs for the students. He asked for the woman's assistance in this, which she readily accepted.

A crowd of people who had not been able to get into the show was watching Yazdon on the monitor outside the studio. The crowd had been waiting there hoping to catch a glimpse of him and caught up with Yazdon at the back entrance of the studio; would not let him leave until they thought they could get a piece of him somehow and tell everyone they knew that they saw him in person.

On a random day, Yazdon was in Italy visiting with Edward. He was asked by Edward to go on a spiritual talk show. Unknown to Yazdon, he had been stalked by the paparazzo and had been located at Edwards villa. Every show wanted to snatch up Yazdon and utilized data apps to swipe his cell phone number. The correspondent said nothing as to what Yazdon was expected to do as a guest. The show was supposed to be spontaneous and unrehearsed. Edward, along with the Guardians, had raised a red flag and had given him negative feedback regarding the show, but Yazdon decided to go ahead with it anyway. He disregarded the warning, and was confident that he could handle anything that

comes his way.

On the day of the show, things took an unusual turn. Once he set foot on the set, Yazdon got chills running down his spine. Something was amiss. When he looked into the eyes of his host, he saw a demon in disguise that has distaste for human kind and loathed them. Yazdon looked into the audience, and saw the same evil expression in their eyes. Every person in that studio was possessed and enslaved to the demon. A black cloud came through and a tombl-like darkness blanketed the room. Yazdon sensed the evil intention in the studio, and he realized he had walked into a trap by a powerful demon. He recognizes him as Leviathan, who was supposed to be an old world demon, and the leader of the legion demons sent to earth to branch out and cause chaos. Yazdon remembered Gustav's show, all he said was "Oh my God" as he felt stupid for missing the pattern that brought him to this state of affairs

He asked the demon host, "What is the point of this? What do you think you are trying to do?"

No sooner than having said those words he was pushed violently by a powerful force. The demon stared him down and said with no emotion, "Do you recognize the weaklings you are so eager to serve? They have certainly exceeded my expectations.

They have been good subjects, and they are ready for hell.”

He lets out a menacing laugh, and continues, “Their lives are worthless like the pigs they are, ready for sacrifice. What are you waiting for? Aren’t you going to rescue their pathetic souls from evil, like a good servant? Your time has run out on you, Consoler of men!” he adds.

Yazdon realized why the demon has invited him there. Yazdon did not take the demonic threat seriously and cursed himself for this arrogance. The goal had been to corrupt as many souls as possible so that they can possess their souls and torture them for eternity in the pits of hell. Now they wanted to engage Yazdon in their game where his energy was spent on cleansing souls rather than doing other good for humanity.

Yazdon was obviously getting in the way of their evil deeds, and their goal was to weaken his soul so that they can possess him and put an end to his good deeds. He had to unleash his power in their presence, which they intended to drain out of him and make him vulnerable to their evil energy. Leviathan had certainly underestimated Yazdon’s purity of soul, and spiritual powers. Yazdon summoned his powers and every ounce of courage in him in an attempt to cleanse the studio from these demons. Leviathan who had not been in his presence during a healing before cannot stand the divine energy emanating from Yazdon. But the demon

refused to give up. With jolt of energy, he was slammed into a wall, and mocked by the demon. “So you think your reincarnation of Jesus? I have heard it all since the beginning of time, you annoying insect. I am Leviathan. I am immortal. I don’t fear you. You are so pathetic.” Yazdon, who trying to silence the fear in his being, reads the demons thoughts and said I know you Leviathan; Your pride is your downfall, Lie in filth you have created in the cess pit hell you came from. I do not fear you Demon; your weakness is vain pride. Go back to your master and tell him you failed. He was the first to give up his quest and disappeared into thin air as electricity flickers on and off, cables become disconnected and sparks are seen all over the studio. The Demon released him and Yazdon fell on the floor.

Shrill shrieking and screaming occurs and the people in the audience writhe in pain and spit profanity. The audience was purged of the demonic possession and silence engulfed the studio. The people in the audience who had gained their consciousness wondered how they had gotten to this studio in the first place. Once they realized what had happened, they were in disbelief as they looked at Yazdon and thanked him for releasing them from the demons, and relieving their pain and suffering. The studio was spiritually cleansed and Yazdon exits the building right away, knowing that the news of this event would spread like a brushfire.

After the wrenching program, Yazdon went to go back in the U.S. as Bryce expressed concern over the treatment Yazdon had received, and told him, “Let’s cancel your next appearance, because it is yet another religious show. You have been through a lot and have suffered some humiliation, and I feel guilty, and responsible for getting you involved with the media.”

Yazdon reassured him, “Your idea was a good and productive one. We had anticipated the reactions, and for the most part the publicity had been more than favorable, and it has served its purpose.”

Bryce, who was concerned about Yazdon’s security, told him, “There was also the issue of your security that was beginning to concern me very much. Forgive me if I am being blunt, but this does not seem to be bothering you at all, and you are doing business as usual. I am getting very nervous about these appearances, and frankly it was a mistake on my part not to prepare for your public life first.”

Yazdon said, “You have a point, but before we decide to reconsider the media events, I feel obligated to appear on the shows you have scheduled for me. I have made a commitment and cannot disappoint people who are counting on me being there. Let us work on the security issue as soon as possible, and not have anything new scheduled until we come up with something.”

Bryce found comfort in Yazdon's words and his mind was put to ease somewhat.

After a short pause, Yazdon surprised Bryce by telling him, "You know I am actually looking forward to the next show, because this time they are going to get what they deserve."

Bryce shrugs his shoulders in disbelief, and said, "Well, get ready. It's coming up next week."

Yazdon got on the phone and called Jamon. After some chitchat he said, "Hey, I need some reinforcement. Can you fly over here by next Monday? We are going to have some fun."

Jamon, who knew what had been happening, told him he will be there, and as soon as he hung up the phone with Yazdon, he called the members of the main group of six and told them, "It is time."

On the day of the show, Yazdon, and Jamon walked into the studio. There is no one there and the place is dark, quiet, and eerie as all they could hear was silence. They go toward the set where the recording of the show was supposed to take place, and found the set dark, bare, and unprepared as well. When they flipped on the lights, they saw a full house, and individuals were silently sitting in their seats, looking like tortured zombies. They looked into the

audience, and saw in their eyes, that each person was possessed by one, two, or more demons in some cases and that they are all injured in some way from their wounds as all was seen was death in their eyes. Yazdon and Jamon already knew what they have walked into, and know what to expect. There are some powerful old world demons in the room and they aimed to possess as many people as they can. They are there to destroy Yazdon. Azrael, the angel of death, was hovering over the studio, which meant to them that there were certain people in the audience who were about to die from being possessed.

Yazdon and Jamon recognize presences of Legion, Deumos, Lucifer, and other demons, and they were prepared. It was show time, and the demons began to thrash around and move and hurl about in their hosts' bodies, and move towards Yazdon and Jamon to attack them. They were both unfazed as in way they knew what to expect. The demons stepped up their attacks. Things started to move by themselves. Yazdon and Jamon remained alert and silenced there fear as out of nowhere objects had started to be hurled at them. They knew the demons were dislodging things telepathically as first small objects from studio equipment were hurled in their direction. The brothers were still unfazed as they kept their mind on the task. It only made the demons angry as electrical wires were forced out of their sockets and cords were hurled at their direction, only to have them duck and dodge the

attacks narrowly avoiding being electrocuted. Then things became quiet. They looked around, only to see that now empty chairs and studio equipment had started moving and were thrown in their direction. Again, the objects missed their target. The brothers looked at each other and without wasting any time, they began to drop a protective shield around themselves, and a pentagram appeared on the ground beneath them as they sat down and began to chant mantras summoning the forces of good with every bit of their psychic powers, and every ounce of courage they could muster. However, there was a different force surrounding the outside walls of the studio keeping the evil forces contained. They knew they needed to cleanse the studio of the demonic forces, and after about an hour of resistance, which felt like an eternity, the demons got defeated. A deafening silence fell, and finally, they had managed to cleanse the studio, spiritually. Jamon and Yazdon only looked at each other as everything fell quiet and knew that these demons were playing for keeps, but the battle was won for now.

The many exit doors opened and the Guardians came in and formed circles around the room. The exorcised people who were dazed and confused were too weak from their injuries, and some people in the audience had died. Yazdon knew as he saw Azrael's presence, started soul collecting in the studio and that for some, there time had come. He looked at Azrael with an understanding that he could not save all of them and some of the souls had to go

with him. Their work continued as Azrael left with the souls that had to be collected. Yazdon and Jamon began to revive some of the dead whose time had not come to leave yet, and The Guardians attend to their injuries of the others. These were weak people to begin with, and they needed much help to strengthen their spirits so that they would not experience this torture again. The guardians surrounded them and gave them healing energy.

Yazdon had finally met the guardians and he had gotten to be near his favorite protector, the one, and only Monica. He sat by her as if they have known each other for a long time, and put his arm around her shoulder and with a smile, and a deep sense of gratitude, he said, "There are no words to thank you, Monica, and all of you for watching out for me."

They spend hours in the studio when the police showed up to appraise an unexplained murder scene and discuss the issue of his security. It was apparent that it had become almost impossible for him to go to the actual locations for the shows, because of security and police involvement.

He confessed, "I have ended up spending more time than I would like in the 'Unseen Effect' mode and I have become a prisoner of this celebrity."

Jamon also confessed, "The guardians have been on high alert constantly, and have been mixing in with the crowds wherever you

go. Monica has not let you out of her sight, and has personally taken many safety measures, by arranging for security checks, and guarding the places you have stayed at.”

He teased Yazdon, “I can see you have not had any problem noticing one gorgeous Guardian.” They all chuckle and laugh to break the tension, and on a more serious note, decided that to keep Yazdon safe, they had to come up with some other plan.

CHAPTER 9

The Enigma

Bryce had quit his former job for a while now, and had become Yazdon's full time publicist and chauffeur. Bryce believed in him wholeheartedly, and he wanted the world to see Yazdon's greatness. He was genuinely interested in helping Yazdon relay his message to the public and suggested setting up a website for him so that he can deliver his message to the masses worldwide.

Yazdon agreed to the arrangement, and Bryce eagerly accepted the task. Once the website was up and running Bryce suggested they design a virtual studio for Yazdon and invite guests and audience members to participate. Yazdon, was not interested at first and preferred to be on the move, eventually compromised to do a six-week span of interviews.

Yazdon's team of spiritual guides, friends, family, and the guardians all join to support him in this undertaking. Yazdon chose hot topics; like religion and politics, and questions the validity of existing beliefs as the viewership shot up and crashed the server a few times. He and his team encourage people to question their values and beliefs, and reevaluate their preconceived notions of what makes the world goes round. He tried to show discrepancies and errors in widely held values, and stirred up a lot of controversy.

Despite his instant popularity with the masses, there were skeptics, cynics, and people who analyze Yazdon's every word. His ideas do not sit well with the religious fanatics and the elite crowd of accumulators who wanted everything for themselves and don't mind exploiting and enslaving others to get their trinkets. Inevitably, along the way, he angered some of those in power who found him a threat to their way of life and he made some enemies in the corporate world.

One such controversy arises, based on one of Yazdon's beliefs that the natural resources of any country and the planet belong to the individual people who live in those regions, and that no individual should have the exclusive right to any of them, profit from them, or to monopolize them. He considered such practices exploitive, and opportunistic. He believed that governments did not have the right to permit certain private companies to own, explore these resources, and make predatory profits off ordinary people.

For one of his talk show segments, he invited the CEO of a huge energy conglomerate. A few years back in the aftermath of the assault to the planet caused by global warming, a group of geologists discovered a rare rock that turned the energy industry on its head. New and advanced technologies led to innovative uses of this rock, which put an end to the use of fossil fuel as the major energy source. This CEO managed to buy the rights to the

exploration and use of this rock, and relentlessly pursued to monopolize its ownership as an exclusive right for his company.

Once Yazdon tuned in on this man's wavelength, he picked up vibrations that appalled him. The CEO had done very awful things; even to the point of paying people to make those that threatened him disappear. The more he saw these images in his mind the angrier he gets. His blood boils with rage and his heart begins to pound. He realized he was getting more than he has bargained for by inviting this man as a guest and he was not prepared for the outcome. Yazdon thought he would be confronting this man with the fact that he has laid off his senior employees, stripping them of their retirement and pension income. Now he sensed that this man has done some outright criminal acts that required his immediate imprisonment. Yazdon's dilemma is how to keep a straight face while interviewing such an evil man.

Yazdon asks the man, "Mr. Kendal, you are a very wealthy man. Can you give the audience some piece of advice on how one becomes so wealthy?"

Kendal started to gloat and talked about the team of scientists who discovered this rock and how his company made history.

Yazdon asked about the team of scientists, "They were originally assigned by the government to do the exploration, right?"

Grinning with excitement, Kendal answers, “Yes, we had to do a lot of finagling to get them to join our company.” All Yazdon could see was what this man hiding as he put up a front, hiding an ego, which was not easily contained. Evil, oozed out of his pores as Yazdon tried to keep his composure as anxiety and sweat crept up the back of his neck.

Trying to keep his cool, Yazdon says with a straight face, “Just how much finagling did you have to do, eight billion, ten billion?... Just curious...”

The man felt uncomfortable and squirmed in his seat, “I am not sure what you mean.”

Yazdon closed his eyes as he knows that this guy was getting to him and took a deep breath which helped. He asked his question more eloquently, but yet it came out more like an outburst, “Mr. Kendal, didn’t you deliver eight billion dollars to an offshore bank that is linked to the vice president as part of this finagling?”

Kendal said, “Are you insinuating that some impropriety took place on our part?”

Yazdon who composed himself replied, “No, I am simply wondering how far some individuals have to go to become very rich.” Then he sarcastically added, “It’s incredible what you had to go through to come up with that kind of money.”

The CEO Mr. Kendal leaned forward in his chair, lowered his voice and enunciated each word, “Mr. Yazdon, that is quite enough. We legally bought the rights to explore and use this energy source. No one can prove otherwise.”

Yazdon continued, “Some of your former senior employees who contributed to your success happen to be participating in the audience. They are the ones whose pension and retirement funds were wiped out after you laid them off.”

The good Mr. Kendal, who was now red in the face, yelled, “We take care of our employees. We do not leave them on the street,” as he slammed on the arm of his chair. The CEO stood up to terminate the interview.

Yazdon, whose mind was flooded earlier with images of evil visions that permeated this man’s psyche, had more visions of dead bodies in unmarked graves and a burial ground that wasn’t locatable, says with a conviction, “Yes, as a matter of fact, I have seen how you take care of them.”

A woman from the participants who had signed in through the server on her webcam blurted out her voice ravaged with tears through a microphone, “Yes, what did you do with my husband? Your son of a bitch! Where is he?”

Kendal, who was infuriated by the whole thing, came back to the camera and said, “I demand an immediate retraction of these

groundless accusations” Pacing the floor in front of the camera, said his final words, “You will hear from my lawyers regarding this public slander of me and my company. I will see you in court.”

Kendal was about to sign off when Yazdon said, “Not so fast. Get your lawyers to make this disappear first.” He pulled out a flash drive that he scanned onto a screen for the whole world to see. On many server’s worldwide documentation on the corrupt doings of Mr. Kendal were made known to every audience member that was watching. It had everything; on the company’s illegal dealings, Money laundering, Whistle-blowers whose whereabouts were unknown and much more for the whole world to view.

The man was shocked to see his dirty laundry exposed wide open in a flash. After spewing profanity that had to be edited out and saying a few insults, he signed off only to be arrested, at his home a few hours later. When a squad of police cars engulfed his home, when his chauffeur pulled up in his limousine

The participants cheered, clapped, whistled, and praised Yazdon for exposing the man’s unethical and criminal practices and hopefully, having him pay for his crimes, but to Yazdon it appears as just one down but a few more millions still to go. He wondered what he had gotten himself into.

A discussion between him and the audience members and

podcast ensues, and some members bring up the atrocities that are going on around the world, like the nonstop world war, Politics and wasteland that become some parts of Africa. For many years, a few foreign corporations have been plundering the riches of that country, drilling for fossil fuels and smuggling diamonds that were found from the exploitation of peasants; Companies that were making huge profits and providing no benefit to the natives who lived in poverty and squalor.

Some good came out of the discussions whereby some employees announce changes in their practices to improve the life of their employees, such as adopting codes and regulations that prohibited exploitation and usury of workers. That people were equal in a workplace and that it would not be a dog eat dog environment where the weakest link was weeded out.

After a few more of these shows, the six-week series wound down, and although the audience grew in numbers, the guest's appearances declined because they feared exposure. Yazdon ran the shows without the guests, revealing their dirty laundry anyway. But yet, He felt like he was getting burnt out, but always the power of being positive kept him going as he knew he could be an instrument of change, but sought out counsel from Bryce as to how to go about it. Bryce who saw no wrongdoing in him tried to give him confidence to try to live up to the new expectations that so many would. He did not know what to do, as he sensed that he

had new expectations to live up too.

At about this time Yazdon felt restless. He thought to himself, “What would happen if I am confronted with the same situation again?” He meditated on it and thought that He could not see the future, But that one change, one ripple in water could create thousands of others. The ongoing frenzy of all the people who need him, and want a piece of him drained his energy at times. He enjoyed his alone time, because it gave him a chance to think, ponder, replenish, and to center himself. He told Bryce, “I need to get away from it all for a short periods of time. What do you think about gathering a small group of friends and followers and going on a boat trip?”

Bryce sought help from Jackson to find a boat to purchase, so that Yazdon could get away after the shows are over. This proves to be ill planned, because Jackson was not very careful to keep his mouth shut and kept the plans confidential from the merchant.

After they purchased the boat, the word got out that Yazdon was planning to leave from the harbor. People came, and the crowds gathered at the harbor to a point where it got out of control.

It was late afternoon and Yazdon was resting when Arthur and Jackson barged in and asked, “You’ve got to come to the harbor to see the crowd. They have gathered there to see you.”

Yazdon was weary and not in the mood to give another lecture. However, as tired as he was, he told them, “Ok, I can’t disappoint the people.” He yawns before adding, “I’ll be there shortly.”

Bryce intervened and told them, “Leave him alone. He needs to rest.” He then begged Yazdon, “Don’t listen to them. You haven’t even eaten yet.”

Yazdon agreed and told Arthur and Jackson, “Please go out there, and tell the crowd that I’ll be joining them later.”

A little annoyed, Bryce told Yazdon, “You are just way too agreeable tonight. What’s up with that?” feeling a little angry he continued, “You are just not thinking. Please do not go there tonight. You have had a long day, and we were not prepared for this and we have not arranged for security. It is just not safe. Let me go to the harbor to see what is going on and tell the crowd to come back some other time.”

Again, Yazdon who was too tired to argue and part of him knew that he could not be right about everything. He knew the people around him cared about him, but was too weary to protest, and in a very indifferent mood agreed and said it was OK if Bryce went to the harbor.

The crowds were packed as Bryce arrived. He went up to the make shift podium that Arthur and Jackson have put together and

welcomed the audience, “I see that the Consoler cannot hide from you for too long. Thanks to you all, He has earned his name given by all of you. He needs a short break so he can think and rest and he needs your cooperation. Please promise not to follow him around or chase him in your boats. Will you do this favor for him if you truly care?”

Most people agree to do what he is asking them to do, and he continued, “For now I would like everyone to go home and rest to come up with the questions you need answers for. We will see what we can do to get the Consoler to come here to answer your questions.”

No sooner than Bryce stepped down the podium, a teenager rolled a bottle toward his feet. Bryce stops and immediately realizes it was a homemade bomb. He turned to run away from the bottle, when it exploded and and glass shrapnel pieces of glass hit the backside of his left leg and injured him. One of the pieces of broken glass was embedded deep in his leg as Bryce almost passed out from blood loss. He slumped down only to see a crowd of people swarm the teen to apprehend him, Bryce as he started to become incoherent and passed out.

Bryce was taken to a nearby hospital to take the shards of glass out of his leg. The prankster was a 14-year-old boy taken to the police, by some of the Guardian members who were always

patrolling the areas surrounding Yazdon. The Only information that was relayed back from the police told them was that teenager was nothing more than a petty thug, who had dreams of gaining favor with any terrorist group who would notice, as they disbursed the crowds at the harbor.

The next morning the crowd has swelled again and had become unmanageable as Yazdon who was not disheartened by the previous night's incidence, decided to talk to the audience but took extra precautions by meditating and assessing his safety condition before he goes. He always sensed the watchful eyes of the Guardians on him and he knew that his brother was behind the whole thing that once again protected him from harm, although they have not directly spoken about this.

He went up to the podium and asked the people, "Tell me what ails you and what has brought you here." He sees a mass of people that covered every space of the harbor and few that were trying to push their way forward through the masses to get a view of him and tries to read a few of them. However, he is unable to focus, as he knew that fatigue was getting to him.

Different people yell out, "Health," "Wealth," "Money," "Jobs," "Faith," "Get rid of our corrupt government and political leaders." Someone says, "You are the miracle worker. Grant our wishes! Save us Jesus!" Someone also yells out, "This is the

reincarnation Jesus Christ in the flesh and he has come to save us all!”

Yazdon expressed amusement, and the truth was that he didn’t know what to think. He felt uncertain at first, But looked at the mass again to see the individual faces of all that admired him. He smiled and took a deep breath and said, “My friends, I cannot will something to happen that the individual or the collective intent does not support. I can show you how to make the things that you individually desire happen, but political change takes place when we will it and take action collectively.”

The questions continue to pour in as Yazdon cut people off and said “one at time one at time”. Someone asks, “How can we trust our political and religious leaders after all the political scandals, with Russia and the Pizza gate scandal that is still ongoing? Then everyone starts at once asking questions again at once as some in crowd yelled “Shut-up. Let the man speak!” “It is only a few problems in the world and what of the bloodshed from this never-ending world war that killed my son?” A woman yelled

Another person says, “How can we trust God?”

Yazdon responded, “You cannot and should not trust them, or the god who they believe is on their side. It is time to question the truth about what some of your political and religious leaders who are feeding your minds.”

Someone asked, “How can we stop all that? We are powerless.”

Yazdon replied, “It is not that difficult to see how these leaders contradict themselves in the same breath. You must start with yourself, and let go of old outdated beliefs that have held your hostage. No more blind faith, and no more fear and suffering.”

The man seemed perplexed and said, “Would have to give up my religion, if I follow what you were saying.”

Yazdon continued, “Following a religion or not is not the issue. It is the purity of your heart and the purpose of your deeds that is going to be your salvation, not your religion. I am saying do not accept what you hear blindly.”

Someone asked, “Don’t you have to have religion to serve God and religious leaders to show you how to do it?”

Yazdon responded, “Which God you are trying to serve? There exists only one Creator or Supreme Consciousness in the universe, yet there are numerous religions and none of them agrees on what God is. If we say there is only one Creator, which most of religions do, then what is the function of all these religions other than each helping to confuse the true message of the Creator?”

Someone asked, “If God is not who they say he is, then who is he?”

Yazdon said, “There is no way of knowing for sure. For us to understand The Supreme Consciousness, or call it the Creator, we have to put our preconceived notions of God aside and start learning like a child. The Supreme Consciousness is not a man or a woman, or a thing. It is the force, the consciousness, and the oneness that is everywhere. It lives within all of us, not in a temple, or a mosque, or a church, or in the sky.”

A man in the crowd said, “If you want to go to heaven You have to accept Jesus Christ as your savior. Otherwise, you are going to hell”. Yazdon paused for a second and said, “I have heard that before”. Some of the audience snickered at that remark, “But then again God has given everyone freewill to believe, as they will even about Jesus Christ and what will happen in the afterlife. Judging by some of your snickering my audience, I know it sounds cliché and many of you have heard that before.” Yazdon looked around and saw a ten year old girl propped up on her dad’s shoulders. He closed his eyes and did some mind reading from the little girl and her father as he pointed to her and said, “This child is innocent and pure, but she is not a Christian. Her parents do not practice any kind of religion or try to indoctrinate her into anything. Can anyone say that about themselves? Or your sir, can you say that about yourself? The man became quiet. If we were all too die right now, would it be you or her who would go to heaven?” The man looked into the audience and saw the little girl that Yazdon was

pointing too and It gave him something to think about.

Someone asked, “If the supreme consciousness lives within us, then are we godlike?”

Yazdon said, “We, together, as part of a whole, make up The Supreme Consciousness. We will never fathom the full extent of what this Consciousness really is but we can attempt to get a glimpse of it by developing our higher self in order to feel its existence.”

A voice in the crowd says, “Master, I sense that you have purposefully avoided using the word God. Don’t you believe in the god that we believe in, or is this Supreme Consciousness something else?”

A woman responded to the man, “I believe it is because the word God is so loaded it would be hard to redefine it. It refers to a male and it is even depicted in pictures as an old man. As a woman, I personally can relate better to the words that the Master uses because they don’t have a gender.”

Yazdon agreed, “The Supreme Consciousness is the macrocosm of the consciousness within all of us. It is in every cell of our body, man and woman alike. The depiction of God as male has subconsciously affected society in a negative way and has brought division among women, and men, and nations.”

Another woman says, “I wonder how men would feel if we started to call ‘God’ ‘Goddess’ instead. After all, it is the woman who gives birth, and is a channel for the creative force.”

Yazdon responded, “Some of you feel uncomfortable to think of God as feminine and the word goddess sounds too pagan-like. I encourage you to start using the neutral words rather than the loaded one. Big changes in attitudes come about by starting to take small steps like this.”

Somebody shouts, “What happens when we die?”

Yazdon replied, “Nothing ever dies, rather, things transform, change, and evolve. Everything physical and material, such as your body or your possessions, all belong to this physical plane we call earth and they stay here. Your spirit, however, joins with the Universal Consciousness that you are already a part of.”

The man who is not satisfied asks again, “Well, it really scares me to think about dying and leaving everything behind. What should I do?”

He replied, “You are scared because you don’t know what you are destined to do, and the reason you chose to be on this planet. You are here now and need to focus on life and living in the present. Look into your soul and be mindful of the gifts you have been given. Find your passion and what it is that would fulfill your life, and start doing that now. Do not wait until your last breath to

wake up to reality. Once you have lived a fulfilled life and you have done what you are destined to do, then there will be no regrets and death won't matter."

Some in the crowd are confused. A woman asks, "Can you explain how it feels when you join this Supreme Consciousness?" Yazdon looks to the sky and wondered if it was going to rain. In a way, He hoped that the Supreme Consciousness would make it rain so that maybe he could escape. However, he hid these thoughts well, and tried to remain alert and grounded as he focused on the crowd.

Yazdon told them, "Once we shed our body and leave our little bubble we call Earth, we go to a different plane where there is no matter, and the laws on that dimension do not apply to the laws on the earth. On that dimension, you will find pure consciousness radiating love and bliss. We can only experience this when we die or cross over and are revived. However, you do not have to die to experience that. With regular meditation and practice in mindfulness, you will begin to feel the presence of the Supreme Consciousness around you and you will lose your fear of death, and find your true purpose in life."

Someone asks, "If the rules are different, then what happens to heaven or hell?"

Yazdon responds, "If there is no physical body, then there is no pain and pleasure to feel, and there is no oxygen to fuel the fire

in Hell. As I said, other dimensions are not ruled by the same laws on earth.”

The same person asks, “Then how do we pay for our sins, and who will judge us for our deeds on judgment day?”

When you sin against yourself and against humanity, your consciousness goes to a lower level of existence, and you remain there until either you or society forces you to redeem yourself. If you don’t redeem yourself, then your spirit remains in that perpetual lower state of reality for an eternity, and that is enough punishment.”

Someone asks, “Do you believe in ‘The Enigma’ philosophy?”

Yazdon responded, For those of you who do not know what the man is asking, I will explain that there has been a spiritual movement called the Enigma which is based on a long-standing principle that our subconscious intentions can manifest themselves in our lives. Having a clear vision, positive intentions, followed by the appropriate actions will make one’s intentions materialize, and can bring riches and fortune to the individual who practices it. The idea is sound, but beware of some pitfalls.”

In a slow tone, a man says, “Yeah,” and not wanting to disagree with the Consoler he then hesitates and then continues, “I tried their techniques but it did not work. I even went to one of their seminars and still nothing happened.”

Yazdon stresses, “The principles are mostly misunderstood. Positive thoughts or affirmations that do not lead to actions are not effective by themselves, and they only gloss over the negative thoughts. Try engaging in the corresponding actions as well.” He tells them, “It is only through action that you would genuinely change. Learning about something changes you a little, but acting on it changes you vastly, I have traveled the world and have seen many levels of thought on what we call religion and I understand that some of you may feel scared and uncertain.”

He added, “I warn you that some of the promoters of this movement have succeeded in enriching themselves by selling the idea to desperate individuals who have paid hefty fees for their seminars. Ironically, the Law of attraction has played out in this situation for them just as expected. My advice to you is never to operate from a desperate position because you are sure to be exploited, just as the predator is attracted to the prey, that's why I call it the Law of Exploitation.”

Someone asked, “Who really are you, Consoler, and where do you come from?”

Others wonder and some spontaneously yell out to the point that it can't be ascertained where it came from, “Are you a prophet, the reincarnation of Jesus, God himself, an angel, an alien, or just a wise man?”

Yazdon laughed as he replied, “I am none of the above. Just like you, I have come here with gifts to share with humanity, and have acquired certain skills along the way with hard work and dedication.”

“How do you do your miracles?” a woman asks.

“I understand how energy works, and how it interacts with matter. I have learned to manipulate both to do the miracles I have performed,” he responds.

Some are curious about how he can read people’s minds.

He responded, “There is a consciousness in even the smallest particle of matter, and beyond our four dimensional reality, which includes time, there are many other dimensions and parallel universes that are proven to exist. This allows for the existence of endless possibilities where particles that split and go into different universes remain linked, and can communicate with each other, as if they are one. All cells that split to form an organism are linked in this way, and so are we to the Creator. Mind reading is simply linking to another dimension in time. When one particle does something, the other one knows it has happened.”

A woman wants to know if Yazdon can teach her to do mind reading.

He told her, “If we let go of the beliefs that bind us, and allow

our consciousness to expand through meditation and mindfulness, we can begin to see these other possibilities. I can teach you how to unleash all your capabilities and realize your full power and potential.”

Someone asks, “Why haven’t you started your own church? People need the guidance you can provide.”

He responded, “I am not here to be worshipped or have a monument made in my name. My teachings are all in Published in writing in the many languages I speak, so that no one can distort, pervert, or misinterpret them like those of the teachers before me. Or interpret my teachings to someone’s advantage, like so many holy texts in the world’s major religions. For I speak in specifics everyone, so that this cannot happen. My goal is to help you see that the truth is in you, not in the religious leaders or the priests, or in a book, or in me.”

His comment made people feel dumbfounded, as a few of them had scratched their heads as what he meant. Yazdon looked upon the crowd and tried to read their minds. Thankfully, some had gotten message and for that, he was grateful. He was happy, But exhausted, as he felt like he didn’t want to change the world, But so many people desired it. The crowd talked amongst themselves. Many thought Yazdon to be some sort of legend, A leader for a new age. Yazdon registered some of these thoughts

from the people and In a way, was flattered, but yet frustrated as he never wanted to achieve a godlike status. However, he would keep his ego in check and not let any arrogance overcome him. He knew that things would change no doubt and that his celebrity would spread further. However, he smiled as from some people, he looked on them and knew that they had the power to institute his words and to help Yazdon achieve his goals.

CHAPTER 10

The Overture

Yazdon's good looks appear to attract women wherever he goes, and likewise he seems to enjoy their company and the attention. However, there was only one woman he really wanted, But was not sure as to if she had the same feelings. For now, He was in adulation of the attention he got from the endless supply of women who were enamored by him. There are women who try to get his autograph, or simply get close enough to touch him, or to get a close look. He even read the thoughts of some of them as they desired to have a sexual encounter with the legendary Yazdon The New age mysterious leader and maybe seek some sort of 'enlightenment' that way.

Yazdon traveled a lot and made speeches in different countries in their native languages. But now he had a problem, as had found that when he stayed at a hotel, Women had started to bribe a maid or security guard for a room key wound up in his bed, much too his shock. As always, He remained the gentleman and never took advantage of them as he escorted them out of his room. He told his brother Jamon about this, only to find chuckling on Jamons end as in way Jamon envied Yazdon for all the attention he got from the ladies. But it wasn't in a malicious way, It was just a

friendly competition amongst brothers as Jamon had his share of ladies on the side. But, never really found that special person to settle down with, even at the behest of his mom Ilham who just wanted the best for her son and I think was going into grandma mode too me. Jamon suggested, that Yazdon make better accommodations and stay at one of the private residences that his family owns or finds accommodations, like other people's houses instead, through a relief organization the family operates. Jamon is invariably in charge of arranging for these accommodations and gets to the locations before Yazdon does, to make sure everything is taken care of.

Some of the countries have managed to stay relatively calm and have been able to keep religious extremists and fanatics out of their territory. These neutral territories that managed to stay out of the horror of war, appeared to be a world apart from the rest, and they allowed Yazdon to be more relaxed about making public appearances. France was one such nation because security was already tight there and enforced by the government after being victimized by numerous times by terrorist cells bombing public events and transit systems to make a point to show there disgusted for the rest of the world for not being Muslims.

At one of Yazdon's gatherings in Paris, two young women managed sneak around past security and tried to approach Yazdon and get a little too close for comfort as they both tried to make out

with him playing a game of grab ass, and trying to give him their personal touch. They both tried to get a piece of this legendary man as one of the woman managed to land a sloppy but fun kiss on his lips, at which point one of the Guardians stepped in and yanked her away from him. Yazdon caught off guard found this amusing, and smiles as he wipes his mouth as he contemplated his encounter as he thought that now people were looking at him like some religious rock star.

Monica, who was also standing by, was concerned that the crowds were getting bold and knew they wanted a piece of him, but too what extent? At the same time, she was brewing with jealousy over the girls' daring move to make out with Yazdon. She approached Bryce who did not know her, or the Guardians for that matter, and told him, "I urge you to take Yazdon home. I am afraid they are going to start tearing his clothes to get to him. He might get hurt. Please hurry."

Bryce who agreed with her said, "You are right. Thank you. I am going to get him out of here quickly. This is getting too crazy."

However, before Bryce got to him, Yazdon did his usual final act. He was clearly exhausted, and after wiping his forehead, he plopped himself on the ground and invited the crowd to sit down with him. He asked them, "Calm down people. Let's sit together and meditate for a moment."

Once those in the crowd had dispersed Yazdon's circle sat down on the grassy ground. Yazdon directed them to begin a twenty-minute meditation. At the same time, he energetically sent them peaceful and relaxing energy. Soon all gathered had relaxed into a now-silent meditation with eyes closed. Bryce, who had been anxious to take Yazdon home, soon quietly escorted him offsite while the people continued the sacred practice.

It was only when members of the inner circle had begun to come out of the meditative state, which people noticed Yazdon was no longer there. Still they lingered, hoping that he might return. After many hours, the circle finally dispersed.

Later Bryce asked Yazdon, "Did you know the man who intervened and pulled the girl away?" Before Yazdon answers he says, "Yazdon, sometimes I know more than I let on, I am just not your publicist, But the publicist for guardians.org. I wanted you to have plausible deniability, my friend." Yazdon understood Bryce's comment and said, "I get it and understand where you're coming from. As at times, even this public life I do not get it that myself sometimes I know my brother cares and has always tried to protect me. But I thank you for protecting him." Yazdon said. Bryce said, "I bet you did not see the beautiful woman and her friends who urged me to take you home. Did you notice anything unusual about them?"

Yazdon says, “I know who they are. I’ve got to call my brother.” Emotion wells up within him and feels his brother’s absence. “Call him,” Bryce said with a smile.

Jamon was not there and he left him a face time message. Yazdon said, “Did I ever thank you for all the things you have done for me?” His eyes welled up with tears as he said, “I just wanted to tell you how much I care about you and I miss being together like old times. At times, I wish I could see you more, But the creator of all things has a different path for both of us. It’s so weird where are paths have gone and how we are so different, but still the same. You have always understood my heart and know me even better than I know myself at times. You are the other half of my soul brother and I love you even more for it. I know at times we have disagreed on stuff, but it has always been something we could never solve”

After Yazdon and Bryce left, Monica was left standing there motionless in deep thought. She had to be around Yazdon but be invisible as one of his guardians. Her head began to spin and between feeling jealous, concerned about his safety, feeling dejected and ignored, she began to feel depressed and hopeless. Monica knew she had to remain impartial, and too fight feelings she had for Yazdon as her tough exterior always came out to silence her soft side. However, she found herself becoming obsessed with him and she found his presence very distracting for

her to concentrate on the task of protecting him. Her attraction for Yazdon was getting the best of her and the more she tried to put the idea of being romantically involved with him out of her mind, the more she found herself unable to stop thinking about him.

She had never felt this way about a man before. However, Yazdon was truly a man who stood out from the rest, which got her attention. She told me that all her life, she had meaningless and outright worthless relationships with men and was never serious with any of the losers that she dated; starting from her father whose dealings with the mafia put the family at great risk and in deep debt. Most of her life, she had to do the bidding for the underworld to pay off her father's debt, only to have some no strings attached relationship with guy who was a total asshole. In the last few years, she worked hard to get her dignity back. Now at age 32, she was at the prime of her life and she longed to have a stable relationship and realized she tolerated too much crap from men. However, something about Yazdon made her desire him. That he was different from all rest, which was so different from her former dealings with men. However, the responsibility and commitment she had made to Guardians.ORG has put her at an impasse. She wanted him to make the first move, and he was too preoccupied with his cause.

The bothersome thoughts nag at her brain and she began to

feel that she was failing in her job. The make out session that Yazdon almost had with those two girls drove her crazy, but she had to hide it well. She wanted him, to be more than just some legendary figure, but wanted him all too herself. She rationed with herself that she should quit. Monica would decide to be frank with Jamon, and would tell him about this putting in her resignation through an email.

The next day she got together with Jamon at his office and after a short greeting, she began to pace the floor fidgeting and fumbles with her words to come out for a few minutes. Unknown to Monica, Jamon had been reading her mind made it easier for her by saying, “No. I am not letting you quit.” However, there was a thought that came out partially, but he thought that if he pursued it, it would have been invasive. He quickly realized he was making her more uncomfortable and said, “I am sorry. Go ahead and get it off your chest anyway. Pretend I don’t know.”

Monica sighed and smiled tentatively and began to say, “No, that was good. That made it easier. You already know that I have a lot of affection for Yazdon and it is driving me crazy. I am very confused about him. Do you remember the time in the studio when he put his arm around my shoulders? He had that look on his face that said so much about what he knew and felt about me. He addressed me by name, specifically, when he was thanking us. I got the feeling that I was more to him than just one of his

Guardians. But, then again, he had many opportunities to contact me and he never has. This is killing me and I am not doing my job right. Do you think he has any affection for me? I mean, do you think he is attracted to me?"

Jamon realized that that was the thought he could not penetrate that Monica was in love with his brother. He can physically feel her agony, and he said, "I feel for you. I know he has deep affection for you and he is very attracted to you, but he has his plate full, and he is distracted by all the things that are going on around him."

Monica feels depressed and she asks, "How do you know? Has he talked to you about me?" She quickly realizes that the brothers can read each other's minds, and says, "Never mind. Well, what do you think I should do?"

Jamon continues, "He must know how you feel about him. What I do not know is, if he is equally interested in having a relationship at this time. Perhaps you should make yourself either more visible, or take a short break for a while. I think he senses your presence and if you were not going to be there, he would feel your absence even more."

She tells Jamon, "That sounds good. I will try both, in that order. If it turns out that he would approach me, then there would be no risk of embarrassment for me." She feels somewhat better

and a bit lighter after talking to Jamon.

During Yazdon's next gathering, at a stadium the followers flock to him as usual. It is a full house as the crowds hang onto Yazdon's words. Monica tries to get his attention. She decides to situate herself somewhere during his final meditation where Yazdon can see her directly in the line of his vision.

With the crowd seated, Yazdon can see the Guardians who are standing around, including Monica and can her heart beating with anxiety, even though she has a calm exterior on the outside. The exotically beautiful woman catches his attention in the crowd once again. She is the same woman he has met before, in the studio. He has sensed something about her intention, and he is not going to let her get away this time. He hears her heart thudding like a hammer as he started to make his way through the crowd.

He continued to cut through the seated crowd and walked up toward her at a pace that seems like an eternity to Monica, who felt like a deer in the headlights as things were happening in slow motion. When he reached her, he extended his arm and shook hands with her. He holds her hand with both of his and does not let go as he stares into her eyes for a moment.

He gets a flashback of the vision of the beautiful woman he had encountered in the African desert. Time appears to freeze for

a moment as the two stare into each other's eyes.

He was bombarded with a thousand thoughts of Monica. He was drawn to this mysterious woman that he thought he knew. His mind cleared as he thought to himself, "A vision of my future"? He remembered the vision that had about her in the desert. She was about average height, has fair skin, long thick curly black hair down to her buttocks, hypnotic eyes, and is a natural beauty. She is wearing the finest silk and lace outfit and jewelry. Her body bears the markings of strange and mysterious tattoos. She has an air of sophistication about her and at the same time, she has an expressive nature.

He told her, "Yes, you are the woman I saw in the desert."

Monica is beside herself dumbfounded what he said with disappointment and thinks he has forgotten where they first met. With a voice that is full of tears she says, "I don't believe so. We met at that studio with the demons, a few weeks ago. Remember?"

Yazdon continues, "Yes, how could I forget. It is a pleasure to see you again."

She automatically replies stuttering, "Yes, it is a pleasure to see you too," then correcting herself she says with a smile, "Well, I mean I see you all the time." Monica who is worried about his safety says, "You must go. People are going to come out of their trance soon. Your friend is waiting for you, get outta here."

Yazdon nods and after another long look at her he turns around and quickly leaves.

Yazdon did not ask to see her or contact her after the event. This makes Monica feel so frustrated that she is practically in tears and she feels like hitting something. She thinks that perhaps she should go to plan B and try to disappear for a few weeks, cursing herself for being a dumbass and letting her attraction to Yazdon get out.

The next day, she was sitting on her bed in hotel room Crying tears of pain and anger, and cursing herself for being a little too forthright. She wanted to drown her sorrows, but did not have any resources when she got a phone call. She IDed the caller as Yazdon. It is so unexpected that it made her heart skip a beat. She picked up the phone and was tongue-tied.

Yazdon begins to talk, “Monica, are you there?”

Monica stuttered saying, “Yes, I am here. What a pleasant surprise.”

Yazdon says, “I happened to be in the neighborhood and thought I would drop by.”

Monica’s heart began to race as she said “Yeah sure, give me a few minutes and I could meet you somewhere. Where are you

right now?”

Yazdon says, “Across the street.”

Monica looks outside and sure enough, he is standing on sidewalk and looking up to her room.

Yazdon asks, “Would you care to join me for a walk? It is just going to be me and not the whole congregation, I managed to sneak away.” Monica hung up and rushed down the stairs only to find Yazdon looking back at her in the lobby.

After a short walk and some small talk, they sat down to have lunch in a nearby cafe. At the table Yazdon and Monica, just look at each other without saying much. For Yazdon, Monica had a calming presence to him as the chaotic thoughts of others had quieted down in his mind. But for now, Monica became bashful and kept blushing. However, she was happy. It was too early to express their strong feelings for each other. Yazdon thought to himself as he looked at her thinking, You have captivated my soul, and I can't stop thinking about you. You are beautiful inside and out. I want you by my side, to be with me wherever I go.

Monica caught his thoughts and felt that she knew this man for what seemed like an eternity and said to Yazdon, “Really?” Then thought, I will follow this strange man to the ends of the world. I will even die for him. You are and will always be the one and only love of my life, even if you tell me to go away. She lifts

herself off her chair, leans over the table, and gently kisses his lips. Yazdon reciprocates with a more passionate kiss as her heart raced from being caught by the surprise kiss that made her go weak in the knees.

In the following months, Yazdon and Monica develop a much more profound love for each other. They talk for endless hours. Monica gets a better understanding as to where Yazdon's ideas are coming from, and she is glad to be by his side. She wants to continue to guard Yazdon's safety, and she is now in a much better position to keep a close eye on him, and look out for him.

Likewise, Yazdon is concerned about Monica's safety as his Guardian, and his lover, and he needs to try to balance his relationship and his purpose in life as well. He felt safe in her presence as thoughts of others were drowned out by her presence. He suggested to her, "I think our relationship should be kept from public scrutiny. I am concerned that you would be getting the attention of the tabloids and become a target yourself." Monica nodded in agreement and to that end, they work out meeting places in secret locations.

In these places, Yazdon and his beloved Monica act out their passion for each other in discrete places where they could be alone. However, a part of me knew that something between them had

changed, when I had seen both of them at various times coming out of some room a little disheveled looking. I always thought there was something tantalizing about a secret relationship. I even caught them a few times in a hot and heavy make out session, in various stages of undress. But nonetheless, Out of respect for them I tried to keep their secret relationship secret. Because I knew that being the public figure that Yazdon was, 'everything he had done or would do would come under scrutiny. Even in my profession, I am still shocked as to how anything could leak out, even under the best security measures. Soon, rumors circulate regarding their relationship and snapshots of the two of them together going in and out of places were posted on the Internet. I always thought that these incidences were going to have going to have an effect on the both of them, But that in itself started some scrutiny, even in many religious circles. Nevertheless, the public was eating it up in way. Some people thought that is was the hottest thing they had ever seen, But a few thought that a holy man, would be above such things. For you see, years of indoctrination by some preachers have made people believe that a spiritual man would not necessarily have human desires, and should at least practice celibacy. Some followers and critics alike begin to talk about his love affair with Monica and think of him as sinful and impure and they lose interest in him and his teachings. But others came forwards and begged the public too just leave him alone and that even a spiritual man

deserved companionship. However, really got on my nerves was that some thought Monica was just another slut trying to make a grab at a public figure for her own 15 seconds of fame. The results were mixed at best.

This actually caused a change in Yazdon that he wanted to challenge the public views in regards to this subject. Never one to back down and too confront the Victorian attitude about sex that was still felt by some, Yazdon continued with his teachings and he tried to break down foolish and irrational barriers and beliefs about how a holy man should behave and conduct his life and that he just a man like everyone else. He now challenged as well, the puritanical ideas about sex, women, relationships, holiness, and the like. He gave impassioned speeches about his right, or anybody else's right, to experience life as fully as possible and to strive for happiness and contentment and reasoned that maybe Jesus Christ might have had a relationship with Mary Magdalene and that he was just a man too.

Yazdon was determined now to change the world for the better and always remembered the obstacles that got him too this point in his journey. Many of his followers came back after the scandal broke as his following continued to grow strong.

CHAPTER 11

The Woman

Back in the United States, human rights especially women's rights, had suffered greatly since Harvester was appointed to the governorship of California about twenty years ago by the NWO. His presidency sealed the country's fate as more restrictions were placed on individual freedom and liberty and as radical Islamic laws were strictly observed, when the Muslim religion took over Los Angeles. He began to deliver his grand plans to turn the United States into an Islamic country and early on, as a symbolic gesture, and to show that he was serious, he put away his western clothing and wore the typical Sheik attire.

As governor, he had tried to incorporate Muslim laws into the Constitution and eventually turn the state into an Islamic state. However, in a predominantly Christian country, people were not going to let this happen without a fight. His plan did not progress as smoothly as he had hoped it would as different oppositional factions sprung up to preserve all the freedoms that came with being in the United states

Harvester was caught by surprise when he encountered a severe backlash from the radicalized evangelical Christians who had trained their own army of teenage suicide bombers and

managed to cause massive damage to government buildings and the Governor's personal establishments.

But these radicalized evangelical Christians, although not yet as radical as the Muslim fanatics, had imposed their own restrictions on women's rights and roles in society.

Some feminists who were outraged by the enforcement of Sharia Law in the U.S and were not willing to give up the rights they had fought so hard to gain in the 20 century, started a faction called the Amazonians to take an aggressive turn to go into the biggest fight of their lives for the feminist cause. These women were a vigilante group who had taken up arms, are ready to fight, and kill to preserve the rights of women as any cost as never had they felt so violated by Sharia law. Among them were many men who are not willing to roll time back to the stone ages and are outright human rights activists regardless of gender. These were men that had respect for a woman and there was no sexism involved, despite the fact that they called themselves the Amazons, which impressed me and for the fact that I respected them that even a woman could have balls. They are willing to lay down their own lives to fight for the cause rather than live under suppression and archaic laws.

The Amazonians had been credited for some of the retaliations, which were never substantiated, that had resulted in

the death of an entire group of radical Muslims who were responsible for bombing several all-girl schools, killing, wounding, and maiming many innocent children in the name of Islam. Nevertheless, I knew that they must have had some good lawyers amongst them as nothing was traced back to them.

I had read on the internet that these guys were a bunch of Femi- Nazis and even tried to kill Harvester Zeshtarin, But they were unsuccessful a lot of them had gotten arrested and were killed or disappeared in the prison system at behest of a corrupt government.

Back in California, Monica, Yazdon, and his dog Lulu were walking one night and enjoying each other's company. As usual, the Guardians were close by and making sure that no one was lurking in the shadows that may surprise them. As they continued on their walk, images of a woman who was being physically assaulted by four men in ski masks being left in a bloody and battered mess, and emotionally beaten, distracted Yazdon. Yazdon zoned for a second, as Monica looked at him with concern. "What's wrong?" She said. Yazdon looked around and grabbed Monica wrist saying, "Follow me." A crime was taking place nearby and he can feel the pain the woman is suffering. He is taken aback as he feels the assault of the woman's pain and tells Monica what he is feeling and they both run in the direction where the images are drawing him. They get close to a house where they hear a

woman screaming hysterically for somebody to help her. She is on the verge of collapse from battery.

Yazdon and Monica stop at the front door of a town house in middle class area outside of the park, and each simultaneously tell the other to stay back, attempting to go up to the door first. Lulu beats both of them to it, jumps at the door, and starts barking. They want to protect each other but they are both masters at martial arts. “They both look at each other and say 1,2,3!” They both kick the door down and are confronted by a dark and screaming

They ran from room the room yelling to get attention. “Is somebody here?!” Yazdon yelled, only to run into a room with Monica and find the woman bloodied and battered crouching on the floor in a fetus position. He made eye contact with a man in a ski mask as he said, “I will not have that. He has a gun. You stay back.”

Monica says, “Exactly my point. You stay back. I am your protector. You are more important than me.”

Yazdon says, “Nonsense,” but backs down. “Shut up! It’s like you too are married” One of the gun men say. It didn’t take a psychic to sense that there were two in the room and one them was hiding in the shadows. A big burly gun ran up behind Monica, put a gun to her head, and put her in chokehold, “As he said,

“Bitch if you know what is good for you, you’ll shut your trap”
Monica nodded in compliance. But unknown to the gunman, it wasn’t the first time, getting a gun pointed her.

The man who looked like he has had too much to drink says,
“What the hell do you want?”

Yazdon said to him, “What is going on here? Why someone is getting hurt.”

Just then, the bloodied woman fueled by adrenaline ran toward the door, slipped by the drunken man, and threw herself at Yazdon. Yazdon held onto her for fear that she would fall over as she looked up and said whimpering, “Help me please.”

The man grabbed her and told her, “Get inside, bitch! Who said you can leave?”

It was all Yazdon could do not to throw the man aside. There was silence in the room. He looked back Monica who was seeking a sign as what would happen. He could feel the adrenalin and fear pouring in waves off the woman, and the cold entitlement emanating from the man. In a stern voice, Yazdon says to the man, “Stop this. You will not touch this woman. Do you understand?”

The man said, “It is none of your goddamn business. Who are you anyway, to tell me what I can do with my own wife? I can do whatever I want. She’s a damned, cheating bitch, and she is mine

until death do us part.”

Yazdon saw a badly beaten up, disheveled woman before him, cowering in a corner of the house wondering if she was going to die. Crying and sobbing, through bloodstained eyes and a saturated pajama saturated with blood and other fluid, she said to Yazdon cowering for her life, “Please don’t let him hurt me. Please help me. He is going to kill me. He said he’s going to blow my brains out.”

The woman looks at Yazdon and Monica with desperation. Yazdon said to the man, “She is not your property, and you are not going to have her live in fear for her life anymore.”

Immediately, the gunman turned his piece on Yazdon. Then he got an idea. “Your gun is feeling hot. Isn’t it?” He planted a suggestion in the man’s head. The man reacted to the pain and dropped his piece to the floor. With that, Yazdon, kicked the man in the knee and a fight broke out. Yazdon moved fast, and nailed the guy in the face with his foot and put him in an arm lock. Monica took a cue and head butted the gunman that held her hostage only to slam his hand against the wall in a fit of adrenaline as he dropped his gun. She proceeded to kick his ass and smashed a vase that was lying on a table nearby over his head.

Still in an arm lock, Yazdon escorted the man to his wife. He planted another suggestion in his head. He said calmly, “You are

going to listen to me and every time you have this though you will feel this pain in your arm, because if you don't listen, I am going to break it." The man only nodded as Yazdon continued, "This woman is no longer yours, she is not your property. You will turn yourself into the police and ask them to press charges against you for domestic violence. You will leave this woman alone and remember this event and if you do remember, you feel nothing but pain in your arm. Do you understand?" The man was moaning in pain from the arm lock and nodded with the request. Yazdon released him and the man ran off into the night screaming from hysteria.

Monica turned to the woman extending her hand and said, "Let's go. We'll find a safe place for you." The woman hugged her and said crying, "Thank you, Thank God you came when you did."

The commotion has brought some of the neighbors out of their homes and oddly enough, some of them are backing up the husband, and a man tells Yazdon and Monica, "Go home and don't meddle in the affairs of a husband and wife."

Just then, something unexpected happened. The man that Monica bashed with a vase came back to consciousness and grabbed a shotgun out of a duffel bag that remained hidden. The man used the doorknob as leverage and pointed the gun at Monica. Realizing the danger Yazdon and Monica might be facing, a few of

the Guardians had snuck into the house from the back door to make sure there were no further problems, and others close in on the front door. Yazdon jerked in front of Monica to protect her to shield her from a shot from the man's gun. But unknown to anyone from an undisclosed location a gun was aimed at the man's head, Splattering his brains on the floor. Yazdon looked around.

He had an idea who fired the shot as some of the guardians were ex-military and worked for the police amongst other places. He knew that some of guardians were skilled with a gun and would protect Yazdon at all cost. The people panicked looking for someone to blame. Few of them pointed to Yazdon and Monica. "It wasn't us!" Yazdon said.

The Guardians who were in the house rushed in behind Yazdon, and he was taken aback. He turned to the crowd and said, "What's going on? I haven't done anything!"

Yazdon turned to the woman and said, "Please, let me help you", as he took her hand and touched all her wounds attending to the woman's injuries on the spot, and healed her wounds. People, who are nearby, see this act go on and marvel as the bruises heal up. Bones are mended, cuts closed, a black eye cleared up and a concussion was healed. Overwhelmed with emotions, the woman says, "Thank you for your kindness and for saving my life. I am forever in your debt."

After a pause she continued, “Who are you? You must be angels.”

Yazdon smiles, and says, “We must take you to a safe place.”

After some silence, and the need to break it, Monica asks the woman, “Do you have a place where you can go and be safe? Do you have any relatives?”

The woman replied, “I have nowhere to go.” Monica tells her, “Come with us.”

They take her to Monica’s house, and they stay with her for a long time and hear her story. “My name is Monica, what’s yours?” said as she tried to start a conversation. The woman sighed as she said, “I’m Stacy”. “If you don’t mind me asking, what happened?” Stacy was eager to comply as she felt the need to get a lot of stuff of her chest. “You and your man? Your happy?” “Why is some women find the good ones?” she said. Monica just smiled and said “Yah we are, and all men aren’t like that. I’ve had a few assholes like that in my life”. “I always had the feeling you too were involved. You’re lucky, some girls get all the breaks,” Stacy said. “What happened in your relationship?” Monica asked. “Honestly, am I an idiot to believe that a man could change? We started dating when we were young and me being young and stupid I was just rebelling to piss of my parents who didn’t like him in the first place

cause he was in a gang. We got married in Las Vegas. I mean, how cheesy is that? What a cheapass. I mean Oh my god I am so stupid, I should've left him, when he first hit me. Like a dumbass, I stayed when he started to accuse me of cheating on him and the shit hit the fan. I am so goddamn stupid! I mean what woman stays with a man after he punched her in the stomach, while carrying his child?" "I mean ok? My friends and family told me to call the cops and get a restraining order, but you think that stupid piece of paper helped?" "I am so dumb, I didn't listen to anyone as I believed that scumbag I was married too would change and some people wonder why they think that us women are the weaker sex." Monica only listened, and then responded, "Stop cutting yourself down like that. Sometimes the system fails people and we are conditioned to believe at times that the vilest person can change." Just then, Monica got a thought from Stacy as she was taken aback said, "You're an Amazon?" "How did you know?" Stacy said. "Well through deductive reasoning and also I can sometimes read minds. I think that your husband wanted to kill you for more than just male dominance". "Son of a bitch, your right! That creep was always broke and he knew I was involved in the organization. From what I could see was that asshole needed one of his homies help to waste my ass. I wouldn't have put it past him to do it too make a few bucks at my expense, if he couldn't have me. Obsessed piece of shit!", Stacy said. Monica only hugged Stacy and said,

“Don’t worry your safe now. I mean it ‘really’ you are safe. I would just say that from now on; embrace the ‘inner’ Amazon within you. Because you are a strong woman, and your will to live through this hell, is proof of this.” “Thanks Monica, I just needed someone to listen. You know?, Sometimes you need to hit rock bottom before you can achieve that, thanks Monica” Stacy said. “I’ll keep your secret safe, but for now, let us help you” Monica said.

Yazdon offered to send Stacy to one of the centers that his family had established for battered women but she was reluctant to go. He asked Monica for help. “Ok Monica, you’re a girl, Stacy is a girl and hoping you guys can have some girl talk, to tell her to come to the shelter.” “I think she will, I already had some girl talk with her” Monica said. Reality set in, and Yazdon can see that she was too weak in her spirit, and she would never be more than a disheveled creature, But Monica had confidence in Stacy otherwise. In a way, Monica knew that Yazdon might’ve been right and maybe likely to go back to the next asshole that came along, or her husband, if he somehow managed to locate her again, if he just called on her and told her he is remorseful and sorry. Monica reassured Yazdon that all would be well and that he worried too much.

A week later, a reluctant Stacy reported to the center that Monica told her about. “Ok, I am here. So now what?” Stacy said feeling uncertain. Yazdon told her, “He has treated you this way

many times, hasn't he?"

She lowered her head and did not say anything. She needed healing of her soul urgently so that she could regain her self-respect and become whole again. Unless she was guided in that direction, she might've end up dead soon at the hands of the next loser that came along.

Yazdon decided to give Stacy special attention. He went back to Monica's house the next day and counseled her, healed and cleansed her soul, spiritually, emotionally and physically rid her of the trauma she had endured, from the day she was born. He washed away her guilt and self-blame, and teaches her that she must have some self worth and not to place the fault on herself for the wrong that others have perpetrated on to her all her life and to find forgiveness, with the abuse her mother suffered and the abuse that Stacy suffered at the hands of her husband. She was flooded with memories of her own father beating her mother and how that affected her unconsciously as she made decisions in life that altered her destiny. Yazdon, helped free her mind from unconscious imprinting that she suffered from and all Stacy could do was cry tears of joy and say "Thank you"

Government funded shelters for women did not exist anymore in the United States once women's rights were undermined by new

Sharia laws. All shelters were run by private donations. As Sharia law were woven more and more tightly into the fibers of societal structure, these shelters became the main target of terror attacks suicide bombings and misogynistic Sharia law enforcement. These shelters began to dwindle in numbers and the operations were forced to go underground and disperse into homes at great risk to individuals who ran them.

Monica monitored Stacy and offered to Stacy again to go to one of the many Permanent shelters Yazdon's family had established all over the world, for abused women. To get back on her feet, Monica arranges to send her off to a home far away with a hidden address untraceable through any IP code, where she has a chance to recover her body and soul, and she reluctantly accepts the offer and knew that she couldn't do a quick fix.

Yazdon can see the sadness in Monica's heart, as well as the passion with which she intervened in saving the woman's life. Likewise, Monica who held Yazdon dear to her heart, had witnessed the sincerity with which Yazdon had helped the battered wife, and she was moved by his humanity, more than ever and loved him more for it. Monica expresses her gratitude to Yazdon for risking his own life to confront an out of control drunken husband. It is heartwarming for her to see that a man could stand up for a woman the way he did, and can treat a woman with such respect. This is something she has longed to see in a man for a long

time.

This becomes the topic of a stimulating conversation about women's place in history and society between Monica and Yazdon as they sat on a comfortable couch by the fire at his house.

She asked him, "Why did you feel compelled to rescue that woman, and risk your own life, knowing the man had a gun?"

Yazdon says, "It is never right to beat up someone, let alone someone who is weak and defenseless."

"You stood up for her and treated her with such respect," Monica replies.

"Everyone needs to be treated with kindness and respect. Shouldn't he have treated her as his companion and not his property?" he replied.

Monica said, "It was so hard to respect a woman who stayed with a husband like that, I mean I tried to give her the benefit of the doubt, but still I this too many times in own life where some woman stayed with some asshole."

Yazdon replied, "It is a lot easier to judge someone when you don't know their history. I guess I have the advantage of knowing that, ahead of time. You felt a lot more compassion for her yourself after you heard her story. Didn't you?"

Monica said, "Well yes. But, before that, it seemed that the

neighbors were backing up the husband, and the police were not so eager to arrest the guy.”

Yazdon replied, “I cannot judge what others do, but there is such a thing as an absolute right and wrong. It is never right to beat up someone who is weak and defenseless.”

“But, she must have done something. He was calling her a cheating bitch,” Monica says. “Maybe, but there are other ways to solve problems of marital discord, maybe she did cheat on him, but that didn’t warrant death, even a person who has strayed in their marriage must work with their partner, so It doesn’t happen again.” Yazdon said.

Yazdon replies, “Your right. nothing justifies what he did, even if she had cheated on him. Besides he was lying. Not only she has never cheated on him, he is the only man she has ever been with in her entire life. He was sterile and he blamed her for that.”

Yazdon sensed Monica’s uneasy feeling and he paused for a moment quickly realizing that his mind reading was making Monica self-conscious. He tells her, “I am sorry for making you feel uncomfortable. Forgive me. I will turn it off for you if you want.”

Monica says, “Turn off what, you just blew my mind, you’re so wise?” She inched up upon him and used him as a pillow

Yazdon says, “You know, reading your mind.”

Monica asks, “Can you always tell what people are thinking about?”

“Yes, but only when I actively choose to. Otherwise, I will go crazy hearing all the chatter. I have to tune into the different vibrations, frequencies, and wave lengths, much like a receiver tunes to the frequency of the channel sending the frequency.”

Now Monica felt even more self-conscious and asked, “How long have you known I was in love with you?” Yazdon says, “I fell in love with ‘you’ way before I even met you.”

He turned toward her, held her hands, and gazes into her eyes, “I loved you from the moment I saw you in the desert” and gave her a kiss.

Monica wanted to hear more and Yazdon indulged her, and tells her about the vision he had in the desert. He also told her how he had been tuning into her vibrations since the trip to Paris for the wedding.

He said, “I am still a human and locked into this physical plane. I have my limitations; I get physically overwhelmed, and can only handle so much. I was not able to make time for a meaningful relationship until now, because you complete me and have become my other half, and I’ll make a confession. When I am around you,

all other thoughts are blocked out of the room, you silence the chaos of many souls in turmoil and I love you more it and love you just as you are.”

Then, Yazdon held her in his arms and gently kissed her with so much love radiating from him. He lay down with her on the couch and let his body touch hers in a tight embrace and accidentally fell on the rug causing both of them to laugh. He had so much affection for her, and wanted so strongly to take away the sadness in her heart, and make her heal as well.

His energy and aura engulfed her in a pool of blue light and he sent his healing love into her. She had never felt this way before. It felt as if pure love had engulfed her as her tough exterior let down and for the first time in her life. She felt completely safe and let go of all the tension, pain in her body and soul, as they both knew they wanted something more as clothing was removed and passionate love was made as they wanted each other and wanted something more. She felt safe and nothing in this harsh world could hurt her anymore. She feels as if her soul is about to leave her body.

There was something otherworldly about this experience that went beyond physical ecstasy as Monica later told me. That is wasn't just an episode of physical sex, but ecstasy of soul achieving enlightenment and spiritual ecstasy, that wouldn't worthy of any

tantric text. She after they were done, and looked at each other, She whispered in his ear “I Love you”, as she lay there embracing him. She felt that she was his and his alone and she would never want another man. Likewise, he belonged to her and said, “I love you, I always have and always will”. It was all understood, and there is no more need for words. They embraced each other for a long time, and fell into a deep sleep as he noticed the familiar scents of her hair had matched the woman he had seen in the desert and fell asleep.

CHAPTER 12

Divine Favoritism

A few days after the intervention in the battered woman's life, Monica had been informed by some of the Guardians, who were with the police, that the lifeless bodies of eight women and children who had been tortured and murdered had been found in a Muslim neighborhood in Los Angeles in a single house.

Religious extremists were suspected as usual, but nobody had a clue as to who it was. For the atrocity of the reasoning, this assault had been the fact that these women had refused to wear proper Islamic attire to honor their husband and that this scene was clearly some ambush to force these women to do the bidding of an evil cause to remind them and their children that they were disposable assets and nothing more. Some of the women were beheaded and some were tortured along with their children who had accompanied them.

Yazdon cannot contain his fury— He had thoughts of his mother who was forced to live in the indignities of hypocrisy of religion and wondered why there was no divine intervention as to why this wouldn't stop as humans were doing a poor job trying to manage it for themselves. It made him really angry that such things went about unabashed and that even the authorities were a little

stuck as what to do. For even to accuse someone in a litigious society? - Instant lawsuit.

When Monica told him about the incidence, Yazdon tried to maintain his composure, but felt like he was failing. This was yet another episode to justify the evil righteousness of religion, as he made a fist to punch the wall but stopped himself quickly. His telekinetic powers went haywire as he saw an image of the devil for a moment laughing and pointing at him, mocking him for a moment and a few objects begin to move around the room. This was a new incidence of the devil mocking him, but this time Yazdon felt he needed to address the issue publicly.

Yazdon called Bryce, who was busy organizing forums on the interactive websites, tells him, “Get me a forum with men who are wife beaters and also have battered women, who have suffered at their hands. I want to talk to these morons personally and smack some sense into them.”

Bryce who does not know about the shelters that Yazdons family had established and answered him quizzically and needed more details said, “Wait, hold on, you want a bunch of assholes that disrespect woman and women? or no women?”

“Monica and I will bring you the women,” he told Bryce. “It is going to be a difficult group of people to manage. They are mostly uneducated, unsophisticated, and both sides have backward

views on women and their roles in society.”

“What are you hoping to accomplish? It already sounds like a losing battle,” Bryce says feeling confused.

Yazdon sighed as he said, “I don’t know. I’ll see how it goes. Hopefully I can bring about healing for the women and their abusive partners by encouraging them to communicate their feelings to each other.”

Yazdon began the forum by pointing to the inhumane treatment women have received by society throughout history. Yazdon knew that may have to be a little deceptive as he called Bryce on the phone and said, “Ok, I got an idea. Where going to have play both sides of the field. We’ll operate like a survey. That is how people will come forward.” Bryce was intrigued and said, “Interesting. I’ll get right on and get the crowds you want.”

The survey worked as emails were answered, filtered out and the audience members needed came to the show, with the podcasts being put in listen mode only. The day of the show came and he told the audience, “I have always wondered when women would claim their rightful place in society, and in history. Women are our mothers, sisters, and daughters. Mothers who have raised us and have taught us all we know about life, and have loved us unconditionally. They are our sisters who have stood by our sides, have guided, and supported us when we have needed help, and our

daughters who have given us the joy of parenthood, and have made us proud.

“It’s a pity that, men have not stood up for the women they claim they care about and have remained silent about the way they are being treated today. It saddens me to know that without the support of their fathers, brothers, sons, husbands and our leaders, women will never be able to achieve the freedom and respect they deserve. I want to change the hearts and minds of men, and the women who have been fed the nonsense they have accepted as their fate, that they are the weaker sex, to be subservient, second class, and servants of men. I want to show you that we can all live side by side peacefully just the way we were meant to live. We can love and cherish each other, and for the sake of our children, we can learn to stop the cycle of violence against women. I want to help you examine the beliefs that you hold about women and find out if they are true or not. If they are not true, then we must change them so that we can live peacefully on this planet.”

He then opened the floor to questions and after answering a few easy and mild ones, the mood of the audience takes a turn for the worst and the hardcore beliefs reveal themselves.

A very angry man quoted the scripture and says, “I am confident that I am following God’s commandment. It is the will of God for the woman to serve her man, and let him be in charge.

I expect 'my woman' to obey me, and to be subservient to me, and know her place."

Another man says, "You can't have two heads in the same household making decisions, just like you can't have two presidents. Like a two headed snake, one of them has to lead, or they won't be able to move."

Before Yazdon gets a chance to answer, another man sarcastically says, "Don't you know the story of Adam and Eve? The woman is the original sinner and it is because of her that man was driven out of Heaven, and humans have been condemned to death. Eve was created from the rib Adam and was made for Adam from God, Eve was too be subservient to Adam. She has caused the downfall of humanity, and God has punished her for that by forcing her to serve her husband, and bear the pain of childbirth. She deserves the punishment she has received for what she has done to us. What more proof do you want?"

A few men clap, whistle, and one says, "Right on, brother."

Yazdon who knows all the holy books by heart tells the man, "I may not be a Christian or a Muslim or a Jew but I know what the holy men and women have said and have intended for you to hear. He opens the page in the Bible and puts it on the screen for everyone to see. He asks the man "Read the passage loud enough for everyone to hear."

The man begins to read, “There is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus.”

The man says, “Damn. That ain’t in my book. I don’t know how this got in there. I never saw this before!”

He continued, “It says a hundred times in my book that women are troublemakers and God wants us men to keep them from going wild and keep them in line. You’ve seen those video streams? Bunch of women going wild and no man telling them what to do, that’s what they do when us men aren’t around. They go wild when they are free to do what they want.”

Yazdon chuckles and says, “Yes. There are some women who choose to do wild things, but that does not justify mistreating half the population of the world for the misbehavior of a few.”

A woman says, “Look at what you men are putting on TV for the world to see. Look at all the wild things they are committing right now, the wars, and genocide against other men, women, and children, the world would be better off without men.” Many women applaud that remark.

Another woman responds, “I found it abhorrent that in some Jewish texts women are considered filthy and unholy and likened to pigs. That did it for me and I stopped practicing my religion.”

Another woman asks, “How can we prove that we have the

right to live a fulfilled life when our men use scripture to hold us back?”

Yazdon says, “The scriptures are part of the problems. Christ respected women, and protected them, but some of his original words that never made it to the final copy of the bible. His apostles who wrote their own interpretation of what he had meant distorted the final copy of the bible at the council of Nicaea. Naturally their own biases got into these books, and now we treat them as the gospel truth.”

This sounds inflammatory to some and a humming and whispering rises in the background in the forum. Someone says, “This is blasphemy, the books are the words of God and our Savior.”

Yazdon said, “Unfortunately, some of it is not, and I want to help you separate fact from fiction so that you could purify your holy books from the biases of the men who wrote them, as even some of Jesus’ apostles had their own agenda like Peter.”

There is more commotion in the forum, things heat up very quickly, and tempers are flying. Someone says, “This is sacrilegious. You are going to burn in hell for this, you false prophet.”

Yazdon ignored the outburst and told the man, “The books are all outdated by now, and no matter who wrote those several hundreds of years ago, they needed to make sense in today’s world.

If they were all God's words or the prophets', they should hold up through time."

He opened another page and asked the man to read it aloud. Reluctantly, the man began to read that the earth was flat, it was fixed, it was the center of the universe, and the sun and other stars revolve around it.

Yazdon addressed the man and asked him, "What is your opinion about what you just read? Do you believe that the earth is flat, despite the fact that Galileo proved otherwise?"

The man remained quiet for a moment and in a low tone said, "I don't know what to say. If the Bible said it, I guess it must be a possibility."

Yazdon replied, "The church eventually accepted in 1992 that they were wrong, they wrongly persecuted Galileo about insisting that this idea that the bible was right and he was wrong. This was almost 350 years after it was discovered that the earth was indeed round through Vatican Telescopes and that Galileo was right. Despite all that, some people like you still believe that the earth may be flat because the Bible says so."

Someone argued, "Things were written in the holy books are parables and stories and are not to be taken literally."

Yazdon says, "These so called parables and stories caused the

Catholic Church to condemn many people to death. More than two thousand people, mostly women accused of heresy, who were called witches, Also People who were alchemists and scientists had died by the Spanish inquisition alone over a period of 350 years. Also, don't forget the witch trials that in some countries of Europe wiped out the $\frac{3}{4}$ of population of women in cities and villages due to this ignorance as it had become a common occurrence that men were starting to get pleasure from farm animals. Last but not least, the most famous of all, The Salem witch trials. The fact is that people treat these stories as facts to live by, and accept them as absolute truths, while the religious leaders remain silent. They allow generation after generation of people live in fear of God's wrath and be controlled by superstition beliefs."

Another woman asks, "Is it true that we have been cursed by God, and punished by the pain of childbirth, and that a woman's menses' is a curse, Because Eve had to curse of blood?"

Yazdon replied, "On the contrary. The moment of birth is the most joyous of all human experiences, perhaps unsurpassed by any other. How could some believe maternity to be a curse? I would say it is absolutely a miracle, But as for a woman's menses'?, Just look at it another way, that it could be considered a 'physical' cleansing and all about the cycle of childbirth, Its really only a 'curse' If it is interfering with your health and you have some medical problem you need to check out." A few people chuckled

in the audience.

A woman says, “I was reading the Bible stories to my six-year-old daughter night after night and one night she asked, ‘Mommy, where have all the girls gone?’ I did not know what to tell her. I tried to look for a story about women but the characters were practically all men. The women who were mentioned were either prostitutes or seductresses, or deceitful women who were blamed for men’s bad behaviors. I stopped reading her the book thinking that there are no good role models in these stories for my little girl to look up to and feel proud to be a girl.”

Yazdon says, “We have to abandon outdated two-thousand-year-old beliefs, which their main purpose has been to suppress, control, and exploit groups of individuals, mainly women and minorities. Most of what was written was not from a higher source and is tainted by fanatical men, who are in a childish sibling rivalry with women in order to win the love of their God and be his favorite. Any religion that advocates or promotes that is petty and immature to say the least.”

The woman asked, “Is that why, as a Muslim woman, I have half the rights that men have, and my vote counts as half?”

Yazdon replied, “This is one way to silence and control women, and to keep them from having any influence in their society as real men are not threatened by women; neither is The

Supreme Consciousness who made us as whole persons with all our rights intact. No one has the right to take our rights away, although many have taken that liberty.

“Unfortunately, years of thinking that you are a half-person have made many women believe that they are indeed worth half of men and they go as far as to defend their lower status. These erroneous beliefs on both sides are the root of the problems which breed hatred discrimination, prejudice, and favoritism towards men and perpetuating violence towards women.”

Yazdon thinks that perhaps a visual presentation would show that men and women are not that different and women were certainly not inferior to men. From his computer, he projects from a flash drive onto the screen, a video from a research conducted in Sweden at a prestigious university. It shows gender differences, in many areas of physical and psychological functioning, along with two composite pictures made up of thousands of ordinary brains of men and women.

He told the audience, “The comparison shows gender differences that point to strengths in different areas, which are not significant in either sex. Pay attention to the brains and guess which brain belongs to which gender. You won’t be able to except perhaps where the two sides connect.”

Yazdon points out, “For so many years, scientists have known

that women's brain has more nerve cells, connections, and therefore more communication between the two hemispheres and in some areas it even works more efficiently than the male brains. This contradicts what was written in the holy books. If you believe that your God created women then he did not create them inferior to men and here is the proof.”

A person asked, “It sounds like you are saying not to practice our religion?”

Yazdon answers, “No, but what I am saying is that your holy books make you believe it is OK to treat others who do not have the same beliefs as you with contempt, and if they don't want to accept your religious ideology then they are evil and it is OK to kill them, in the name of your god. It is possible to teach morality without religion, to be good for goodness' sake, and to be charitable to please yourself, rather than for expecting a reward in the afterlife.”

Someone disputes the idea, by saying, “That is not true. Religious people are a lot more charitable than atheists and agnostics. You cannot be charitable without being religious.”

Yazdon said, “Being charitable is not a function of religiosity. Atheists and agnostics are, in fact, just as charitable and in many instances are more charitable than religious people are. This is evident when you compare religious vs. secular countries as a

whole. The fact is that historically, secular countries have given to foreign aid and disaster relief worldwide far more than the theist countries. They have also taken better care of their own dispossessed people. If generosity by a country is indicative of the generosity of its people, then nonreligious people are far more generous than religious people are. I happen to have dual citizenship from Sweden and the United States, where the ratio of foreign aid is usually around 17 to 1, per capita, in favor of Sweden vs. the United States.”

After many more questions were answered, Yazdon told the women that, “This all begins with the individual. First, you have to value yourself and believe you are worthy. If you believe you have rights, you will not allow anyone to take them away, and you will stand up for yourself. It is only when a part of you accepts the abuse as being justified, that you allow it to go on. That is not to say that there are no true victims. A true victim is one who ends up, or is actually born, in the wrong place at the wrong time.”

They ask him if he considers himself a feminist and he says as he laughed at the irony, “A feminist as opposed to what? You cannot be in one camp and not the other. So, as far as humans go, I am a humanist.”

Yazdon engaged some willing couples to share their feelings about the traumas they had experienced because of the abuse and

openly speak to each other about how the abuse had affected them, their children, and their families.” Look guys, In order to heal this dysfunction between the sexes, You must look inside you. I welcome you all, to come to my community counseling centers to heal your broken relationships and heal your souls and end the cycle of violence”, As that was said, Yazdon put in another flash drive, as information came up that was run by the guardians who were in the healthcare and Psychology professions. My associates and friends will assist you in any way that you need. Please take this information down on whatever devices you have, or with a good old-fashioned pen and paper, some people chuckle at his wittiness.

Yazdon told his followers, “I anxiously await the day that the worship of a male god who is more humanlike than godlike ends. A God, who takes sides, picks favorites and gives preferential treatment to some nations over others. A God who randomly sends those who worship him to heaven and others who do not, to hell regardless of their deeds. A god who brings tsunamis’ earthquakes, volcanoes, and disease to the people to punish them and indiscriminately kills the innocent along with the sinful, a god who is misogynistic, and homophobic, and discriminates against his own creations, advocates subservience of women, and encourages violence toward those who do not fit the norm. He is a cruel, angry, despotic, and arrogant God who needs to be appeased by sacrifice and worship.”

Yazdon suggests, “Just listen to your own senses, and find the truth within yourself. Go within because your inner self to know it is wrong to harm, mistreat, murder, rape, steal, etc. Within your own sensibilities is where you can find how you are connected to something much bigger than you, the Supreme Consciousness, and the oneness that you are a part of.”

As a result, of such an abrupt ending, A hush fell over the crowd. Some people wept. Some stood up and started applauding. Something changed in the room as there was a lighter energy as Yazdon looked around and saw that many souls had felt lifted and felt a renewed confidence to change the world for the better.

CHAPTER 13

Holy or Holey

The previous forum on women sparked enough interest that it encouraged Yazdon to go after an even hotter issue. He felt like he was on a roll as he felt nothing but positive energy from the event and exuded a confidence that he hadn't known before. He did a self check on himself to make sure that his ego wasn't taking over again and his visions of any devil didn't come back. Much to Bryce's dismay, he declared a challenge to all religious and spiritual figures. He told Bryce, "Announce to them that anyone who believes in the truth of their holy books would be welcomed to a debate."

Bryce was shocked at his remark as he reminded him, "You have enough enemies in high places, and you should worry about this announcement. You are going to enrage the religious extremists and any other nut job that might find you a threat. You know me, I have always admired you for what you're doing, but what your asking is for major trouble, more than you already have, I mean a little skeptical by this action, what are you thinking?"

Yazdon reassured his friend, "My task would involve opposition, and I would have to shoulder the burden by myself. The status quo does not change when a bunch of people put up

with it. It changes when a few people get angry enough to do something about it.”

Bryce said, “But that will incite violence and you will be encouraging riots on both sides by those who would follow what you are saying and those who would want to shut you up.”

Yazdon says, “I can’t control the second group but I have conveyed to the followers that anger is not synonymous with violence. We will work on a strategy to use the power of anger to effect positive change rather than destruction.”

Bryce said with cynical sarcasm, “Ha, that simple? Yeah right.”

Yazdon was confident and he pressed on with his unwavering optimism.

As a scientist, physicist, theologian, and an expert in many other disciplines from his Yrs of education as a child prodigy, In making leaps and bounds, he used more of his brain and had gotten many degrees of education in such areas. Yazdon’s mind is open, and a new challenge was brought to his attention. He comprehended the endless possibilities that existed in this universe, as he used his time from his studies for a reference. His mentors, especially the Dalai Lama, have had a profound influence on him, and he adheres more to the Buddhist way of life, which is based on the simple philosophy of kindness, the principle of mindfulness and looking into the heart and mind for answers,

rather than to religion.

Yazdon had taken to heart what had made sense to him the most, from all the disciplines he has learned about, and he had developed his own philosophy of life. He practiced the simplest and perhaps the most all-encompassing form of belief, practiced in ancient Persia, where Zoroaster advocated living a life by practicing worthy and noble thoughts, deeds, and words in his daily life, all the while having people marvel at his enlightenment.

Yazdon's goal was to shed light on the ideologies that have led to fanaticism, and religious extremism, and ultimately to death and destruction. He hoped that by identifying the problems and attempting to solve them he could bring about a movement toward a happy and fulfilled life for all humans, and to promote love and peace on the planet.

To accomplish this, he invited religious leaders, as well as renowned physicists, medical scientists, and experts in other fields from all over the world to be guests on his show on his podcast as his forum and turned on the audience webcast for all too see, there was also a small audience in the studio as well. After much resistance by the majority of religious leaders, he managed to start a forum with two leaders, representing the Jewish and the Muslim faiths, and a Catholic priest from the United States, as well as His Holiness, a Hindu religious leader, and a Native American shaman.

As usual, there is also a small contingent of Guardians who were crew members to send out his broadcast and some and people they can trust to keep the location secret in the studio.

Three physicists, Celine, as well as his twin sisters Ava and Emma, who are MDs, are also invited to attend the forums, with Yazdon himself, surpassed many scientists with his knowledge and understanding of the universe.

Yazdon began the program by citing from memory various verses and passages from the holy books, pointing out benevolent, as well as malevolent characteristics, simultaneously attributed to God. Even when he was challenged by his guests, all he would reply was, “Don’t believe me? Check for yourself.” It even dumbfounded some people.

He continued, “Those who have a propensity to violence will see the passages that encourage violence and those who are more peace-loving will see the passages that portray their god as peaceful. In other words, people see what they want to see and act accordingly.

“They see that their God encourages taking up the sword in his name, and massacring others who refuse to worship him. This sends a horrific message to the young minds of the children, and indoctrinates them into thinking that killing of innocent people for their beliefs is not only honorable, but it reserves their place in

Heaven.”

The Catholic priest says, “It is ludicrous to expect us to abandon the book as wrong and question what our Holy Father tells us.”

Yazdon replied, “There are contradictions in your holy books for every religion and it is time for leaders like you to address them, for humanity’s sake. Things have gotten progressively bad, and unless we do something about this now, they are just going to get even worse. The Popes who apologized for the errors practiced for centuries fell short of revising the books and correcting age old mistakes. It is your chance now to finish where they left off. As long as these errors remain in the books for young minds, especially young boys, to read and get brainwashed by them, they pose a danger to our society as it already has been for centuries.”

One day, things got a little interesting. Dr. Flagler a theologian who had been an invited panelist said, “As a man, I have a difficult time relating to any man who has some of the characteristics that are attributed to God. How can I then accept them in my God?”

Celine who got invited as well said, “I agree. Not only are those not characteristics you would expect in a just god, but they are human qualities which we despise in ourselves.”

Emma who had become a repeat guest added, “Human beings have displayed their unlimited compassion for the planet, and its

inhabitants, by drafting highly evolved constitutions governing their laws, to protect human rights. If human beings can display such care for their fellow human beings, then they have managed to surpass God in compassion, and kindness. I have trouble conceptualizing a god, whose consciousness is below that of human consciousness, and needs sacrifice and worship to be placated. How is this god different than, let's say, the Mayan God?"

The Catholic priest said, "The Scripture was written by the disciples and apostles without any distortion, just as Jesus had taught them. There is no evidence that they have distorted anything or that they had another agenda. They are not the ones who would have gotten credit for any of it. What could they possibly have gained from distorting his teachings?"

"I have no doubt the teachings were distorted, although perhaps not deliberately," His Holiness exclaimed, and continued, "It's just human nature. If they could distort the teachings intentionally, they would have had a lot to gain from it from the vagueness of just words and you can't deny this have been misinterpreted to someone's advantage. That would have been the easiest way to enter their own twists into the holy books and to impose their own views on people and pass them up as God's words." His Holiness continued, "Now how many times have we seen people lose life and limb just to get others to agree to their point of view? Ha!" Sounding exasperated

Yazdon was trying to keep his composure and not get worn down by his own challenge as he started to sense that he had to take control again and the officiate the forum as he said, “Yes, word of mouth can be distorted dramatically when they go around from one person to another. Earlier I conducted a simple experiment, to prove how distorted things can get during the span of one hour and passing from one person to just forty others. A one-paragraph story was sent to a participant, who was asked to read and then tell the story from memory to the next participant on our list as accurately as she could. When the story came around to the last person, he wrote the story down and here is the outcome. I am going to share the results of the test with the studio guests right now.”

He put up the original story, and then the final version, on the screen. He went on to explain, “The story is so distorted by the time it was passed on to fortieth person, it is practically unrecognizable from the original version.” This finding shocked and amazes the audience and the guests as traffic were slammed with so many questions from the podcast audience.

He continued, “As you can see ‘word of mouth’ is very unreliable, and unless the prophets wrote their own books, there is a great chance of distorting their message from one person’s eyewitness account to another, specially over several years after the event.”

Celine getting heated and trying to get a word in edgewise said, “Going back to what His Holiness was saying earlier, I believe that the authors distorted things deliberately because perhaps they did not approve of certain things that maybe even the Messiah believed in and they inserted those into the book. A good example of that is the Church’s view on homosexuality as a sin despite ample evidence that gay people are born the way they are just like all the rest of us. The Church needs to accept everyone the way the Creator made them and not judge them for ‘who’ they are. ‘Judge Not Lest Ye Be Judged’ is meaningless when the Church does not practice what it preaches.”

The Catholic priest said, “I am afraid you do not understand the meaning of ‘Judge Not Lest Ye Be Judged’. It does not mean you should not judge the people who have sinned. We have to either judge those who have sinned and put them in jail or have them repent.”

Celine who was insulted and really annoyed to the point of anger, tried to be cordial by this offensive remark said, “I understand the phrase perfectly when science has shown that gay people are born the way they are and yet the Church judges their sexuality as a sin. Or when there is absolutely no evidence that women are incapable of priesthood and yet the Church does not allow them to be priests simply because they are women.”

Celine got fired up, standing up to face the priest, continued with more energy and emphasis, “Judging ‘the actions’ of those who hurt others or themselves and trying to help that individual is correct, but judging ‘the person’ for being a woman or gay is incorrect. You are judging the individual for something they have no control over such as their gender and sexual orientation and using it to ostracize them. Do you comprehend the immensity of the fact that the Church is discriminating against roughly three-quarters of the population of the world if you count women and gay people. I think we understand precisely what the expression ‘Judge Not Lest Ye Be Judged’ means, sir,” as she slumped back down in her chair. Yazdon went up to her and asked if she was ok and she nodded yes.

The Hindu leader said, “These are words of God. A God trying to guide us, and he knows we need guidance. What is wrong with God getting angry with or judging his subjects and punishing them for doing wrong things? Don’t we punish our children when they are bad? How else are they going to learn right from wrong?”

Ava getting exasperated says, “I don’t understand, Is it God who condemns Hindu widows, to a life of isolation and denies the untouchables in that society, and so on? As a Hindu leader, have you done anything for their cause? How long do these atrocities have to go on? It has been two thousand plus years. Isn’t that long enough?”

A young teenage boy in the podcast audience addresses the Muslim cleric and says, “My father just converted to Islam and he wanted to force me to become a Muslim too. I was born a Christian but I really don’t understand a lot of things about either religion. For example, why do Muslims cut off the hands of the thieves? What if someone steals because they are hungry or they have no other way of feeding themselves?”

The Muslim cleric says, “Cutting off the hands of the thieves is allowed because there are not enough prisons for all the petty criminals. Prisons are costly and they have too many problems. Public display of punishment is also a good deterrent. The Podcast switch boards lit up again as many people pushed and shoved to get through the web, only to almost shut out the show.

Lena, a Swedish scientist, who was a plant put on the panel by the guardians, addressed the issue by responding, “Surely, this has not been a deterrent in your community. If you truly seek to guide and educate people, you have to have a sensible belief system that incorporates advances in science and technology. Couldn’t your religious leaders ask for guidance from God to come up with something more humane and up to date such as house arrest for the thieves, or other solutions to teach them a lesson, instead of cutting off their limbs?”

A woman in the virtual audience wanted to know, “What

explanation do you have for the fact that Polygamy is practiced and accepted in the Muslim society?”

The Muslim cleric said, “Polygamy is allowed for the sake of orphans and widows. No one forces a woman to share the same husband. It is her choice.”

Lena says, “Seriously? those are two separate issues. The part about choice is definitely false. From what I understand, Muslims still practice arranged marriages and men are the ones who choose the women. Women never chose their husbands. Furthermore, the part about polygamy as an answer to the problem of widows and orphans is equally untrue. Polygamists barely ever marry widows because they are not virgins.

“How about not marrying your daughters at an early age, and letting them get educated so that they can support themselves instead of being dependent on a man for their livelihood?”

Ava said, “Let’s not forget all the genetic manipulations that have been allowed to go on in your communities to produce more boys? Do you not have a severely skewed ratio of boys compared to girls? How is it that modern technology is acceptable in area of genetic manipulation, where it suits the male dominated cultures, but not for social advancements of women?”

The Muslim cleric said, “You do not understand our culture. You have double standards. When you think being gay, is OK and

you even advocate gay marriage, you call those alternative lifestyles, but you do not consider polygamy as an alternative lifestyle. Just like, we do not understand your culture. You do not understand ours.”

Emma said, “You are comparing apples and oranges. When two gay people marry each other, they are not hurting anyone. They are consenting adults and no one has influenced them to do this. Whereas, when you practice polygamy, it is usually a way older male taking several younger women as wives. These women are economically dependents, undereducated, and unable to support themselves. Research has shown that as societies become more equalitarian there is less chance of polygamy. Polygamy and inequality between men and women seem to go hand in hand. That is why it cannot be compared to the gay situation.”

Ava added, “Don’t forget, there is a lot of pressure on young men in these cultures as well. Think about it. If there is a shortage of women and some men have at least four wives, there is a huge number of young men who don’t ever have a chance to have a mate. Some studies have shown this to be a major contributor to suicide bombings among single young Muslim men who have been promised seventy-two virgins in heaven.”

The Jewish rabbi said, “Women have the same rights if not more in the Jewish community. No other religion treats women

with such respect. Women are more pure and spiritual than men are, and they do not need to have many obligations that are expected of men in order to atone themselves, and to control their aggressive nature. If women participate in the obligations of men, they would be denying their purity and godliness. Delineating the roles protects women and the family from the hardship that men have to go through to atone themselves.”

The Japanese physicist Michi Kudo responded, “This all sounds nice and noble, but there are at least two major flaws in this philosophy. One is that if I were the atypical man, I would take insult to being portrayed as inferior and needing more atonement. Secondly, as a woman, I would feel placated by the leaders who would keep me from fully participating in society, and doing my scientific work, which I love to do. Women are being controlled by shaming them into thinking that they will be going against God’s will and will be lowering themselves to a man’s level if they desire to work outside the home. You can see the hypocrisy in all of this, and the underlying message that no one deserves individual freedom and liberty.”

Yazdon says, “These are confusing messages. The books are meant to guide ordinary people, and the messages should be clear, concise, and easily understood by ordinary people. There should be no need for scholarly interpretations of the holy books and softening up the outdated messages that deny the truth about the

real meaning of the messages. The best test for the truth of these messages is that they should never be outdated. If they do appear outdated, it is because they reveal men's desires not God's. The Supreme Consciousness is timeless, and it is not prone to becoming outdated or obsolete by the passage of time."

Celine seconded that and added, "A good example of what you are saying is what Socrates named 'Test of Three'. He concluded that one should not tell anything to others unless it is True, Good, or Useful. His own words have held true even to this today because they pass his test. Too many words in the holy books are not true, good, or useful, and therefore should not be told to others."

The Muslim cleric turned to the Rabbi and the Hindu leader and said, "I guess they just don't understand us. Islam also requires women to wear hijab out of respect for women. With hijab, a woman will not be judged for her appearance, but rather for her personality, virtues, and character."

Ava responded, "Her family and friends are the only ones who are in a position to judge her, not the people on the street who she is not even allowed to talk to. By your own admission, then she does not need the hijab in front of strangers on the streets, she needs it at home. If anything, women with the hijab are often ridiculed outside of their own culture and are seen as lacking in

intelligence. By the way, do women ever get to judge men's character in the Muslim culture?"

The Muslim cleric responded, "Hijab keeps people from judging you by what you look like or what you wear."

Celine said, "Unless you cover your face, people are still going to be able to judge you by the beauty of your face, or other features such as your height, weight, etc. It would be difficult to judge people by their clothes anyway since most people wear ordinary clothes rather than walk around looking like fashion models."

Emma interjected, "Hijab does not necessarily promote respect. Respect is something that you earn. There are respected women scholars like Lena for example, who do not wear hijab, there are cases of women who have been covered from head to toe, and they have still been raped on the streets. There are also abundant stories of women who prostitute themselves under the hijab. Why don't you admit that hijab is about women not to be seen by men, period, and that is what it says in the Koran. I have empathy and admiration for the women who have tried to resolve this inequality and have risen above the discrimination in a positive way. In the absence of having a choice about the hijab, they have coped with it the best way they know how. What else can a hostage do? To keep her sanity, she would have to identify with the oppressive culture."

Lena was fired up as she said, “Nothing changes the reason for hijab or the ideology behind it. It is strictly for the sole reason of hiding women so that some men won’t have to control themselves and their urges, or to learn to treat women with respect. Islam wants women to cover strictly for the curbing of the sexual appetite of passing men outside the home. That is why women are not supposed to travel alone or be with a non-related male. Why should women be responsible for men’s indecent acts, and thoughts, and uncontrolled sexual appetite? Why aren’t men expected to do it themselves? In equalitarian societies like ours where they respect women and do not treat them like sex objects, men are more than capable of controlling their urges. In contrast, there is more homosexuality and sexual assault on women in cultures where sex is a taboo, where sexual repression is rampant and that people have an unhealthy attitude toward it.”

The Shaman who has been quiet all this time says, “Your quarrels never cease to amuse me. Yazdon is talking about the consciousness that is everywhere and in every cell of our bodies. Likewise, we believe in the spirit that is in all of nature. We respect the earth, the environment we live in, and try to live in harmony with all that the Spirit has given us. Nature brings peace to us, supports us, and gives us life, and we revere it. That is our religion. I do not see peace in your religions. Even though, some tribes were warlike like the Mohawk, or others shamans have found peace with

nature and altruistic healing for centuries as far as our people resided in the United States, even before the white man came. But all I have seen is war, struggle, fighting over dominance and power over everyone and everything. With all your talk about your God, I do not see you surrendering to his will. You want to impose your will on each other instead of letting the person allow God through if they choose to do so. Just let people be, and let there be peace.”

There were participants who weren't going to give up their ideology and their religious beliefs no matter how contradictory to logic and common sense they might be.

I remembered how things went down, but the forum I thought wore everyone out. Many felt severely anxious if they let go of their religious beliefs. They all looked at Yazdon for some reference only to find silence on his end as all he did was just watch and observe. He was getting worn out, by his guests as all he was the arrogance of religion in play. Some found Yazdon's ideology threatening and feared if they practiced what he preached they would lose control of their lives, livelihood, followers and their wives. Likewise, there were people who felt encouraged by this, and they sensed that they could air the feelings that they had been afraid to bring out into the open.

A very angry woman shouted, “Stop practicing the immoral beliefs in your books, and stop pretending they are not there. How

long can you justify the atrocities that are done in the name of God?”

One man said, “Why can’t these misleading, false, and untrue statements be taken out of circulation and be replaced with sound and reasonable beliefs that are humane and factual?”

Someone replied, “This is blasphemy. We cannot tear off pages out of our holy books and discard them. We will burn in hell for eternity.”

Another says, “Hey, haven’t you heard the great philosopher say, ‘All great truths begin as blasphemies.’?”

Yazdon said, “The man has a point. I challenged the religious leaders to come forward to ban any excerpts that are inhumane, or encourage intolerance and bigotry. Let us use our faculties to achieve peace on earth. When The Supreme Consciousness gave us a brain, it was expected that we would use it to its greatest potential, but at times as you can see, we haven’t.”

A man said, “You are a wealthy man and have had an easy life. Holy men are not supposed to have possessions. Jesus gave up what little he had and encouraged his followers to do the same. He asked them to give up everything and follow him. You are too rich to understand our suffering.”

Another man seconds that by saying, “God is going to love

you more if you have suffered hardship. It does not look like you have suffered at all."

Yazdon replied, "Yes, suffering can strengthen you just as too much pampering can spoil you. It is not the suffering or the pampering that is the problem. Too much of anything can have negative consequences. To hold back so that you could suffer for the sake of suffering is not wise. Neither is it wise to reject the gifts The Universal Spirit has given us, and to throw them away when you can use it to help the less fortunate ones. I have chosen the latter path, and except for necessities, all of what I own goes to charity, or better yet, it is used to establish places where the disadvantaged can learn life skills to help them and the society in the long run.

"There is no need to feel guilty if you have come to money through inheritance or hard work or good luck. You must not hoard what you have, and be willing to share the excesses with those less fortunate than you are. Life is the most precious gift you have received on this dimension, and you are meant to use the gift wisely and not to squander it. You are to have plans, work for food and shelter, save money for your old age, attend to the needs of your physical body and take good care of your health, and discourage people from persecuting and abusing you. Martyrdom or suffering for its own sake is a useless and unproductive act, and shows a lack of gratitude for the gift of life."

A young Muslim man hears that and said, "Life is the most precious gift," and the words stirred him up. He said, "You don't know anything. Life is nothing. We don't love life: we love death. It is the highest honor to die for your religion, and country, and go to heaven."

Yazdon replied, "Does your God need little soldiers to go after the infidels. You are forgetting that your God created the infidels also and he can take away anyone's life if he pleases to do so without killing many others, innocent people along with the guilty, the way the suicide bombers do? I do not believe that you were put on this planet by your God to go kill others or yourself for him. You are here to fulfill this life for you."

Someone asked, "I am fascinated by science, and it appears that the more I learn about the different theories of quantum physics and the existence of other dimensions far different than ours, the more I understand about God. Could it be that the sciences and religion are one in the same? Could it be that thousands of years ago when the bible was written, that scientific things couldn't readily be explained away that they were mythologized in the bible? The funny thing is that I feel more spiritual and less religious at the same time and I believe more in science. You have several PhDs, that you got when you were young Consoler. Ok, for example? Can you explain how all these theories of physics relate to the concept of God?"

Yazdon replied, “These theories can explain our world, and its complexities in a more unified manner than we have ever been able to do previously. They open the door to the range of overwhelming possibilities that exist in our universe. These concepts can help us come to a better understanding of what I have been calling The Supreme Consciousness.”

Yazdon turned to Dr. Michi Kudo, and asked her to express her opinion on the subject. She began by saying, “Despite all the advances we have made, our science is in its infancy, and therefore we cannot possibly explain the concept of God with science alone. This is not to say that the concepts that ‘Creationism’ wants to teach our children are correct, or that it should be taught that way. These theories explain that particles of ‘matter’ at the subatomic levels, interact in bizarre ways that show quantum probabilities of the way ‘matter’ behaves or misbehaves. In other words, the universe is not so clear cut and predictable, because there are too many possibilities available at each fraction of time for matter to behave in a way that would make it impossible to explain in simplistic religious terms.”

Yazdon added, “Since you are interested in this subject matter you probably know that by early 21 century, Parallel Universe Theory was no longer science fiction and parallel universes were proven to exist. It was indicated that the universe is constantly splitting up and that each new universe contains copies of the

original particles and the information contained in it. The behavior of these particles is fascinating.

“For example, when one particle does something, the other one knows that it has happened as if one is in two places at the same time. This tells me that there is a consciousness in all the particles that compose the universe, which is also confirmed to be infinite. This should apply to all the cells in our bodies from conception and beyond, where cells join and then begin to split into other cells. In this way, we are infinitely connected to the people who have lived before us, and those who will live after us. That is how we can predict the future through our psychic powers and we can view events in the past that have left a permanent impression in time and space.”

Signing off, he then turned to the audience and said, “Those who look inside get to know the Supreme Consciousness and achieve more of a lasting peace, than those who look into the sky for answers.”

One little girl in the studio asked the final question. She asked, “Why do people look into the sky to pray? Is God in the sky?”

Yazdon stepped down from the stage, and walked toward the little girl, picked her up and said, “For such a small person, you have such a big question.”

He touches her head and heart and says, “You have your own

God here and here.”

With that remark, everyone applauded. Yazdon felt happy, but felt worn out and tired. But he felt gratified as if he had gotten a major chore done and watched the people in the audience to see what kind of vibe he got from them.

Yazdon sensed the presence of two familiar souls that were milling about in the shadows. He looked to a corner of the room and saw Monica and his brother looking at him with approval as positive energy was passed between them and no words were said as they nodded in approval as they came forward and gave him a hug for his monumental job that he accomplished.

He turned back to his guests as to how they were holding up and tended to his sisters and Celine in particular. “Wow, talk about being thrown into the frying pan, Huh? Celine said. “Not exactly, I was expecting this. But I love what you guys did and you ‘really’ had my back, “Yazdon said. “Think nothing of it, People are always going to have dissension in the world over the most stupidest things sometimes. But I am glad you allowed me to give my input, Yazdon”. “And us too brother” Ava and Emma said as they all embraced after such a hard trial.

Yazdon said his farewells to his sisters and Celine and left with Jamon and Monica. After such a trying day, He found himself needed to relax. Jamon and Monica had a surprise for Yazdon.

They all stopped at a spa and got some massages, only to go home and fall asleep from trying to change the world all day.

Despite all that happened Yazdon got a huge hit when he was checking his email one day. It was from Lawrence's sister Muriel. His friend Lawrence had died from his AIDS after battling such a long time with it and taking subpar medicines to help him alleviate his disease in a failing medical system that put money first above people's health thanks to the extortion rings that were run by medical insurance companies. Yazdon cursed himself in a way, that he never offered a healing to his friend, But yet he wanted to respect his friends space in hopes that his friend would ask for his help being the person that Lawrence was. Yazdon was so upset for Lawrence who was one of his truly treasured friends and promised Muriel that he would try to make it too New York as soon as possible. He loved Lawrence like a brother and accepted him for who he really was. Everyone knew how close they were and that they had to go to the funeral.

But yet, all wasn't well in the part of Los Angeles where the vile NWO plied their trade. They had become threatened by this new age 'consoler' and were trying to devise assorted ways to take him down as they viewed him too be a bigger threat than imagined. But for now? They didn't have a clue what to do.

CHAPTER 14

The Consoler Changes the World

As time progressed, I found myself to be Yazdon's confessor at times. At times, he felt pressured to live up to the image of him that was made up by the media. But you know all I just said too was? "Just be yourself, you should know that a lot of big things have a small beginning, and your changing a lot of people's lives" I said. I always liked it when he hugged me. It always made me feel better and I felt that I was doing him proud by telling his story for him. However, a part of me wanted to damn that man in way, for being so cocky at times about his safety concerns as my hunch knew that there were those in power who would do anything in a second to take him out of the picture somehow and would anything to keep the population ignorant and unenlightened.

Anyway, for better or for worse Yazdon had a profound impact on the people around the world wherever he went, whether it was good or bad, me? I always thought it was good, and It was like he was pursuing a quest or something. He traveled the world with his close friends Like Bryce, His brother Jamon and anyone else who was more than happy just to help him out, and with

Monica as his constant companion, and the Guardians who are ever so present, in the shadows making sure that he would be fine and too give help wherever and whenever needed. They did many things as needed, from handling the most mundane of tasks to personal security checks as people went through security scans at events to make sure that someone wasn't carrying a weapon on them, too even the most mundane of clerical work and booking keeping. But nobody, complained and as far as everyone was concerned, It was all good . They did things behind the scenes like manage his charities for community and were agents to help the public as well which was both on a small and a grand scale, to affect the lives of the poor and the disadvantaged. There are charitable organizations and centers that had established by not Just Yazdon, but all members of his family throughout the world over the years, and Yazdon and his crew felt at home wherever they went. People received them with open arms. They were truly a family of philanthropists who have devoted their lives, and practically all of their huge income, to serving humanity, and each one of them is a saint in his or her right. Unfortunately, even such good people and saints couldn't be perfect and had to deal with the human condition as not everyone could be helped. Sometimes police or other law enforcement precincts had questions or other persons who may have been a stalker, (to name a few of the problems encountered by these guys), trying to find that one person who had

been helped by one of these charities, had their own downfall. Especially, when someone wound up missing or dead in a street after being dispatched from one of these centers of help, which was usually done on the patrons wishes and often against the charities will as sometimes they had to deal with a stupid court order to relinquish a victim back to the hands of the person who abused them.

The Patrons of these centers were usually the illiterate who were given education, and networks of people needing jobs for the jobless, and some of those partook of mentoring programs that were created for the unemployable. I know this sounds unbelievable But I saw it myself that sometimes Yazdon would come to these centers and had cured the insane with a touch on the forehead and uttering a prayer to the creator to please let the person be freed of their crux to bear. But even Yazdon wasn't some all powerful demi-god, and in turn had established hospitals for the incurable. The poor were given assistance, the hungry were given food, and the blind were given sight, where science has failed them and even Yazdon tried his hand at trying to make some people see and was successful with some, causing him to be viewed as the reincarnation of Jesus Christ himself. The crippled and paralyzed walk again. He had raised the true victims from the dead, and had led lost souls to their creator. He never ceased to impress me, as all he did was goodwill, which had started a contagion that

had swept the world over as a weird rumor started on the internet that Jesus Christ came back to modern world. However, would he die for our sins again? That was the million-dollar question, which Yazdon always remained silent on, But I always reassured him that yes he was a public figure, but everyone is going to see you differently in weird capacities and it cheered him up and I told him not to live up to some strange expectations.

His passion and divine capacity for love and peace had inspired many people from all walks of life to join his cause, scrambling to contribute their share. He had become truly a world leader in the eyes many people, and was revered by many as the public clamored to see the reincarnation of Jesus Christ. People who had lost faith in the goodness of others, and have had no hope for the future of humanity, were thirsty for this and had been revived again by the purity of Yazdon's love and passion, to remind them that people's hearts shouldn't go cold and that we all needed help. Still, he was sought out by many well-meaning people, as well as some celebrities who had admired him, who wanted to contribute and a few heads of governments around the world who seek his advice.

Yet, as the great Albert Einstein said, "Great spirits have always encountered violent opposition from mediocre minds." Which was the understatement of the century, as the NWO who ruled with an iron fist, as there tentacles reached to even the most

isolated places on the globe and was prevalent in the great city of Los Angeles.

There were those who kept comparing Yazdon to some version of the Jesus described in their holy books and constantly doubted their own experiences and knowledge of their cherished books. There are those who hated him for the very thing he stood for, and found him threatening their way of life as they plundered the earth of resources and exploited people in third world countries to make it so. They were 'The War People' The 'Tentacles of the NWO' and they represented death. Some of these scum loved death so much that they blew themselves up along with those they hated or thought that death and destruction was nothing more than a sick game of chess. Some pretty sick shit if you ask me.

Oh and too top that off, there were those who said that the great reincarnation of Jesus Christ, was nothing more than a magician and they could 'manufacture' miracles themselves as if it were some trick of magic that 'anyone' could do. New stuff popped up on youtube and other media websites touting their 'divinity' as they supposedly healed the blind, spiritually defunct and injured. They copied some miracles of the actual Jesus, only to find that they had a greedier path as they asked for donations and money in return as the problems of the people who were 'supposedly' saved had their problems come back after these conartists had officially left the premises. These charlatans had

become more and more common throughout the world who tried to discredit Yazdon to make a profit for themselves, masquerading as his chosen second in command, apostles etc., lying to people saying that they were given divine powers by Yazdon as well, and claiming they are healers. But the truth was a little more darker as all that was proven what that these people were nothing more than demon worshippers who had summoned demon slaves, for their selling their own soul to achieve some deluded greatness. Sometimes even envy can go the other route as well. There were the demon worshippers who had summoned demonic forces out of spite to possess as many souls as possible to make Yazdon's journey a difficult one and to distract him from doing his good deeds, in some efforts to take him down for their own benefit.

It never ceases to amaze me as to how sick some people can be. Some were making huge profits from putting on a reality show by pilfering Yazdon's footage and broadcasting his appearances, miracles, and healings without his permission. Thankfully, Bryce managed to put an end to such practices, which were easily snuffed out after he had threatened people with a lawsuit about a dozen times. Yazdon found out about this, and he made a Public announcement where he declared that the profits were for charitable purposes only, and should be returned to the Jeffris' Foundation and that illegal usage used by individuals etc of any footage would be prosecuted for copyright infringement, and too

just do the right thing. But that didn't stop there. There were so-called authorities and professionals of some sort who attributed Yazdon's powers to magic and showmanship and labeled him as a charlatan and a false prophet.

Some people began to think that Yazdon might be the antichrist and a good for nothing heretic. He was charismatic and could mesmerize the masses. He was handsome, and popular with women. He was worldly and had a universal appeal. He could read peoples' minds and possessed psychic abilities, which in some religions had been attributed to people who were conspiring with the devil. His miracles made him the object of worship by many people. He appeared to be benevolent and kind, and oddly enough, some considered these the characteristics of the antichrist.

Demon worshippers had taken on a more active role. They saw Yazdon as a threat to their way of life, and had stepped up their rituals and had been able to summon the forces of pure evil that were only used to do the most sickest of harm. Demon possessions had become overwhelming as even guardians who ran his charities started to feel lost as these Demons send a worse message than ever before as the years progressed. They started to kill more people from their invasions of people, slowly and methodically, as it wasn't just one demon anymore that possessed one person. However, sometimes it was a dozen or more possessing one human body referring to human beings as pigs that

needed to be wiped clean of the earth and that the slaughter would never end unless Yazdon ceased his actions of expelling them. Nevertheless, it was only an attempt to keep him busy and to diffuse his powers.

In Rome, Yazdon joined Edward, and the leading exorcists at the Vatican, which was arranged by Edward, and together they help solve cases of demon possession that the priests were unable to resolve, due to recent developments. I wouldn't call it a class per say, but more of a collaboration of ideas to combat an urgent problem that was growing like wildfire. He knew that he couldn't do this himself. He cleansed many souls for what was too come as the priests who were fraught by anxiety, felt calm and knew what they had to do. Some of them thought that some of them had the power of Jesus Christ flowing through their veins as Edward blessed the priests in the room, as they were dispatched to accomplish the most devious of tasks that was set before them to rid the world of deviant demons that were in competition to stack up a body count. Yazdon, wished the exorcists well on their journey and put these demons back in hell where they belonged as he asked the exorcists to not waiver and that things could get ugly.

To Yazdon, everyone was the same regardless of their religion but many religious extremist groups had their own views about whom God favored and who was not as he continued on his journeys. Yazdon had to deal with his share of terrorist and bomb

threats, and germ warfare that were abundant wherever he went. He pitied the ignorant people who had taken the words in their holy books so literally and had caused so much harm to themselves and others.

Despite all this, he did not waver from his path, and pressed on in the face of cruelty, criticism, fanaticism and insults. From all these overt threats, spring self-appointed factions that were watchful of him, and would give their own lives to protect him. So far, thanks to these factions, and the watchful eyes of the Guardians, along with Yazdon's own keen intuition, he had managed to stay out of the way of harm, for now. Masses worshipped Yazdon and wanted to proclaim him as the new king of humanity and their purported spiritual and political leader.

Ok, this part is where things started to get a little insane. The rumor about Yazdon as the King of the Earth was frightening to some, and it enraged leaders of organized religions as well as some politicians. Nobody knew how far this was going. King of the earth? As proclaimed by so many people? Yazdon agreed with me and thought that this was getting a little insane as well. On the one hand he was flattered, but on the other hand he felt like he was losing control with his celebrity status. He conferred with Bryce more often, who knew that it wasn't Yazdon's fault this was happening, and had to put in some serious overtime to keep Yazdon's celebrity legitimate. But for those that didn't like Yazdon,

their house of cards was falling down, and the artificial realities they had created to entice the populace to join their churches and to support them with their funds were loosening. Their fear mongering, and promoting superstition and ignorance were being exposed, and their tactics were not working any more.

With their membership dropping, the funds drying up, and the stranglehold on the populace weakening, religious leaders felt that they were going out of business rapidly. Many prominent religious authorities, as well as the lesser leaders of the Catholic, Jewish, Christian, Muslim faiths, and televangelists, were fearful at the prospect of losing their grip on their flock, and they blamed Yazdon directly for their empty houses of worship, and for drawing their flock to his side.

With their moneymaking strategies turned on its head, these groups needed to watch Yazdon under a microscope and monitor his every move and do damage assessments at each step of the way. By this time, many meetings were held and they decided to go on their own campaign of destruction to destroy Yazdon at any cost. Several groups backed by powerful religious and corporate organizations banded together, and decide to put an end to Yazdon's reign of power before they completely lose their grip on the masses painting him to be a crazy lunatic. These groups were confident that their problems will end and the promise of love and peace by a divine figure would die out soon.

To add fuel to the fire and make matters worse, Yazdon had written his own handbook of universal laws to live by, and many of its principles were directly oppositional to the teachings of every popular holy book in every religion. In his psychic visions, he had identified passages and verses in these books that he claimed were not from God, but from men who had their own agendas. He had credited the words to unholy men who have tried to sell their own ideas as the words of God, by slipping them into the holy passages and crediting it to God or Jesus. He had suggested that they would be purged from the religious books. In doing so, his goal had been to cleanse the books of any declarations that had contributed to beliefs leading to separation, discrimination, and war among people for many reasons.

Some disillusioned religious and nonreligious uncommitted sideliners welcomed the new revolutionary principles, as they attempted to contact Yazdon just to let him know they had their support. These principles have resonated with various clergymen, men of the cloth and religious individuals who had not been able to accept some or all of the doctrines of any of the existing religions and thought that a lot of many religious passages in their own texts were in fact outdated and didn't make sense to the modern world. The religious rebels who had found the constitutions of some countries as far more advanced than the doctrines of their outdated holy books could see the logic and the

rationale behind the revisions Yazdon had proposed for the holy books. For the first time, their doubts had been echoed by someone, who was in a position of power. A person who had the same ideas these renegades did. A person who was willing to stand up to the fanatics of every religion, and other spiritual practices, all in the name of humanity and the hypocrisy of modern religion. While some were snatching up the books and gobbling up every word thirsting for new knowledge from old theology, others had called Yazdon a blasphemer, and had demanded legal action by the authorities to block the distribution of his books, and some had threatened his life.

But how do you stop such a man?, who has gained such a monumental following? One way to do it would be to plot their plan to make him look like the antichrist. After all, he has many of the characteristics of the antichrist that had kept people confused for so many years. It was difficult to trust your own judgment when you were brainwashed to think that every well-meaning person can be an imposter, heretic and every popular leader can be the antichrist.

The NWO had extended itself worldwide into splinter cells that had their own secretive groups had concluded that to bring Yazdon down they needed to fuel the fire of the opposition. By publicizing and recruiting people to demonstrate their outrage on the streets, they believed they could destroy Yazdon's image. Once

they showed the world that their leader is nothing more than a mortal man and a fallen one, the public would be discouraged from following him and he would be easily silenced, and eventually forgotten.

Yazdon traveled to the United States frequently and his enemies found an ally in the very president of the country. Harvester Zeshtarin, the former governor of California who had been elected the President of the United States, had been cracking down on all foreigners and foreign-born citizens. His paranoid tendencies, suspicion about terrorism and spy operations, and new terrorist threats from the Middle East and Afghanistan in particular, had led him to increase surveillance on the citizens, and he had gone on a witch-hunt for dissidents of all kind. People had been arrested for feeble excuses in the name of national security.

The group approached Harvester to secure his commitment to help them with their effort to do away with Yazdon. Harvester knew that this own makeshift cell was in fact an offspring of the NWO the more powerful underworld society proclaiming to have been secretly ruling the world, in which Harvester was nothing, but a pawn. They agreed that killing Yazdon would make a martyr out of him and would start a revolt worldwide. They decided it is best to catch Yazdon alive and bring him into trial for blasphemy and conspiracy to bring down the U.S.

Harvester was a ruthless man who had managed to steal the presidency with the help of his puppet masters in powerful places who use him to get their agendas advanced in the world as they manipulated the elections, giving false security to the public thinking that they had the power. Ironically, he was in fear for his own pathetic life and worried that if he did not produce results, the group of zealots who wanted Yazdon dead would come after him, if he Harvester failed.

As visible as Yazdon was on the Internet and elsewhere, he was particularly illusive. He had mastered the art of illusion so well that he could disappear from view just by willing it. This had made it very difficult for Harvester to find out about his whereabouts. On several occasions when the group of zealots called on him to check on his progress, he got very uncomfortable to the point of sweating blood, when he had to tell them he knew nothing about Yazdon's location yet.

Now he Yazdon knew that he had to use it, as he had some unfinished business in New York and snuck away to say his farewells to his beloved friend Lawrence.

CHAPTER 15

The Resurrection

Yazdon, me, his family and Monica arrived In New York. They tried to keep their arrival secret as they traveled on a private jet, where attendants at the airport could keep the records of his whereabouts secret. Yazdon, tried to go about in his unseen mode, but he found himself partially failing, as he was unable to focus out of grief of losing his dear friend. Still, he did get looks from some people, who casually said, that he looked like the spiritual leader Yazdon, Reincarnation of Jesus and things were left at that.

It was night as Yazdon directed the taxi driver to head over to Lawrence's place where Yazdon knew that his sister Muriel was most likely there. By the time everyone got there, it was midnight. Yazdon, got out of the car and banged on Muriel's door. She opened it and slumped into his arms wailing from grief. Yazdon started crying too, from what I saw. He came back to the taxi and told us to go find some lodgings and that he would call us later as to what was happening.

Muriel had become a bit of an insomniac, since her brother passed over and busied herself and made some tea. She asked Yazdon to sit down in a chair. I always knew that in a way that they talked to each other when no words were said. Well, I got the

scoop much later and this is what happened.

Muriel and Yazdon sat in the living room. An old clock ticked the hours away. Yazdon patiently listened and took all the words that Muriel told and, at times it was shocking. Shocking that the medical system had failed Lawrence, shocking that he had to take subpar drugs just to get through life and decaying from a disease that would have brought someone shame as unknown to Yazdon's knowledge, AIDS had become once again the gay disease as it resurged in the homosexual community. Yazdon asked Muriel, "I know that Lawrence passed away in the hospital" he said. "It was a few days ago. I was barely able to afford the funeral, But I tried my best, he is in wall memorial at the cemetery upstate." She said. He contemplated her words as he said, "Was an autopsy ever performed?" Muriel looked at him quizzically as she could see that Yazdon was thinking about something. "What are you thinking?" she said. Yazdon took Muriel's hand and said, "Muriel, I might be able to help you. I might be able to give you hope. I have an idea."

Muriel gave Yazdon a room for the night and a few days later, they kept a low profile and made their way to the cemetery. They waited for everyone to leave as to make sure they were not near any cameras. "Muriel, I need to tell you something, Lawrence's spirit is here and it's really strong. I think I can bring him back from the dead." Muriel gasped at that remark and nodded saying, "Ok, do it." She said with trepidation, excitement and knowing

what to expect.

Yazdon knew that this resurrection was different, not just cause of the fact that he was resurrecting his friend, but that his friend died of a major disease or so he thought. They both went to the wall memorial and found Lawrence's plot. A strong energy was nearby that was sensed by Yazdon and Muriel. They knew it was Lawrence. The voice whispered in Yazdon's ear and said, "Don't do it." Yazdon put his hands on Lawrence's chest and started to go into a trance and the voice got louder saying "Don't do it. Let me go!" Muriel heard that this time and she said, "My God it's him, Oh God, Lawrence I can't let you go, You're my brother." Yazdon started getting some visions that backed up what Lawrence was saying and saw that there was something that even a person of his abilities couldn't accomplish.

Yazdon got a little shock when images of rotting and decay came in form of visions as he knew what his friend had died off. Knowing his friend, He wouldn't have said a word as he knew that his sister, Muriel constantly worried about him. As the result of his AIDS, Lawrence had contracted brain cancer and chose to keep it too himself. Also, Lawrence sent him a message saying to let him go and that he needed to cross over, as Lawrence whispered in his ear, "Not all scenes of death are the same. An image of a zombie flashed in Yazdon's head, which he realized was his friend Lawrence in a decayed form, beware of your arrogance my friend,

even if it is for my sister's sake. In order to bring this particular case, which is me back to reality, you would have to be sacrificed as I know I have much to answer for when I cross over. You still have so much to give."

Yazdon, got jolted back to reality and looked at Muriel. "I can't do this." He said. Muriel looked at him flabbergasted, angry and hit him asking "why not"? Not all incidences of death are the same in the creator's eyes and your brother gave me a message. Because granted we all have free will and his free will sent him in his own direction. I could see in his eyes that your brother lived a good life Muriel, but nobody truly knows a person. He accidentally hurt some people in past relationships and through his dealings in the gay community that he has to answer for. Also your brother had kept it from you that he was dying of brain cancer. It was from breakdown in his immune system and that is what did him in, He could never tell you as he always felt that he caused you enough grief, by just dealing with his AIDS", With that he kissed Muriel's forehead and could feel the tension, anxiety, uncertainty and loneliness melt from her body. "You will always be my friend Muriel never forget that. Also, don't be a stranger ok?"

In the blackest of night, it didn't take sharp eyes to see that too people were smiling at each other and that Muriel was crying.

"Come on, we gotta get outta here before where discovered.

Yazdon decided it was time to try something new. He closed his eyes and with a thought, both he and his friend Muriel were engulfed in the unseen effect mode as hidden cameras shorted out. They walked through the dark of night and Yazdon telepathically opened the door and went out onto a main road. They hailed a taxi and made their way to the hotel where Yazdon's family and Monica were staying.

Muriel was offered a bed for the night. In the morning everyone ate a ridiculously huge feast. Yazdon and his family stayed for a week to make sure that Muriel would be fine, taken care of, and got her brother's affairs in order. It turned out that Lawrence had planned an advance directive that his sister would get royalties of the book he had written, also the house and any of Lawrence's affects that she wished to keep.

"Look, you write me whenever you want, ok?" "Just remember that you're not alone in this world Muriel," Yazdon said. "Ok, I will" Muriel said with a smile. With that being said, everyone bid their goodbyes. Lot of questions went around as well as the tears. Meanwhile, I just recorded a story to tell.

But something gnawed at me. Despite this detour we had to make to mend hearts and help a good friend cross over. The powers that be I knew, wouldn't be outdone yet. But for now?, there was so much hate in the world, and so little time to deal with

it in. Yazdon, being forever the optimist always tried to reassure me to not give up on humanity and there was hope for us to change this corrupt world. That guy could be so persuasive when he wanted to be. I gave him my iPad and shared my story of the greatest man I'd ever seen. He just gave it back to me and said, "There, You know what you gotta do, tell the world my story. That is all I ask of you." "You got it my friend. So what now? We part ways? We see each other again?" I asked. "You got your version of my story my inquisitive friend and you have done me such a service, you are talented more than you know. Time will tell if we see each other again, but for now we part ways," He said and he gave me a hug that was always reassuring.

With that remark, I left him. This fascinating man, who I had seen grow from a baby. I went back to doing what I did best, being the best investigative journalist I could be as he continued with his journey and still called me for advice once in a while in regards to all things media or just to chat to see what we were doing with ourselves. But I knew what I had to do as I published this story for all to read and marvel who the real Yazdon was.

THE END of The Last Savior Book 2

Continued on in The Last Savior book 3